

# NEW ZEALAND BIBLE AND BOOK SOCIETY.

## Famous "Yarns" Series.

For Workers among Boys aged 12 to 16,  
Leaders of Boys' Brigade Classes, Scout  
Patrols, Bible Classes, etc.

Yarns on African Pioneers, by Basil Mat-  
thews.

Yarns of the Far East, by Basil Matthews.

Yarns of South Sea Pioneers, by Basil Mat-  
thews.

Yarns on Heroes of China, by W. P. Nairne.

More Yarns on China, by A. E. Southon.

Yarns on Heroes of the Lone Trail, by  
Arthur P. Shepherd.

Yarns on Brothers of All the World, by A.  
P. Shepherd.

## N.Z. BIBLE & BOOK SOCIETY

71 WILLIS STREET, WELLINGTON.

PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

ESK STREET, INVERCARGILL.

Printed by the Unity Press, Ltd., Commercial Printers, Cor. Kingston and Federal Streets, Auckland.

SPECIAL BOUGAINVILLE NUMBER.

VOL. V. No. 3

Published Quarterly

# The Open Door

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

DECEMBER, 1926



A CHOISEUL HOUSE, SOLOMON ISLANDS.  
Photo: Rev. J. R. Metcalfe.

"A Great Door & Effectual is opened unto us"

S<sup>T</sup>. PAUL.

Price: ONE SHILLING Per Annum  
Posted, One Shilling and Sixpence



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

## SOLOMON ISLANDS MISSION DISTRICT

### (a) MISSIONARIES.

Rev. J. F. GOLDIE	...	...	Roviana, Solomon Islands
Rev. V. Le C. BINET	...	...	Senga, Choiseul, Solomon Islands
Rev. J. R. METCALFE	...	...	Bambatana, Choiseul, Solomon Islands
Rev. A. A. BENSLEY	...	...	Bilua, Vella Lavella, Solomon Islands, via Gizo
Rev. TOM DENT	...	...	Patutiva, Marovo, Solomon Islands
Rev. A. H. CROPP	...	...	Bougainville, Solomon Islands
Rev. H. G. BROWN	...	...	Numa Numa, Bougainville, Solomon Islands
Rev. A. H. VOYCE	...	...	Siwai, Buka Passage, Bougainville.

### (b) MISSIONARY SISTERS.

Sister McMILLAN	...	...	Bambatana, Choiseul, Solomon Islands
Nurse LILLIAN BERRY	...	...	Roviana, Solomon Islands
Sister MAY BARNETT	...	...	Bilua, Vella Lavella, via Gizo, Solomon Islands
Sister ELIZABETH COMMON	...	...	Roviana, Solomon Islands
Sister LINA JONES	...	...	Roviana, Solomon Islands
Sister JEAN DALZIEL	...	...	Bambatana, Solomon Islands
Nurse LILY WHITE	...	...	Bilua, Vella Lavella, Solomon Islands

### LAY MISSIONARIES.

Mr. J. H. L. WATERHOUSE	...	...	Roviana, Solomon Islands
Mr. E. F. CHIVERS	...	...	Roviana, Solomon Islands

### NATIVE MISSIONARY.

Rev. JOELI SOAKAI	...	...	Roviana, Solomon Islands
-------------------	-----	-----	--------------------------

Add "Methodist Mission" to every Address.

### THE OPEN DOOR.

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

Copies are supplied by appointed agents in the Circuits at 1/- per annum; single copies posted at 1/6 per annum. Orders and remittances to be sent to

Rev. G. T. Marshall,  
Mount Albert,  
Auckland.

### NOTICE TO AGENTS.

Bills have been sent out for all amounts on account of THE OPEN DOOR. Will agents kindly remit direct to

Rev. G. T. Marshall,  
Mount Albert,  
Auckland.

and thus prevent confusing of these sums with those intended for the General Fund.

# THE OPEN DOOR

Price - One Shilling per Annum  
Posted, One Shilling and Sixpence.

VOL. V. No. 3.

DECEMBER 10, 1926.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

The Missionary Organ of  
the Methodist Church of  
New Zealand.

## Our Task on Bougainville.

Bougainville is the largest and most populous island in the Solomons. The adjoining island of Buka is also densely peopled. Pioneer work is being undertaken on these islands of a kind that should evoke the admiration, the support and the prayers of all our people. When the General Secretary and Mr. J. W. Court visited the Mission Field in 1920 work on these islands was in the initial stages. The mass of the people were living in primitive darkness, and our missionary staff consisted of two or three native teachers. Since then three European missionaries, with their wives, several Fijian workers and a number of Solomon Island teachers have been appointed, and there has been rapid development of the work. Three semi-native parsonages have been built, churches have been erected, schools established, congregations gathered and the foundations laid of a permanent work. Two articles in the present number tell the story of the adventurous character of the task of our Missionaries there. The Rev. Allan H. Cropp, who has all the instincts and qualifications of a true pioneer and who has travelled up and down the stormy western coast of Bougainville for several years, describes the conditions under which our latest recruits, the Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Voyce, will have to work.

Mr. Voyce has a most difficult task ahead of him, but like a true adventurer for Christ is tackling the work with a will and heartiness that is good to see. The New Zealand Church will, I'm sure, be proud of her representative in Siwai. Our work there is fraught, not so much with danger as with constant difficulties. In the months of January, February and March, and sometimes December and April also, the Siwai coast is unapproachable on account of the north-west winds and gales. Consequently the missionary is completely isolated during those months. Then during the south-east season we often get southerly gales which last sometimes for months, and in these gales the Siwai coast is impossible to land on. In 1924 the southerly gales lasted almost continuously for three or four months, and a trader who had a little copra on the

coast attempted to run around there and get it. But his attempt lost him his life, his boat and the lives of his crew. There are only two safe anchorages on the west coast and these are only safe in the south-east season. Imagine then a missionary and his wife living ten miles inland from a coast with a reputation like this and dependent for communication with the outside world upon another missionary residing over one hundred miles away! Such is the character of the isolated position in which Mr. and Mrs. Voyce have elected to take up their work among the dark skinned folk of Bougainville.

There is much to be done amongst these people in ministering to their physical needs. Mr. Voyce writes, "In less than a week we have done well over one hundred dressings of wounds, tropical sores and skin disease. There is a large percentage of the people suffering from ringworm, their bodies being completely covered with it, and the skin is all scaly and falling off." The appeal for assistance in this Christ-like work must be generously responded to by the Home Church.

Sympathy will go out to Mr. Voyce in the loss of his goods, more particularly the phonograph, and we are persuaded some "friend of Missions" in our midst will be prepared to provide him with another instrument. He faces his loss in the spirit of a true missionary when he writes, "Naturally we were somewhat upset, but losses and trials of this kind are, I suppose, just some part of the missionary's life."

The Church must stand sympathetically and resolutely behind the men and women who are doing work of this description. They are our representatives at the front. They are hazarding their lives for Christ. They must be constantly remembered in our prayers. Their self-sacrificing work must stimulate us to greater liberality in our giving. We have a great task committed to us in winning those thousands of dark-minded people for Christ and we must apply ourselves to it with whole hearted earnestness.



## Editorial.

### Teachers for Tonga.

One good turn deserves another. The Church in Tonga from the very beginning of the Solomon's Mission has supplied an almost continuous stream of teachers for work in these far-off islands. Many a lonely grave marks the last resting place of Tongan teachers, who laid down their lives for Christ and the people of the Solomons. The Tongan Church has quite lately pledged itself to continue this supply and to send, if possible, better and yet better men. And now the Tongan Church is itself in urgent need of two or three lady teachers to supply vacancies in the staff of its schools. While trained teachers are preferred, Tonga is prepared to take young women of good education and Christian character. The conditions of work are pleasant and the climate for the greater part of the year is delightful. The General Secretary will give full information to any who may feel the call to undertake some missionary service in the Friendly Islands.

### Women's Missionary Union.

The Conference of the Methodist Women's Missionary Union of New Zealand recently held in Palmerston North, registered the high water-mark of such gatherings. The reports of its sessions, on another page, are full of interest and tell the story of much achievement. It will be noted that not only does the Union provide

the salaries of all the Missionary Sisters in the Solomons at present, but is also undertaking to find the salaries of two additional Sisters who are to go out next year, and this in addition to what is being done for the cause of Home Missions. The Executive of the Union is located in Palmerston North for the next three years, under the presidency of Mrs. H. E. Pacey, with Mrs. T. R. Hodder as secretary. The work of the Women's Auxiliaries is worthy of the whole-hearted support of all the women of the Church, and we trust the aim of the Union may be realised, viz., "A Women's Auxiliary in every circuit."

### A Missionary Mission.

The old Helping Hand Mission of Auckland, of which the present General Secretary of Foreign Missions was for some years Superintendent, was in its time a spiritual force in the city. The foreign missionary spirit was strongly in evidence. The Mission has provided several prominent workers and officials for the Women's Union. These include the retiring president, Mrs. T. H. Stevens; the present president, Mrs. H. E. Pacey, and the Dominion Box Organiser, Mrs. M. Smethurst. In addition to these Mrs. M. K. Gilmour, of Papua, and Mrs. C. E. Dent, of South Africa, were active workers in the Mission. How true is the old saying, "The light that shines the farthest shines the brightest near at hand."



THE NEW SISTERS' HOME, KOKENGOLO, ROVIANA.  
Photo: Sister Lina Jones.

## Experiences of a Pioneer Missionary. By Rev. A. H. Voyce.

### Laying Foundations on Bougainville.

Now that we have got settled down in our new home and sphere of labours for Christ, I know the Methodist people of New Zealand will be glad to hear how we are getting on. Let me commence by telling you of the trip of Mr. Cropp and myself down here about a month ago, when we came to see how the house we had left the teachers and people to build for us, was getting along, and also at the same time to bring some of my goods.

out breaking the canoe. As it was we got swamped, our things got wet, and had to be dried on the beach. With the help of two beach boys we tried many, many times during the morning to get the canoe out through the breakers without success. The sea was far too big.

About 12.30 p.m. three teachers and a lot of boys came down to the beach, and with their help we managed to get Mr. Cropp and the boys out through the surf, though



MRS. H. G. BROWN,  
Bougainville.



MRS. A. H. CROPP,  
Bougainville.

### TWO BOUGAINVILLE BRIDES.

We arrived at Gazelle Harbour in Empress Augusta Bay on a Monday. This is 25 miles from the Siwai coast, and is the nearest anchorage. The weather proved rough, so we had to wait till Thursday. At 3 a.m. on Thursday we left the anchorage and arrived at Siwai about 7.30 a.m. Mr. Cropp and I and two boys went ashore, taking my box and bed. The breakers and the surf were tremendous. We were fortunate in getting ashore safely and with-

they got swamped in so doing. Then I remained ashore and they brought five Siwai boys and Miriam—wife of one of the teachers—who were aboard the *Saga*, to the outside of the breakers and they then had to swim ashore. Miriam and four boys came through well, puffing and blowing in great style. One boy couldn't swim very much, and it was grand to see the three teachers and another boy dash down the beach and out through the breakers to his



rescue. Then Mr. Cropp and the *Saga* went back to Gazelle Harbour to return on Saturday or the first fine day.

I went inland to Tonu, 10 miles, without billy, cup, etc., or gun. Travelling in Siwai we rely chiefly on the musket to supply food, as, having to travel as lightly as possible—tinned food is too heavy. Arriving at Tonu I was very pleased with the way they had done the house. They had worked hard and finished it in 1½ weeks, so the teachers said. I showed them the additions and alterations required, stayed the night, and the next morning went to Rabaul. This is a village in Siwai and not "Rabaul Government." Then I went on to Harinai—about 5 miles from the beach.



ALILIO.

Photo: Rev. H. G. Brown.

(See Page 9)

Here I stayed until Saturday, and then went to the beach, but the *Saga* didn't come.

Leaving two teachers to sleep on the beach I went back to Harinai to wait. On Sundays here in Siwai we have plenty of services. I wonder how conventional New Zealanders would like to get up and go to Church at dawn, then again at 11 a.m., again at 3 p.m., and still again about 6 p.m. The services were fine and well attended.

On Monday morning I again went to the beach as Mr. Cropp had not come on the Sunday. He had not come, although this

was the third good day, so far as landing conditions went.

I asked the boys how long it would take to walk the 25 odd miles round the beach to Gazelle Harbour. They said "two days." I then asked two teachers and two boys to come with me, but we must walk it in the one day if we had to go half the night. They agreed. They said the engine must have broken down, but I thought Mr. Cropp might be sick.

We set out taking as little as possible. We left the Siwai beach about 9.30 a.m. Until about 3 p.m. I walked barefoot, as my feet were too sore and blistered with previous walking to wear shoes. Then, after walking in the hot, loose sand, I had fresh blisters, so had to take to boots again. We walked all day, having only a few bananas and some cocoanuts for food. In walking that distance we crossed 14 rivers, ranging from very small ones to some big ones. The last mile we had to wade through the high tide up to our thighs, and in the darkness, trying not to think of sharks or alligators—though we had seen one of the former there a few days before, and we knew that the latter abounded all around the coast.

Fortunately I had a torch. A teacher went first with a big island knife, cutting a passage through overhanging branches, whilst I came next with the light, and the other boys followed on behind. We arrived at the *Saga* at 8.30 p.m., and found everything all right. They had had rather rough weather up there, and thought it must be the same on the Siwai beach. We left again at 3 a.m. the next morning—Tuesday—and this time we got all my things ashore safely—except two loads, and unfortunately these were two cases of books one of which was considerably spoilt—the other things did not matter so much.

We decided to put my things in the house "kiap"—a house built for the use of white men. The next day the boys were to come and get our belongings and carry them up to Tonu. A teacher slept under the house "kiap" that night to guard it. Thus you see the roughness and inaccessibility of the Siwai coast for long periods—which is renowned—held up the landing of my goods exactly one week.

Well, three weeks later we again arrived at Gazelle Harbour—this time with Mrs. Voyce and the remainder of our goods. It was Sunday when we got there. But a

storm came up, so we waited until 3 a.m. on Tuesday, when we again went to the Siwai coast. There was still a tremendous swell on, and the breakers were huge. We knew we could never get the canoe through it, so I asked two Siwai boys to come in the canoe to the outside of the breakers.



A BOUGAINVILLE VILLAGE.

Photo: Rev. A. H. Voyce.

Barug and Pisuri volunteered. But when we got closer up in the canoe and saw the size of the breakers, Pisuri—who was not a strong swimmer—was afraid he couldn't get through. Speaking in pidgin English, Barug said the equivalent to: "Never mind, Pisuri, you stay. I can swim through." Now the Siwai boys are essentially bush boys, and not accustomed to the salt water. The boys from off the *Saga*, helping to pull the canoe, are salt water boys and practically spend half their days in canoes. But I could not persuade them to go nearer the breakers than about 100 yards outside, and when I pulled in they "backed" water. They were frightened. So Barug had to jump overboard and swim all that distance, and then through the breakers and about 30 to 50 yards through the surf after the "break." Though a bush boy, he went willingly. We waited, but when about 10 or 12 yards away he turned round and said: "Never mind, you go. I can swim well. I'm alright," and he struggled on. We rowed back to the *Saga*, but he had not then reached the surf, and we spent some very anxious minutes watching whether he would get through, and if so, would he get ashore safely. He eventually did, and we saw him go up the beach and off into the bush to let the teachers and people know we were not far away. This incident of bravery on the part of this boy so recently influenced by the good tidings of Christian self-sacrifice, is one worthy of recording

in the annals of the Mission in Siwai. I much doubt if any of us could have got through.

Well, we had to go back to anchorage and after waiting until Friday we again came down. The sea was much less, but still fairly big. The Siwai boys were taken to the outside of the breakers first and they had to jump overboard and swim ashore. Then Mrs. Voyce and I went and got through safely. The next load capsized in a huge breaker, and a big safe and a horse-hair bed and other things went floating off on the surface of the water. I say floating on the surface because other things—a kerosene tin of rice belonging to the boys, 3 boxes and plants of ours, and a valuable portable gramophone—which was proving such an asset and blessing in our work—all went to the bottom of the ocean, never to be recovered. Naturally we were somewhat upset, but losses and trials of this kind are, I suppose, just some part of the missionary's life. We got our bed and personal bags ashore after that, and then the *Saga* again went back to anchorage, as the sea was too rough to land our goods.

We went inland to Harinai—about 5 miles—and next day on to Tonu. Mr. Cropp came back again on Sunday, after having been held up six days. This third attempt to land our goods proved successful.



A BOUGAINVILLE PARSONAGE.

The home of Rev. and Mrs. H. G. Brown.

Photo: Rev. H. G. Brown.

Arriving at Tonu we found our house practically completed. We have got a house for Mission boys nearly finished since we came. The boys worked hard and are keen. Soon we hope to have the Mission here going in full swing. The people welcomed us gladly, and we are both happy in our new sphere of labour. We hope the



New Zealand Methodists will help us in the big medical work we shall have to do here. In less than a week we have done well over 100 dressings of wounds—tropical sores and skin disease. There is a large percentage of the people here suffering from ringworm—their bodies being completely

covered with it, and the skin is all scaly and falling off. The only good remedy for this is chrysophanic acid. In our store of medicine this is a scarce commodity, so we trust that the New Zealand folk will help us with a supply of this as well as other medicines.

## Missionary Adventuring on Bougainville.

"In Journeyings Often."

By Rev. A. H. Cropp.

Early in June, 1926, a party comprising Rev. A. H. Voyce and his wife, Miss Crespin (now the wife of Rev. H. G. Brown), Mr. Chivers, of Roviana, and Sister Ethel McMillan, of Choiseul, all of the Mission in the Solomons, arrived by the "Marsina" at Soraken, which is a plantation owned by C.P.L., a branch of Burns, Philp and Co. Mr. and Mrs. Voyce had been appointed to Siwai, a large and populous district on the west coast of Bougainville, and it fell to my lot to get them to their appointment.

After a brief stay at Skotolan, our station at Buka, which is about twenty-two miles from Soraken, where the steamer called, we took Mrs. Voyce to Tiop, where Mr. Brown is stationed, and which is about forty miles from Skotolan, whilst Mr. Voyce and myself went down to Siwai to introduce the new minister to his new sphere of work and also to start the native house which is to be their home for the next few years. We had a pleasant trip to Tiop and also to Siwai, many fish being caught by the boys on the troll lines, our biggest catch for one day being forty-four, and each fish averaging about eight pounds. Most of these fish were marketed with the natives on the coast of Empress Augusta Bay for native food, thus providing a good deal of fresh food for the boat's crew.

On the west of Bougainville there are only two good anchorages. One is at the Catholic Mission, where a schooner can shelter behind two small islands, and the other is in Empress Augusta Bay. But both of these are a little unsafe in the north-west season, consequently the west coast of Bougainville becomes particularly dangerous in the months of January, February and March, as the nearest shelter to Siwai is about fifty miles away. In the north-west season the surf thunders along the sandy coast for miles, and in a real blow can be heard nearly ten miles inland. The whole of the west coast is traversed by rivers, which carry away the water that falls constantly in deluges around the high mountains. These rivers are small torrents on the fertile slopes, but near the coast, on account of the land being very

flat, they become sluggish and form into large lagoons, which are infested with alligators. These lagoons form an almost continuous chain of swamp and water along the coast, and several of the narrow roads down to the coast made by the Government have to cross these patches of water before reaching the sea. The scenery on some of the lagoons is beautiful, and one almost imagines himself on a lake in a botanical garden. Long-bladed grasses fringe the shores and here and there a flower somewhat like a water lily lightens up the background of verdant green foliage, while sago palms, cocoanuts, bread fruit and many other tropical trees thrust their leafy heads above the dense shrubbery on the edge of the lagoon. Creepers festoon themselves from tree to tree and here and there a native hibiscus may be seen with its bright yellow flowers, while large and brilliant butterflies flit in the sunlight or hover over some flower which rivals themselves in splendour. But underneath the placid waters of these lagoons lie hidden ugly scaly brutes which mar the pleasantness of a spot so richly endowed by nature. To bathe in these lagoons is to court disaster, although the natives are constantly crossing them at their shallow mouths near the sea. Fortunately the alligator is a cowardly brute, and will never attack anyone unless that person is at a disadvantage. But the sight of a head covered with tough, black leathery skin and broken by a mouth eighteen inches long studded with sharp teeth, some of them two inches in length, has dissuaded many a white person from entering the salt or fresh water for a bathe. The alligator, both on land and in the sea, can move at a considerable rate, its short legs being used on land and its powerful tail being its chief means of propulsion whilst in the water. The natives claim that they are able to kill them with small spears, as the alligator, if slightly wounded, soon frets and dies. Certain it is that one which we fired upon at some distance with an ordinary pigeon gun was found dead a couple of days later in a creek near by. Still, one needs to

be very wary about telling alligator stories. Like the fish yarns of our own lands, there are, of course, a good many alligator stories in circulation in the Solomons.

The view from Empress Augusta Bay is a most delightful one. The thickly wooded shore extends for miles in a graceful curve, finally disappearing in a mist over the horizon to the north. Behind the coast to the south-east appear the tops of the high mountains of the Crown Prince Range. These mountains run up to about 7,000ft. Then comes a dip in the hills and a break in the skyline formed by the active volcano of Mt. Bagana. Although only about 4,000ft high, Mt. Bagana has never been scaled, and never will be until it ceases somewhat from emitting its huge volumes of deadly sulphur fumes. With a fiery rising sun for a background, Bagana presents a picturesque sight and gives one the impression of a mountain aflame, while Mt. Balbi, to the north, thrusting his quadrupled peaked head into the clouds, rises in the Emperor Range to over 10,000ft., and seems to be capped by an everlasting snow cloud.

We left Empress Augusta Bay at three a.m., and arrived at the landing place on the Siwai coast at about eight a.m. The early morning we find is the best time for landing, as the surf is less dangerous, and especially so if the tide has ebbed. In our little dinghy, which was built by the boys at our Skotolan station, we safely negotiated the landing, and after sending some boys to get carriers at Harinai, our nearest village, and which is four miles inland, we packed our things on the floor of an old hut in which some weevily copra, giving forth an odour akin to mellowed cheese, had been stored, and set ourselves to wait for our band of carriers to turn up. The boat boys took the yacht back to Empress Augusta Bay. The carriers appeared in about two hours' time, and we gathered up our things and went inland.

At Harinai, a Roviana boy is in charge, and has his station in fine order. A neat little hut had been built for Mr. Voyce and myself to sleep in. The ground around the native church had been swept clean, and the neat garden around the station showed signs of healthy industry. The Lotu was fairly well attended on the Sabbath morning, although the congregation represented but a few of the people of his four or five villages. Mr. Voyce gave the address in English, myself translating into Monoese and the teacher again interpreting it into Siwaiese. As soon as the service was ended we packed a few necessary things and went on the six odd miles to Tonu, to be in time to take the afternoon service, leaving the rest of the things to be brought on to Tonu on the following day. Here

we followed the same plan in preaching as at Harinai, David, the Tonu teacher, being the final interpreter. Tonu was our objective. Here we had decided that the Mission station was to be, as it is central, has good water, is the biggest village, and the feeling of the people here was much better than at the other places. This latter was probably due to the teacher David, a consecrated worker, who, through trials and temptations many, has won the affection of his people. He has also been the means of opening up several districts, one at a considerable distance away.

We found that the boys had cleared a small plot for the new station, and on the Monday after our arrival the whole of the men of Tonu together with the teachers of Siwai, started on the house. We were able at the end of the day to see the main posts erected and various pieces of timber dragged in from the bush for the roof. The site for the house is ideal. Unfortunately there is no hill near Tonu, nor in all the district of Siwai, twelve or fourteen miles from the coast. It is all as flat as the proverbial pancake, consequently there is little or no view. But not twenty paces from the back door of the new Mission house flows a small stream of beautiful clear cold water, and a hundred yards or so from the front door is a larger stream with a good swimming pool in it. Both streams have great possibilities in them, and one thinks of saw mills, electric light, etc., that the endless energy of these swiftly running waters might be turned into. The soil everywhere in Siwai is of the best, and the Missionary in charge of Siwai should be able to boast of the best kitchen and flower garden in the Solomons.

With regret at not being able to make our stay here a lengthy one, we turned our footsteps toward Bais, a district about half-way between Tonu and Empress Augusta Bay. This we reached in two days and found Philip, the teacher, with a new church built, which we opened with pleasure on the following morning. Bais is a district which was pioneered by David. But Philip has had a hard fight to maintain it. Not that there was any antagonism from the natives themselves, but unfortunately from a Government official resident in a district near by. When the opening service of the new church was over we again gathered up our few necessities of travel, and with the sick wives of two teachers accompanying us we wended our way along the track to Empress Augusta Bay, where our little yacht was anchored. It was impossible to reach the bay in one day, so we camped at a tiny village, where we had no small difficulty in procuring food for ourselves and hungry carriers. At day-break two of the boys and myself hurried down the four or five odd miles to the sea and, know-



ing that at the end of the road there was a large lagoon without any bridge over it, we borrowed an axe from a boy in the village, intending to cut some trees and make a raft to carry us safely over, but were agreeably surprised to find hidden on the banks of the lagoon a native canoe in fairly good condition, and not wishing to wait until the owner appeared, we took the loan of it and paddled the half mile or so to the landing place on the sea beach. The boys then walked the four or five miles around the beach to the yacht, bringing her back with them and dropping anchor opposite the lagoon we had just crossed. We then lifted the little dinghy across the sand into the lagoon and with our borrowed canoe in tow we returned to ferry over Mr. Joyce and the rest of the party who, on account of the sick women, had come down the track at a slower pace. We then returned to Tiop, picking up Mrs. Joyce, and came on to Skotolan. My fiancée being expected by the next steamer we left immediately for Rabaul, one hundred and sixty miles away. After being married in Rabaul we started on our return trip to Buka, but a violent gale held us up for nine days on the south coast of New Ireland. Fears for our safety were relieved on our arrival at Buka. Being overdue at Mono and Fauro, two stations in the British Solomons and over the border from Bougainville. I left almost immediately for these places, hoping to meet Mr. Goldie, the Chairman of our District, at Faisi, but was sincerely sorry to hear that he had called some three weeks earlier.

On our return to Buka we left again for Siwai. But this trip was not so fortunate as the former one. The weather was a little boisterous and a heavy swell caused the landing place at Siwai to be a mass of foamy surf. Mr. Joyce and myself got ashore, but we were unable to land anything except a few of Mr. Joyce's travelling things, and it took us half a day to get off again to the yacht. So we returned to Empress Augusta Bay leaving Mr. Joyce and his Siwai boys to go into Siwai alone, intending if the sea should abate to return at the earliest opportunity to unload the yacht of Mr. and Mrs. Joyce's things. We waited several days and then made two attempts to go down again, but were turned back each time by the seas. About a week after our return to Empress Augusta Bay, we espied one night the light of an electric torch coming along the alligator-infested swamp of the Bay. It turned out to be Mr. Joyce and his Siwai boys who, fearing that there was sickness aboard, had travelled about thirty miles in one day, crossing lagoon mouths and walking miles of sandy beach (some of it in the dark) to reach us in Empress Augusta Bay. We up anchor next morning at 3 a.m. and went down to the Siwai beach and

were successful in landing Mr. Joyce's stuff. Leaving arrangements to be made by the teachers, we hurried back to Skotolan relieved to find all well, and Mrs. Joyce and Mrs. Cropp in good spirits after being alone on the station for two weeks. We had learnt on this trip that the Siwai house was nearly finished, and after a couple of weeks at Skotolan we again loaded the little yacht with some more of Mr. Joyce's things, and taking Mrs. Joyce and Mrs. Cropp with us this time we set off for the Siwai beach. Strong head winds made progress slow and as there was a heavy swell we decided to wait a day in Empress Augusta Bay. On Tuesday, at 3 a.m., we heaved up the anchor and made off down the twenty-five odd miles of coast, but on arriving at the landing place found the surf too high to land in. A Siwai boy who could swim well, swam ashore through the surf with a message to the teachers, and we returned to our anchorage in Empress Augusta Bay. We waited three days more and then went down again. The Siwai boys went ashore first. Then Mr. and Mrs. Joyce safely landed through the surf. But the next trip was disastrous. The boys were capsized. A wooden safe floated ashore, but Mr. Joyce's fine phonograph, together with a lot of young trees for planting were lost in the surf. The boys landed a few more things, and as the surf was growing heavier with the incoming tide, and it was found to be increasingly difficult to get back to the yacht each time, we decided to run back again to Empress Augusta Bay and wait for more favourable weather to land the rest of the stuff. Two days later we returned to the beach at Siwai, and without mishap safely landed the rest of the goods. Mrs. Cropp and myself then returned to Skotolan 120 miles away, thankful to God that no serious accident had befallen us on the trip. Over sixty boxes and over thirty other parcels had been landed with but the loss of the phone and the fruit trees. There are about thirty more boxes, etc., to get into Siwai. Mr. and Mrs. Joyce will then be isolated from us from the end of December to the beginning of April.

Siwai is a beautiful place. Villages, people, water and food are in abundance. But the difficulty of getting there makes communication with the outside world extremely limited. Mr. and Mrs. Joyce have excellent opportunities ahead of them and we are confident that their work in Siwai will result in a rich harvest. Prayer and faith in Christ's power to save have worked wonders. And the New Zealand Church has a wonderful opportunity at present for prayer and faith in the Christ for whom her Church stands both in the Homeland and in the Solomons.

## How the Evil Spirits were driven from the Village of Tiop, Bougainville.

By

Rev. Hubert G. Brown.

It was a quiet afternoon. Afternoons are usually quiet in the village, for the women and children are away at their gardens, and the men, too, are gardening, or fishing, or perhaps sleeping lazily on the beach.

Suddenly there came a sound of drums, conch shells, and many other discordant noises. It might have been Gideon's three hundred, so sudden and unexpected was the tumult. What did it all mean? A nearby native was called upon to explain, and had scarcely done so when there emerged from the village a herd of terror-stricken pigs, followed by an army of men obviously at the highest pitch of excitement. Some were blowing shells, some beating empty tins, some shouting and waving sticks with bunches of greenery attached. Soon the pigs were lost to sight in the bush, and gradually the tumult subsided as the men too, dispersed themselves across the island.

But what was it all about? There has been much sickness in the village. Three people have died, several others have been critically ill, while few, if any, have escaped a cough or cold in the chest. For several days, morning and evening *Lotu* was followed by a "eucalyptus parade," and the missionaries have had a busy time with the sick in the village.

Now sickness does not merely "happen" on Tiop. It is caused by the evil spirits, who reside in the bush. For this instance there must have been something like a raid on the village. Hence the "raid" on the bush, described above. When the raiders returned, some were asked if they had driven all the ghosts into the sea, but they seemed sceptical. Indeed, on the very same evening, during a conversation with the old king, he suddenly broke off to say that he could hear a ghost in the bush right by the village.

The Spirits do not molest the villagers for nothing. There is always a reason, and in this instance it was not hard to find. Some bush on the island has been cleared away preparatory to planting coconuts, and it is assumed that the spirits

must be grieved because their jungle home is being interfered with.

What a lot has resulted from the falling of these trees! Sickness, death, and now fear. Yes, the people—men and women alike—are genuinely afraid. The women especially, scarcely move from their houses after dark. For some days Loata had the women's side of the Church to herself at evening *Lotu*. Even now, very few venture out at night, while to ask the men to go through the bush alone, even in broad daylight, would seem to him like issuing a death warrant.

Yet some begin to wonder if the old-time beliefs are really grounded in fact. They wonder, but still fear. A few days ago some of the boys were asked to write an account of what had taken place during the epidemic. This they did in the form of letters to Mr. Goldie. Here is one of the letters:—

"Our Dear Friend,

"We are afraid on account of the big sickness in our village at Tiop. Some people have died of the sickness, and we are all very much afraid. We are told there is nothing to fear—that there are no ghosts in the bush. Is it true or is it not true? The sayings of the men of long ago are about to finish. The sickness comes but we do not know what causes it.

I, very truly,

ALILIO."

Here are extracts from two other letters, expressive of the fears of the people:—

Tasivina says—"We are very unhappy on account of the big sickness. We boys come to *Lotu* at nights, but the girls are afraid to come. Do you suppose it is a small sickness? It is a very big sickness."

And Lesivira writes—"We are very much afraid of spirits, and we do not go out in the dark. We tried one day to drive the spirits away from the bush near the village."



## Present Christian Situation in India.

When I first arrived in India in 1908, the attitude of India to Jesus was mostly what might be called hard and unyielding, if not hostile. Within the first six months, missionary duty called me to Lucknow and, on the way, I visited a friend at *Kashi* or Benares, the holy city of over two hundred and sixteen millions of Hindus. Taking a little boat on the Ganges, we sailed up the sacred river as far as Ramnagar, on the opposite bank, and I can never forget the cry that greeted us as our missionary party sailed past some of the orthodox who were engaged in holy ablutions. "Jesus be accursed!" was the greeting that fell on our ears.

That took place seventeen years ago. The change that has taken place in India's attitude to Jesus can only be described as a revolution. The question to-day that confronts the student of India's religious development is not whether Jesus will ever win India's heart, which was the question in 1908. The question, rather, is to discover the methods whereby Jesus is actually accomplishing this wonderful thing before our very eyes. To every such un-



GIFT BOXES FOR THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.  
Recently packed by Miss Elsie Reid and Mrs. Smethurst for the Auckland Methodist Women's  
Missionary Auxiliaries.

By Rev. James F. Edward  
Poona, India

Editor of the "Dnyanodaya."

biased student, the chief thing that impresses him is not merely that Jesus is attracting to Himself individual Indians at a rate several times larger than that of the country's annual increase of population, though this is a fact worthy of note. But the two-fold wonder of India at the present hour is the Christianizing of well nigh every movement in India, and the Indianizing of the Christian movement itself, with Jesus as the dynamical centre of attraction in both these cardinal facts. The situation, in truth, is one of the biggest in the history of Christendom, the only fear being whether we, who are living in the actual situation, will be big enough to deal with it as it requires.

[*Missionary Review of the World*,

After one of the world trips made to study the different mission fields and their needs, someone asked Dr. John R. Mott, "What is the greatest need of our missions to-day?"

He replied: "The greatest need is not more men, not more money. It is more prayer."

## "And He Sent Them to Preach and to Heal."

A new Mission Hospital has recently been opened at Salamo, in Papua, where the missionary in charge is the Rev. M. K. Gilmour. Dr. H. G. Judkins is the medical superintendent of the Hospital. Under the above heading in "The Missionary Review" the Rev. A. W. Guy describes a visit paid by Dr. Judkins and himself to Normanby Island, in the D'Entrecasteaux Group, and are occupied by some three thousand people. They were compelled to walk over thirty miles of rough, boulder-strewn coast line, alternating with stiff steep climbs over jutting cliffs; but they were able to visit every village on the way.

**"They brought to Him them that were sick."**

“Our first teacher’s station ministers to a population of some six hundred people, and of these, one hundred and seventy came voluntarily for intravenous injections for their troubles. Some of these hobbled along on sticks, and some were helped along by their friends. The doctor had a busy morning, and about eleven o’clock he had to submit to one of the “marks of the Lord Jesus” in Papua—a stiff dose of malaria.

"Two . . . sat by the Wayside"

Passing through a village, a man and a woman sat near their houses in mute appeal. For convenience of treatment the people were gathered into groups two or three miles apart, and these two, one a young man with an ulcer extending from the instep to near the knee, and having two and a-half inches of shinbone exposed, and the other a woman with ulcerated arms and legs, were unable to negotiate the tracks. They made no request, thinking that as they could not go to the place of healing they must perforce continue to suffer. We could not "touch them and heal them," but we could infuse the healing agent into their veins that would begin the fight with the raw germs—and we did so in the name of Christ.

"Sir, I have no Man!"

Proceeding the next morning—the doctor “suffering a recovery” as we went, we found gathered at the next place, by 9.30 a.m., more than one hundred and fifty “maimed, blind, halt and diseased,” waiting for the healer—some with sickness too long neglected to be much relieved; others carried thither by their friends whose next office could only be to carry them to their last resting place, and others in the earlier stages who would benefit greatly—but all having come in faith to be “speared.” When nearly two hundred cases had been dealt with and most of the

people had gone, we sat down to lunch. The teacher had boiled three times as many eggs as we had suggested "in case some of them might not be fresh," he explained. We were just ready to depart when the teacher said: "Missionary, what about two other cases who are waiting still?" "Where are they?" we asked, "and why did they not come when the others did? We have far to go yet to-day." "Please," was the reply, "they have been here since early morning, but they are both old and alone, and so they had no one to bring them along when the others were done." We unpacked again and ministered to their needs.

**"They brought to Him little children."**

But our first work is among the children. The mothers carry the little ones, disfigured in face and body and crippled by sores. They respond wonderfully to the treatment: A boy of about seven years was carried to the doctor the first day by a friend. His sickness had lasted so long that his parents had left him to die. Deformed, and with six ugly, open sores he could scarcely stand long enough to receive the injection, and his friend carried him away to his home again. Just a week after, to the day, he walked along to the doctor without assistance, his sores drying, with a look on his face of the boy he was meant to be—and received his second injection. Others with smaller sores were quite healed in that time.

**"And they returned with joy."**

And so we went on repeating at each stopping place the good work, proclaiming the message of salvation by night and, in the intervals by day; wearied in body—but with what joy that now we are preaching the whole gospel, and that not only spiritual but physical “signs and wonders” are following.

During this patrol nearly 800 injections were given, over 300 of these being bad sore cases. Some at this time (a fortnight after) are already healed; others will need a second and third injection; but all have received a very definite and practical lift onwards towards the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The title "After Fifty Years" has been given to the recently completed missionary film which features the great Jubilee Celebrations in New Britain last year, and gives a vivid picture of the life of the people. Special recognition is given to the work of the pioneer missionaries, both white and brown.



## Missionary Table Talk.

The Rev. J. F. Goldie will be present at the Conference which meets in Auckland in March next. This will be the first occasion on which Mr. Goldie has attended a Conference in New Zealand.

The Rev. J. R. Metcalfe, having completed two months of successful deputation work in the South Island, left the Bluff on December 4th for Melbourne, where the remainder of his furlough will be spent.

A legacy of £50 has been received from the estate of the late Mr. George Butler, of Pleasant Point, South Canterbury; also an instalment of £250 in connection with the bequest of £1000 in the estate of the late W. F. Cheverton, of Waimate.

Sister Grace McDonald, who completes her training in St. Helens Hospital, Wellington, at the end of this year, and Nurse Edna White, who completes her nursing course at St. Helens, Auckland, in February next, have been accepted for appointment to the Solomon Islands. Their salaries will be paid by the Women's Missionary Union.

The Rev. and Mrs. M. K. Gilmour are expected to arrive in Sydney soon after the Papua District Synod has completed its business. Mr. Gilmour has been in a very indifferent state of health for some time, and is compelled to seek rest and change of climate. The last General Conference passed a special resolution of appreciation of Mr. Gilmour's twenty-five years of service in Papua. All our readers will be indeed sorry to hear of Mr. Gilmour's enforced absence from the field to which he and his good wife have given themselves with such whole-hearted devotion.

Among visitors to Auckland at present are the Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Dent, of the South African Wesleyan Church. They are enjoying a well-earned furlough after thirty years missionary service in Africa. Mr. Dent, before going out, was identified with the former Free Methodist Church in Auckland, and Mrs. Dent is a daughter of the late Samuel Parker, of Auckland. We wish them a happy holiday in our midst.

Dr. Sayers has gained the certificate of the London School of Tropical Medicine. In the examination for it he passed with distinction, and was placed second out of a class of over seventy people from all parts of the world. Dr. Manson Bahr, who is one of the leading authori-

ties on tropical diseases in Great Britain, has asked Dr. Sayers to collaborate with him in the publication of several important medical papers.

## Christian Conquest of Japan.

The following quotation from a recent editorial in the *Japan Times and Mail* ought to be read with gladness by all Christian people. The editor (S. Shiba) is not a Christian, but he attributes his country's present greatness to its conquest by Christian ideas. "It is common enough," he writes, "to say that Japan has won her present place in the world through her prowess at arms, as if mankind had no criterion for judging the greatness of a people but the brute instinct to kill each other. No, that is not the only criterion, nor yet the main criterion. There is a higher standard; namely, the quality of civilisation. What is it that has given Japan her present civilisation? It may be claimed that Japan has had centuries of Oriental civilisation that has prepared her to rise to a higher plane of humanity and enlightenment. But no amount of sophistry will hide the fact that it is the Christian workers and Christian civilisation that have lifted Japan above the darkness of old ideas and backward customs and put her on the path of progress and higher culture. Her tutors have been neither Buddhists nor Confucianists, but the Christians with their Christian civilisation. We are to-day received to all practical purposes (except, alas, in emigration questions) as equals in the most advanced centres of the world's civilisation, and that not because we are the descendants of people of the highest bravery, with a noble code of chivalry, but because we have succeeded in assimilating the Christian standard of ethics and morality as well as Christian good manners. Let us ask, then, who it was that taught us in this struggle for uplifting ourselves. The answer is perfectly simple. The Christians and Christian ideas of love, humanity, justice and propriety, therefore Christianity. Japanese Christians professing their belief in the Bible and going to Churches may not be very large; but the Japanese men and women who think as good Christians do without knowing it and are propagating and acting up to Christian ideas are innumerable. In fact, it may be said without exaggeration that if Christianity as a religion be making but a slow progress in Japan, the Christian ideas may be said to have already conquered the country."

## WOMEN'S PAGES

## M.W.M.U.

Methodist Women's  
Missionary Union of  
New Zealand.

### OUR PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Methodist Friends,

The Women's Missionary Conference of 1926 is now a matter of history. It was a momentous occasion. It was attended by sixty-four delegates, some from south as far as Dunedin, some from north as far as Hokianga.

The spirit of the Conference was very fine, and those who were privileged to share in its inspiration went back to their several homes with one increasing purpose, that was to make the Missionary Auxiliary an instrument of even greater service in the Methodist Church of New Zealand.

The Methodist women have done much in the past, but what infinity of achievement will yet be possible if they face the future in the spirit of the Baptist Missionary Women of America, of whom it was written: "Women, purified by sorrows shared with Christ, quickened in sympathy by the

awful holocaust of war, inspired by a new realisation of the hopeless sorrow of Christless women of the world, and strengthened to attempt a work of relief by the efforts and experience during the war, entered upon their great adventure." What an adventure was this? What an adventure is ours? Our Church in New Zealand assumed a few years ago the responsibility of missioning the Solomon Islands. Each year brings new encouragement, sees fresh development of the work; makes fresh claims upon the devoted energies and resources of the Home Church and sounds a fresh appeal to the women of that Church.

These new occasions teach new duties and call for a wider and better organisation. We must aim to have each Methodist Church within the Dominion associated with an Auxiliary; a great increase of membership; a vision of what such membership means, and the spirit to go in and possess the land of opportunity.



THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY UNION.

Miss Jamieson,  
Assistant Secretary.

Mrs. H. E. Pacey,  
President.

Mrs. T. R. Hodder,  
Secretary.

Mrs. T. M. Pacey,  
Treasurer.



During the last three years Auckland has been the Executive centre of the Missionary Union, and Mrs. Stevens and those who shared Executive responsibility with her set a very high standard of devotion and efficiency, which are an ideal and also a stimulus to the best that is in those who follow after. The new Executive centre is Palmerston North, the women of which town have a lively sense of the honour which is conferred upon them and of the responsibility which confronts them.

The number of women members in our Church is approximately 14,000, but only about 2,500 of these are members of the M.W.M.U.

Thus, there is a wide field for extension. Every present member is urged to "get one." To the women of the Home Church is sounded a call from the women and children of the Solomons, "Come and help us." They are steeped in superstition and enveloped in darkness. They need Christ; they need opportunity.

In response to the call our Church has sent forth a noble band of men and women who are "at the front" as our representatives, and we are responsible to send them supplies, and to love, and to support them by our prayers.

If we help them we help ourselves also, for "The Light that shines the farthest is the brightest nearest home."

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET W. PACEY,

Palmerston North,

President.

December, 1926.

### M.W.M.U. Conference.

The Twelfth Annual Conference of the Methodist Women's Missionary Union was held at Palmerston North from October 6 to 10.

The first session was held in the beautiful new Church at Cuba Street, and was opened by the singing of Hymn 59 and the reading by Mrs. T. H. Stevens, President, of part of Psalm 103. The Roll Call was responded to by 64 delegates, representing 21 Auxiliaries, with the following members of the Union Executive:—Mesdames T. H. Stevens and M. Smethurst, and Misses Carr, Mather and Wadingham, and Mrs. H. E. Pacey, President-elect. Mrs. F. Thompson was chosen as Minute Secretary, Mrs. Pacey reporter to the local papers, Mrs. Bowron reporter to the unrepresented Auxiliaries, and the *Methodist Times*.

After welcoming the members of Conference and expressing her pleasure at seeing so many present for the first time, Mrs. Stevens called on Miss Carr to read the annual report. This was a carefully compiled account of the business transacted by the Executive during the year just passed, and also a brief resumé of the three years' work of the retiring Executive. It showed a fine record of work well and faithfully done, and was received with enthusiasm. Miss Mather followed with a Financial Statement of receipts and expenditure as at September 30, 1926.

In the afternoon greetings and telegrams of congratulations were read from absent friends. Rev. M. A. R. Pratt welcomed the Conference as Chairman of the District, Rev. J. J. Lewis, on behalf of Rev. H. Peat, minister of the Cuba Street Church, and Mrs. T. R. Hodder as President of the local Auxiliary. Greetings were also given by representatives of other Women's Societies in Palmerston North. Mrs. Stevens, who was in the chair, made a suitable and graceful reply.

In the evening a very successful social gathering was held in the Schoolroom, to give opportunity for members of Conference with their hostesses, to enjoy each other's company apart from the cares of business. An excellent programme of music was rendered by talented friends and a fine speech delivered by Mr. Taylor, of Feilding.

The Morning Sessions of Conference were devoted to business, and the afternoons to listening to addresses of an inspirational or educative nature. The President's address was, as always, full of information and encouragement, being of especial value to those who were among the later recruits to the ranks of Auxiliary workers.

Sister Elizabeth Common, in New Zealand on furlough after three years' work on the Mission Field, held the strong interest of all, as she told of a Missionary Sister's life in the Solomon Islands, her address proving one of the greatest inspirations of the Conference; while Sister Eleanor Dobby, the ever popular little sister of the Maoris, interested everybody by a very vivid account of the progress of her work in Hokianga. Reports were also read from absent sisters, both in the Solomons and in New Zealand.

A fine public Missionary meeting was held in the Broad Street Church on the Wednes-

day evening, presided over by Rev. M. A. R. Pratt, the speakers being Rev. A. J. Seamer and two Sisters. A fine choir added much to the enjoyment of the evening by contributing some good music excellently rendered.

Each morning session was preceded by a short devotional period except on Friday, when a very beautiful Communion Service was conducted by Rev. M. A. R. Pratt, assisted by Revs. J. J. Lewis and J. Oliver. This service, always appreciated by the ladies, was this year in no whit behind those preceding it, and added a worthy bead to the Rosary of Remembrance cherished by those taking part.

The outstanding event of the Conference however, was the induction of the new Executive, which is to be located in Palmerston North for the next three years. Mrs. Stevens, in a feeling speech, handed over to Mrs. Pacey the honours and responsibilities of the office of Union President, expressing her confident expectation that the members of the Auxiliaries would continue to extend to their new President and Executive the loyalty and support that had been so richly showered upon the retiring officers. Mrs. Pacey, in reply, expressed appreciation of the confidence and esteem shown to her by the members in her election to the office of President, and asked Mrs. Stevens to accept a basket of pansies as a small token of the loving thoughts of those who had benefited so much by her fine services during her term of office. Mrs. Pacey then presented Misses Carr and Mather with bunches of pansies, thanking them also on behalf of the Conference for their untiring efforts to forward the cause we all love so well. Miss Buttle, the absent secretary, was also remembered with gratitude and affection. Mrs. T. R. Hodder, the new secretary, spoke a few graceful words of thanks for her election, and hoped for a successful term of office with the help of the sympathy and prayers of all.

It would be impossible to express in the available space an adequate appreciation of the hospitality of the Palmerston North ladies to the visiting delegates. While the weather left much to be desired, grey skies out of doors had no saddening effect upon the cheery atmosphere within. A comfortable rest room was provided, and everything possible done for the comfort of the visitors, and the votes of thanks passed at the last session came from "hearts sincere." Among the many to whom our best thanks are due, are Revs. W. A. Sinclair, G. T. Churches was a great inspiration. No one will

Marshall and Geo. Bond, who always do their utmost to help the ladies, and without whose guidance and counsel we should often be in difficulties. After all these thanks had been duly expressed, Mrs. Pacey brought a very successful Conference to a close by pronouncing the Benediction.

### Conference Echoes.

Our Twelfth Annual Conference has come and gone, leaving grateful memories in many hearts. About twenty of the delegates realised for the first time the enlightenment and inspiration that come to us as together we consider ways and means of helping our Sisters in the Solomons and at home.

An attendance of sixty-four representatives was a substantial increase on that of last year, and the decision to continue the Annual Conferences showed that in the mind of the majority the benefits derived from such gatherings are worth the expense and trouble entailed.

We were delighted to welcome on her first furlough Sister Elizabeth Common, who charmed and interested us all by the accounts of her work among the women and children and in the school at Kokengolo. Sister Eleanor Dobby also, with her bright smile and cheery face, gave a faithful and encouraging report of work done among the Maoris at Hokianga. These two Sisters enjoyed the opportunity of meeting so many leaders of Auxiliary work, and will take back to their stations fresh hope and encouragement derived from those days spent in Conference.

Another volunteer for the Maori work, Miss Nina Gittos, has come forward and will have the prayers and good wishes of all our members.

Miss Carr's Annual Report was a model of concise yet lucid information, telling of a fine work done during the last three years by the retiring Executive. Miss Mather, with her magic way of making intricate figures tell a plain tale, presented an encouraging financial statement. These two ladies, with Miss Buttle, the other Secretary, have done a remarkably fine piece of work for the Union during their term of office; and the members were glad to voice their indebtedness to them and all the others of the late Executive.

The President's address was a marvel of information gathered at cost and presented with wonderful clearness and detail. The younger members of Conference derived much benefit from all the trouble Mrs. Stevens had taken.

The devotional half hours were much enjoyed, and the Communion Service conducted by the Ministers of the Palmerston North Methodist Churches was a great inspiration. No one will



easily forget the beautiful solemnity of that sacred hour.

We were very pleased to welcome as a new member Mrs. Emmett, who had belonged to the British Women's Auxiliary before she came to New Zealand, and we were delighted when she expressed herself as feeling quite at home amongst us.

Miss Hodder, Organising Secretary for the Y.W.B.C. movement, gave a fine address, presenting to us a new idea of the point of view of the modern girl. Arising out of Miss Hodder's talk was the resolution passed to ask Bible Class Unions to appoint a representative to sit on the Committee of the Auxiliary nearest, in order to bring about a more official union between the work of the two bodies.

The most important event of this Conference however, was the induction of the new Executive, which for the next three years is to be located at Palmerston North. Mrs. Stevens, the retiring President, most feelingly and gracefully handed over to her successor, Mrs. H. E. Pacey, the honours and responsibilities of the office.

In our new President and Mrs. T. R. Hodder, our new Secretary, we have two of the most gifted and able women of our Methodist Church, and all Auxiliary members are thankful that the Union is to have the benefit of their wisdom and devotion during the next three years.

The ladies of Palmerston North never ceased their efforts to make the delegates to the Conference happy and comfortable, and it would take more space than is available to express all the gratitude we feel for such a pleasant time. Those who looked after our creature comforts were duly thanked, and every one felt that the "tie that binds" us in the blessed fellowship of Christian work had been very much strengthened during the week we spent together.

After our new President had closed the Conference by pronouncing the Benediction, we said "Good-bye" to each other with a feeling of deep thankfulness for fellowship enjoyed and inspiration received, and turned our faces homeward determined to go on with hope and faith for the future.

The first official activity of our new President was to start a new Auxiliary at Foxton. This is a happy omen or the future.

#### THE YOUNG WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT OF OTAGO.

Perhaps all our readers do not know that in Dunedin there is a Society under the above name. More than ten years ago it was formed when some of our ladies were so convinced of the great help a Plunket Nurse could be in the Solomon Islands, that they looked about for some

one to train for that very purpose. The lady now known as Sister Elizabeth Common was chosen and helped through her training at the Karitane Hospital, and in due course sent out to the Solomons, by the M.W.M.U., and the members of the Y.W.M.M. pledged themselves to pay £60 per annum towards her salary. This pledge has been faithfully carried out, and on October 11th the Society held its ninth Annual Meeting, which was a great success. Rev. M. Richards gave a fine address on Christina Forsyth and Peter Palliser (from the "Whispering Bush," by Southon). The following month the members had the pleasure of welcoming their Sister back on furlough, at a combined meeting with the Y.W.B.C.; Miss Phyllis West, President of both movements, was in the chair. About 60 were present and listened with keen interest to the fascinating story Sister Elizabeth had to tell about her life and work among the women and children, and in the school at the Head Station, Roviana. A very dainty and generous supper added to the enjoyment of the evening, and Sister Elizabeth has one more pleasant memory to take back with her to her distant sphere of work.

#### Missions and Daffodils.

During the last two years the Rev. Wm. W. Avery, of Eltham, has sent us £50 which he has received as special donations for Foreign Missions, the donors receiving in return a collection of choice daffodil bulbs. Mr. Avery has again proved himself to be one of the leading amateur growers in New Zealand, winning this year no less than eight trophies, including the Taranaki Amateur Championship 21-guinea cup; also the big amateur class at Wellington for the third year in succession. Mr. H. T. Trevena, of Dunedin, who judged at the Eltham Show, says of the winning exhibit for the championship: "The Amateur Championship, 12 varieties, was the pinnacle of refinement and extra careful cultivation, and having visited the Wellington and Hutt Shows he could say that the winning group excelled anything seen at these places." Surplus bulbs are not for sale, but are given to help our medical work in the Solomon Islands. Anyone who forwards a special donation for medical mission work to Mr. Avery will receive from him a collection of choice daffodil bulbs, good value being assured. Donations for this purpose, from 10s. upwards, will be gladly received by Mr. Avery, and bulbs will be forwarded to donors in January. Donors of £1 and upwards will receive some of the best show varieties. A collection of these bulbs would make an ideal Christmas present.

## The Methodist Missionary Society of New Zealand.

General Secretary: REV. W. A. SINCLAIR.

Treasurers: REV. G. T. MARSHALL and MR. J. W. COURT.

Mission Office: Probert Chambers, Queen Street, Auckland.

Telegraphic and Cable Address: "Nomolos, Auckland."

Correspondence should be addressed to Rev. W. A. Sinclair.

Letters containing remittances should be addressed to

Rev. G. T. Marshall,

Mt. Albert, Auckland.

## Methodist Women's Missionary Union of New Zealand.

President: Mrs. H. E. PACEY, 11 Russell St., Palmerston North.

Secretary: Mrs. T. R. HODDER, Alan St., Palmerston North.

Assistant Secretary: Miss JAMIESON, Albert St., Palmerston North.

Treasurer: Mrs. T. M. PACEY, 280 Featherston St., Palmerston North.

Dominion Box Organiser: MRS. M. SMETHURST, 3 Ladies' Mile, Remuera, Auckland.



# NEW ZEALAND BIBLE AND BOOK SOCIETY.

## Famous "Yarns" Series.

For Workers among Boys aged 12 to 16,  
Leaders of Boys' Brigade Classes, Scout  
Patrols, Bible Classes, etc.

Yarns on African Pioneers, by Basil Matthews.

Yarns of the Far East, by Basil Matthews.

Yarns of South Sea Pioneers, by Basil Matthews.

Yarns on Heroes of China, by W. P. Nairne.

More Yarns on China, by A. E. Southon.

Yarns on Heroes of the Lone Trail, by  
Arthur P. Shepherd.

Yarns on Brothers of All the World, by A.  
P. Shepherd.

## N.Z. BIBLE & BOOK SOCIETY

71 WILLIS STREET, WELLINGTON.

PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

ESK STREET, INVERARGILL.

Printed by the Unity Press, Ltd., Commercial Printers, Cor. Kingston and Federal Streets, Auckland.

## SPECIAL SEMI-JUBILEE NUMBER.

VOL. V. No. 4

March, 1927

Published Quarterly

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

## OPEN DOOR



Rev. & Mrs Tom Dent



REV. J. F. GOLDIE,  
Founder of the Solomon Islands Mission.



Idols, Roviana.



The Home of Rev. & Mrs Binet



Native Village Church



Price: ONE SHILLING Per Annum  
Posted, One Shilling and Sixpence