



MR. H. BURGESS,
Church Secretary.



MR. H. A. C. NORTH,
Church Treasurer.

offices in the selection of a fresh pastor. "I think I may point to the fact of Mr. Dallaston's nearly sixteen years' pastorate," wrote Mr. Ingold, "as an evidence that we are not a difficult people to work with. Many of us are poor concerning this world's goods, and we have none rich." Not many months, he thought, would elapse ere Mr. Birch departed for either England or America. This surmise came true in the end: Mr. Birch received an American D.D. degree, went to California, and some years later died in Jersey. The Tuam Street Central Mission did not continue long.

Mr. Spurgeon's enquiries in England resulted in the Oxford Terrace Church receiving as pastor a man of great grace and marked distinction. Were he living to-day he would be but seventy years of age, but his course was finished a year before the Great War. Two years ago there issued from the Christian Literature Depot, Johannesburg, a record of his life, penned by William E. Cursons, F.I.C.S. It is called "Joseph Doke, the Missionary-hearted." To read it is to recall the saying of a French poet that, fair as it is in its waving pride, the grass of the field never comes to its fulness of charm till the sickle has reaped it and the mellowing months have drawn out the fragrance that will not pass. When he received the call the Rev. J. J. Doke was minister of City Road Chapel, Bristol.

He arrived in Christchurch in October, 1894, and for seven years gave himself without stint to the ministry of the Church. Mr. Doke was "a very perfect gentle Knight" of Christ. His father was a Baptist minister in England, his only brother a colleague of Grenfell on the Congo, where (like the brother of the Rev. Knowles Kempton) he early laid down his life on the B.M.S. field. Mrs. Doke was born in South Africa, a descendant of William Carey. Their eldest son William was delicate when young, and when the father first came to Christchurch he said he came "led by the hand of a little child." Refined, artistic, quiet, widely travelled, observant, studious, Joseph Doke lived a many-sided life; orator, preacher, author, social reformer, he touched nothing that he did not adorn. Yet the open secret of his life was not his gifts, but his surrender of them. He was an un-selfed mystic, re-selfed in Christ. At the age of fifty-two he used the proceeds of a novel he had written on South African life to venture on a great missionary trek into North-western Rhodesia. All his life he had been a frail man, but dauntless. Death cut him off on his way back to the South, but it was death of that high order that glorifies God. Still in South Africa he is known as a "voor-trekker" (pathfinder) of the Kingdom of God, and his devoted widow, the daughter, Olive Carey Doke, the



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sons, the Rev. Wm. Doke, editor of the "South African Baptist," and Dr. Clement Martyn Doke, translator of the Lamba New Testament, and Lecturer in Bantu languages at the University of the Witwatersrand,—all in their like-minded careers attest their conviction that the only life for man is the life that walks with God.

A few days after Mr. Doke's arrival the annual Conference of 1894 met in Christchurch, affording him an opportunity of meeting his fellow-ministers. The following year the Sydenham Church had difficulties over a mortgage, and agreed to a proposal of the Union which called in the pastor and officers of the parent Church to manage its affairs for two years. It fell to Mr. Doke to open a new preaching station of the Spreydon Church at Hornby.

On May 28th there passed away in India one who had for more than twenty years been a faithful member of the Church—Miss Hopstill Pillow, sister of Mrs. Toneycliffe. Energetic, resolute and patient, she had said of herself when she applied to the Missionary Society, "I have a hopeful spirit, and am not easily daunted by difficulties." In September, 1889, she went out alone to India. "If a Church of 350 members spares one of their number to go to India," she said, "there are still 349 missionaries left for those around them."

Her furlough was due in 1894, but she was well, and other workers had left. She begged to stay another year. She had a considerable burden of responsibility in supervising native workers, and in the end her strength simply ebbed away. The tidings of her death deeply moved her old friends, and called up in the minister's soul poignant memories of his lost brother. A memorable sermon was preached, the text "She hath done what she could." "Some poor, miserable soul like Judas Iscariot, reckoning only the commercial value of the gift, may say of this woman also, 'To what purpose is this waste?' . . . Yes, if placed on the market that is all it would have been worth. Just over three hundred pence! But broken over Jesus it represented love that is beyond all price . . . worth the 'Well done' of Christ that the full coffers of an Empire could not buy. 'To what purpose is this waste?' My friend, you know nothing of the blessing of self-sacrifice under the constraint of consuming love, if you ask that question. Better six years of noble service on the plane of Calvary, in the light of eternity, than six times six of comfortable mediocrity at home, that knows no heroism, and will deserve no crown! 'To what purpose is this waste?' Speak that treason, if you can, to the Saviour Himself; say it before the blood-stained Cross; repeat it in view of the