

Toneycliffe were also visiting the Mission stations. 4,000 miles were covered by rail and river, and the travellers saw "splendour and squalor enough to last a lifetime." From Darjeeling they beheld with reverent awe the unveiling of the glorious Mt. Kinchinjunga, "like the unveiling of God in Christ." A week was spent in Rome, where Mr. North attended high mass, no doubt with mingled feelings. Brief peeps at Florence, Venice and Paris led on to London, where for a month Mr. North conducted service in the City Temple. A gossip writer in the "British Weekly" paid due tribute to his matter, and in passing referred to his colonial accent, which some of us had fondly deemed imported! There followed visits to the Universities, Bedford, Stratford-on-Avon, the Highlands. When at length, the sabbatic year over, the much-travelled preacher returned, his every utterance was enriched in vividness and power as a result of the impressions left on his sensitive and understanding mind. Almost every leading preacher of the denomination in New Zealand had in the meantime helped to fill the Oxford Terrace pulpit: the congregations were well maintained, and rallied loyally round their minister on his return. He brought many fresh ideas: open-air singing, an enlarged choir, occasional theatre services. Mr. V. C. Peters, whom Mr. Gray had received into the Church in 1908, became leader of the Choir, and began that happy alliance with the beloved organist, Mr. Melville Lawry, which has now been happily resumed.

In 1924 the pastor's aged and honoured parents were both called to their reward. That year's Conference decided that when the Baptist College opened in Auckland its first Principal should be the Rev. J. J. North. Thus after thirteen years of strenuous labour he was given "the wages of going on and not to tire."

Again the Church turned to the Rev. F. W. Boreham, this time for advice. As a result of his suggestion the Rev. J. Robertson, B.A., came to us from Canterbury, Melbourne. His father was an honoured evangelist, and he himself had occupied with acceptance several Churches in Australia, besides serving as chaplain with the troops at the front. A man of fine presence and clear voice, he

rapidly became a favourite "on the air," and many were the visitors welcomed to the Church during his four years' stay in Christchurch. Unfortunately our climate, though it set on his feet their only son, proved less kindly to his mother, and Mr. Robertson felt constrained to return to Australia. He is now happily settled in the Baptist Church of Petersham, Sydney. While in Christchurch Mr. Robertson pursued his studies and gained the M.A. degree. He also became a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. "He has laboured," wrote Mr. Gilmour in "The Baptist," with much zeal. His clear and convincing presentation of the sacred truths has been a source of strength and comfort to us all. Few can forget the whole-hearted manner in which he threw himself into the work of raising the necessary funds to have the church property renovated and repaired."

The Church had in the course of fifty-three years been ministered to by four pastors from England, and two from Australia. Whence could its need now be supplied? Very earnest and thorough enquiries and arrangements engrossed the office-bearers during the early months of 1930. At first no light came. Then in a quite unstudied way it came about that a young graduate of the Baptist College took the Easter services, in the absence of many members of the Church. Two men on the diaconate and others vitally interested saw in him one who could be safely appealed to to undertake the pastorate of the Church. Prayerfully and hopefully their brethren joined in the call to the Rev. Lawrence A. North, and to-day not the least cause of thankfulness in our Diamond Jubilee is a ministry at once humble and daring, frank and faithful, a source of comfort to the old and inspiration to the young. Long may his heart indite good matter, and his speech be of the things touching the King!

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The history of a Church: who can write it? The better the task is understood, the more it will be felt to be impossible. Spiritual things are impalpable, intangible, elusive as a fragrance, subtle as the light. Their true history will not appear till we know even as we are known. Yet at times a veil is lifted,

or through the lens of tears our vision sees the outline of things real, as in this story of one little disciple whose name never reached the Church roll—our Unknown Warrior. She was a bright little scholar, in the fifth standard, though only ten. The love that glowed in her heart and shone in her face won smiles from all she met. In her home she was the spirit of unselfishness. Prayerful in habit, she loved the Bible. When in winter rheumatic fever seized her she bore with quiet patience an illness of twelve weeks. The night before she died she asked her father to read to her. He turned to Revelation xxi.—her favourite chapter. "Don't read that," she said slowly; "I know all that by heart." She asked for an Old Testament chapter, "So that I may have to think about it and forget my pain." Next day her pain was great, but her faith unclouded. She asked that her sister might play some hymns on the piano downstairs. As the hours of darkness wore on she said more than once, "Jesus - comes - for - me - very - slowly." But at the turn of night the watching mother said, "I think He is coming for you now." "Mamma," was the answer, "Jesus - has - come," and so she went home.

"Soon, full soon, we thus together
In the Father's House shall meet,
And the Heavenly Courts for ever
Tread with undefiled feet."

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"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid,
which is Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. iii., 11.

Turning from these brief and imperfect glimpses of our pilgrim band we hear the inspiring strains to which it marches:

"Part of the host have crossed the
flood,
And part are crossing still."

We hear also three deep and solemn challenges. The first is from the past. "It is the second generation that tests a movement." To say "We have Abraham to our father" is to be bound by all the ties of loyalty to walk in the steps of the faith of the great pilgrim leader. The second challenge is from the present. The times are hard, critical, testing. The Church, the ministry, the religious profession, that cannot now make effective and available the faith by which it lives to a world that cannot live without it may as well now and for ever hold its peace. But the supreme challenge is still from the Cross. There is no going forward possible save as we go back there. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Myself." When the early French missionary Fathers went pioneering into the frozen north of Canada one of them announced that he had seen a cross in the sky beckoning them on. "How big was it, brother?" they asked in jest. "Big enough to crucify us all," was his searching answer.