

HOLY LAND VISITED

Maori Padre on Leave

"I have just returned from my seven days' leave. It was my opportunity to see the Holy Land, and I took it," writes the Rev. Kahi Hara-wira. "I went from here to Cairo. At 3 p.m. next day we left Cairo, travelled by train all night. At about midnight we changed trains, crossing a canal on barges to join the Palestine train, thus stepping off Egypt on to Palestine. Things began to change—trains, guards, porters and even the atmosphere.

"We had to change our money, too, from Egyptian to Palestinian; the currency in the latter being higher we got more for our money. By daylight we had reached Lydda, got off there, took a car to Tel Aviv (a very beautiful, modern seaside Jewish town), had breakfast there got on another bus and arrived at Jerusalem about 10.30 a.m. Captain C. Bennett (Bishop Bennett's son) and I went together. We immediately booked up at a hotel, engaged a guide recommended by the Y.M.C.A., and then set off to see the sights.

"First we were taken to see the Court of Pilate, where Our Lord was tried, then followed the path where He carried His cross all the way up to Calvary, and the spot where He was crucified. There is a special significance attached to the spot where Mary stood with St. John; it is marked by a special lamp. From there we went down to the Wailing Wall, where Solomon's Temple once stood. The ground layer of stone slabs is reputed to be the foundation of the original building, but the rest have been put after the destruction of the city in 70 A.D. Here Jews come from all parts of the world to wail.

Curse upon the Jews

"Inquiring for the reason, the guide told us that for 1300 years these people have been wailing for the restoration, not only of the temple, but of all Jerusalem. The temple site, by the way, is in Moslem hands. It seems clear to me now that this is the curse upon the Jews for the crucifixion of Our Lord. For not only old men and women come, but young men with the latest cut suits and girls with the latest fashions; all flock round and actually shed tears.

"One naturally goes back in thought to what their ancestors said at the time: "Let His blood be upon us and our children and our children's children." Then we worked our way round the narrow streets of old Jerusalem, coming out at Jaffa gate, where Allenby entered on foot and bareheaded. Next morning we went on a 250-mile trip. Left Jerusalem at 8 a.m., made a bee line through Judea, then Samaria to Nazareth, saw the home of the Holy Family and the workshop of Joseph.

"Then from there we made for the Sea of Galilee, passing through such places as Shechem, Jacob's well, where Christ met the Samaritan woman, Bethel, Endor, Nain, and many other familiar names. When we arrived at the Sea of Galilee we found that at the town Tiberias we were 600 feet below sea level. Had lunch there, and fish out of the sea, too, but disappointingly small. However we did remember Simon and Andrew, James and John. After lunch we pushed on; there were four of us in a luxurious seven-seater Plymouth, and a real expert driver. Passed Capernaum and the Beatitude Mount, then followed the coast from Haifa, a modern city guarded for its oil.

Strange Coincidence

"From there we motored up to the top of Mt. Carmel and, looking out to sea, we saw the only speck of cloud in the sky, just the size of a man's hand, but not black, it was white. I drew my mates' attention to the coincidence, but they had never heard the story. So we moved on towards the south, passing through many new towns, both Jewish and Arabic, eventually arriving back at Jerusalem about 7.30 at night—a real day's outing.

"Next morning we were off again, to see what is now called the Mosque of Omar, but actually the site of the temple out of which Our Lord drove the money changers, and in Old Testament times Mt. Moriah. It had been built over, of course, but the traditional spot where Abraham offered up Isaac is bare. Not far away are the gates of Jerusalem, through which the Ark of the Covenant was brought to the city. And, looking up, there stands the Mount of Olives; below, looking down from

the wall, is the Garden of Gethsemane. Strangely enough, not far from this garden are the tombs of Absalom, James (the brother), and of Zachariah, all in a row.

"In the afternoon another car trip to Jericho and the Dead Sea. One can understand now why it was said: 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho,' because Jericho is 1300 feet below sea level; or 'Go to Jericho,' because the heat is stifling. Had a swim in the Dead Sea; can't drown, the water is too buoyant. Then we went on and saw the River Jordan; too dirty to jump in seven times. We crossed over the Syrian border. Next, and last, day to the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem; the manger and all there is to be seen. Here endeth the lesson."

Tauranga-Te Puke Maori Mission District.

Institution of the Rev. M. A. Bennett.

A very important event in the life of the Maori Mission took place on Sunday, November 2nd, when the Rev. M. A. Bennett was instituted as Vicar of the re-constituted Mission District of Tauranga-Te Puke. The Institution Service was conducted by the Rev. O. S. O. Gibson, and was held in the Maori Church at Rangioru, Te Matai. There was a large congregation including representatives from the various Maori centres and a number of pakehas from Tauranga. The service was a most impressive one and was followed by the Holy Communion, the Celebrant being the Rev. M. A. Bennett, assisted by the Revs. O. S. O. Gibson and Hemana Pokiha.

The Vicar of Tauranga in his address emphasised the importance of the parts which both the new vicar and the people had to play, and that only as there was the fullest co-operation could there be lasting results. He urged the necessity of a steady faithful daily witness. "Your life," he said, "is the greatest sermon you can preach." In bearing this witness it should be remembered that there is only one Church, Maori and Pakeha are united in the one great army.

After the service members of the congregation were entertained to lunch with the customary Maori hos-