Light for the Line,
THE SOUTH AFRICAN CHURCH RAILWAY MISSION MAGAZINE.

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South African Church Railway Mission.

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Light for the Line.

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LETTER FROM THE HEAD.

It was "somewhere in" Africa—we are all quite used to this sort of phrase—and I was on trek with one of our Chaplains (never mind which one it was): one of our friends most kindly added to our larder by sending us some nice fresh fish—how we just lived on it and enjoyed it! Fish for breakfast, fish for lunch and fish for dinner. That present of fish lasted quite a long time, but it could not last for ever. We were thinking we should be tacked on to a train due to leave about noon, but on turning out to see to one or two matters we heard we might be going soon after 8 o'clock—that, of course, involved getting a move on: the boy had been sent on a message and the Chaplain, seeing the need for pushing on, suggested breakfast and proceeded to serve it up. "I thought we were getting near the end of the fish," said he, as he produced two plates from the coach kitchen, "heads and tails are all that remains." Solemnly we proceeded to our feast: it was a very serious matter as, so far as I could see, it was all heads and tails and nothing to eat; I did not wish to hurt his feelings and, if there was any choice, he had given me the better of the two plates. After toying with the "heads" for a few moments the plate was duly put on one side and bread and jam took the stage; we had almost finished when the boy, having just returned, came in with two plates of very nice fish, and said, "Baas, you've got the wrong breakfast." This Chaplain is so thoughtless for himself that I am beginning to wonder whether I shall survive his kind hospitality, in spite of, or on account of, his great efforts for my care and comfort. I tell the story in case I do not; it is too good to be lost. Even he had to roar at it.

When I wrote for the July issue of Light for the Line I was up in Rhodesia, on the way from the Congo; now I am writing from (I nearly forgot: if I had mentioned where I am writing from you would all know which Chaplain it was who served up "the wrong breakfast"): at any rate, in between the two it has been pretty constant travelling—Mafeking, Johannesburg, Naauwpoort, Calvinia, Clanwilliam, Capetown, Cookhouse, Stormberg, Pretoria, Messina, Mesunga—find that if you can on the map—and other places as well as putting in at Headquarters at Grahamstown occasionally for the necessary business, Everybody and
everything is shorthanded at this time and it is up to us to do as much as strength and time permit.

No news has yet been received of Mr. Rossborough, but we trust that long before this he has safely arrived in the Old Country and found his job.

Miss Beckwith has been successful in obtaining for us one or two new workers, but, owing to the attention of the Huns, there is difficulty in their obtaining passages out; we hope it may not be long before they are with us and at work.

During the time the Diocesan Synod was meeting at Grahamstown the Dean arranged a big Missionary Meeting at S. George's Hall: I was glad to be able to accept the kind invitation to speak about the work and needs of the Church Railway Mission.

An experienced Priest has offered to help us in the Grahamstown Diocese, and I am only waiting to hear from the Archbishop to fix things up. If the Archbishop can arrange to release this Chaplain he will make his centre at Naauwpoort. The Authorities have very kindly granted a house for him to live in.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Ross, G.M. of the Rhodesia Railways, for kindly providing us with a new coach for Mr. Ingram's use: only those who have travelled in the old "dog-box" have any idea what the strain must have been to Mr. Ingram, who for so long not only travelled in it but lived in it.

That old and ever generous Society, the S.P.G., most kindly made us a grant of £55 towards the fund which Mr. Ingram is getting together to build a church at Brokenhill, in far Northern Rhodesia.

Stormberg is promised a Red Letter Day: the Bishop of Grahamstown has most kindly offered to "put off" there to hold a confirmation—we appreciate his kindness the more as we know how very fully his time is occupied.

The Lantern Lectures—like "Charlie's Aunt"—are still running, and we hope to do still more for the Widows and Orphans of the Jutland fight, the Blinded Sailors and Soldiers and the Prisoners of War. We esteem it a great honour that we are permitted to do even just a little for those who have done and are doing so much for us. Let us never forget them in our prayers; they need and deserve them even more than any little material help we can send them.

R. Thornely Jones.

ARCHDEACONRY OF Damaraland, S.W.A.

Swakopmund,
Sept. 10th, 1917.

My dear Editor,

Early in June I found myself at Garub, where, incredible to relate, long grass was being cut for forage. Twelve months ago not a blade was to be seen, and now the whole eleven miles to "Dick Wilhelm" looks like grass veld. At Auswiehe, the next siding, there were miles of golden flowers, partly resembling a sunflower and...
partly a chrysanthemum. They were easily uprooted in the sandy ground and it remains to be seen whether they can be successfully transplanted. I had five minutes at this siding on my return journey, when it was quite dark, and as a new form of sport I can confidently recommend chasing sunflowers in the dark and uprooting them against time. I mention them at some length because, by the kindness of my friends at Garub (I think Master Jack and Miss Harriet had a good deal to do with it) some glorious paraffin-tinfuls arrived at Keetmanshoop in time for our Railway Social, making a magic transformation of an ordinary Institute into a fairy palace. They also realised £1 15s. after the concert, when sold, for the benefit of Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops. Before leaving Garub I should like to comment on the "foreman's" admirable handling of three trains at once in her yard.

Back to A.U.S Camp, where I had two Services in the Hospital, a very small Sunday School, by the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus, in their house. I greatly admired the new regimental football ground. They had been having a very cold spell, and among "the idle rich" I discovered a new substitute for a hot water bottle, viz., a brick roasted on a stove and wrapped in a blanket!

Then to Luderitzbucht, where I spent a week and saw a good many old friends. Sunday and Monday were more than usually occupied, as I paid two visits to a little Church in the native location. Then to Bethanie, via Brakwasser, a long drive of some nineteen miles, where Major and Mrs. Forsbrook very kindly looked after me. I was glad to undertake relieving work for Archdeacon Fogarty at Keetmanshoop for two Sundays in July, as it gave me an opportunity of doing a little continuation work with my Confirmation candidates, and also a chance of getting up a sociable evening, on much the same lines as at Windhuk in May. This was unanimously voted a great success, and our best thanks are due to Mr. Charles, who arranged the musical programme under great difficulty, many of the favourite artistes being stricken with coughs and colds, also to the many ticket-sellers, lenders of chairs, vases, jam-pots, etc.: not forgetting Mr. Brown at the door. I was hoping to receive a report from a local journalist, but it has not come to hand. By insisting on a "general post" every ten minutes we managed to get a much less stiff-starched atmosphere than usual. If ladies would only realise that by sitting twelve in a row in close order they daunt the bravest of the brave, and that the space in front of them inevitably becomes "no man's land"! I think we really did manage to achieve sociability, and I hope it won't be the last time. Financially, we paid our way all right, as the Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops received £6 6s. 3d. and the Church Railway Mission £4 11s. 3d. It was a great pleasure to me to welcome members of the Boy Cornwell Lodge of the Sons of England Society to a Church Parade, as also to attend several of their meetings, because I have so few chances of getting to my own Lodge at Windhuk. The Church Sunday School at Keetmanshoop flourishes, and I was glad to see some of my children-friends from Ham river, Kanus, Tses and other places, and as at Windhuk to be a kind of link between home and school. I had more time at Keetmanshoop than I anticipated, as I lent my caboose to the Hospital Sister for an emergency trip, so for a week I betook myself to the Chaplain's room and accepted the generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Charles. As a judgment for playing football against the Railway for the M.P.s (not the M.L.A.s) I got a crooked leg (and by a Waterval Boven man too), but anyone who has seen the immense advance made by this regiment as a
whole and their sporting victory over the S.A.M.R. would be only too glad to support them. On this occasion they drew 1-1 with a side that was almost identical with the side that a few weeks later covered Keetmanshoop and themselves with glory by winning the Administrator's Cup at Windhuk.

Eventually I got away, and at Kilo 11 spent a most enjoyable evening with an old friend of mine, Mr. Davy. We only need Mr. Jones in S.W. to complete the Krantzpoort staff. Then to KABUS, where a squadron of the 2nd S.A.M.R. are stationed, and ITSAWISIS. Then only 12 kilos, and the train parted, in the good old S.W. style, and the back half of the train raced the front half and won in a canter; result, five German trucks smashed and piled up and one derailed. Sitting on a trolley and surveying the ruins, the driver and I were somewhat hilarious, as, written in bold chalk letters on the only two trucks which presented a surface to read on, we saw “FINISHED” and “NOT TO GO”! That meant an ignominious return to Keetmanshoop with the breakdown train (whose party had worked fairly late with acetylene flares, and for whom, not wishing to be altogether idle, I made coffee). However, I was back at TSES with Sunday’s mail, where I had Evening Service with Celebration of Holy Communion on the following morning. Thence to WASSER, where I was sorry to find several people far from well. In spite of this they put me up and made me comfortable, as my caboose was still at Keetmanshoop. I picked it up in “4 up” and went to ASAB, where I held a Christening and a Communion Service, as well as Evening Service. I am grateful to the people here for their generous support, and I was also indebted to Mr. Taylor for minor repairs to my bookcase, which enabled me to put all my books back (the previous bars not being strong enough to stand the kind of jolt we got at Kilo 52), and also to the harmonium, which has no business to develop pneumonia in this climate. ASAB really started it—between Tses and Rehoboth was a section which I had previously not explored and which I was doubtful would find me anything to do—and I found fourteen children to baptise, some of whom were old enough for instruction, and I fortunately had plenty of spare time. It is this kind of experience in South Africa which makes one certain of the necessity of some Mission such as our own. Years go by, and the isolation of some families is very great, and it is only by going out to find them, that anything can really be done. At ORAB, we found time for cricket and a walk to the hills, and I think Jane made as many runs as her brothers. I spent a Sunday at GIBEON where Major and Mrs. Mayne were most kind in putting me up, and I learnt the Dutch for “You must always keep all your promises.” I also spent a day at the Station, where, as usual, I was made at home. Then on to MARIENTHAL, where I was glad to meet Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder, who had befriended Mr. Thorne, one of the Mission workers, on the Prieska-Upington construction. I held Baptism and Holy Communion Services, as well as Evening Service. Mr. Bolton, whom I last saw at Swakopmund, where I am writing, is, I believe, prepared to stuff anything (except Germans), and I am wondering how the beautiful blue jay a little girl found at Heide is getting on. Back to ORAB, where I was lucky to find the children still enjoying holidays, and in the intervals of instruction with Gospel pictures we played cricket. Then a short visit to KALKRAND, back to SALTZBRUNN and on to NARIB, where I was able to take an interesting walk over the sand-dunes, the outer edge of the Kalahari, which skirts the line at this spot. At HEIDE and TSUMIS also I found the children on the point of going off to the board-
ing-school at Windhuk. A quiet Sunday at REHOBOTH, and then on to LEITW1N, where I spent some most enjoyable days trespassing on the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Saunders. Mr. Hutton kindly trolleyed me to BERGLAND, where Mr. and Mrs. Proudfoot were just settling in, and I was also able to arrange an Evening Service at ARIS, where Mr. Blaauw kindly put me up and trolleyed me back to Lentwin the next morning.

On Sunday, August 19th, I got back to WINDHUK in time for early Service, and was glad to be able to assist the Rev. A. C. Beale on this and the succeeding Sunday. Various repairs to the Coach made a week in Windhuk necessary. And then I went straight through to the other side of Tsakos, in order to meet the Head, who was due at Walvis very shortly. I was able to hold Services at STINGBANK and ABANDIS, where it was a great pleasure to see Mr. and Mrs. Keightley after a year’s absence. With only limited time at my disposal I was obliged to be satisfied with a visit to EBONY, but on my next trip I am hoping to put in time at TREK-KOPJES and other sidings.

At SWAKOPMUND, on September 6th, I met the Head, looking very fit, and we travelled straight on to WALVIS BAY together in the caboose. The War Pictures on the Friday were much appreciated, and we were glad to be able to assist Mr. Stumbles in the Sunday Services. I am thankful to say the Head has found me under very different circumstances from those of a year ago, and I am enjoying intensely the time we are having together. With apologies for the length of this letter,

I remain, yours sincerely.

E. G. K. ESDALE.

P.S.—It would take too long to mention personally all those kind friends who have put me up or provisioned me. I am most grateful to them.

DIOCESE OF KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.

28, Milner Street, Kimberley.
September 6th, 1917.

My dear Friends,

This is really written from Border Siding, but I head it with my permanent address.

Now I must try to give a little account of what has been attempted on our Section, Kimberley to Plumtree, during the last quarter. A good deal has been “attempted,” and we can only hope something has been “done.” But co-operation is the one secret of success in this work of the Church—priest and people working together. What is a priest without the people? Like a dog without a tail! Or, more truly, and more politely towards you, a tail without a dog! Practically useless. So we beseech you to work with us. We clergy need keeping up to our work as much as anyone else. Slackness and stagnation beset us in our task as in every other walk of life. So those straight talkers are an immense help, who say to us, “It’s about time we had another Service here. I don’t know what you’ve been doing, but certainly you haven’t been getting in our way lately.” That sort of thing makes us hurry up!

Next week I am looking forward to a little spiritual “pick-me-up” in the nature of a Retreat for Clergy lasting for three days conducted by the Bishop of Bloemfontein, at Modderpoort. O.F.S. In a Retreat we try to “take in” a little for a change, instead of “giving out,” and I only hope I may get back to my work a little more capable to carry it out.

Well, the past quarter has seen the usual Services with more or less regularity at the usual places, WARREN-TON, LOBATS! GABERONES, MAHALAPYE, PALAPYE ROAD.
About these there is little to say, except that as far as I am concerned, the pleasure of taking them grows, and the people on the whole come well. But don’t dream of apologising to me if you fail to attend. They are not my Services. We want to get rid more and more of that awful idea of “Mr. So-and-So’s Service.” It is the Church’s Service, held for God’s glory, and there is only one direction where apology is due if through any fault of ours we fail to be there. Then we have had more occasional Services at the smaller centres, WINDSORTON ROAD, MARITZANI, TAUNGS STATION, PUDIMAL, POKWANI, CONTENT, and there are several farm outposts which I try to reach from time to time. Notably amongst these is the Woodlands Farm, Lobatsi, quite a vigorous home of Church life.

The Confirmation work goes on slowly but surely, one of the most important and responsible of tasks that could be entrusted to anyone, to prepare these people for the Sacraments. Parents, give us all your keen support and interest here, please—for the success of the undertaking depends so much on the feeling of the home towards it.

These winter months have been a treat as far as the cycling is concerned, and I look forward with misgiving to the summer in this respect that pedalling along the line will not be so possible. I have covered a good deal of ground in this way lately—practically the whole section between Palla Road and Shashi, as well as a good bit in the Southern Protectorate. There was the discovery of several unbaptized children who have now been admitted into the Church through Holy Baptism, and several very isolated communicants whom I am looking forward to ministering to at a future date. The gratitude of the cycling public (which I suppose in these regions consists of little else but the Railway Missioner!) is due to the gangers and their men who keep the track in such excellent order. There are many stretches of line which no main road at home could beat for surface.

Thank you again for all your kindness and tireless hospitality. When our Lord sent out His first missionaries, He said, “He that receiveth you receiveth Me.” And I like to think how many people draw down that blessing on their heads by their kindly reception of even a Railway Missioner.

Your sincere friend,

ARTHUR C. HOBSON.

LETTER FROM THE
REV. V. ROSSBOROUGH.

Birmingham, England,
August 2nd.

My dear Head,

Our convoy got in to Plymouth last Friday after an anxious, but fortunately safe, voyage from Capetown. We took close on five weeks and were most thankful to get in safely especially as the danger zone at that time was specially dangerous. One French ship was blown up behind us not many days from our destination and another just in front of us a day or two later—we had a full view of the wreckage floating past next morning. One of our convoy saw a submarine close to her but marvellously there was no attack made. The lack of free and easy intercourse between chaplains and men—the inevitable barrier due to military officialdom—is hampering to one accustomed to mix familiarly with the chaps down in the bush and on the High Veld. Every time you went among them it was all saluting and standing at attention and if any of them wanted to talk to you they had to get a sergeant to bring them to you and stand there all the time. Fortunately I was able to arrange Confirmation classes and in
them one got closer to the men, but of course one could only get some twenty men together for those as practically all had been confirmed already. Anyway one was able to get rid of all the silly stiffness during those Confirmation talks every day. We had also a daily celebration except during the first week on board. On Sundays two celebrations (6.30 and 7.30), two parade Services and two voluntary Services, one at 10.30 and the other at 8.30 in the evening.

I was glad to see that at the latter the men attended very well indeed. With the officers one had real chances of good work and I had quite a lot of decent straight talks with many of them, especially the younger ones.

I relinquished my chaplaincy on Monday last. As you know, it was only for the voyage, but I was luckier than many in that I was able to begin my war service right from the start. I got home here on Monday night and very glad I was to see my home people again, I can tell you, and got a great welcome.

I am in correspondence about the Church Army huts. Thanks to your kindness in sending that letter to your friend near Barnsley. I think it is a great mistake chaplains having any rank at all: it spoils effective work with the men to a very great extent. In the hut work of course one has no rank, and I hope that from a spiritual point of view it will be more satisfactory.

I was so glad to get your chatty letter and to hear that Archdeacon Rogers is going to visit my section. If and when you go do tell everyone that I am not forgetting them and hope to get back to them again. I hope to be settled in war work very soon.

Ever yours,

VERNON ROSSBROUGH.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Just as we are going to press the welcome news of Miss Beckwith's arrival in Capetown has reached us.

Also the assurance has just come that the chaplain for Naauwpoort has been secured, so that our work in the Cape Province will soon be once again going strong.

DIOCESE OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

Victoria Falls Hotel,
Victoria Falls,
S. Rhodesia,
Sept. 25, 1917.

We had a nice little Service last night in the hotel drawing-room and the Altar looked very beautiful with some magnificent white roses from Mr. Marger's garden. Both here and at WANKIE on Sunday I met many carpenters and masons from the Line and they helped to swell the congregations.

The departure from Wankie of Mr. and Mrs. Fry and of Mrs. Smith and the children seriously depletes our church numbers there, but I hope to present four or five adults for Confirmation in the near future. Miss Sutherland is very nobly coming forward to carry on the Sunday School which Mrs. Smith leaves in a flourishing condition.

Babies have been abundant on this Section and my trip last month produced seven Baptisms on the Line.

I am very grateful to Mr. Beale of 1,462 Tank and to all the gaugers who made it possible for me to get through in five days. I hope to have a Christmas celebration at the Ware's cottage when the three Ware girls and the Beale boys from Plumtree will be at home for the holidays. RAYLTRON is encouraging: our communicants are steadily increasing in number and the evening Service should improve when more people get to know of it and can remember the 3rd Sunday each month. Our Sister has been withdrawn from the Sunday School, but Mrs. Phillips who is now in charge of it has a loyal band of keen and regular teachers to
back her up. I presented only three from my Confirmation class: the others should be ready by Easter when I shall try for a Confirmation at St. Cyril's. We had a special Celebration on the morning of the Confirmation at 7 a.m., and quite a few of the friends and relatives of the candidates were present.

My new room in Institute Avenue has made all the difference to life and work—something to look forward to and always so clean and bright and airy. The new wood geyser is now in full working order and effects miracles after such a time as four or five days on the ‘Wankie straight.’

FRANCISTOWN congregations keep up well and we welcome an old friend of the Mission in the new station-master, Mr. Shaw. We have been without an organist the last two months, which is most sad—perhaps we miss the organ even more than the congregation as so many Services have to be unaccompanied.

A large gathering turned up for the first Service ever held at ZATI on the Birch’s farm; I only wish I could promise another Sunday before July, 1918!

RAMAQUABANE was very busy in July with many baptisms and a marriage at the Native Church: some of the costumes were most fetching and others more than quaint—one sportsman turning up in a very long swallow-tail coat, no collar and boots without soles! The bride was becomingly attired in white ninon (?), with gloves and shoes to match.

Many congratulations to the PLUMTREE Sunday School and to their teacher, Miss Ferguson, on the splendid results in the recent Bible Examination (see July Light for the Line).

MARULA School flourishes under Mr. Shone and the new fifteen-room house should be quite an imposing structure when it is completed. I am always thanked formally by the Head girl after the Service is finished and I have to think of a dignified way of acknowledging the attention.

How we shall all miss the Willoworths at FIGTREE: every best wish to them at their new station somewhere on the Karroo. To lose them and Mr. Barnes in the course of a few months is indeed a blow. There is a rumour of a new hall to be erected there and this will be most useful for Church Services.

I am creditably informed that postmaster Potterton, trooper Rogers and Violet Bancroft were confirmed at ESSENVALE on June 25th: I had arranged to present them on the 27th, which date would have given me ample time to return from Wankie: I made a valiant effort to arrive on the altered date, having a motor-car in readiness to take me out from Bulawayo, but 15-down lost heart at Dett and stopped there all day. I am told that the Altar-frontal was much admired, even more so than the singing. Congregations there keep up well, and we welcome Miss Iris Rorke as a new communicant, bringing our roll at Essexvale up to twenty-one.

The BUSH TICK MINE is shortly to resume operations and already there is the nucleus of a good congregation there.

GWANDA is disappointing and needs more visiting than the new train service will allow me to give.

Balla-Balla turns out a 100 per cent. congregation, and the music is splendid. The Fred Mine badly needs a hall or meeting-room of some sort. (Directors please note!)

Ralph S. Seacome.

N. RHODESIA AND THE CONGO.

After a fortnight’s trip in the Congo, it is good to be back on British soil, and under one’s own roof. My “roof”
is now something to be proud of, as, thanks to the Railway, we now possess a Coach worth looking at, and quite a joy to live in. I think it must be the “Show Coach” of the Mission now: and I only wish you could all have the chance of paying me a visit therein. It has already been the scene of many tea-parties, etc., celebrating its new arrival: and everybody has been delighted with it. It will make a very big difference to the work up here, as travelling will cease to be the burden that it was coming to be, in the old “Pillbox”!

On my recent visit to the Congo, I was able to visit all the big places north of Elisabethville. I met old friends at TSILONGO, particularly Mr. and Mrs. Howten, well known in Wankie and Broken Hill. They all seemed very well and happy up there: and it really is an ideal camp from a health point of view. I was not able to go on the Construction Line this time, as plate-laying is in progress, and no engine was available till just before my return. Mr. Deane again kindly put me up.

At KAMBOVE I had a very pleasant time, as usual, with Mr. Lewin: but one or two people have left, or were away, with the result that I was not able to have a Celebration, and the number at night was smaller. On my previous visit, two months before, though, things went very well, and there were good attendances. It is quite a regular programme for Mr. Mockford and I to trot round, and visit the men’s quarters all Sunday morning: and very weird experiences we have at times!

On this occasion, I left Kambove very early on Monday, and travelled through to LIKASI, the new mining centre: this involved travelling in an empty covered truck (it might have been on the ore itself!) to Kamatanda, with the usual incredible delays! and thence in the construction train to Likasi. The line is just finished, about six miles long, and on wooden sleepers: an excellent bit of work, probably in better condition than anywhere else in the Congo. I met Mr. Skrimshire, Pauling’s engineer, for the first time: he goes back to Mr. Rogers’ days, and before. We had a triumphal procession, picking up all the white men as we went along, and compelling them to cease work for the day, and celebrating the occasion with a little light refreshment at Likasiville, on the way up. Arrived at the mine, I visited several people I knew, Dr. and Mrs. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Venning, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, etc.: we had a Celebration the next morning, and in the afternoon I returned as I had come. Likasi is a wild and picturesque spot, with beautiful views: it is going to be a large camp soon.

ELISABETHVILLE has of course continued to have its monthly visit; the Star and Lubumbashi have a Service alternate months in the evening: and the Celebration is now held alternate months at the Consulate, and at Lubumbashi. There have been a few new arrivals, which have been a help to us, and I am glad to say that things show no signs of falling off, and the Celebrations are quite well attended. Certainly the Church Council has been a great help to me, and is largely responsible for all this improvement.

The chief event of the quarter was Bishop May’s visit in August. He and Mr. Leeke walked over from Fort Rosebery and joined me there: we had five Services between us that Sunday, and everybody was very pleased to meet the Bishop. The Church Council met the Bishop at the Consulate one night, and we had a very pleasant evening, combined with a little talk on Church matters. Of course, the smelters at Lubumbashi and everything else of interest were visited. On the Tuesday, the Bishop held a Confirmation, at which two candidates were present: and this was a great pleasure to us all. It has been a great thing for the people
to have the Bishop with them, as they now realise that he is their Bishop, in so far as the difficult conditions of the country allow him to be.

Working southward, I have visited SAKANIA again several times, but Services have not been possible. I now pay a bi-monthly visit to BWANA MKUBWA and NDOLA: and the Sunday is shared by those two places, with the help of the train (sometimes) and a bicycle.

At BWANA MKUBWA we have lately welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Roy, old residents of Wankie. Things are very pleasant at the camp here, and as a rule Services are good. Lately there have been lions about, and there are always plenty of hyenas and wild things generally. Various priests of the U.M.C.A. have passed through recently and held Services.

At NDOLA, the morning Service last time went with a great swing: the more remarkable as the attendances were smaller than ever! We generally try to make a Church Parade of it, for the local unit, but, like the lady who was told to follow her nose, we find it uphill work!

This time, the christening of Mr. and Mrs. Cholmely's second daughter also took place and, as on the last occasion, everything was beautifully arranged, and the Service was very impressive. Quite a number of people were present.

At BROKEN HILL, we were very glad to have Bishop May with us for a Sunday, and a lot of useful work was done with the Committee about the Church. A suggestion that some kind of a hall, with Chancel attached, should be substituted for the present scheme, was unanimously rejected by the Committee, and both the Bishop and I were very glad to have this point definitely cleared up. The plans happened to arrive in time for us all to go into them, but, as usual, the Committee found it necessary to advise considerable alterations, which will entail delay, and I am afraid, must throw back building operations till next year. Otherwise, things look very bright: the site difficulty seems to be on the point of a final settlement, and as far as money goes, we should be quite on the safe side. The evening Service recently has shown a tendency to fall off, but the Celebrations continue to be very satisfactory. The population continues to increase, especially in the Railway Camp, and it is nice to think that the Church will be within reasonable reach of everybody. We are sorry to lose Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt from the station: they will be very much missed: but we have to expect changes in a country of this kind, and make the best of them.

LUSAKA, on my last visit, seemed suddenly to pull itself together, and we had an excellent attendance at night. I am glad to say that there is always a nice number of communicants here. I am very sorry that Mrs. Baxter finds it impossible to continue the Sunday School, and very grateful to her for taking it for so long. I have not found anyone else at present to carry on, but hope to do so shortly. The Bishop was able to spend a day here on his way through, and did some visiting.

KAFFI have been able to visit as usual, every two months, and each time we manage to have a nice little Service at the hotel: there are nearly always a few visitors drifting about, who help to swell an otherwise small number. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding have now left, after a long residence here, and we hope they will be happy at Livingstone.

I have tried to do my usual visiting round the farms at MAZABUKA, and Mr. King kindly let me hold Service at his house, which was well attended. Since then everybody has been so busy with the Agricultural Show, a new venture for these parts, that there has been little time for anything else. I was present at the Show, which was very successful, but, as generally is the case, though there were lots of people, the programme was too full of business and
pleasure to give me any chance of holding Service for them. I waited till Sunday morning, so that I could perhaps do something for local people before they returned home: but even that was not very successful. The Bishop was to have been here with me, but was unfortunately prevented.

Of the smaller places, I have been able to hold Services at PEMBA, at Mr. Spence's house, which most people attended. Also, through a train failure I managed to pay MAGOYE a visit, but unfortunately only managed to get half a day there.

That brings me to KALOMO, which is my next port of call. I am very sorry to hear that Miss Bayley has been transferred to Livingstone School: she has been a great influence for good with the children, and a great help to me in many ways. I was there just two months ago, and had the usual Service in the schoolroom, and a Celebration at the Boma as well. Mr. and Mrs. Goslin again kindly put me up. I have been very fortunate to find them at home when my visit falls due. The Bishop and some of the U.M.C.A. priests have also been here: so Kalomo has been quite well off for Services recently. I hope some day to have more Confirmation candidates to present here.

I am afraid there is very little to report about the small sidings, and cottages along the line. I generally get to hear if my presence is required anywhere specially, and can arrange accordingly. Otherwise, beyond a few words en passant, and throwing out a few papers, I fear I see very little of them: but that is unavoidable. The strain of the traffic on the railway at present is too great to allow of constant movement with the Coach from siding to siding, one might get hung up at any time, or cause too much delay. My programme is becoming more and more definitely fixed, and that makes it less easy to be able to do things on the spur of the moment.

I can only meet Mr. Seacome down at Livingstone once in two months, and even that I may lose on this occasion, through an engagement cropping up.

I can only trust that some means will be found by which my successor will be enabled to come out, as it is getting more and more difficult to see how I can stay on indefinitely. Your prayers are asked for some clear solution of the difficulty.

E. F. WINNINGTON-INGRAM.

WOMEN'S WORK.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

This has been a very busy quarter and yet my visits to any one place have had to be few. At COERNEY in May I found some old G.F.S. members who were glad to know that they had not been completely forgotten. I am planning a tour to include that station again as I want to see Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, who have gone there from Middleton, as well as to get another hour with my friends Mr. and Mrs. Dobell and their daughters. At MIDDLETON I always find a warm welcome, and it is a pleasure to be able occasionally to greet Mary Wadmore, who is at school in Grahamstown, and other girls whose parents live along my section of the Line. The Cradock G.F.S. members are, I fear, feeling much neglected, but it is not possible to devote time to these centres where there are people capable and willing to take G.F.S. classes regularly while there are so many small places on my beat which rely entirely upon what I can do for them. Now the number of workers (both chaplains and women workers) is so limited we are bound to give help where it is most needed.

At ROSMEAD I am very glad to find that, owing to the excellent efforts made by Mrs. Finlayson to carry on the Sunday School regularly, the chil-
Children really are learning something definite. I was very much struck by the progress made since my last visit, and delighted to find that my suggestions have been fruitful of such good results. It is so obviously the right thing for everyone to use such gifts as they have in helping on the work of the Church wherever they are that I make no apology for urging this point upon you all. The Railway Mission workers come in to give help and encouragement, but not to relieve you of your duties. As I go from one little place on the Line to another I am constantly constrained to stop and admire the courage with which the teachers in the small schools on the Line tackle their responsibilities. There seems to one accustomed to towns so much to depress and so little to elevate the mind of a young teacher, and yet I find these young people cheerful and enthusiastic about their work, really keen about the children's welfare, and always glad of a word from an experienced old teacher.

At CYPHERGAT Mrs. Macleod is doing her best for the little ones under her care and the prizes for the Bible Examination which two of her candidates earned were presented at my visit in May and much appreciated. The papers for study are still being issued, and I will send them to those who write for them. These are notes on the subjects read and are intended, to help the candidates in the study of the passages given.

At STORMBERG we had hoped to have a Confirmation on September 27th, but, unfortunately, several of the candidates are down with the measles, so the Confirmation has had to be postponed. The Bishop is good enough to say that he will do his best to arrange for it as soon as he can after the candidates are well. Canon Jones paid a visit to Stormberg in August. His lecture with lantern slides on the war was immensely popular. On the 10th he held Services there (Holy Communion, Matins and Evensong) and also baptised the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Latimer. This was a red-letter day for me as I had the honour of being one of the godparents, and I value this privilege greatly for many reasons and not least that this is the only child on the Line who belongs to me in this special way.

THEBUS has not had more than passing notice, as when I was going to put off there I found that infectious sickness forbade it. With Mr. and Mrs. Clarke all their friends along the Line will sympathise most sincerely in their sorrow, though we all feel that their loss is really the gain of their dear little son who is now at rest.

At NAAUWPORTE the visits of Canon Jones have been welcomed with much enthusiasm. The work there is only waiting to be developed when the resident priest, whom we hope shortly will be there, has settled in. Meanwhile the Sunday School is being carefully and regularly carried on by Mrs. Fawdrey and her assistants.

At WOLVEFONTEIN there is a keen little group of children whom I am hoping to see again very soon and bring the rewards for the Bible Examination.

My acquaintance with COOKHOUSE has ripened fast and I feel quite at home there now. In August Canon Jones was there and the lantern lecture on the war was a great treat to the large audience. The Services on Sunday were well attended. The native school there is well conducted and I always get a warm welcome when I go up. A Sunday as well as day school is held, and the children are keen and bright.

Miss Beckwith will, I know, regret to hear of the passing away of the station-master at ROODEHOOGTE. I have been unable to get to that place as the trains are so few now. Our sympathy is with the widow in her trial. I was sorry to miss my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Jameson at Rosmead. They are at Somerset East and
I hope to be able to see them there before long.

A. Burt.

BLOEMFONTEIN DIocese.

This has been quite a busy quarter, and several new pieces of work have been started. At Viljoen's Drift I have begun a G.F.S. meeting with nine members. At White's Siding I am attempting a Sunday School for very tiny children and it promises to be interesting to both teacher and children. At Theunissen the Sunday School has been reopened. There are now twelve children to come and it is possible to go up from Brandfort on the goods train. I can also reach Dover from Kopjes the same way, so Sunday classes now number seven every month.

Fortunately the change in Sunday trains does not affect me much. In one part I can only go up on Saturday and down on Sunday, which is a bit awkward sometimes. The first week of the change I had to walk 2 1/2 miles to my first Sunday School, and I did it in record time. I hope some more children will come and it is possible to go up from Brandfort on the goods train. I can also reach Dover from Kopjes the same way, so Sunday classes now number seven every month.

Fortunately the change in Sunday trains does not affect me much. In one part I can only go up on Saturday and down on Sunday, which is a bit awkward sometimes. The first week of the change I had to walk 2 1/2 miles to my first Sunday School, and I did it in record time. I hope some more children will take the Bible readings this year. They have been rather neglected here lately. The readings are the same as last year, but I have still a few copies left. Please ask if you want them.

At Brandford a regular Sunday School had been arranged for when Mrs. Kershaw had sickness in the house. She is starting again now. I do wish this could be managed at my other centres. I would still come once monthly, so it would not be too great a tie, and I would help with cards and lesson books.

Some of my friends have been making nightingales for the Red Cross, and I can always bring work if anyone will make it up. Also Mrs. Murray sends eggs for use in the Richmond Hospital, and those who cannot send a box themselves might entrust me with a few at a time to take down. It is necessary they should be absolutely fresh to be of use.

The Coach has just returned to me after being loaned to Archdeacon Rogers and was simply shining with cleanliness! I shan't find it hard to keep it at such a standard. Paardeburg, Whites, Krugers and Parijs have had first visits during the quarter; other places much as usual.

I should be glad if those who had the magazine from Miss Watson and to whom I have been sending them, will let me have their subscriptions before the end of October. My new address is on the cover.

P. Glasier.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

My dear Children,

Once more we have come to the last quarter of a year, and we begin to think of Christmastide. Just one little bit of the year left to use. What can we do to make it as useful as possible? What shall we do with the days that are before us? All these questions are good to ask ourselves. The war is still going on. We still must deny ourselves many little things that we should like. We want to do our share of work for those who are fighting for us and suffering for us. Let us take care that in doing this we are really making some sacrifice and not merely pleasing ourselves by joining in some entertainment or dance got up for the war funds. There is a great deal of war work done in the interests of people who want some fun for themselves. If you will think seriously of this you must see that there is not much room for our own enjoyment when thousands of our menfolk are suffering on the field of battle and in the hospitals. Just think about this,
all of you, and you will not feel like
dancing and amusing yourselves so
often. And above all remember that
there is one way that we can all help
tremendously, and that is by our
prayers. I am putting a special prayer
for you to use every day at the end of
this letter. Copy it out and use it.
I shall be using it too.

Your friend,
The Editor.

Almighty God, we Thy children
humbly ask Thee in this time of trouble
to send us Thy help. Grant to our
king and his counsellors wisdom and
guidance; to our soldiers, sailors and
airmen courage; to the doctors and
nurses skill and sympathy, and to all
the people of the Empire the spirit of
willing sacrifice; relieve the sufferings
of the sick and wounded; comfort the
prisoners; have mercy on the dying:
console those who have lost their dear
ones in this war; hasten the day when
peace shall be restored on the best and
surest foundation; help and protect the
orphans and homeless. Hear us, O
Father, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

HOLY BAPTISM.

SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND.

At Asab, on July 24th:
Alfred Matthew Dunn.

At Kilo 152 (Marienthal), on July 25th:
Karel Knouzer.
Lewes Knouzer.
Moses Knouzer.
Andrew Knouzer.
Elizabeth Knouzer.
Anna Koouzer.

At Marienthal, on August 4th:
Frank Clarke.
Frederick Clarke.

At Orab, on August 3rd:
William Prisk Basson.
John Henry Basson.
Eliza Jane Basson.
Samuel Andrew Basson.

At Heide, on August 10th:
Robert Berry.

DIocese OF KIMBERLEY AND
KURUMAN.

March 13, at Palapye Road:
Cecil Richard Rundle.
Walliss Daniel Rundle.
Eric Bernard Rundle.

April 11, at Shashi:
Johanna Seger.

April 23, at Content:
James Dinwoodie Cheetham.

April 22, at Warrenton:
Terence Hayman Reardon.

May 9, at Grasspan:
Eileen Monica Pantry.

May 13, at Content:
Johanna Maria Anderson.

June 7, at Mahalapye:
Robert Edward MacKennie.

June 5, at Mochudi:
Crisissie Petzer.

July 7, at Gaborones:
Douglas Stuart Cash.

July 8, at Gaborone:
Ivy Maud Stringer.

July 31, at Macloutsie Siding:
Ruf William Margerson.
Elizabeth Margerson.
Henry Margerson.
Maria Margerson.

August 22, at Dikabi Siding:
Johnnie Brown.

August 23, at Seruli:
Maria Mastouw.

August 25, at Bonapitsi Siding:
John Wilson Rensburg.

August 30, at Pitsani:
Christian Antony.

Sept. 6, at Fourteen Streams:
Alexander Skippers.

Sarah Skippers.

N. RHODESIA AND THE CONGO.

June 13, at Elisabethville, Congo Beige:
Elsa Marie Schmid.

June 24, at Mazabuka:
Esther Taylor Davidson.

Sept. 9, at Star Mine, Elisabethville:
Dinah Adelaide Everest.

Sept. 23, at Ndola:
Flavia Sybil Cholmeley Tancred Cholme-
ley.

DIocese OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

July 2, at Tessebee:
Francina Maria Gray.

July 15, at Raylton:
Hugh Alec Turner.

Aug. 4, at Syringa:
Geduck Katrina Halkryn.

Aug. 19, at Raylton:
Robert Spencer Crook.
Aug. 22, at Redbank:
Mary Florence Low.
Dorothy Margaret Taylor.

Aug. 23, at Sawmills:
Mary Balneavis Baker.

Aug. 24, at Ngamo:
Georgina Doreen Ware.

Aug. 27, at Tsontanda:
Klaas Benjamin Busby.

Aug. 27, at Malindi:
Andrina Frances Venter.

Aug. 28, at Highfields:
Johanna Caecilia Koekemoer.

CONFIRMATIONS.

DIOCESE OF SOUTH RHODESIA.

June 25, at Essexvale:
Harold John Potterton.
Charles Rogers.
Violet Bancroft.

N. RHODESIA AND THE CONGO.

Aug. 11, at Elisabethville:
Winifred Cowell.
Thomas Joseph Jaffray.

BURIALS.

April 13, at Mahalapye:
Glaive Enid Krige, aged four months.

N. RHODESIA AND THE CONGO.

Sept. 10, at Elisabethville:
Frederick William Hogenkerk.

OFFERINGS AND DONATIONS.

SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

June 13th—Sept. 5th.
Garub, 10/6, 5/-; Aus, 7/-; Luderitzbucht, £1; Bethanie, 15/10; Kasus, £1; Keetmanshoop, £3; Kables, 13/1; Tses, 14/9; Asab, 10/6, 10/-; £1, 1/-; Kilo 152, 10/-, 1/6, 11d.; Gibeon, 12/6, 3/-.; Marienthal, 7/9, 5/-; Orab, 8/-; Kalkrand, 7/6; Heide, 11/-; Rehoboth, 4/-; 7/6; Lengwin, 10/-, 10/-; Ebony, 8/-; Stingbank, 7/6, 5/-; Arandis, 6/-; Anon., £1, £1/1/6.

Keetmanshoop Social, £4/11/3.

Light for the Line, £2/7/6.

Sale of Books, 16/-.

Refund, 10/6.

Total, £26/18/8.

Donation: Cyphergat, Miss Hind, £1/1/-.

Collection Box, per Marjorie Roberts, 5/10.

COLLECTIONS, &c.

N. RHODESIA AND THE CONGO.

Pemba, 19/-; Mzabuku, £5/18/-; Kaful, £2/17/6; Broken Hill, £6/8/9; Kambove, £8/3/6; Bwana Mkwuba, £1/10/6; Nkola, 4/9; Kalomo, £2/14/3; Likasi, £1/8/-.

Sustentation Fund: Elisabethville, £30.

Fees and Offerings, £3/14/-.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

June.—Figtree, 17/-; Balla-Balla, 12/3; Fred Mine and Elizabeth Mine, £2/16/-; Gwanda, 14/6; Sandown, 3/-; Essexvale, £2/18/6; Figtree, 9/6; Wankie, £2/15/-; Gwanda, 7/6; Plumtree, 8/-; Essexvale, 15/-; Raylton, £1/11/6; Plumtree, £1/18/6.

July.—Bosoli, 12/9; Francistown, £2/2/-; Ramabwaba, £1/7/-; Balla-Balla, 16/-; Fred Mine, £1/17/9; Raylton, £2/16/9; Gwanda, 12/6; Essexvale, 16/9; Wankie, £1/12/9; Matopos, 11/6; West Nicholson, 16/6.

August.—Marula, 15/-; Figtree, £1/10/6; Essexvale, £1/18/9; Bush Tick Mine, 19/-; Raylton, £2/12/6; Gwanda, 7/3; Wankie, £2/16/-.

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INTERCESSIONS.

(After each petition say: "O Lord, we beseech Thee, hear us.")

Let us pray for the work of the Chaplains ministering to our Forces on Active Service.
That their lives may bear witness to the Faith which is in Jesus.
That they may have strength and courage given them for their work, and a readiness to share the dangers and discomforts of the men.
That the words spoken by their mouths may not be spoken in vain.
That they may be blessed in all their ministrations to the sick and dying.
That the many obstacles in the way of ministering the sacraments may be overcome.
That many sailors and soldiers may be prepared to receive the gift of the Holy Spirit in the Laying on of Hands.
That the Lord Jesus may indeed come to all His faithful ones (engaged in this war) and abide with them, as the Bread which came down out of Heaven, in His Holy Service.
That obstinate sinners, as well as the careless and indifferent, may be brought to repentance.
That the religious faith of men, purged of shams and superficialities in the fire of this war, may be deepened and strengthened and help to make a purer and a nobler England in the days of the peace that is to be.
Let us pray especially for the officers and men of the Railway Contingents from South Africa, that they may have the right spirit of service, courage in danger, endurance in weariness, perseverance in overcoming obstacles.
For ourselves at home, that we may be ready by self-denial to share in the burdens of the war, that we may be cheerful and not grudging givers, that we may be filled with the spirit of quiet confidence, leaving the issues of the war with God, giving no heed to the idle rumours circulated by disloyal busybodies.