South African Church Railway Mission.

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LETTER FROM THE HEAD.

The Bishop of George's account of his visit to South-West Africa, the first part of which was published in the July issue, continues as follows:—

It was at Keetmanshoop that I first came across the Herero people, that hapless race whose martyrdom has carried their name around the world. They are not numerous in comparison with the other native tribes of South Africa. Some thirty years ago Mr. Palgrave—a name not unknown in George—visited these parts, and estimated the numbers of the Hereros at 80,000. In 1900 the Germans calculated the population to be close on 100,000, but the census of 1911 could not account for more than a fifth of that number. The rest had perished in a hopeless struggle against the Germans, who deliberately put into action against this half-armed people those methods of "frightfulness" with which we are all familiar to-day. No one heeded when we heard how women and children by thousands had been driven into the desert to die; perhaps it would have been better for us if we had. There are little children among the Herero, but practically no youths or maidens, or old people. The scythe of destruction swept them off, unsparkingly; only the strongest survived. The Germans say they had to make reprisals for the murder of their women and children. On the monument erected at Windhuk to the memory of those who fell in the Herero war the number of non-combatants who perished is recorded. Of women, four; children, one. For this—if indeed these met their death at native hands, which the Hereros deny—a savage vengeance was taken, and thousands of helpless creatures destroyed. Yes, South-West Africa bears its witness to the brutality of the Hun. The air reeks with the stories of his cruelty. The record has been made up as far as possible, and some day will be given to the world. But the terrible story can never be told in full.

There is no need to ask what the natives, be they Hereros, Hottentots, Damaras or Ovambos, think of their former rulers. There is only one voice, and if the original inhabitants of Damaraland are ever allowed a say in the destiny of their country, there is no shadow of doubt as to what their verdict will be. Their anxiety now is lest we should leave them. "If the English go, we go," is the universal and instant reply to the question as to what they would do if we were to give up the country. "Yes," said one, "if the English go, I am going, and in front too, not behind." During the black week of the March offensive, when the voice of the Teuton was loud in the land, some boys in domestic service actually gave notice to their English employers. They thought the time had come to go, and wanted to be "in front." No one can blame them, but I do not believe the British people can ever consent to such a crime as to leave the native tribes of this vast country to suffer again what they have endured in the years that are gone. The burden is ours to carry now; cost what it may.

The Hereros are tall, slenderly-built. They are said to be of Bantu stock; I
should not have guessed it. The women, so those who know them say, are the ruling power, and certainly look as if they believed it. During the war with the Germans the women used to keep close to the firing line, cheering on and supporting the men; the "slacker" who desired to quit a position which he found too unhealthy, as the men in Flanders would say, was wont to find the Amazons in the rear more formidable than the foe in front. From what I saw of the Herero women I can believe that. Tall, arrogant of bearing, not comely of feature, they have none of that air of dependence which marks the women of the other Bantu tribes. They wear a high turban, which adds appreciably to their stature, and a curious high-waisted dress, of pre-Victorian shape, I think. A Herero belle is a striking figure in the landscape, with her turban of flaring red or orange, her short white bodice, tightly fastened with a row of pearl buttons as big as florins, and a dress of blue that sweeps the ground. Round her neck she wears a necklace of big amber beads; a coloured cloak or shawl is flung over the left shoulder and under the right, like a Scottish plaid, leaving the right arm free. Thus arrayed she moves with a rapid, swinging gait, which is not devoid of grace. But this is only in the veld or the kraal; behold her in the European town, where she has taken service with some confiding mistress who fondly believes she has found in the Herero maid a domestic help. Clad now in sober hue, she moves about her appointed tasks, decorous, composed and slow, with a meek and becoming languor that knows no haste.

My welcome to Keetmanshoop was warm; my departure—I am speaking of the first time—was chilling. When all's said and done I suppose nobody likes to turn out of a warm bed in the pitch darkness of five-thirty ante meridiem, and a cold westerly gale searching out every nook and cranny, shaking windows and doors, sprinkling sand in one's eyes and ears, too generously persistent and profuse. Every lucky Herero, Hottentot, or Damara was hidden away in some snug and undiscoverable corner; aid there was none. Thus we toiled, the Archdeacon and I, in the teeth of the cold, cold wind, ploughing our lonely furrow through the sands of the dark, deserted streets, weighed down with our worldly goods. The train was to leave at seven; we were at the station at a quarter before the hour, still in darkness. On discovering that we were in good time, the authorities promptly announced that the train would not leave till eight. This we accepted with the stoical calm of the British patriot, because it is the only thing you can or ought to do in a Military Protectorate, or anywhere else in South Africa, for that matter.

At eight o'clock we got away. It was a sunshiny, windy morning. We travelled in a German coach, and at these words I hear the inadvertent groan from anyone who has ever journeyed in one of these vehicles made in Germany. All day we were banged and jolted in that dreadful car, trying to persuade ourselves it was a terrible dream, from which we should wake presently. But it was too, too real. However, in spite of the clumsy, badly-balanced, comfortless coach, the country outside was too delightful not to claim our interest. Big plains stretched around us for a great part of the way, covered with long, waving grass, and thinly scattered with thorn trees at first. One huge mountain a few miles to the westward kept in the foreground the whole of the morning; others loomed blue on the horizon to the east. For many miles we ran parallel with a line of cliffs rising sheer from the plain, reminding one of the cliff-defended plateau in Conan Doyle's "Lost World." There seemed no end to that league-long barrier. Hour after hour
we rolled along, mile after mile, past far-separated, pretty stations, with their groups of khaki-clad police, inquisitive natives, portly Germans; now and again crossing the sandy, bush-bordered channel of some waterless stream; limitless sky above, limitless plain below. There was too much colour and light in the whole expanded scene to prevent its being a weary day, even in a German coach, but we did hail the thick green lines of forest that marked the course of the Fish River in the near vicinity of Mariental, for there we were to stay for an hour's blessed release. So we came, so we stayed, so we dined at a German hotel, and had "Mahlzeit" said to us, and said "Mahlzeit" in return in the shy English way, and then as Mr. Pepys would say, to our coach and to bed.

All night we rocked and rolled in the vain attempt to snatch a brief respite in sleep, and rose unrefreshed before sunrise in the midst of a country of fascinating beauty. Long, long grass, and big, big trees, all shining and wet with dew; high slopes and hills, and, breaking into view between, the long vistas of the eastern champaign stretching in broken undulations of woodland and wold, far as the eye could reach, and all shimmering in the dazzle of the newly-risen sun. Rarely have I seen a landscape with more power to strike home to the heart; the fulness of its beauty seemed to be too great to comprehend. As so often before, the words of the Psalmist are those which come most readily to the mind, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all, the earth is full of Thy goodness!"

Amidst such scenes the train winds slowly up to the summit of the range, and there, at a very short tunnel, halts for a moment to arrange itself, as our French comrades have it. Then we went down the hill to the valley in which Windhuk lies. I think I have never gone down a hill so fast before; indeed, I did not know that it could be done. It is a long way down, and there are many curves; if one only had the time to take it in I think the view would be very fine. As we rushed down and round the eddying bends the Archdeacon seized the opportunity to enlarge on the frightful accidents that used to occur in this particular place. But nothing happened, and presently we came in sight of the five great masts of the wireless station, from which, under favourable atmospheric conditions, messages might be sent direct to Berlin. A mile or so further we came to Windhuk station. Here Captain Hewitt, whom I had last seen as a rosy-cheeked schoolboy at Worcester, met us, and Captain Kennedy, secretary to the Administrator. The latter had very kindly asked us both to be his guests at Government House, and had sent his car to meet us.

But it is not only of Government House that I wish to record my meed of acknowledgment, for throughout the whole wide Protectorate I met with nothing but frank and generous hospitality, such as I can compare only with that which prevailed in those halcyon days in old South Africa of which one has read in Lady Anne Barnard's sunny pages, or the stodgy tomes of Barrow. And to me, heart-weary with the unhappy bickerings and jealousies which accompany our racial divisions in Cape Colony it was like the best of news in a far country to meet with Dutch and English on the same friendly terms, with the same honest, open greeting, the same community of interest, the same loyalty to a common cause. One could not help thinking, over and over again, what a happy country all South Africa would be if we could only agree to live peaceably together. The South-West Protectorate is a case in point.

Windhuk is a prettily situated town, and has a very attractive appearance from whatever quarter you may approach it. Along the level, somewhat
narrow valley runs the main thoroughfare, the Kaiser Strasse, and here and in its vicinity is the business part of the town.

Kaiser Strasse is a fine street, with some good buildings, and this part of Windhuk does credit to German taste and enterprise. By this I do not mean to imply that the rest of the town does not. On the other hand it is the residential quarter, built on the eastern hillside above the valley, which gives to Windhuk its picturesque appearance. Above the trees, clustered thickly in groves and thickets on the terrace-like inclines, red-tiled roofs appear, pinnacles, spires, cupolas, and here and there an imitation of a battlemented castle-keep. The whole makes up into a very pretty picture, to which one always turns with pleasure. The opposite, or western side of the valley, is open rising ground; on this the native location stands, a great assemblage of hive-shaped huts, arranged in orderly rows and streets. Beyond this again, far to the westward stretch hills and valleys in what seems unending succession, further than the eye can reach.

Nor must I omit to speak of Klein Windhuk, a veritable Paradise of gardens and trees and villa residences just over the eastern ridge behind the town. It is a hill-girt basin a mile or two in diameter, and as delightful a country retreat as one could picture. It is hard to believe that this is the heart of the country one used to think of as a barren and useless desert waste. This was the general opinion. Is it not recorded of one of our Colonial politicians that he appraised the whole country at something like five shillings for the lot? But that was long ago. I wonder whether he recalled the remark when he travelled this way last year!

My sleeping quarters in Windhuk were in a kind of annexe to Government house; really a bungalow in the garden, build years ago for Herr Dernburg, the then German Colonial Secretary. Many of us remember the Herr, for he travelled from end to end of British South Africa as the guest of the South African people. He came to study our methods, and in the guilelessness of our hearts we showed him everything we could think of, and treated him and his staff as honoured friends. In the light of later happenings we know what the real purpose of Herr Dernburg's visit was, and that the large sum of money we spent of his journeyings was to enable the work of espionage to be carried through without suspicion and without expense. And they say the Teuton has no sense of humour!

Now I have a theory, a foolish one, I am told, that a house takes on the character of the people who live in it, and that this character remains, and makes itself felt, for a time at any rate. So when I knew that I was to sleep where Dernburg slept, I thought I knew what to expect, and prepared myself to dream of "treasons, stratagems and spoils," as Lorenzo says to Jessica in the play. Alas for my theory! if ever I spent dreamless nights in the Protectorate they were those in which I slept in Dernburg House. It was very disappointing. I am sure I missed a great deal.

They have a pleasant way of waking you in Windhuk, or the part of it where I stayed, high up on the hill. The quarters of the S.A.M.R. are still further up, and very, very early in the morning the bugles sound "Réveillez" to the sleeping camp and town. The liquid notes floated down as from some lofty, far-off height, and the old, old call drew pictures before one's eyes, in the silent hour between the dark and the dawn, of scenes that its notes had stirred into action in days long gone by: so that one seemed to see Turenne's blue-coated infantry awaking from their bivouac among the vines of Lorraine, wet with dew, or the veterans of the Old Guard moving stiffened limbs in response to its call over the snows of
Russia, or scarlet-coated English dragoons standing to their horses in misty mornings among corn-sheaves in Andalusian fields. Yes, many a scene of peace and war by flood and field, over which reveille has sounded for these hundreds of years come pictured before one's mind in these minutes between the dark and the dawn!

But not for long. The silvery notes had barely died away when the whole air was filled with a dreadful roar, sudden, unannounced. When I recovered from my momentary amazement I knew that I was in the grip of a particularly objectionable hooter—unpleasant name for a very unpleasant thing. Later I discovered that the cause of this hideous commotion was some workshop or factory or brewery, which takes this method of informing an unsuspecting world that the day's operations are about to begin. "And these," I reflected bitterly, with every nerve still jarring, "these are the arts of peace?" Don't you think with me, dear reader, that the boasted civilisation of the twentieth century should insist on a better way of summoning man to his labour than by imitating the wild beast's roar?

Then the bugles began again, calling the troopers with a sweet insistence to stables and grooming and the other duties with which the cavalry soldier's day begins. And I thought as I walked down through the beautiful garden to breakfast that had I to make the choice I would prefer to serve with the Riflemen rather than with the factory, if only for the sake of being called of a morning in a manner befitting a civilized and reasoning creature. No hooter can do that.

The Friday and Saturday I spent at Windhuk were full of interest. There is the German church, close to Dernburg House: an ordinary building, not beautiful without or within: it has a spire, with the usual metal "extinguisher" top. The pulpit, altar, and font are all crowded up at the eastern end of the church; a crucifix and two candles stand on the altar, on which was the service-book richly bound in silver and ivory, given to the church by the German Empress. A picture of "Ecce Homo," also given by the Empress, hangs close by, and behind the altar is a large oil-painting of the Raising of Lazarus, a gift from the Kaiser. Both are valuable works of art, and form the only ornaments in the church. Archdeacon Fogarty held service here for the troops in the early days of the occupation.

Close to the Lutheran church is a bronze monument in memory of the men who fell in the war with the Hereros and Hottentots. It represents a German Colonial horseman, armed and equipped for service, gazing westward over the town, and away to the wild hills that lie seaward. It is a very fine piece of work, such as the Germans excel in. I liked the horse better than the man, and wondered why the latter should ride such a well-trained animal, standing still, with a tight curb and a loose snaffle: perhaps that is the German way. But it is good work.

On the Saturday afternoon, by the kindness of Colonel Venning, the Director of Posts and Telegraphs, I was allowed to visit the famous wireless station. The Colonel went with us, and explained everything most clearly, but I am afraid it was too much for one lesson, and I should not have liked to be put through an examination twelve hours later. But I did manage to gain a good deal of useful knowledge, and certainly learned more about telegraphy, especially of the wireless sort, than I ever knew before.

The five great tripod masts make a great impression on one who sees them for the first time at a distance—an impression which is deepened by a closer view. Each is 396 feet high, stayed by four guy ropes, and these as well as the tripods are insulated from the ground by thick glass discs. At the
top one sees the big umbrella shaped aerials from which the mighty shock leaps forth which is to carry its message over a quarter of the globe. I cannot attempt to describe the machinery which drives this great power now; only an expert could do that. It was deeply interesting, but to the tyro more than a little bewildering. It is a good thing, though, to get out of one's depth sometimes, and one came away with a feeling of respectful admiration for the brains and the hands which devised and fashioned the complex instruments collected in these spacious rooms. All is cold and silent now, but it must be a thrilling sight to watch these great powers at work, when the air is crowded with the hum and the roar of the play and counter-play of forces far mightier than the hands that control them. I should like to be there then.

There is one little incident I must tell you of. Our wireless operators used to be seriously annoyed by the persistent way in which the Windhuk station "jammed" their messages. This it was wont to do by repeating the letter v—dot dot dot dash—in long succession, till our people, with a weaker instrument, were brought to the verge of despair. Nor could any means be devised to tire out the merciless operator at Windhuk. When our electricians came to examine the machinery in the power-house at Windhuk the secret was revealed. The Germans had rigged up a small motor to transmit the letter v, and as long as the current was on that inexorable little machine tapped out its unceasing dot dot dot dash, till further orders. It stands there still, or did when the Colonel pointed it out to me, ready to resume its diabolical task if need be. Need will never be again, but I think sometimes of the two scenes it calls up before one's mind—the sweating operator at the British end trying hour after hour in vain to get his message through, wondering at the untiring patience of his adversary, who, meantime, takes the summer air and enjoys his meditative cigar in the paddock beneath the wireless mast, knowing that indoors the faithful slave continues its ceaseless dot dot dot dash; dot dot dot dash.

Sunday dawned still and bright, and the Archdeacon and I were early astir. It is of course out of the question to build churches while the war continues and the fate of the Protectorate remains undecided, so we have to hold service where we can. At Windhuk we are fortunate to be able to use the large hall of the German Municipal School, which is a fine and dignified building a little removed from the Kaiser Strasse. The hall is upstairs, and would hold, I suppose, four hundred people. There is a low platform at one end, on which the altar is placed. Of course there is the usual trouble as to moving of desks and benches in time for school next day, and again on Saturday, but Churchpeople in South Africa are not easily put out by inconveniences like this. Many hands make light work, and week by week a band of voluntary workers undertakes what is after all something of an irksome task, cheerfully and without demur. The ladies of the congregation had found decorations of palms and flowers, and what was but a plain school hall took on a different appearance as we saw it ready for the early Communion Service on Sunday.

There were about thirty communicants, drawn from all parts of South Africa. I had already made acquaintance with some of them, and was to meet others before I left the Protectorate. It gives one a feeling of comradeship to meet other Churchpeople far away from home, a sense of solidarity and mutual friendliness akin to that one feels when meeting a man from the same college or even the same town. And this is a feeling which ought to be encouraged. I am sure we don't make enough of the esprit de corps...
which ought to grip every member of a Church with a history like ours. We could with advantage add it to the other Christian virtues we try to practise.

At half-past ten I went to speak to the children in the same room. There were about fifty of them, bright, intelligent youngsters all. Mr. Beale was just closing his Sunday morning lesson, and I saw and heard what convinced me that the children were being well and carefully taught. It is a great thing that the Church is able, in this far-off country, for so it seems today, to take her message to our people, and remind them of those spiritual ideals which are so easily lost sight of in the uncertain and changing conditions which must necessarily be in a time of transition such as the South-West Protectorate is passing through now. The Germans are frankly materialists; the country is pagan in its influence; carelessness slips easily into indifference, and indifference into unbelief. It goes without saying that spiritual work under present conditions is trying and arduous, but its value is in proportion to its difficulty, and the Protectorate would be a much less wholesome place to live in were it not for the untiring labours of Archdeacon Fogarty and his little staff of clergy. Of course I am not under-valuing the work of other Christian bodies, but I speak only of what I know, and that is of the work of our own Church. And it was a great pleasure to find such a number of earnest Churchpeople everywhere. Especially at Windhuk it seemed to me that I found quite a number of communicants and adherents of our Church to whom the services, and the ministrations of the clergy, were things to be really valued and sought for.

On this Sunday afternoon, in a hot glare of sunshine, I went up to the Railway Location to confirm a couple of coloured folk. It was in odd surroundings that Mr. Beale and I had that service, but it was real and effective enough. There was just that touch of grave humour about it all which gives the charm to what otherwise would seem commonplace and mean. These odd little cottage rooms have an attractiveness which anyone who has ministered in them knows quite well. I always think our Lord Jesus Christ would have found Himself quite at home in them; it is a pity if His servants cannot do the same.

In the evening I spoke to a big congregation in the School Hall. It was a fine service: there were a lot of people, most of the men in khaki, which is as it should be now-a-days, and the singing was hearty and reverent. My first Sunday in Windhuk is one that I shall often look back upon with happy recollection.

Next morning, Monday, May 6th, we were at Windhuk station betimes, eager for "fresh woods and pastures new." The day was bright and clear, with every promise of settled weather. The train was late in getting away, but the station and its surroundings were so full of interest that one could not find the waiting dull. Hard by stands a simple obelisk in memory of the men of the S.A.M.R. who fell during the operations in Ovamboland two years ago. The monument is not a grand one, but it serves a twofold purpose, for it keeps in mind the memory of brave men, and also the story of the great march to the unknown country of the northern tribes. I do not know of any published account of the expedition, but I have heard the story told again and again, and it will take its place one day among the stirring records of South African warfare. And if it was not the tale of Shangani River over again, only on a bigger scale, the Riflemen can tell you why, and who it was that stood between them and disaster on a certain well-remembered day when the Ovambo rush stopped dead before the fire of our machine-guns. But I must not tell the story, though I wish I could here re-
cord the name of the officer whose presence of mind changed the fortune of the day. No doubt we shall hear it in good time, and I am glad that I, for one, know it now.

Away then at last! Out into the widening valley, where the easterly hills recede and dwindle to a long continuous ridge; though to westward the country flattens to a wide, open plain. The hot sunshine gleams on an ocean of gold-yellow grass, bending in ripples and wavelets before the breeze; great thorn-trees, here scattered in groups, there standing alone and apart, cast dark pools of shadow over the gold. One couldn't help thinking, and thinking again, how splendid it would be to get out and to wander through the colour and the warmth of that peerless scene.

And so onward, hour after hour, through the same sunlit, shining plain, past places with native names and some with European; past Otjihavera, which I don't understand, and Teufelsbach, which I do; past Okahandja, with its greenery and the white houses, half-hidden within it, past Waldau, past Okasisi, "the place where the rippling water is," hour after hour on a journey which seems to have no end. At every station we stop, and climb down to the platform; at every station we meet people whom the Archdeacon knows, and who greet one with the cordial welcome of fellow-countrymen in a distant land. They are all very proud of the Protectorate, and all say the same thing: "Well, what do you think of the Protectorate? Not much of a desert, eh?"

But there is desert, all the same. In the afternoon we came to Karabib. For some hours we had seen the outline of giant mountains on the horizon, vast, threatening. Now we drew very near them, and I learned that this was the great Erongo range. It is as majestic to the nearer view as the distant prospect leads one to expect; the vigour of its outlines lends to its enormous mass an appearance of strength quiescent but not inert, of repose but not of sleep. I gazed long at this noble example of the Creator's handiwork, adorned with varying colour and subtle tints of shaded light, as kloof and krantz absorbed or reflected the clear rays of the sun, which filled the lustrous air. Far away to the northward the colossal chain draws on the searching gaze till the last summits fall below the edge of the horizon. The recesses of the Erongo range have never been explored, and it seems to be probable that great stores of mineral wealth may there one day be found. At present they are given over to the Bushman and the creatures of the wild.

At Karabib the train did not stay long. We were soon under way again, running down south-westward to Uspkos. Here the park country is left behind, and disappears in the turn of a corner.

The belt of desert country, which we enter now, extends along the whole seaboard of the Protectorate to a distance of seventy or eighty miles inland. One tires of it instantly. The light sandy soil is scantily clothed with tufts of weak-looking grass, and here and there a stunted thorn-bush. The only vegetation which seems to thrive is a kind of cactus called the "milk-bush," a creature of unpleasant habits, which emits a poisonous milky juice when pressed. Its bare, thong-like stems rise from a common root to form an upright bush, and these cover the plain as far as the eye can see. Fortunately the country is not flat, and ridges, downs and hollows give a variety of...
outline which saves the prospect from being utterly depressing. In the distance to southward peaks and summits of curious form break the monotony of the view. Their lower slopes are not to be seen, and the effect is to give an air of unreality and illusion, as though one were looking at the vague shadow-ings of a phantom under-world. But this is not the case with those offshoots of the Kahn mountains, which come within view of the railway line. I have never seen anything so frankly rep­pellent, so unashamedly, savagely hard. From the coarse sands of the desert they rise in cliffs and terraces of stone; here they form smooth escarpments and there sheer depths of headlong descent; ravines and gorges, caves and hollows, all of stone. Nature, whose kindly hand so often smooths or conceals out­lines too grim and harsh, has done nothing here. Even the sun, sinking to rest in a blaze of yellow radiance that filled the cloudless sky to the zenith, could give no more than a momentary glow to those adamantine walls. They stand there, as they have stood for ages, looking out on the desert with a fixed and strong gaze, like hopeless ruins of a former splendour in a world that knows them not. The mystery of these forlorn hills and their age-long vigil filled my thoughts as we hurried past, and I watched them till the darkness of the evening hid them from my eyes.

But I think of them still, those lonely, rugged heights, standing like wild creatures eternally at gaze, waiting for the fulfillment of an expectation that can never be.

Late that night we ran into the station at Swakopmund, and lay down to sleep in the saloon of our trusty coach, lulled by the low, distant thunder of the surf breaking on the sandy beach.

Early next day we were up and about. As the station is some little way out of the town we hired a trolley to take us thither. This is a low one-horsed four-wheeled platform, which runs on narrow tram-lines laid along the prin­cipal streets. The reason is not far to seek, for Swakopmund is built on the sand of the seashore, and the un­metalled streets are nothing but tracks of sand deep and heavy, in which wheeled traffic is well-nigh impossible. The side-walks are of wood, so that foot-passengers are provided for.

Seated on bentwood chairs on our trolley, and accompanied by a native out-rider, who ran ahead to shift the points where the streets branched to left or right, we made our way to the hostelry where we were to stay. This was the Hotel Europäischer Hof—there are none but German hotels in Swakop­mund—and a spotlessly clean, comfort­able place we found it, though its outward appearance is neither striking nor beautiful. Fritz, the youthful waiter, took us under his special charge, and ministered to our supposed or real wants with the air of one who has found a couple of lost and wayward children, and must needs bear with them. This pleased us much, and I think we both have a pleasant memory of that honest German lad, stainless in appearance at any hour of the day or night, courteous always, and gently forbearing. Yes, we liked Fritz.

After breakfast we went out to see what might be seen, and first to the beach, where the surf was beating with violence on the flat sandy shore. There is no natural harbour of any sort at Swakopmund. The straight line of the beach runs due north and south, with never a creek or a headland to give even a partial shelter from the furious battering of the waves, which fling themselves inshore in endless succession, with the thrust of a thousand leagues of ocean behind them. All landing had to be done by means of lighters, and not infrequently these were unable to work. The Germans have built a fine jetty, much like that at Port Elizabeth, and when the war came a new iron pier was being built, close alongside the first. Both bear witness to the skill and tenacity of the
German engineers, for it must have been desperate work getting the piles driven firm in the midst of that unquiet sea. It is a pity to see such useful work going to pieces. All day and all night the hapless structures are pounded by the merciless waves, and though the iron pier stands fast, from the other the deck planks are constantly being ripped away and carried off, so that it is not possible now to get to the seaward end of it. The colossal cranes and pile-drivers still stand on the piers, though they were long ago disabled by the guns of the Armadale Castle. This is the most interesting part of Swakopmund, and a good proportion of the population seem to find it so. There is profit here too, and sport, for those who like it. The fishing is very good.

Our first day at Swakopmund was clear and bright, but on the two following days we had dull and foggy weather. It does not rain here, but of a morning you find the trees, such as they are, dripping wet, and the sandy streets damp as with dew. I was reminded of the place in which Holy Writ tells us there was no rain, but "there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground." This was the only resemblance to the Garden of Eden that I detected in Swakopmund.

One morning we visited the English school, in a room near the lighthouse, looking out to the Atlantic. There were only 16 children, for the British population of Swakopmund is but small, and consists of officials connected with one or other of the Government departments.

The same evening we had service in the police barracks, in a house in shape like an inverted boat, keel and all. Yes, you are quite right, I did think of it: Peggotty's house on Yarmouth beach, but with an iron roof instead of a wooden one. Inside it was quite nice and very brightly lighted: there was a piano, too, and a brave fellow who played it. Some notes sounded always, others did sometimes, and others not at all. It must have been a very disconcerting instrument to play, for these and other reasons, and it astonishes me still, when I think of it, that melody recognizable should come from such a box of discords. Skilful indeed was the player, as well as brave.

I wish I had time to tell of the way we approached this make-shift church, but I really must be brief, or these notes will run on till doomsday. Yet I am sure the Archdeacon remembers, as vividly as I do, how we groped our way through the sand of the unlighted street, stumbled through the dark archway of the barracks-yard with the aid of a flickering match, and threaded a devious way between yawning cellars and obstacles which one felt but never saw. It was indeed a passage perilous!

But who cares how plain, how grotesque, if you will, the setting, compared with the gem it encircles! These trifles I speak of, entertaining just because they are out of the course of one's ordinary experience, are but the setting to the real purpose of our meeting. No sense of incongruity or unfitness stayed with us in that humble room, where the flag of England on the table gave the only touch of colour to the homely, almost sombre surroundings. There were about fifty people, most of them men; people of all ranks of life, of all degrees of education, of all kinds of religious ideas. Yet here we were all at one: a handful of men and women carried far from the ordinary routine of our daily life by the tides of circumstance, which is another name for God's Providence. All at one, I say, for here we were come to this quiet service to bear witness to our belief in the eternal, to show that we recognized that we are really citizens of another world, to join in homage to a Heavenly King. It was a reverent gathering, and an earnest one.
Next day was Ascension Day, and a little company—fourteen of us altogether—met for the early Communion in the English schoolroom. The morning was perfectly still; a thin mist seemed to be thrown lightly over the world: the deep undertone of the breakers made a solemn accompaniment to our thoughts, as though, in the words of the old refrain, 'twere the Voice of the great Creator. Rejoiced we were that on such a day, when hearts of Christian folk throughout the wide world were turned in adoration to the ascended King, we too might take our place with them before God's Throne, few though we were in number, and far from home. At such moments time and space are not: heart speaks to heart in the mystical bond of the Sacrament Divine, which binds together in one firm union the faithful people of God in this world and beyond it. "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable Gift."

Mr. Rossborough's many friends will be interested to know that he is now "At Sea." When he wrote on April 25th he was still kicking up his heels at Greenwich, with the Horse Transport, biting his lips in his anxiety to get over to France. On May 21st he was Chaplain to one of our Ships of Mercy—a Hospital Ship—and was about 3,000 miles from anywhere or somewhere which he was not allowed to mention. Does it not show what a height German Kultur has risen to when men on a Hospital Ship are not allowed to say where they are? Within 24 hours of reporting himself the ship had sailed on her errand of mercy. This sort of job never entered his head—that is often the case—but we are sure he will make the best of his opportunities, so we wish him "good luck in the Name of the Lord." He will certainly be doing about doing good.

The sympathy of all friends of the Mission will be with Miss Elise Astley, who looks after our interests in England with such untiring energy, in the sickness which has come on her so suddenly. When news was last heard of her she was still in Hospital but was recovering for the urgent operation which was found to be necessary. Writing from her bed of sickness, by the aid of a pencil, her chief thought was that during the long time which would be taken up in getting well and strong she would be able to look after certain parts of our interests better. Would that we all could follow such an example.

On Monday, July 22nd, at 8 o'clock in the evening, we had our Annual Meeting of friends and supporters at Holy Trinity School, Port Elizabeth, and it was the best meeting we have had there so far. Our old friend Mr. W. F. Savage was in the chair and he was supported by Miss Stella Smith, the keen Treasurer, Canon Wyche, P. R. Perrot, Esq., and most of the local clergy. Mrs. Grant Robertson, who as Secretary has done so much to help us in the past, had unfortunately to send in her resignation as she is leaving the town. A very hearty vote of thanks was ordered to be sent thanking her for her past kindesses. We missed the presence of Archdeacon Wirgmann, who presided at our last meeting. One
of the most interesting features of the meeting was the presence of several friends of the Mission from distant parts of the country, who came to testify by their presence their gratitude to the workers for ministration received in their isolation. Some we last saw as far north as Wankie, and one at Walvis Bay, in South-West Africa.

A meeting of our friends and supporters was held in the Cathedral Parish Hall, Pretoria, by kind permission of the Dean, on July 29th, when Mr. Justice Bristowe very kindly presided and by his opening remarks made it quite clear that in his travels on Circuit Court duties he had fully seen the needs of such work as we are trying to do, and also he well understood the difficulties. Lady Wessels and Miss Bristowe worked very hard to get a representative gathering and they were rewarded by having a good number present. Archdeacon Rogers and Miss Hedly, whose interest in the Mission gets no less, very kindly came to help me do the talking. We are grateful to all who in any way helped to make the meeting the success it was.

Immediately after the meeting I set out to visit as many places as possible on Mr. Rossborough’s Section in the Eastern Transvaal, and what with services and war lectures had a full time but a very pleasant one, and only regret that my stay could not be longer; time goes very quickly when on a job like that, but as I had promised Mr. Esdaile to join him in South-West Africa by the 29th, there was no option but to clear out, move on and leave many places unvisited one would have liked to have been able to put in at. We are very grateful to the Priests of the Pretoria Diocese who are doing so much to visit these centres in spite of the very heavy calls on their time and energy owing to the fact that such a large number have gone to the War whose work must be looked after.

I am very glad to be able to report that I found Mr. Esdaile looking well and fit, even if a little tired.

Miss Watson’s many friends with whom she has worked during the past six years, and very many others who know her well by name but who have not met her, will be very grieved to hear that the illness which came on her while she was visiting the Old Country has so far developed that there now seems no hope of recovery. She underwent an operation before returning to South Africa and recently had to submit to a second, but the doctors now declare that they can hold out no hope and that there is nothing they can do. We offer her our affectionate sympathy in her great affliction and suffering and assure her of our prayers on her behalf. Her more personal friends are doing what human love can do and for the rest we commend her to the care of our Heavenly Father.

R. THORNYLEY JONES.

[Since the above was received news has come that Miss Watson is at rest.—Editor.]
MARY WATSON:
 Called to higher work Sept. 20, 1918. —
 Requiescat in pace.

It was rather more than eight years ago that Mary Watson came out from England to work on the English Church Railway Mission and little more than a year ago she resigned, and, after a visit home, settled down in the house she had bought in Fouriesburg, O.F.S., hoping to develop a little school of English Church children. During her stay in England last year she had a serious operation and there was a recurrence of the disease discovered in August. Four doctors were consulted, but all agreed that nothing could be done as the brain was affected. She grew rapidly worse and passed away on the 20th of September, three friends who loved her dearly being with her, and Archdeacon Rogers coming in time to take the services next morning.

Fouriesburg is a beautiful place, and her house was on one of the most peaceful and lovely sites, with a view of the distant Maluti Mountains which she loved, and she was laid to rest in the little cemetery not ten minutes' walk away. There was a wealth of dazzling white cherry blossom in the garden, and boughs of this were cut and laid on the coffin, as, in the brilliant moonlight, she was carried to rest that night in the little English Church.

Archdeacon Rogers celebrated the Holy Communion at 7.30 o'clock next morning, and at 9 a.m. there was the funeral service, the first part in Church during which one of her favourite Psalms and two hymns were sung—"My heart is inditing of a good matter," and "Through all the changing scenes of life" and "There is a happy Home."

Throughout her illness those who nursed her never once heard her complain; she never asked for anything or fretted, but seemed to be happily waiting for her call Home, and this was in our minds as we sang the lines, "Wait but a little while in uncomplaining love; His own most gracious smile will welcome you above." Thank God! all those weeks there was practically no suffering, and for the last few days she was entirely unconscious. Her brain was not clear enough for her to send messages to those she loved, but on the journey from Durban to Fouriesburg just three weeks before she died, several Railway friends came on the train to see her, and she seemed quite aware in the Free State of the many stations she was passing, each with its group of friends for whom she cared so much.

We can never be thankful enough to the Railway authorities, who smoothed the journey in so many ways, giving practical testimony to their appreciation of her work for Railway people.

Canon Thurlow Jones arrived on the Saturday having travelled quickly from S.W. Africa hoping to see her, or at least to be present at the service; and a cross of flowers "From the Staff of the S.A.C. Railway Mission" was placed on the coffin. Sister Janet (Miss Ramadge) has been to see her during her illness. Other members of the staff were too far away to come. Men from Fouriesburg railway station six miles away and quite a number of friends and neighbours from the village were in Church, amongst them Mr. and Mrs. Cummin, who with thoughtful affection and consideration had ministered to Miss Watson in her last days.

It is not easy to write of all that life and example has been to us on the Railway Mission. There are so many who can testify to the value of the friendship she gave unstintingly, and of the faithful teaching to Confirmation candidates and children, whose loving welcome wherever she went was dear to her. She was a born nurse, and on her first furlough, tired and needing rest though she was, she spent many weeks in training for maternity work so as to be of still greater use to the mothers and babies, along the line in lonely places,
Her exquisite needlework has beautified many of the Churches in Bloemfontein Diocese, and many Railway Mission priests have sets of vestments made by her; and she taught the children to use their fingers for the sake of others less fortunate than themselves.

She had a wonderful memory and seldom forgot a face nor particular connection of people with places, and vice versa.

Educated in a quiet Vicarage in an English country village, she had had the advantage of a religious education from a devout and scholarly father and she had studied the Bible in its original Hebrew and Greek and had a particular knowledge of the Psalms.

I have been out for days in the country with her, sometimes when on saying the Psalm for the day together she would delight in being able to say the alternate verse without a book and often commented on difficult passages, passing on to me teaching her father had given her.

She was quick at languages and did not find it difficult to pick up Dutch and was so pleased as soon as she was able to say the Lord’s Prayer with the children along the line.

She had many plans for the future usefulness of the house at Fouriesburg, once hoping that it might be a place of rest and cheer for the sick and the sorrowful, and latterly deciding to make it a school for children.

The last day of her life amongst us I had in my heart constantly an old Collect of which she was very fond: “O God who on the Mount didst reveal to cheerful witnesses Thine only begotten Son wonderfully transfigured in raiment white and glistening, mercifully grant that we, being delivered from the disquietude of this world, may be permitted to behold the King in His Beauty, who with Thee, O Father, and Thee, O Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth one God world without end. Amen.” So in the midst of the pain and sorrow of parting we would rejoice that for her that prayer which she so often prayed is answered, and she is seeing the King of Kings in nearer vision, and seeing those dear ones who had gone before her.

Mary A. B. Attlee.

The Bishop of Bloemfontein on Sunday, Sept. 22nd, preaching on the Gospel Message of St. Matthew and St. Peter in the Cathedral Church, made a touching reference to the life and work of Miss Watson on the Church Railway Mission in illustration of the truth that religion is not merely the following of an example but the possessing of a power imparted from above. He spoke of her life as “a hidden life and a hidden work with none of the encouragement that comes from large gatherings and all the outward symbols of worship to elevate, but with many obstacles and discomforts to surmount—a life that we may feel to be most acceptable to the Master—a life quite clearly depending upon the sacramental grace that comes from above through the channel of His Church.”

DIOCESE OF KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.

28, Milner Street, Kimberley, Sept. 12th, 1918.

My dear Friends.

This last quarter has seen the usual work going on up and down the section without much fuss or excitement, and one just hopes and trusts that the Kingdom of God is growing slowly but surely. We do not look for startling things, for the Kingdom “cometh not with observation,” as our Lord said. The continual regret in my mind is just the impossibility of getting more frequently to the various places for services. But the scarcity of opportunity is not your fault, so I feel that if
you just make use of every chance you get for worship, you will grow in grace all right. You all know by this time that you have anyhow got someone to care for you; but I must tell you of an amusing case of mistaken identity that happened the other day when I was cycling down a certain section visiting the cottages. The good lady welcomed me in, and almost at once started active preparations of money gathering, from this drawer and that, and from one room to the other. A goodly pile of silver was then laid on the table in front of me together with a little book. I didn't know what was up, so made some silly joke to try and draw her out. Well, the truth was she had mistaken me for the sewing-machine man on his monthly rounds! I must have a very businesslike air in my visiting, but I didn't know it.

There have been quite a number of first confessions lately, chiefly among Confirmation candidates. This is always a great sign of grace at work, and should be a matter of real thanksgiving. I think that all those who have now felt the healing touch of the Lord in their Sacramental Absolution will know for the rest of their lives how sure and certain pardon is found, and they may sometimes be able to impart to others their experience. The simplicity of it, the peace it brings, the love which moved our Lord to institute this means of cleansing (S. John xx, 23), that is just what people want to know.

We have had two Confirmations, one a Content, the other at Warrenton—ten candidates in all. At Warrenton the hall was crowded for the Bishop's visit, and there was a large number of Dutch people in the congregation. We are always glad that these should see a Church Confirmation, such an exact reproduction of what you read about in Acts viii, and so entirely different from any other rite outside the Church which may have the same name. First Communion followed the day after, the Bishop being the celebrant, and the new communicants wore their veils, which helped to mark the immense importance of that great day in their lives.

I have to spend a Sunday every two months now at Vryburg. This is a little contribution on the part of the Railway Mission to the war, as the Rector, Mr. Amcoats, has the misfortune to be a prisoner in Germany. I also have to go occasionally to several stations south of Kimberley, which cannot be visited now from the Diamond City owing to the great scarcity of priests in the town. In July I put in two visits rather far afield from the line. One was to Mr. Wetherell's farm on the Crocodile River, whence I was conveyed by ox-waggon through the sands of Palla Road by moonlight until his motor picked me up in the morning; the other was to Serowe, where we have a small body of Churchpeople to minister to, who have been a long time without a visit from a priest. Mr. Garratt kindly took me out in his car and the L.M.S. Missionary kindly saw me back to Palapye Road.

This month I have enjoyed the refreshment of my annual retreat, which I had at Penhalonga, 12 miles out from Umtali. What gorgeous scenery there is in that part of Rhodesia, such a change after our flat veld down in these parts. Mr. Seacome was also at the retreat, and I think we could not have helped benefiting by it. Moreover, it reacts with benefit we hope upon our work. You see the idea of the thing—we are continually teaching and preaching (or trying to) to other people. And those other people have the right to ask if we practise what we preach, so from time to time we go into retreat for several days, get talked to by an experienced priest, examine our consciences, make our confessions of sin or neglect, reflect in silence upon our work and our vocation (we spend the three days without talking), and so we hope come back to our sacred duties with re-
newed energy and a purified intention. That's the idea of it.

Now a word or two more apropos of nothing. What are the most important of the Divine Commandments? "Love God and love your neighbour." Just those two. How simple the Christian life is if it can be gathered under those two heads. Yet that command "love your neighbour" is the hardest to fulfil in the Gospel page, and the one we most often stumble against. It's one of the saddest things we see in our journeys up and down the country—little populations and big splits rending them in twain. Perhaps three families in one place, and two out of three can't hit it off. Or we find a family living in lonely isolation and saying, "I don't mix myself up with people. I keep myself to myself." It's all so contrary to nature, because man is naturally a "social animal"; and there's bound to be a stunting in the growth of character if one lives in such a way. God would have put us each on little desert islands if he meant us to live like that. We were made to live in association and to realize our true selves in relationship with those round about us. Well, how are we going to do it, love our neighbours? Take the case of an unpleasant neighbour, for we don't need much Christianity to make us feel kindly to those who treat us well. How are you going to get along with a person who is not to your taste, and so make the wheels of life run smoothly without the constant grating and jarring of uncharitable feelings? Here are a couple of Christian hints to Christian people:

(a) Cultivate the charitable eye. Put the kindliest interpretation you can on any conduct which you might think to be a slight. It's often the uncharitable eye which distorts things and makes perhaps some little detail of thoughtlessness into a grievance. "So-and-so cut me dead." Well, it's far more Christian to think that it may have been due to want of spectacles than to deliberate insult. "So-and-so was very grumpy this morning." And the Christian says "it was probably liver," not "I am sure he was trying to pick a quarrel with me."

(b) Look for the good in everybody. There are very few incarnate devils about in whom you can find no good at all. Look for the good point, dwell on it, magnify it, it's a fault on the right side even to exaggerate it. If you haven't heard this rather well-worn story, consider it:—In the street of an Eastern village lay a dead dog which had come to an untimely end. Round about stood the usual crowd gazing at the sight. And as they gazed they passed their remarks. "How it pollutes the air," says one. "What a disgusting sight," says another. Meanwhile a stranger comes up and joins the crowd; and looking at the object of their reproaches, he says, "Pearsis could not exceed the beauty of those teeth." "This must be the Prophet of Nazareth," says one. "He sees good in everything." Let us try to do the same. "Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity," says the Psalmist (133, i), and he was right. Christmas will be come and gone before the next magazine is issued, so may you all have a "good and joyful" one in this respect and in all others.

Your sincere friend,

Arthur C. Hobson.

N. RHODESIA AND THE CONGO.

I have come to the conclusion that the only thing more difficult to remember than the writing of this contribution, is the collecting of the subscriptions! Let me beg of my readers to remind me more constantly of this necessary duty! Otherwise we shall be bankrupt. There have been a few happenings of interest at one or two places,
which I will deal with first. I may say that Bishop May spent a whole month on the Railway during this quarter, which gave me an opportunity to take a very pleasant holiday, and also to visit Mr. Seacombe; while it gave people an opportunity of getting to know their Bishop, with great satisfaction on both sides. Practically all the chief centres between Livingstone and Elizabethville were visited by him, and he appears to have enjoyed life in the Coach as a pleasant change. I am sorry that this article has to be sent in so soon before the date when we hope the Bishop will be again at Broken Hill, for the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the church. Possibly next issue may report the completion of it as well.

The Bishop's last visit was to Kalomo, where I met him, and it was really rather a memorable occasion. There was a Confirmation on the Friday, when three candidates, whose names will be found elsewhere, were presented: the first Communion was on the Feast of St. Bartholomew: there was the usual Service on the next day, Sunday, and on the Monday no less than three happy couples were joined together in Holy Matrimony: surely a record for this part of the world! It was most fortunate that Mr. and Mrs. Goslin were able to be present, just before taking their leave. We shall miss them sadly, but hope to see them back again. Services were, as usual at Kalomo, very nice and reverent, and it was a very happy week-end altogether. Confirmation work is so difficult out here, that the presentation of adult candidates is always a matter of joyful satisfaction.

Once again, hospitality was showered upon me by Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and Mr. and Mrs. Woods also were most kind. Needless to say the Coach left the station, groaning with a superfluity of wedding cakes and condiments!

At last, the Church at Broken Hill is taking visible shape; the site has been surveyed and cleared, and the foundations are actually complete up to the ant-course level. We have been waiting, owing to the present difficulties of transport and shortage of material, for over a month, unable to proceed until materials reach us. Valuable time so close to the rains, but we hope to get through all right. I have referred to the foundation stone already. We have quite a nice sum of money in hand, or promised; but we hope that those who have not already done their bit for us in Broken Hill will do so now that the actual work is before their eyes. An appeal will be made shortly.

The mine is growing rapidly, and population increases. One can hardly keep pace with it all. The Church will be a great boon, small though it is: we are finding it difficult to arrange for the Celebration, except in private houses. We are glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Roy, from Bwana Mkubwa, now resident here. Services are not too well attended: but it was good to hear that a nice number came to the Bishop's Service on the War Anniversary Sunday. Broken Hill continues to do excellent work for the war funds. "Our Day" promises to be a great success.

ELISABETHVILLE showed its appreciation of the Bishop's visit by better attendances than usual. Lately the Morning Service at the Consulate has been very sparsely attended: we have lost many of our people, and there are a great many distractions to divert people from the path of duty. Mrs. Mouchet is kindly acting as hon. treas. of the Church Fund, and Miss Mockford is invaluable in sending out notices, etc., doing secretary's work without the title! At any rate, I think the financial position is quite sound for this year. There have been two Services at the Star this quarter: one at Mrs. Collier's, one at Mrs. Potter's, both very hearty and enjoyable, and involving much kind hospitality from these ladies. The Lubumbashi Evening
Service is unfortunately still in abeyance.

I have not been able to get north of Elisabethville at all since I last wrote. Nor have I paid my usual visit to BWANA MKUBWA and NDOLA, as Bishop May was taking my place at the time. We shall all miss the Bentleys very much when they go, but trust they will not leave N. Rhodesia altogether. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are still away, and not too well, I fear. Altogether this place is losing its original character very largely, though possibly when the mine reopens old friends will return.

LUSAKA has been visited at the usual intervals, and there is nothing very important to mention. Services are small, but always go nicely: and the school makes a nice church. We shall miss Mrs. Hodson, but she will be back again shortly. Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Corte are always full of hospitality, for which I am most grateful.

I have been able to hold Services at KAFUE twice, once for a small picnic party on August 4th, and again on the occasion of the N.R.R. Concentration Camp. Apart from this, I have seen a lot of Kafue, and like it all the more. The holiday I enjoyed, thanks to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Bissett and Mr. Bell, was more to me than I can describe here.

I am on my way to visit the MAZABUKA and PEMBA district now, as I have not seen much of the people there lately.

Looking at the work as a whole, there is a great deal that one would be very sorry to see left undone, in spite of what some people think of it all! It is only fair to warn people that these are difficult days and that they may have to do without even that which they have, for a time. Let us pray for a right guidance for those who have to decide the future of that work.

E. F. WINNINGTON INGRAM.

S.W. AFRICA.

Albrechts, S.W.A.,
September 9th, 1918.

My dear Editor,

By consulting my pocket-book I find that at the beginning of this quarter I was finishing up my visit at NAKOP (June 10th). I got back to KEETMANSHOOP in time to attend a concert and entertainment given by the British school in order to raise funds for a school piano. I also combined with Mr. Charles in the job of photographing small groups of children in their costumes, most of which turned out fairly well. During this visit I managed to walk out to Kilo II, and spend the night with my old friend Mr. Davy, when I acquired some skill in the art of telephoning when the handle is off or “caput,” as we say in S.W. Then a brief visit to BETHANIE on the way to LUDERITZBURCHT, where I spent the fourth Sunday of June (and of July) relieving another chaplain away on leave. A couple of days at TSES, where I was glad to find the whole family in holiday time and to have a more extended opportunity of expressing my sympathy with them in their trouble (that rare and distressingly tragic loss of a little child through snake-bite).

The last Sunday in June and the first in July I spent relieving at WINDHUK, and in between I managed to slip in a visit to ORAB for a Christening, which had been delayed for some time through my wanderings. In Windhuk hospital I found Captain Teulon, whom I was glad to see at Tsakos recently fit and strong again after a long and serious illness, also Mr. Sanders, who is back at REHOBOTH again, and looking much better after his time in the Union. On the way south I visited HEIDE, where I photographed the children on the haycocks, KALKRAND, where I spent a Sunday, and snapped the prize pig, NARIB, where Mr. Clark supplied me
with 53 giant snowdrop bulbs which fetched £2 10s. from the speculative and patriotic gardeners of Keetmanshoop towards the Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops, thanks to the importunate hawking of Masters Allan and Basil Colbourn. This emboldened me to ask for another fifty, which I have handed in at Windhuk for the "Big Push." Tsumis and Heide have had their share of measles and whooping-cough, but I am glad to say have now got rid of them. After a Sunday at Keetmanshoop and a visit to Gobas where I drew a blank, the family I was looking for having been transferred to the Narrow Gauge a few days previously, and the fourth Sunday at Luderitzbucht, I started on a trip which was intended to fill in the gaps of my previous journeys and help me to explore sidings, which after over two years in S.W. I had not yet been able to stop at between Luderitzbucht and Seeheim. So I had my first taste of the sand-dunes proper. At Grasplats Mr. and Mrs. Naude very kindly made me at home, and I was able to have Service and to walk down to Kilo 22 to visit Mrs. Bosch, where I showed the children my pictures. I am glad to say I missed the windy weather, when life is almost intolerable in those parts. I admired greatly the ingenuity of plan by which the sand-dunes are prevented from drifting on to the line. Many plans have been tried from growing mesembrianthema to pinning with thick canvas, and still more have been suggested. It seems, though it is early to crow about it, that we are one up on the Germans, and that the plan of spreading ballast on the dunes, which economical in time and labour, as well as extensive in area, is the solution of the problem. After a visit to Kolmanskop, where I saw something of two railwaymen and two policemen, I went up the line to Garub, and found that I was needed in an emergency and went up with the P.W.I. to Kuibis, where on the following day (August 3rd) I conducted the funeral of his little one. I spent the Sunday there, and held Services, and during the week went on to Feldschuhhorn, where I blessed the grave of another little one. One's heart goes out to people in times of sorrow like these, and though it is hard (words seem so inadequate) to bring comfort when the agony of the blow has stunned and paralysed the understanding, yet one is devoutly thankful to be within reach and to bring the ministrations of religion, which speak so clearly of the better hopes and the love of God shining through the dark cloud. It has been particularly distressing to everybody concerned, and I include myself, that, not only in these cases but in one or two others, the medical aid so anxiously called for has not been forthcoming. This does not necessarily imply slackness on the part of the doctor, but it does call for scrutiny of a system by which in so many cases the doctor is tied to a military hospital and cannot deal with cases along the line. The time has surely come when, thanks to the efforts in all departments of the Railway Service, things are working with smoothness and efficiency, for something like the regular patrolling of the R.M.O. in the Union to come into force. I can, without any exaggeration, bear witness to the increased burden of anxiety felt by scattered Railway families in S.W., when it gradually comes home to them that in some serious emergency they will have no skilled adviser to lean upon, the odds being that they will be left to their own devices.

I managed to pay short visits to Scharkalskope, Buechholzbrunn and Sandverhaar, before returning to Garub, where I spent a Sunday, thence to Schaukaib, where the flies are conducting a big push of their own, and thence to Haalenberg, most of the way on foot, where I found that oasis in the desert grown not only larger in extent,
making quite a show of greenery, but also more interesting owing to the variety of the low-growing plants brought in from the veld by the untiring energy of Mrs. Simpson. "Bushman-candles" in particular, with cream as well as pink flowers, were most ornamental.

I got to ALS and spent a Sunday there between the camp and the village. Quite a nice Sunday School in the ganger's cottage, through Mrs. van Niekerk's kindness. I only hope that the anxiously expected day-school will have turned up by now and that the children are making up for lost time. Then back to Feldschuhhorn, where Mr. and Mrs. Brockmann were most hospitable to me as I was hung up for some days waiting to be fetched by farmers who never turned up. Such is S.W. Then to Keetmanshoop, where on Sunday, August 25th, I was joined by the Head, who has been with me already for over a fortnight. I usually keep something in store for his annual trip through S.W. This year it was one of the plagues of Egypt, but not unknown in South Africa! So I have had the benefit of a ripe experience not only in this, but also in the training of my new Herero boy. Altogether he has had a most strenuous time. It has been a great joy and help to have been together at our little Services at Marienthal, Ebony, Stingbank, and, being held up, we were able to give Usakos Sunday Services, which, considering the shortness of the notice, were well attended. On this trip I spent half a day at Rossing, where some of my friends had been transferred from ORAB, and a Sunday at Albrechts, where the bulk of this letter has been written. I should not like to add up the number of eggs, loaves, jugs of milk, etc., so many generous good friends have given me on the road, apart from the unfailling kindness I have received from everyone when I have arrived, as I sometimes do, with no visible means of subsistence and no roof to my head. There are few places indeed now which I should hesitate to invade, expecting, like the German Army, to live upon them!

I must not forget to say how much I enjoyed a gathering of clergy, five in all, held at Windhuk at Archdeacon Fogarty's invitation, to whose hospitality its success was largely due. We are trying to meet at regular intervals, and to discuss important books at our gatherings, which should be a great help to us in our work.

This is rather early for Christmas greetings, but I hope my S.W. readers will pay particular attention to a notice slip inserted in their copies only. Nothing like "being prepared"

Yours, etc.,

E. G. K. Esdaile.

DIOCESE OF
SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

Coach 89599. Xgamo.
September 17th, 1918.

My letter for the July number was largely a chronicle of deaths on the Line during the preceding quarter, and now I must open with an expression of deepest sympathy with Mr. Volkwyn, of Malindi, whose wife passed away in Kimberley the week before last; she had made such a splendid recovery from her serious illness last March that the news of her death came as a great shock to her many friends up and down the Line.

The taking over of the Francistown-Plumtree Section has set me free for more regular visits to the smaller centres, and it is a real joy to be able to have a Celebration at a cottage every day on my way up to Wankie from Bulawayo at Xgamo, Malindi, Usakos and Entula (to give the nearest sidings) while on the South Line regular Celebrations are now possible at Syringa, Marula and
LEIGHWOODS. The spare Sunday has proved most useful for GWANDA, where the congregation is now excellent for the Evening Service in the goods shed—initial difficulties there as to lighting and music have now been successfully overcome, and my very best thanks are due to Mr. Mellin and Mr. Iow for their unfailing kindness in trolleying me from West Nicholson to Gwanda: the former even started with me on the 16-mile run at noon on the Saturday. Mrs. Ross tells me that she is probably not returning to WEST NICHOLSON, and her absence will leave a real gap among our little gathering of the faithful there: no trouble was too much for her in arranging the flowers, altar, etc., in her dining-room. My old friends from the Long John, Mr. and Mrs. Healey, are now at the Jessie, and it is a pleasure to be able to get over there from time to time to give them their Communion.

The War Anniversary Services were held during the Octave at ESSEXVALE, the BUSH TICK MINE, WEST NICHOLSON, the JESSIE MINE, GWANDA and FIGTREE, and the attendances everywhere were most encouraging: we are most grateful to the Head for his kind thought in sending along the Special Forms and Hymns, most of which have now found their way into private houses where their use in daily prayers will be a real help to those who are fighting for us. Essexvale is looking forward to the first Baptism in the temporary Church on St. Michael and All Angels Day, when the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson is to be made a member of the Church: the Bush Tick is now producing a much better congregation, among whom we welcome the owner, Mr. Hollins, a great supporter of St. Mary's Johannesburg, in the old days. The morning of August 11th was as unpromising as could be with a terribly cold east wind, and yet we had a record congregation, some of whom had come 14 and 16 miles: it was very sad not to be able to attend my third fête there, but nothing short of an aeroplane could have landed me in Wankie for Services the following day—many congratulations on the result and many thanks from readers of the Mission Library for the excellence of the books donated to the second-hand bookstall, some two dozen of which now live—from time to time—on the Coach.

Holiday Services were held at Crocodile Valley Farm and at BALLABALLA, when we chose St. Barnabas as our Patron Saint, and experimented with his example of unselfishness to see how happy we could make the holidays—for others and consequently for ourselves. I was most sorry to miss the Balla-Balla children's entertainment for the Children's Motor Ambulance Fund, which was entirely thought out and produced by the children themselves. The present epidemic of scarlet fever in Bulawayo will unfortunately cancel the Michaelmas holidays, which is a real blow to others besides the boys and girls.

A three-day Retreat at Penhalonga was a great treat, perhaps to no one more than to the two Railway Chaplains who were present: probably the most difficult part of a Chaplain's work is that he has to be perpetually giving out and there is so very little opportunity for taking anything in himself with the constant travelling and daily visiting. The hospitality of old Bulawayo friends at Umphal was delightful, and the trip towards Beira a revelation of what African scenery can be.

The RAYTON evening congregations are improving, but there is a gradual decrease at the Lord's Own Service: surely the effort of preparation and early rising could be made a regular monthly rule, and then the third Sunday would become a centre of daily life. The two Confirmation Classes are going strong and it is most refreshing to find how some remember the teaching given last year: we are looking
forward to a Confirmation at St. Cyril’s in January on the Bishop’s return from East Africa. It was very good of him to add to his labours on a particularly heavy Sunday in Bulawayo by a visit to our Evening Service, when his cheery optimism, based on the 46th Psalm, infected us all. One of the congregation has kindly offered to re-decorate the Sanctuary, and the new Reredos of native teak should be a great improvement to the dignity of the building; there is also a promise of a gravel path, which will be a great boon in the wet season when the stand turns into a quagmire.

NYAMANDHLOVU makes up for small numbers by really first-class singing, and it is a treat there to get away from some of the better known hymns, and to accomplish successfully such a fine melody as “Hail, gladdening Light.” The July trip from there to Redbank was disastrous, as a “bicycle-failure” meant a 9½ mile walk against time and the sight of the departure of some of the more distant members of the congregation; the experiment of REDBANK in the morning and NYamandhlovu at night is answering well, as the farming community at the former place are beginning to follow the Figtree example.

In concluding these notes I would like to thank Mr. Brown, the Bulawayo newsagent, on behalf of Line people, for his most kind gifts of magazines and papers to the Chaplain for railway distribution; perhaps others might like to follow his example and to trust me to sort out gifts to the best advantage. Also his Bible Picture Books and little Reading Primers have given great pleasure to their recipients.

RALPH S. SEACOME.

GRAHAMSTOWN DIOCESE.

At NAUWPOORT, as one writes, the thing that comes to mind at once is the many changes of the last quarter, and the loss of 20 or 30 children from the Sunday School. However, we are able to welcome Mr. Comely in Mr. Stigant’s place, and three new teachers who are Churchwomen: Miss Masson, Miss Adams and Miss Hodgson. Generally things seem to be keeping up, although a good way below what they might be, and ought to be. There has been a good deal of sickness in the camp, the most serious case being that of Mr. Ehrich, our sidesman, who is now, I’m glad to say, happily on the way to recovery. Miss Burt was here at the time, and stepped into the breach by giving six nights’ help with the nursing. On July 8th Mr. Treharne, who died suddenly the day before, was buried by me; there was a large attendance of the Masonic fraternity, of which he was a member. His son is well known to a good many who pass through Naauwpoort from his recitations on the platform, in aid of war funds. I have been away more than usual this quarter and a good many things have gone undone. It is difficult to make arrangements when one is not sure of the date of leaving or of return. Still let us who live here in Naauwpoort—the Narrow Gate—remember that narrow is the gate that leads to life, and resolve to be among those who find it, although it may not always be easy.

The new Gloria lamps, one of which was bought with the proceeds of a War Bridge held in the Parish Room, are answering quite well and have improved the light considerably.

After a visit from the Provincial Scout Secretary, Mr. Hammer has decided to put more of his energy into the Cub work than the Scouts, as they seem to be more promising material. We have lost Mr. Wilkin, who has been transferred; his loss is felt in the Choir also.

The Anniversary of the War Services were well attended and a combined Service was held at 11 in the Hutchinson Hall. The prayers were those issued
by the Bishop of the Province, and the sermon was preached by the Presbyterian minister. The singing was particularly good and stirring. The collection was given to swell the fund of the Railway Big Push. A very good meeting was held the next night to pass war resolutions, as on former anniversaries of the declaration of war. To enliven the school holidays a Fancy Dress Party was arranged. It was a great success: 150 to 180 children came and 100 or so parents, and as the tickets were only 6d. and 1 - and included refreshment it was rather surprising to find that there was £15 to be sent to the Red Cross fund, as a sort of by-product.

COOKHOUSE still gets the second Sunday, and is going on very well. The attendance and collections are improving, I think, and it is very good to see some of the farmers from round about getting in for the early Communion. The churchyard has been cleaned up, and the lamp and ironwork at the gate painted and renovated, and a new notice-board made: for this I think we have to thank Mr. Cock. From Cookhouse I was able to get out one day to THORNGROVE Station, and hold a midday Service for Mr. and Mrs. Brown. He is the new S.M. There was no one else to come, so we had it by ourselves and even sang the hymns. I was able in August to hold Service, for the first time since I came here, at SHERBORNE. Unfortunately the waiting-room is very small and we had twenty people squeezed in, but the Service went well. I hope to go there regularly as time allows. At TAAIBOSCH we have had our usual Services, and also the usual hospitality from Mr. and Mrs. Bishop after the Service. When the altar candles are extinguished, we, something after the fashion of the agape of the Primitive Church, resolve ourselves into a social gathering and eat and drink what is set before us, and discuss things. We miss the station agent here, Miss Péché, who is unfortunately suffering from a nervous breakdown and has had to go home to Hanover Road. I hope soon to get along to all the sidings and stations up to De Aar. I have paid hurried visits to three places, but Taai-bosch is the only place where Service has been held. NORVAL'S PONT has lost Mr. and Mrs. Gubb, who are transferred to Modderfontein Junction. They will be hard to replace. At my last visit Mr. and Mrs. Lovegrove kindly gave me hospitality, but unfortunately the fifth Sunday fell in the holidays, as it does in September also, and it was a disappointing visit. However, the native Services, in a mixture of Dutch and Kaffir, were well attended all day, and there were 17 baptisms. On the way home I had a pleasant Evensong at 3.30 and Holy Communion next morning at ACHTERTANG; Mrs. Williams kindly gave me hospitality.

CYPHERGAT had the fourth Sunday in July. There were quite good congregations from the station and neighbourhood, and we found it an improvement to avoid the cold and dark by having Evensong immediately after the Sunday School. STORMBERG had to be content with a weekday, as they were unable to arrange for the Sunday. Unfortunately the Synod took the fourth Sunday in September, but I hope to be there for the end of October.

I was away at Synod in East London from Sept. 16th to 22nd. It upset arrangements being made for an extra Sunday, but it is very refreshing to find oneself part of a big congregation and in danger of not getting in at all. The Synod itself with its opening and closing functions in St. John's Church was interesting and impressive, and one was glad to be present at the Church Extension meeting and the reception by the Churchpeople of East London and meet old friends from different parts of the country. It was good, too, to compare the type of Service at the different churches. Mr. Giddy, the Registrar
of the Diocese, kindly acted as our Lay Representative, as we had no one able to get away. Mr. and Mrs. Pascoe of Inverleith Terrace most kindly made my wife and me their guests for the Synod week.

One other event brightened up the July holidays. We were the guests or victims (I'm not sure of the correct term) of a surprise party—the first in my life. Only after a dozen or so people had casually dropped in one evening, and bottles—of paraffine—and baskets were discovered on the stoep, did it dawn on us that anything out of the usual was happening. The number grew to twenty or so, and we had a very pleasant evening. May the next one fall so happily on a day when the servant has gone home sick, the fire refuses to burn and things want cheering up—to say nothing of washing up!

E. T. Willmott.

Sept. 26th, 1918.

WOMEN'S WORK.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

I must condense my report as I want all children on the Line to have the chance of learning some patriotic verses on the Flag of our Empire as printed on another page. Early in July I attended the Women's Missionary Conference in Pretoria in company with Miss Burt and Sister Emily, where about fifty workers met from ten Dioceses of the Province to discuss many problems concerning both educational and medical missions. Afterwards my holiday pass carried me round by Naval (where it was a great pleasure to meet some old Railway friends) and finally to Bloemfontein, where Miss Glasier and I exchanged news about our mutual friends on the Midland and other lines. Luckily the lantern slides sent out from England by the G.F.S., called "The Vision and Mission of Girlhood and Womanhood throughout the World," arrived just in time to accompany me and to be shown in Pretoria, Johannesburg, Durban, Maritzburg, Ladysmith and Bloemfontein. Since then I have also taken them to Port Elizabeth and along the Graaff-Reinet Line, and to the camps of Alicedale, Cookhouse and Sandflats as well as to Grahamstown and the Kowie Line. Everywhere the audiences (whether small or large) have been appreciative and have admired the beautiful colouring of some of these hand-painted slides, especially of the sacred scenes. Some of the collections were given to G.F.S. Funds and others to the Red Cross or local societies.

On August 31st an impressive Confirmation Service was held in Addo Church, where six out of the eight candidates presented by the Rev. G. A. Lejeune belonged to Railway families. Afterwards the Bishop as well as some of the candidates travelled down in the Mission Coach to their various destinations, but none were sorry to emerge safely from it as the shunting and shaking en route had been somewhat severe.

Sunday, Sept. 8th, I spent at Alicedale, and was delighted to hear what great progress had been made by the choir since their voices had been developed under the able tuition of Mrs. Lejeune. There have been occasions of both joy and sorrow in this camp recently as two weddings have been happily celebrated, and one old inhabitant suddenly removed by death in the midst of his ever active and useful life.

Many will miss both Mr. and Mrs. Morey from the place where they had spent so many years, and great sympathy will follow the latter to Naauwpoort, where she will still have the consolation of attending our beautiful Church Services. Near her former seat in St. Barnabas, Alicedale, there now hangs a beautiful Crucifixion picture which has been presented by her as a memorial gift. The weekday War Intercessions in this Church seem to be well attended, and the Red
Cross Saturdays have been rewarded by great success. Now that we are entering on the last quarter in the year, I should like to remind the members of the Mothers’ Union and G.F.S. that all subscriptions should be sent in as soon as possible, and also to announce that in future the M.U. Magazine will be charged 1/6 (War price).

We owe many thanks to Mrs. Gates and Miss Greathead for gifts of papers and hope more friends will help in this way in future.

M. Josephine Beckwith.

DIOCESE OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

October, 1918.

Early in July the Head procured me the promised pass and I started off down the Bethlehem section for a trial trip. Having the Coach I was able to ask my sister to come with me and we were together as far as Fouriesburg. I called, then and later, at all stations: Bloemfontein, Bethlehem, Kroonstad, and gave Lantern Services at Thaba 'Nchu, Marseilles, Modderpoort, Gumtree and Fouriesburg. At Bethlehem we had the funny pictures and a collection for the Red Cross. Mrs. Gates kindly lent her big dining-room. I have collected the sum I was aiming at by these entertainments, £3 8s., which is required to keep a prisoner in food for a month, so my next show, which is to be at Kroonstad, will be for the "Big Push," for which everyone is working just now.

At Fouriesburg I went across to see Miss Watson, since called to rest. At Brandfort the Bishop of Bloemfontein most kindly consented to hold a Confirmation in the English Church for my two candidates, Fred Webb and Blanche Harris. We had full Sunday Services and at all three the Railway houses were well represented. All the Sunday School children were present and the Bishop's address must have been understood by even the youngest.

Canon Jones has kindly promised to visit and hold Services at a good many places on my section during October. I expect at nearly all it will be Evening Service and a Celebration next morning. As these will be the first English Church Services held at many places for over two years, I hope as many as can will be present. And after that in November I am taking a long holiday before starting my fourth year's work at a stretch.

At Klip River the children's Sunday School has led to a new development. I have been pressed to take an evening meeting for the older people, that on alternate fortnights being taken by the Wesleyans. I consented to try last month and nearly twenty turned up. After the prayers and hymns we are to follow something of a study circle plan; that is, everyone knows what is to be discussed and all are expected to bring some contribution to the discussion.

P. Glasier.

VICTORIA BIBLE READING.

Subjects October-December, 1918.

Last quarter you had the story of Joseph for your Old Testament Reading and some verses out of the Gospels of Saint Matthew and Saint Luke for the New Testament Reading. You may wonder why these parts of the New Testament were chosen for you to read; but some of you, I feel sure, have found out why. You will have seen that the story of Joseph and his brethren is like the story of Jesus and the Jews who took him and sold Him and for whom He prayed when He was on the Cross.

Now this quarter you have to read the story of Moses in the same way. The New Testament passages will help you to understand what you read in the Old Testament about Moses.

Moses was the Deliverer and the Lawgiver sent by God to the Israelites and
Jesus Christ was the Saviour of the World and the great Lawgiver Who gave us the everlasting Law of Love.

If you read the passages given and think of them in this way you will find the Bible grow in interest for you. All our lives we can be studying the Bible and every day find in it some new joy that like a hidden jewel shines out when searched and dug for with diligence, and more than rewards us for our trouble. So, dear children, read carefully and think about what you read, and you will very soon come to look upon your Bible as the Book you can go to for what is best and truest and most helpful to you in your lives.

It is a wonderful book, but its treasures are hidden—you have to dig with the spade of your mine before you can uncover the rich treasures. Try, each one of you, to put your heart into the reading of a few verses daily, and always keep the Old Testament and the New Testament together—that is, read them as is pointed out in these quarterly reading subjects, and you will find much help. Need I remind you that a short prayer for the help of God's Holy Spirit before you read the verses daily is the best way of beginning? "Give me, 0 Lord, the grace of Thy Holy Spirit that I may read Thy Word with understanding." Just a few words simply said. All can find time for play—let all find time for God.

Subjects for October, November, December, 1918:

Story of Moses. Read Exodus, chapters 2, 3, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17.


If any of you want this list of subjects you can write to me and I will send you a copy. Keep the list that comes out every quarter so that you have them all as they appear.

Address to me always:

The Editor, Light for the Line,
The Hermitage,
Grahamstown.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Dear Children,

The note that seems to find an echo in all our hearts just at this time is Gratitude.

I think the same thought must be in all our minds as we look back to the first three quarters of this year 1918: how good God has been to us and to our Empire and our Allies in helping us to stand firm against our enemies. And now everywhere we hear of the success of our soldiers and sailors and airmen, for whom we have been praying daily. That short pause at midday, when we stop whatever we may be doing and stand still with folded hands wherever we may be, is an act of trust in God. Think of the thousands of Christians so standing every day at 12 o'clock: little children, big children, young men and women and old people, all sending up a prayer to God for His help and protection for the brave men who are fighting that right, justice and honour may prevail in the world. And as we see victory coming we know that our prayers are being answered and our hearts feel full of thankfulness to Almighty God Who is giving us what we have prayed for. So Gratitude and Hope must be added to our prayers. "Thanks be to God Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Your friend,

The Editor.

PATRIOTIC PIECES.

Salute to the Union Jack.

I pledge allegiance to our Flag, and to the Saviour for Whose Kingdom it
stands—one Brotherhood uniting all mankind in Service and Love.

**Red, White and Blue.**

We love the red, the bright warm red.
How gay the colours wave!
It stands for the blood of heroes shed,
And it says the words "Be brave."

We love the white, the clear pure white.
And the stars which for age endure.
It contrasts so well with the red so bright
And tells us all "Be pure."

We love the blue of the Heavens above
As the twinkling stars peep through;
It tells of care and protecting love
And says to our hearts "Be true."

**Song.**

Fling out the Banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour died.
Fling out the Banner wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine.
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours,
We conquer only in that sign.

**HOLY BAPTISM.**

**DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.**

June 30.—**Norval’s Pont.**
John Olifant.
Robert Louw.
Philip September Veleta.
Annie Johnson.
Rachel Johnson.
Katrina Johnson.
Meta Johnson.
Susan Malgas.
Peter Johnson.
John Stevenson Malgas.
Rebecca Mary Veleta.
David Veleta.
Katrina Louw.
Alfred Louw.
Meta Veleta.
Henry Veleta.
John Veleta.

July 8.—**Naauwpoort.**
Susannah Jacob.
Magdelina Mshabeshu.

July 14.—**Cookhouse.**
Stephen van der Merwe.
William John Stokes.

Aug. 7.—**Naauwpoort.**
Mary Kathleen Viljoen.

Aug. 15.—**77 Cottage (near).**
Nicolaas Hendry Vincenzie.

Aug. 22.—**Naauwpoort.**
Richard George Knott Deacon.

Sept. 8.—**Cookhouse.**
Lydia Chrusie Rivet.

Sept. 15.—**Naauwpoort.**
Shirley Aileen Robson.

Received into the congregation of **S. Agnes, Naauwpoort**, July 8th:
Marie Dow.
Charlotte Lewis.
Mary Jacob.

**N. RHODESIA AND CONGO.**

June 30, at Kalomo.
Harry Webb.

July 4, at Chisamba.
Beryl Victoria Hall.

July 7, at Broken Hill.
Denis Murdock Boon.

July 14, at the Star Mine, Elisabethville.
Arthur James Eventon.

Aug. 4, at Broken Hill.
Arthur James Stadler Channon.

Sept. 1, at Broken Hill.
Esmé Jacqueline de Villiers.

Sept. 10, at Elisabethville.
Aubrey Gustave Matthew Robson.

**KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.**

June 1, at Nolan Lime Works.
Gladys May Jessie Forrester.

June 2, at Magopella Halt.
John Matthas Snyman.
Gertbrig Lowinee Snyman.

July 10, at Sebili.
Esther Margerita Peterson.

July 14, at Taungs.
Johannes Petrus van der Westerven.

July 16, at Fourteen Streams.
Maria Marolong (adult).

July 16, at Warrenton.
Hilda Elizabeth Vanweegzen.

July 22, at Palla Road.
Shirley Alice Chalke.

Aug. 4, at Ramontsa.
Martha Johanna Bezuidenhout.

Aug. 6, at Bathoen.
Wilhelmina Susannah Vanvuuren.

Aug. 23, at Madler River.
Gerald Michael Jackson.

Annie Maria Elizabeth Burger.

**ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND, S. W. A.**

June 30, at Windhuk.
Herbert Edward Easterbrook.

July 3, at Oraby.
Martha Elizabeth Basson.
CONFIRMATIONS.

Aug. 28, at Kalomo.
Muriel Ella Bissett.
Susanna Gertrude Niemand.
John Wilmot Penney.

Aug. 20, at Content.
James Cheetham.
Martha Cheetham.

Aug. 20, at Warrenton.
Ivan Pike.
Martinus de Beer.
Ivy Bagshaw.

Aug. 20, at Warrenton.
Susanna Gertrude Niemand.
John Wilmot Penney.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

June 20, at Ndola.
Ignatius Smith and Adelaide Frances Wood.

Aug. 26, at Kalomo.
Jacob du Plooy and Susanna Niemand.

ARCHDEACONY OF DAMARALAND, S. W. A.

Burial Service.

Aug. 3, at Kuibis.
George Paton Rautenbach, aged 6 weeks and 5 days.

Aug. 8, at Feldschuhhorn.
Andries Johannes Brockmann, aged 11 days.

Burdiction of Grave.

ARCHDEACONY OF DAMARALAND, S. W. A.

Offerings and contributions, June 10th to September 9th:
- Nakop, 11/-; Keetmanshoop, 16/9; £1, 12/2; Bethanie, 10/5; Tees, £1/6/3; Orah, £1; Heide, 5/-; Kalkrand, £1/11/6; Narib, 16/6; Tsumis, 13/6; Kuybis, £2/6/8; Garub, £2; Aus, £1/6/3; Marienthal, 3/-; Usakos, £1/1/9; ebony, 12/6; Stingbank, £1/9/9; Rossing, 8/-; Albrechts, 17/1; Wells Missionary Association, £3; Anon., £3; Light for the Line, £1/0/6; Duty for Archdeacon, £8.

BURIALS.

July 6, at Warrenton.
Infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Cook.

July 31, at Palapye Road.
Mary Fry, aged 7 years.

July 8, at Nauwpoort.
Joseph Treherne, aged 40 years.

Sept. 28, at Nauwpoort.
Alfred David Duiker, aged 51 years.

COLLECTIONS, &c.

GRAHAMSTOWN DIOCESE.

Taaibosch, June 19th, 10/-; Aug. 20th, 9/8; Norval’s Pont, June 30th, 9/8; Achta-
tung, July 1st, 6/6; Cybergat, July 28th, £1/13/3; Stormberg, July 30th, 9/10; Sherborne, August 13th, 5/6; Kendrew, Mrs. Howell, 4/-. Nauwpoort Sustentation Fund.

Per Mr. Odoire: July, £2/4/5; August, £1/17/6; September, £2/15/6.

Per Mrs. Lear: July, £2/15/-; August, £2/16/-; September, £2/7/-.

Mr. Lemon’s name is added to the list of subscribers this quarter.

ARCHDEACONY OF DAMARALAND, S. W. A.

N. RHODESIA AND CONGO.

Bwana Mukuwa, £2/5/6; Ndola, £1/1/-; Kalomo, £5/3/9; Broken Hill, £6/6/3; Lusaka, £2/5/-; Kafue, £4/4/3; Mazabuka, £2/3/6.

Sustentation Fund: Elisabethville, £30.

N. RHODESIA AND CONGO.

Bwana Mukuwa, £2/5/6; Ndola, £1/1/-; Kalomo, £5/3/9; Broken Hill, £6/6/3; Lusaka, £2/5/-; Kafue, £4/4/3; Mazabuka, £2/3/6.

Sustentation Fund: Elisabethville, £30.

Fees and Offerings, £7/18-.

KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.

June: Nolan Lime Works, 20/6; Taungs Station, 6/6; Mahalapye, 10/5; Sustentation Fund, £3/12/6; Lobatsi, 16/9; Farm, 11/-; Ramathlabane, 3/-; Maritzani, 4/3; Doornbilt, 10/-; Vryburg, 21/-; Palapye Road, 33/10; Mahalapye, 19/-.

July: Devondale, 5/-; Warrenton, 22/-; Station, 6/3; Cottage, 6/6; Gaberones Station, 7/6; Camp, 37/-; Metsimachaba, 2/-; Mochudi, 9/6; Taungs Village, 31/6; Fourteen Streams, 9/-; Drift, 5/3; Border, 6/9; Farm, 3/-; Palla Road (farm), £2/19/9.

Sept. 22, at Nauwpoort.

Alfred David Duiker, aged 51 years.

COLLECTIONS, &c.
A Prayer for Missions.

Remember for good, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the missionary work of Thy Church at this time; protect and provide for Thy servants in the mission field in every danger and in all their need: and give to the native Churches and to us such an increased spirit of faith, sacrifice and service that Thy work may not be hindered, but that Thy Kingdom may be advanced: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Amen.

An Advent Prayer.

O Lord, Who hast revealed to us that the night is far spent, the day is at hand, grant that we may ever be found watching, like servants who wait for the coming of their Lord; that, when He cometh and knocketh, we may open to Him immediately. Save us from all love of this world, that we may wait with patient hope for the day of the Lord, and abide in Him, that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming; through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.
Rev. E. G. K. Esdaile, P.O. Windhuk.

DIOCESE OF S. RHODESIA.
Rev. Ralph Seacome, P.O. Bulawayo.

NORTHERN RHODESIA & THE CONGO.
Rev. E. F. Winnington-Ingram, Broken Hill.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Pretoria—Lady Wessels.
Port Elizabeth—Miss Savage.
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Secretaries for South Africa—Miss Burt, Grahamstown.

Johannesburg—Mrs. Callow, Houghton Ridge.
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Thaba 'Nchu—Mr. Davidson.
Kroonstad—Mrs. Growden.

DIOCESE OF KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.
Rev. A. C. Hobson.

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PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING.

Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. (Philippians 4, verse 6.)

Thanksgiving.

O Lord Almighty, Whose is the victory and the glory and the majesty, accept, we beseech Thee, the thanks offered to Thee by Thy servants for the success given to our Navy and Army, and to the arms of our Allies. Do Thou, if it be Thy will, continue to prosper and bless our armies, and let Thy goodness bring relief to our anxieties, and lead us to rest in Thee with trust and faithfulness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Prayer for Use of Schools.

O God our Father in heaven, strong and full of love to all, we thy children pray thee to bless our country in this sad time of war. Watch over all those who have gone away from us to fight in our country's cause, especially the father or the brother of any of us, or of other children like ourselves. Keep them safe, if it be Thy will, in all times of danger, and bring them home again to us in peace. Be with all the wounded and the sick, and ease their pain. Take care of us also, who stay behind in this quiet land. Thou hast something for us to do; help us to do it. Give us grace to be good and unselfish and loving, that we may cheer those about us who are anxious or unhappy. Look down in mercy upon those who are now fighting against us. And soon, if it please Thee, make glad all the whole world with Thy blessing of peace; for Jesus Christ our Saviour's sake. Amen.

A War Prayer.

Watch Thou, dear Lord, with those who wake, or watch, or weep to-night, and give Thine angels charge over those who sleep. Tend Thy sick ones, O Lord Jesus, Rest Thy weary ones. Bless Thy dying ones. Soothè Thy suffering ones. Pity Thine afflicted ones. Shield Thy joyous ones. And all for Thy love's sake. Amen. (St. Augustine.)

For Our Sailors and Soldiers.

O Lord God of Hosts, stretch forth, we pray Thee, Thine Almighty arm to strengthen and protect our sailors and soldiers (especially together with those of our Allies, in all dangers by sea or land or air. Be with them in the hours of battle, and in the days of preparation keep them safe from all evil. Endue them with loyalty and courage, and grant that in all things they may serve as seeing Thee Who art invisible; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

For Chaplains, Doctors and Nurses.

O Lord Jesus Christ, Who hast power of life and death, of health and sickness, give power and wisdom and gentleness to all chaplains, doctors, nurses and orderlies, that they may relieve and encourage those who are sick and suffering, and may be able to bring not only healing but also blessing. Hear us, O Christ, Who with the Father and the Holy Spirit livest and reignest, ever one God. Amen.

For Absent Loved Ones.

O God, our Keeper and Helper, we humbly pray Thee to watch over those who have gone forth to serve their King and Country. May Thy Fatherly care shield them, the love of Thy dear Son preserve them from all evil, and the guidance of Thy Holy Spirit keep them in the way that leadeth to Eternal Life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

God bless our gallant sailors,
Who guard our native land;
From harm and danger keep them,
By Thine Almighty Hand.
God bless our noble soldiers,
And help them as they fight;
Oh! bring them home victorious,
Saved by Thy power and might. Amen.

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