South African Church Railway Mission.

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Light for the Line.

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LETTER FROM THE HEAD.

We are glad to know that the Bishop of George’s account of his visit to South-West Africa is so interesting to such a number of our readers: it cannot fail to be instructive: with this issue it is brought up to date. He continues:—

With the waterless desert behind and the unapproachable sea before, Swakopmund gave one the idea of being a difficult place to get out of, and there is only one regular train every week. This gave us time enough and to spare, in which to walk round and about the town and tell the towers thereof. Of these the only one left is the lighthouse, a lofty and graceful fabric; the other, brought down by the Armadale Castle’s guns, is to be seen no more, though the place where it stood is marked by the concrete towers which held in place its massive stays. Most of the houses in Swakopmund are of wood and iron, ashamed of themselves in faded coats of green and yellow paint: but there are some buildings with greater pretensions to beauty. The Central Railway Station is one of these. Its pointed roofs and dormer windows remind one of Belgium or Northern Ger- many, and contrast the more strongly with the great waste of sand in which it is placed.

Swakopmund has its monument to the sailors, as Windhuk for the soldiers, who took part in the native wars. It represents two men of the Naval Brigade, who have turned to bay on a small kopje. One has fallen, and lies at his comrade’s feet, grasping in one hand his rifle, while with the other he tears open his tunic in the agony of death. Above him, facing the enemy, stands his friend, wounded, as you see by the bandage round his head, but undaunted. It is a fine piece of work, striking in its naturalness, and German in every detail of pose and workmanship. The impression it gives is not one of daring, nor warlike exultation, nor contempt of danger: it is that of patient endurance and trained obedience, even to the end. The man will not budge: he will see the thing through, of that you are convinced, and it shall be done according to the book. For the sculptor, who never saw a shot fired in anger, I should say, has made his sturdy sailorman stand to meet his foes, even in this supreme moment, with the exactness and precision he would show on the barrack-square. He grasps his rifle in the way his sergeant taught him, thumb and finger exactly placed: one knee is bent to throw the weight on the other foot, and the pose is that of the drill-book. But I must not stay longer over this memorial. I liked the Windhuk horseman better; the tragic air of the Swakopmund sailor is not inspiring, but saddening. An English resident, whose front door opens on this monument some thirty yards away, told me that it got on her nerves to see this patient, waiting figure every time she looked out of her window. I can understand that.

There are trees in Swakopmund, but not many, and they all seem to be in difficulties. I saw none but cypress, for all the world like the little trees we used to get with Noah’s Ark and the
painted animals in the days of long ago. Made in Germany, too, were they.

One evening we went to see the "movies." The audience do not sit in rows, but at small tables throughout the hall, and genial waiters bring you excellent coffee and correspondingly bad tea, if you prefer it. The drama was of the most lurid American type: the audience was much more interesting, as far as I was concerned. Ninetenths were German, people of every class of society. Here and there one saw the grey uniform of a soldier, but these were very few. It was a kind of social gathering for the inhabitants of Swakopmund, with the pictures thrown in as a sort of side-show. Everyone was very pleasant and courteous, but it was not a happy gathering. I do not like to say it was fear that haunted almost every German face, but it was certainly an uneasiness nearly akin to it, and an anxiety which would not away. The shadow was upon that assembly then; I wonder how far it has deepened since. And what must it be in Germany itself!

At last the day came for our departing. Breakfast over, our trolley of state was announced; the bentwood chairs were arranged, the luggage stowed, the outrider despatched at a hand-gallop to shift the points, and we were off, at the modest rate of four miles an hour, en route to the railway station and Walvis Bay. Madame l'Aubergiste and Fritz, immaculate as ever, bade us farewell with many salutations, and as we turned the corner I caught a glimpse of the honest fellow standing on the wooden pavement, outlined against the dark foliage of one of the Noah's Ark trees. Well, goodbye, Fritz, you were good to us; mayst thou be a decent citizen of the new Germany, seeing that a kindly Providence has delivered thee from the Schrecklichkeit of the old!

Ten minutes later we were on board our coach, and trundling down the sandy embankment towards the sea and the mouth of the Swakop River.

Walvis Bay.

The railway from Swakopmund to Walvis Bay runs along the seashore, literally within a stone's throw of the breakers: indeed, it is no uncommon thing for a high tide, coming with a westerly wind, to wash clean over the line, and as this is ballasted with sand, there is no need to describe the result. Now and then you may see the sand slipping, slipping down the low embankment from the weight of the train. Then the driver goes softly, and you bless him for it. At other places the line is held up by sandbags, and now and then it dives through the great dunes, where the persistent sands keep filtering down, taking advantage of every breeze to try to cover up man's handiwork. The length of this bit of line is only twenty-one miles, but it needs and gets careful watching day and night, and this is why accidents are rare. But the ganger's life, like that of a better known state official, is not a happy one, at any rate between Swakopmund and Walvis Bay.

Half-way, a notice board hard by a small cottage displays the legend "Rand Rifles," a queer name for a station, I thought, where no one ever stops or can possibly want to. It is a desolate place, but keeps in memory the spot where that gallant regiment lay for weary months during the campaign of 1915. For that reason alone it ought not to be forgotten, though the men of the Rifles, so I am told, need no reminder. They will never forget it, they say, and I believe them. They couldn't.

The surf, which was thundering on the beach at Swakopmund with its everyday violence when we started, became less rough as we left the town behind, till at Walvis Bay the sea was calm as a pond, and the swell so slight as to escape your notice, while the waves were breaking on the sandy beach
with a timid, childish ripple. The reason is that a great tongue of land here checks the force of the ocean, forming a big natural harbour in which fleets can ride in safety and without anxiety, except perhaps during a north-west gale. The contrast between Walvis Bay and Swakopmund in this regard is too striking to escape the notice of the most casual observer, and one cannot help being thankful to that unknown somebody, who, when we abandoned this big country to the Germans, furnished the grain of common-sense which bade us hold on to Walvis Bay. Had the millions which the Germans poured out like water at Swakopmund been spent at Walvis Bay, we South Africans would be in a less enviable position than we are. The skill and energy which in a few months transformed a quiet fishing village like Zeebrugge into an almost impregnable fortress would assuredly have made of Walvis, during the long years of peace, a naval base which would have been a constant and real menace to the Union, and a thorn in the side of the British Admiralty. You have only to look at the map to see what the effect of a submarine base at Walvis Bay would be on South African trade. At Swakopmund that was impossible.

It was 10 o'clock in the morning when we came to the little settlement of Walvis Bay. We were met by several of the residents, including Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, whose fortunate guest I was to be. The day was still and bright with sunshine, though mist still hung over Swakopmund to the northward; the placid waters shone like a polished glass; far out in the bay a ship rode motionless at her anchor. Anything more peaceful than this little oasis between the desert and the sea cannot surely in the whole wide world be found.

There are no trees at Walvis Bay, and not a blade of grass, nor any green thing. Nor are there any streets, as far as I could see. Inland, as far as the eye can reach, the big dunes rise in endless succession, a multitude of hills and valleys, of steep-browed banks and soft inclines, of sudden deserts and smooth-spread plains, all of sand, changing and shifting day by day, at the behest of their master the tyrannous south-west wind. It is a strange, wild landscape to look upon, unattractive, perhaps you think; but this is not so. At least I found myself often watching the countless shapes of the wind-driven waste with a fascinated gaze, trying to find, maybe, a semblance of order where order could not possibly be, or watching how the cool creamy yellow of the sunward surfaces blends into the warmer violet hues that shelter in the shadows of the bevelled and steeply shelving slopes. Then there is the mirage, which I saw every day while I was at Walvis Bay, so real in appearance that one found it hard to believe that the blue lagoons, the lakes and rivers that showed themselves in such alluring beauty had no existence in fact, and were simply an illusion of one's vision. And at times it was hard to distinguish between what was true and what was not. They say "Seeing is believing." Not always.

The settlement of Walvis Bay is divided into three parts, like old Gaul, that is, if you take the native location near the sand dunes, as one. Then there are the cottages belonging to the Railway Department, on the inland side, all neat and comfortable-looking buildings of recent construction. The old town is on the shore, separated from the newer part by a wide sandy square, along which lie the railway tracks. This more ancient quarter is a jumble of houses, some of wood, some of iron, new, middle-aged, and old. The latter, as is right, occupy most of the view. There is a small mission church, too, belonging to one of the German societies. I do not remember which. And I must not forget to speak of the big condensing engines, for Walvis Town,
like Luderitzbucht, depends for its water supply on the Atlantic Ocean; well, the source never fails, at any rate, even if the engines do now and then, and the water supplied is very good and drinkable, though some folks don't like it, I am told.

In the afternoon of that first day the Archdeacon and I set out through the old town towards the sea, calling on the way to interview the postmaster, Mr. Ikin, and to ask for letters which we hoped we should not get. We were courteously informed that our hopes on this occasion were realized, and to pursue—well, no, I defy anyone to pursue anything, with any hope of success, through the sandy wynds and rugged byways which the Archdeacon followed with the air of one who knew every turn (and they were many) by heart.

We made our way, then to the jetty, which won my heart on the instant. It is not a very big one, as such things go, and cannot compare in point of size with the huge structures of Swakopmund, but it seemed to me to have more of the flavour of the sea about it than any pier I know in Africa. I am not surprised that the jetty is a popular resort for the inhabitants of Walvis Bay. It has seen something of the war, too, for here were landed the men and horses and guns and stores of General Botha's invading army in the campaign of 1915. Well was it for us that Walvis Bay had been so long in British hands; without it no landing from the sea could ever have been made.

On the jetty we found that the ship we had seen in the morning was the Otteniqua, belonging to Messrs. Thesen of Kuysna, and we eagerly jumped at the chance which Captain Forbes, who seems to control most things at Walvis, offered us of going on board in the tug Everline, then lying alongside the pier. Captain Mathiessen, of the Otteniqua, welcomed us cordially, and showed us all the points of his beautiful little ship, fitted up like a miniature liner. I should like to have sailed in her had it been possible. On board I met Mr. Gott, of the Standard Bank, whom I had known years before at Laingsburg. He was now on his way to Capetown and thence to France—the goal that in these days draws all noble souls like a loadstone. I was glad to see him and to be able to wish him Godspeed.

The next morning we saw all the Churchpeople in Walvis; as usual, they hailed from all parts of South Africa. The Rev. A. B. Stumbles has charge of this part of our work. His headquarters are at Karibib, a hundred and thirty miles away, whence he goes not only to Swakopmund, but to Tsumeb, two hundred and fifty miles to the northward, and some distance, I know not how far, on the way to Windhuk. It is a fatiguing bit of work, even for a man in robust health, and I was sorry, but not overmuch surprised, to hear that the strain was too great for Mr. Stumbles' health, and that he cannot carry on much longer. His kindly presence will be greatly missed by all who know him. I sincerely trust that Archdeacon Fogarty will be able to replace him, but I fear he will find it difficult to do so, for clergy are scarce, now that every man who can be spared has gone to East Africa or overseas. But to a man keen on his work, who does not mind a certain amount of discomfort, and can find joy in an open-air and nomad life, in a gorgeous and healthy climate, the opportunity is a splendid one. He would be sure of a hearty welcome from a warm-hearted people, and the satisfaction of knowing that he was doing a really important bit of work.

In the afternoon we three went out on the lagoon, which is a kind of inner bay. There was scarcely a cap-full of wind in the whole sky, but Mr. Boshoff, our skipper, took advantage of all there was, and the little boat did very willingly all he asked of her. The water was very smooth and clear, scarcely a ripple marked its surface, which was
broken continually by shoals of mullet flashing like silver as they leaped and fell back into the water with a tinkling splash. There were rows upon rows of duikers on one of the further beaches, and a couple of flamingoes shone white in the distance, but the great flocks that are sometimes seen were away. As we returned the mirage showed us the Outensiquá suspended between sea and sky, and the buildings on shore hanging in mid-air. The soft breeze, the gliding boat, the quiet blue-grey tints of the sea, the curving lines of yellow sand, the silent glamour of the mirage, gave an impression of almost unearthly calm; Lotus-land, I thought, must be like this. I, for one, shall always look back with gladness and gratitude to that well-nigh perfect afternoon.

The Hut stands among drifted sands, pressing close up to it on the sides which face the south-west wind, as though they fain would enter the big double-leaved door; and indeed from that they are only kept, it seems, by constant use of the watchful spade. It is a long, low building, built of wood and nothing but wood, with a low-pitched roof that is not unbecoming, and is useful enough in a climate where rain is seldom seen. There is a window here and there, I believe, but the wide doors supply air and light enough, especially when the glare of the tropic sun is on land and sea, or the wind is driving the sand before it in unresting clouds. Within, the Hut was adorned as to the walls with flags of every colour and every shape, so that not a trace of woodwork anywhere might you see. I do not know who first thought of this way of decorating, but it was, in twofold sense, a brilliant idea. The contrast between the dull outside of the Hut and the many-coloured hall within made an effect, which I can’t find expression for in one word in English; our gallant Allies across the Channel would say that it was bizarre. And that is what I mean; something out-of-the-way, yet pleasing; whimsical, but altogether charming.

So now you know what the Hut looked like, inside and out, when we came to the Communion Service on Sunday morning. We had forms to sit on, and planks or mats for our feet. The Altar was spotlessly set out; the lighted candles threw a faint radiance on the British flags which draped the eastern wall. The tidings from the Western battle-front had been persistently bad for weeks! to more than one of us that day, as we knelt in that humble building, and our thoughts travelled from the Cross on the Altar to the cross on the flag, a renewed assurance came of courage and hope, in the knowledge that the cause of Christ and the cause of our country for this time at all events were one.

There were nearly thirty people present at this early service. Later in the morning I came down to speak to the children, who were just at the end of their Sunday-school lessons, which Mr. Stumbles was giving them. A very good and attentive audience they were. Then in the evening we gathered once more in the Hut, which was quite full. I see again in thought that little company of men and women and children gathered in the lighted room, on the very edge of that great, lonely land: the vast and sparkling expanse of heaven above; on the one hand the restless world-engirdling sea, on the other the desert sands, silent, waste, forlorn. It is under conditions like these, surely, that one realizes with a new force the meaning and the truth of the everlasting promise of the presence of God amidst the “two or three” gathered together in His Name.

On Monday morning I went to see the school-children in their temporary quarters, which, if not roomy, are well fitted and furnished; the playground on which the door opens, is, I suppose, the most airy and spacious in the world, for where else are to be found the children who have hundreds of
square miles of deep clean sand to do
what they like with, to say nothing of
a very liberal share of the Atlantic
Ocean? The sea appeared to be the
favourite resort when I was there, for
out of school hours you might have met
children of every age on the pier or
the beach, merry, active youngsters,
with the tan of the sun and the sand
on their cheeks. A school is always an
interesting place, and the short time I
was able to spend in this one was very
pleasant. I have the liveliest recollec-
tion of those frank, bright faces, and
the recitations I heard, and the work
I saw. Mrs. Johnson, the mistress,
should find her task a happy one, and
the looks and manners of her scholars
seem to show that she does.

Our train was not due to leave till
late in the evening, and the greater
part of the day was still before us, so
that it was good news to hear that
Captain Forbes had very kindly
arranged for a small party of us to
cross the bay in the *Eveline* to Pelican
Point. We were soon under weigh, and
out in the open waters of the bay, which
is here some five miles wide. The
Point is a narrow tongue of land, about
half-a-mile wide at the spot where we
disembarked: on the inner side the
water is as smooth as a mill-pond, but
on the outer edge the Atlantic breaks
with unbridled force. Half-way across
we stopped to look at the beacon-
light which warns the sailor who is
lucky enough to see it on this fog-
haunted coast of his whereabouts. It
is not a lighthouse, but just a mast,
some thirty feet high, with a lantern
at the top, a copy exact of the beacons
which used to guard the coasts and
estuaries of England in the days before
Winstanley and Smeaton and the
Stevensons arose to show us what a
lighthouse should be. But there is one
great and important difference between
the light at Pelican Point and those
primitive beacons of olden days. The
latter carried only an oil-burning
lamp, which could not be seen for any
distance to speak of, and needed to be
trimmed and set night after night; that
at Walvis Bay is a revolving light,
which burns acetylene gas, produced by
big cylinders at the foot of the mast,
and will keep going for months with­
out attention. It can be seen for miles
on a clear night, but is useless, of
course, like much bigger lights, when
the mists, so frequent on these coasts,
add to the perils the mariner has to
meet.

That afternoon the weather, which
had hitherto been calm and bright,
changed for the worse, and a violent
south-wester made life unbearable out-
doors. But in spite of the dust, I
was sorry to "leave this pleasant place,
where I had received such a frank wel­
come and cordial hospitality. All good
wishes to Walvis Bay and its people!
If only they have as kindly a remem­
brane of me as I of them, I shall be
well content.

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We left Walvis Bay at eight o'clock
on the night of May 13th, and travelled
the twenty-one miles to Swakopmund
in stormy darkness, with the roar of the
breaking surf rising louder the further
we went. But we came to Swakop­
mund without any untoward adventure.
Here I said goodbye to Dr. Russell, an
old Oudtshoorn friend, whom I had
met again in the Protectorate and at
first scarcely recognized in his khaki
uniform with the crimson tabs of the
Medical service. And then by the mail
train into the night and the desert on
the homeward journey. For some rea­
son or other I slept brokenly; the Ger­
man coach was uneasy on its springs:
outside the wind blew shrilly across the
waste, and one heard voices at inter­
vals repeating strange names of way­
side halting-places, which mingled with
one's fitful dreams. Nonidas, Arandis,
Karub, Usakos, weird names unlike
any on earth that I had ever heard.
But at Usakos day was breaking, and
we arise to prepare for changing trains at Karibib.

There we came soon after eight o'clock. In order that I might see all the work which the Church has in hand in the South-West Protectorate, Archdeacon Fogarty had arranged that we should make an excursion to Tsumeb and back. Tsumeb—the name is not of my choosing—is a settlement which has grown up round a big copper-mine, two hundred and fifty miles north of Karibib. It is reached by a narrow-gauge railway line, with small coaches and engines like those on the line from Port Elizabeth to Avontuur. The train was waiting, and in a few minutes we had transferred our belongings and were away in a new direction. These miniature coaches are comfortable enough, with a curious motion which I can't quite describe. If you know what it is to get on to a Basuto pony after the swinging canter of a bigger horse you will know what I mean. The brakes are worked by natives who sit on the top of the trucks or carriages; I found myself wondering how they liked their trade. After reflection I came to the conclusion that it was not an occupation that made any appeal to me personally. But it has attractions, no doubt, of which unlimited fresh air is the chief, and the opportunity to see and be seen.

This miniature train has a miniature dining saloon, in which eight people, not too big, may dine at one time. I did not dare to ask what the size of the kitchen might be. But whatever its capacity, and wherever it may be, for I never caught a glimpse of it, nothing could be more beautifully clean and bright than the cloths and other appointments of the table, and the cooking would be hard to beat. I think I ought to say this on behalf of a hard-worked staff. And yet, when I come to think of it, I would rather be the brakesman on the roof than the cook in the kitchen, of this Lilliputian train.

Behold us then, breakfast over, and the return to our carriage safely accomplished, seated on the shaded balcony, with the wide landscape open before us for miles on every side. A brilliant sun was shining, and a cool westerly breeze bending the tops of the yellow grass. At this height above the sea, nearly four thousand feet, distant objects are clearly outlined against the vivid blue of the sky, and the great Eronn'o range, with which the rail runs parallel, drew one's gaze in untiring admiration, as hour after hour revealed new forms and hues of changing beauty. Crag and cliff and pinnacle, glowing in the strong sunlight, give place to shadowed ravines and kloofs deep clothed with forest growths; and these again to steep slopes of grass, along whose skyward edge a parapet of rock, abrupt and inaccessible, closes the view; and again, where the mountain side has been torn asunder comes a glimpse of heights and chasms within these interior recesses which the white man has never yet explored. The eye is not satisfied with seeing, and the wearied gaze turns at last to the landscape closer at hand, where the plains offer a contrast not less pleasing in their quiet, open expanse of peaceful prospect. Here the wide seas of yellow grass stretch away, far as the eye can reach: the level surface is studded with dark foliaged trees; if there are hills, these are away on the horizon, dim and indistinct, except where here and there some lonely height towers above the surrounding scenery. Such a one there is near Omaruru; a solitary, beautiful mount, lifting its rocky brow hundreds of feet above the plain. It must always be a noble and attractive sight, but those who know it say that it is at sunset that it takes to itself its greatest beauty, glowing rich and strong in colour and light when darkness is already settling down on the world below. I did not see this, for it was high noon when we passed Omaruru, but I can well believe it.
So the great pageant of nature passes in this beautiful country till the night came on. We were still travelling when darkness fell. The trains do not run through the night on this line, and our day's journey ended at Otjiwarongo, which we reached at half-past eight. There is an hotel here where travellers may stay, but the little township was full of German farmers, who had come to attend a cattle-fair next day, so that we elected to sleep in the coach, especially as we were to start next morning before daylight. So we passed the night comfortably enough, and awoke at dawn to find ourselves again moving onward. All day we travelled through the same kind of scenery as before; but towards noon the distance became more broken with hills and mountains, which came into sight blue and indistinct on the horizon, taking shape more and more clearly as the day drew on. In the afternoon we came to Otavi, where the treaty of peace was signed between our forces and the Germans in 1915. The historic tree in whose shade General Botha and Colonel Franke concluded the agreement by which German South-West Africa passed into the hands of the British stands a few yards from the railway line, a mile or two beyond Otavi station, and I was able, by the kindness of Mr. Underwood, one of the railway officials, to get a photograph of it. There is no outward sign to distinguish this particular thorn tree from any other, and already there are those who doubt its identity. It would be a pity to lose sight of a spot of so great interest in the history of South Africa.

Those of my readers who live in George will be interested to know that the guard on my train that day was Mr. Walsh, who was the unwilling hero in an accident which took place when the line over the Montagu pass was under construction. A truck broke away from the crossing station now called Power, and ran away down the mountain side, gathering speed as it went, till it crashed to pieces in the construction yard near the Knysna road. Mr. Walsh was in the truck at the time and narrowly escaped with his life by jumping out at the last moment. We had a little chat over the adventure, and agreed once more in the trite remark that "the world is not such a big place after all." Otavi is, however, just 1850 miles from George. From Otavi one can see clearly the situation which our men had to face in their march to the North. The hills come down in the shape of an immense horseshoe and the railway, entering at the open end, traverses the entire length and climbs the ridge which forms the northern boundary. The Germans held the hills in force, expecting our advance through the open end, and were quite confident we should find the position a difficult one to carry. No doubt they were right, for it needs no trained eye to see that it is naturally very strong; the hills are studded with trees, covered with long grass, and strewn with boulders. But things were changed when it was found that our mounted troops had moved up the outside of the horseshoe, and that the position was turned, so that there was nothing to be done but to retire or to surrender.

As the train climbed the ridge one saw the parapets of loose stone which the Germans had put up in preparation for the battle which was not fought, and a little way behind the summit the gun emplacements of their artillery are still to be seen. As I looked at the sandy roads along which our infantry marched day after day, I realized to some extent what a vast amount of hard work they must have put into that campaign. If there was not much fighting there was plenty of hard marching, doubly and trebly hard on roads deep in sand in a dry and thirsty land, and hundreds of miles from their base of supplies. I have often heard men say that they wondered how the infantry came up to time on that long and weary
march to Otavi. I can understand their astonishment now, because I share it. After crossing Otavi ridge the country becomes much more rough and broken. It is still nearly 40 miles to Tsumeb, but the way is down-hill and the brakesmen have a busy time. The trees are larger and now more thickly set, the grass longer: the hills close in on the view. The Ovambo labourers, of whom we have a hundred or so on board, returning to their native land, cease combing their ebon locks, which like the Spartans before a fight, they have been doing even since we left Karibib, and begin to arrange their tin boxes and other baggage, which they are going to carry with them on the two hundred mile trek which lies between them and home. At last, through endless cuttings and curves the train emerges into a clearer space: there are houses, chimneys, head-gear of mines, a wireless tower above the trees. We are at Tsumeb.

There was a crowd at the station, and a good deal of bustle, for the arrival of the train is a thing to be greatly regarded when it happens on a Wednesday afternoon, and on no other day of the week whatever. Amid the chatter of divers languages and many tongues a calm voice spoke in my ear. "Good afternoon, how are you?" It was the greeting of a friend you might have met yesterday, and I turned to meet an old acquaintance in Mr. Mackenzie, the station-master, whom I had last seen in Pretoria years and years ago, when the coming of the Great War was only a blur on the horizon of the future. It was a pleasure to meet him again, but I should have liked to have seen him looking more robust. I suppose living at four thousand feet and close under the nineteenth parallel of south latitude does not suit everybody.

But it agrees very well, if outward appearance goes for anything, with Captain Poppe, the Resident Magistrate of Tsumeb, to whom I was now introduced, and whose guest I became. Good health and good temper radiated from the Captain with such a vigour that one felt oneself a wretched invalid, enfeebled and morose, beside him. He instantly made our comfort and entertainment his one and only aim for the rest of the evening, and then betook himself, as I learned afterwards, to deal with the correspondence the mail had brought, and to sit at his office desk till the small hours of the morning, for the post returned early next day. You can't forget self-effacing kindness like that, can you?

Tsumeb is not an easy place to describe. The general impression one brings away is of trees and open green-sward and houses, but the outstanding features are the great wireless mast and the Copper Mine, which is indeed the reason why Tsumeb exists. The day was declining, and we were to begin our journey back early next morning, so that I did not expect to be able to see anything of the mining works. But Captain Poppe would not permit that I should return without at least such a glance at the mine as the lingering day allowed, and presently I found myself, under his genial escort, in the office of the engineer in charge, Herr Lange, who courteously showed us as much of the operations as could be compassed in one short hour. The ore is rich in copper; its quantity is enormous. There are open workings like those at Kimberley, as well as a vertical shaft some seven hundred feet deep, if I remember aright. It was all very interesting, especially the machinery in the engine-room, which, I am told, contains the latest developments known up to 1914, but some of these are not in running order. The ore is not treated in South Africa, but goes down by rail to Walvis Bay, and thence to America. The Ovambos knew of this spot long before the white man set foot in the country, and obtained here the copper with which they made the massive anklets worn by their women. I wonder how they found it out, and how much un-
written history is bound up with the
finding.

From Tsumeb, which is the rail-head, one looks north into the wild country which stretches away to Ovamboland, two hundred miles to the north. It is full of game in ordinary seasons, and infested with Bushmen, by reason of whom the traveller must needs go warily. Many were the tales of adventure which I heard in these parts, and you could see how the fascination of the wild had hold of everybody. There is no escape from it. You can't live on the borderland of such a country, calling night and day to come and search out its secrets of adventure and romance, without feeling the spell. For myself, from no part of the whole country did I turn away with so much regret as from that alluring, forbidden land.

We said goodbye next morning to our kind host, whom I shall long remember for his unsparing efforts for our comfort. Travelling all day by the way we came the day before, we arrived at Otjiwarongo at five in the afternoon. That evening we had service in one of the rooms of the hospital, with a congregation of ten, including one lady. Then to our sleeping-quarters in the coach, to find ourselves moving again before it was fairly light. Another long day of unbroken sunshine brought us at its close to Karibib, a little weary, but more than satisfied with the things we had seen in those four days. I shall always look back with unmixed pleasure on that four days' journey, in which I met so many friends new and old, and had another glimpse of the kind of life our people have in this far-away land on the very outmost frontiers of civilization. None of us can be too thankful for the work our Church is doing here. It is a trying work, carried on under conditions of difficulty and discomfort. It has to be done in little bits, at all kinds of odd times and places, and so lacks the driving power which comes from the cohesion and the united action of organized forces. But this is made up for by the fact that it is done for love, and that the men who are giving the best years of their lives to this service have made it the chief interest in the world to them. So that the work bears fruit even now: it commands respect even from those who stand aloof from its influences; and it is a witness to the existence of the noblest ideals man has ever had put before him. And no one who knows how strong is the tendency, how subtle the temptation, to slide into the lower levels of life in these far-away places, will value at less than its worth the witness of the Church.

At Karibib I was the guest of the Resident Magistrate, Captain Wilkins, and his wife. They had only lately arrived from their last station, Rietfontein, far out towards the Kalahari, and were scarcely settled in their new quarters, but had contrived to make mine very comfortable all the same. After a cold plunge to remove the dust of the journey, and tea after that, one felt ready for the next thing, which was a Confirmation Service in the little temporary Church, which was just a wood and iron room fitted up, and very tastefully too, for Divine Service. There were two candidates, one an officer of the Constabulary, the other the wife of a ganger on the railway line, and the building was as full as it could hold. A more hearty service you could not have; the congregation were nearly all communicants, and entered into the spirit of the service with real feeling. After the service was over it was a great pleasure to have the opportunity of meeting most of the church-people in Mrs. Wilkins' hospitable home. And then to bed, to sleep the dreamless sleep of the weary.

There is a marble quarry a mile or two out from Karibib, but I had not time to visit it. To judge from the specimen I bought in the town, the coloured marbles from this quarry are very beautiful, and I was told that the
white was as good as that of Carrara, which, as everyone knows, is the best in the world. No work was being done at the Karibib quarries then, but will no doubt be begun again with the return of peace. We may still one day see the new Cathedral chancel of which we dream resplendent with South African marble, set in shining reflections of our native woods, whose rich, deep colour contrasts with and outrivals that of the colder stone. The harmonious combination of these two most beautiful materials offers a wide field for the imagination of the artist and the skill of the craftsman; and how should these be more fitly employed, more nobly employed, than in the attempt to make the House of God the enduring expression of our highest endeavour?

We left Karibib at eleven o'clock that Saturday morning, and travelled all the day through a landscape seen once before and still fresh in the morning. At many places the long grass was being harvested and stacked in bales, thousand upon thousand, at the wayside stations. But beyond this there was little sign of life. The vast circle of gold-coloured plain, flecked and streaked with the dark green foliage of grouped and scattered trees, and blurred on the horizon's edge by the purple masses of the watchful hills, seemed to rest, spell-bound, beneath the universal flood of steadfast light and broken colour. Morning drew on to afternoon, and afternoon to evening: the daylight failed by slow degrees; at Otjihavera darkness came on; and it was long past ten when the lights of Windhuk told us that yet another stage of our journey had come to its end.

It is now too late to wish you all a really "Merry Christmas" although that was our wish for you and it is our hope that it was a merry and really happy time. It is difficult to see how it could fail to be such, for in spite of our own personal sorrows and dis- appointments this Birthday of the "Prince of Peace" has been spent in an atmosphere we have not known before: for many years those who watched the doings of the world have felt uneasy, for they saw the "storm" coming; and all of us during the past four-and-a-half years have been living while the storm raged in greater fury than any had thought possible: thank God we have won: we have, by the great mercy of God, weathered the storm and the great cause of right against might, the fight for the freedom of the world, which we entered in August, 1914, has triumphed. True, the settlement has not come yet and the present is perhaps the most critical time of these years of trial, for so much depends on the settlement to be arranged that any unwise decision or want of foresight might easily rob us of that we so earnestly desire and for which such vast numbers of our bravest and best have laid down their lives—the lasting peace of the world and the end of wars—may be lost; it is a big job the King, his Ministers and those allied with them have in hand and they will need all the help we can give them by our constant prayers. But it certainly looks as if the actual fighting is over: what a "knock-out blow" it is—in our wildest dreams we never ventured to picture, let alone hope or pray for such a victory—the "wild beast" has been so beaten that he comes to eat out of the hand of the child and is ready to sign any terms, no matter what they involve. Nothing but absolute necessity could
have brought about such a state of things—the Sultan of Turkey alone of the reigning monarchs of the Central Powers retains his throne: think of the second Navy of the world coming out and giving itself up “because it was ordered to,” taking two hours and a half to pass, with guns fore and aft, into the jaws of the Navy with guns all pointing dead at them. But for the fact that they have fought such a dirty, devilish fight—no act being too foul so long as they thought it would help them to win—it would have been a pitiable sight. What about those who clamoured for our men to adopt the practices of the enemy? What joy now for those who have fought for us that they scorned such a thought, that they have fought a noble and glorious fight with clean hands! Because the cause for which we fought was so glorious; because our men fought such a clean fight; because the result has been beyond our wildest dreams we could not fail to have a Merry Christmas, to rejoice with unbounded joy, and to thank God Who has given us the victory. But it is not too late to wish you all a very happy New Year: the outlook is all for it: we need not fear to leave our destinies in the hands of those who have done so well for us in the past, under the guidance of God: we will hope and pray for a just and righteous settlement. We have heard a good deal about the Christian duty of being merciful to the enemy: too often those who talk like this quite forget that other Christian duty of being just to one’s friends: it is no part of our Christian duty to fail our friends on account of our foes: this glorious position which “our friends” have gained for us is not ours to barter away but rather to use for the glory of God and the welfare of the world. We can have an easy mind and join with Mr. Merriam when he said, “I have a profound belief in the divine Anglo-Saxon gift of stupidity.”

I have been too long on this subject already, but who could help it? You won’t blame me, will you, even if the Editor does?

It is true the while our rejoicing has been so great yet it has been very materially tempered by the Visitation which came to us in October: please God we may never need or have such a time again: and though the whole length and breadth of the country has been visited with suffering, sorrow, anxiety and death it is also true that no section of the community has been so afflicted as our “Friends along the Line”: to them especially it came with its heaviest hand and to one and all we offer our sincerest sympathy: for those who remain we thank God, while for those who have been taken we pray that they may be granted a merciful judgment and, meanwhile, that they may rest in peace. How widespread was the journey of the “Angel of Death” is seen from the fact that of the five Priests of our Church who were called to their rest one each worked at the following places: at Capetown, Riversdale, Windhuk, Bulawayo and Indwe (Mr,
Thurlow, who for some years was a member of the Mission Staff.) Yet in the midst of all this sorrow what a glorious sight it was to see the manifestations of love, without limit, on almost every hand: who could have thought it possible four months ago that right through the country without a thought of personal danger, without thought of race, creed or colour the whole community would be so united? The one thought of those who were whole was for those who were suffering. Who can say that, in spite of everything, right down—and it is very deep down sometimes—at the bottom the heart of our people is right and that the true Spirit of God is there? But you have to pay for most things in this world and the more valuable the thing the greater the price: the greatest thing in this world is love and for love you have at all times to pay the greatest price. And what a price it has been to us of the Mission—two of the best Workers we ever had have been called away—Agnes Burt and Ralph Southey Seacome. For them we do not grieve: they spent their lives for others and now they have given them for others. With this issue we publish short—all too short—appreciations of them, together with a most kind letter received from the Rhodesia Railway Administration. They were the first of our actual Workers to be called away: how ill we can spare them, yet it may be they are now able to do more for us than ever before, and if so, we are quite sure they are doing it. To those near and dear to them we offer our sincerest sympathy, and pray that in God's good time their deep, deep wounds may be healed, and that in the meantime they may have grace and strength to think more of those they have for the time being lost and less of their own personal sorrow. I wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who were kind to either of them or helped them in their work for us and especially those who ministered to or cared for them at the last: I should like to acknowledge the kind act of the Rhodesia Railways Administration in claiming the right and privilege of paying Mr. Seacome's funeral expenses—a great testimony to his life and death. Of them it may be said—their lives might be misunderstood, but their deaths were absolutely "fool proof." A general wish has been expressed that a public memorial should be raised to each of them, and this is being done. Contributions may be forwarded to me and will me gratefully acknowledged. We shall miss them sadly and find it most difficult to find others able to fill the gaps their going has made: may I ask your prayers that God will raise up new workers for us in His own good time?

Mr. Winnington-Ingram, who, without any consideration for himself or his own wishes, has long outstayed the time he originally undertook to work with us, finds that he can go on no longer without a rest and complete change: only those who have lived the life have any idea of the physical, mental and spiritual strain of the work; I feel sure
he is right in his decision, much as I regret to lose him—if only for a while; I say this for he has very kindly promised to come out to us again, if possible, if we are unable to obtain other help to carry on the work in the North. He has most kindly promised to do what he can to obtain help for us while he is in the Old Country.

As you will readily understand all these events leave us in a bit of a hole; it is impossible for those of us who remain to do more than a certain amount, but it is often possible for us to arrange to do things if only we are informed of their need. I should therefore be most grateful to any of you if at any time there is anything I can do or arrange to be done for you, if you would kindly let me know: meanwhile, I know you will understand that we are doing all we possibly can to obtain fresh helpers to minister to you. This will take time. We hope it may not be long now before we have Mr. Rossborough with us again, having finished his work of mercy on the Hospital Ship. What things he will have to tell us.

In the appeal for contributions towards buying toys issued last quarter it unfortunately, owing to a misunderstanding, was not made clear that the toys were only for the isolated children living in South-West Africa—this has been our rule since the war began. I wish to express my thanks to those who responded to the appeal—the toys have been bought, paid for, sent on and nearly all given out to the children to cheer them and so let them know they are not forgotten. I should specially like to thank a lady—who desires not to have her name published—for very great help in this matter.

R. THORNELY JONES.

IN MEMORIAM.

In Miss Agnes Burt South Africa has lost one of its noblest women. Her whole life was lived in the service of others and it was for their sake she laid it down. One of the first to devote herself to combating the influenza-plague at the No. 1 Hospital in the Location at Grahamstown, she held on until the illness itself had gained such a hold on her that there was small chance of her recovery, and she passed away after a brave fight for life at the Albany General Hospital at 7.30 on Thursday morning, October 24th.

It is impossible to estimate all that we have lost. Educated at Cheltenham (in the midst of a very full and busy life later on she took the Cape B.A. degree), she brought to South Africa the best that England has to offer not only in the way of education, but also in traditions of the past and ideals for the future. And these traditions and ideals she has never ceased to uphold. With a fearless spirit and a high courage, no difficulties daunted her, no prejudice held her back, no weariness or impatience ever slackened her effort. It was enough that there was a work to be done or a high cause to champion, all her energy and thought and methodical care were bent to the great end. Her work as Principal of the D.S.G. and member of the School Board is well known. "When I was elected to the School Board," she once said to the writer, "of course I read up all the parliamentary documents to know how we stood." It was characteristic of her to get down to the bedrock at once. And her interest in education was a very real thing that ex-
tended far beyond the walls of a school. It was her desire to widen the outlook of boys and girls and to improve their training that led to the establishment of the Juvenile Advisory Committee of the Social Welfare League, and on this committee she was the prime mover and worker. To quicken intellectual thought in the country she edited for some time *The South African Review*, a periodical which certainly ranked high in comparison with other efforts of this kind. With the same object, together with that of the cause of true religion and sound learning, she ran the S.P.C.K. depot, which stands without a rival in this country in the high character of the publications and pictures to be bought there and in the judgment and enterprise shown in their choice. During her absence in England to do war work it was found that the venture was a source of expense and not of profit, but she cared little about that if only it might be of service. Having reached the age of 57 years she might reasonably have looked for an easier life with time and leisure for herself, but she scorned delights and lived laborious days as a worker for the South African Church Railway Mission, one of the most arduous of missionary labours. But she never spoke of the weariness and discomfort, only of her hope in the work. And this hopefulness and eager looking forward was the keynote of her life. Almost from the earliest days of the Mission she took the keenest interest in its doings and was ever ready in an unofficial way to place her gifts at our disposal. For several years she edited *Light for the Line* and other publications for us. The last number was not issued when she was called away, and it is interesting to see the very last words she wrote for us there; they are so characteristic: "So gratitude and hope must be added to our prayers. Thanks be to God Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." In her last long talk with the writer just before the thing of terror came upon us, she spoke with a trumpet-ring in her voice of our right to pray for victory in this most righteous war. Penitence and humiliation, yes, but prayers for victory too because with her experience of England lately she well knew that the conscience of the whole nation had been roused and that the heart of the people was set in the right way. It roused her passionate indignation to think that this should be doubted. "Look," she said, "at all the work in this very city that has been done for others since the war, Women's Employment Bureau, Labour Bureau, Child Life Society, and all the rest of it." Her faith and hope have been more than justified by the yet more noble self-sacrifice we see around us today in those who are risking life and health to fight this plague. And for herself "the long self-sacrifice of life is o'er," and we are left with the inspiring example of her most noble and unselfish life, free from all pettiness and meanness, ever ready with sympathy and help, keeping, with the common sense of a wide experience and the mellow judgment of her years, the enthusiasm and the spirit of a heart that could never grow old, because as with the Hebrew prophet her hope was in the Everlasting.

Surely the Church Railway Mission never had a Priest on its Staff who gave himself more wholeheartedly to his job than the Rev. Ralph Southey Seacome. After graduating at Oxford and taking a Theological course at Cuddesdon he went to Portsea Parish Church and worked there for four years when, in 1916, he came out to this country. At Oxford he represented his university at running and swimming, and the struggle on land and in the water prepared him in endurance for the hard life he afterwards lived: his first year especially, in a new climate and high altitude was an eye-opener to all who met or heard of him! It was only after
great pressure was brought to bear on him that he saw the real necessity for some restraint on his energies if he had hopes of finishing his time with us, which would have ended in February, 1919. He looked forward when he had fulfilled his engagement to the Mission to obtaining a chaplaincy overseas.

When Mr. Seacome first joined the staff he was responsible for the work on the line from Francistown to Victoria Falls (407 miles); latterly his section was Bulawayo to Victoria Falls, with the West Nicholson Line and Raylton.

His own accounts in Light for the Line from time to time of his work along the line gave little indication of the real hard work he endured as a good soldier of Christ. Those who know the country will readily understand, that to visit to the extent so casually noted in his letters meant that of necessity he was often without proper food or rest and sleep. The continual strain of constant travelling (generally in uncomfortable circumstances), and periodical attacks of fever, made demands upon his strength that weakened any resistance to illness. True to his ideals, the epidemic found him busy at the Railway Lazaretto; the nursing, however, proved too much for him and he contracted the disease, which soon developed into the pneumonic form, and after a short illness he died at the Drill Hall hospital at Bulawayo on the morning of November 2nd. Full of life and keenness, with untiring energy he lived and worked for nearly three years as few men could have done; he was out for the souls of men, and the everyday well-being and happiness of those committed to his care. With no thought for himself, he was for ever at it: the interest of others or of the Mission, these were the things for which he lived and died.

He will be missed and mourned by many. His cheery optimism in difficulties, his disregard of any personal considerations where there was any opportunity to help anyone in any way, his manly life and character, endeared him to numberless friends in all sections of the community. The following letter from the Acting General Manager of the Rhodesian Railways speaks for his friends "along the Line."

The Beira and Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railways.

General Manager’s Office,
Bulawayo, Rhodesia,
2nd November, 1918.

The Rev. Canon Thornely Jones,
Railway Mission Headquarters,
Grahamstown, C.P.

Reverend Sir,

The Administration has learnt with exceeding regret of the death of the Reverend Ralph Seacome this morning at the Drill Hall, Bulawayo.

On behalf of the Administration and the employees of these Railways, I desire to express to you, and through you to the deceased’s relatives and colleagues, our deep sympathy.

As a worker of the Church amongst our employees scattered throughout the Railways, the Administration has itself observed, and has also had brought to its notice, the care and keenness with which the Rev. R. Seacome carried out his duties, often under great difficulties but always in a cheerful manner.

I would further like to place on record the fact that on the outbreak of the Influenza Epidemic which has visited this Territory, the deceased immediately volunteered for work amongst our natives, and his services undoubtedly contributed to the saving of many lives. His familiar figure will be greatly missed, and it will indeed be a difficult task to replace him.

Believe me, Reverend Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) Geo. R. Holgate,
Acting General Manager.
H.M. Hospital Ship Wandilla,  
At Sea,  
July 19th, 1918.

My dear Head,

You will have had my last letter—a brief one—mentioning about my having been posted to this ship. Our first voyage was to Egypt, and on the way there we disembarked Portuguese wounded at ——. We then called at —— taking the Spanish Commissioner on board. A day or two later we encountered a German submarine which, after a little quite unnecessary shelling at long range and fortunately without doing any damage, came alongside, boarded and searched us. Finding all the Mediterranean conditions complied with however they allowed us to go. If we had met the Hun anywhere else it is probable that he would have sent us to the bottom as has happened in the case of so many hospital ships. When in the danger zones outside the Mediterranean we are instructed to sleep in our clothes as it is at night that most of the hospital ships have been torpedoed. They of course form a specially good target, being brilliantly lit up with rows of green lights and a big red cross flaring out on the boat deck. Though intended as a safeguard to prevent attack these lights have been their undoing again and again. Quite a number have been torpedoed without warning and in some cases have hardly remained ten minutes above water after being struck. The whole thing is a brutal business when one remembers the large number of absolutely helpless cot cases on board.

After —— we touched at —— staying there about three days. As we were allowed ashore I managed to see something of the place including the bay in which S. Paul was wrecked. We then went on to ——, embarked wounded from Palestine, Mesopotamia, etc., there and returned home about the middle of last month. After knocking about with wounded between various home ports we started on our present trip, again bound for Eastern waters, and as I write we are nearing our destination. With luck we ought to be in England again by the early part of next month. I like the work and it gives one endless opportunities of doing one's real job—far more so indeed than under many other conditions of Army life. How long I shall remain on this work of course I don't know, it all depends on orders.

If you are in the Transvaal, kindest regards to all my friends!

Ever yours sincerely,

V. Rossborough.

GRAHAMSTOWN
DIOCESE.

NAAUWPOORT.

These notes come at the end of an eventful quarter, and a year full of great happenings, a year of trouble and disappointment and victory. The influenza attacked about 95 per cent. of our people and we lost by death from the camp alone 23 Europeans and 65 others. The saddest days were at the beginning before we realised that people could die after a few days' illness. Fortunately Dr. Jones kept well although terribly overworked, and Nurse Deeks, who happened to be here for a case, was able to take charge of the temporary hospital in the Girls' Hostel. Farmers round about sent in milk and fruit for the sick. The teachers gave great help in nursing and cooking until they too fell victims, with the exception of Miss Masson, who did most of the cooking. It was useless to look for servants. Nearly everyone helped nobly, and if it were not for the losses by death one would not regret the coming of the epidemic on account of the opportunities for service and self-sacrifice it brought with it, opportunities seized so bravely and fearlessly. We lost Mr. Dean, one of our sides-
men, who was taken to East London for burial, and I held funeral services for Mrs. Westpfuhl of 77 Cottage, the infant daughter of Mr. C. J. Deacon, and also Mrs. Baird; the remaining Europeans who died belonged to other religious bodies. Miss Burt's death is a great blow to us all and we miss her continually. Her cheerfulness without effort was always delightful. If her swans sometimes turned out to be geese, it is pleasant and encouraging, if one's neck is a trifle short, to be taken for the nobler bird.

Church Services had to be dropped for two Sundays and were restarted for a couple of weeks at 10.30 and 4.45. Collections and subscriptions dropped off a bit, and one feels that that ought not to be, not merely on account of loss of funds, but because when one remembers the sad little parties of two or three following a funeral trolley one ought to be grateful for preservation or recovery, thankful for ability to work for those dear to us and dependent on us. One would expect thank-offerings.

Services are going on again as usual, although we still miss two of our sidesmen absent on sick leave, Mr. Ehrich and Mr. Hammer. We are losing, to our great regret, the services of Miss Siegfried Salvesen from the Sunday School. We take the opportunity to thank her for her help in teaching and in the care of the altar and to express the hope she will be happy in her new home. We hope Mrs. Scott will fill the vacancy. We still want teachers. Miss Masson, who, with Mrs. Odoire, was always ready to help in an emergency or when I was absent, is, I'm sorry to say, also leaving Naauwpoort.

The signing of the armistice was celebrated by a torchlight procession, an open-air Service, a public meeting with the passing of loyal resolutions, and a bonfire. I was at Cookhouse and unable to be present at the Service, but our prayers were read by Mr. Odoire and addresses were given by Mr. Sorrie and the D.B.C. Minister.

At Cookhouse our Services have been fairly well attended. On my October visit I got home after three days' absence to find that five European adults had died, although not seriously ill, apparently, when I left. The Native Evensong was held in the open air. Thirteen of the Native congregation died, and the Principal of the Mission School has had to resign on account of his health. November was a happier visit as on the Monday, armistice day, I was able to hold Service in the evening on the platform. The station was gaily decorated and everyone seemed to be there. At the smoking concert in the hotel under the chairmanship of the S.M., Mr. Martin, one couldn't help wishing that all the musical talent might be diverted to St. Paul the Traveller on the second Sunday of the month. Mr. Read of Riverside Farm died of the influenza: both he and his wife used to drive in for the early Services. It is a great loss, because it is the communicants who really count and give one a feeling of support and strength. We can only express our sympathy with Mrs. Read and her seven young children, as with others who are bereaved, and pray that they may be comforted of God.

On Monday, Nov. 18, I left in the coach for an eleven days' round and I was able to hold Services at places where I had been unable to go before. At RIET we had Evensong in Mr. Williams' house with a congregation of ten, and Holy Communion the next morning in the Coach. At TAALBOSCH Evensong in the waiting-room, but owing to influenza no Holy Communion. On Wednesday Evensong at HANOVER ROAD in English, with a congregation of 23, and quite good singing, followed at 9 o'clock by Evensong in the Native waiting-room with 13 baptisms. There were six communicants the next morning at the English Service. On Saturday, in a storm of
hail and rain, with thunder and lightning, we had Evensong at CYPHERGAT. The weather was so bad I would have postponed Service if there had been a way of doing it, but we had 20 present and the children seemed to enjoy walking barefoot in the water furrows. That was probably the better way to take it and not to bother about trying to follow a lantern and avoid the sluit. We had a nice congregation on Sunday morning, and then, after rather a hurried midday meal to which Mr. Hogg, the S.M., had hospitably invited us, we went on to STORMBERG for Evensong and Holy Communion the next morning. The Stormberg School always looks well as a Church, and we had fair congregations, but we had no organist and there seemed a difference of opinion as to which tune we were singing in one or two of the hymns. At STEYNSBURG I arrived on Tuesday at 11 in the morning, without any notice, to do anything I could in the absence of Mr. Milburn Wright at the front. No Service had been held since August, although I had offered to go, but fortunately the wife of one of the churchwardens had been inwardly moved to clean up the Church that morning so everything was ready for someone to come along and take Service. A few notices were sent out and we had Evensong with a congregation of 39, and 11 at Holy Communion the next morning. The churchwardens kindly gave the collections to the S.A. C.R.M. I hope to go there again on the Sunday after Christmas. On Wednesday we had Evensong and Sermon at THEBUS with not many people on account of influenza and uncertainty as to whether we could have Service or not, but it was quite a pleasant Service with which to end the round. We got home the next day, after experiencing almost frosty nights, and days which melted the candles, wondering why there are so many corners to things in the Coach and why they are so sharp, but very much appreciating the Coach as a means of getting about and holding Services.

I was at NORVAL'S PONT on the fifth Sunday in September. Service was held for the Natives on Saturday and two Services on Sunday. There were three English Services, but with few people to come to them. Mrs. Lovegrove was able to hand to me £2 2s. collected for the Sustentation Fund. On the way home I had Matins at ACHTERTANG.

E. T. WILLMOTT.

DIOCESE OF KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.

Palapye Road, B.P.,
December 13th, 1918.

My dear friends,

There has been a mixture of joy and sorrow during this last quarter—peace and the epidemic.

Peace. It is hard to describe the sensation in the atmosphere when we heard that hostilities had ceased. It felt as if a great cloud of oppression had lifted and we could breathe freely once more. We all said "thank goodness," by which we meant "Thank God," for God is goodness, and goodness cannot be thought of apart from Him Who is the very embodiment of it, from Whom all goodness comes. At several places in the neighbourhood of Armistice-day we tried to express our gratitude to Almighty God in services of thanksgiving. We couldn't sing the "Te Deum" but we said it, and I think we meant it. "We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord." But our fullest expression of thanksgiving could only be in the service of the Lord's own appointment, so a few of us gathered here and there and offered our sacrifice of praise around the Altar. The word "Eucharist" which you often hear applied to that
service actually means “the thanksgiving.” (Eucharistein in Greek means “to give thanks.”) It is the thanksgiving service for that one supreme blessing, Redemption by the Cross, in which all other blessings are comprehended, for the greater must include the less.

Now we talk a good deal about “the better world” which we hope to see after the recovery of peace. We talk of “reconstruction.” That word is in every article you read almost these days—“the regeneration of society” and suchlike expressions abound. But these are all such big ideas; in fact, we have been forced into “thinking big” these days when empires have been toppling about like nine-pins, and millions of men been killed, and billions of pounds spent. Now just be careful of this big thinking. It’s in danger of being unpractical, and getting no further than talk. Let me remember that if I want a better world, I must try and be a better man. That’s my first job. If I am looking for “reconstruction,” let me begin at home and see about reconstructing my own house on firmer foundations of goodness and truth. And if I want “the regeneration of society” I haven’t far to look for my little share towards that goal. It’s to get a bit more regenerate myself. So we can all do something, and our big ideas and huge hopes of a better world won’t end in smoke, if we let them begin to work on ourselves.

The Epidemic. “The biggest curse that South Africa has ever seen,” some no doubt would say. And yet I heard one of the best and most charitable men I have ever met say it was the biggest blessing South Africa ever had! It was both—a chastisement (curse is hardly a good word) and a blessing. Doubtless it was a chastisement for worldliness, disregard of God, selfishness and suchlike things. But accepted as a chastisement it became a blessing, making us think less of this world, more of God, and more of other people. I was chaplain of the Belgrave Hospital in Kimberley for a few days before lying down under a mild attack, and in the midst of all that death, you couldn’t help feeling what a fleeting and shadowy thing this world is, and that there is only one thing that really counts, and that is God, one matter of real concern, and that is the eternal part of us which physical death cannot touch, the immortal soul of man. So if all that terrible experience of October has led us a little higher in our thoughts, it’s not a wasted experience. And what rich graces of charity flowed out of that dark time! It was just marvellous the way people worked for each other and forgot themselves. Several cases have come to my knowledge along the line, and there must be hundreds more, of persons who were enemies in days of health and became friends in the time of need. When your next door neighbour comes in to you when you’re dying and saves your life, it makes you inclined to be friends with that person, and past bickerings are forgotten, drowned in the ocean of charity. Yes, indeed, it was one of the biggest blessings South Africa ever had. And the Railway Mission can say that too, in spite of having lost (in this world) one of its finest workers, Ralph Seacome, priest and missioner in S. Rhodesia. He, like many another, gave his life in this world, counted it not dear unto himself, but gave it for others and found it, according to the promise of his Master. “Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospels, the same shall save it.” He was right up to the bitter end, or rather the sweet end, a slave of Jesus. He never seemed to be satisfied with being a servant. We used to laugh at dear old Seacome the way he travelled up and down the line, strewing the path with his belongings as he went, here a bed, there a tooth-brush, here a bike, there a bundle of rugs. We used to wonder how he existed with that wonderful memory!
But perhaps we see more clearly now what it all meant. He forgot the little things, things which concerned his own comfort, because he remembered so well the big things. He never forgot who he was, a priest of God; he never forgot what his work was, to minister to the souls of which he had charge. He would have left himself behind often, but he didn't do that, because he was essential to his ministry, so he arrived though sometimes rather destitute of belongings. Of your charity pray for his soul whether you knew him or not, and for his bereaved mother in England, please. The last time I saw him was in September at our priests' retreat at Penhalonga, where our Lord was teaching us how to do our sacred work better, and preparing him for his sudden promotion, though we knew it not at the time.

Work on the Section. "Business as usual." That just sums it up. The Bishop is here with me now at Palapye Road. We had a Confirmation last night in the open air on the platform. In the middle of it we had to migrate into a more sheltered spot, as the wind rose so high, but we refused to be driven indoors. A page of the Bishop's prayer-book was carried away on the gale half way to Mahalapye (exaggerated), but was rescued by a gallant lady of the congregation. The Bishop has held three Confirmations for me on this trip, Vryburg, Gaberones and here, and we are very grateful to him for the inspiration he brings wherever he goes.

Next month I hope to be holidaying at the sea, but I promise I will not forget you; my sympathy at such a time goes out especially to those who can't manage to get away.

May the New Year bring you all untold blessing and happiness and health from God Himself.

Your sincere friend,

ARTHUR C. HOBSON.

S.W. AFRICA.

Windhuk, S.W.A.,
December 10th, 1918.

My dear readers in S.W.,

I hope this letter will reach you not too late in January to wish you every happiness in the new year with the hope that 1919 may have many blessings in store for us, and amongst them a Peace which will be a just and lasting settlement and a strong barrier against war in the future. We have been passing through strange times, and I would wish to send a message of sympathy to all those along the Line who have lost dear friends and relations in the epidemic, and to say that I can now enter more fully than ever into their feelings when left without medical attention in time of sickness. For I had a mild dose of it myself at a siding for about three days, and it was not calculated to encourage one when the doctor flashed past on a motor-trolley without stopping. So I can sympathise with those along the line who had a severer turn than I did, and still had to do without medicine or skilled nursing. But we don't want to hark back to the dark days and to dwell upon the distressing incidents, but rather to look to the future. Why were we spared? Chance does not rule this world. There is a purpose of God working itself out at all times. God in His Love takes one and leaves another. There is as much love in the taking as there is in the leaving. Two priests well known to me, one devoted woman, of whom you will read in this magazine, a loving daughter, two little ones, have been taken. I mention those that have come specially home to me. How mysterious a choice! Devotion and Innocence, and alas! carelessness and self-indulgence in some of those who have passed from us. And we who remain must not only thank our Creator and Preserver in private and public prayer, but we must show our thankfulness in some definite
way, by undertaking some special work to which God will call us (how many gaps there are to fill!) and by attacking our besetting sin with new vigour. What an opportunity for practical thanksgiving, to arise with God’s strength and cast off the works of darkness, to shatter the chains of the drink habit, to destroy the habit of sloth, to exchange uncleanness of thought for purity, selfishness for generous kindness, angry temper for gentleness of spirit. This would be a real “thank you” to God.

I saw something of influenza patients at KANUS, KILO 107, KLEINKARAS, GAWACHAB, WASSER, FELDSCHUHORN and KUIBIS. When I reached KEETMANSHOOP I found that the worst was over, and all credit must be given to those who organised the work of helping at the outbreak, both for white and black. It was a grief to me to find that AITS and LUDERITZBUCHT had been entirely without a minister at the height of the epidemic, but the deaths and sickness amongst the handful of chaplains in S.W. had only to be mentioned to be generously accepted as an explanation in full.

And on the top of all the trouble came the news of the armistice. The internal collapse of Germany so long expected and so long delayed surprised us all with its dramatic suddenness. KUIBIS is a small place, but we certainly celebrated the event with greater zest than WINDHUK with its policy of “don’t hurt the poor Germans’ feelings” (did you ever succeed in hurts a pig’s feelings by saying “We’ve skoffed nearly all your uncles and brothers”? I found myself on the top of a hill collecting small trees, dead and alive, and singing “Rule, Britannia,” and “God save the King” before a splendid bonfire with some sixteen children and a few grown-ups, while the Germans, feigning incredulity, hid their diminished heads in a kloof. It was also a pleasure to be present, as official photographer, at the ceremonials “march past” at AUS by a sadly reduced, yet still vigorous and smart, contingent of the Protectorate Garrison Regiment. I held special thanksgiving services at AUS, LUDERITZBUCHT and BETHANIE, in which some small way we tried to voice our thankfulness for God’s intervening hand in this war.

I have to thank several readers for responding to my appeal for Christmas toys to the amount of over £4 already. I hope to undertake the task of distribution at the end of January. My leave prevents my doing it earlier.

There are a good many subscriptions for the Magazine outstanding and in these strenuous times I have let the job of reminding people have the go-by. Don’t let your nearest postmaster have any peace till he sends you that all-important 2/6 postal order.

Your sincere friend,

EVERARD ESDAILE.

N. RHODESIA AND THE CONGO.

This quarter has seen events, of great joy and of great sorrow, in the history of the world, of South Africa, and of the S.A. Church Railway Mission. We are rejoicing with the rest of the civilised world in the conclusion of the war, and the utter collapse of Germany. In conjunction with many others we are mourning the loss of many a valued life, caused by the terrible influenza epidemic, and to us on the Railway Mission, and to me especially as his “half-section,” the death of Mr. Seacome has been a tremendous blow. It is impossible to say more here beyond recording our sorrow, and our deep sympathy with his relatives: there are other ways in which this can be more fully and suitably shown. I am also sure that our readers in N. Rhodesia would wish me to extend their deep
sympathy to the relatives of all those who have passed away at Broken Hill and other places: particularly to the widow of the late Mr. Dunn, and the relatives of Mr. Thompson, of Sahania, and Mr. David Carr, two of our best young Railway men. Here again, it is impossible to speak of all whom we should like to mention.

The epidemic of course disorganised our work greatly, and for some time there were no trains but the mails; consequently there will be little to report except in connection with this great crisis.

At BROKEN HILL, the Bishop came up for the Laying of the Foundation Stone of the new Church of St. George on September 23rd. Owing to various unfortunate causes, the time chosen was not very suitable; and quite a number who wished to be there could not attend. The stone was laid by Mr. E. A. Copeman, and everything went off well and as impressively as could be wished. After this, we were kept waiting nearly a month for materials before the building could proceed: which brought the rains very close. And then, just as things were progressing nicely, came the 'flu, and everything was stopped for a fortnight! The history of the Broken Hill Church is that of unbroken bad luck: perhaps it will be made up to us later in some other way!

The present position is, the building is practically finished except for thatching, flooring and interior details. It has been well built by Mr. Smith and Mr. Bush, and I think surprise people by the beauty of its interior when complete, small thought it is. Two great troubles have now arisen: first, the thatcher reports insufficient grass, which at a time like this is nothing short of disastrous; secondly, the cost of the building has turned out a good deal more than we expected, and we shall need another £300 before we can be safe financially: leaving out the question of the house altogether. So now we must see what Broken Hill will do, when a general appeal is made. Certain sums amounting to £100 have been given for furniture for the interior, and a certain proportion of other donations were intended for the house. The net result is, as I say, that £300 added to our funds would just about pay for the fabric, and allow these other sums to be devoted to their proper purpose.

The epidemic hit Broken Hill very hard: 75 per cent. of the population suffered, and there were ten European deaths. Those who were well did very noble and Christian work assisting the sick in every possible way. I spent a week here when things were at their worst, and when I was obliged to go elsewhere, it was very fortunate that Mr. Hewett, of the U.M.C.A., was able, through being detained by sick carriers, to be of great help and comfort to people.

When the armistice was declared, a week later, he was able to hold a Thanksgiving Service for the people, which was much appreciated and largely attended. Never did good news come at a more opportune time. The news found me, unhappily, on my way to meet Canon Jones at Bulawayo, both of us being brought there by Mr. Seacombe's sad end.

Lower down the Line, the disease was less prevalent, though serious enough. LUSAKA had many cases, but very few fatal. My visit to Bulawayo prevented my going there last month: two months before, the usual services were held, but numbers seem to rule rather small just now. We shall be sorry to lose Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Coote, if they have to leave: they have always shown great hospitality to visiting clergy.

In the MAZABUKA and KAFUE districts, most people were able to be inoculated in time, though the native mortality and labour shortage have been most serious. The one death at Mazabuka was particularly sad: the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, for
whom great sympathy is felt. By a special leading of God, I believe, I got out at the station that morning, and just chanced to hear the news miles out on a farm road, enabling me to get there in time for the funeral. Services have been held for the small congregations in both these places.

I was very glad to be able to hold Service in PEMBA once again, this time at Mr. Goldhawk’s house, when we had most of the population present. It was more like the old days of Mr. and Mrs. Thorne!

Since our last “gala” day at KALOMO (see last quarter’s magazine), the thermometer has dropped considerably: so many of our church-going community have left, and when I was there last, there was a lot of sickness as well. I had to abandon all hopes of holding Service. We are all very sorry for Mrs. Hindle in the crushing blow of the loss of her only surviving daughter at Choma: and cannot but admire the patient bravery with which she has borne it. I am glad to say one of our recent Confirmation candidates, Mr. Penney, recovered safely, after being quite seriously ill. We all miss Mr. and Mrs. Goslin very much.

I must close with a few words about the Congo, which I have only been able to visit once, owing to stringent quarantine regulations being in force, when my November turn came round. In October I am very glad that I was able to get right up to KAMBOYE and LIKASI, as it may be my last opportunity.

At KAMBOYE, Mr. Roylanee and Mr. Mockford put me up in their new house, and I had a very pleasant time. The Evening Service was a great success, quite a number turning out; and I managed to have a Celebration too. I bicycled over to LIKASI, but was unable to do more than visit, here and at Pauling’s depot: no Service was possible owing to great distances and small numbers. Another year will see a great difference. Mr. Yale was very kind in putting me up at Likasi: and Mr. Deane the next night. I had quite the most awful experience of C.F.K. goods train travelling on my way down, but lack of space and feebleness of vocabulary alike make it impossible for me to describe it.

My week-end at ELISABETHVILLE was rendered bright by a most marked improvement in the attendance at Church, which was very encouraging. More than this, we ventured on another Evening Service at Lubumbashi, this time in the new Club, and the venture was crowned with amazing success, a packed room of 35! Our thanks are due to Mr. Johnson and various ladies for helping to start the thing again. One of them, poor Mrs. Erasmus, has since been taken from us. It will be hard to go back to these places and miss so many old friends. The death of Capt. Williams will quite cast a gloom over the British community. Mr. Denton Thompson and many others are to be congratulated on their recovery.

Financially, I hope we shall be able to come out on the right side at the end of the year.

I have leaped over too big a gap, and omitted any reference to BWANA MKUBWA and NDOLA: and I should not like to do that, as I happen to have a very warm corner for them! I am glad to say that here the influenza has left little or no trace of itself: all thank God, have got through it safely.

We finished up our year’s Services at Bwana Mkubwa with a Thanksgiving for Peace, which was a most creditable gathering, considering the depleted nature of the population. The Bentleys have left, and Mr. Wylie has now taken charge. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence have returned, and we are glad to see him looking so well after what he has been through. I seem to divide my time between them and my friends at the station, as to which can spoil me the most!
The Cholmeley Christenings at Ndola are really becoming quite famous! Each time the decorations look more sumptuous than the last, and the baby more beautiful and well-behaved, if it were possible! I must put in that saving clause! This was the last Service that I held at Ndola, and most of the people were present. Previous to this, there has been some difficulty in maintaining the usual Sunday morning Service, for various reasons.

It only remains for me to say what may be goodbye to the Section. I am reluctant to do so, partly because the delay in getting home may be so serious as to necessitate my coming back for a time: partly because I feel I must come back if my successor is not able to come out within a reasonable period. In any case I should always be reluctant to say goodbye to many who have been my good friends and helpers. It may seem strange to some that I should go now, before my relief comes, when I have hung on so long waiting for it: but it must always be borne in mind that there is a limit to endurance: and the time may come when it is good and necessary, on both sides, for a change. Moreover, for men like ourselves, most of whose family are still in the Old Country, an interval of five years often brings about changes and conditions which make it essential to return, if only for a time. And it is on these grounds that I have made up my mind, with the entire approval of Canon Jones, I think, to leave the section vacant. And there are other strong reasons which I need not go into here.

It will probably happen—it must happen—that I shall miss saying goodbye to some whom I would not have missed if I could have helped it. I must take this means of saying to them, and all, if this really is the end of my work with you: Farewell, and God be with you.

E. F. Winnington-Ingram.
December, 1918.

**DioceSe of Bloemfontein.**

Only two months ago I was preparing for the Head’s visit and arranging Services at all the little stations. And then the flu came and everything was at a standstill. The Confirmation at Kroonstad was on the first Sunday in October and three of my candidates were there, one of them staying with me on the Coach. Immediately after news of the epidemic became serious. The week before I had been as far as Donkerpoort; it must have broken out there just after my visit. By the next Sunday I knew that it was useless to try to keep on with my usual work; the Dutch Church at Brandfort was closed and no one wished to send children to my classes, fearing infection. So I went back to Bloemfontein and volunteered to help in the Railway Camp. I was there for a week, then as things slackened off decided I might be of more use up the Line. Shannon Valley was selected as needing much assistance, but while packing to start my destination was changed and I was sent to Karreau, where the Ottys were both ill. A week saw them recovered and I was again sent off, this time to Lindley Road, and on my way back stopped a day at Wonderkop. That was the end of my nursing. I have only written of it that my friends may know what I was doing and why I did not come to help them in any particular place. It was impossible for me to find out where help was needed. Mr. Cavell decided for me and the first place and afterwards Mr. McMasters, to whom applications for help were sent:—So I had no say in the matter.

I started my long holiday on Nov. 19th and don’t expect to be back until the middle of February. About the last thing I did before starting was a very pleasant one. Mr. Dodd, of Van Tonder Siding, was married at St. Margaret’s, Bloemfontein, and I was fortunately able to hear of it in time to be
present. I wish her and her husband every happiness in their new life.

P. GLASIER.

WOMEN'S WORK.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

It seems scarcely possible that only three months should have elapsed since writing for this Magazine as so many momentous events, both of joy and sorrow, have been crowded into the last quarter.

"Black October" was followed by "Thanksgiving November," and this month we trust may be called the first "Peaceful December" of the past four years. Victory should then surely be our keynote for the New Year, and this strangely enough was the last word written in the October number by our dear late Editor, whose loss we are all now so deeply mourning. Shall we complete this verse by the following ones (from the Lesson read in our beautiful Funeral Service) and take S. Paul's concluding words: "Therefore my beloved brethren be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord," as our motto for 1919? What could be a better beginning for living the higher life for which we should all be striving as survivors of the great war and also that terrible epidemic which has ravaged not only this country but nearly the whole world during these past few months.

Our most sincere sympathy goes out to the many who are suffering from bereavement from both of these causes, but let us all feel that upon the shoulders of those who remain behind rests the great responsibility of striving to continue their work and so support the new era which should result in greater happiness for all mankind as the result of the great sacrifice they have made.

Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be—
For truth, for rightouseness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

Was not the spirit of patient, steady, loving work for others the very essence of Miss Burt's life during the many years she spent in South Africa, whether as Principal of various Girls' Church Schools, influential member of numerous committees, and head of the Church Book Depot in Grahamstown, or travelling about on the Railway Mission? After having had the great privilege of her constant companionship and friendship since 1906, one cannot but feel almost overwhelmed by the loss of her ever-ready sympathy and fellowship in all one's cares and pleasures. But let us all hold fast to the comforting thought that not only is our loss her great gain, but also that we gain more than we can possibly lose by thus having another friend translated into the higher regions, and that she may now be doing far more for us all beyond the veil than when by our side in material presence on earth.

"The more green graves in thy garden the more stars in the sky."

Girls' Friendly Society.

Three Festivals had been planned for the month of October in the Camps of Alicedale, Cookhouse and Klipplaat, but only the first two were able to take place and even these were overshadowed by the early stages of the epidemic keeping some members away. However, for those able to be present both were very pleasant sociable gatherings, and both alike were combined with Red Cross work so as to be really suited to war-time Festivals and our motto—the proceeds being divided between the wounded soldiers and our own Blind Member. Patriotic recitations were given by some members garbed in the appropriate colours, and a dialogue about the society at Cookhouse, while at Alicedale Mrs. Lejeune's pupils gave
also a most attractive display of their powers of dramatic singing and rhythmical exercises which made one look forward to further entertainments of the same sort as their talents are further developed. Both afternoons commenced with tea in the open air and concluded with short Services in Church conducted by the Rev. G. A. Lejeune at Alicedale and the Rev. E. T. Willmott at Cookhouse, who kindly each gave appropriate addresses in spite of the small numbers present.

The prize for the Bag Competition was decided by vote and awarded to Alice Dobell, of Cookhouse. A consolation prize for her essay on “My Favourite Authors” was also sent to Mabel Wadmore, of Middleton, though it is to be regretted that so few entered for this competition as arranged by the G.F.S. Quarterly Leaflet.

Members wishing to compete for prizes during the coming year should certainly subscribe the small sum of sixpence, which would enable them to see this Leaflet regularly, as it also contains much interesting information (illustrated) about the Society in all parts of South Africa.

M. Josephine Beckwith.

**New Members.**
Elma Fairbanks, Alicedale; Kathleen Fairbanks, Alicedale; Myrtle Palmer, Alicedale; Olive Palmer, Alicedale; May Doyle, Alicedale; Thelma King, Sandflats; Mavis King, Sandflats.

**CHILDREN’S PAGE.**

My dear Children,

I am sure that you will all feel that you have lost a real friend in Miss Burt, whom probably most of you knew. Her loss will be felt all over South Africa, for she was not only a splendid worker for the Church, but had great influence in things that would help children to grow up to be good citizens of our country. Wherever she was she always tried to make that part of the world a better and happier place and she died as she had lived—for others—but she leaves to us a picture of what the influence of a really good woman may be and an example for us all to try and follow.

We are all happy and thankful that our men have at last beaten the Germans, and that this year will give us peace. There has been so much sorrow and loss of life that it has made people think about each other much more than they used: and we have had to help one another too instead of quarrelling with each other: and so the nations of the world have begun to learn that if the world is to be happy we must find a way of settling quarrels without fighting. Now that peace has come again we have to try and show that we have really learnt those lessons by what we do in our everyday life. Our leaders have a hard task in guiding us, so instead of praying for our soldiers at 12 o’clock, just lift your thoughts to God and say, “Pray God bless our King and Statesmen and all who are now working for the peace of the world, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

March 5th, Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, will have gone by the time the next issue of the magazine comes out, so I remind you now to make up your minds to do something special for somebody else every day of Lent or to give up something so as to learn to be more unselfish.

Though I have not the advantage which Miss Burt had, of knowing you personally, I shall always be glad to hear from you or to answer any questions you may want to ask.

I hope you all had a very happy Christmas.

Your friend,
The Editor.

**VICTORIA BIBLE READING.**

We are taking for this quarter the story of David and I want you to think
of him as a type of Christ. In the January reading we have David the shepherd, in the February reading David as a man of mercy, and in March David as King, all of which three we recognise foretold Christ.


Nov. 20, at Hanover Road:
Zynkwas Feni.
James Moss.
Emily Feni.
Sarah Feni.
Emma Feni.
John Feni.
Charles Feni.
Pollie Feni.
Jane Feni.
Jessie Feni.
Robert Feni.
Charles Feni.
William Moss.

Dec. 8, at Cookhouse:
Bertrand William Guymu Burles.

NORTHERN RHODESIA AND CONGO.

Oct. 2, at Mazabuka:
Susan Ellen May Waring.
Oct. 15, at Magaye:
Lionel Richard Roberts.
Nov. 24, at Mazabuka:
Mouni Mabel de Beer.
Nov. 26, at Batoka:
Ivy Kathleen Sargintson.

Dec. 5, at Nilda:
Lucy Idonea Cholmeley Tancred Cholmeley.

DIOCESE OF KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.

Sept. 22, at Warrenton:
Charles Ernest Steytler.
Sept. 24, at Artesia:
James Roberts.
Johnnie Roberts.
Sept. 28, at Dikabi:
Peter Klein (adult).
Elizabeth Klein (adult).
Annie Brown.
Oct. 2, at Ootsi:
Harry Isaacs.
Margaret Isaacs.
Dick Wilson Isaacs.
Hester Isaacs.

Nov. 7, at Riverton Road:
Johannes Errans.

Nov. 21, at Notruani:
Caroline Magdalena Petersen.

Nov. 22, at Palapye Road:
Frank Walliss Rundle (adult).
Robert Westermann (adult).

Nov. 30, at Taungs:
Francis Moncrieff Wright.

Dec. 12, at Mahalapye:
Charles Henry de Jongh.
ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND.

Nov. 3, at Ketzmannschoop:
Lorna Brown.

Nov. 6, at Wasser:
Cornelius Petrus Johannes van der Merwe.

Nov. 17, at Aus:
Edward James Coleman.

Nov. 21, at Luderitzbucht:
Rose Claypole.
Violet Claypole.

Dec. 1, at Umis, Feldschuhhorn:
Thomas Albertes Coetzer.
Hilda Magdalena Coleman.
Anna Florie Coleman.

CONFIRMATIONS.

DIOCESE OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

Aug. 18, at Brandfort, by the Bishop of Bloemfontein:
Frederick Webb.
Blanche Harris.

Oct. 6, at Kroonstad, by Bishop Balfour:
Ellen Smith.
Doris Goodwin.
Janet McLare.

DIOCESE OF KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.

Dec. 7, at Tryburg:
Dorothy Klisser.
Alexa Scott.
Apto Hansen.
Bertha Maritz.
Miles Fincham.
Mary Strong.
Nora Strong.
James Strong.

Dec. 9, at Gaborone:
Marvis Hesom.
Vyneene Hesom.
Cicely Hesom.
John Smith.

Dec. 13, at Palapye Road:
Frank Rundle.
Maria Rundle.
Robert Westermann.
Catherine Biccard.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

Nov. 6, at Naauwpoort:
Henry Thomas Killian and Elizabeth Lydia Willett.

ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND.

Dec. 2, at Umis, Feldschuhhorn:
Friedrich Wilhelm Dieckbreder and Eliza Grace Coleman.

BURIALS.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

At Naauwpoort:
Oct. 16, Annie Maria Baird, 37 years.
Oct. 17, Gladys Deacon, 11 months.
Oct. 12, April Duiker, 6 months.
Oct. 13, Philip Mahoba, 36 years.
Oct. 16, Elsie Duiker, 24 years.
Oct. 17, Dora Geduld, 3 years.
Oct. 20, Mary Nkomo, 26 years.
Oct. 20, Diamond Tshumus, 88 years.
Oct. 20, Malahwa Botomani, 3 years.
Oct. 21, Charlotte Lewis, 15 years.
Oct. 22, Frans Duiker, 18 years.
Oct. 23, Eunis Honke, 7 months.
Oct. 24, Annie Mguqulwa, 61 years.
Oct. 24, Janet Bosman, 11 years.

At Cookhouse:
Oct. 13, Palmerston Sonto, adult.
Oct. 14, Emma Mjekula, adult.
Oct. 15, Sophia Mjekula, adult.
Oct. 17, Maria Ntshatsha, adult.
Oct. 17, Esther Muvatili, adult.
Oct. 19, Maggie Philip, adult.
Oct. 21, Annie Matandana, adult.
Oct. 21, Velati Ntshatsha, child.
Oct. 19, Maria Jarsen, child.
Oct. 19, Chissie Kivetts, child.
Oct. 21, Sheilah Jarsen, child.

ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND.

Nov. 6, at Wasser:
Helena Dorothea Christina Theron, aged 27 years.

BENEDICTIO OF GRAVES.

Dec. 2, at Umis, Feldschuhhorn:
Annie Maria Coetzer, died Oct 15th, aged 26 years.
Anna Coleman, died Oct. 15th, aged 84 years.

NORTHERN RHODESIA AND CONGO.

Nov. 2, at Broken Hill:
Nicholas Gongiles.

Nov. 5, Thomas McEnery.

Nov. 6, George Murray Dewsnap.

Nov. 7, William Jensen.

Nov. 8, at Mazabuka:
Walter Davidson.

COLLECTIONS, &c.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

Norval’s Pont, Sept. 29th, 10/6; Sustentation per Mrs. Lovegrove, £2/2/-; Riet, Nov. 18th, 10/9; Taaibosch, Nov. 19th, 6/1; Hanover Road, Nov. 20th, 15/11; Cyphergaet, Nov. 24th, £1/12/5; Miss Hind, Sustentation Fund, July, £1/1/-; Stormberg, Nov,
SOUTH AFRICAN CHURCH RAILWAY MISSION QUARTERLY.

25th, 7/5; Steynsburg, Nov. 26th, £1/17/2; Thebus, Nov. 27th, 6/3. Donation, Miss Hands, £1; Miss Masson, Mission Box, 5/2.

Naauwpoort Sustentation Fund: Per Mrs. Odoire, Oct., £2/1/-; Nov., £2/6/-; Dec., £1/16/-. Per Mrs. Williamson, Oct., £2/4/6; Nov., £1/7/-; Per Mrs. Lear, Dec., £1/14/-.

NORTHERN RHODESIA AND CONGO.
Lusaka, £1/4/-; Kafue, £1/16/6; Pemba, 14/3; Broken Hill, £3/0/3; Mazabuka, £2/9/9; Kambove, £4/2/-; Bwana Mkubwa, £3/4/-; Magoye, £2.

Sustentation Fund, Elisabethville, £20.

Fees and offerings, £3/12/-.

ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND.

Offerings and Contributions. Sept. 10th to Dec. 10th:—Kleinkaras, £2/13/-, 17/-; Kalkrand, 10/-; Kalkfontein South, 1/6, £1/11/8; Nakop, £1/4/6; Ukamas, 6/-; Ariam's Vlei, 4/6; Gawachab, 10/-, 5/; Wasser, £1; Kwisib, 19/1; Aus, £2/10/7; Luderitzbuchi, £1/7/7; Bethanie, £1/8/5; Umis, Feldschuhhorn, £3; Anon., 12/6; Light for the Line, 7/; Sale of Books, 6/-

Duty for Archdeacon, £2.

Christmas Toys, acknowledged with many thanks:—Tschaukaib, 10/-; Waldan, 2/; Bloemfontein, 5/-; Kuma, 2/6; Rehoboth; Taunis, 25/-; Kalkfontein South, 22/6; Silverton, 5/-; Anon., 5/.

DIOCESE OF KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.

September: Lobatsi (farm), 13/6, (station) 14/3; Content, 3/-; Fourteen Streams, 20/7; Maritzau, 4/9; Warrenton (village), 16/8, (station) 7/3; Mochudi, 3/-; Artesia, 3/-; Gaberones Camp, 15/-, sustentation, 22/-; Palapye, 27/9; Dikabi, 7/6; Palapye, £1/16/3; Mahalapye, 25/-, sustentation, £5/10/-.

October: Brussels, 2/3; Vryburg, 21/-; (village) 18/9; Vryburg, 21/-; Windsor Nordan, 10/3; Riverton Road, 12/1; Content, 4/11; Devondale, 15/5; Modder River, 23/7; Belmont (farm), 32/6, (station), 12/6; Fourteen Streams, 25/-; Gaberones (station), 5/-; (camp), 13/-, sustentation, 10/-; Netwani (farm), 20/-, (sidings), 6/-; Palapye Road, 36/9; Lobatsi (farm), 17/6, (station), 13/9; Mahalapye, £2/2/-; Taungs (station), 5/2, (lime works), 24/9.

Local Agents “Light for the Line.”

GRAHAMSTOWN DIOCESE.

Grahamstown—Miss Booth, Worcester Street.

Alicedale—Mrs. B. Harvey.

Zwartkops—Miss Austin.

Uitenhage—Mr. Corbett.

Cookhouse—Mrs. Wise.

Cracow—Mrs. Judd.

Naauwpoort—Mrs. Williamson.

Port Elizabeth—Miss Hannam, Sundrive, Park Drive.

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Volksrust—Mrs. Milton.

Silverton—Miss Louie Schuch.

BLOEMFONTEIN DIOCESE.

Bloemfontein—Miss Glassier.

Bethlehem—Miss M. Buhler.

Thaba Nchu—Mr. Davidson.

DIOCESE OF KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.

Rev. A. C. Hobson.

SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

Rev. E. G. K. Esdaile, P.O. Windhuk.

DIOCESE OF S. RHODESIA.

P.O. Box 133, Grahamstown.

NORTHERN RHODESIA & THE CONGO.

Rev. E. F. Winnington-Ingram, Broken Hill.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Pretoria—Lady Wessels.

Port Elizabeth—Miss Savage.

Kimberley—Rev. A. C. Hobson.

CHILDREN OF THE VELD.

SECRETARIES FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

General Secretary in South Africa—Miss Blundell, Grahamstown.

Johannesburg—Mrs. Cullow, Houghton Ridge.

Pretoria—Miss Bristow.

Port Elizabeth—Mrs. Edward Brown; Miss H. Hannam, Park Drive.

Bloemfontein—Miss Biren, S. Michael's School.

Grahamstown—Mrs. Seale, Hill Street.
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 for Victory.

Blessed be Thou, Lord God of our fathers, for ever and ever. Thine O Lord is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the Kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honour come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great and to give strength unto all. Now therefore, our God, we thank thee and praise thy glorious name: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

For the Peace Conference.

O God of Love and King of Peace, grant, we pray thee abundant gifts of wisdom, courage and love to all those who shall be called to take counsel for the settlement of the terms of peace, so that the causes of dissension may be removed, true liberty be established in every nation, and perfect charity bind us all together in thy service: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

For those in Authority in the State.

O Lord God Almighty, guide, we pray thee, our Sovereign and all those to whom thou hast committed the government of our Nation and Empire; and grant them at this time special gifts of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and strength; that upholding what is right, and following what is true, they may obey thy holy will, and fulfill thy divine purpose; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

For the Suffering.

Almighty God, who art afflicted in the afflictions of thy people; have compassion on those who through the war have been brought to poverty, bereavement or pain; bear their sorrows and their cares; make plain the way of help; and grant thy grace unto us all, that we may bear each other's burdens according to thy will: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Thanksgiving Hymn for Victory Assured.

To Thee O Lord we raised our cry: "Hear, Lord, none other help avails." Thou Lord hast heard us from on high; Thine arm, Thy mighty arm prevails. Fast as the dust before the wind They flee, we press them close behind.

Lord, they have made brute strength their god.

Have seen no right save fierce desire,

Wanted in cruelty, lust and ire.

Lord, Thine the vengeance, Thine alone—

Thou wilt requite for each wrong done.

Lord, they have made brute strength their god.

Oft times it seemed as we might fail,

But nations mustered to our cause.

For truth and justice must prevail.

As one to victory they move.

Grant us now peace, O God of Love.

To Thee O Lord our hearts we raise,

For Thou hast hearkened to our cry:

To Thee bring psalms and hymns of praise.

Who sendeth Victory from on high.

Lord, in the joy of battles o'er,

Help us to praise Thee evermore.

P. GLASIER.

Nov. 11th, 1918.
THANKSGIVINGS.

1. For the wonderful way in which Peace is being brought back to the earth just before the Christmas season.

2. For the good example of our King and Queen and Royal Family during the whole war in the matters of service, economy and temperance.

3. For the recovery of many from the recent epidemic and the spirit of loving service shown by many throughout the country.

4. For the life sacrifice of Agnes Burt.

INTERCESSIONS.

1. That the children left orphans in consequence of the recent epidemic may be cared for in the best possible manner.

2. That more workers may be found to join the Church Railway Mission.

3. That all may unite in the efforts to be made in the coming year for the betterment of the people of South Africa.

4. That many sailors and soldiers may come forward to seek the gift of the Holy Spirit in the Laying on of Hands.

5. That the Chaplains who will have the duty of preparing candidates may be given abundantly gifts of wisdom and counsel, understanding and sympathy.

To be found in the Prayer Book at the end of Forms of Prayer to be used at sea.

O Almighty God, the Sovereign Commander of all the world, in whose hand is power and might, which none is able to withstand: we bless and magnify thy great and glorious Name for this happy Victory. The whole glory thereof we do ascribe to thee, who art the only giver of Victory. And, we beseech thee, give us grace to improve this great mercy to thy glory, the advancement of thy Gospel, the honour of our Sovereign, and, as much as in us lieth, to the good of all mankind. And, we beseech thee, give us such a sense of this great mercy, as may engage us to a true thankfulness, such as may appear in our lives by an humble, holy, and obedient walking before thee all our days, through Jesus Christ our Lord: to whom with thee and the Holy Spirit, as for all thy mercies, so in particular for this Victory and Deliverance, be all glory and honour, world without end. Amen.
PURE FRUIT JAMS.

Made from Selected Fruits and Pure Cane Sugar only, retaining all the delicate flavour of the fresh Ripe Fruit.

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Apricot Jam,
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Satsuma Plum Jam,
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