South African Church Railway Mission

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Light for the Line.

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LETTER FROM THE HEAD.

With this issue we publish the concluding parts of the Bishop of George’s most interesting account of his impressions, experiences and conclusions during his visit to South-West Africa, and we are grateful to him for so kindly allowing us to take them over for publication. He writes as follows:—

The next day was Whit Sunday. There was the usual Communion Service early in the morning, with the special intention of asking the blessing of the Holy Spirit on our Country and our Country’s cause. This was followed by a special Intercession Service during the forenoon, to which the band of the 1st S.A.M.R. and the presence of many officers and men gave a military aspect. Both these services, and Evensong that night, were well attended, and I marked again the reverence and attention which I had noticed on my former visit. I was very glad to have the opportunity of speaking once more to an audience with whom one felt in touch and among whom one recognized familiar faces, for memory has an even chance in a country where, as in the old frontier days, friends are many and strangers few.

The morning of Whit Monday was taken up with a meeting of the Clergy in their Windhuk house. We really had intended to have a whole day of quiet, but times and trains would not allow of this. So we had to be content with a celebration of the Holy Eucharist together, and then a morning to ourselves, with a couple of addresses and time to think things out between. It was a little party of us gathered there; just the four clergy of the Protectorate and myself. Of the four there remain now but three: to Arthur Beale the call came last October to follow his Master to a land where the fuller knowledge and the deeper understanding for which he longed are surely vouchsafed to him in a completeness which shall satisfy his most ardent desire. We spoke often together about the deeper things which drew his thoughts ever one way, for he was a seeker, not of the Truth, for that he had found long since, but of a closer, fuller understanding of the Truth. God grant him his heart’s desire and satisfy him with His Eternal Peace!

No shadow of coming separation crossed our minds when, in the afternoon of that same sunny day, we betook ourselves to the garden party at Government House which the kind thought of the Administrator and Mrs. Gorges had arranged in order to provide me with an opportunity of saying goodbye to the many friends, old and new, whom I had met at Windhuk. It was a very delightful afternoon, and for me had an additional zest from the fact, jealously concealed within my breast till now, that it happened to be my birthday. One ought not to find joy in such trifles at my age, I know; but the humiliating fact remains that I do.

On the day following, we clergy had another meeting in the morning, and discussed the difficulties of the work in the Protectorate, and the ways and means of meeting them. A cheery, but earnest and resolute little band were these persevering, untiring workers;
the Archdeacon, whose pastoral oversight embraces an area whose extent I am afraid to state; Beale and Stumbles, the latter in poor health, but both keen on one thing above all others, the extension of the Kingdom; Esdaile of the Railway Mission, known and beloved in the lonely cottage in the desert as well as in the busy haunts of men. It is a big work for four men, too big; and one cannot but admire the courage with which they tackle it. One recognized the same spirit that one has heard of in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, and on the Western front; the spirit that knows not the meaning of defeat. But that is no reason why the weakened fighting line should be left without support, weakened more than ever now. If the Church has no one to send, surely there are volunteers to be found within the Province now that the war is over. Nowhere in South Africa are men needed more.

We left Windhuk that night by the mail. Some sixty-five men of the S.A.M.R. were leaving by the same train, having volunteered for overseas. The whole regiment would have gone if they could; apparently, since this could not be, they did the next best thing, and came to wish their more fortunate comrades God-speed. So what with civilian spectators and friends as well, Windhuk station for a few minutes was as lively and patriotic a spot as one would find in a long day’s march; it was a great concourse. On the stroke of seven the train drew out of the station amid a great cheering and shouting of farewells and parting messages in both languages, for half of the departing warriors were Dutch. And so along the valley and up the hill we went as the darkness fell.

On the next day, Wednesday, May 22nd, we came to Keetmanshoop at noon, and waiting over for two hours, left again soon after ten o’clock by train for Bethany, which is three hours by cart from Brackwasser station on the way to Luderitzbucht. It was eight o’clock, and a brilliant moonlight night, when we arrived at Brackwasser; a Cape cart with four mules was waiting, and in a few minutes we were off on our twenty-mile drive. It was bitterly cold: the road was sandy, and in places heavy, the country open and monotonous, so that we were glad to reach Bethany some time between eleven and twelve. We were greeted by Major Forsbrook, the Resident, and his wife, and the warmth of their welcome made up for the outside cold.

The clear, still dawn of Thursday opened out into a perfect day, such as is to be found but rarely outside of South Africa, and not always there. Bethany, I learned, is specially favoured in its climate. Bethany itself is not imposing in appearance. The Public Offices and Magistrate’s Court are out-of-date and tumbledown places; you can’t help wondering how the officials get through their work. But there is a good water supply, and the Residency has a beautiful old-fashioned garden, which must be a great joy in the long, hot days of summer. A grove of date-palms attracted me greatly; whatever heat and glare there might be outside, there was always a cool retreat at hand in the shade of their mighty fronds. The fruit season was over, but we were just in time to taste the last dates of the summer, and to be convinced of the good sense and sound judgment of those who maintain that no more delicious fruit is to be found the wide world over. One wonders why it is not more freely grown in South Africa, for the date-palm seems to thrive readily and bear abundantly here, in spite of severe winter frosts.

Late in the afternoon of that day we had a Confirmation Service in the spacious verandah of the Residency. There were about twenty people present: a blind girl was one of the candidates, and this made the service a touching one to us all. The sun was sinking slowly in a cloudless sky, as if unwilling to close a day of perfect
beauty; the golden light, pure and strong, filled the clear air, and drew one's thoughts towards that better country whose glories shall one day be revealed in their fulness to eyes darkened to the loveliness of this.

Early next morning a little company of communicants, including those confirmed the day before, met at the Residency for the Holy Eucharist. There were nine of us all told.

It was May 24th, Empire Day, and weather without a flaw. I am strongly tempted to tell about the excursion I made to the top of a hill some four and a half miles away; of the great view over the open, lonely land, yellow plains streaked by curving lines of green where the trees and rushes mark the flow of hidden streams; and of the never-ending charm of the South African veld, waiting in the silence here on the very edge of the desert. Much could one write; but these notes have already run to a length far beyond that which I at first intended.

It was at Bethany that I met again Lieutenant Damant, whom I had known as a sturdy boy at Lydenburg years ago. He was now in charge of a detachment of the Constabulary, that ubiquitous force which one meets at every turn in the Protectorate, all the way from Swakopmund to Keetmans, and from there to Luderitzbucht and back again. A useful lot of men they are, too, especially with the rifle. The Archdeacon and I came upon two veterans of this, and doubtless other corps, engaged in cutting up the carcase of a buck. The conversation turned on shooting, and the veterans complained that good marksmanship was a thing of the past, because the Government would not supply ammunition for practice. It turned out, however, on enquiry, that the officer and his two men had the day before brought down seven springbok in seven shots, so that the standard of shooting may still be regarded as passable, in that quarter at all events.

Speaking of springbok, I was told that the great herds of which one has so often read are still to be seen in the Protectorate, and sometimes quite close to the railway, but I was not lucky enough to come across them.

It was with reluctance that we left this pleasant spot, and said goodbye to Major and Mrs. Forsbrook, whose hospitable oasis I shall long remember. Bethany may be a lonely place, and the landscape around one that reveals its beauty only to him who seeks it; but it has a real attractiveness of its own, and I quite understand the Archdeacon when he says that there is no place in the Protectorate which it gives him greater pleasure to visit. For myself, I think I could use even stronger language than that.

Three hours' driving in the frosty moonlit air and we are at Brackwasser station again: it is two in the morning when we board our train; at seven we are at Keetmanshoop once more.

That Saturday night there was a full attendance at the Confirmation Service in the large room of the library building at Keetmanshoop. The candidates had been gathered in from the scattered groups of people dwelling over a far-extended country-side and along the railway, as well as from the town: one family had come by road a distance of ninety miles from their lonely farm on the borders of the Kalahari, a weary journey by roads deep in sand. There was a large congregation, too, at the early service next morning, and I was glad to notice that here, as in every other centre of Church work in the Protectorate, there was a real sense of the value of the Holy Eucharist, and of its importance as the chief service in our worship. At half-past ten I had a chat with the children, attentive and bright as ever, about the "pearl of great price," and in the evening spoke to their parents and elders, a full congregation, for here, as in most places, everybody tries to get to church in the evening. And so ended my last Sunday in Keetmanshoop.
There was no train which would serve for our next objective, which was Luderitzbucht, till the Wednesday, but the intervening two days passed very quickly. Letters long overdue in their reply found their opportunity, leaving leisure still to visit old friends of my former journey, which already seemed so long ago. Then on Tuesday evening there was a big social gathering in the large hall of the Railway Institute. Out-of-doors it was cold, with a blustering wind which leaped at you in sudden squalls as you turned the corners, what time the sand flew before it in swift, hard-driven bursts and volleys, flying wide and far, like small-shot when the birds are making off down the wind. But the inclement weather without served only to mark more strongly the contrast with the warmth and brightness which met one at the doors of the Institute. It was indeed a merry party which thronged the decorated hall. With music and merriment and genial intercourse of friend with friend the hours passed quickly by, and the unalloyed success which marked the evening must have been a real satisfaction to those who had given much time and trouble to the organizing of it. Nor was the graver note wanting; for the war was at its height, the news from the front had not been good, and most of those in the hall that evening carried wistful thoughts deep down in their hearts for dear friends or relations in one or other of the armies overseas. I suppose the majority of those I met that evening were railway people, and everyone knows that the railwaymen of South Africa were among the keenest to get to the front. Indeed, if they all had their way, the trains would have been run by women, or we should have returned to the ox-wagon and the Cape-cart, with these valuable lessons in patience we spoiled railway travellers sometimes need. We did not get through the evening without a speech or two, naturally; was there ever a gathering of Anglo-Saxons or Anglo-Celts from the days of Alfred or Diarmid onward without an attempt at oratory—compulsory or otherwise—on the part of somebody or other? In this case the speakers were Major Manning, the Military Magistrate, Archdeacon Fogarty, and myself. The burden of our words was the same; we spoke of the message of the Church to our people in the Protectorate, a message which was, I think, gratefully received wherever it was heard.

Next day the Archdeacon and I left for Luderitzbucht in a very crowded train. We passed Seeheim, and saw the havoc which the floods of a year before had wrought on the railway line when the river came down in a mile-wide roaring stream; passed Brackwasser, with a final goodbye to Major Forsbrook, who left us here for his home at Bethany, and so on through the long winter night, to wake in the cold dawn in a world where the whole visible system of things was brought down to two, and only two—blue sky above and yellow sand below. It was just striking eight when we came to Luderitzbucht and the sea.

The Portuguese, first of Europeans to come to this strange place, called it Angra Pequena, "the little bay," and thus it was known on the charts of all nations till the German who exploited these parts some forty years back lent it his own unpleasing name. It is to be hoped that, the loan will now be repaid, and the ancient style restored; the fewer traces left of the German sojourn in South Africa the better. There are really two bays at Angra, as our sailors continue to call it, one inside the other. The town is perched on rocks, when these are to be found, and this makes the streets irregular. Where there are no rocks there is sand, but never a garden of any kind, nor leaf of tree, nor blade of grass. I saw no buildings worth attention, except the Lutheran Church, placed on a height at one end of the town, apparently more for effect than conveni-
ence. There is a big electric power station, which I was courteously allowed to visit, and a condensing plant, for, as at Walvis, the only water supply is that which is obtained from the ocean.

One afternoon I climbed to the top of Diamond Hill, a spine of rock running inland from the town. It carries the water tanks on which the inhabitants depend for their daily needs, and is high enough to give one a view of the configuration of the place, and to show how the great bay is divided into a larger and smaller by the peninsula of Shark Island, infamous of memory. for here, in the old bad days of the German occupation, a crowd of unfortunate Hottentots were turned loose to die of hunger on its barren stones.

Shark Island was really an island then at low water, but the Germans filled up the narrow strait which separated it from the mainland, and you cross to it now by a causeway. The hospital and the signal station are the only buildings upon it.

The view from the summit of Diamond Hill is not without charm, but it is a kind of macabre beauty, which neither the splendid sunshine, nor the deep azure of the sky, nor the glittering waters below, can stir into any semblance of life. For this is a dead landscape on which you look out to north and east and south, endless miles of yellow sand on every side but one, where it rises from the water's edge to form within the great circle of the horizon a waste of shapeless valleys and changing hills, with no relief to the wearied eye except where now and again the black rock-ridges expose the naked ribs on which the solid earth is framed. No life, no sign of life on the land, so that one turns again to the restless ocean, to mark how it pushes inland wherever occasion offers for lagoon or creek or bay, as though to impart something of its own vitality to the lifeless earth. It is the one redeeming possession of this part of the Protectorate as far as outward appearance goes, though its waters are cold, so cold, they tell me, that bathing is dangerous for some people, and to others impossible.

Our quarters were in a flat in a street of which I do not remember the name, and our meals were provided at the Railway Restaurant close by. Here I met Mr. Nichol, in charge of the railway and harbour, to whom, I am indebted for much kindness, and notably for the opportunity to visit Halifax Island, haunt of penguins, of which I will tell you presently. The day after we arrived was May 31st, a public holiday, as every citizen of the Union knows, especially if he is still at school, but we saw little of it on this occasion, for the day was taken charge of from dawn to dark by a storming wind from the east, heated hot in the desert furnace, and loaded with dry sand from the dunes. The only refuge against such a foe is in flight, and lucky are they who can betake themselves to an inner room and wait till the tyrant has passed on his way. But late in the afternoon, when the violence of wind had somewhat abated, I walked out to the top of the hill, as I have already said, and after that through the town to the other side, beyond the location, where a great wireless tripod mast lay prone on the sand. I stepped it off to measure the length, arousing thereby the suspicions of a party of poor whites of Teutonic appearance, who viewed my movements with apparent alarm, and followed me with looks unpleasant and threatening. It was getting dark, the place is a lonely one, and I began to consider what might be the next best thing to do. I could think of nothing but to step it off again, and this I did, accompanied by the tribe, who had nothing to say to my words of greeting. However, they confined their unpleasantness to looks, and I came away, not unthankful. Poor fellows! I expect they were more afraid of me than I was of them. But I wondered then, and have often wondered since, what they
thought I was going to do with their old wireless mast. It was much too big to take away.

Saturday was a fine, clear day, and one to be remembered. Mr. Nichol had very kindly arranged for us to go with a small party in the harbour tug Annachiab to the lighthouse at Diaz Point, and then to Halifax Island, if the weather held. Happily it did. We crossed the larger bay and landed at the lighthouse, a tall, graceful tower, of which I got a photograph, and then walked along the beach for a few hundred yards to a high rock which is the real Diaz Point, for here the great sailor landed and put up a stone cross, on that historic voyage which ended in his discovery of the Cape of Good Hope. The original cross is no longer there, but a rough wooden one marks the spot and commemorates one of the most important events in the history of Africa and of the world. It ought not to be left like this, and it would not be impossible, I think, to reconstruct the cross Diaz erected and put it up in the same place with the original inscription. Perhaps the National Society might think the matter worthy of their notice when the Protectorate is free of the Germans for good and all.

Again on board, we continued our voyage for two or three miles to the southward and came presently to Halifax Island, one of the guano deposits from whence the Union draws its supplies. It is not possible to land here when the weather is at all unfavourable, but no difficulty of this kind met us, and we got ashore in the small boat belonging to the island without any trouble. Halifax Island needs no description beyond the statement that it is exactly like the mainland of which it once formed a part. It is crowded with penguins, thousands of them, who wait your landing and allow you to walk about among them with a kindly tolerance and an absence of interest which gave one the impression that they felt the intrusion of strangers as something of a nuisance. Yet life on Halifax Island must be a dull existence, one would think, whether for man or penguin, for a small party of coloured men is employed there under a white overseer to collect the guano and attend to its shipment. The penguin himself has been so often described that I shall not say much about him. He is the oddest creature to look at, whether alone or in his thousands, and very awkward on land, though he gives one the idea that he knows it and tries to carry it off with the most nonchalant air you can imagine. But what a transformation takes place when he leaves the land for the water! then in an instant the ungainly roll and stagger become the swift, easy movements, above water or below, of a master of his art, and the stupid gaze of the longshoreman gives place to the alertness and activity of the sailor. A child asked me the other day if the penguin sings. I do not think so; I have not heard him; but he makes a noise all day long which it is not very easy to describe. Some of us thought that it most resembled the grunt of a pig, but hoarser, as becomes a seafaring creature; others maintain that it is a snort, and a contemptuous one at that; and yet others there are who describe it as a cough, from which the judicious reader will conclude, as I did, that it is something like all three. The effect of the unceasing repetition of this sound from thousands of penguin throats is something easier to remember than to describe.

So we wandered about among the queer creatures till we got tired, chatted awhile with Merrilees, the white overseer in charge of the island, who, be it said, showed us every kindness in explaining all there was of interest in his lonely task, and then re-embarked on our little ship. A quick run across the bay in the most gracious weather brought us to the jetty in the inner harbour, which will always remind me of that of Syracuse and the tragic battle.
on its waters, and ended one of the most interesting mornings I had in the Protectorate. I am grateful to those who made it possible for me to say that.

But excursions such as this which I have told you of, delightful as I found them at the time, and good to look back upon in after days, were only interludes in the work which brought me to this place so far from home. The Confirmation of only one person, with all that it means, is an event which outweighs in importance these personal experiences, glad though I am to have had them, so that I can truly say that from beginning to end of my lengthy journeys I had not had one dull or irksome day. I should have liked to have had more work to do, but in the present state of affairs in the Protectorate that could not be. The number of our people at Luderitzbucht is small, but they are not of less importance on that account, and I should have been sorry had I not had the opportunity of seeing them and ministering to them by whatever means were in my power. I may be mistaken, but the impression left on my mind is that there is no place that I saw in my journeyings in which it is so hard to live up to the proper level of the spiritual life, which is after all the true life, as this. Not only so, but its position makes it difficult for the clergy, under-staffed as they are, to visit it except at long intervals. All the more need to be watchful and staunch.

There is a good school for the English children, under the charge of Miss Clarke. The schoolroom is a building which had to be adapted to its new purpose, which it fulfils fairly well. It is good to see that the Union Government is alive to the needs of its temporary exiles in the matter of education. I should have liked to meet Mr. Lewis, who is at the head of educational affairs in the Protectorate, but was unlucky enough to miss him time after time.

On Saturday afternoon I walked up to a cottage on the hill, accompanied by the Archdeacon, for a private Confirmation, one of those quiet services that are often worth so much more in proportion than others with more outward show and seeming. There is no church in Luderitzbucht, or the Confirmation would naturally have been there, but next to that the quiet of the home is surely the best place to seek, and find, the gift of the Holy Spirit. It was so certainly, on this occasion, for the gentle child who was confirmed that day.

Sunday came, and went like the other Sundays I spent in the Protectorate. Fourteen of us came together for the Holy Communion in the Court-room early in the cool, fresh morning. Later, during the forenoon, we two walked over to the native location for Confirmation there, where three persons had been gathered in from the motley collection of all tribes which have followed our flag. It was a day of intense heat; the building was a small one, and the congregation occupied every inch of available space. But everyone was in earnest, and the other things do not matter. There is a wide and promising field of work here when the Church can find the right man to undertake it. In the afternoon I spoke to the European children, about twenty in number, in the Court-room again, and in the evening to a full congregation in the same place. All our people, I think, came to this service.

Next morning early we were aboard the train which was to take us to Aus, the first stage of our return journey. Mr. Nichol, with his usual thoughtfulness, had lent us his coach, and this made a very great difference to our comfort, for it had a dining-room and sleeping-cabins, as well as a platform from which to look out on the world around, that is, on those multitudinous sand-dunes of which I have said so much. It was interesting to watch the unceasing conflict between the railway
and the desert; for the northward drift is so incessant that in a very few days the line would be buried and lost to view if it were not for the continual efforts which are made to keep it clear. We passed at times gangs of men whose daily task it is to shovel the constantly arriving sand from the south to the north side of the metals; apparently the winds that might bring the sand back again blow so rarely that they are not taken into account. Here and there, too, were devices to meet the same difficulty; the latest was an arrangement of sheets of corrugated iron like a sloping roof lifted from the ground, so that the sand might sweep under it and across the track. But the man with the shovel seems to be the only effective means, so far, of dealing with this persistent and untiring foe.

A few miles out from the town the train passes through the belt of country where the diamonds are found, though the big Pomona fields are some little distance from the railway. There is, properly speaking, no mine in the sense in which one speaks of the De Beer's or the Premier. The diamonds lie on the surface in the sand, which is collected in heaps and then sifted in biarrevolving machines like magnified squirrel-cages. The usual fortunes have been made years ago, and the usual fairy stories are still to be heard about them; but when all is said and done the fact remains that great sums of money have been made out of diamonds here, and I was told that the annual revenue produced by the fields is sufficient to cover all the administrative expenses of the country. But the supply is not a permanent one, and if, as the experts say, the real mine from which these surface diamonds come is somewhere beneath the waters of the Atlantic, it cannot be very long before the store of treasure above ground is exhausted, and the sea may be trusted to take care of the rest. The stones now being found, of which I saw a large collection at Luderitzbucht, are small, but of good colour. Those who understand such things distinguish the diamonds of the Protectorate at once from those of other parts of South Africa.

Towards noon we began to leave the dunes behind, and the scene changed into open grass country, with here and there a broken ridge, a lonely hill. Once a troop of wild ostriches came into view, but on the whole we saw little sign of life. Though game is plentiful in these districts. At Mrs. Simpson's hospitable cottage at Haalenberg, on the edge of the desert, we stayed for a few minutes for tea. I was much interested in the garden, which is not like anything I ever saw in the way of gardens. It is filled with specimens of cactus and aloe and other wild plants collected by Mrs. Simpson from the barren country round, and makes a very attractive appearance. Few people, I think, would have ventured on such an unpromising task in such a very unpromising place, and you can see that this "garden in the desert" is the outcome of many miles of tiresome walking, as well as of careful tending. Well, I have no doubt the gardener has her reward. I took a photograph of this unique garden, but to my regret it turned out badly.

Towards evening we came in sight of the rocky barrier behind which the village of Aus is sheltered. This is a natural fortress of great strength. The railway line runs due east, and across its front, at right angles with it, appears a precipitous chain of rocky heights, some miles in length. Sheer from the plain they rise, the wide, steep front broken here and there by narrow gullies heaped with boulders and broken stones, scarcely less forbidding than the walls of rock into which they seem to promise an entrance. From either end of the main barrier other hills and ridges are flung out as though to prevent the position being turned by a march round the one or other extremity, and indeed such a
march would take one far into a difficult and waterless country. There is no cover at all for an attacking force, while the defenders are placed in comparative security. In short, only a very rudimentary knowledge of the military art is needed to see that our forces moving inland from the sea had a most formidable obstacle to encounter. The Germans, however, made no attempt to hold it. As the train continues its way, making straight for the centre of the opposing hills, one wonders what is going to happen, for no opening is to be seen of width enough to admit the railway track. But at the last moment we turn sharply to the left, and, running parallel with the hills for a couple of miles or more, find a way at last between frowning heights along the banks of a stream which here breaks through the range on its way to the plains below. Then we come all at once on houses grouped apparently at random among trees and rocks; it is the little village of Aus, hidden from the world among boulder-strewn slopes in the shelter of its protecting steeps. As far as outward appearance goes it is a charming place.

That night we slept in the coach. It was bitterly cold; the ice in the station-yard next morning showed how severe the frost had been, but the day that followed was one of perfect beauty. I was not surprised to learn that Aus is a favourite resort of the Luderitzbucht people in the hot months, and it ought to have a prosperous future in days to come.

Presently the train moved two miles further to the plateau on which is Aus Camp, where there are some 1,400 German military prisoners of war, guarded by a corps known as the Protectorate Garrison Regiment, or, briefly, the P.G.R. Of the officers of this regiment we were the guests for the day we were with them. The camp, situated on an open, sandy plain, consists of a number of huts surrounded by a fence of barbed wire, that hideous invention which has cost so many thousands of brave fellows their lives, and has done more than any other single apparatus to prolong the war. From the middle of the camp rises a small clock tower, made by the prisoners, who are picked men from many regiments of the German Army, and in most cases skilled artisans and mechanics as well as trained soldiers, exactly the right kind of men to form, as it was intended they should, the nucleus of a larger army to come presently into being. The huge quantities of stores and ordnance accumulated at Keetmanshoop and other places show very plainly the scale on which that arm was to be formed. I saw many of the prisoners, who seemed to have plenty of liberty. They were all fine, well-set-up, hefty fellows, well clothed, with good health expressive in every look and movement. One could not help comparing their condition with that of our unfortunate captives in Germany. These soldiers keep their rifles, but the bolts were removed some time ago, for reasons. If they are not contented, and one would scarcely expect any prisoner of war to be so, the men are at least resigned to their lot, though they would give anything, they say, to be able to take part in the war in Europe. They pass their time in various occupations, and the study of English is quite a popular one.

At sunset I saw the mounting of the guard of the Garrison Regiment, when the bugles sounded "Retreat," and the flag was hauled slowly down according to the old soldier custom. There was every prospect of a night of intense cold, and the men had taken such precautions against the biting frost in the shape of extra wrappings that their military appearance was somewhat obscured. They were quite right, but I couldn't help thinking of the pictures I had seen of the French Army and the retreat from Moscow. The P.G.R. are a serviceable lot of men, engaged on a thankless task, and it is not to be wondered at that their ranks are being
constantly thinned by the departure of volunteers for service overseas.

Our day at Aus Camp passed quickly enough, and was full of interest. In the morning I confirmed a lady who had long been waiting for this opportunity. In the afternoon, the Archdeacon busy with pastoral duties, I drove with Mrs. Nelson, the wife of the officer then in command of the Camp, to a point a few miles distant, where a wonderful view opens out of the desert we had traversed the day before, with high mountains in the dim north-west distance. It was one of those perfectly beautiful days, not uncommon in South Africa, when the loveliness and peace of the vast landscape unrolled before you seem to make pain and sorrow far-off, unreal things. So I thought that day, not knowing that within a few short months my kindly and accomplished companion was to fall a victim to the epidemic of influenza which brought such widespread sorrow to our country last spring. Mrs. Nelson died in ministering to others: the world is poorer for her loss.

In the evening we had service in the Garrison Institute (I am not sure that I am right about the name of the building), for those of the officers and men who were off duty and cared to come. There was an attendance of about two hundred. Then, lighted on our way by the rays of the searchlight from the hill above the Camp, where the maxims are, we boarded the mail for Keetmanshoop, not without thoughts of the poor fellows doing sentry-go outside the barbed wire in the freezing darkness. At dawn the next morning we were at our journey's end.

And now I am drawing near to the end of this description of my travels in this interesting country. At two o'clock the same day, June 5th, I joined the mail train for the Union, and said my final goodbye to Keetmanshoop and the friends who had come to bid me farewell. Here I parted with Archdeacon Fogarty, who had been my companion for more than two months. Of his constant care, patience, and foresight it is impossible for me to speak in words that would do him justice without seeming to be unreal; suffice it to say that a better travelling companion in every way no man could have, or desire. To him, and to those other friends at Keetmanshoop whose names I forbear to mention here, I said goodbye with real regret.

Mr. Esdaile, of the Railway Mission, was on board the train, and presently he came along to my carriage, and we had a long chat about his work. It was not the first time we had discussed it, but you can't grasp the full extent of what this particular branch of our work is doing in one conversation. The more I learned and the more I know of the Railway Mission the more I am convinced of its exceeding value. It is trying and fatiguing work at best, and at times disappointing, but it bears the hallmark of genuine devotion, and if its reward is not here it is laid up in a sure place. The Railway Mission brings a fresher, purer air into the lives of many lonely dwellers on our long-drawn-out railway lines: it has brought back many a careless wanderer to the paths they have strayed from; it cares for the teaching of the children, brings them, and their mothers and fathers too, to Confirmation, and in face of many difficulties which must from the nature of the case arise, takes the teaching and the influence of the Gospel to the doors, and within the doors, of those who otherwise would seldom, or never hear it. Of its work in other parts I know only by hearsay, but its work I have seen for myself in the South-West Protectorate. The Railway Mission deserves, and needs, all the help we can give it.

Mr. Esdaile left me in the evening at a place called Klein Karas; all that night and the following morning we travelled on, and at two o'clock came to Upington, of which I have a word to say, for I had heard that some of the
inhabitants were hurt at the remarks I made about their town in the first of these letters. I am sorry for this. Well, here was Upington again, and on such a day as I saw it first, bathed in the most brilliant sunshine. And there, too, was that location; and of what I said about that I cannot withdraw one word. It is what I said it was. But I frankly admit that I should not have written about the town of Upington as I did on the little knowledge I had of it. Those who have a closer acquaintance with it than I, tell me that it has a fine situation on a beautiful part of the Orange River, a climate unsurpassed in South Africa, and a great reputation for fruits of all sorts; that it is, in short, anything but an undesirable place to live in. I am glad to know that I was wrong. So now I have made the amende honorable and that too, without an eye to that gift of— I am afraid to say how many— oranges and naartjes which one of Upington’s worthy citizens promised to send me as proof of its excelling qualities in at least one direction. And now I resume my journey in peace.

Yet before I close this page I wish to say how deeply I am touched by the great kindness and courtesy shown to me during my stay in the Protectorate by everyone with whom I came in contact, not only by officials of every degree, but by men and women of all ranks and conditions. I had, of course, most to do with the railwaymen, and to them I am especially grateful for all they did for me. Nor may I here forget those who sometimes are forgotten—the cooks and stewards of the Restaurant Car, who do so much for our comfort under such difficult circumstances. They did well by me, and it was owing in great measure to them that I was able to carry out such long, and at times fatiguing, journeys, in comfort and health. Perhaps it may be permitted to one who has travelled the length and breadth of South Africa at various times, and by every known mode of locomotion, including that adopted by the immortal Shanks, to give a meed of praise to the men who work the South African Railways. There may be better railways in the world; to those who know them my advice is that of “ole Bill” on an occasion which Captain Bairnsfather has commemorated.

I turn for a moment to a graver theme. Of the work of the Church in the South-West Protectorate I have spoken time and again in the course of these letters, and I have little to add to those words. It is a great and a useful task, of which the beneficent results are felt not only among those who are distinctively Church people, but throughout the whole community, to a greater or less extent. The Church of South Africa never did a wiser or more opportune thing than when it sent Archdeacon Fogarty to organize the work in these parts. That work deserves the support of all Church people throughout the Province. With the settlement of the country there will arise fresh needs and fresh opportunities; it will be for us to see to it that these are met with a ready and generous response. That is the least we can do for our brethren in the field. May God be with them.

Henry B. George.

The early part of the year is holiday-time for most people who are able to get away, and consequently this is usually our lean quarter: it is especially lean this year owing to the deple-
the sun of Rhodesia and the Congo. He stuck his job most manfully when there was every inducement to entice him away—and certain duties even called him: we are grateful to him for bowing to what he felt sure was the chief call and so remained with us to the end of the fighting. He has gone with the best of good wishes from us all and with the hope that he may thoroughly enjoy the rest and change before taking up permanent work and then all the joys and comforts of home-life in the Old Country.

Mrs. Seacome, who for the present is entirely unable to do any correspondence, has sent messages of gratitude and appreciation for the many tokens of affectionate sympathy she has received from those who have written to her from this country.

It is most likely that Mr. Hobson will have to say “goodbye” soon after Easter, but I know he is doing his best to put off his going as long as possible.

Mr. Esdaile still plugs away up in South-West—alone but certainly not forgotten—and he has most kindly agreed to stay on till towards the end of the year: he really needs and certainly ought to have a good rest and holiday, and, knowing this we are the more grateful to him for staying on as long as possible. We hope new Workers will be on the way before the year has gone.

Mr. Rossborough writes interesting accounts of his wanderings and we may hope to see him out and “at it” soon after the turn of the half-year.

Miss Elsie Andrewartha has joined our members: we offer her a most hearty welcome and trust that she will not find the life of travelling too strenuous, but that she may be spared for many years to share with us the ups and downs of the Mission. The Rev. G. W. Parker hopes to sail as soon as he is released from the Navy and can get a passport—no easy matter in these days. Mr. Parker will take over Mr. Ingram’s Section when he arrives.

We are sorry to lose Miss Bristowe, our most energetic Hon. Secretary at Pretoria: since she took over the duties she has put herself heart and soul into it; we are grateful to her for all she has done for us and wish her a very happy and prosperous stay in the Old Country.

Our good and tried friends at S. Aidan’s, Yeoville, have again put us more heavily in their debt by sending the usual gift of toys and a larger contribution than usual from the C.O.Y. Sale. They are not dead yet so we cannot say all the nice things we should like to say at present: meanwhile we do offer an expression of our gratitude to Mrs. Beckingham and those who work so splendidly with her.

S. Cyril’s Church, Bulawayo, looked very nice indeed on Christmas Day as a result of much labour of love on the part of a few who took part in the work of renovation, but our thanks are specially due and are offered to Mr. Lansdown for the Reredos, which he made with his own hands and gave to the church.
Miss Glasier, who felt compelled to take three months' rest and change if she was to carry on after her long stretch of service, and especially after her very trying time during the visitation, is now back on her Section, and we are very glad to hear she is feeling all the better for her change.

R. Thornely Jones.

Just as we are going to press news has come from Mr. Ingram to say that he had arrived safely in England and that the voyage had been most enjoyable. By the time the Llanstephan Castle reached Capetown he had found his 'sea-legs' and he was made vice-chairman of the Sports Committee which, together with helping at the various services on board, filled up all the time and kept him busy, so that there was no room for any feelings of "fed-upism." After his long time of devoted service he deserved a good voyage, and we are glad to know he got it.

By the same mail a letter was received from Mrs. Seacome in which she asks us to thank all those whose thoughts and prayers have been with her in her trying time: she is most grateful for the very kind and sympathetic letters she has received.

Miss Holmes' many friends will be glad to know that she has returned to the Union after her very strenuous time at Dar-es-Salaam and is, at any rate, looking none the worse for her labours on behalf of the sick and wounded. We offer her a most hearty welcome back and hope that it may not be long before she finds it possible to take up her work with the Mission.


At Sea—Mediterranean. January 14th, 1919.

My dear Head,

Many thanks for your letter of Oct. 18th. I got it about three weeks ago and ought to have replied before. I also heard from Miss Astley telling me the terribly sad news of the death of both Seacome and Miss Burt of influenza. She, however, gave me no details except that, but you will be writing again I expect. I was most grieved to hear it.

I think I told you about our Eastern wanderings in my last letter written a few weeks ago. Egypt, Syria and Palestine have been our chief centres of work, with Marseilles as an occasional port of call with patients bound for England. We ourselves have not been home though since the end of June last. We seem to have finished with the Syrian coast now after many visits and one is not sorry for some things. The feeling of utter helplessness which one had in the face of the awful misery everywhere, especially during our earlier visits! Our own men suffered enough, but the tortures endured by the civilian populations were indescribable, mostly slow starvation at the hands of the Turks. There was positively nothing to eat and actually cases of cannibalism were common, particularly in the Lebanon district. The sights one saw will be nightmares for years to us all. However, after the British got a footing in the country things began to mend and the worst was over when we last visited the coast four or five weeks ago. Altogether is was calculated that 370,000 Syrians died of starvation deliberately and systematically organised by the Turks (and Germans). The reason was that they were pro-Ally and the Turks also had the old grievance that, like the massacred Armenians, the majority were Christians.

South Africa seems to have been having a very bad time in respect to influenza. I have had sheaves of letters from people all up and down the Line, and all tell the same tale.

Yours ever,

Vernon Rossborough.
There was not much in the past quarter to break the routine of ordinary Church life, and as I was at East London for a fortnight, and our Confirmations are not till the end of this month, and the Editor wants to go to press earlier than usual, matter seems a good deal cut down. On January 2nd I went to NORVAL'S PONT, and we had the accustomed Services, Holy Communion and Evensong and Sermon in English and Dutch, and I was able to baptise the infant daughter of Mr. Nicholas. CYPHERGAT had Services on Sunday the 26th with fair congregations. Unfortunately the wrong date for my visit was sent, and that was responsible for some of the congregation not being able to come in. STORMBERG had Service on Monday evening, but no one was able to come to Holy Communion the next morning; some were on duty, and Mrs. Roberts is away on sick leave, from which we hope she will return quite well. Mrs. Marais is back after a year's absence and kindly played the organ. From Cookhouse, on Feb. 10th, I was able for the first time to go out to KLIPFONTEIN Station, where we have two Confirmation candidates. We had Evensong with a congregation of nine at Mr. Potgieter's cottage. On Sunday, Feb. 23rd, I intended giving Hanover Road or Taaibosch the morning, but as both places had scarlatina I went on to RIET, leaving at 4 a.m. and getting back at 2.30 in the afternoon. We had Holy Communion at 7.30 and Matins and Sermon at 10, in the Williams' house, who hospitably entertained me, and everyone came. This is the second attempt to give Hanover Road a Sunday morning. My first attempt, which occupied me from 4 a.m. to 4 p.m., resulted in only a Service for twelve Natives in the waiting-room, the English congregation having gone over to Taibosch, where I also could have gone if the opinion had not prevailed that it was no use to phone to me as I might not be at home. At some places one gets better congregations on weekdays than on Sundays, as on Sundays all who can get away from the monotonous outlook of the stations do so. STEYNSBURG was to have had the last Sunday in last year, but they have now a priest-in-charge who will be able to look after Thebus as well; so it is not necessary for me to go.

COOKHOUSE has had its regular second Sundays. In January there were particularly good congregations and collections; more than usual came in from outside the camp. In February there were nine baptisms in the Native Mission and I found the new teacher installed and at work. My March visit was uneventful, but I go down again on April 3rd for an extra visit, when there will be Confirmations in both churches on the following day.

There is nothing much to report of NAAUWPOORT. Everything was quiet during the school holidays. The Head kindly took the Services on the Sunday I was at East London. At the beginning of term we started with two new matrons at the Hostels. Mr. Hemming, to our great regret, died of influenza, and Mrs. Firling has gone to Pretoria. Mrs. Firling is a great loss to the Church life here. It makes an immense difference having a staunch churchwoman in a small place. However, we have to welcome three new Church teachers, Miss Fockens, Miss Powell and Miss Aspelino, and among others Mr. Green, an old parishioner of Boer War times, Sergeant Johnson of the S.A.P., and Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, who have returned after some years' absence. Nauwpoort can't be so unattractive as some imagine. Mrs. Ehrich has kindly taken over the sus-
tentation list from Mrs. Lear, who finds it difficult to give the time. Sunday evening lay services still go on under the Churchwardens. I wish everyone would encourage them by turning up and audibly taking part in the service. They might do the same, too, when I am at home. The responses and the whole Service are worth a little more effort. It is much more interesting and helpful if one kneels and stands at the proper places and throws oneself with some energy into the Service. We are still horribly handicapped in the Sunday School by lack of teachers, and missing our opportunities too. Miss Andrewartha kindly gave us a Sunday and helped when I was absent, but we can't expect many Sundays from her. Perhaps the Easter parish meeting may produce someone. The one great qualification is keenness. We want some new Sidesmen too. Mr. Hammer has gone to Grahamstown, to the especial loss of the Choir and Scouts. Mr. Dean is no longer with us. In a Church officer one wants not only ability, but also time and desire to serve. As a rule we cannot count on more than the Churchwardens and one Sidesman. Now that war funds are less urgent in their demands—if the proposed Railway Orphanage does not make too many requests—we ought to do something to the fabric of the Church. There is a good deal to do in the way of repairs. The Sanctuary windows especially want seeing to, and it seems the right time to replace the two broken glacier windows at the side of the altar with stained glass. There are two windows about 20in. by 60in.; one might be a memorial to Miss Burt and those who died here of the influenza, and the other might be a children's window, towards which we have already some £7 or £8 in hand. Rain has spoilt two of our Lantern Wednesday evening services, but as we want rain so badly, I hope a few more people will chance getting wet. Churchpeople seem to dislike rain as much as the evil one is said to dislike holy water. At last the long delayed and oft postponed "Cædmon" and "Robin Hood" have been performed. Intended to be shown in the June holidays, they were put off until the teachers returned. Then another entertainment intervened. Then the "Big Push" Committee decided we should come in on October 18th as one of a series, and tickets were issued: then came the "flu," followed by the Christmas holidays. Rehearsals had to fit in between, most of the performers being kept in school by the teachers, and the mothers not wanting them to come out at night. However, we had a good house on the Monday before Ash Wednesday and everything went off well. We found a few boys willing to help the G.F.S. performers. Christina Ferguson took the part of "Cædmon" and Nellie van Niekerk was Robin Hood. Miss Fockens at short notice took the part of the Abbess Hild. Ida Comley played the accompaniments and incidental music. Elsa and Gweneth Reid danced charmingly. Everyone did well, but as there were nearly 30 performers space forbids the mention of all. We took £10:6:0. Expenses will be covered by the 6/-. The balance is to be divided between the "Big Push" Fund and All Souls' Church, after deducting £1 for the G.F.S. to encourage the performers, and perhaps the rent of the hall. One resolves never to do it again when one remembers the rehearsals, and how often one nearly bumped the performers' heads against the wall. But the winter is coming, and the results were so good that one might try again. Our sympathy goes to Mr. Growden in his many months of incapacity for work. After pneumonia, he had influenza, then he was injured in the legs by a heavy weight falling on them, and the first day back at work his leg was broken.
We are glad to exercise the virtue of hospitality, but no more wild cats will be entertained. The last one died under the floor. We endured it with fortitude for a week or so and then had the floor up. Other guests are still welcome.

E. T. Willmott.

S.W. AFRICA.

P.O. Windhuk, S.W.A.,
March 4th, 1919.

My dear Readers in S.W.,

Shortly after my last letter was written I left WINDHUK for the south. I had the sad duty at HEIDE of blessing the grave of Mr. and Mrs. Berry's little one, a baby victim of the influenza. And it was only yesterday that I was conducting a Memorial Service in the Windhuk Cemetery held in memory of seven members of the Sons of England Society. And I took the opportunity of visiting the grave of Arthur Cyprian Beale, my brother priest, also a victim of the influenza.

Such solemn moments cannot be described with the pen. One wonders sometimes whether the people of South Africa are shallow and superficial, seeing that apparently the epidemic has made no deep impression upon them. It is easy, though, to misjudge the hearts of others. Those who have had to part with the visible presence of loved ones are not likely to go back to a state of indifference or carelessness as to the things of religion. Would that each one could find a friend to open up to them all the heavenly consolations that our Lord, the Man of Sorrows, is offering to stricken souls.

I paid a short visit to KALKRAND, and was glad to be able to arrange a combined Sunday at NARIB. I think it is a great help in worship to have Christian fellowship. So many along the Railway line have to make their Communions alone, and it is very hard to go on persevering in loneliness, to say nothing of the nervousness which most Churchpeople feel when they find themselves a solitary member of the congregation and expected to make audible responses.

At Narib and at TSES, where I found all the family at home, we sang carols in anticipation of Christmas. I must not pass Tses without wishing Miss Elaine Stewart every happiness in her married life. I am sure that all the Railway Staff have appreciated the unfailing cheeriness of her greetings and the occasional well-deserved chokin off (administered in that deep voice which is so effective on the telephone!). Every happiness to Sergt. and Mrs. Hart in their new home at Keetmanshoop.

I then paid flying Christmas visits to LUDERITZBUCHT, BETHANIE and KEETMANSHOOP before going on leave. Part of Christmas Day I spent in the train, and through the kindness of the Chief Steward was able to arrange an Evening Service in the Dining Car, Chumula. A collection in aid of the fund for providing Christmas toys for isolated Railway children in S.W. amounted to 26/-.

I never describe my holidays in the Transvaal for fear of making people in S.W. envious. I will only say that I stopped at a farm and was educated in cattle! I attended Retreat at St. John's College, Johannesburg, and had some very delightful days at Grahamstown and Port Alfred.

I reached KALKFONTEIN SOUTH and distributed toys on the last day in January. Thanks to the kindness of friends in Port Elizabeth, who chose the toys with great care and discretion, and the generous gifts of friends, a large box was sent up amply sufficient for the needs of the children. The C.O.V. at St. Aidan's, Yeoville, and St. Michael's School, Bloemfontein, also came to the rescue with additional boxes. So we are in clover. I have just finished distributing toys from
Keetmanshoop to Windhuk, from Windhuk to USAKOS, down towards SWAKOPMUND, and up the narrow gauge line to TSUMEK. I hope to complete the task this month. It has given great pleasure to the children, and was entirely unexpected by them.

After a Sunday at KEETMANSHOOP and three Sundays at WINDHUK I am hoping to go south and pay visits long overdue. But I am afraid as long as we are so short-handed in the Church I am bound to assist the Archdeacon at the larger places which expect regular Services, and this makes it impossible for me to spend all my time on the section. Fortunately our hopes of recruiting ministers for S.W. are bright, and things will become more normal.

The Archbishop of Capetown is expected to visit S.W. in May. He will be holding Confirmations at most of the larger places. This does not leave very much time for preparation. But there may be Railway people along the line whose special circumstances would justify their taking advantage of this opportunity. If any such would write to me I would do my best to help them. This year I have been trying to prepare people by correspondence as well as by word of mouth, and I hope by this means to fill the inevitable gaps between my visits. No priest wishes to present candidates without proper preparation. Experience teaches that the more thorough the preparation, and the more pains are taken by the candidate in prayer and study, the greater the results, and especially in perseverance during the difficult months which follow Confirmation, when the enemy attempts to undermine and destroy the progress we have made and to discourage us from using that spiritual power which has been bestowed upon us.

During February I visited ROSSING, EBONY, and STINGBANK, as well as going to TSUMEK and back.

At TSES and at KALKVELD I was able to hold Baptisms while the train waited. It is a pleasure to see how some of the children enter into the privilege of having a Signal Box, to collect for the Railway Mission. I should like to see more of them helping in this way. It has been very hot and dry this season, and last night Windhuk was overjoyed at getting a good steady rain for some hours.

With best wishes, I remain,
Your sincere friend,
EVERARD ESDAILE.

DIOCESE OF KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.

The Waiting-room,
Taungs,
March 3rd, 1919.

My dear friends,

Station waiting-rooms provide peaceful solitude for the Railway Missioner's office and secretarial work, so here in this hall of patience I begin my letter to you. I am just waiting for the train from the Lime Works to come in and take me out there. Passengers do the outward journey in an empty truck and the return journey in a full one, seated perilously at a great altitude on the top of a load of lime.

Now in this letter I don't want to talk to you about what I have been doing—that would be dull for you to hear. As you do more or less the same thing from day to day, so do I. A chronicle of my doings would be this sort of thing: "Went to such and such a place, visited the people, held services, some came, some didn't. Talked to so and so about his soul, he didn't want to listen, I shut up. Talked to another on the same subject, he listened well, I promised him more next time. Moved on to X station, baptized A's baby, heard B's confession, and went on preparing C and D for the Sacra-
"And so it would proceed ad lib. Occasionally there would be exciting incidents to relate, as when recently at an open-air service in the midst of the singing I gulped down an insect and nearly smashed the hymn to pieces. But this would not edify you! And then the tale of hospitality and kindness would bore you to extinction, as it is a tale of unvarying monotony, always the same! So let's talk about something else.

The Forty Days of Lent will be drawing towards their close before you read this, but there will still be Holy Week to come, the week preceding Easter Day. This is the time when we commemorate the sufferings of our Divine Redeemer, especially April 18th, Good Friday. Now do face that week with simple Christian common-sense in this sort of way. 'Christ our Lord suffered, and suffered terribly for me. Suffering shows love, for “greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends.” And when it comes to God laying down His life for His enemies, words must fail. For “while we were yet sinners Christ (who is over all, God blessed for ever) died for us.” Face, then the stupendous love of God once again. The Cross is like a huge magnet, its drawing power is immense. Put yourself in the way of it, and you are bound to feel its compelling force. We know of course that we can, if we will, repeat Pilate's process, wash our hands of Jesus, have nothing to do with Him. But instead of that let us try this Holy Week to "follow to Calvary and tread where He trod." Here is a simple way in which everyone could do this, a plain method of putting ourselves in the reach of that power of Divine Love. Set apart a few minutes, ten, twenty, or whatever you feel capable of: seize that time each day in Holy Week, especially on Good Friday, wrench it away though it may need all the force of your will to do so, snatch it from your sleep in the early morning by rising a few minutes earlier, or from your afternoon’s rest, or from the company if you are on the veld, or from your evening recreation. But take it somehow, and give it to Jesus crucified. His life was spent for me, His agony endured for me, I must give Him a quarter of an hour. We almost feel ashamed to say such a thing, and if His love were not so great we would be ashamed to make such an offering—but we know that Love accepts and delights in the smallest attentions; so don’t be afraid to make this offering. Then use the time in this way—take the portrait of the suffering Lord which the Holy Spirit has provided in the inspired records of the Catholic Church, the concluding chapters of the Four Gospels. You might take them from the Prayer Book Gospels for Holy Week.

This can be done in any position, sitting, standing, kneeling or walking. Ask our Lord, before you begin, to show you the meaning of His sufferings, and then look intently at the portrait, that’s to say read a bit. A short passage, just a few verses, may be quite enough each time. Someone perhaps hasn’t a Bible. Well, it’s quite possible to do something even without the written record, because you know enough already to make your own picture for each day. You know He suffered the mental and spiritual agony in the garden of Gethsemane when “the sweat was as great drops of blood falling to the ground.” You know He was arrested by a howling mob with sticks and staves and dragged before the High Priest. You know He was cruelly scourged in Pilate's palace, that they crowned Him with thorns and held Him up to the ridicule of the people in a purple robe. You know He carried His Cross along “the way of sorrows,” that the nails pierced Him, and that He hung there for hours before death released Him, death from a broken Heart. We know enough then
to make a mental picture of some scene from the Passion each day in Holy Week, even if we haven't a copy of the Gospels at hand. Look intently on His suffering so that it becomes impressed on the mind, and then speak to Him in your heart about it all. Speak to Him your wonder at His patience, your gratitude for the nobility of His example, your acceptance of the graces won for you through His obedience, your sorrow for any share you have had with His murderers in thought, word, or act, your self-surrender to Him Whose love compels you to give way; but in this intercourse with our Lord be careful to be absolutely real. If you have none of those sentiments, don't tell Him you have them, but tell Him you have not got them, and ask Him to give them. Or if you have them a little ask Him to increase them. So this exercise of religion in Holy Week will be a reality, no hypocrisy, no sham, no over-straining of yourself. Will you try it? I hope to make the attempt too myself, and feel sure we shall be led to love our Lord more. But remember we must let Him speak to us too, for it is the living Master we are communing with, and without a doubt He gives messages to those who come near enough to hear. But we must get near to the Cross to catch His words. He might ask us to do anything, to give up something in life that we like but He doesn't, to come over to the Old Church, to make our first Confession, to find Him at His Altar. It's near to the Cross that we feel we could do anything if we just hear Jesus ask it of us.

"This have I done for thee. What dost thou for Me?"

I wish you all every Easter joy, but if we would share His triumph, we must share His sufferings; and I have tried to show one simple method in which we might do so.

Your sincere friend and priest,

ARTHUR C. HOBSON.

P.S.—This may be my last letter to you as Missioner on the section, and on the other hand it may not! According to an arrangement made with my parents before leaving home, I should be getting back now. But with present difficulties about sailing I may have to hang on some months, and so be able to postpone a severance which I shall really feel very much. I just throw out this warning, lest any should say, "How quickly the sky-pilot gave us the slip!"

WOMEN'S WORK.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

Already we are approaching another Scripture-Examination, and it is to be hoped that many schools are preparing their scholars to take their share in it, and that more prizes than ever will be gained this year.

Many fail to enter for it from fear that they will not be able to answer the questions in a satisfactory manner although they have studied the subjects set for each quarter, and I think this difficulty might easily be overcome if more teachers would adopt the plan of holding a short preliminary written examination so as to discover the weak points in each pupil.

We are most anxious also that all parents should share in this work of studying the Scriptures with their children with at least some of the keenness which would be displayed by all ages supposing a search for "hidden treasure" were instituted. Surely in God's Book we should expect to find remedies for all the ills of this life, and even in the stories chosen from the Old Testament of Joseph, Moses and David how much there is of encouragement and well as warning. Perhaps the following passages may prove of use sometimes to suit our various needs.

Psalm 27, if depressed and anxious.
Psalm 37, if your pocket-book is empty.
I Corinthians 13, if you are losing confidence in people.
St. John 14 and 15, if people seem unkind.
Hebrews 12, if at all out of sorts.
Others we can seek for ourselves, or should be sure to find if we only read regularly some of the daily portions appointed for reading by the Church to be found in the Prayer Book Lectionary, remembering always, in the words of the poet, that "This book of stars lights to eternal bliss."

During the months of January and February the heat was too great to allow of Lantern Lectures being given, but they were restarted in Lent and Sacred Slides have already been shown at Rosmead, Conway, Sherborne, Carlton, Cookhouse and other places on the Midland Line with the assistance of Miss Andewartha, whose timely arrival from the Transvaal has already proved an immense help in all kinds of work.

Before Easter we hope to have travelled together in the Mission Coach over the whole of the double district comprised in Divisions 3 and 4, and shall make a special effort to show the Passiontide slides in as many places as possible. Several Confirmations are arranged for the Lenten season, so we trust that many prayers may be offered up for the candidates and all who may be preparing for their First Communion at the great Easter Festival.

May we all strive so to spend the coming solemn season of Holy Week in watching at the foot of the Cross as to enter more fully into the joy of the Resurrection.

M. JOSEPHINE BECKWITH.

Nurse Fuller's many friends on the Line will be glad to learn that she has again arrived safe and well in this country and was enjoying a railway train as a pleasant change from a crowded steamer, though all will regret that there was no chance of seeing her on her way to Lourenco Marques, which is her new sphere of work.

DIOCESE OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

As I only returned about a month ago from my holiday there will not be very much to write about this quarter. I had a very good time away, particularly enjoying a week at George, and came back quite ready to tackle "Division 5" at least as far as BETHELHEM. I am writing now from TWEESPRUIT, where I have to-day started a Sunday School to take alternate months with LINDLEY ROAD. With these as centres I hope to spend a week every month on this Section. I hope to keep all my own work going for the regular monthly classes and Sunday Schools. They will be as follows: Brandfort and Theunissen, 2nd Sunday; Natalspruit and Klip River, 3rd Sunday; Kopjes, 4th Sunday. Weekday classes at Whites, Bethany and Viljoen's Drift. So far only two candidates have come forward to prepare for Confirmation, but two who were prepared have still to be Confirmed. So you see with these "fixtures" there will not be too much time for the places between. You won't be left altogether, but visits must be fewer for a little while. Now that the war is really over we may hope for more workers to fill up the ranks, and this Section will not be forgotten when they come.

I have been really running round this month to find out how folk were and where shifts had altered the conditions. So far Thaba 'Nchu is the only place where plans had to be changed. Mr. Wheatley's death and two transfers reduced the number of children to six, so Tweespruit had to be chosen for Sunday instead.

It was so nice to come back and find such a warm welcome everywhere and that my friends had really missed me.
Some had even gone so far as to imagine me gone to England, without saying a word about it. Still as it was five months' interval perhaps they had some excuse. It was the "flu" which was responsible for the first two months, not the holiday.

P. Glasier.

VICTORIA BIBLE EXAMINATION.

Questions will be set on the following:


The Story of David, I Samuel, Chapter 17, verses 2-51; Chapter 26; Chapter 16, verses 1-14. II Samuel, Chapter 7, verses 8, 12 and 16.


Learn by heart Psalm 130, and also The Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments.

Names, standards, and ages of candidates writing for this examination must be sent to the Editor by May 15. The examination will be held in the last fortnight in May.

All particulars can be had from

The Editor of Light for the Line.

Box 133, Grahamstown.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

My dear Children,

I hope you all remembered Ash Wednesday on March 5th, and had decided what you were going to do to learn to be more unselfish. We are now in the middle of Lent and are perhaps finding that it is longer than we thought, but if we only keep on steadily it will help to teach us the great lesson of perseverance, without which our religious life would never grow and deepen.

I wonder if some of you read the letters from the Missioners as well as the Children's Page. If you have not done so before, begin now, because you will learn many things about people and places which may be useful to you some day. In Mr. Hobson's letter you will find some helpful suggestions as to how we may use Holy Week in trying to realize the wonderful sacrifice made by our Lord which we remember at this season, and also how we can do something to bring us nearer to Himself.

I hope many of you will send in your names for the Victoria Bible Examination. It will be held in the last fortnight in May.

Grateful thanks are due to the Grahamstown C.O.Y. children for the number of children's books which they so kindly sent in.

A very happy Easter to you all.

Your friend,

The Editor.

(To be learnt.)

EASTER DAY.

Little Christian children say
Why your hearts are light to-day,
Why with hymn and carol sweet
You this happy Sunday greet.

Very early Christ arose,
Mighty Victor o'er His foes:
In the morning's twilight gloom,
Lord of Life, He left the tomb.

C.F.S. Members.

Violet Harvey, Alicedale. (Violet's name was omitted last quarter.)
Hints for Teaching Young Children.

From 7 to 9 years of age, and while in Standards I and II, read simple Bible Stories to them from both the Old and New Testament; also teach them Hymns, the Creed, etc.

From 9 to 11 years of age their memory is at its best, so let the Church Catechism be learnt then, quite perfectly, and it will never be entirely forgotten in after life.

"O say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats
And cannot catch the strain.

Dim or unheard, the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind.

(Christian Year. Keble.)

Maps are useful at this stage in awakening interest.

One course of lessons should be given now on the Doings of the Christ and another on the Teachings of our Lord.

Another most important point is to enlist the child as a helper in teaching himself by giving expression work at the end of each lesson, that is, letting them either write out or draw something in connection with the subject. It will be found that even the smallest children enjoy this exercise and frequently show much ingenuity in reproducing what they have heard.

Suitable Scripture Books and Pictures may be obtained from the S.P.C.K. Depot, Hill Street, Grahamstown.

BAPTISMS.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

Dec. 15.—Catherine May McKenzie, Naauwpoort.
22.—Ida Doreen Anne Fawdry, Naauwpoort.
22.—Avis Margaret Etherington Wilmot, Naauwpoort.
Jan. 3.—Ellen Olive Nicholas, Norval’s Pont.
4.—Margaret Elizabeth Austin, Naauwpoort.
26.—Lodewijk Wilhelm Bezuidenhout, Cyphergat.
26.—William Johannes Labuschagne, Cyphergat.
26.—Leslie Bernard Jackson, Cyphergat.
26.—Margaret Sarah Jackson, Cyphergat.
Feb. 2.—Nancy Eveline Taylor, Naauwpoort.
9.—Isaiah Mbenya, Cookhouse.
9.—Angelina Mbenya, Cookhouse.
9.—Emily Ngqonwa, Cookhouse.
9.—John Malandana, Cookhouse.
9.—April Doro, Cookhouse.
9.—Joseph Mbenya, Cookhouse.
9.—Margaret Mbenya, Cookhouse.
9.—Job Genge, Cookhouse.
Mar. 2.—Mavis Elizabeth Willett, Naauwpoort.
3.—Llewellyn Malcolm Clark, Naauwpoort.

KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.

1918—
Dec. 15.—George Ernest Vickery, at Mochudi.
17.—Apollo Africa, at Ramathlabama.
22.—Nora Violet Stanford, at Modder River.
24.—Albert Berry, at Warrenton.
1919—
Jan. 31.—Andrew John Douglas Ferguson, at Riverton Road.
Feb. 3.—Anna Susannah Harbor, at Ramoutsa.
4.—Rona Joyce Ireland, at Ramoutsa.
4.—Sylvia Phoebe Heson, at Notwani.
5.—William Stephen Peterson, at Notwani.
11.—Cornelius Frederick Vanderness, at Lobatsi.
18.—Sidney Petrus Jacobus Julies, at Francistown.
21.—Denis Frederick Southwick, at Palapye Road.
23.—Emily Florence Williams, at Fourteen Streams.
Mar. 6.—George Lionel Haynes, at Lobatsi.
6.—Albert Edgar Haynes, at Lobatsi.
ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND,
S. W. A.

Feb. 5.—Magdalena Maria Elizabeth Coetzee, at Tses.
14.—William George Dijsel, at Kalkveld.
26.—Sarante Violet Bolton, at Ebony.

BURIAL.

ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND.
S. W. A.

Dec. 1st, at Windhuk.—Johannes Berry, aged 5 years and 7 months. Officiating minister, the Ven. Archdeacon Fogarty.

BENEDICTION OF GRAVE.

Dec. 11th, at Heide.—Robert Berry, aged 18 months. Died Nov. 27th.

COLLECTIONS, &c.

GRAHAMSTOWN DIOCESE.

DONATIONS.
Miss Hind, £2; Mr. Blewitt, 2/6; Mr. Els, 2/6.

COLLECTIONS.

Sustentation Fund, Nieuwpoort.
Mrs. Odoire: Jan., £2/6/-; Feb., £2/4/-; March, £2/5/- and 9/- special.
Mrs. Ehrich: Jan., 2/10/-; Feb., £2/2/6; March, £1/11/6.

Contributors to Sustentation Fund.
Miss Anderson, Mr. Comley, Mr. Crittenden, Mr. de Abrew, Mr. Deacon, Mr. Drinkwater, Mr. Ehrich, Mr. Elliott, Mr. Fawdry, Mrs. Fawdry, Mr. Growden, Mr. Hammer, Mr. Heulsh, Mr. Hitchcock, Mrs. Hitchcock, Mr. Hughes, Dr. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Mr. W. Jones, Mr. Lear, Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Odoire, Mr. Ormsby, Mrs. Outram, Mr. Reid, Mr. Robson, Mrs. Salveson, Miss A. Salveson, Mr. Sewrey, Mr. Turner, Mr. van der Merwe, Mrs. Weston, Mr. Willett, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Wilmot.

DIOCESE OF KIMBERLEY AND KURUMAN.

COLLECTIONS.
1918: Dec.—Taungs, Village, 33/4; Fourteen Streams, 7/3; Notwani (Farm), 10/-; (Siding) 3/6; Gaberones Station, 1/-; Palapye Road, 13/6; Mochudi, 7/-; Pitsani, 2/9; Ramalhatlabana, 8/6; Mdddle River, 15/-; Warrenton, 26/8; Vryburg, £2/9/-; Grange, 24/3; Content, 7/2; Windsorton Road, 6/7.

Fees and Offerings, 41/—
1919: Feb.—Riverton Road, 17/9; Warrenton, 12/9; Ramoutsa, 5/-; Notwani, 10/-; Kameel, 10/-; Doornbult, 5/-; Vryburg, 21/-; Lobatsi, 17/9; Maritzani, 7/-; Gaberones Camp, 12/-; Mahalapye, 23/-; Shashi, 1/-; Palapye, 27/6; Mochudi, 8/-; Fourteen Streams, 18/6.


Fees and Offerings, £3/2/9.

ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND,
S. W. A.

OFFERINGS AND COLLECTIONS.
Dec. 11th, 1918, to March 4th, 1919:
Heide, 5/-; Kalkveld, 15/-; Narib, £1/5/2; 2/-; Tses, 4/6; 6/-; Luderitzbucht, 7/9; Bethanie, £1/3/10; Rossing, 10/-; Kalkveld, 5/-; Eloby, 5/-; Stingbank, 10/-; Signal Boxes: Rossing, 8/3; Stingbank, 3/5.

Light for the Line, £2/2/-.

Duty for the Archdeacon, £7.

Duty for the Bishop of Pretoria at Springs, £1/1/-.

Christmas Toys, acknowledged with many thanks (list in full): Tschaukaib, 10/-; Waldaus, 2/-; Bloemfontein, 5/-; Kuns, 2/6; Rehoboth, 5/-; Tsumis, 25/-; Kalkfontein South, 22/6; Silvertown, 6/-; Narib, 6/-; Heide, 5/-; Anon., 5/-; Dining Car, 1 Down, Christmas Day (at Grünau), 26/-; East London, £5.
Local Agents "Light for the Line."

**GRAHAMSTOWN DIOCESE.**
- Grahamstown—Miss Booth, Worcester Street.
- Alicedale—Mrs. B. Harvey.
- Zwartkopse—Miss Austin.
- Uitenhage—Mr. Corbett.
- Cookhouse—Mrs. Wise.
- Cradock—Mrs. Judd.
- Naauwpoort—Mrs. Williamson.
- Port Elizabeth—Miss Hannam, Sundridge, Park Drive.

**PRETORIA DIOCESE.**
- Volksrust—Mrs. Milton.
- Silverton—Miss Louie Schuch.

**BLOEMFONTEIN DIOCESE.**
- Bloemfontein—Miss Glasier.
- 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—Miss Blundell, Grahamstown.
  - Johannesburg—Mrs. Callow, Houghton Ridge.
  - Pretoria—Miss Bristowe.
  - Port Elizabeth—Mrs. Edward Brown; Miss H. Hannam, Park Drive.
  - Bloemfontein—Miss Biden, S. Michael's School.
  - Grahamstown—Mrs. Seale, Hill Street.

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PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVINGS.

For many answers to prayer.
That we are Christians, named from Him who died for us on the first Good Friday.
That Christ's Resurrection enabled Him to give us the hope of future glory.
For the prospects of extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth, for the prospects of Reunion.
For the opportunities that we have had of helping others.
For everything and anything in this world that has brought pleasure to us.
For the mercies vouchsafed to the Church Railway Mission in a time of stress and difficulty.

INTERCESSIONS.

That another Chaplain may be found for the work in Rhodesia.
That God will give grace and wisdom to those who are responsible for the Church's work in South-West Africa, that it may be established on the best and surest foundation.
That we may not forget the lessons learnt in the war and from the epidemic.
That the candidates for Confirmation may be strengthened with might in the inner man, to be witnesses for Christ.
That all may find joy and peace in believing.
That those who seek rest and pleasure in the Easter holidays may be preserved from accident and temptation, and shielded from danger to soul and body.

THANKSGIVING.

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.

PRAYERS.

For a lasting Peace.
O Almighty God, who canst bring good out of evil, and makest even the wrath of man to turn to thy praise; we beseech thee to prosper the counsels which aim at the restoration of a rightful and abiding peace, and to unite the nations of the world in a lasting fellowship for the promotion of thy glory and the good of all mankind; 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 fulfil thy divine purpose; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.
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