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

No. LXXXV., QUARTERLY. OCTOBER, 1919. 2/- PER ANNUM. 2/6 POST FREE.

South African Church Railway Mission.

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Light for the Line.

Subscriptions, 2/- per annum, 2/6 post free, can be paid to the Editor or to any of the Mission Staff or Local Agents, or sent to the Diocesan Office, P.O. Box 133, Grahamstown.

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LETTER FROM THE HEAD.

Kambove, Congo Belge,
August 22, 1919.

Dear Friends,

Our first word ought to be one of thankfulness for the signing of the Peace Terms: for the past five years we have been passing through one of the world’s greatest struggles, sometimes pleading for God’s help for those who were fighting for us and the future of mankind, and sometimes wondering when and how it was all going to end. The formal end has come at any rate and victory has been granted to us and to those who were fighting with us for “Right against Might”: a glance at the terms of peace show only too clearly something of what the struggle has been, how the whole world has been turned upside down, and now what a tremendous lot there is to put right. The best way to show our gratitude is for each one to do his best to use this victory for the honour of God and then we may be quite sure it will all be for the well-being of mankind.

Before our next issue Christmas will have come and gone once more: this ought to be a real good Christmas: I should be very grateful if those of you who are able and willing will kindly send contributions to me at Box 133, Grahamstown, for the “Children’s Christmas Toy Fund.” For how many we shall be able to provide depends entirely on the contributions sent in; but I should be very disappointed if we are not able to provide at least for the children on the lines in South-West Africa, who are still nearly all quite beyond the reach of shops and so out of reach of those little treasures which go to gladden the children’s hearts at Christmastime.

I am at present on Mr. Ingram’s Section filling in as many gaps as possible: while we are up in this part of the country we do not have letters forwarded—it is a long way up, some 2,400 miles from Capetown—so I shall have to wait for latest news till I can get to Broken Hill, where I expect to find my letters awaiting me. It is quite possible therefore that what I have to say of the present and the future may not be “up to date,” but I must write by this post or the letter will arrive too late for the printers.

Mr. Hobson was due to sail from Capetown on the 12th, so by the time you get this issue of Light for the Line he ought to have been nearly a month in England: his going will be a great and very real loss to the Mission, as well
as to his many friends on the Line, for since he joined our staff he entered into the very spirit of his job to the fullest extent and in no way spared himself or counted the cost his labours were bound to entail. He was “all out” for the Section on which he was placed and our regret at his going and the extent of our loss is only measured by our gratitude to him for having given us the best years of his life so freely. He was nearly a year over the time for which he offered to come out, and but for the age and infirmity of his father he would have found it more difficult to withdraw from the work he had made a part of himself. Our prayers and good wishes will go with him and we trust that God’s richest blessings may be his in his future work wherever it may be: the one thought which overcomes our great regret at losing him is our gratitude to him for having come to us and the very happy time we spent together.

During June I was mostly up in Southern Rhodesia—Mr. Seacome’s Section—where I met many old friends and greatly regretted that I had to get away so soon, but it could not be helped as I was due in South-West Africa to help there during the visit of the Archbishop of Capetown, who was going up for the purpose of holding Confirmations and generally to get to know the conditions and needs of the country. While on the way up I got news of the signing of the Peace Terms, so on my arrival at Keetmanshoop I was not surprised to be told a Parade Service had been arranged for the afternoon—this was held in the open air, in front of the Bandstand. Colonel Kruger with his men and most of our part of the community were present and it seemed as if we all were really grateful that the formal end of the Great War was really in view at last. At Evensong, which was held in the Church Room, the “Sons of England” Society formally joined in with us and the place was quite full. Later on in the week Mr. Esdaile joined me and together we travelled towards Windhuk—I continuing the journey and he dropping off at Hinde to look after some of his Confirmation candidates: I was very glad to find him looking better than I had seen him for some while: while I was fixing up things at Windhuk he passed through on his way to Tsakos, and I was told a “dog had carried off the bacon from the coach,” a dog having been produced to prove the statement. This time we did not see so much of each other: the arrangement being that he should be left free for the preparations of his Confirmation candidates, and consequently I was “out” on my own, taking as many services as could be arranged for. Many of the old familiar faces were missing—you have heard of the “faces you would like to shake hands with,” have you not?—but it was very pleasant to meet some of the old staggers again. I was also glad to have been at Windhuk just then as preparations for the new Church Girls’ School were being made by Miss Gould, late of the D.S.G. at Grahamstown, who had gone up to take charge at the
invitation of Archdeacon Fogarty, and I was able to give a hand. The need for such a school has long been felt; it certainly ought to succeed and we wish the Archdeacon and all concerned—at the opening by the Archbishop there were three teachers (Miss Helen White and Miss Damant having gone up to help Miss Gould) and some thirty pupils—every success. I was at Windhuk on the Sunday appointed for the Thanksgiving Services in England, so we joined in with them, as well as we might, seeing it is the Capital of that vast country which has now come into the Empire as a result of the War. On the way back from a trek up the 'Narrow Gauge' Line—where I was fortunate to again meet Major Manning (the leader of the three noble men who now 'govern' the vast tribes of Avomboland, which the Germans dared not attempt) and to hear more of his wonderful story—I stabled for the night at Usakos, and what a night we had! The Railway folk were taking formal farewell of Harry Edwards—Daddy—who had been transferred to Greyville, and the whole community turned out to 'do him well': how well he deserved it, for right from the early days he has borne the burden and heat of the day and now hands over with the good will of all concerned, having had no mean share in turning the chaos of the early days of the occupation into almost perfect order. It was a special pleasure to me to be able to join in as he is an old and tried friend. Never mind what we did that night at the 'farewell' or what time we got home, be it enough to say I did catch the 7.20 next morning, but only by the 'skin of my teeth.' After all the kindness I had received from so many friends, Archdeacon Fogarty and the members of his family, His Honour and Lady Gorges, Colonel and Mrs. Wallace, Colonel Venning and many others too numerous to mention, it was with mixed feelings that I joined the Mail for the South and said goodbye. All the way down there were signs of preparation for the Peace Festivities, in which everybody seemed to join. No wonder the train was late getting into Grahamstown, but it left me only two busy hours before I took the next train for Port Elizabeth, where I was due to give Mr. Mayo a hand—he being Mayor's Chaplain: so there I spent the official Union Day for Thanksgiving. Returning to Grahamstown on the Tuesday, I set off again for this trek on the Friday and this time I came up direct: it is the third time this year I have tried to get up, but there has always been so much to do down South that I found the only way to get here was to just set the teeth and come right through. On my arrival at Elisabethville on the 15th—the journey takes a solid week—I discovered they were having the first of the three days appointed by the Belgian Government for their rejoicings, and consequently our Services there, the Capital of the Belgian Congo, were also of a National Thanksgiving order, when a goodly number both of our own people and Americans turned
out—in the morning at the British Vice-Consulate and in the evening at the Workmen’s Club at Lubumbashi—to bear witness and to thank God for granting us the object which we set out to gain five years ago. On the Saturday the children had their day: motor-car rides, tea, presents, etc.; but the greatest attraction seemed to be an improvised home-made Roundabout—the motive power being two Natives running round tugging at rope-ends: the greatest difficulty being to stop the thing, but they did manage it. Now I am staying—not at a “Farm” (see Bairnsfather) but—with the kind manager of the Mine, Mr. J. C. Moore—known to many Railwaymen of the past as one of the engineers engaged on the Amabele-Kongha construction. The house is well situated high up on a hill and is reached first by a long steep incline and finally a flight of forty-five steps some twenty-five feet wide; it is so placed for health’s sake: To-day we had a really funny sight as we stood on the verandah; yesterday a neighbouring mine manager arrived with his “carriers,” i.e. Natives to carry his baggage—the only way for getting about in this country: two of the three were from Central Africa and had not previously been with “White” people and know nothing of their ways: they could not go to the Compound to sleep as they said they had no “brothers” there (meaning none of their own lot and kind), and our House Boy explained that they would not be welcomed as they were “man-eaters.”

But to get on with the story: when the visiting Manager was ready to go to the Station he instructed the carriers to set off in advance; then came the fun—these poor wretches did not know how to get down these steps, and had not only to be shown how but almost forced down by the other boy, and he took quite a long while doing it.

By the last mails I have received very sad news of two of the very best friends of the Mission in England: Miss Elsie Astley, who for more than twenty years has devoted her life to our interests as the English Secretary, has had to hand over her work on account of serious illness, and it seems likely that she will not be with us much longer; she has been a real good friend, always out to help us, and therefore I would ask your prayers on her behalf when she is greatly needing them and so do something in return for her who has done so much for us. I would also ask your prayers for our late fellow-worker Mr. Holden, who is very ill with consumption: I am sure he very often thinks of his many friends in the Free State and up North, so we must not now forget him.

Mr. Rossborough still hopes to get out “soon”: berths on the boats are as difficult to secure as ever: we have other Workers ready to come out as soon as room can be provided for them, so we must just go on hoping for the present: meanwhile Mr. Ingram and other friends are doing all they possibly can to secure us the help we so sorely need.
On the way from South-West Africa I was grieved to find Mr. Willmott's cough had taken a serious turn for the worse and at last he had been obliged to give in: when I last heard from him he had been sent down to East London to get to a lower altitude and to get out of the cold and dust: I have "ordered" him to stay away till he is quite well and strong again. I feel sure his many friends on the Nauwpoort Section will support me in this action, and glad as they will be to see him back if quite well, they would be as grieved as I should be if he attempts to return before he is really fit. In the meantime he may be assured of our sympathy and prayers.

And now, lest I should over weary you, I must stop, but before doing so I would once more ask those of you who are interested in the welfare of God's Kingdom along the Line to think of us in this time of need and join your prayers with ours that if it be His will the way may soon be opened for filling in the many gaps in our Staff.

R. Thornely Jones.
Sept. 4, 1919.

P.S.—I have just received news that Mr. Rossborough is really returning at last: indeed, if he has not already landed he is due to land any day now. We need hardly say how very glad we are to get him back and I am sure he will receive a very warm welcome from all his old friends who have been waiting so long for his return. He will know how grateful to him we are for what he has been able to do for the wounded and the suffering.

I have also just heard that Mr. Holden and Miss Astley have been called to their rest. R.I.P. Mr. Holden was one of the best Chaplains we ever had and his many friends, while thankful to know that his suffering is ended, will be grieved that his young and promising life has ended so early: our sympathy will be with his widowed mother and his sister. Miss Elsie Astley, daughter of Sir Richard Astley, was not widely known in South Africa, but she was one of the best—friends the Mission has ever had or is likely to have; she will be one of our greatest losses, for she spent her life ungrudgingly for over twenty years as our Secretary in England; her greatest joy was to be of service to the Mission and to help it on in any way possible. Her loss is immeasurable, but it is a real relief for us to know that her intense suffering is ended. We thank God for having given us two such Workers: I would ask you to remember them in your prayers.

GRAHAMSTOWN
DIOCESE.

NAAUWPOORT.

Some of the Mission Chaplains write from transport and hospital ships, a coach or waiting-room. I am condemned to write from my bed. If one asks: Why is he in bed and not doing his work? Has a fly shunter caught
him by the legs? Has he dislocated his jaw in preaching?—the answer is: No; his legs are all right, his jaw is as serviceable as other jaws. He is in bed because he greedily swallowed some Naauwpoort dust, although there is plenty for everybody, and that affected his heart by making him cough; or he is guilty of going out into the cold without his goloshes, or his macintosh, or chest protector, or respirator or umbrella. Yet the shunters run up and down between the points without bothering about cold and wet and ice, glad to have all their fingers on at the end of the day. Why then should the Chaplain knock up? The R.M.O. treats me as a fellow human being, but now I have fallen into the hands of other medical men. They seem to say inwardly, ‘Hasn’t he a grandson to do this sort of work? He is a ‘has-been.’’’

The work on the Railway Mission is most interesting and less trying than continued cart-travelling through sparsely populated districts, but a weak spot seems to have developed, and the one thing I thought I could do—steadily go on with my work—I find I can’t do just now. So there is absolutely nothing for me to report about my work, for I haven’t done any. Fortunately Miss Andrewartha has been able to put a lot of work in at Naauwpoort—and of course less on the rest of the Section—but just now Naauwpoort is the place where we want all the encouragement we can get. Our Churchwardens, Messrs. Hitchcock and Ehrich, keep the Evening Service going manfully with encouraging results. I am glad to say that both for the Peace celebrations and General Botha’s funeral they were able to hold Service. I am sorry nothing could be done in the way of clerical help. It is partly because I expected to be back almost every week. Anyhow I hope it won’t be long now.

Mr. Odoire’s farewell had to be much cut down as such a short time was available—but three farewells were squeezed into about a day and a half.

It is really hard to express my gratitude for all the sympathy and help that has been showered upon us. Kindness crops up in all sorts of unexpected ways and places. One feels sometimes like bumping one’s head against the wall, but as the doctor says, “Of course, I need not speak to you about patience”—implying that I am a past master in this Christian art, I feel compelled to look cheerful. I hope everyone will try and keep things going. I hear of the Church funds being benefited by a concert and a dance and plenty of energy. Let us try to show the same energy in the spiritual side of our lives. I have been continually wishing to be back in Naauwpoort ever since we left home.

Bedford, Sept. 20, 1919.

E. T. WILLMOTT.

S.W. AFRICA.

Kalkrand, S.W.A., Sept. 8, 1919.

My dear Readers,

Much the most important event in S.W. since I last wrote has been the visit of the Archbishop of Capetown. I attended the Confirmations at TSAKOS, WINDHUK and KEETMANSHOOP. The names of the candidates whom I presented are printed on a separate page in this number. Had it not been for the Head coming up and lending a hand at the critical moment most of these candidates could not have been confirmed. The trolley-ride from EBONY to USAKOS with five of the children would not have been arranged had I not been on the spot and by a fortunate chance obtained the necessary permission by the kindness of the D.R., who was travelling by motor-trolley. I shall never forget that trolley-ride, 25 miles down hill out of the 25, three adults, five
children, four natives, my luggage, and a good many parcels, always abundant where ladies are about. The German massed formation and the Macedonian phalanx were nothing compared to it, and it was a real feat to have arrived without shedding any of the persons or parcels along the track. We crossed at least three bridges with a sheer forty-foot drop and no encouraging side-protection. It was a great happiness to me personally to see three gangers confirmed at Windhuk. As at Usakos, I was enabled to overcome the difficulties of arranging the journey by being on the spot, and that would have been impossible had not Canon Jones set me entirely free, so that I had only my candidates to think about. The Confirmation of a mother with a fortnight-old baby was also successfully accomplished, but only because she had the courage and enterprise to travel 250 miles in the opposite direction to that originally planned. At Usakos the Confirmation was held in the Rosemann Hall, not a very suitable place. But it looked quite nice with an altar suitably vested and adorned with flowers. Miss Stewart was not only responsible for this, but had been entrusted with a good deal of the preparation of the candidates. I do not think they are likely to forget her work and care for them. The Bishop's chair was covered with a gorgeous kaross, which looked rather unusual. I acted as organist with the Mission harmonium. The Usakos churchpeople have still to train their dogs to stay at home at service-times and by so doing to avoid unseemly interruptions.

Before leaving Usakos I must not forget to say how much I enjoyed the Children's Picnic at the Peace Celebrations in spite of the much-criticised position of joint-handicapper. We were fortunate in the midst of much windy weather in getting a beautiful day amongst the trees at Klein-Aukas. Also I shall not forget the three days' volunteer teaching in Day School during the absence of Miss Newton, who is now happily enjoying better health. A more unsuitable building for school work could not be imagined, a disgrace both to Usakos and the Education Department. No mending of doors or windows or filling up of holes in the floor will make it suitable either. It is too cold in winter and infernally too hot in summer. I shall have regretful memories of Standard IV for a long time to come, only five of them, and a real handful. I should have liked to have had them a little longer!

I was able in June to pay a short visit to Rehoboth Village for the first time, and I had in the same month well-attended Services at Klein-Karas and Kuitbis, where I only missed my second bonfire by 24 hours.

In August the children made their first Communions at Stingbank, where we had an extraordinarily happy family party. I made the discovery that, as in making tea, so in making omelettes, you need one for each person and one for the pot! This after making an omelette for eight with only seven eggs! I have been able during that month and part of September to see old friends at Rossing, Arandis, Wilhelmsthal, Friedrichsfelde, Albrechts, Waldau, Tetfelsbach, Kildis, Leutwein, Bergland, Heide, Tsumis, and Kalkrand, and to make some new ones at Aukas, Krantzberg, Rehoboth, and Kuit. At the last named it was a pleasure to see a happy little school of some 35 or 40 children, most of them being boarders, under the kindly régime of Mr. and Mrs. Strydom and Miss Bester, who were most hospitable to me. I was fortunate in getting a lift in a motor for the 22 kilos on the outward tack, and I still think it remarkable that four donkeys did the return trip in 2 hours and 20 minutes. It was a pleasure to have a roomful of children on the Sunday morning to look at my Bible-pictures, followed by Morning
Service. The lesson was read in Dutch, and it was very appropriate at the time of our great loss in the death of Louis Botha, being from the 15th Chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, part of the noble Lesson of our Burial Service. **KUB** will be a pleasant memory to me also for my walk along the river-bed, where there is always running water, to the “Blue Pool,” with strips of green grass, slightly whitened with salt, green reeds, and numerous wild duck and many other interesting birds.

I have had several kind words of appreciation from parents who have found the first instalment of the children’s prayers useful. So I hope this number will contain the prayers for Wednesday to Saturday, and that those who use them will cut them out and paste them on a piece of cardboard, which will make them easier to handle.

When people go on leave and come back again, I generally ask them among other things where they went to Church, and in quite a number of cases the answer is “Nowhere,” or perhaps “once” by accident when there was no difficulty in the way. This is not at all encouraging to a Railway Chaplain who is hoping and believing that as the fruit of his visiting and occasional little Services the people along the Line will be reminded of what they owe to their Creator, and that as a result there will arise in their heart a desire to give more of themselves and therefore of their time to the doing of the Divine Will. On a holiday, I know, people are anxious to make the most of their time, they rush round to see as many friends as possible on an annual visit, perhaps in contrast to some of the arid parts of S.W. we feel inclined to lapse among the trees and grass, or in contrast to our loneliness out here we want to get a powerful lot of talking done, and we can’t tear ourselves away from our friends, who see so little of us. I can sympathise with these feelings, but if we give way to them to the exclusion of worship we are making a great mistake. We have not only on a holiday in the Union to get some compensation for our loneliness and boredom with dry wastes of sand and stones, we have also, more important still, to get some compensation for our isolation from Church and worship. Very few leave S.W. the men and women they were when they came in. Why? Because their souls were starved, and they forgot, unchurched as they were, to take special care to watch and pray with such tremendous odds against them. A holiday is meant not only to refresh body and mind by rest and change, but also, surely, for us scattered ones especially, to refresh our souls by using every opportunity to draw in some spiritual force that shall help us through the next year’s work. Those quiet early Services in the peace of Sunday morning, the House of God speaking to our hearts with its atmosphere of prayer, those happy evening Services with simple congregational music—some of us in S.W. have forgotten how we once depended upon these things, and some of us have never experienced them at all. No holiday is complete without them.

I must end my letter by just asking my readers in S.W. to help towards the Christmas toys for children along the Railway Line away from the depots. I don’t want more than 2/6 from anybody, but I should like a lot of cheerful half-crowns from a lot of cheerful people. Last Christmas, I had the happiness of taking toys to practically every child away from the bigger places, which have their own Christmas trees. I should very much like to be able to do it again. Postal orders can be sent to me at Windhuk in November.

I sent out 70 post-cards to collect arrears of subscriptions for the *Light for the Line*. I hope the subscriptions will come in. The Magazine does not always get to the people it is sent to. We do our best, but there are some places notorious for “pinching” papers. Any irregularity should be reported to
me, and I would try to make it good.

With very early good wishes for a happy Christmas,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

EVERARD ESDAILE.

WOMEN'S WORK.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

Once more I can only record a quarter spent in trying to cover two Sections of the Line, while in addition paying a flying visit to a third—rather an unsatisfactory mode of procedure from many points of view, but perhaps inevitable till our promised new Workers can find their way here from overseas, as we still trust may be possible before this year is over. Meanwhile it is a great satisfaction to know that Miss Andrewartha has settled down on the Northern Section, so that at least cannot complain of neglect; and this leads one naturally to the thought, why cannot more volunteers come forward from this country to share in the Church's work both in the Railway Camps and other Parishes? If want of knowledge of method of work be pleaded as an objection, that can soon be overcome as a Home will be opened shortly in Cape-town where all the necessary training (devotional, intellectual and practical) will be provided and adapted to the needs of each individual.

While the field of work is so wide, so varied, so interesting, why are the labourers so few? Even in the matter of Sunday Schools it is not easy to keep up the supply of teachers, though we rejoice over some recent volunteers in that line. They can always obtain suitable books and pictures through the S.P.C.K. Depot, Hill Street, Grahamstown, and the Children's Scripture questions in our Magazine will also supply a simple and useful basis for teaching from that most wonderful and comprehensive of all books—our Bible. Would that more parents would take their rightful share in this great work—surely no Sunday should pass without some attempt to gather the family together for Prayer and Bible Reading. "Sunday in a Far Country," by Mr. Hook, price 2½p from the S.P.C.K., would provide a short practical commentary on the special passages chosen by our Church for each Sunday. John Wesley and other great men tell us by their letters and lives how much they owe to a mother's influence and religious teaching. Look at some of the heroes of the late war and see how their fine and noble characters have been built on a sure religious foundations. Lords Roberts and Kitchener, General Foch and the Heads of our Navy and Army, Sir David Beatty and Sir Douglas Haig, may be cited as examples. Listen to General Smuts, who tells us that the covenant of the League of Nations is "as the soul of the Peace Treaty which would live when the blemishes on the Treaty had disappeared," and remember, as another great authority has put it, "Governments may make peace, but only the people can keep it," and let us all realize that this is only possible as we learn to live under the reign of the Prince of Peace.

To return to the Railways of South Africa! It was a great pleasure to revive some old friendships and start a few new ones both on the Western and Avontuur Lines, where I should much like to go more frequently. One Sunday spent in Beaufort West was indeed a special treat, not only on account of the extremely kind hospitality shown there on all sides, but because the huge Sunday School of over 100 (where I was privileged to speak) and the hearty singing at the Services were such a source of inspiration. It was a pleasure to be able to show these children (as well as in many other places) the beautiful set of slides on "The Mission of Womanhood," which now include por-
traits of Mother Cecile, Miss Agnes Burt, Nurse Cavell, etc. There have been recently borrowed for a time by the Natal Diocese, but meanwhile the Reverend C. E. Mayo, of St. Mary's, Port Elizabeth, has kindly lent a striking set of some of our Lord's Parables, and scenes in the life of St. Paul, which I hope to continue showing till the weather becomes too warm for such gatherings. As the summer holidays will have begun before our next quarterly Magazine appears, let me recommend all visitors to Port Elizabeth to go and see two old friends there of the Railway Mission: Mrs. Weston (of Naauwpoort) is now at the Octagon Café, Humewood, where the waves outside make a delicious accompaniment to the dainty delicacies provided within; Miss Mabel Smith (of Grahamstown) is to be found from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. (except Saturday's half holiday) at the new premises of the Girls' Club and Café at 13, Donkin Street. All alike will be welcome there and can be comfortably served with tea, coffee and cakes. “Keep smiling” is the motto chosen by the Club and “True Blue” as its colour, so the general effect can be better imagined than described, but remember “seeing is believing,” and those who can go on their own account are sure to want to send others there especially if they have read all about it in the G.F.S. Leaflet.

Grateful thanks in conclusion to our kind donors of books, magazines and picture papers, especially to Mrs. van Heijst, Mrs. Veary, Mrs. Warner, and Miss Booth.

I should like to recommend the “Children's Newspaper,” edited by Arthur Mee, to all parents and teachers as a quite wonderful compendium of up-to-date information on flying and other wonders of the world. It contains a serial story, also pictures and puzzles, so is acceptable to all ages and should be a weekly source of pleasure and information in many homes.

M. Josephine Beckwith.

Since last I wrote for Light for the Line great things have happened in the world and, although there seems to be very little to show for my two months on my Section, yet all around one sees fresh opportunities for service.

COOKHOUSE. In July a very successful and enjoyable Book-tea with games afterwards was arranged by the Sunday School Supt. (Mrs. Wise) to bid farewell to a valued Sunday School scholar in the person of Gladys Eve, daughter of the Churchwarden. Gladys has been a great help in the Sunday School and for some time she has played the organ for the S.S. Service. She was a member of the G.F.S. and Guild of the Good Shepherd. On the occasion of her going to boarding school the scholars she had served so faithfully presented her with a small token of their love and thanks. It was a beautiful day and the party was held out of doors in a spare piece of ground next door to Mrs. Wise. After the judging of books, I was asked to present the prizes to the two successful competitors. The books were many and varied and excellently represented by the children. I took this opportunity of presenting certificates to the successful candidates for the Victoria Bible Reading Examination.

A sad accident marred my visit: a little Native nurse girl was badly burned and within a few days passed away. Johannes Magxaka baptised her the evening that I left for Naauwpoort.

Sunday School has begun to get back to the record attendance after much sickness amongst the children. The Superintendent and I have hopes that the numbers will continue and that the Sunday School children and other children will be able to give a Christmas Mystery Play at Christmastime. It will mean learning a great many hymns and carols, so I hope that our mothers will encourage the children to regular attendance.

G.F.S. classes have been held each month, and now that we have fixed days
for meetings we hope that a number will attend regularly. Four of our number have undertaken the entire charge of Church cleaning and dusting, which is a great help to a small place without a resident worker.

Services have for the last two months been few and far between, but we all hope that before long we shall be able to welcome Mr. Willmot back in the best of health.

St. Barnabas' Mission.—Once a month I take the Native Women's Bible Class in the Mission Church and find the attendance very good. The wife of the Catechist takes the class each week and it has become a great source of strength to the women. At the School, I give the Scripture lesson and hear the Catechism.

During the past months we have had a lot of sickness of one kind or another, but I think the Camp is quite clear again. We said farewell to our Station-master, his wife and family, and wish them happiness in their new home at Waterval Boven. Mr. Noakes, who has lived in Cookhouse for fifteen years, leaves in September for Somerset East, where he will start business. Our very best wishes go with him.

Klipfontein Siding. Ganger Potgieter kindly offered to put me up in their Cottage 38 to enable me to visit the distant cottages along the Line. Unfortunately I was not able to make all the calls I had planned, but hope to do so next quarter. I am most grateful to his wife and family for their kind hospitality. As luck would have it, a bag of meal fell off a passing goods train; it had to be trolleyed down to Thornegrove, and this gave me a lift and the chance of spending part of the day with the Station-master and his wife at Thorne Grove Station. The run was bitterly cold, but it was worth it because it gave Mrs. Brown a store of news to last for a whole month, until I passed again! I found both of them rejoicing over their son's return to South Africa from Germany, where he had been a prisoner of war for two years. As I write, Mr. Brown is in the Port Elizabeth Hospital recovering satisfactorily from an operation.

Conway. Hospitality offered by Miss McDonald gave me the chance of an early visit to the School next morning. We have to welcome a new Principal (Miss Kraublanch) and wish her a very happy time in Conway. I found the children very anxious to do the questions set in the Light for the Line and hope that a number will have sent in their answers to the Children's Secretary. Congratulations to the Station-master and Mrs. Blewitt on the birth of a daughter on July 21st. Baby Blewitt was baptised Hazel at Conway by the Rector of Middleburg.

Fish River for a few hours' visiting. I found all our friends well; Mr. and Mrs. Hogan kindly had me for meals. I am most grateful to them for providing refreshing tea when I am passing through the station on a goods train.

Cypress Grove. The Van Meyers have just returned from a delightful holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop are to be congratulated on the birth of a baby boy.

Rosmead Junction. All children's meetings have been well attended. One week-end I stayed in the Camp and helped with the Sunday School. On the Saturday we had a big G.F.S. meeting in the station waiting-room. After Sunday School we had a few of the bigger boys and girls in the good old Coach 404 to play a Scripture game: a prize offered to the winner was won by Hester Engelbrecht, with Clifford Landy as a good second. During the quarter we have said farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Finlayson, who were transferred to Uitenhage. Our best wishes will go with them. They will both be greatly missed in the camp life.
Mr. Finlayson was Churchwarden and Mrs. Finlayson Superintendent of the Sunday School. The children, on their own suggestion, presented her with a little parting gift in thankfulness for all she had done for them. Miss L. Brown and Miss Marx have taken over the Sunday School work.

The Rector of Middelburg held Services on Peace Sunday and the infant babies of Mrs. Theron and Mrs. Switherine were baptised.

Congratulations to Mrs. Estcourt and many mothers on the safe return of their sons from overseas.

NAUWPOORT. Evening Services have been continued during the Chaplain's absence; the credit is due to our Churchwardens, Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Ehrich, who have worked so nobly, and to all of the Faithful who have done their best to be present at our corporate act of worship. The numbers at Evening Service have increased greatly and we hope for further increase during September.

During Mr. Willmott's absence I have given all my "spare" time to the Camp. Each Sunday Children's Service at 11 a.m., Sunday School at 3 p.m., and we are glad to record a full school each Sunday: during the month of August a prize was offered to the boy or girl who brought back to Sunday School the greatest number of lapsed scholars, and the prize has been awarded to Alice Growden.

Spring calls up in my mind a sight unpleasant in itself of scarlet fever, measles, mumps and the like diseases of the flesh, so this month I have been busy with the sick. Mrs. Ehrich was ordered to bed and I took over the housekeeping and exercised my knowledge of cooking. Much to my humiliation, the Native girl told her mistress that I amused her! Mrs. Morev (née Goodyer), an old Alice Dale and Naauwpoort friend, has been dangerously ill, but as I write there is news that she has every hope of complete recovery to health and strength. It has been a trying time to all concerned, and I take this opportunity of thanking all our friends for their constant care and never-failing assistance.

Naauwpoort Peace celebration was crowned with success. I hear the procession was extraordinarily well done and everybody gave of their best to make the whole a success.

A dance will be given early in September, but we will describe it later when we have more details. Mrs. (Dr.) Jones is busy staging that delightful children's play "The Spirit of the Wood" for the night of Sept. 15th, the proceeds of which will be given to the funds of All Souls' Church. Our best wishes will be with her effort.

HANOVER ROAD. I have made many plans to try and cover the line to De Aar, but so far Taaibosch has been the extent of my visits. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson—the new Station-master—offered to put me up. I paid visits to all the Railway people and left by the afternoon goods for Taaibosch, where I was met by Miss Delaporte and our friends the Bishops. We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Kemp to our midst.

STORMBERG JUNCTION. On Saturday, August 2nd, on my way to Cyphergat, I spent the day with the Station-master's wife, and so was able to visit the Camp, which otherwise would have been impossible. An old friend, Mrs. Roberts, has not been well of late so the doctor has ordered her three months' rest. Our prayers will be with her during the time she is laid aside. We said goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Blachford and family on account of their transfer to Potchefstroom, and in their place we welcome Mr. and Mrs. Paterson.

CYPERGAT. I had the pleasure of presenting the largest number of prizes for the Victoria Bible Reading Examination to scholars of Cypheraga Railway School: record marks were reached by Rupert Shelver. We hope
very much that the honour of the school will be kept up. On Sunday, August 3rd, we had Sunday School in the waiting-room on the platform; after school the sky began to look black and soon we had a light fall of snow followed by a gale. Everything looked very doubtful for our open air picnic and sports to be held on Monday. However, when the time came for the ox wagon to depart the prospects were good, and in spite of intense cold and wind the sports and dinner and tea went off without discomfort to anyone. Sports over, prizes were presented to the successful by Miss Hind, after which the committee gave each school child a small gift by which they would remember Peace Day and all its means to the world. In the evening a dance was held in the schoolroom, which was effectively decorated by Mr. and Mrs. Watkins. The committee are to be congratulated on the results of the Peace celebrations; also our thanks are due to the ladies of Cyphergat for all they did to make it a success, and to Mr. and Miss Hind, who made the sports possible.

Parents, please note “The Children’s Page” of Light for the Line. The set questions will be published each quarter and all children may send in answers. A great deal of time is spent on this work to create an interest for the children. We have done our part, the success now depends upon your cooperation with us in this effort. Should anyone feel that they would like to begin answering now, get a back Light for the Line and do the July questions as soon as possible, and the result will be published next quarter.

Many thanks to the kind friends at Home and in South Africa who have sent me papers and magazines for the Line. They have enabled me to send to almost all my lonely cottages a nice bundle of news and pictures.

Elsie M, Andrewartha.

**New Candidates for G.F.S.**

*Nuursepoort:* Annie Schoeman, Ivy Paton, Susan Ehrich, Unice Jones, Phyllis Heroldt, Olive Fawdry, Elsa Reid, Gwenneth Reid, Violet Balcombe, Ruth Walker, Dorothy Outram, Winifred Johnson, Charlotte Kruger, Nancy Delpoor, Elizabeth Delpoor, Annie Green, Rebecca Fiaga, Grace Rusignia, Katie Stukinder, Muriel Harris.

**Guild of the Good Shepherd.**

**New Members.**

*Klipfontein:* Maria, Magdalen, Jacoba Potgieter; James, John, Peter Potgieter.

**Diocese of Bloemfontein.**

October, 1919.

Work has gone on pretty regularly but with no outstanding features this quarter. The Retreat at St. Michael’s was at the beginning of July. After that I got the coach and went down the Bethlehem line and up Vierfontein way the next week. Sunday fixtures go on as usual, so the next trip was Lindley Road and Wonderkop after the Peace celebrations. At the latter place I visited Mrs. Buchas, one of my Flu patients, and we had the lantern pictures in her house. We had a nice little Service with everyone present from the four families who live there. After that I got a cold and nursed it for a week, so August has not too good a record of visits, but it was the first for nine months, so I can’t grumble, and a week off at Fouriesburg has quite set me up.

A regular Sunday School has been started at Brandfort and I am very grateful to Mrs. Wolf for giving up Sunday afternoons for this work. The regular attendance at my monthly school was quite splendid. I shall continue to take it monthly for the present.
at all events. Two members of our congregation passed away this month: old Mrs. Wright, who had been ill for a long time; and Mrs. Stevenson, who had a sharp attack of pneumonia. Mr. Stevenson wired for me to help nurse her and, to my very great sorrow, the wire never reached me as no one knew where I was. One's sympathy is the greater for his loss as he has only returned from the Front about three months.

The white Altar frontal, which some have seen and most have heard of, is now actually finished and only waiting for Canon Jones' next visit to Broken Hill. It is for the new Railway Mission Church up there which has just been completed. I was too late to send it this trip.

A scheme has been started for a memorial cross over Miss Watson's grave, to be given by her friends on the Railway. These have been approached along her own section, but if any who have shifted wish to assist, subscriptions may be sent to Miss Orford, Fouriesburg, O.F.S., and will be acknowledged by her.

P. Glasier.

Letter from Mr. Rossborough.

Luthje's Langham Hotel, Johannesburg.
Sept. 13th, 1919.

Dear Editor,

I only arrived back from overseas this morning and one of the first persons to greet me in Johannesburg was the Head, who had come all the way from the Congo for the purpose! It was so good to see him, also Archdeacon Rogers, who met me at the train. I shall not be able to get back to my Section till towards the end of next week as our Diocesan Synod is on at Johannesburg, and I shall stay up here for it.

The Head from time to time has printed extracts from my letters while I have been on active service, though I haven't written directly for Light for the Line since I left the Transvaal two years and three months ago.

When I landed in England on July 27th, 1917, after a short holiday in Devonshire I applied for a chaplaincy and, after a month's delay, my commission came through in September and on October 2nd I was posted to the Horse Transport Depot at Blackheath. While there I put in several applications for service overseas, but had to possess my soul in patience for no less than seven months! However, the work at Blackheath, where I had about four thousand men to look after, was splendid experience. The one drawback was that it was a "draft" depot and consequently the men were continually changing, making it very hard to get in touch with them as I should have liked. The depot had been in existence for three years and I was the first padre who had been appointed there! The work was not more easy on that account, as you may imagine, as everything had to be begun from the very beginning. However, the authorities were helpful and I soon had a nice little chapel well fitted up as well as the use of a large drill hall for the parade services.

It was not till April that I received orders for overseas. They were quite different from anything that I had expected, viz., work on a hospital ship, and on May 9th I was posted to the Hospital Ship Wandilla. Our first trip was to Ireland, a very short one, and a few days later we sailed for Egypt. On the way out we stopped at Brest and, taking on board about 500 Portuguese wounded, we sailed for Lisbon, a beautiful city as viewed from the Tagus but rather disappointing when seen at close quarters, the streets being dirty and ill-kept as a rule.

Leaving here we sailed for Alexandria and when one day's sail beyond Gibraltar we ran into a German submarine, which treated us to a short bombardment as a preliminary to com-
ing aboard and searching us. We were still doubtful as to what fate they had in store for us when they suddenly departed and steamed away at full speed. About half an hour afterwards a British airship appeared overhead, which may account for the sudden desire of the Hun to vacate that particular part of the Mediterranean.

At Alexandria we took a load of Mesopotamia wounded on board and sailed for England, remaining there ten days and then returning to Alexandria at the beginning of July. From this time on we were occupied in cruising first between Alexandria, Malta and Marseilles and later were almost exclusively confined to Syrian waters taking off wounded at the various small ports along the coast there and carrying them down to Egypt.

Syria we found in a terrible state. Our first visit almost coincided with the first British occupation of the country and the state of the miserable civilian population was absolutely indescribable. As we entered a town, such as Beyrout for example, on every side men, women and children were huddled up in corners, dead and dying of starvation, literally living skeletons, the Turks having deliberately withheld all food from them. The villages in the Lebanon Mountains were empty, the whole country a scene of desolation with skeletons lying about everywhere. The horrors of Syria must have surely exceeded anything which could be found in any other theatre of the war. So reduced were the people that cases of cannibalism were actually common. In all about 380,000 Syrian Christians were starved to death by their Turkish rulers and it was only the British occupation which probably prevented the entire Christian population from being wiped out. None of us who saw the sufferings of these miserable people will ever forget them to our dying day.

January of this year found us at the other end of the Mediterranean and, after touching at Malta and Marseilles, we left for England, where we arrived on February 7th. The ship was here demobilised and after a month’s leave I was sent to the Prince of Wales Hospital for Officers, Marylebone, to take charge as Chaplain there.

Here I remained until the hospital closed down in June. In the meantime I had applied for my passage back to South Africa, but did not succeed in actually obtaining one till Aug. 20th, and landed in Capetown early in this present week.

As I haven’t seen my Section for considerably over two years and there must be many changes on it, it will be some little time before I can pick up the threads of my work again. However, I hear that I can get the Coach almost immediately and this will be a great help. My first steps I think will probably be down to the Low Veld and Bush country, but of these I shall be able, I hope, to write in the January number of Light for the Line.

I’m afraid this letter has been rather a long one. The fact is, it is not an easy matter when writing of one’s work overseas to know what to leave out. Heaps of interesting things happened of which I should like to have written, but I have had to be content with the merest outline of my actual movements.

Yours very sincerely,
Vernon Rossborough.

CHILDREN’S PAGE.

My dear Children,
I hope you all had a happy time during the Peace Celebrations, and that you knew why we were rejoicing. We were rejoicing that the end of the war had come, yes! but even more that the
world has proved that whole nations are willing to suffer and to die rather than that cruelty and wickedness should rule the world.

We have all felt the death of our Prime Minister Louis Botha, so soon after his return to the land that he loved so well. These are some words which he spoke while still in England:

"Britain is the corner-stone upon which our civilization must rest. It largely depends upon her whether the League of Nations will be a success or not. The essence of the League lies in making the world a better place to live in. In the League the British Empire will play the part of the big brother and protector of the weak." We are all part of the Empire, so let us always try to help, and not to tease or hurt, those who are smaller or weaker than ourselves. I would like those who care to, to write a composition or essay on General Botha, and to send it to The Editor, Box 133, Grahamstown, before November 15th.

November 30th will be Advent Sunday; it is a time of preparation for the Coming of Our Lord at Christmastime, and is the beginning of the Church's Year.

I think that you will all enjoy the interesting little bits on this page. Would any of you like to send in some riddles to be printed later?

I want to wish you all a happy Christmas now as it will be too late if I wait until the next number. Try and make it a happy day for all at Home, and then you yourselves will just have to be happy too.

Your affectionate friend,

THE EDITOR.

LATE FOR CHURCH.

"Do leave off reading, and get ready, Milly! You'll be late for church again!" said Robin.

Milly did not even look up from the exciting story she was reading.

"Never mind!" she said. "There's no marks for church like Sunday School. I can go into the back seat like I did last Sunday. Nobody noticed!"

Milly's father happened to come into the room just at that minute.

"You are wrong, Milly!" he said.

"Someone noticed. God does not give marks, but He does notice."

"If King George asked you to go to see him at Buckingham Palace, would you be late? God, Who is far, far greater than King George, asks you to come to Church to meet Him and to worship Him. I'm sure you won't be able to worship Him properly if you go in late and with your mind full of that story-book!"

"I'm very sorry," said Milly. "I didn't think."

"I know you didn't. But run up now and get your things on as quickly as ever you can."

AN ODD FRIENDSHIP.

A cat at New Malden struck up a great friendship with a young cuckoo, who was being brought up by hand, and was very indignant if any other cat dared to come near it.

Kitty carried her friend about on her back, and the two played games together as though the cuckoo were a kitten instead of a bird!

Riddles.

What is worse than raining cats and dogs?—Hailing omnibuses.

What bird can lift the heaviest weight?—The crane.

"FULL OF ANGELS."

Dorothy had had a beautiful new Bible given to her, and she was so delighted that she had been reading it as she had never read the Bible before.

"Do you know, mother," she said, "the Bible is full of angels! I'm always finding something about them!"

"Yes, but that's only just what you would expect," answered her mother,
because in the Bible God tells us the truth about things, and the truth is that world is full of angels.

Angels are guarding our soldiers and sailors.

Angels—some of God’s highest angels—are taking care of you and of baby. Your own special guardian angel, Dorothy, is very glad when you are good, and very sorry when you are naughty.

The Angels’ Day will be coming very soon—on September 29th—and that always helps to remind us how near the angels are to us, and how much they do for us.”

The Bells of Shoreditch.

“Oranges and lemons,” said the bells of St. Clement’s; “You owe me five farthings,” said the bells of St. Martin’s; “When will you pay me?” said the bells of Old Bailey; “When I grow rich,” rang the bells of Shoreditch.

So, according to the old nursery rhyme, rang the bells of old London many years ago.

But for almost a quarter of a century the “bells of Shoreditch” have failed to make their time-honoured reply to “Old Bailey’s” miserly question.

The old oak frame in which the bells were hung, shaken by the clanging and clashing, became so dangerous that the church authorities, too poor to replace it thought it best to stop their ringing.

So one of the most famous peals in London has been silent for twenty years. But now the bells have been taken down and have been fitted with a new steel frame and fittings. A re-dedication service was performed by the Bishop of Stepney on November 3rd, 1913.

SHINING.

If I were but a sunbeam,
I’d do my best to shine;
And down among the shadows
Should go that ray of mine.

I’d make my little corner,
Wherever it might be,
The brightest little corner
That ever you could see.

A Sociable Robin.

In an “open-air” ward of a Red Cross Hospital at Histon, near Cambridge, a robin built its nest in the belt of a soldier’s overcoat which was hanging at the head of his bed. The soldiers discovered what its intentions were, and took care that the coat should not be disturbed, and the robin soon made itself perfectly at home.

VICTORIA BIBLE READING.

I was very pleased with the answers sent in to the questions of the Bible Reading. Much time and trouble must have been spent over them and the writing in nearly every case was just beautiful. One little person sent his with only a halfpenny stamp, and folded back the flap of the envelope; this is only allowed for printed notices and circulars. All envelopes must be closed and posted with at least one penny stamp.

In our reading this time we are going on to study The Coming of the Messiah. We have read the great promises which God made to His people through the lives of the Prophets, Priests, and Kings. Now we are going to learn something of the wondrous truth that Jesus the Saviour is to be born of a Virgin. Is. vii, 14.

Just picture to yourself the scene of Nazareth—it was a little village tucked away amongst the Hills of Galilee, and there a few faithful families lived; most of them belonged to the Royal House of David—they had trekked from the little village of Bethlehem, six miles from Jerusalem, to find new pastures for their cattle. They lived there in peace and continued to
worship God in truth. They each had their family together for worship and praise to God, and the children were taught the Scriptures and the Book of Psalms—some of them were able to say the Psalms without the help of a book, and everybody in that little place (and in fact the whole world) eagerly looked and prayed for the coming of the Messiah.

It was in just this atmosphere that the Holy Maiden St. Mary was brought up, and we are told that when she was quite a small girl she had offered her whole life up to God for His Service, and God accepted her offering in a more wonderful way than she expected.

When she was older she promised to be the wife of Joseph the carpenter. For both Joseph and the Virgin Mary were of the house of David—that is, David was their forefather, just as Abraham was the forefather of the Children of Israel—whom God called His chosen ones.

From St. Mary’s Song—the Magnificat—we see that she was versed in the sacred Scriptures and she probably knew all the psalms by heart and constantly repeated them in praise to God for all His goodness to her.

On one occasion we see her kneeling in prayer to God, when suddenly she is aware that she is surrounded by a bright shining light—and she knows that she is not alone. Sounds fall upon her ear—“Hail thou that art highly favoured. The Lord is with Thee.” St. Luke i, 28.

Trembling, she turns towards the Angel and asks what is the meaning of his salutation.

The Angel answers, “Fear not, Mary, thou hast found favour with God.”

Mary cannot understand the wondrous mystery of God and asks the Angel yet again, “How shall this be?” And the Angel’s answer is, “The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee... For with God nothing is impossible.” St. Luke, 1, 26-56.

Mary, knowing the greatness of her Maker, bows her head and responds, “Behold the handmaiden of the Lord: be it unto me according to Thy Word.”

In this beautiful story which St. Luke tells, we have the simple account from the lips of the Blessed Virgin herself of the greatest vocation ever given to one of the children of men.

Like the Prophets, Priests, and Kings, St. Mary is the chosen instrument by which the Birth of Christ is made possible in the world.

May we not learn from her to be at all times in readiness for God’s call: and, like St. Mary, let us say, “Behold the Handmaiden of the Lord.”

Then let us all with one accord join Marye’s song, and say, “My soul doth magnify the Lord, For ever and for aye. Loud let us sing “Magnificat.”

That dear and ancient lay, For God’s Own Son with us is one, And He is born to-day.

J. B. Gray.

Results for the July Quarter:

Seniors.—Rupert Shelver, 35; Alfred Gilmore, 46; James Dobell, 49; Edgar Hogg, 37; Alice Dobell, 46; Petrus van Heerden, 33; Isaline Venter, 40; John Moor, 37; Alice Growden, 41; Maria Lotriet, 50; Kathleen Wadmore, 56; Johanna Lotriet, 50; Norman Lewis, 53; Myrtle Lewis, 50; Charlie Killian, 44; Frances Killian, 47; Elizabeth Oelofse, 35; Abel Oelofse, 37; Gertrude Pretorius, 32.

These are out of a possible 58.

Juniors.—Magriet Viljoen, 38; Mary Watkins, 37; Wilfred Shelver, 38; Lionel Hogg, 43; Enid Hogg, 42; Susan Ehrich, 38; John Dobell, 44; Avis Morgan, 40; William Growden, 43; Marjorie Veitch, 41; Winnie Wadmore, 43; Daisy Lewis, 41; Florence Killian, 45; Doris Packer, 41; Mabel Weinrich, 38; Iris McBride, 39; Florence Hobbs, 31; Victor Watson, 39; Jacobus Herbat, 37; Nicholas Ells,
20 LIGHT FOR THE LINE.

27; Angus Knipe, 38; Edith Ells, 36; Edna Schoon, 42; Kathleen McKenzie, 44; Irene Cawood, 28.
Out of a possible 50.

VICTORIA BIBLE READING QUESTIONS.

Rules for Victoria Bible Reading.

1. Write clearly your name and address at the top right-hand corner of the page.
2. Below your name give your age, date of your birthday, and the standard you are in at school.
3. In the left-hand corner of the page give the name of your school.
4. Send in your answers before Dec. 10th, to The Children’s Secretary, P.O. Box 133, Grahamstown, C.P.

Notice.—Marks will be taken off if there are signs of carelessness in the reading of the questions. Untidy writing and insufficient postage on the envelope (which you must address yourself) will also lose marks. Bibles and Prayer Books may be used when answering questions.

Juniors (12 years of age and under).

I. Read Isaiah, chap. 40, verse 3; Malachi, chap. 3, verse 1; St. Mark, chap. 1, verses 2 and 3; St. Matthew, chap. 3, verses 1, 2 and 3.

God promised that He would send His messenger to prepare the way for His only Son Jesus Christ. (a) What is the name of the messenger? (b) How did he prepare the way of the Lord? (c) Print the description of the Messenger given in St. Mark, chap. 1, verse 6.

II. Learn by heart St. Matthew, chap. 1, verse 21, and print the following on a card suitable for a sick child in hospital:

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy Presence rest.

III. Read St. Luke, chap. 2, verses 1-7; St. Matthew, chap. 2, verses 1-6. (a) Tell me all you know of the place where Jesus was born. (b) Print out in pencil or coloured chalk verse 6. (c) Why did Joseph and Mary go up to the place of their forefathers? St. Luke, chap. 2, verses 1-5.

IV. Read St. Luke, chap. 2, verses 8 to 20. (a) Who were the first to worship the infant Jesus? (b) Tell in your own words the story of those who brought the message to the Shepherds. What did the Shepherds see and do?

V. Make a nice Christmas card, for your Mother or someone you love dearly, out of note paper, and paste on it your favourite picture of the Birth of Jesus, and then print or write the Angel’s praise, under the picture. If you haven’t got a little card write to the Children’s Secretary, Box 133, Grahamstown, and one will be sent to you. Don’t forget your name and address.

VI. Read St. Matthew, chap. 2, verses 7-12.

Some other people came to worship the infant Jesus. (a) Tell me who they were. (b) what gifts did they bring? (c) What did Herod ask them to do?

VII. Learn by heart Psalm 150.

Seniors (over 12 years).

I. Read St. Luke, chap. 1, verses 5-24; St. Matthew, chap. 3, verses 1-17; St. John, chap. 1, verses 6 and 15-37; St. Mark, chap. 1, verses 4-11.

Give the story in your own words of (a) The birth of the Child of Promise. (b) The names of his Father and Mother. (c) His Father’s work for God. (d) His life and work to prepare the way of the Lord.

II. Read Daniel, chap. 8, verses 16 and 17, and chap. 9, verses 21-24; St. Luke, chap. 1, verses 11, 13, 19 and 26; St. Matthew, chap. 1, verse 20.

(a) Give the name of the Angel whom God sent to the Blessed Virgin Mary. (b) It means, Man of God; tell me...
what you can of the duty and work of this Angel.

If St. Luke's Gospel had not been written, the Church would have lost some of the most beautiful songs in Holy Scripture. Tell me at which Services we hear these Scripture songs.

(a) On what occasion did these two holy women sing these songs?
(b) When reading them both carefully would you say they resembled each other? Give the reason for your answer.

(a) Who gave the name of Jesus to the Saviour of the World?
(b) What does St. Paul say we should do at the Name of Jesus?
(c) How many times in the Gospels is our Lord spoken of as Jesus, Christ, Messiah?

(a) Why did St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary go down to Bethlehem?
(b) Draw a map of the Holy Land and mark the following places: Nazareth, Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

VII. Read St. Matthew, chap. 2, verses 1-19.
(a) Tell the Story of the Coming of the Maji; what led them to Bethlehem, and why did they not return by the way they came?
(b) December 28th is Holy Innocents' Day. Why does the Christian Church throughout the world keep this day in remembrance?

VIII. October 2nd was The Guardian Angel's Day. Tell me
(a) Your favourite Angel story.
(b) Read Isaiah, chap. 6, and Genesis, chap. 28, verses 10-18.
(c) Did Christ ever see an angel? Learn Psalm 150.

BAPTISMS.

GRAHAMSTOWN DIOCESE.

Cookhouse, July 11th, by Johannes Magxaka:
Martha Manuel.

ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND.

S. W. A.

July 22nd, at Heide:
Dorothea Berry.
August 15th, at Usakos:
Kathleen Dorothy Morley.

CONFIRMATIONS.

GRAHAMSTOWN DIOCESE.

(Omitted last Quarter.)

Rosmead, April 3rd, 1919:
Lilian Gertrude Brown.
Johanna Marx.
Ellen Johanna Clarke.

ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND.

S. W. A.

By the Archbishop of Capetown.

At Usakos, on July 18th:
Julia Mary Wood.
Winifred Doris Cruse.
Mona Mildred Violet Cox.
Elizabeth Frances Magdalen Jones.
Joseph Richard Bolton.
Lawrence Richard Bolton.
Alice Elizabeth Barbara Charlotte Bolton.
Ellen Phebe Bolton.
Hilda Elizabeth Minogue.

At Windhuk, on July 20th:
Frederick Andrew George Berry.
Frederick Luppnov.
Charles John Clark.

At Keetmanshoop, on July 28th:
Esther Mary Berry.

FUNERAL.

Cookhouse, July 14th: Martha Manuel, age 12 years.

COLLECTIONS, &c.

DIOCESE OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

May: Lanterns.—St. Winifred's School, George, £1/10/-; Mossel Bay Mission, £1; Great Brak River, 18/; Oudtshoorn, 15/6; Glencomnor, 6/2. Donation.—Mrs. Forsyth (Camfer), 5/-.

September: For Boys' Home.—Sandflats, 2/9; Commandagga, 6/4; Wolvefontein, 12/2; Thornhill, 12/; Gamtoos, 16/7; Hankey, £1/0/11; Hankey Mission School, 18/1;

ARCHDEACONRY OF DAMARALAND, S.W.A.

June 10th to September 10th.—Albrechts, 4/-, 10/-; Rehoboth, 4/2, 4/6; Heide, 7/6, 9/6, 10/-, 15/-; Narih, 10/-; Kleinkaras, £1/2/-; Kuibis, 4/11; Windhuk, £1; Usakos, 7/6, 8/10; Kalkrand, 6/-; Arandis, 6/-; Stingham, 8/6; Kranzberg, 6/-; Friedrichsfelde, 5/-; Waldau, 1/-; Teufelsbach, 1/-; Tsumis, 14/-; Kub, 11/6; Ariam's Vlei, 5/-.

Duty for Archdeacon, £4/17/1.

Light for the Line, £2/11/-.

Signal Boxes: Heide, 19/-.

Sale of Books, £1/0/6. (Correction of item in July number: Port Alfred Sunday School Kindergarten, 10d., not 10/-.)

Christmas Toys: Albrechts, 5/-; Windhuk, 5/-.

LOCAL AGENTS “LIGHT FOR THE LINE.”

GRAHAMSTOWN DIOCESE.


PRETORIA DIOCESE.

Volkurst—Mrs. Milton. Silverton—Miss Louie Schuch.

BLOEMFONTEIN DIOCESE.

Bloemfontein—Miss Glasier. Bethlehem—Miss M. Buhler.

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

DIOCESE OF S. RHODESIA.

P.O. Box 133, Grahamstown.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Pretoria—Lady Wessels. Port Elizabeth—Miss Savage.

CHILDREN OF THE VELD.

SECRETARIES FOR SOUTH AFRICA.


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PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING.

Wednesday Morning.
O Lord, let every dawn of morning be to us as the beginning of life, and let every setting sun be to us as its close, and let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for ourselves, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Wednesday Evening.
O Lord, we pray Thee for Thy Holy Church and all Thy Ministers (especially the Archbishop of Capetown, our Bishop and our own clergy). Let Thy Holy Spirit guide them and fill them with great favour in Thy service. We pray Thee also for all those who are working amongst the heathen, especially in S.A., amongst the Jews, the Mahomedans, the native peoples, and all who have not a knowledge of Jesus Christ. Give them great courage and patience, zeal and love, so that by their teaching and example they may win the people to Thee, until we are all one fold under our Shepherd, Jesus Christ, our Blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Thursday Morning.
O Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for Thy great love in calling me to be Thy child at my Baptism and in making me there a member of Christ and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven. Help me to love Thee more and more, and to be true to my Baptismal promise, and bring me one day to kneel before the Bishop and to receive through the Laying on of Hands the power to be a faithful and true soldier of Jesus all the days of my life for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Thursday Evening.
O Lord, we pray Thee for all those who are suffering from their own sins or from the sins of others, for all who are weak and self-indulgent, ignorant and tempted, and for all children who have none to guide them. O Holy Spirit, we beseech Thee, enlighten their hearts that they may see how miserable it is to be cut off by sin from Thee, the Lord of love and life and peace. We ask this for the sake of Him, Who died to deliver us from the bonds of sin, Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

O Saviour of the World, Who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, save us and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord.

Saturday Morning.
O Lord, at the beginning of this new day we lift up our hearts to Thee. Keep us, we beseech Thee, from all evil. Be with us in our work and in our play. Open our eyes to behold all the wonders and joys that Thou hast given us, and when evening comes let us lie down in thankfulness and peace through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Saturday Evening.
O Lord Jesus, Who in Thy Life upon earth didst heal the sick, raise the dead, and comfort the sorrowful, we beseech Thee for the disabled and the sick (especially..............) that Thou wouldest give them patience and if it may be healing. Comfort the sorrowful and bereaved, the widow and the orphan, give Thy peace to the aged and to the dying, and grant to the dead in Thee (especially to our dear ones departed..............) eternal rest, and let everlasting light shine upon them. Amen.
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