MAP OF SOUTH AMERICAN CONTINENT SHOWING SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CHAPLAINCIES OF THE ANGLICAN DIOCESE IN ARGENTINA AND EASTERN SOUTH AMERICA TOGETHER WITH THE MISSIONS OF THE S.A.M.S.

The Diocese of the Falklands, though the Islands are on the East of the Continent, carries with it the work on the West Coast.

It should be remembered that South America projects much more than Africa towards the Antarctic Regions. The climate therefore is increasingly cold in Patagonia and the Far South.

The latitude of the Falkland Islands corresponds roughly with that of London, but the climate is cold and windy.

AT SAÒ PAULO BRAZIL.

THREE CHURCHES OF THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION—ENGLISH, AMERICAN, BRAZILIAN.
FOUR NATIONALITIES—AMERICAN (BISHOP), ENGLISH, BRAZILIAN AND JAPANESE (PRIESTS).

DEDICATION OF HOLT WAR MEMORIAL. ENTRE RIOS, ARGENTINA.

SOUTH AMERICAN MEMORIES OF THIRTY YEARS

BY

E. F. EVERY, D.D.

LONDON

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE

NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C.2.

First published in 1933

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER I

FOREWORD

I AM by no means clear that I am justified in attempting another book, but feel impelled to write, partly by the kindly reception given to my last, and partly by the consciousness that I really have more to say on the subject of the countries to which I have devoted most of my working life. If friends at home and in South America were interested in what I said in my *Twenty-five Years in South America*, I think the same people will be interested in this sequel of *South American Memories of Thirty Years*. Besides, there are omissions to be made good, gaps to be filled in, changes and developments to be noted, and at least one serious error to be acknowledged. I speak of the kind reception given to my former book, but it is perhaps right to confess that it was somewhat violently criticised in the local press of Buenos Aires. As against this, however, I have the solid satisfaction of being assured by those who know, that my judgments on the really difficult questions of national tendencies and morals and the state of the dominant religion of the country were absolutely restrained and just. And particularly was this the opinion of one honoured missionary whose knowledge of Latin America is unrivalled. Hence I have a clear conscience on this matter.

The error to which I refer was that I rashly ventured on the statement that South American revolutions were more or less a thing of the past, for which I brought forward excellent reasons which seemed to accord with the actual facts. But, alas! if this was a prophecy, never was a prophecy more utterly shattered and falsified. In the last five years there has been a veritable crop of revolutions, the

greater and more stable Republics, as they were supposed to be, A., B., C. (Argentina, Brazil, Chile), being affected no less than the smaller states. Yet there is this improvement. Most of them, notably that in Argentina, were effected with very little bloodshed; the barbarities customary in former times do appear to be a thing of the past; in the matter of humanity public opinion is far more sensitive. On the other hand, it is, of course, deplorable that the force which is behind all law should be misused to dominate that law, as happens when army or navy seize the reins of government. And that seems to be increasingly the practice now, and is subversive of all order and morality. However, with this important exception, I think I can stand by what I said.

Further, in contrast with the usual habit of centralising all interest in the cities, I propose rather to decentralise and take my readers with me into the far-off provinces and territories where the spirit of the country is caught more easily. I could almost use the phrase " the romance of the interior." How strange it is that the men whom we pass by without a word in the streets and suburban trains, as unknown or uncongenial, we fraternise with easily in the far-away interior! No doubt it is reasonable enough that in the centres the principle " like to like " should prevail—I mean, it is natural and involves no snobbishness that, where the power of choice exists, those of similar education and tastes should forgather. Yet it is a real advantage to fraternise with all sorts and conditions on the borders of civilisation, taking people as we find them and asking no questions. Such friendships of course do not go very deep, but we find wholesome points of contact and usually something we can like and respect. That applies rather to casual acquaintances in the byways of travel, but it is a very different story when we come to settlers in the wilds. For my part I think no time is better spent than in looking up our scattered fellow-countrymen in these remote regions and cheering the monotony of their lives, if it may be.

For how soon they look forward to the annual visit and become real friends, and all sorts of happy and quaint reminiscences gather round those visits.

And I hope to devote much more space to Missions and missionaries—the scope of the former work rather precluded that—" I wish you had told us more of the Missions " was a friend's comment on that book, as I remember. And there is nothing to prevent his wish being gratified now. Missionaries are apt to be looked upon as a race apart (as from the circumstances of their lives they are very much apart from their fellow-countrymen), but I have found that, where they are known, our people take to them readily enough and like them cordially. I have often been surprised in my travels by those, whom I should not have suspected of taking the least interest in Missions, inquiring eagerly if I know such or such a missionary, and it nearly always turned out that it was from a voyage together on board ship or some such chance contact that there sprang up this basis of a lasting friendship. So this " race apart " are recognised to be ordinary human and lovable people when they are known, and it is my hope and wish to introduce them to a larger circle of friends. They suffer at home often enough from being unduly glorified by the faithful with whom they mostly consort, for of course they have no monopoly of heroism, whether in the form of adventure or endurance—we know that well enough if we read the stories of explorers like Colonel Fawcett or Mr. Dyott—still, theirs is the supreme motive, and it is that which makes them and their action fine.

The story of the Missions themselves must be of enthralling interest to all thoughtful people. Consider the romance of it, I beg of you, introducing the splendour of Christian civilisation to primitive man in his swamps and forests, for that is the vision behind all the drudgery and toil of their daily living. I hope then to throw many sidelights on the Missions such as would not be found in the Reports, and indeed would be inappropriate there. Incidents and small

details often convey more than solid arrays of facts and figures. Of omissions to be made good, I recognise that as yet I have written nothing to speak of on Uruguay and Bolivia, and these might fairly receive some share of attention, both as being of interest and importance in themselves and forming part of that picture of the whole which I have the opportunity, if not positive obligation, of presenting, though unfortunately my experience of the latter republic is very slight.

Among the changes and developments there is the ever-growing spirit of nationalism, with its serious results, especially for British finance and commerce, at least as it appears to one who is not an expert. There is also a new experiment in colonisation to be noticed, and improvements in travel and growth of refinement are worth recording too. And in so young a civilisation one or two of our centenaries and jubilees seem to me to have a lasting importance, and therefore to deserve some mention. And there are the lessons of the years, and possibly some confession of the faith that is in me as a farewell and apology for the whole subject. Such then is my foreword or forecast of this book—a first word, and if readers do not like the prospect, at least I have dealt fairly with them, and the remedy is in their own hands—they may make it a last word too. My former book was the fulfilment of a life's duty, this is necessarily on a lower level, a supplement and sequel.

CHAPTER II

AMAZING ATTITUDE TOWARDS RELIGION

In speaking of "the debased moral atmosphere of Latin America," which I hold strongly to be the fact, I find I have gravely underrated as a contributory cause the contemptuous attitude which the educated classes take up towards Christianity. They are, of course, few in point of numbers, relatively minute compared with the mass of the population, for from forty to eighty per cent. are illiterate in the South American Republics; nevertheless, as in India, the educated minority counts for a great deal, and obviously will count for more in the future, as their thought leavens that of the masses. The Universities must surely be taken to be representative of the educated feeling of these countries, and it is assumed in the Universities that no educated man or woman can possibly be a Christian believer. That is the amazing position, and it is so universally accepted and taken for granted that no one thinks of questioning it. It has been brought home to my notice of late in this way.

Being well acquainted with the facts and eagerly desirous of presenting the claims of the gospel to the youth of the Universities, some really well-read and capable ministers of Evangelical Churches, detailed for this purpose, found that the only possible way of obtaining a hearing was to suppress altogether their clerical connection and meet their students as professors or lecturers, approaching their subject from philosophical and psychological grounds, and only gradually and indirectly working up tentatively to the chief point of it, the central Figure of the Faith. I am assured that they find this mode of approach most necessary, so permanently fixed and hostile is the attitude to all belief.

Yet according to this method courses of lectures are given with marvellous effect; there are large and growing audiences who show deep interest; for clearly, suppressed and ignored as it is, the soul hunger is there, and crying out in its own way to be satisfied. The forces of unbelief must have bitten very deeply for this attitude or atmosphere to have been created. It points to a state of things serious in the extreme to all who believe in the spiritual foundations of life, and difficult for us Anglo-Saxons to understand.

I try to take in something of the full measure of this amazing attitude by comparing English and Latin American mentality. We who live abroad in the alien civilisation of South America are always apt to idealise England and things English, but I hope I am on my guard against that very natural tendency. At any rate I am well aware how serious the position is at home, and am often surprised how scantily it seems to be realised. For not only are Christian morals openly attacked—after all, that was only to be expected, where Christian Faith had gone—but from the all-important point of view of education the Christian Faith seems marked and condemned to be a diminishing force in the future. For various reasons, but chiefly, I suppose, because the State has taken over the education of the child, and is incompetent to deal with things spiritual and therefore omits them, the area in which religious education is given (and this is a world-wide phenomenon, to which many of our troubles are due) is steadily diminishing. Obviously this is an immensely serious position, and, as the Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Headlam) has shown us so clearly, until the State frankly recognises its error and retraces its steps, and restores to the Church (in its widest sense) its right to teach religion, of which there is little prospect, there does not seem to be any hope of a remedy. Yet in the Church's vigorous fight with present needs and evils, this disastrous state of things is generally overlooked, though we fully recognise that education to be effective must be on a Christian foundation. Would that Dr. Cyril Norwood's great book

The English Tradition of Education was translated into all languages and read and taken to heart throughout the entire world. When I speak of the amazing attitude of Latin American Universities towards the Christian Faith, I am well aware that English educated opinion is far from being all on the other side.

Then again as to open hostility to the Faith, there are prophets at home too, who point out with unerring vision that the present conflict is critical indeed, and that modern antagonism is far more serious than is commonly realised; and here again, as I judge, the Church at home is so vigorously alive and winning in its own big, yet restricted, area of battle, that it does not see the defeat going on in the larger field. But however that may be, I am quite disposed to accept the view that we are entering on a tremendous era of change, involving destruction and ruin on a large scale, as well as advance to fuller vision of God and the real progress of Christ's Kingdom, a time of major change comparable with the Renaissance and Reformation, or even the early days when the Church had to fight the power of Imperial Rome, and conquered by suffering. So here again, when I compare South America with England, it must not be supposed that familiarity with conditions here blinds me to the trend of events elsewhere. Yet the contrast is still real and striking. At home such an attitude on the part of the intellectuals is impossible, because, thank God, the Christian Religion is a power, and is often presented by men of both saintly life and keen, trained intellect, so reasonably that the average reasonable man, though he rejects it, cannot scorn it.

Further, with our historic background of personal freedom, there are infinite gradations between belief and unbelief, ranging from doubt to real faith, all of them with some touch of reality. A Spaniard put this in a crude way to a friend of mine who was travelling in Spain, that there was not the same sharp conflict in England between those who followed the Church and those who did not, because there

we had all kinds of religion! All this may be admitted, but I still maintain that the attitude of the educated, often highly educated, minority in Spanish America, as represented by the Universities and ruling classes, is amazing, because it is so wholly opposed to fact and history. If they were less educated and less generally informed upon world affairs than they are, it would be more intelligible. I think Mr. Basil Mathews is right when he says in an article in the now unfortunately defunct *Review of the Churches*, called " The Continent of To-morrow ": " Culturally the educated Latin American puts the ordinary Anglo-Saxon to shame, whether from the point of view of familiarity with art and languages, or in the things of the mind, or in his manners. The normal Anglo-Saxon makes an impression of sheer barbarian boorishness on the ordinary Latin American."

That last must be an over-statement, or the Latin American would not copy our ways as he does, but certainly the educated Latin American does not lack for brains, and often we English are children by the side of him. Therefore it is the more astonishing that no impression is made upon him by the fact, *e.g.*, that it is nothing exceptional for English or American statesmen, men of letters, soldiers, etc., to be devout Christians. From such an attitude it might be supposed that Christian thinkers and scholars were supplying none of the best brains for working out the world's problems, and that the noblest efforts of the age to alleviate the lot of mankind resulted from pure delusion. Moreover, present facts and past history tell the same tale, and to me it is inexplicable that the average University man in Latin America should naturally and habitually, as it were, take so impossible a view. Yet there is no doubt that he does so, and the result is disastrous. It means that throughout the greater part of the continent education is synonymous with unbelief. In Eastern Universities there is often a place for Christian Hostels, which are living centres of the Faith and object lessons that Christianity and knowledge are perfectly compatible; but apparently this is ruled out

as an impossibility in South America. It is reckoned axiomatic that education gives a certain enlightenment which makes Christianity childishly impossible.

Not only is it true, as I have said, that the minister, the professional man who has devoted his life to it, has no chance of a hearing, but the ardent layman too, who cannot be suspected of having a hireling spirit, has equally to conceal the fire burning within his soul; he would equally be denied a hearing, if he let it be known he was conscious of a message to deliver. I suppose at home too in many circles the ordained man is distrusted just because he is ordained. And this always strikes me as extraordinarily cruel—why should it be assumed we are dishonest, because we have deliberately given our lives to a cause in response to what we believed to be the call of God? But so it is, and I imagine this is the reason of the increasing tendency of the priest to dress as a layman, a tendency with which I have little sympathy myself, for it looks too like courting popularity, or being ashamed of our profession—is an officer in H.M. Service ashamed of his uniform? And we are never off duty as they are.

However, in educated circles at home where clerics may be distrusted for good or bad reasons, that distrust does not apply to laymen; they are welcomed heartily enough by seekers after truth. But in South America they cannot scale the wall either; against them too is erected the same impassable barrier—unless they make the strategic approach through philosophy or science. It seems pathetically absurd, but there it is. And the result—not only is the approach to the educated rendered extraordinarily difficult, but all to whom the wave of education spreads tend to take up the same attitude. There are feminist movements in South America; nor can there be any doubt that South American women needed some measure of emancipation, more than ours, inasmuch as they were treated far too much as toys and playthings, and they had little opportunity for learning and working. No one should grudge them their

education and freedom, but, alas! with the shackles of convention, I am assured that religion is usually cast off too. A Christian girl invited some of her friends among these emancipated to join a study circle, and they were rather pleased with the idea of reading and discussing those ancient scriptures—that seemed clever and enlightened—but when she suggested a preliminary prayer together, they rejected the idea with contempt. "You surely don't believe in that!"

The only possible excuse that I know of for this universal attitude of scorn for the Christian Faith on the part of the cultured and educated, and it is but an excuse, is the lack of sympathy shown by the Roman Catholic Church for the questionings and doubts which we regard as so natural and even inevitable. Instead of being helped to explore their difficulties and find solutions for them, the traditional practice of dealing with them, I am told (and it seems only too likely, with the poor types of the priesthood which are so common), is to regard any such questioning as sinful, and forbid that path of thought altogether. Moreover, there is no doubt that religion is usually presented far too much as a matter of external observance; as a devout law student confessed in the intimacy of a summer camp, "I never heard of religion as you men interpret it—something inside a man which makes him happy and useful. This has opened up to me a new world." That may not seem to us a wholly satisfactory way of putting the matter either, but clearly faith ought to have its corresponding experience. It must only make for unbelief to stress unquestioning obedience. Nevertheless the fact still remains utterly amazing that cultured educated men and women should habitually regard the Christian Faith as impossible and incredible. It seems like flying in the face of fact and history. And this fixed unbelief of the educated must be a grave factor in the moral and religious background of the future.

This is broadly true of Spanish America, but does not apply nearly so much to that greatest country in Latin

STATUE AT BAHIA, BRAZIL.

COLOSSAL STATUE ON CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN.

A RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN PARAGUAY.

facing p. 11.

America, Portuguese-speaking Brazil. I do not know that the Church has been better represented there than in the Spanish Republics. From the greater strength of the Evangelical churches, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist, it would appear not. The reasons perhaps may be rather racial and temperamental, the infusion of negro blood may be a lesser factor, but certainly there is a more religious spirit in Brazil. And perhaps because the Church has been disestablished there for many years, and has put its house in order in consequence, there is no strong reactionary movement, as in Peru and Chile, where the long historic dominance has been broken too suddenly for the good of their ill-taught and oppressed peoples. Moreover, to a foreign observer at any rate there is more religious unity also. The colossal statue of Christ on the top of the Corcovado mountain overlooking Rio City and Bay suggests this. Its inauguration in 1931 was the occasion of an outburst of genuine religious fervour, as I believe, on the part of the whole population. There was a series of solemn services with much intercession to mark the event. The Figure with outstretched arms appealing to and embracing, as it were, the million people below touched their hearts and fired their imagination. The idea, I should say, agreed with their national temperament, for throughout the mountainous parts of Brazil it was their practice to plant churches on commanding eminences, often extraordinarily difficult of access, especially for the aged and infirm; but that apparently was less important in their eyes than the idea and symbol of the Church overshadowing and protecting their town or village. So the colossal Statue itself is more than half a symbol. The Head and Bust and outstretched arms together with the drapery are those of a Figure grand and impressive, but the Figure, if finished, is lost in the symbol of a Cross. As it appears illuminated by night, or sometimes emerging by day from the clouds which rest upon the mountain, it is seen simply as a mighty Cross.

It is natural to compare with it the Christ of the Andes

erected to commemorate the peace established between Argentina and Chile by King Edward's arbitration, who at the request of both countries sent a Commission to fix the disputed frontier. To my mind it is a far finer statue, as, cross in hand, He stands in all the grandeur of the desolate peaks and snows, the greatest conceivable contrast to the glories of tropical Rio, keeping the peace between the two countries. But unfortunately no one sees it there since the days when we crossed on mule-back, for both railway and motor track pass at some distance out of sight. The Statue at Rio, on the other hand, has the advantage of being seen continually, not only in the city but from all the ships that enter and leave the port, and the symbolism of its benediction is constantly apparent. For my part, I welcome it as a genuine witness to the religious spirit of Brazil, though it is not in accordance with our national genius to make such visible emotional appeals. It is something perhaps to set off against the dangerous and increasing secularism of commercialised South America.

CHAPTER III

RECENT TENDENCIES AND DEVELOPMENTS

"MAN'S power over nature has far outstripped his moral and mental development . . . to-day his very command over nature, so admirably and marvellously won, has become his greatest peril." So Mr. Trevelyan has told us at the end of his enthralling *History of England*, and, I suppose, as his chief comment upon it. And that is what is the matter with South America, only for various reasons it suffers from a particularly virulent form of the complaint. The trouble is the form which the spirit of nationalism is taking. This is perhaps not to be wondered at when we remember the immorality which is at the back of the present revolutionary habit (for it almost amounts to a habit now; in practically all the nations there has been a recrudescence of revolution). I mean, the assumption that whoever possesses the necessary force has the right to override law. So it seems the spirit of nationalism is expressing itself in part at least in undesirable ways, wholly lacking in the moral sense, *i.e.* in the plain recognition of right and wrong.

I hold that we should all sympathise with national aspirations for freedom and self-development, the self-expression which means becoming fit to make a distinctive contribution to the common advance of mankind. And probably there is a certain amount of real advance to be chronicled in Argentina and other South American Republics. Yet on the true principle, as I believe it to be, that the means to an end is only less important than the end itself, these countries will surely suffer from some of the methods which they are employing. Has not the Irish Free State suffered, successful as it is, from the adoption of assassination in the past as a political method or means of agitation? The

deep shame of tolerating such methods will surely be a handicap for years to come; and has not the movement for Woman's freedom, great and successful achievement as it is, suffered from the unprincipled tactics of some of its protagonists who threw to the winds the duty of being law-abiding citizens? I at least venture to think so—it is one of the reasons why many women have made so poor a use of the freedom which was their right. Hence even from the point of view of the countries themselves there is reason for grave doubt as to the course they are following.

But naturally I look at the matter more from the point of view of the foreigner, and especially the Englishman, and it seems to me impossible to take as hopeful a view of the situation as I did some years ago. With great diffidence I venture on any commercial statement, for I am a mere observer and, as far as commerce is concerned, an untrained amateur; but it is matter of history that Argentina as a young Republic with great undeveloped resources was developed by foreign capital, mostly, and I believe at the first entirely, British. It was not necessary that this should be done. There was always the alternative of remaining a poor and thrifty people, and slowly and laboriously developing their own resources—and that is the policy which Bartolomé Mitre, the great patriot statesman of the late colonial and early republican period, deliberately preferred. However, other counsels prevailed, and British capital was welcomed and various concessions granted, and after the half-century of anarchy was over, which constitutes the first part of Argentine history, the process was accelerated until the position was reached as we see it to-day—a young and vigorous nation, modern, alert and capable, growing rapidly, its national type scarcely formed as yet by reason of its many immigrants, yet destined perhaps to be a Spanish-speaking United States of the South, depending very largely on foreign capital, and the foreign commercial communities which are domiciled among them. Indeed until lately the

generalisation was broadly true, "Argentines rule the country, foreigners develop it."

Clearly that must be somewhat galling to a proud people who believe themselves capable of anything. The new national spirit does not permit them to view with equanimity foreigners holding so many important posts, and themselves mere employees in their own country. They resent the implied status of inferiority. In old days there was not this sensitiveness; British superiority, in a commercial sense at least, passed muster in the natural course of things. We even warned Governments (but this was in another republic) against passing laws injurious to our commerce, unofficially of course and good-naturedly, but the usual attitude then was: "Oh, we are very sorry, we didn't understand that," though sometimes, I have been told, the strain on their friendliness even then was a little too great, and they might retort with justice: "After all, this is our country." However, those days of easy-going relationships have passed for ever, and the new national consciousness expresses itself in laying ever-increasing burdens upon foreign enterprises, mostly by taxation. To give some illustrations, taken almost at random, but which may on that account be more effective; warehouses on a dock side belonging to a foreign company are only allowed to store less lucrative goods, the national authority reserving the right to store the more lucrative in its own; insurance companies have always paid a large premium for the privilege of functioning in the country, and this has been accepted without complaint, but when the Government looks about for fresh sources of income to balance its expenditure, its first thought seems to be to lay so heavy a fresh tax on the foreign insurance companies as almost to break them (foreign insurance companies, it may be noted, cannot function at all in Uruguay). Banks and other companies are compelled by law to employ a large proportion of nationals, as is just, but when reductions of staff have to be made for economy's sake, it is the Englishman in the more responsible post who has

to be dismissed first; again, foreign brokers are debarred by Brazilian law from practising their trade, and they can only work by employing a nominal Brazilian partner; foreign tramway companies are so heavily taxed by the municipalities, while national omnibus companies escape with light burdens, that it is increasingly impossible for them to pay any dividend, and it seems as if bankruptcy was staring them in the face; and the position of the great English railways has become very serious; moreover, always in time of trouble there is a marked disinclination to give any protection to foreign public utility companies, though obviously their very life depends upon it.

If these were incidental wrongs and grievances it would not matter so much; but " thy sin 's not accidental but a trade "; to anyone observing the course of events over a number of years and taking into account that very important factor, the national spirit, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that it is all part of a deliberate policy to differentiate against the foreigner, and make his enterprise so unremunerative as ultimately to ruin him, it may be by indifference to his interests, it may be with the deliberate purpose of ultimately acquiring his property for nothing. But there it is; it would be hardly too much to say that a process of robbery is going on by legislative spoliation. At any rate that is the light in which I see it, and therefore to me it is astonishing and inexplicable to read of constant assurances, by responsible men too, of Argentina's friendship for England. Politically and socially no doubt such friendship exists. Argentina has great confidence in England, and Englishmen appreciate the many excellent qualities they find in Argentines, but commercially and legislatively— Iam reminded of a Spanish proverb, " Se dice pero no se hace "—their actions are hardly in accordance with this profession.

The outlook then for our race in the future seems very serious, and I am deeply concerned with this, for obviously our institutions in the country, such as churches and schools,

which I have spent thirty years of my life in building up, depend upon the security and prosperity of our commercial communities. Institutions are useless if the people for whom they exist are not there. Changes and fluctuations there are bound to be, but hitherto we have always reckoned on the resident British community being a permanent factor in Argentine prosperity. If the spirit of nationalism continues to be expressed in its present form, clearly the position will be radically different. If my interpretation of present tendencies is correct (and it appears to be a world-wide rather than a local phenomenon), then at any rate let us have our eyes open to the facts. There is no possible use in deceiving ourselves—I think of the great Bishop Butler's saying, " Things and actions are as they are, and the consequences will be what they will be—why then seek to be deceived? "

No doubt there is something to be said on the other side. Happily all the signs of the times are not gloomy. The British Exhibition in 1931 was a fine effort and no doubt enhanced our reputation. The Prince of Wales did a national service in coming to open it and give it his support as he did. Nor do I think enough justice has been done to the moral aspect of the venture. At a time when our commercial reputation was ebbing, and other manufacturing countries were fast gaining at our expense, when trade was at its worst and all the circumstances could hardly be more unpropitious, the old country, accused of being so decadent and unequal to the calls of the new age, calmly steps forward and produces this perfect thing, this astounding novelty, an Exhibition in South America. Nothing of the kind has ever been done so well. For one thing, no Exhibition before it had been opened in time. The National Exhibition in Rio was closed before the preparations for its opening were completed; some pavilions, I believe, were never opened at all. But this British Exhibition, in spite of exceptional difficulties due to storms and, I think, strikes, was ready to the day and hour. The old Argentine synonym for punctu-

ality, "hora Inglesa," was amply justified. And the description "perfect" is hardly an exaggeration. It was a bit of old England in a foreign country admirably arranged and thoroughly attractive. Little as I saw of it personally, it compelled my admiration. Of its commercial results I may venture to be sceptical. People will not buy from us because we buy from them, but because the goods are cheap enough and suit their taste. That is human nature. However, the Exhibition may well have achieved something great and lasting in the direction I have indicated, I mean its moral effort—its punctuality, precision, order, neatness, good taste. For example, as an Anglo-Argentine told me, who knew his people well, good as was the band of the Cameron Highlanders, the Argentines were accustomed to the best of music, and the band did not so specially attract them, but what they were not accustomed to was the perfection of their drill and the military salute; that made an impression on officers of the Argentine army which would never be forgotten. It reminded me of the Corinthians' first tour in the North of England in far-off forgotten days; the pitmen and iron-workers were more impressed by their calm and quiet ways than by even their magnificent football, wrangling and noise being the natural accompaniment of the game in their view. So with the British Exhibition, the indirect benefits achieved may well be the greatest. Then there is the centre of Anglo-Argentine culture established by Sir Malcolm Robertson's energy and sympathy when he was ambassador, and in that connection I think of the excellent Loan Exhibition of British pictures. These represent to some extent lasting achievements, but the fact remains that racially and culturally British and Latin Americans are not drawn to each other; it can only be the few who become our warm friends and take their ideals from England; to the great majority Paris will always be their intellectual and cultural home.

Again I suppose there is some consolation to be found in the fact that excessive tariff barriers defeat their own ends,

for foreign manufacturers can always nationalise, and establish their industries in the country itself; and this the national authorities rather approve, as they regard the factory then as part of their own industrial equipment. And further we have a great asset in the considerable number of our own countrymen settled in the country, the domiciled Anglo-Argentine community, who, if they are Argentines, are usually good British too, even to the third and fourth generation in the great centres where they are not isolated—individual scattered families lapse much more easily. Important as the Anglo-Argentines are now, they may well be more important in the future, especially as the tendency of recent years is for men and families to come out for short periods of service only, and hence they do not really settle down as their predecessors did, or take the same interest in the country.

Yet it must be confessed it is not easy to find hopeful signs of the times for our race. On the whole I must come back to, and stress my point, that the world spirit of nationalism, as increasingly expressed in South America, is a potent force against us. What I fear for us in Argentina has already happened in Chile. There the prestige and power of British firms cannot be compared with what it was even in early post-war days. It was one of the features of "the Coast," the unique position of the great importing and exporting houses of Williamson Balfour, Duncan Fox and others. Prosperous and public-spirited and helpful, they used to be a tremendous asset to the British community, of whom indeed their employees formed no small part. Now they are reduced to a shadow of their former greatness. I do not know that this is due to legislation, direct or indirect, but political instability and commercial depression must certainly have been factors in their changed position. One deplores too the disappearance of the privileges of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. What a marvel of our prestige it was, that a British steamship company should have its base and fly its flag on the far-off South Pacific Ocean, 8000 miles from home! Now the name only

remains and some steamers still run, through the Panama Canal for the most part, but they have no privileges, their position in no way differs from that of others. The development of the spirit of nationalism has made Chile no country for the foreigner, and least of all for us British, whose standards of living are higher. The natural wealth of Argentina is much greater, and finances and general conditions are more sound (though it must be remembered that it is not so long since Chile was the most stable of South American Republics), yet it is difficult to have any clear reasoned hope for the future.

He would be a clever man who could explain away the undoubted fact that, having invested many millions of our capital in these countries, we are in their grip. They legislate against us and we cannot escape. Mr. Henry Ford, who has invested millions of dollars in rubber plantations on the Amazon, may be able to escape, but we cannot. Companies' money, in the form of docks and harbours and railways, is sunk in the country, and there it must stay; and perhaps more must be poured in after it, to have a chance of saving it, in the hope that may be possible. But if Mr. Ford's patience is exhausted by the constant injustices and judicial wrongs from which he suffers, he probably could afford to " cut his losses " and clear out of the country. At any rate as an individual he is free to do so. It is otherwise with our British companies. There we have entered and there we must stay, enduring whatever burdens are laid upon us. And it is doubtful if we can find much comfort in the Latin American mentality which considers acknowledgment of the debt the chief and vital matter, the payment of it a secondary question, which may be postponed somewhat indefinitely. We Anglo-Saxons regard these questions differently, and are apt to feel very sore when we have to go without our dividends. Anyhow, the prospect for us is not bright, as long as the spirit of nationalism deliberately finds expression in legislative spoliation. But perhaps there may be a change of outlook before it is too late.

CHAPTER IV

A HERO OF THE PAVEMENTS

In my former book I spoke briefly of the heroic soul of Captain Allen Gardiner reincarnating itself, so to speak, first in Barbrooke Grubb, pioneer missionary in the desolations of the Chaco, and then in William Morris in the crowds and enervating heat of Buenos Aires. But so outstanding a figure (as I must call Morris, utterly self-effacing and humble-hearted as he is) needs a far fuller treatment than I gave him then. Of course it is his work which he would desire to be known, not himself, in order that it might be helped; but, as always in such instances, the man and his work are quite inseparable. I should say there is no one better known or more respected in all Buenos Aires, whether in Government Offices or Banks or commercial houses. For the support of his schools involves him in endless collection of grants and subscriptions, most of which he must obtain personally. From early morning till late at night he works tirelessly and has worked, without change or holiday until his breakdown, for more than six-and-thirty years. One would suppose that in this ceaseless commercial activity the spiritual side of the man would be atrophied or at all events suffer, but not a bit of it. His sustained devotion and evangelistic readiness is as amazing as that activity; and so far from being engulfed by it, transforms it. It has been said that he never leaves an office without some word of spiritual counsel or warning after the manner of the old evangelicals, but I do not think this is true, he has far too much tactful sympathy and knowledge of men to launch such efforts indiscriminately on hearts prepared or unprepared. But the will to impart the gospel is there always, intense and true.

And this is the primary and basal note in the man's character, the one which I think should be stressed first. He is a great Christian, after the pattern of John Wesley, with a consuming love of souls. This is his most remarkable and consistent characteristic, his desire, not, I think, to bring people through any clearly marked mould of experience—indeed his tendency I should say would be rather on the side of comprehensiveness—but still very definitely to bring to the allegiance of the Lord Jesus Christ those who are leading their lives apart from Him. This is what I mean by the "love of souls," and it is his possession of this gift in so marked a degree which in my judgment raises him to the level of really great Christians. Who does not remember in *Death comes to the Archbishop* how the bishop knelt to receive the priest's blessing, because he felt so surely that his love of souls was greater than his own? For that is the ultimate test of goodness, the new quality which Christ brought into the world, at least as attainable by the average man, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." And for the superlative excellence of this gift of his I would kneel before Mr. Morris. But to go back to the Buenos Aires offices, no doubt his reputation is such that he is willingly listened to by many who would certainly listen to no one else, and his temper and spirit being what they are, he makes for himself many opportunities where lesser men would fail. For example, Argentines will look at him quizzically and ask, "What profit is he getting out of it all for himself?" (so deeply set is the suspicion of ulterior motives in the Latin mind), and then listen with tears in their eyes to the passionate outpouring of his convictions, his sure presentment of tremendous spiritual realities, and having subscribed as asked, part with him shaking hands with evident emotion.

To show the range of his influence and powers, apart from his own considerable congregation to which he ministers regularly, I think of three notable illustrations. (1) He obtained leave to hold services in gaol, with the

result that men who were utterly prejudiced against all religion welcomed him and were deeply moved. I do not know what his themes were, but I am sure he represented to that hardened sin-stained crowd the gracious Lord Himself. There may have been a repetition of what happened in a gaol in England. A visitor came to give the usual service and chose the time-honoured subject of the prodigal son, whereupon the convicts closed their eyes as far as they could, and hardened their hearts . . . but soon they felt constrained to listen, and a little later the tears were running down their faces! You see that was no ordinary preacher, it was Cardinal Manning—and Mr. Morris is no ordinary preacher either. (2) At Government House visiting one of the offices by appointment he found the Minister engaged with two Roman Catholic priests. Upon being presented to them, they smilingly assured him (though he declared them to be mistaken) that they were acquainted with him already. The solution of the puzzle was this, that having heard of his work they had attended one of his evening services in mufti and were delighted with the experience, especially the sermon which they heard, I think, on " Christ the Light of the World." They wanted such preaching in their own church, they said. (3) Calling on the late President of the Republic, who had recently achieved a bloodless revolution, he ventured to tell him, naturally and gracefully no doubt as he could, that he prayed for him; and so far from resenting it, the President was evidently touched, and turning to his secretary asked him whether he did not think that God had helped them a bit; and then remarked that his only object was to write a clean page in Argentine history.

His first pervading characteristic then is that he is a great lover of souls. Afire with the love of Christ himself, he yearns to pass on the knowledge to others. And his second characteristic, no less certainly, is his love of children. To understand this, in any full degree, we must hark back to the sacred ground and calamity of his early years. For he

lost his mother when he was only four years old, and this remembered sorrow was the inspiration of his love, especially for motherless children. Shortly after this his father left with the family for South America, of which more presently, but when he returned to England for the first time in 1896, he visited Soham near Ely, his birthplace, where his mother was still remembered and loved, and finding out her grave, vowed there beside it, that in her sacred memory he would devote his life to helping the poor children of Argentina.

The vow has been nobly kept, and even then the work was already begun. Indeed, with what would have been unwholesome precocity in most children, he began, as a mere boy, to gather other boys round him at his home in Rosario and preach to them. Later he moved to Buenos Aires, and there, working as a clerk in an office, began about the year 1888 (some eight years, it will be noticed, before his going home) what proved to be the work of his life.

"Around him" (I quote here from an account of his life and work by his friend and colleague) "were scores of ill-clad, homeless and schoolless children, of whom he collected a few and out of his own small means he clothed them, rented a room, and paid a man to give them elementary instruction, while he himself taught them in Sunday School. The number of children grew steadily, and it became necessary to appeal to others for support." This particular work, for various good reasons, was handed over to the Methodists with whom he was working at the time, and he began fresh work under the Anglican Church at Palermo, then the neediest district in Buenos Aires, and still his chief centre to-day. "Morris sought the then neediest district of the city, Palermo, and there with eighteen boys, collected in the Palermo woods, half naked and half savage, he began the work which has grown to what it is to-day. By the end of that year 1898 he had 200 children in the schools, 500 in 1899, and now in 1932 there are 25 schools at work in different parts of the capital with an attendance of over 7100 boys and girls."

Such facts amply justify my description of him as the "Children's Friend"; but astonishing as these figures are, they are by no means all, and there remains more to be told. I have already referred to the constant strain, which falls mostly upon Mr. Morris himself, of raising funds for these schools. It would have seemed that the extreme limit had been reached in this titanic struggle, and that no further burdens were possible for a mortal man. Yet in 1925 he added to his Institutions a wonderfully planned and executed model "Children's Home" where 340 children live under the happiest conditions. That is no mere phrase, for after a few months' stay the hard, vicious expression on so many of the careworn, neglected little faces simply vanishes and only happiness remains. The transformation is most marked and marvellous, and clearly the transforming power is love.

I said love of children was his second great characteristic, and truly his heart is big enough to love all those 7000 children; and more than that, each of them regards him as a friend. Undoubtedly it is recognised by one and all, teachers and workers, friends and children, specially children, that the driving force behind the imposing array of institutions which his genius has created is his personal love, which in its turn is recognised, perhaps dimly and faintly, perhaps clearly and indisputably, as a reflection and part and vehicle of the love of Christ Himself, which is at once universal and personal. Indeed, it would not be too much to say (though he himself would intensely dislike its being said), that with many thousands now in every rank of life, not only in the capital, but throughout the whole republic, such is the prevalent irreligion and deadness to spiritual things, their only idea of truth and righteousness and Christianity itself is—Mr. Morris.

Love of souls, devotion to children, and next I should name sheer ability, as characteristic of the man, accompanied in him (it is by no means a necessary accompaniment) by a quite amazing capacity for hard work. He started

as a young man in business, as we have seen, and when he gave up his post for the ministry, I am told that his employers found it necessary to employ two men in his place. That was typical of the new life in which he did more like ten men's work. The work being on a grand scale, the finances were necessarily on a grand scale also, and with these he proved himself quite capable of dealing, not only in the aggregate but down to the minutest detail. However, by his ability I mean rather more than that. He explains a legal point or business detail with such extraordinary lucidity as to make it positively interesting. At least that has been my experience. It was a pleasure to listen to his explanations, and that cannot, I think, be said of many people. He seemed to handle common things with a positive touch of genius. Then his ability is by no means confined to the twin religious and financial sides of his great work, it overflows into all kinds of channels, which may have points of contact with them, perhaps, but are mostly independent. For example, it is a standing difficulty with importing firms and others to steer their goods through the intricacies of the Customs; the delays are so interminable, and processes so meticulous, that it is quite usual to employ a more or less professional expert. Yet none of these experts can get their goods through as expeditiously as Mr. Morris. Or it is most desirable, if not positively necessary, that all residents in the country, including British, should hold the Argentine certificate of identity (" Cedula de Identidad " it is called) in addition to their passport, and it is a long and tedious process, on account of the number of applicants, to obtain these from the Chief of Police who issues them. But secure the personal help of Mr. Morris (if you think yourself justified in asking it) and doors open and delay disappears as by magic. Needless to say, there is no bribery or undue influence of any kind, but simply he is known and loved, and officials consider themselves justified (and who is to say they are not right?) in making exceptions for such a man.

Or another instance, most amazing of all; an English ship's captain, finding that his carpenter had been broaching cargo and trying to sell it, sent for the police and had him committed to gaol. So far so good, but the next step unfortunately in Argentine law is to arrest all others who are in any way connected with the offence; hence the apprentices were arrested also, because the thief had attempted to secure their silence through the present of a few cheap watches, if I remember rightly. Gaols are overcrowded, judges few, and cases taken in rotation, so that soon the captain found himself in the awkward dilemma, as his sailing date drew near, that either he would have to pay heavy demurrage, which would be a wrong to his owners, or leave his boys behind, through no fault of theirs, in the thoroughly bad conditions of a foreign gaol, where offenders of all kinds, old and young alike, are herded together without distinction, which would be a grievous wrong to the boys, involving morally a breach of trust with their parents—what was he to do? To those of us who know, our last resource in any difficulty connected with the country is "appeal to Mr. Morris." Result—the judge actually suspended the law, according to which all who are imprisoned must be tried, and granted an order for the boys' release, an action probably without precedent, his reason no doubt being such absolute confidence in Mr. Morris' reputation as to justify the exception.

These are obviously illustrations of much more than his ability, for that would not have achieved such results apart from his honoured and well-known character. Nevertheless they do illustrate his ability in unsuspected regions of difficulty, and many of his friends hold, and I with them, that his abilities are such that in any walk of life he had undertaken, commercial, professional, political, administrative, he would have risen to the top of the tree and achieved conspicuous success. However, a special way in which he manifests both his ability and immense capacity for work must by no means be omitted. Every night of his

life, when not otherwise engaged, he utilises his thorough knowledge of the Spanish language for translational work, as he judges quite correctly that while there is an over-abundance, if anything, of evangelical literature in English, there is a dearth of it in Spanish. There was the need, and it is characteristic of the man that he set himself almost alone to meet it. And so in process of time he has provided, for his own people and others, quite a library of theological and devotional works, such as Salmon's *Infallibility of the Church*, Moule's *Outlines of Christian Doctrine*, Carnegie Simpson's *Fact of Christ*, Murray's *Abide in Christ*, and *With Christ in the School of Prayer*, to name only a few, most of them being brought out chapter by chapter in his own monthly magazine, *La Reforma*. And this enormous volume of work may be said to be the product of his spare time—only he has no spare time!

One more characteristic I may name, which naturally has already been anticipated in some measure, viz. achievement. A list of his Institutions will tell us something.

(1) Church Hall and two Missions (as they would be called at home). Work is done in English and Spanish, but the former is only small. There are, however, 500 Spanish communicants and 1200 Sunday scholars. This work is maintained by himself, an assistant priest, and four lay-workers.

(2) " El Alba " Home already mentioned.

(3) Day Schools. In these the Syllabus of the National Board of Education is followed and the Reports of the National Inspectors are consistently favourable. Special features of the Schools are that there is a free distribution of clothes and boots twice a year, with medical attendance for scholars and their families. There are also opening prayers with the singing of hymns and brief religious instruction of a general kind by the Head Teachers only. (It should be explained that these are not Church Schools, according to the English conception of the term, but " Argentine Philanthropic National Schools.")

(4) Continuation Trade Schools, Teachers' Institute, Museum and Library, Central Office, etc.

But clearly the greater results of the work belong to the realm of the spiritual and invisible, and cannot be tabulated. The visible institutions are sacramental in the sense of being vehicles and expressions of a far-reaching spiritual grace. As leading Argentines have said, "the best investment the Government could make would be to give Morris a few million dollars every year to extend his work in all directions." Others definitely declare that "every school in Argentina should be run by Morris." The great asset of the Schools is not their definite teaching but their tone and temper, and this is something very real. There is plenty of evidence to show that the stream of youth which passes through the Schools is impressed by the hymn-singing and prayer, and the numerous patriotic and religious mottoes from all sources, which are to be read on the walls. And Government itself is impressed, with the result that through the Inspectors and others the influence of these Schools reacts on the National Schools. And I believe Mr. Morris himself regards this undoubted reaction and far-reaching influence as his greatest and most lasting achievement—something which will abide, whatever may be the future of the Argentine Philanthropic Schools, which by the way take the form of a legalised Association or Corporation, of which he is the director or administrator.

In any case, from any point of view, achievement is a striking characteristic of this heroic figure whom I have attempted to understand and interpret. If he is a saint and mystic living a life apart, he is also a successful business man on a large scale, who puts things through. Lover of souls, children's friend (chiefly children's friend), lover of dumb animals, man of keen intellect and exceptional ability, and one who, looking back upon his life, can point to solid achievement—that, I think, describes him fairly, though as a study it still remains partial and superficial—the real man still evades us. For instance, I cannot deal with one factor in his

life, the greatest next his God, I mean his wife. What does he not owe to her quiet strength and unfailing sympathy, and almost uncanny instinct for reading character? How they have toiled and suffered and rejoiced together all these years! That is a sacred region from which none may dare to attempt to lift the veil.

Yet something more should still be said, if this chapter is to be saved from being panegyric only. And great men do not want to be simply praised; they much prefer that the world should have a faithful picture of them, even if this involves a kindly noting of minor peculiarities, whether acquired habits or natural traits. And such small points after all add life and perspective to the picture, make our friend more human, as when Scott Holland tells us of Westcott, that even when throwing stones into a pond as a young man, he threw his with more intensity and fervour than the rest, as in after life his writings were all pitched on so high a level, at so sustained and even a height, that they gave the impression (in his view) that it did not matter where the reader began or left off! Or sometimes the need of contrast is felt, as when old Archbishop Temple said to Bishop Moule, after he had agreed with him gently and delightfully on many points, "You should say 'No' sometimes!" So I would not claim for my honoured friend any total exemption from the defects of his qualities. There is a splendid isolation about him resulting from his life apart. Never to have a holiday, or take part in ordinary amusements or relaxations, limits his views to some extent and affects his judgment. Not in the direction of criticism, for never was there a kindlier judge of his fellow men; because he lays down for himself this severe life of self-denial, he does not dream of suggesting it to others; rather he is disposed to apologise for himself whimsically, as unable to be what others are; he quite shares your true saint's horror of being peculiar and attracting notice. Yet there must be, shall I call it? a certain consecrated egotism in his position, for if it is right for others to get away from their engrossing work and have

regular periods of rest and recreation, in order to make the best use of their physical and spiritual resources, it must be no less right for him; and the more delicate balances and poises of his being must suffer from the lack of it. Then this rare and beautiful concentration on his work, this love poured forth unceasingly on his vast family, as he regards it, must and does make it difficult for him to have a right sense of proportion, to see his own work in relation to the work of others, to revise his methods in the light of others' experience (should this be desirable), to understand the greater whole of which his own monumental work is but a part. Then there is the strong man's temptation to do everything himself because he knows he can do it better than others, even though he knows too it is really subordinates' work, and that the doing of it will surely break him in the end—who will blame him for yielding, as he certainly does, to that temptation of so many great souls? Or, again, who is to find fault with that prodigality in lesser things which is so often the mark of the man of a big heart? What if in the generous distribution to all and sundry there are many frauds and false claimants? What if many do not read or appreciate the wholesome literature provided for them? After all it is like the rain on the just and the unjust; these defects are but trifling, and perhaps inevitable.

But I have said enough, I think, to show that understanding, not criticism, is my object. And it remains only to attempt to sum up the whole. The lover of souls, the children's friend, the man of outstanding gifts and powers, the tireless worker, the educationist, the man who achieves—what has he achieved? Does his contribution to the Kingdom of God on earth take any special form which can be easily expressed? I think it does. If it be asked: "Has this loyal clergyman of our English Church built up in Latin lands a representative Spanish-speaking branch, at once Catholic and Evangelical, Apostolic and Reformed, authoritative yet free, treasuring the past but looking forward bravely to the future, with a rich experience of the sacramental life

as also of the power of prayer, typical in the truest way of the *via media* of Anglicanism?" the answer must manifestly be "no," perhaps this difficult thing under such conditions was impossible; anyhow it was not attempted; what has been accomplished has *not* been that . . . the Chaplaincy has been faithfully worked and on a consistent plan; Annual Mission Services have brought many to Christ; through Confirmation, gladly and reverently accepted, these have passed to full church membership, and the Holy Communion as a duty and high privilege has not been neglected. It must be remembered that it was the generous freedom, the breadth and tolerance of the Church, which first attracted this remarkable minister and led to his ordination by my predecessor, and within its fold the fervour and zeal he brought with him have found a happy home; he has not, I think, been disappointed. But whatever the reason, he has not felt the call to build up such a typical Spanish-speaking Anglican Church as I have outlined.

But if the question be put in this form: "Is the Church which he has built up with such whole-hearted devotion a power in the land?" the answer is clearly "yes." Among the reformed Spanish-speaking Churches in the city none is more efficient or respected, and none witnesses more faithfully to the personal Christ, our Divine Lord and Saviour. If those wonderful Schools can best be described as a Christ-inspired "influence" in a city and country which surely needs it, so also, but far more definitely, is the Church an "influence" for Christ; not so much like the mustard seed as the leaven, not so much notable as a visible growth, an expanding society, but far more as a subtle gracious influence, a power touching the hidden man of the heart. I should say that the parable which describes this unique work more than any other is "The Kingdom of God is like leaven—which a woman took and hid in a measure of meal until all was leavened."

"The Kingdom of God is like leaven," "Religion is caught rather than taught," such sayings, I think, best

represent the mighty far-reaching influence of our friend who so faithfully follows the footsteps of the Son of Man on the pavements of Buenos Aires. It is an achievement indeed, whatever its limitations, thus manifestly in the convictions of thousands whose eyes would otherwise be blind to His glory, to represent Christ, Christ as He is, here and now, the true Christ. It is an achievement for which we thank God.

Many will remember " Christ in Flanders," published by the *Spectator* during the Great War:

> We had forgotten you, or very nearly—
> You did not seem to touch us very nearly—
> . . . . . .
> And, all the while, in street or lane or byway—
> In country lane, in city street or byway—
> You walked among us, and we did not see
> Your feet were bleeding as you walked our pavements—
> How *did* we miss your Footprints on our pavements?
> Can there be other folk as blind as we?

I think that our Lord's footsteps on the pavements of Buenos Aires will have been seen by very many in that city through the life of Mr. Morris.

(With the exception of a few corrections and additions this chapter was written some months before Mr. Morris entered into rest at Soham on Sept. 15th, 1932, but I have preferred to let it stand as it is.)

CHAPTER V

A NEW COLONISATION SCHEME

AN attractive offer is now being made to young Englishmen mainly of the public-school boy type to form an all-British colony at Victoria on the Upper Paraná River in the north of Argentina. The colony is under the expert management of its founder and promoter, Mr. A. J. Schwelm, and strongly backed by Mr. Christopher Turnor of the Overseas Settlement Committee. It has received favourable notice from *The Times* and other influential English newspapers, and Mr. Schwelm has personally lectured on the scheme in London, Oxford and elsewhere. It is therefore thoroughly well known in England among those interested in emigration. This colony is to be a new thing, a group settlement for single men and families mostly of small means (£250 being the minimum of capital required), on fertile land suitable for agriculture, in a sub-tropical healthy country with hot but pleasant climate. The hand-book states that roads are being built and a hostel erected and plots surveyed, and settlers have already arrived. And given the right type of settler, success is confidently anticipated, the grounds for this anticipation being the success already achieved by the neighbouring colony of Eldorado (justly claimed as the most successful colony on the Upper Paraná River), which has the same founder and is under the same management. There are certain conditions which are entirely different, as will be pointed out later, but as Eldorado is held up as a model and pattern for Victoria, it would be well to tell of that first.

Eldorado is indeed a remarkable achievement. In 1919, being then familiar with the river, Mr. Schwelm decided to explore the country inland, and finding that the soil was rich

as he expected, he purchased a large tract and set about creating a settlement. To this remote spot Danes, Swedes and Germans, already living in the country, some of them victims of other colonies which had exploited them, began slowly to come. At first it was a struggle to obtain settlers, and rapid progress did not begin till 1924. Then the settlement went forward by leaps and bounds, and by April 1932 the population was no less than 7000. These details are taken from an article published in *Country Life*, from which also I quote the following brief description of one section of Eldorado: "A beautiful valley that looks as if it had been under cultivation for ten years is now inhabited by sixty Bavarian families. Seven years previously they had gone out under the auspices of some land company and had been placed on utterly unsuitable land; they had lost everything. Their priest came to Mr. Schwelm and eventually he advanced them the money to start. They were given this valley with about 100 acres apiece. At the end of eighteen months they repaid the advance. When I was among them I saw a happy and contented people. They told me they had been there five years and were absolute owners of their land. . . . The Company runs one or two demonstration farms, so that the colonist has the advantage of sound expert advice; there is also provided a network of effective dirt roads, and the road rate is only sixpence per acre. Quite a range of small industries has sprung up in Eldorado, which may now be regarded as a rural town. . . . Every month the trade increases and . . . the inflow of money is remarkable. . . . Less than 5 per cent. have failed, and I found no one with the remotest thought of selling their land." From another source I gather there are two churches and eight schools.

This description is entirely borne out by the published pictures of experimental farms, wireless station, warehouses, stores, furniture-makers, brick-making, ice factory, sawmills, hostel, settlers' houses, church, school, and, most important of all, an obviously healthy and happy crowd of children. And

I confess I should be at a loss to understand this extraordinary success had I not carefully read Mr. Schwelm's lecture given at the Royal Institute of International Affairs at the end of 1931, for in this he revealed himself (incidentally, for it was clearly not the object of the lecture) as a man of independent mind who could think for himself, and by sympathy and dogged persistence put his ideas into practice. It is a fascinating story how the project first formed itself in his mind and he bent his life to the realisation of it, roughing it, settling down in the country, studying its possibilities, and, more than that, studying his colonists, putting himself in their place; while always thinking and planning ahead, gaining his experience as he went on, not afraid of making mistakes. He combined tact and sympathy with strong leadership, he has a knowledge of men and therefore can deal with them. He shows us too something of his general outlook on life, how he is alive to the evils of modern industrialism, thinks it a nobler mission to replenish the earth and subdue it than artificially to restrict families, detests the standardisation of values and conduct, has a keen sense of beauty and believes it should be cultivated in the average man. Through all the ugliness which must mark clearing of forest and erecting of temporary shanties, he would have his colonists look forward to enjoying a home worthy of the name—why should their higher natures be starved? Hence views across open spaces are necessary, belts of trees, shrubs and flowers. No one understands better than he the superior charm of cultivated paddocks or gardens to primeval forest. The forest repels with its monotony, the eye longs for change, and no change is more welcome than that of a refined human habitation in its planted clearing. In a wise colonisation scheme all this should be borne in mind, for the sheer constant grind of work, however honourable, is apt to be degrading, especially for the women. My point in all this really is, that besides being an amazingly capable man of business, which Mr. Schwelm obviously is, though it is not for me to say so, he shows himself in this lecture to be so much more, a man of culture and wide

outlook and human sympathy. And it is to this in my judgment that the striking success of Eldorado Colony is in great part due.

But here in common fairness (though all this is but a side issue from my point of view) I must state that many on this side of the Atlantic are by no means convinced that the success of Eldorado is permanent. A well-known and respected doctor in Buenos Aires, who has a thorough knowledge of the country, in condemning Victoria throws grave doubts on Eldorado also. He says in effect that as long as fresh settlers are coming in with their ready money, there will be prosperity, but it will not continue afterwards. Moreover (and this is undoubtedly the fact), he notes how the " yerba " trade is greatly depressed, and yerba can be, and is, produced much nearer to Buenos Aires. And this applies to other products also, as citrus. Of trade questions I cannot judge, but he also declares that malaria and hook-worm are largely prevalent in the Territory of Misiones. And it is true that an Argentine doctor, specially sent to combat malaria, stated that he considered 15,000 people were infected (W. S. Barclay, *Geographical Journal*, March 1932). There is an answer to this, however, that according to medical authority the bad malarial zone ends over 130 miles north of Eldorado, where the river Pozuelos enters the Paraná. And certainly no one at Eldorado complains of malaria, while as for hook-worm, no one need contract that whose habits are cleanly, and who does not go about barefooted. Besides, unless it is of a particularly virulent type, we do not take malaria, or " chuchu " as it is called, very seriously in South America. An occasional attack matters little. As objections to Eldorado, I should say for my part that malaria and hook-worm are negligible. A more serious question is whether continued prosperity is compatible with the extreme remoteness of the Settlement, *i.e.* 130 miles by river from Posadas, the nearest town, and 700 miles by rail from Buenos Aires, over 900 by river. Yet Mr. Schwelm travelled all over the Republic before selecting this site and must have

faced that question. However, our British folk are not particularly interested in Eldorado, and I think there is nothing in their criticism to prevent our acknowledging the marvellous achievement of it. In my view, though I have not been able to visit it personally, Mr. Schwelm has achieved something truly great.

But it is the sequel to which I strongly demur. Victoria is to be built up on the model of Eldorado. "Adjacent to Eldorado is a block of land which has been named Victoria; it is here that Mr. Schwelm intends to create a British settlement on the lines of Eldorado." And again: "The new British Settlement of Victoria starts with all the experience of Eldorado at its back." It is assumed that the success of Eldorado is a guarantee for that of Victoria.

With all his genius, it seems to me that Mr. Schwelm (and Mr. Turnor with him, and all other distinguished visitors from home) has either overlooked certain grave facts, or does not think them important. The land and general conditions are the same, it is true, but the racial and personal characteristics of the proposed colonists are entirely different. The prospect of the colony therefore, so far from being promising, is in my judgment quite the reverse.

Naturally I shall explain why I take this grave view, when with my admiration for Eldorado my inclination and desire would be to approve heartily. But first let me state two damaging facts as to Victoria, as facts they undoubtedly are: (1) no publicity is given at home to views which are unfavourable to Victoria Colony as suitable for English settlers; (2) the opinion of the men on the spot, *i.e.* the British community in Argentina, in so far as they are acquainted with the matter, is solidly against it.

Now as to (1), the underlying imputation is extraordinarily unpleasant. Why is it that the reputable Press at home declines to publish any adverse criticism? If there is another side to the attractive propaganda of the Settlement Scheme, have not people at home, especially parents and guardians, a right to hear of it? Would not the British both

of Britain and the Empire wish to know that their fellow-countrymen in Argentina did not share the honest convictions of the promoters, even though backed by such an undoubted authority as Mr. Turnor? They might think the venture still worth making in spite of adverse opinions, and in any case a sound scheme should be able to stand criticism. To my mind, the conspiracy of silence which seems to exist bears a very ugly appearance. I wish I could think otherwise, but I cannot. It is very hard to associate honour and truth with muzzling the free expression of opinion on so important a question affecting the lives of scores of our fellow-countrymen.

(2) When I used the term "damaging fact," I meant damaging to the success of the scheme, preventing its acceptance on any considerable scale. And this I think should be the result of the disapproval of the resident British community, at least if it is based on reason and not mere prejudice. But indeed the fact in itself is an extraordinarily serious one. I mean, the opinion of such a body of men, who are mostly experts in their way, men of standing and experience, ability and judgment, must count for much. If, say, the British Chamber of Commerce in Buenos Aires gave its deliberate opinion on any subject it was competent to deal with, it would be listened to with respect all the world over. Of course, in this instance there has been no joint action or expression of opinion of any kind, but I venture to say that it is just the same type of man who disbelieves in the Victoria Colony scheme.

Let me quote two opinions, both naturally based on economic reasons. The first is from the published letter of the doctor already referred to (and he assures me that he has received numbers of letters endorsing his views, none controverting it). "In my opinion the future of the colony will prove to be a failure. The reasons I advance are hygienic and economic, viz. malaria, hook-worm, climate not suited to British stock, the yerba situation frankly bad (this is much abbreviated). It is very significant that no

Englishman here, or Anglo-Argentine, or Argentine proper could be induced now to become a purchaser of land on the conditions he is offered it in England, because there is at the moment little confidence in the future of the maté industry; and as for the other products of Eldorado or Victoria, these can be raised in healthy parts of the country much nearer Buenos Aires. The colony may look very attractive on paper, supplemented by imposing views of the river at sunrise, etc., but can it find markets and sell its produce at a remunerative profit? This is the acid test. I cannot understand how anyone . . . can take this Colony in Misiones seriously."

The second opinion is from a letter written for publication, but not published (and why not?), by a capable estanciero of thirty years' standing—I quote extracts only.

" I believe I am in a position to advise young Englishmen who are thinking of coming out to these countries, and consider that the organisers of the colony are making a very grave mistake in bringing out the 'Varsity man and the public-school boy. It is a well-known fact that the depression in England has hit everyone so hard that the heads of families are at their wits' end what they are going to do with their sons on leaving school and college. One day they see the accounts of Eldorado and the die is cast. Then starts the scraping together of three or four hundred pounds with which to send the young colonist off to South America. It appears to me that the people at home are completely ignorant as regards the conditions prevailing in these countries. Do they realise that the once rich estanciero has for the past three years been struggling to make ends meet? That the railways once so flourishing are now almost bankrupt? Do they know that capital invested in land has shrunk in many cases to half? Do fathers and guardians at home know more about conditions out here than we do, and is it possible to believe that there is a spot in Misiones where a young English boy can make a comfortable living and form a home? . . . Is it known in England that there are

many sons of Englishmen in Argentina and Uruguay out of work, many of them experienced hard workers? Are any of these going to Misiones? The colony in question may offer excellent opportunities to a different class, but I have no hesitation in saying that it is absolutely unsuitable for the English College man."

My comment on these letters is that both correspondents apparently overlook the point strongly insisted on by Mr. Schwelm, that the colonists should look forward to producing crops as their own food supplies rather than live by the sale of them, though I should imagine some sales must be necessary in order to provide themselves with groceries, clothing, etc. Again, though £2 10*s*. per acre is not cheap for uncleared forest land however productive, the expert advice which is given freely and the general advantages of a community settlement may well be a substantial asset to set off against this. The danger to health from malaria, etc., as I have already indicated, I cannot think serious. But the real reason why these letters seem to be valuable is that they represent the strong, almost instinctive, conviction of the man who knows the country and has seen so many young Englishmen fail in it, that any such colony is quite unsuitable for them and can only end in disappointment and failure. They know, as others do not, what the necessary conditions of life in the country are and the disadvantages involved, which, even if explained to new-comers, they could not take in or would not believe, until realised by experience. Indeed it is no discredit to the promoters if they have not told them, for they probably do not understand them themselves.

And now comes the difficult part of my self-imposed task, the duty, as I see it, of explaining why Argentina is unsuitable for colonisation by Englishmen generally, and specially those of the public-school type. The solid opposition of the man on the spot, or, call it, his utter disbelief in Victoria, is on economic grounds for the most part, but at the same time, regarded as a colony for Englishmen. His objections are both economic and racial, principally economic I should

say, but always with a view to the personal factor. He is deeply convinced that for Englishmen it will be a failure. But for my part I leave economic grounds altogether on one side, not considering myself qualified to deal with them; my objections are racial and historical, or social and moral. And though largely unthought out, I consider these are also at the back of our people's antagonism to the scheme. The Swiss, Germans, and Danes, many of them with a previous experience of the country (though that is not to my present point), are not only excellent material for colonists but willingly settle down there for life, and if their children, who are Argentines by law, are absorbed ultimately by the life of the country, and become Argentines indeed in outlook and interest and sympathy, they will not trouble themselves, they will be content. But British will never do that. Our position is quite different; different, I believe, from that of all other foreigners in the country, both by nature and deliberate choice. Of the larger and more powerful European nations represented in Argentina, our resident community is far the smallest; numerically indeed we are insignificant. But the striking fact is this, that though least numerous we are most influential. Nor do I believe that this is due to the colossal amount of British capital invested in the country, especially railways and other public utility companies; indeed that may rather diminish our influence as tending to make us unpopular with the present spirit of nationalism, expressing itself as it does in dislike of foreign enterprises, and our Managers being obliged to occupy positions at once prominent and supremely difficult, calling for the utmost tact and caution; our influence is due much more to moral reasons; our sturdiness of character and racial superiority, or perhaps—a less offensive way of putting it—the superiority of our civilisation. This is not said boastfully. Indeed the fact that so much is expected of us makes our failure more humiliating. Moreover, the saying that white men are the snobs of the universe I suspect may be painfully true of us at times. But still there is the

superiority. People are not surprised that we live as a race apart with our own institutions as though we were at home, like no other foreigners. And they imitate our customs and sports and fashions. They mock at us and abuse us as often as not, perhaps with reason, but end by imitating us. The Saturday half-holiday which is being adopted is the "English" Saturday. English words in matters of sport, etc., are taken over wholesale; they could be translated easily enough, but no, it is more correct, it gives more confidence, to use the actual English word, however to them unpronounceable—"Match, goal, front, raid"—it is the straw which shows which way the wind blows. What I am insisting on is that we British are truly different from other people, we are deeply aware of it ourselves, and others are equally aware of it; hence it is quite fallacious to assume that the Colonisation Scheme which has succeeded admirably with other people will succeed equally well with us. And not only are we different, but it is our fixed deliberate intention and principle to remain different. Scattered minorities in foreign countries always tend to be absorbed and lost, as the countries (at any rate in the New World) desire they should be, but our race resists this tendency to absorption and retains its nationality; not with entire success, far from it, but better than any other. "That is an argument in favour of the all-English group settlement," it will be said: "there is so much less chance of our colonists becoming absorbed in an alien population." That is true, but our national stiffness of type militates against our efficiency as colonists in a Latin country in other ways. In the first place, men of the public-school boy type, even though they agree to it at first, will not long consent to be manual labourers, nor could they adapt themselves to it. And if they did, it is doubtful if they could continue to do so for long in a semi-tropical climate. Moreover, the white man who works as a peon in a Latin American country loses caste. That is the advantage of a really white man's country like Australia or Canada, where a man can do any

kind of work. That is the disadvantage of Africa as a permanent home for our race, because he cannot; and hence mean whites and such-like sorrowful products. This retention of nationality is largely a matter of education; those who belong to our working classes, as they are called, seldom retain it in the second generation, so great is the power of environment involving language, religion, education, etc., and even educated people, living in isolation, frequently find it impossible to keep their families British.

But let us suppose a number of young men of the public school and 'Varsity type settled at Victoria, working their land and making a living by it, and occupying their spare time with sport, as they would do, settled and living the same life year after year; granted that it could be pleasant, how narrowing it would be socially and intellectually. Cut off from England and the Dominions, they could take no interest in the movements stirring in the English-speaking world on account of their remoteness. The politics and social life of Argentina could not possibly appeal to them as a substitute; there would be a blank in their lives instead of a wide and interesting field inviting their thought and co-operation. There is always a narrowing tendency (though it may be fought against) in the life of a commercial community abroad, and this would be vastly intensified in Victoria on account of its isolation. Again, the call of the settler is to make a home and marry and bring up children. Such men would not as a rule take wives of the people of the country (though some would succumb), but what opportunity would they have of meeting the right type of Englishwoman or Anglo-Argentine? As far as I can judge, the Englishwoman from home usually settles down best, but in tropical and semi-tropical countries the women always suffer more than the men. The climate is not impossible, and I do not doubt that English-born children can thrive there as in Paraguay, but a real atmosphere of home can hardly be created, and there would be the same subtle drift and drag towards deterioration. In time, no doubt, church

and school would follow, to the saving of the younger generation, as I believe, and uplift of their parents; but they cannot be equal to what we find at home. And it may seem almost petty to mention insect pests; they do not greatly trouble us who are acclimatised, but to the newcomer from home they are by no means a negligible tribulation.

Again, it is very natural to suppose that there will be brighter times ahead after the first settlers have borne the burden and heat of the day, and in such a settlement as this so there may be. Yet on the whole the expectation seems to me fallacious. I think of the little Australian colony of Cosme in Paraguay, an attractive agricultural village in a forest clearing with grazing lands below. The men would say they did not expect really to succeed themselves, the future lay with the children who were brought up there. But, alas! as some of us foresaw plainly enough, young men of Anglo-Saxon stock would not be content to spend their lives cooped up in a Paraguayan "monte." And they wisely scattered, and the colony steadily dwindled.

But suppose again the colony succeeds according to the fairest dreams of the prospectuses, and that this new thing in history is accomplished, and that there is a flourishing and contented settlement of some hundreds of English families of the educated class, of the type that have made the Empire —I should view the prospect with positive alarm. We are a superior race, as I have admitted, and knowing my fellow-countrymen as I do, they could hardly help behaving like it, which is another thing. The Argentine authorities have welcomed the present scheme, as all South American Governments welcome colonisation which they believe to be genuine; they naturally want to see more of their empty spaces populated. But assuredly they would not welcome a little bit of England (which is what the promoters aim at) domiciled in their country. Nor would they be the least peculiar in this. We should resent a self-contained foreign community in England which stood apart from the national

life as being superior to it. No exclusive English town would be tolerated in the United States. The Brazilians, having allowed parts of their country to become thoroughly German, strongly resented it afterwards; and, learning by experience, are now seeing to it that too many Japanese do not settle together. For a nation consciously or unconsciously desires to assimilate foreigners and make citizens of them. Of course all children born in the country are Argentines by law, so what I have indicated could not really happen. A permanent bit of England in Argentina is an impossibility. Nevertheless, I think it would be true to say that if Victoria proved an outstanding success, it would be so much the more doomed to failure.

The fact is that Mr. Christopher Turnor, with all his wide experience and skilled judgment, does not know the country, or the effect of the country on those of our race who settle in it. For the immediate present, the ideas of the promoters might conceivably be sound, though I do not think they are; but they make the fatal mistake of not looking far enough ahead. Nor, if I may be presumptuous enough to dare to say so, am I at all sure that they understand the genius of our race. Mr. Turnor's reasons for giving his cordial benediction to Victoria (I hope I do not misinterpret him) are that he believes that the day of individual enterprise for the colonist is over; that the colony of the future is the organised group settlement; and that all group settlements within the Empire having failed for various causes, and at the moment there being no opening for further experiments, full opportunity should be taken of this settlement scheme of Mr. Schwelm, who has all the successful experience of Eldorado behind him.

Whether the day of the individual colonist is over or not, clearly the organised group settlement can be a conspicuous success, as is proved by Eldorado. But here again, if suitable for other races, is it necessarily suitable for ours? It may be that as a septuagenarian I do not grasp the new points of view of the new generation, that I fail to read the signs of the

times and the temper of the age. But so far as my experience goes, the Englishman is just as much an individualist as ever, he has a natural antipathy to organisation, though he can organise excellently if he chooses—none better; but he prefers to go his own way and find out things for himself. And undoubtedly it is this trait which has made him the best pioneer on earth, and is responsible for peopling vast portions of the earth's surface with Anglo-Saxon stock. Is this great characteristic really useless now? Is the community settlement a necessity for men of English race? Where we work as communities, I have not observed that we are particularly successful. Our British Societies are mostly successful in proportion as they keep their ambitions within modest limits—perhaps this is why the British Society in the Argentine Republic has achieved so much—but in general our British Societies do not arouse enthusiasm or command much confidence. In the matter of schools, for example, individuals have accomplished what societies and communities could never have done. It seems to me, though I may be mistaken, that the average Englishman still dislikes to be organised and prefers to be independent. So I ask, do the promoters of Victoria really understand the genius of our English race?

There is no reason why the colony should not succeed in a limited fashion, but not with the type desired. For the experience, or call it colonising genius, of the founder, and the advantages of a community settlement with its experimental farms, etc., are quite real factors in its favour. But apart from those who go because they must, *i.e.* because they have not capital enough for any other form of colony, of whom no doubt there are a fair number, I should say it was still suitable for exceptional people who for health reasons or others wished to live out their days in a pleasant country with a warm and healthy climate. If they were content to live quietly, small means I should imagine would go a long way, and there would be a sense of protection together with congenial society. Retired officers sometimes,

often for reasons of health, or to indulge some particular hobby, are content to live in remote spots of the earth. Working-class folk too, accustomed to manual labour, if they could find the necessary capital might build up a home and be happy. As far as land goes, just as good land or better might be had in Paraguay for a mere song, and Paraguay is the healthiest of hot countries, with a unique charm of its own; but it might be far from civilisation, and the forces of law and order conspicuous by their absence, though that is not always a disadvantage; there is much to be said for a Government which leaves a man alone. However, there would certainly not be the superior conditions of Argentina or the protection and care of the Managers of the colony.

To sum up, it is fallacious to suppose that because Eldorado Colony may be a conspicuous success, therefore, Victoria, which is to be built up on the model of it out of British public-school boy material, is sure to be a success also. Only on a superficial view, either by those who do not know the country or those who fail to understand the peculiar characteristics and traditions of our race, is such a conclusion possible. To those who look more deeply into the matter, the evidence of knowledge and experience points the other way. Such a colony needs as settlers men who are prepared to throw in their lot with the country and ultimately become citizens of it, like those of Eldorado; Englishmen, especially of the type desired, most emphatically will not do that. Again, the settlers needed must themselves work the land when cleared and live mainly on what it produces; educated Englishmen from home will not be content to do that for long, because it holds no future; when they realise what the life is, they will almost certainly be dissatisfied and take the first opportunity of leaving. Should they not do that, but remain and marry and bring up families, there is still the fact to face that a Latin American Republic is wholly unsuitable for a British colony; its laws, traditions, customs and atmosphere are against us. Such a colony if formed, on

account of its remoteness from home, will be cut off from the social and intellectual currents of the day, and tend to become narrow in outlook and life. Without political interests or any lot in the country they live in, they will remain a mere alien element in a foreign land. Only necessity or some special reason can justify men and families leaving England in order to join this colony. Generally speaking, our people should be discouraged from coming, for once more those who encourage membership, however well intentioned, do not know the country, or what life in it involves, whereas those who do know the country, the resident British community (than whom no sounder body of men exists, but unfortunately they cannot make their voice heard), unhesitatingly condemn it. All are not so impoverished but that they could set up their sons there, many of whom are out of work like those at home, but not one has done so. Could there be clearer proof that Victoria Colony is not the place for the English public-school boy?

CHAPTER VI

SOME NOTABLE CELEBRATIONS

I HAVE in my mind two centenaries and one Jubilee, but the first of the two centenaries was dealt with adequately enough in my former book in the chapter on Brazil. Our Church in Rio de Janeiro was specially notable as being the first non-Roman Catholic Church in South America, and the circumstances of its early history were sufficiently striking, if not altogether creditable to our people. So all I need say of it now is that the actual celebration of the centenary was thoroughly worthy in every way. Not only was there real interest and enthusiasm in the Commemoration Services, but money was generously subscribed for the permanent memorial, namely, a much-needed Church Hall at the back of the church (for previously there was no meeting-place of any kind) and the beautiful little church of All Saints Nictheroy across the bay, whither a large proportion of our people had gone to live. I have only then to consider the centenary of St. John's Church in Buenos Aires and the Jubilee of St. Bartholomew's in Rosario, whose history I venture to think is exceptionally interesting.

However, the actual centenary of the Church itself fell six years later in 1931. It was the centenary of the Anglican Church as an institution in the Argentine Republic which, represented by St. John's, and coinciding with that of the Treaty, was kept in 1925, when the Prince of Wales made his first historic visit. It seemed best, however, to keep the two celebrations separate and hold our Commemoration Services on successive Sundays, especially as each afforded ample matter for Thanksgiving; our Church's life of a hundred years in a far-off foreign land, and the Treaty of Commerce

and Friendship, showing as it did true far-sighted statesmanship, between England and Argentina, under which there had sprung up a prosperous resident British community.

As I noted myself at the time, a hundred years to a people like the English, who have a long history behind them, may seem a small affair (the 1600th anniversary of the Council of Nicæa had then recently been commemorated in Westminster Abbey, and I thought of the Venerable Bede's church at Jarrow, which had been standing there for two-thirds of the time since Pentecost); but in a new world in the making, and in a country which had had such a turbulent past as Argentina (for its first half-century was little better than anarchy), its significance was in fact great; a hundred years in South America, or at any rate Argentina, would rank more with a tercentenary at home, so rapidly do people and conditions change, and so scarce are solid institutions.

So much from the point of view of time, but our real source of joy was in the realisation of the life won out of the unpropitious conditions of the past, and this not continuously or evenly, but bursting out into flower, as it were, almost suddenly after a period of mere struggling existence.

I venture to quote what I said at the time, as the matter struck me then.

" Could any circumstances have been more unpropitious for planting our English branch of the great Church of Christ? Not twenty years before there had been two British attacks upon this place, the first unauthorised, it is true, but the second deliberate, both ending in disaster. And when the young Republic sprang into being in 1810, could it be expected to treasure any feeling of friendship for its old enemy? It was an alien land possessed by an alien faith. Men of British and Spanish race were poles apart in their ideas and traditions. Yet such was the statesmanship of Canning in officially recognising Argentina, and such the inspiring personality of our first British Consul, Sir Woodbine Parish, that a year after his arrival in 1824 a treaty

of commerce and friendship was signed, we were free to worship, and our Church life began.

"But, after this beginning, could any form of organisation be more unpromising for representing the special genius of our English Church—Catholic and Reformed, authoritative and free, with equal care for truth and order—than the Consular Chaplaincy of those days? All honour to the British Government for its honest care for its subjects' spiritual welfare, but life and expansion are hardly possible with State control. The Foreign Office fixed certain regulations as to organisation, and paid half of the cost of upkeep, besides making a grant for the building. But the Consul, whatever his religion, was officially chairman of the Church Committee, the congregation was the unit, and engaged a chaplain from home. There was no Bishop, except in theory the Bishop of London. Hence there was no supervision or counsel, no Confirmation for the young, no influence to lift people out of a self-centred congregationalism. The proof is that for half a century nothing happened. There was no development or expansion of any kind, except that godly laymen at home (the official Church failing to rise to its responsibilities) established the South American Missionary Society, and founded Chaplaincies at Rosario, Fray Bentos, and Salto. But there was no movement from the Consular Chaplaincies of St. John's, Buenos Aires, or Holy Trinity, Montevideo. True, it was a period of constant revolution and almost anarchy, and progress in any case would have been difficult, but there were two fatal defects; the apostolic principle of government by bishops was scarcely recognised, and the official element in the Consular Chaplaincy organisation, though perhaps necessary in those days, destroyed all initiative."

The past history then of the Church in Argentina, as represented by the Consular Chaplaincy of St. John's, cannot be said to have been a happy one. And even in later days, when the Consular Chaplaincy ceased, and self-supporting churches sprang up in the suburbs after

Bishop Stirling took charge, the records of their correspondence with the Mother Church are not too pleasant reading. The right thing, church extension, seems too often to have been done in the wrong way; it was suggestive of business men saying what they thought of each other, rather than of Churchmen advancing the Kingdom of God; though I gladly admit this was but a temporary phase. Still, the real improvement had been so comparatively recent, chaplains before Archdeacon Hodges having either remained only for a short time, or failed to rise to the wider view of what the Church stood for, that it was with a sense of contrast and joyful surprise we experienced the glad response to the Centenary Appeal; it seemed to come as something new and epoch-making, though undoubtedly St. John's had had its great occasions before then, especially after its becoming the Pro-Cathedral of the new diocese in 1910. I quote here from the official report.

"The Centenary had been carefully prepared for by prayer and thanksgiving for some months past throughout the churches of the Archdeaconry of the River Plate. Hence the extraordinarily happy and successful services held on August 16th and 23rd. The general plan was a massed Service of Thanksgiving in St. John's Pro-Cathedral on August 16th for all city and suburban churches, while simultaneous services were held in ten other provincial centres. At the Pro-Cathedral the Centenary celebrations began with a Choral Eucharist at 8.30 a.m., the usual 8.00 a.m. Holy Communion being dispensed with at all the suburban churches, and the communicants invited to St. John's instead. No combined service of this kind had been attempted before, at least not in recent years, so it was of the nature of an experiment; but our people responded splendidly to the number of some three hundred, and there were nearly two hundred and fifty communicants. St. John's and St. Saviour's choirs joined to lead the musical part of the service, in Merbecke's well-known setting. Men and boys, together with the clergy, and headed by the

processional cross, marched round the church singing the hymn 'Alleluia, sing to Jesus,' fitting opening to the celebrations. Archdeacon Hodges was the celebrant and the Bishop the preacher. The Rev. A. Cooper served and read the Epistle, Canon Spanton being gospeller. The sermon was on Romans xi. 33, 'Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out,' and allusion was made to the little handful of worshippers gathered together a hundred years before in the little hired room, the exact site of which had been lost, in Calle Potosi, now called Alsina; how little they could have foreseen the well-appointed Pro-Cathedral, the flourishing suburban churches, the extension throughout the Provinces and far-off Territories, the chaplaincies, schools and Missions, all indeed for which the diocese stood . . . the Church of God began, or rather was refounded, in an Upper Room, and the Church in the River Plate began in a room too, and possibly an upper room, just a hundred years ago . . . and we had the same worship and the same Holy Spirit. The Service was thoroughly uplifting and inspiring, long to be remembered by those who attended it.

"There was also a largely attended Evening Thanksgiving Service at 9.00 p.m. The massed Choir was most effective, St. Saviour's and Hurlingham, men and ladies, giving great help, for boys could not attend at that late hour. The Sermon was on Psalm CXXVI. 4, 'The Lord hath done great things for us,' and in the course of it grateful acknowledgment was made of the fine lead given by the Pro-Cathedral, and followed by other Churches, in raising the Centenary Fund of $100,000·00 m/l for the Bishopric Endowment Fund, which was really for the benefit of the whole diocese, and reference was also made to the approaching visit of the Prince of Wales."

The following, by "a priest of the diocese," was reprinted in the official Diocesan Gazette, as giving a concise and faithful impression of the National Services of Thanks-

giving on the next Sunday for the Centenary of the Treaty (1825–1925), including the Children's Service. To us this was a special joy, for, owing to local circumstances, distance, etc., it is so rarely possible to gather the children together in the Pro-Cathedral.

Sunday, August 23rd, was a memorable day in the history of St. John's. From early morning Celebration to Evensong a note of real thankfulness and praise throbbed through our Services; and it swelled loudest at the two crowded Services of the day, the special Thanksgiving for the Centenary of the Peace Treaty with the Argentine at 10.30, and the Children's Thanksgiving for the Centenary of our Church in these lands at 3 p.m. At the Morning Service, thanks to the Archdeacon's admirable arrangements, the large congregation were accommodated with perfect ease. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was received at the door by the Bishop and his Chaplain and Archdeacon Hodges, and conducted to his seat in the Legation pew; and immediately the glorious hymn "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty" struck the note which was maintained throughout the Service—a Service of worship, not of sight-seeing. The Bishop's sermon struck every right note in perfect harmony—the ideal of Peace, the principle of Service, the example of the Throne with the Royal motto, "I serve," the devotion of the men commemorated in our War Memorial, all came in right place.

There was a true thrill and uplift about the Children's Service in the afternoon, thanks largely to the really inspired way in which Canon Spanton handled his difficult task of holding the interest of a congregation whose ages, he said (with a pardonable dramatic licence, at both ends), ranged from two years old to seventy.

His closing story of the great army advancing to

thrust out King, Prince, Bishop, and all—the army which the wise help and only the foolish try to oppose—was indeed a moving illustration of the young generation taking the place of the old.

The Bishop added a few words, saying that the Memorial Cards were his gift to the children.

The Act of Thanksgiving used on the first of the two Sundays is here given as illustrating the general spirit in which the Centenary was kept, and our hopes and ambitions as an English community domiciled in a foreign land.

> O Father Almighty, who, rejoicing in all Thy works, yet especially lovest the Home of Thy Glory, and teachest Thy servants also to seek in particular the peace of the cities in which they are called to dwell; accept, we beseech Thee, our humble and hearty thanks for the hundred years of life which Thou hast vouchsafed to the Church of our English race in the Republics of the River Plate. Have mercy upon these lands, in which our fathers have lived and died, and grant to us always, if it be Thy good pleasure, health and influence, a prosperous commerce, friendship and honour among the nations with whom we dwell, and a forward place amidst those who are called to do great things for Thee. Not only do we pray for such outward prosperity as is according to Thy will, but above all things for such virtue and true religion that Thy Holy Name may be for ever glorified in the midst of us; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

From such an international and historic occasion as the celebration of the centenary of a treaty between England and Argentina, marked by the presence of the Prince of Wales, it may seem a drop indeed to pass on to a merely local affair, the Jubilee of St. Bartholomew's Church, Rosario. But I reassert my impression of its exceptional interest, perhaps not so much in its actual celebration,

though this was on a worthy scale, and held under serious difficulties, as in the history it revealed behind it. Moreover, even a Jubilee is a rare event with us, and of more than passing importance.

The serious difficulties to which I refer were some of those strikes, with consequent paralysis of means of communication, for which Rosario has an unenviable notoriety, possibly on account of the large proportion it contains of recent immigrants from Southern Europe who have been poor and depressed in their own country. Until within a week of August 24th, 1929, it was doubtful if the celebrations could take place. Obviously a British community numbering less than a thousand, scattered over a city of over 400,000, is dependent on the means of communication, if any number of them are to meet at a given point; and apart from other outbreaks, which involved the inconvenience of stores being closed, the mere fact that trams did not run would be enough to ruin the occasion. Such hindrances to Church festivities are almost incredible to those who live under peaceful conditions of home, but to us in this country they are sadly real and by no means infrequent. As a fact the preparations were greatly hindered, and the programme was not carried out in its entirety; but fortunately all actual troubles were over by St. Bartholomew's Day, and the Thanksgiving Services were hearty and well attended. The only event outside the Services was one which is common enough at home but rare indeed in this continent, and quite unheard of in Rosario, *i.e.* a Church Pageant. This consisted of tableaux and scenes from Church history, designed to show the continuity of the Church through the ages, and admirably it fulfilled its purpose. Moreover, fears that the unsettled conditions would prevent a representative evening gathering happily proved groundless, and there was an excellent attendance.

But to get at the heart of the Jubilee, and catch something of its spirit and meaning, I quote from the prelude of the Historical Sketch issued at the time.

"The church's registers date back to 1868 and 3715 persons have been baptised and 870 married there. What a host of lives to have been thus intimately touched and blessed. What stories of pathos and tragedy, failure and achievement, those names would suggest, could we trace their history! But many of them have long since passed away, and most of the others are scattered to the ends of the earth! Of the chaplains themselves, singularly earnest and capable men for the most part, no less than seven are dead. And through all changes the church itself has stood almost unchanged, witnessing to the truths which endure through time and eternity. While the population of Rosario has grown from 40,000 to 430,000, and the great city has swept up to and engulfed the site so well chosen among open fields and scattered houses, still the church stands as at the beginning."

It will be seen that, even viewed as an institution, a building of bricks and mortar, a silent witness in itself—in far-off foreign lands, even more than at home, where there are more reminders of things spiritual—the church is immensely valuable, though in daily life little interest may be taken in it; and that this is recognised was proved by the fact that the Jubilee Thankoffering of $10,000 asked for, in a time of great depression, was readily subscribed in response to the exertions of the present chaplain, the Rev. A. W. Allen, for in our chaplaincies abroad the personal factor can never be dispensed with; the most convincing of appeals is useless without the man.

It is remarkable that the church was consecrated by Bishop Stirling in 1879, the first Bishop of the Falkland Islands, and the principal part in the Jubilee Celebrations taken by myself, the second Bishop.

Clearly the history of half a century is not to be dealt with here, but some points of special interest may fairly be noted, as, for example, the serious character at one time of the Indian menace. The Minister of War's summarised report probably does not include Santa Fé Pro-

vince and Chaco, but from the activities of the Indians in those regions some action would surely be taken there. It runs as follows:—"Five caciques prisoners and one killed, 1271 warriors prisoners and 1313 killed, 10,539 camp followers captured and 1049 surrendered, 480 Christian captives rescued, making a total of 14,178 Indians taken or killed. The remaining 2000 or 3000 have cleared out, and joined the tribes south of the Rio Negro." It is sad reading, but the mention of so many Christian captives would seem to justify strong measures.

Then, a fact which may perhaps be related with this, it began to be realised in these times that Argentina was not a suitable country for the average British settler. The first two chaplains used to spend much of their time ministering to far-off scattered companies of colonists; for instance, Welsh and Californian, neither of which, however, seemed to last for long. And certainly there was the Indian menace, for in 1873 we find a note: "The Indians attacked the Alexandra Colony last week and were repulsed by a handful of Englishmen, who killed five of their number, including a cacique." The first chaplain, who tells us this, was much impressed by the park-like scenery he found in the north, which except for the alligators basking in the sunshine (and he might surely have added "the mosquitoes") reminded him of home. However, by the time of the third chaplain only the "estancieros," as we know them, seem to be left, and the groups of English in the towns.

Then the first two chaplains themselves, I think, call for some special notice as belonging to the heroic pioneering days.

The first chaplain, W. F. Coombe, did not live to see St. Bartholomew's consecrated, but was referred to there as having laid the foundations of it by his ten years' devoted labour. He started work with a congregation of eighteen. As a youth he had worked for six years with Allen Gardiner at Lota in Chile. He went home for ordination, and a few years later came out to Argentina, first to Patagones

on the Rio Negro, and then to Rosario, where the work began in a hired room, but later he secured a small iron church. In three years his congregation had increased to sixty-five. He was a most earnest evangelist and travelled far and wide, and at the time of his death in 1878 Rosario was considered to be one of the best organised stations of the South American Missionary Society.

He laid foundations well and truly, but his life is thrown into the shade by his greater successor, F. N. Lett. It is indeed worth while to rescue from oblivion this man's truly amazing activities. From 1862 he had been engaged in missionary work in South America. For three years he was a catechist at El Carmen on the Rio Negro, and after his ordination worked at Buenos Aires. He was there during the terrible yellow fever epidemic, and made his mark then, working like a hero. "He towered above every other figure, in his untiring self-devotion, himself consumed with fever, his pulse over a hundred, his tongue black, and his visage haggard, he still gave himself no rest, wearing out three and four horses a day, as he hurried from one scene of woe to another, carrying religious consolation and organising assistance for the helpless and forsaken. We wondered how he could live through the toil and excitement of those fearful days, so shattered and careworn, yet scarcely taking any rest. Who that knew him then can ever forget the man? And such as he was then, such he continued to be ever since." He afterwards worked, but only for a short time, in the Santa Fé Chaco, where he succeeded Mr. Coombe, but he still kept up his interest there. In 1878, for example, he visited Malabrigo, where he reported a colony of a thousand people, Swiss, German and Italian, and he strove to minister to them all. Evidently he was a stalwart Protestant, for he wrote: "I cheerfully look forward to the day when there shall be Spanish Protestant congregations in every town in South America"; certainly he was beloved by English and Spanish-speaking alike. Not only did he minister to these

immigrants of all nations (who were apparently without any religious privileges whatever), but he developed Rosario as a centre from which our own countrymen were visited far and near. How he did it is almost inconceivable, when we remember the slow and scanty communications of those days and the enormous distances, but there is no doubt the work was done. Moreover, he developed the school at Rosario founded by his predecessor. The details of this are distinctly interesting. "Number of scholars for 1881, 63, of whom 57 are Argentine by birth (but of British, German and other European parentage), 1 Indian, 1 Africander, 1 Italian, 1 German, 1 Spaniard, and only one born in England!" He also developed the Spanish work in Rosario, and a few years after presented a number of candidates to Bishop Stirling for confirmation. But it is impossible to condense his astonishing work into a few sentences, as he himself condensed it into half a dozen years. For in 1884 he died—valiantly as he had lived. On a Sunday night in the vestry, feeling that the fever upon him was fatal, he changed the subject of his sermon and chose as his text Psalm XVII. 15: "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." Within a fortnight he passed to his rest, aged only forty-two years. It is noteworthy that he wrote of St. Bartholomew's Church: "The English church is the handsomest building in the city, and will become, we trust, by the blessing of God, a centre of light and religious life to all around."

For nearly thirty years the church was subsidised by the S.A.M.S.; it then became self-supporting and entered upon a new era. Judged by the list of chaplains (most of them, as I have said, men of ability and devotion), the progress has hardly been up to the level we should have expected. I mention two only, both of whom have passed away—Jasper B. Hunt and Charles S. Pepys. The former was in charge when I came to the diocese, and the first chaplain after the church became self-supporting. He was

instrumental in clearing off a heavy debt upon the building and making Rosario the centre of a camp chaplaincy at a time when all work of that kind had lapsed. Charles Pepys, one of our ablest and best, successfully restarted the school, which always had a chequered career, but after three years left to be a chaplain of the Forces in the Great War. No one was surprised that he distinguished himself there. He died as Vicar of Aylesbury. It should be mentioned that church, parsonage and school stand conveniently together in the heart of the city, and nothing is more desirable, if it were only possible, than that the church should be again responsible for the school. It must be confessed, however, that the difficulties seem insuperable. St. Bartholomew's has also had valuable links with both the Missions to Seamen work and the Allen Gardiner Memorial Homes, now established in the Sierras of Cordoba, but the fact only can be mentioned here. To explain the present position of the church, I may quote the concluding appeal in the Historical Sketch issued at the time of the Jubilee.

> We have brought our brief story to an end, and it only remains now to sum up the situation, and make the appeal which the Jubilee calls for. Let us admit frankly that the position at the end of these fifty years appears to be one of increasing difficulty. Everything seems to be against us. The colossal growth of the city makes the old family feeling of fifty years ago impossible. The process of centralisation of all administration in the capital, by which independent houses in Rosario are reduced to the status of mere branches, continues and is likely to continue. Prominent supporters pass away or leave for home, and none are found to take their places. As in other great cities, with improved means of communication, people move further to the suburbs. Whereas twenty years ago the congregation lived within an easy coach drive of St. Bartholomew's, if not a walk, now a railway

journey or long tram run is necessary to reach it. Added to which the traditional habit of worship has sensibly declined. The actual numbers of British residents are probably greater than ever they were, in spite of reductions upon the railway staff, but the Church is mostly a matter of far-off interest to them. It is only reasonable to recognise and admit all this, and more than that, we should honestly sympathise with the few who seem called upon to carry an increasing burden. But given real Christianity and thankful hearts, the position is not in the least hopeless. Only believe that St. Bartholomew's stands for the greatest thing in all life and experience, the beautiful revealed Truth of God, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and for ever," Christ the Saviour of society and the Personal Friend of each one who accepts Him, our hope and joy now and for eternity—and surely giving will be a joy, not a burden or nuisance, but a positive joy.

The position now is even more difficult than when the appeal was penned, but we are also as hopeful as ever—and the appeal then did not fail.

CHAPTER VII

REMINISCENCES OF URUGUAY

If only for the sake of completeness, it seems desirable to give some slight sketch of Uruguay. Naturally or geographically it is an extraordinarily attractive country and a marked contrast with the Argentine Republic, or that part of it which is on the opposite side of the vast estuary of the Plate. On that side, to the south, the land is flat and low-lying and consequently monotonous for many hundreds of miles, but on the north there are rolling grassy plains with rocks and woods and streams to give variety, the country gradually becoming more broken, with richer forest growth and bolder hills and more beautiful and rapid rivers as the Brazilian border is approached. The people are of the usual mixed type produced by the Spanish colonists intermarrying with Indians, but perhaps more than ordinarily manly and responsive—at all events I have always noticed that Englishmen who know both prefer Uruguayans, or Orientals as they are often called from living on the right bank of the Plate, to Argentines. Now, however, there are so many European and other immigrants that the original type has to be sought in the more remote regions of the interior.

Originally, I suppose, they were all of landholding stock, squatters and "gauchos," which would account for their independence and courtesy. If anyone wants to know what their forefathers were like, he could not do better than read Hudson's *Purple Land that England lost.* There the picture of their primitive life, its courtesies and barbarities alike, is drawn by a master hand. Here alone, of all South American Republics, no aboriginal Indians survive.

Another curious feature, the reason of which I do not understand, is that this sturdy race appears to give way before the Brazilians, who have settled across the border in considerable numbers and give their distinctive tone and character to the regions where they settle. It may be that they are attracted by the better land, but the fact remains that the north of Uruguay becomes increasingly Brazilian.

Such a country, one would have supposed, comparatively small by the side of other South American Republics, rich in natural grasses and eminently suitable for the settlement of families, might have developed happily as a simple pastoral republic (as indeed Lord Bryce in his delightful *South American Impressions* ventured to hope it would), avoiding the pitfalls and snares into which its greater neighbours have fallen. But so far from that, it has been, like New Zealand among the British Dominions (though without showing the same happy results), the country of "advanced" socialist legislation and experiment.

To give the Government its due, no doubt, much has been achieved. The lot of the average man is probably happier than it was. Revolutions have been suppressed, not, I am afraid, by the establishment of good-will between the two conflicting parties (of this more presently), but by improved means of communication and such efficient government that no rebellion would have any chance of success; further, there are more schools in proportion to the population than in any other country in South America; roads and bridges are also being constantly improved and in many parts are excellent; river-ports have now fine spacious moles, and most notably Montevideo, the capital, has had vast sums of money spent upon it, and has become a beautiful, well-equipped, thoroughly modern city. But, as usually happens, this has not been achieved without reckless expenditure; the once stable gold dollar has fallen to two-thirds of its value; living expenses have risen; Government officials have multiplied; the minimum wage, accompanied by the eight-hour day, has proved insufficient, and the best

employers are often compelled to dispense with many of their work-people altogether; the dock dues are so heavy that it does not pay steamers to call, and so forth.

Nor is this all, unfortunately. The President who was mainly responsible for this development brought his ideals from France, or that cold, materialistic section of it which is hostile to all religion. Hence not only was the Roman Catholic Church disestablished—that did it no great harm, a sufficient endowment fund was at once raised by the faithful—but a scornful and cruel attempt is being made, not exactly to stamp out the Christian Faith, but to wound people's feelings by ignoring all reference to its historic importance. For example, in all legal and official documents the names of Church Seasons and Festivals have been abolished, and secular names introduced in their places—thus Holy Week becomes Tourists' Week and is a compulsory holiday! The party in power is presumably in favour of this, but there is a large minority definitely against it, and as a consequence, though for many other reasons also, party feeling runs very high, and sharply divides the population. Thus, a doctor belonging to one party, even if he is the only doctor in the district, in a case of life or death, has been known to refuse to visit a patient belonging to the opposite party.

Another matter in which Uruguay has the unenviable notoriety of being " advanced " in its legislation, is that it has made divorce legal, and so easy that people come to Montevideo from other countries for this express purpose, and we endure the shame of seeing " easy divorce " advertised in the English newspapers in Buenos Aires. It would not be fair to say that the Government is directly responsible for the serious trouble in which our own English Church of Holy Trinity, Montevideo, is involved, for in South American countries Provinces and Municipalities have powers independent of the National Government, and a Municipality will devolve supreme powers to one of its Committees. And this is what has happened in Montevideo. A project

was formed, for which no doubt there was much to be said, to expropriate the property along several miles of sea-front, and build in its place a motor road with houses of a better type alongside of it. And to carry this project into effect the Municipality devolved full powers to a special Committee called the "Rambla Sud," or South Parade Committee. Unfortunately our church fell within the scope of this scheme. It stands on an historic site on an old Spanish bastion overlooking the River Plate, close to where the British General Auchmuty forced his victorious way into the city more than a century ago—there is a street called "Brecha" (breach) to commemorate it to this day—and when the foundation stone was laid, now no longer in Colonial but Republican days, friendly Uruguayans were present, and the prayer was offered that where British and Spanish blood had flowed together in battle, now there might be a temple to the God of Peace. A few years ago there was a terrific storm and heavy sea from the south-west which destroyed most of the street of old houses adjoining it, but the old church braved the storm unscathed. And now it is condemned to demolition, like any of the paltry buildings in the neighbourhood. This was not in the least necessary. I do not know that there was any hostility to it as an English church (as a matter of fact its status is still that of a British Consular Chaplaincy, the property of the Crown), but the old building did not square with the ambition for modern architecture, and the reformers would prefer some new and perhaps fantastic monument on the old bastion.

There is scarcely any respect as yet in South America for antiquity and history—I suppose its civilisation is not old enough. From the first it seemed hopeless to save the church. We were handicapped throughout by our means of approach to the authorities. This had to be through our Minister to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and through him to the Secretary of the Rambla Sud. No warmth of feeling or earnestness of protest could make itself felt by so long and circuitous a path. All that could be achieved was a com-

pensation, insufficient indeed, but twice as much as they had proposed to pay originally. For this is typical of the anti-Christian attitude with which I am dealing; they refused to look upon the church in any other light than as so much brick and mortar, and valued it accordingly. That it had the higher value of being endeared to the hearts of generations of our people by the most sacred associations, they did not or would not understand. I think the Government is *indirectly* responsible for the grave loss we are suffering in being deprived of our church at a time when all action involving expenditure is paralysed. However, at the moment the Committee are quite unable to make the stipulated payment, and such are the delays in South America that the matter may drag on for years. So that is the tangle we are in.

As might be expected from what I have already said, the spirit of nationalism has been specially active in Uruguay, to the detriment of English and other foreign companies. The nation having undertaken the work of insurance, foreign insurance companies have left the country altogether. Some years ago the Western Telegraph Company built one of their largest " quarters " in Montevideo, as the most suitable centre for training young Englishmen, but differential legislation against foreigners compelled them to close it. This was less of a grievance, however, than might be supposed, as they would probably have soon taken the same course voluntarily a few years later. Yet such instances indicate the general trend of legislation against the foreigner, and the country no longer attracts our people.

But reminiscences of past travel in Montevideo certainly show the gains of the present. The docks are an inestimable advantage. Formerly ocean steamers lay out a mile or two away in the shallow waters of the estuary, according to their draft. And it used to seem a long way sometimes to the deep draft Pacific liner across a rough sea. Our mail steamers, by the way, are usually models of order and efficiency, and yet I remember on one of these, when southward

bound, an instance of as great inefficiency as ever I saw—a single gangway from the ship to the crowded launch dancing below in the choppy sea, and passengers and porters with baggage struggling up and down at the same time—there was no attempt at organisation, hence the embarking and disembarking of passengers dragged on for hours. Then formerly the river steamer for Buenos Aires left at 6 p.m., and one had to take a boat to reach her, and the voyage began with a substantial dinner. Now one starts from the dockside in a far finer steamer at 10 p.m. or 11 p.m., arriving at the same early hour. But the fare must be two or three times as much. Once, by the way—the occasion is marked in my mind, because the first English professional football team to visit Argentina was on board—it was so stormy that we never started at all, but I imagined we had done so in the night, and asked the steward in the morning if we had arrived, to receive the answer that we were still in Montevideo! That was my longest crossing on record, twenty-four hours instead of twelve. However, there were the footballers for company.

Speaking of river steamers—and it is always necessary to travel by river steamer to visit Uruguay—before the days of wireless there was a considerable danger of being lost through the steamer running aground on a sandbank in a falling river or in a fog, and in still fine winter weather fogs are frequent. It was possible to be unheard of for as long as a week, but I think I was never hung up myself for more than two days, and that was quite inconvenient enough.

To go back to the interior of the country, there are great changes in the "camps." Of the considerable group of British—men of an excellent type they were—few now remain. The years passed pleasantly enough no doubt while they worked hard and made their way, but, good country as it is, it is not suitable as a permanent home for our race, as when there were wives and children this was soon realised; so as opportunity offered they sold out and went home. Besides, fortune favoured them, for land values rose, which by the

way is the real cause of most of the money made in these countries, though this is not generally recognised. But before their memory passes, it is good to record the homely gatherings of those spacious days, the families which drove from far and near to the appointed centre for service, the boundless hospitality, the talking over of their common interests by friends who seldom met, the cheery good-fellowship. How everyone could be put up, let alone entertained, was a mystery, but it was done. There were always plenty of willing hands to help—what quaint characters there were among them, not less lovable for that, and odd harmless jealousies and rivalries!

The more well-to-do then drove four-in-hand brakes, and I remember two neighbours each telling me in confidence that the other was the most reckless driver he knew—not too pleasant for me, who was driven by each of them in turn! And what strange things happened—my host was once driving me four-in-hand to the rendezvous for service on a Sunday morning, and taking a small stony river at a gallop, down one bank and up the other, when at the top of the rise one of the leaders stumbled and fell. I had just time to think " we shall all be on the top of each other in a moment, no service to-day " (it does not take long to *think* such things), when the impossible thing happened. The horse picked himself up instantly, his leg the right side of the trace too, and we went on merrily as though nothing had happened. And what a disappointment it was when the Sunday was wet, as would happen sometimes, for even small streams in that country rise rapidly with heavy rain and become dangerous and impassable, so instead of thirty or forty folk assembled for worship there were perhaps a bare half-dozen, and, a minor matter but also important, the Church funds would suffer, for camp people, though they will give liberally at a service, for some strange reason, slackness or prejudice, can seldom be induced to subscribe.

Gone are those days past recall. The few who remain in the country for good reasons of their own (some because they

have belonged to it for a generation or two and it is their real home) still prosper, but conditions are different. The car has revolutionised the camp like other places, habitually they go further afield, and there is no need for a resident chaplain. Indeed, but for the help of the S.A.M.S. it never could have been possible in the past, and even then was dubiously justifiable when needs elsewhere were considered. Not but what regular visits at intervals are still wanted and greatly appreciated, and here the car is of immense help, for each centre naturally will serve a greater area. I think there is this difference too, that a reverent and church-like atmosphere, such as can be created by preparing the room and providing the proper ornaments, is more appreciated. Anyhow the services held now are not less happy and profitable than formerly. The light is certainly kept burning, though the anxious double problem, first of securing a camp chaplain and then supporting him, still remains. And then the old conditions of travel still come surging back upon us again with rain and storm. Nature does not consent to be tamed altogether by the car. When the rich black earth which forms the road resolves itself into a foot or more of soft mud, even a Ford tractor can hardly plough its way through it, and recourse is had to the old-fashioned coach and pair (if they still survive) with an accompanying " troop " of, say, half a dozen horses in charge of a peon for changes. And so three or four leagues upon emergency may be accomplished in as many hours. Years ago I have known an empty coach-and-four sent down to the railway station and be so embedded in the metre-deep mud that it had to be pulled out by a team of eight oxen. That winter the wire fences were pulled down as a matter of course, and such travelling as was necessary was done on the harder camp, for necessity knows no law.

On the whole we British are certainly a diminishing factor in Uruguay, not only in the camps, but in the smaller towns, where there were usually a few residents, but now there are none. This is not true, however, of Fray Bentos.

Many are the changes there. When I first knew it, and for a long time after, it was the headquarters of Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, and the staff was principally German. With the War their places were taken by English, and since Vestey's acquired the newly-erected Freezing Works, our countrymen have been more numerous than ever. But this is an exception. I am glad it should be so, for we have our tiny church there, as it was the centre of the old chaplaincy, and the situation of the place is delightful, on a deep lagoon-like bend on the great Uruguay River where trees and flowers grow luxuriantly. However, the time when British were really numerous, to judge by the old records, seems to have been in the days of railway construction, a state of things obviously transitory, but which was assumed at the time to be more or less permanent, or we should not have the inheritance of a church and school with none to make use of them. I am thankful, of course, that the needs of our own people were met as they were, thanks again to the faithful help of the S.A.M.S. Because a community is temporary that is no reason why it should be neglected.

However, it might be asked with justice, "Why is a church retained where it is so little needed? Why is not the property disposed of and the proceeds used to build elsewhere?" The answer is that the statutes preclude it. If not used for purposes of worship within a certain number of years, it reverts to the donor. And this is not the only instance which I know of this strange mental attitude. It seems as if the few who are generous (for they are few) were still tempted to be selfish and narrow in their generosity. However, this strange state of things at Salto in the north of Uruguay has produced one memorable example of loyalty which it is a pleasure to record. Besides this church and school building—in reality a house in a street altered and adapted—there is a British cemetery, where the number and age of the head-stones witness to the importance of our community in the past. Nothing is more liable to fall into grievous and disreputable neglect, as I know from experience,

than a disused British cemetery in South America. The generation immediately interested has passed away; the new generation, if there is one, is busy and has little time to spare; the cemetery is probably in some remote spot, and does not attract attention; the neglect is intelligible enough, like most social phenomena, if considered sympathetically. There is one man in Salto who for years past has made it a labour of love single-handed to watch over both church and cemetery, collect subscriptions, see that they are kept in repair, pay the necessary taxes and charges, and publish the accounts. Nor is he, according to the old gibe, a buttress rather than a pillar of the church. When Service is held, he is there in his place, resolved to be loyal to the last and holding that it is worth while for the sake of even one or two to maintain the institutions of the past. One can but respect such patriotism.

And I think of a similar remarkable instance in the same country. Every Sunday there is a grey-bearded man who reads the Order for Morning Prayer in his remote home, whether other members of the family attend or not, because his father did so before him, and he believes it to be right. He has never seen England, he speaks Spanish more familiarly than English, but such is the strength of the old tradition with the ties it has woven round his heart, that he will worship after the manner of his forefathers and in their tongue. Such instances are as touching as they are unfortunately rare.

Uruguay is mainly a pastoral country and the areas broken up for agriculture show a rather consistent tendency to return to grass after a few years. Nevertheless it grows enough cereals for its needs; and orange groves and vineyards are also a feature of this pleasant land. But as it is mainly a pastoral country, the English railways have hardly flourished as in Argentina, and in the north especially can barely live. Though hot in summer it has a good and healthy climate, and Montevideo in the season, and still more the watering-places to the north on the Atlantic

seaboard, attract hosts of visitors from Argentina. The gambling facilities provided are one of the attractions, no doubt, but there are many others of a healthier kind. Though, as I have explained, it is hardly the country for us, yet such English " estancias " as remain leave the happiest impression of real homes set in varied and interesting surroundings, gardens well stocked with fruit trees and flowers, streams fringed with woods, and a strange outcrop of rock breaking through the pasture, wild flowers, notably the scarlet verbena, carpeting the camps in spring-time or after rain, and gay-coloured birds which go about in flocks more than at home, notably perhaps red cardinals, with quite a good proportion of songsters. It is a strange delusion that South American birds have no song.

On the whole I think it would be true to say that naturally, if not as man has made it, Uruguay is the pleasantest and healthiest land between the Andes and the South Atlantic.

The popular seaside resorts on the ocean coast I have never visited myself, but there is no doubt of their healthfulness and beauty. English families often spend summer seaside holidays there, much in the same free, unrestrained fashion as they would at home.

CHAPTER VIII

REMINISCENCES OF BOLIVIA

IT must be confessed that my experience of Bolivia is limited to two visits. The one was made during the earlier years of the Great War, under circumstances which will be explained, the other quite recently; but they were made to entirely different parts of that remarkable and varied country, and were both such as to impress themselves vividly on my memory. Since the division of the diocese Bolivia has not been in my charge, except that part of it which falls within the Chaco, and before the division I had no time to visit it, just as I had no time to go as far as the Amazon. The reason why I visited it in 1915 was that I again found myself in charge of the West Coast diocese during the vacancy of the see, and in that particular winter the only practicable way of reaching the West Coast was through Bolivia, for the Trans-Andine Railway was snowed up and closed, and few ships then were going round through the Straits. Thus I was rather passing through Bolivia than visiting it. However, as the journey took the best part of a week, the result was much the same.

Bolivia is a strange republic in many ways. Since it lost its strip of Pacific seaboard in the Peruvian-Chilian war, into which it had so unwarily entered, it has shared with Paraguay, a republic half its size, the disadvantage of being one of the two inland republics of the continent, a fact which is largely responsible for its struggle with that country over the miserable Chaco territory, for it naturally desires a fair outlet on the great inland waterway of the Paraguay River. Neither in its territory nor population has it much natural unity. The most populous part con-

sists of high plateaus, cut up by deep valleys, where cultivation flourishes; but north and east of the Andean tablelands there are vast regions all but unexplored in their further distances, where they reach towards the headwaters of the Amazon and Upper Paraguay, forests and lowlands inhabited by wild Indians. The population is sharply divided into whites (a small minority), mestizos or half-breeds, and a purely Indian foundation, who are much the same, I imagine, as they were at the time of the conquest, only more degraded. These constitute the great majority of the population and have no share in the government, hence Bolivia can be a republic only in name; not that it is peculiar in that respect.

In these northern latitudes the uplands are clear of snow and the winter is the dry season; hence the possibility of my journey. And incidentally I may say that this is much the best way in my judgment for the traveller to see the real South America, to go north from Buenos Aires by the Central Argentine and State Railways, using the international train to La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, and thence via Lake Titicaca, the highest lake in the world, striking the West Coast at Mollendo or Arica. There among the vast plateaus and mountains he sees the original people and country much as the Spanish conquerors saw them. There is nothing European about that civilisation, whereas the rest of South American civilisation is of course European in origin.

However, it fell to my lot to make only a part of that journey, my object being to reach the West Coast as quickly as possible via the Antofagasta and Bolivia Railway. Nor was the Bolivian line, connecting with the Argentine State Railway at the frontier, finished then. However, that made the journey, if less comfortable, much more interesting, as I hope to show. The train climbed through some exquisite mountain scenery to the railhead where stands the desolate little frontier town of La Quiaca. From there it was two and a half days by coach to the railhead of the

Bolivian State Railway. The coach was a strongly built affair, resembling a charabanc, drawn by eight to ten galloping mules. This was started, I remember, by an Indian picking up a good-sized piece of rock and throwing it at one of the shaft mules—an ordinary bit of procedure apparently—for no one seemed surprised. It was difficult to realise that a railway could ever be built in such broken mountainous country. The road for nearly the whole of that first day and after was nothing else but a dry river bed, except where it passed through the cultivated valleys. Here there were numerous villages with quite a large Indian population. The people were short and sturdy and of a more cheerful and prosperous appearance than any we saw later. All wore bright-coloured native dress, the children being clothed just like the grown-up people. They would run out excitedly to see the coach pass. I have the picture in my mind of one little fellow falling flat on his face in his hurry, but picking himself up and running on again without the least concern. The houses were of adobe and usually windowless, so they did not catch the eye or stand out easily, as houses mostly do in a landscape.

We spent the first night in a wretched inn of corrugated iron with earth floors at an altitude of some 14,000 feet and suffered both from the altitude and the cold. "Soroche," or mountain sickness, is worse, I think, than the sea-going variety. Besides, it is accompanied by great shortness of breath. It seemed to me that I must have panted for at least five minutes after the simple exertion of turning over in bed, where, by the way, I was thankful indeed for my heavy Chilian poncho. The next night was spent at the ancient little town of Tupiza, quite a little oasis in the desert with its cobbled streets and trees and gardens. Here I was fortunate enough to meet an old West Coast friend, then a bank inspector in Bolivia. He told me he had to visit most of his banks on muleback, as there were no roads. Taking a stroll with him I found I had to walk slowly and quietly on account of the rarefied air. It was

amusing to me to find that passengers were all looking forward to their arrival at Uyuni as to a haven of rest. The junction of the State line with the Antofagasta and Bolivia Railway was there, and a comfortable hotel. But I well remembered how on the cheery West Coast of former days Uyuni was looked upon as being at the back of beyond, and to be quartered there was like being marooned in the desert. So different may the same place appear approached from different points of view; it was one thing to those who had the society and comforts of "the coast," quite another to us travellers from desolate Bolivian altitudes!

As I should have had to wait there two days or more for a train to Antofagasta, I decided to go up the line to Oruro, spend a day there, and go through to Antofagasta on the next night. Nor had I any reason to regret that decision. For I was hospitably entertained by the British Vice-Consul, met most of the small British community, and gained an impression of Oruro. I must say the town seemed to me a singularly bare and unattractive place. It was out of the earthquake zone, but had an evil reputation for "soroche." Indeed one street was said to be so bad that even the mules were affected, but I did not attempt to verify the story.

The two outstanding impressions left upon me by this short visit to Bolivia were the marvel of the country and the degradation of its people. Certainly the country was of amazing interest, not merely the indescribably wild mountain gorges and smiling valleys to which I have referred already, but also the vast level plains to which we rose later and through which the railway ran on its way to Oruro. It seemed incredible that these plains themselves should be some 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, between the mountain ranges which fringed them in the distance on either side. They were covered with some scanty dry-looking herbage and grazed by flocks or herds, not of cattle, but strange unfamiliar llamas and alpacas, while scattered here and there were the hovel-like

windowless huts of the Indians; and at one time we passed quite near a salt lake which gleamed snow-white in the sunshine. It was like visiting another world. But how depressing it was to see the people as they gathered at the stations! They were as unlike as possible those I had seen the first two days in the valleys (who, I was told afterwards, were of an exceptionally good type); they looked so crushed and degraded, as they probably were, downtrodden and exploited for centuries, dirty, ragged, drink-sodden. Who can wonder at that when a senator, as happened some years ago, secured a monopoly for supplying them with alcohol? For they will drink crude alcohol. They must be a sturdy race to survive as they do, maintaining about the same numbers, the enormous families they have being balanced by the terrible infant mortality. I was told they were sullen and uncommunicative and can well believe it. I remember a Protestant missionary once telling me that as long as he travelled on horseback along the main roads, he quite failed to get into touch with them, for then they identified him with the ruling class, whom they servilely and instinctively obeyed—thus, it was the custom when a white man wanted some Indian to do a job for him, just to take his hat and he would follow him like a dog. It was only when he went on foot in the byways that he could begin to make any effective sort of approach, and come to be recognised as a friend. The uplifting of such a people must be slow work. It points back surely to a past age living on into the present that the llama is the beast of burden of the Andes, and that only the Indian can manage him. Moreover, the llama knows exactly what weight he ought to carry, and will carry that, and no more. In due course I passed on through Chile into Antofagasta, and so ended my first visit to Bolivia.

My other visit was made quite recently to our latest established S.A.M.S. Mission in the Bolivian Chaco. The conditions of this journey were completely different, for

I was in the hands of my friends the missionaries throughout, and they are capable and experienced travellers. Time was the first consideration, for I am obliged to be economical in this, and so admirably were their plans laid and carried out that it was one of the quickest journeys on record. Starting from Algarrobal, the Central Station of the Argentine Chaco Mission, a day's journey by car from the Bolivian border, and returning there, we took just ten days—eight days travelling, four there, four back, and two at the Mission. It was not possible at that time to travel the whole way by car, but for two and a half days only out of the four; for the last day and a half we travelled by mule-cart (of which more presently), and returning, the proportion was the same. The country being new to me, I found the journey most interesting. The first day, as I have mentioned, was taken up with reaching Bolivia. The State Railway runs up to the border (with the idea, if ever it is built, of joining up with the Bolivian line), and for a great part of the way the track is more or less alongside of it, pointing due north. It seemed to me that the wooded mountain ranges, far-off spurs, as I suppose, of the Andes, between which we ran, gradually converged until we entered Bolivia through the neck of the bottle, as it were, after which the lesser right-hand range fell away and finally vanished. But that is anticipating. It is by no means so easy to get into Bolivia. From having one's passport viséd at the Bolivian Consulate in Buenos Aires the whole proceeding is fenced about with difficulty. To begin with, the official was away and his substitute inaccessible, the delays were endless and the fees heavy; and before approaching the border it was well to have passports viséd again by the Consul in the last small Argentine town. Then it was forbidden to enter after sunset, unless a fine was paid (this we thought it well worth while to do). In the gathering dusk we crossed the dividing stream and ran into the little frontier town of Yacuiba—quaint, picturesque, tumble-down, attrac-

AMONG WOODED HILLS.

SCHOOL CHILDREN. MISSION STATION.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S FERRY. RIVER PILCOMAYO.

GROUP AT MISSION STATION 1931.

A ROAD IN GOOD REPAIR.

QUICKSANDS. RIVER PARAPET.

facing p. 80.

tive, as it appeared to me next morning—but there were the customs to be passed, and the officer to be found and passports again finally viséd by the proper authority. The officials were not discourteous, my friends were well acquainted with the best methods of procedure, and there were no deliberate obstacles placed in our way; but certainly I was left with the impression that the traveller was given a vast amount of unnecessary trouble—why should it be so difficult to enter Bolivia?

However, there we were at last in this varied interesting Old World republic. The first part of the journey was beautiful, as we ran under the fine wooded mountains, crossing here and there lowland belts of palm, as though the Chaco was already intruding. Speaking generally, this beauty lasted, but in an ever-diminishing degree, as we turned from north to east until we reached the inevitably dreary Chaco. As we travelled through the forest, the cattle and donkeys attracted my attention. The cattle were of the black-and-white Dutch breed and so much finer than one would expect in such wild surroundings, while I never saw donkeys so numerous or healthy-looking—I believe the cost is only about the equivalent of 10*s*., so every Indian has one. The villages, too, were particularly striking, planned on a large regular scale with strange avenues of bottle trees. I was familiar with this tree in Paraguay with its quaint bottle-shaped trunk and beautiful pink flower, but here it was so much more common, and avenues of it gave an odd effect. One dispossessed or deserted monastery near a village had been turned into barracks, and the villages themselves had a desolate appearance with many empty houses. For the fact is, the country is too poor with its irregular rainfall to support a large population, and the Indians are constantly migrating in search of better conditions of work and food. The authorities legislate against this emigration and try to stop it, but it is quite impossible to watch the frontier except at a few points, and the law is mostly a dead letter.

We crossed the Pilcomayo River by the excellent ferry worked and maintained free of charge by the Standard Oil Company. I do not know that we need attribute philanthropy to that company. Probably if they had not established this ferry themselves for the transit of their petrol, it would never have been established at all, and for the same reason no doubt they have made many good motor roads, for which it would be useless to expect payment; nevertheless the Bolivians and travellers profit immensely and we owe them a debt of gratitude. To me there was a certain thrill in crossing the Pilcomayo here, comparatively near its source, where it is a clear rapidly flowing river coming out from the mountains, for I had seen it so often at the end of its career where, sluggish and muddy and half choked with weed and debris, it empties itself into the Paraguay below Asuncion. Once, roughly midway between the two, I saw it after many years in the mysterious Chaco Hinterland, where it played an ugly trick on us, flooding and half destroying our new Selva San Andres Mission (the story of this will be told later). It was after the Pilcomayo ferry that we gradually left the mountains behind and drew near to the Chaco proper, but that night we camped in still passable surroundings by the side of the track.

Here it would be well to say something as to the road. The dry season, *i.e.* winter, is the only time when one can travel by car without fear of being stuck in mud-holes, and even then it is wise to wait if possible until the roads have been put in order after the summer rains, for not only are there serious washouts, but the ingrowing forest has to be cut back, and the track cleared of the cactus-like weed which constantly encroaches upon it. Every Bolivian is compelled by law to give a few days' free labour to the roads; we saw several such gangs at work, and their work was very effective, as we soon found out when we came to stretches of the track where they had not been. This

was especially noticeable when we were transferred to mule-cart, for the mules would constantly edge themselves into the centre of the track to avoid the sharp thorns on their feet, while we aloft had clothes and faces scraped by the equally thorny bushes which often met overhead. Hence it is one of the special duties of the road gang to cut back the forest. Birds did not seem numerous, but I was interested to notice the same big pigeon as found further south and the " chorata " or native pheasant of Argentine and Paraguayan Chacos, and the " monteraz " partridge which belongs specially to the hill country of Cordoba.

At a friendly farm-house on the Parapeti River we were transferred to the mule-cart. This was necessary, for we had brought with us stores for the remote Izocenian Mission, which were needed at their destination. Otherwise it would have been better for us to proceed on muleback, as this story will show, for we could have picked our way easily through some almost roadless country which presented grave difficulties to a cart. Then it so happened that we specially felt the contrast between car and cart, because this particular cart, loaned by another kind friend of the Mission, was fated never to move faster than a walk. The reason of this was that he had bought his mules from the Standard Oil Company, who had sold them off in favour of motor traction only, and his big shaft mule, a fine animal, had not been taught to pull; its work was to hold up the heavy shafts; hence any attempt at a trot was resented and soon collapsed.

The Parapeti is a sandy stretch about a mile wide with only occasional trickles of running water, apart from the shrunken main stream which usually runs under one bank or the other. Even in the rainy season it is seldom more than a few feet deep and fordable almost anywhere—but there are quicksands. And it was necessary for our cart to cross and recross this treacherous sandy waste, with no one to show us the way. All went well for a while,

but then a mule plunged into soft sand, and trying to extricate itself sank in deeper; quickly the same fate overcame another, and soon cart and all five mules were hopelessly submerged and held as in a vice. They took it calmly, perhaps having been in the same predicament before, and soon ceased to struggle. There was no danger, the quicksands were not deep, no mule sank below its middle, but it was a tangle indeed. The only thing to do was for passengers to disembark, unload the cart and dig out the mules. All worked at this valiantly except myself, who was allowed to look on. In a sense the position soon improved automatically, for with so many paddling round, the sand hardened, and the mules were unharnessed and dug out one by one, but it would not have been so easy to extricate the cart had not a peon fortunately arrived on the scene. Horses in these countries are accustomed to pull from the cinch or girth—cars are often extricated in that way by men on horseback—and the peon's good-will and skilled help soon righted the situation. However, the mishap was responsible for a delay of some three hours, so that instead of arriving at the Mission next day at the calculated hour of 9 p.m., it was, I think, after midnight, an hour which sadly curtailed the arrangements for giving us a special welcome. But otherwise no harm was done, and certainly the late Saturday night was not permitted to interfere with the programme of our Sunday Services. Beyond this, I think, there was nothing worthy of note in the journey, except perhaps that, finding no suitable ground on which to camp, we were obliged to make shift with a small open space in the forest, which involved acquaintance with new kinds of objectionable insects.

But what of the objective of these varied but very minor experiences, the thing which really mattered, the Izocenian Mission? Naturally, the choice of the field of work was made only after careful inquiry, and much actual exploration, and weighing and balancing both of advantages and

difficulties. No doubt all such fields are difficult. Under no circumstances can it be easy to communicate the transcendent glory of the gospel to a primitive race who have no abstract ideas or words expressing comparison or contrast. But, these fundamental difficulties apart, the outward circumstances of this Mission make it specially difficult. Visiting the three Chaco Missions of the S.A.M.S., Paraguayan, Argentine, Bolivian, in succession, it occurred to me to summarise their distinctive positions. It works out thus: (1) In Paraguay the Mission is both landowner and employer of labour—the cattle farm enabling the Indians to earn their living under the conditions of a Christian village. (2) In Argentina the Mission is landowner, but only to a trifling extent employer—the men having to leave the village for long periods to earn their living. (3) In Bolivia the Mission is neither landowner nor employer, but permitted to " squat " on Indian land. This means, of course, that the missionaries have no prestige behind them, and while it is right that persuasion should be their only weapon, still it is not good for an Indian not to have to look up to a missionary.

I do not know that this difficulty is serious, as it is extremely unlikely the Mission would ever be disturbed, except through some corrupt and hostile official. But there is another kind of difficulty. It was desired to start a Mission to aboriginal Indians of the Bolivian Chaco, not to Roman Catholics, nominal or otherwise, and this particular field was chosen as it seemed to offer the opportunities which were wanted, for no less than seventeen villages, some of them large and important, are reached already from the Mission, *i.e.* to a greater or less extent the gospel is preached there. But there are " whites " (this seems only a comparative term) who are nominally at least Roman Catholics living in all these Indian villages, as I believe, and exerting a certain influence there. How are they to be treated? They can hardly be repelled when

they come, as they do, of their own free will. Yet the aim of the Mission is to build up an Izocenian, not reformed Bolivian, Church.

But the cruellest difficulty of all is one from which it is difficult to exonerate the Roman Catholic Church from blame. It is the appalling drinking habits which have gathered round the great Church Festivals, and especially the Carnival before Lent. This is really on an incredible scale. Round the Indian houses stand huge earthenware jars for the beer. This is made of maize. In other parts of the Chaco it is made of the beans of the algarrobo tree. Man will always have his intoxicant. But nowhere that I have heard of (except in some Chilian villages) on such a scale as this. Whole villages are debauched for days and even weeks, and terrible things happen. These people are not lacking in natural affection, but at this drinking season all family obligations go to the wall. Mothers allow sick children to die from neglect. A chief who was expected to be a candidate for baptism killed his wife in a brawl, and was obliged to escape from the country. And hitherto the people seem quite powerless to stand against the temptation. They are regular attendants at services and classes, impressed by what they hear, sincere apparently in their repentance and faith, and yet when the testing time of Carnival comes round, with few exceptions, down they go. Hence there are hardly any church members. It is unthinkable that we should baptise them until they make a definite stand against the prevalent custom, which has sprung up, alas! at least in its present form, under the shelter of the Church. That is the calamity of the situation. Such is the degradation of the once innocent Carnival. However, I have little sympathy with the Carnival, for as far as I have been able to judge throughout South America it has entirely lost its meaning. No one seems to associate it at all with any Lenten austerities to follow. It is an event by itself, an annual festivity and frolic to be made the most of.

The Mission has its school and, as so often, seems to find its best response from the children. They are friends everywhere. Throughout the villages where the missionaries itinerate, the children have been taught choruses, and their singing draws the older people together and provides a starting-point and ground for the preaching. If few results are visible as yet, at least the missionaries and their message are welcomed everywhere.

This is the most remote and isolated of all our Missions. Our journey must not be a test of accessibility, fourteen days rather than four are a more usual time to take. Visitors from outside are rare, and the post from Buenos Aires may take a month to reach the station. Humanly speaking—but it is not humanly speaking—the two or three who make up the staff are dependent on the grace that is in them, there is so little to help and inspire in their surroundings, and none deserve more our sympathy and prayer.

I conclude with a little scene which impressed me on the return journey. We were still travelling by the mule-cart in charge of its kindly missionary owner. We had stopped for lunch near a house out of which came a hard-faced unattractive girl who shook hands all round, as they so often do. After lunch I took my gun to look for a pheasant, but fortunately failed to get a shot, for when I came back soon, not to delay the start, I found a service going on. The missionary was preaching to a group under a tree and I watched the faces of the family he had collected. He spoke in Spanish, which I could follow, stressing the great themes of redemption and salvation. The man's face was absolutely impassive, neither interested nor bored, the girl's looked angry and resentful as feeling herself against something meaningless or foolish, but the mother's face (as I took her to be) was radiant with joy and gratitude. I do not think she understood either; she could hardly have done so. But what she did understand was that here was one who stood for something higher and better than any-

thing that she knew, and, moreover, that he cared for poor folk, and it was good to be cared for by an honest man who had a grip of spiritual realities. It was very touching. The grace of God was at work there under that tree in the forest.

CHAPTER IX

MISSION MEMORIES: (1) NANAHUA

IT was my second visit to this far-off Station, four days' ride from Makthlawaia, the centre of the work, and six from the Paraguay River—and under unfavourable conditions of mounts and bad tracks it might take much longer. On my first visit, four years before, buildings were only in the rough, and a room at the Mission House had to serve for both school and services, and there were few if any Christians; now there were a church and a cemetery to be dedicated, and confirmation and baptism to be administered. That indicates the progress made in the interval. But, alas! there were other developments which did not make for progress. The political tension between Paraguay and Bolivia over their boundary question in these regions had resulted in the Paraguayans quite unjustifiably planting a fort actually on the Mission Station. The work had been difficult enough before, as the population of the village was made up of several different tribes, Lengua, Tothli and Suhin, who constantly indulged in dangerous quarrels, and were of low morals even for Indians; so it may be easily imagined that the presence of a number of young soldiers with nothing particular to do (apparently there was never a parade or inspection among them) was not exactly helpful. Besides, the transport service was most inadequate at times, and when men were short of provisions, what more natural than that they should forage for themselves? There were bound to be irregularities, to say the least of it, under such circumstances.

However, by this time the invasion had passed into the institutional phase, and relations between the fort and Mission were as pleasant as the missionaries could make

them. The officers on their side were courteous and friendly, and the missionaries proved their good-will by putting their medical knowledge at the disposal of the troops, who, it may be remarked, were without any kind of medical outfit of their own. Hence the help of our people was greatly appreciated. And, besides, there was the usual interchange of civilities such as we find always among men of good-will at the ends of the earth. This has its bearing on what I shall tell later.

The Mission is pleasantly situated on rising ground on the edge of the forest, and laid out as a large quadrangle, the Station on one side with garden behind it, and opposite it the church, while on the other two sides, fronting each other, are the lines of the Indian houses. And behind the church again, only about a square away, the military fort is situated. These posts are called " forts " in the Chaco, but are really only simple buildings of wood and corrugated iron. Quite a day and a half were occupied by the purposes for which I had come. First came the dedication of the church (to Indians, I believe, it seems perfectly natural and right that God should have His own House as we have ours), then the eight adult baptisms, then the confirmation of three candidates who had been baptised a few years previously (after which followed directly, as a matter of convenience rather than of any particular principle, the dedication of the burial-ground), and last, as crowning all, on the following morning, thus giving time for special preparation, the Holy Communion.

The church was a neat building of hardwood frame, filled in with wattle-and-daub and roofed with the long grass of the country suitable for that purpose, giving the appearance of thatch. (A good grass roof will last for many years.) The usual wire fence was round it, with castor-oil trees forming something like a hedge inside. Strangely enough, they are the only bushes which can be depended upon to grow at Nanahua, and though they only rank as weeds in most places, their foliage and colouring is hand-

some. I remember how they were used in the plazas in the desert towns of the West Coast, and were fairly effective there. The church was suitably furnished with altar, altar rails, reading desk, lectern, benches and font—made on the Mission with all the care and taste available, each separate piece of furniture a labour of love. I was particularly impressed by the altar rails. These were made of "palo santo," *i.e.* holy wood, so called because when burned it has a sweet aroma resembling incense; but apart from burning, when simply sawn and planed it has a delicate sweet odour, and other valuable qualities also, for it is hard and insect-proof and its shavings will burn in wet weather; hence it is specially valued by travellers. It seemed to me that its use for rails was a bit of beautiful symbolism. Woven wire filled in the window spaces.

In what state is that church now? For little more than a year later the whole Station was vacated at a few hours' notice by military orders, and our adherents among the Indian population accompanied us. Soldiers and Indians would probably respect it, and the framework would stand, but when I think of the rains and storms, the birds and snakes, and, worse, the insect life, probably hornets' nests, and mischances and rapid decay to which all buildings in the tropics are liable, I fear the prospect is a poor one; the church in which we rejoiced that day may hardly exist. But this is to anticipate. Relations between the two countries were strained then; the Bolivians were only a day or two's journey distant, and any smoke in the distance (Indians are always burning the grass) would raise a scare and rumours of a definite invasion—I have seen Indians giving excited and wholly imaginary details—and the sound of shots from people innocently hunting would equally rouse fears and suspicions, so much so that Indians going out hunting were required to obtain leave from the captain of the fort. But any serious hostilities seemed far off, the breaking-point was not yet. Nor for my part can I understand how there ever will be fighting on a large scale in

that impossible country of vast distances and ever-recurring floods. Neither army could work far from its base, nor could the mountain-bred Bolivians stand the heat and fevers and pests for long; they would surely die off like flies.

However, to return to our Dedication Service, it was as reverent and satisfactory as could be, the Paraguayan captain courteously "assisting" though he could hardly have understood a word. Yet apart from the singing, which suffered from the absence of the children, the school having been scattered lately owing to an epidemic, I was subtly conscious of the difference of atmosphere from that at the Central Station, for practically half the congregation were heathen, and that was bound to have its effect. The witch doctors, I am confident, represent a real power of evil, and incidentally it was their fault that children had died in that epidemic, for they it was who had prevented the parents from bringing them to the missionaries for proper medical treatment. Hence conversion of the witch doctors means a conquest of the traditional power of heathenism, and for this reason and others the note of evangelism was prominent at these special services, as indeed there is always need for the proclamation of the facts of the gospel.

Especially was there an opportunity for this at the dedication of the burial-ground, the most spectacular I suppose of our special services. Clergy, congregation and missionaries together—they brought up the rear, I think, to prevent the people straggling too much—streamed out of the church in procession, through the sunshine and north wind, over a hundred yards or so of rough grass, out of which small partridges sprang up round about us, to a plot of ground close against the forest, staked out with pegs, where a few dead had been buried already. This was to be the burial-place of our Christian dead, with another plot alongside of it, to be fenced in, but not dedicated, for the use of the non-Christians. The service was very short—

open-air hymns were hardly possible—but not less impressive I hope on that account; it consisted of the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer, a few simple prayers and the shortest of addresses translated. This care we take for the dead, and especially our Christian dead, must, I think, powerfully impress the Indian, as also the calm spirit of happiness with which we face the whole subject, the greatest possible contrast to their own gloom and terror.

I pass on now to a strange little incident permanently linked up with that time in my memory. The afternoon being free, in what better way could I spend it than in a walk and talk with one of the missionaries (of whom also I have a creditable story to tell), and would it not add point and purpose to the walk if I took my gun, which had been laboriously carried all that way from the river? So we went off towards the small half-dried-up "riacho," for there is usually more interesting bird or plant life near a river, and small partridges being fairly plentiful, from time to time one was added to the bag. But there was a factor we had not reckoned with. A soldier with rifle turned up on the scene, hurrying hot-foot from the fort at the sound of the shots, for by this time we were some distance off. Remembering the state of nerves they were all in, the missionary and I were not particularly surprised, and laughingly explained that we were not Bolivian raiders but innocent people for the moment after partridges. We imagined that explanation would be ample. But not a bit of it. The soldier smiled too but was obdurate. He had his orders and I must go back with him before the Commandant. And it was useless to reason with him. He knew the missionary was privileged, but he did not know me.

So here was a humiliating position, and I left my friend to continue the argument, for he was by no means disposed to give in, while I shot more partridges. But it was no use and there was nothing for it but to obey. It did not seem worth while to take the risk of having a bullet through

one's body (a stupid man of that sort was quite capable of it) for the sake of not looking foolish. It was all very well to die in a good cause, but that would be so particularly futile. It only remained then to save my face by shooting my way back as it were—not tamely following like a prisoner, but making occasional incursions into likely spots after partridge. That seemed less humiliating, and as long as I was going in the right direction, the soldier could not very well object, especially as the missionary engaged him in conversation and argument. The measure of my success may be judged by the fact that by the time we reached the fort, the one soldier had increased to three, attracted, I suppose, by the delay and continued shooting. Once at the Commandant's the matter ended as we knew it would. Besides being present at the service, as I have said, he had supped with us only a few evenings before, and he apologised at once for the annoyance and the man's stupidity. "He mistook his orders, he did not understand," etc. But it was not pleasant to be thus interfered with on one's lawful occasions. When the soldiers knew I was a permitted person, they were rather disposed to be interested than otherwise, having probably never seen game killed on the wing, and even used to climb up on their fence when it was possible sometimes to watch.

Objections to this sort of shooting are scarcity of ammunition, lack of a dog, and the difficulty of finding birds when shot in the thick vegetation. I noticed a great difference in the Indian children who used to accompany me. Those who had been brought up in the school at the Central Station soon lost their woodcraft, it seemed to me, and had no eye for a dead bird on the ground; in fact sometimes I could see it more quickly than they could. But here at Nanahua these comparatively wild children retained all their primitive instincts and were extraordinarily helpful. Not only were they quick to hear the low whistle by which the birds betray their presence when they are moving about, and to follow up the sound, but they had the eyes

of hawks for retrieving the birds when they had been shot. I think of an instance when I was fortunate enough to drop two birds, large and small, in different directions, in particularly thick scrub and grass, and it seemed likely that I should find neither. But I was most pleasantly mistaken. In a surprisingly short time a little Indian girl produced them both. It is a standing trial to me not to be able to talk to these willing little companions, but they are often quick to understand signs and themselves make them on occasion.

At another place in the Chaco, an outlying rough "estancia" on the extreme borders of civilisation, some Indian children appeared from the "toldo" (native village) when they heard shots. I was after pigeons and one had fallen into some water, and when I pointed to it, a boy brought it at once. Then, seeing me watching the sky for pigeons flying over, they soon realised what I was after, and used to point them out to me, for their eyes were far quicker than mine, and they were quite satisfied with the empty cartridge cases as keepsakes. I think the pigeons were attracted to that particular part of the Chaco by the water which still remained in pools there in a drought-stricken season. Later on this was exhausted, and the cattle had to be moved in their thousands many leagues elsewhere. Drought in those regions is an even more serious enemy than flood.

But speaking of the trial of being unable to converse with my Indian friends, when they are acting as gillies, I remember the pleasant surprise of an exception. This was in the Argentine Chaco but may fairly be told here. On a spare afternoon, the staff being all busy, an Indian boy was detailed to guide me in the forest in my quest of "pheasants," for this "chorata" does really, I believe, correspond to our pheasant, just as the South American "tinamou" corresponds to our partridge. The missionaries had not told me that this boy spoke Spanish; likely enough they did not know it themselves, for they would speak to him in Mataco, his own language; and Indians,

like us, are shy about speaking a foreign language which they understand only imperfectly. However, perhaps he realised that his bishop was just as much an amateur as himself; anyhow, to my surprise he soon began to speak to me. How much more interesting, to me at least, this made our expedition! It seems he had been at a Mission school in Bolivia and he learned his Spanish there, though I did not gather much about it, being always, alas! slower to understand than to make myself understood. And as to the immediate matters in hand, what to do when we found the birds, how to drive them over me, where to look for those that fell, etc., he understood my directions perfectly and was an intelligent and useful gillie. One accomplishment of his I admired particularly. Sometimes a bird would drop dead in a dense tangle of small boughs on a tree-top and appear hopelessly fixed and immovable, but either by climbing up the tree and shaking the bough, or more often by hurling short thick sticks at it, for there was plenty of dead wood about, he would always bring it down, he was never beaten. So, largely thanks to him, we were welcomed back at the Mission with quite a respectable bag. But it was not the bag, but being able to speak with the Indian boy, which made the little expedition memorable to me.

However, to return from these digressions, let me tell now, for they are long past and there can no longer be any objections to publishing them, of one or two incidents which show the capacity of that companion of mine at Nanahua, with whom I was summoned before the captain. I think both had happened before the time of my visit. Quite possibly because they were underfed, some of the soldiers of the fort committed the outrage of killing some of the Mission cattle. Imagine the difficulty in which the two young missionaries in charge were placed. However much they might sympathise with the hungry soldiers, it was an act which could not be overlooked. It was part of their duty to the Society which employed them to guard

their property as far as they were able, and yet at the same time it was all-important to maintain friendly relations with the Paraguayan authorities. It was a situation which called for firm, yet most delicate, handling. And this young missionary, not more than four years in the country, rose to the occasion admirably. Representations were made to the authorities with all courtesy, and evidence was produced of the offence. This was admitted after examination held and a fair compensation paid.

But the second instance is much more remarkable. Some Tothli Indians, a small but virile tribe, almost entirely heathen (I have a picture of the first convert), raided a troop of horses from a Bolivian "estancia" across the border, near which there is a Bolivian "fort," and brought them into Nanahua village, which was the first the missionaries knew of it. It was clearly intolerable that the Mission should harbour stolen horses. But what to do was the question. It was a complicated and delicate position which had been brought about by these Indians' lawless folly, and might easily plunge the two countries into the beginnings of war. Should the Paraguayan captain take the matter up it would be admitting his responsibility (as he really was responsible for the good conduct of the Indians in his country), and restitution and apology would have to follow, and that he would probably be unprepared to make. Hence if the authorities could be left out of the matter and a settlement effected without recourse to them, so much the better. This the missionary actually managed to do. Having a knowledge of the Tothli's language and a certain influence with them in consequence, he boldly took the business into his own hands, and insisted that the thieves should take the horses back to the Bolivian "estancia" from which they had stolen them, together with himself to offer explanations and apologies. And so they went together several days' journey to a country unknown to him. As a matter of fact, when they got near the place, the Tothli grew nervous and decamped, but by that time the

victory was won, the horses were in their own country, and soon he met a Bolivian officer, to whom he explained everything and who thanked him warmly for what he had done. Truly a fine achievement for a young man not more than four years out from home. He showed decision and courage at a crisis and prevented an ugly incident from becoming the possible cause of an outbreak of war.

Our return journey illustrated the standing difficulty of Chaco travel. The missionaries always do their utmost to provide strong animals when I visit them, and this time was no exception. Nevertheless, so trying is the country for horses, and so poor the feed, that it is considered that horses which have made the four days' journey from the Central Station to Nanahua should have at least three weeks' rest, and on this occasion they had not had much more than three days. It was hoped for the best, but ominous signs of weakness were soon apparent. The party consisted of Canon Bevis, myself, and Felipe the Evangelist mounted on a small, strong mule which only he could ride. I was mounted on a fair-sized horse, Canon Bevis on a smaller mare. Early on the third day both horse and mare were played out. The mare could not even walk, so had to be left behind (she turned up at the Mission ultimately, having recovered in time); the horse could walk, but could not carry me, so was driven by Felipe carrying both saddles. Hence we had to travel on foot the greater part of the third day—fortunately the weather was fairly cool and track good until sunset—and finally we reached a friendly "estancia," Methlatathla, in rain and darkness about 8 p.m. Troubles were over then, and next day we were provided with fresh mounts, and reached the Mission in good time for our engagement on Sunday, a Lengua Holy Communion, and in the evening I continued my journey to "the Coast."

But the sequel of Nanahua? I have already told how the fair promise of the little grass-roofed church was dashed only a few months after by the Paraguayan–Bolivian trouble,

and the whole Mission shut down; but what of the prospects of reopening, when this foolish, long-drawn-out dispute comes to an end and peace is definitely restored, as it must be some day? Quite possibly there is no future, and the Mission will never be reopened there, for experience has shown there are grave objections to establishing work in mixed villages, *i.e.* villages where the inhabitants are of different tribes, speaking different languages, jealous of each other and constantly quarrelling, as would happen at Nanahua. Moreover, the population was abnormally large in recent years on account of Indians fearing the Bolivian invasion, and regarding the Mission as a certain shelter and protection. These have been already scattered, and under happier conditions of peace scarcely likely to return. Then one of the principal objects of the Mission Station was to get into touch with the important tribe of the Suhin, and it has not proved a good base for this work. Lastly, the site itself has few attractions, with its poor soil and often scanty rainfall; it is difficult there to give employment to Indians, without which they cannot remain long on the Station; and this again involves poor opportunities for teaching and evangelisation.

So it seems not unlikely that the Mission will be closed. But for the real sequel, the truly triumphant outcome of those years of endurance and sacrifice, I must refer my readers to another place altogether, a new Mission which has sprung up almost naturally and without special planning under the wing, as it were, of the Central Station, on a detached portion of Mission land, which it was decided to enclose and work. Thither our adherents of Nanahua followed the missionaries, when the station was so suddenly shut down by military orders. The unrest due to the disturbed conditions of the Chaco no doubt brought in other Indians also, and there were some stable Christian elements transferred from Makthlawaia itself, but the most important constituent part of the new and comparatively large population was the Nanahua contingent. And then the mis-

sionary work flourished afresh. The new station proved a most fruitful field. And on a hitherto unprecedented scale, baptisms followed (but only after the long and careful instruction, which is the honourable tradition of the Mission), and in due time Confirmation and full Church membership. How well I remember a group of the candidates marching through leagues of mud and water quite gladly and uncomplainingly to receive the laying on of hands.

I was privileged to see what may be called the beginning of this movement. It was a year or two after my visit to Nanahua when I rode over with Canon Bevis from Makthlawaia to visit this Station. There were no floods then, and it was a short and easy journey. However, as we wanted to get back that night, it was decided to hold service in the afternoon, and as the schoolroom was now too small, to make it an open-air service. For this purpose harmonium and books and all available benches were brought out into the compound. What a crowd it was on the green grass in the glow of the afternoon sunshine, what rough uncouth faces among them, what veritable savages! I suppose there were the usual wandering dogs and fowls and probably pigs too, but they did not matter. No one took any notice of them. The service was of the simplest kind—a few prayers and hymns, a short lesson and address—but the people were so rapt and intent. Surely the Spirit of God was at work in those dark hearts. There was a sense of a Presence and a Power. At least, so it seemed to me. Nothing else could explain that atmosphere . . . and those who wished to give in their names for the Baptism class were told to come to the schoolroom after supper. Canon Bevis was detained late into the night taking those names. I was there watching the dark, quiet faces in the murky light of the one lantern . . . and last came the name of an old chief who I thought had been long since underground. I had read of him in the heroic pioneer days of Mr. Grubb. He had always withstood the Mission. And there he was, a tall, frail, fine-looking old man . . . and he had given in at

last. It was really something like a mass movement, in these Chaco lands where there is one Indian, I believe, to two square miles. How wonderful it all was . . . and perhaps it was the divine continuation of Nanahua. That chief died some months or more afterwards, but I was informed that he was baptised as a Christian believer before he died.

NOTE

WHEN I wrote these reminiscences with their appreciations and happy prophecies, I little dreamed that the long-smouldering Paraguayan–Bolivian trouble would leap into flame in a few months' time. Indeed, we had become so much accustomed to the presence of soldiers among us that we had come to regard it as something normal and natural. But, alas! it is no laughing matter as people at home are apt to think. "Two little South American peoples flying at each other's throats for nothing—a mere tract of useless desert!" A terrible war is in progress and on quite a considerable scale; 50,000 men were carried on the railway for mobilisation, practically the manhood of Paraguay, and there is bitter hatred and fighting to the death. It is quite true that there is no worthy cause to justify the war, it is not a war for freedom or fuller life, it is simply a quarrel about territory which might have been easily settled by arbitration, given stable sensible governments and a civilised public opinion, but both these elements were lacking. Nor should I have believed it possible to fight with large bodies of men in such a remote desolate country of forest and swamp; nor would it have been, had not the season been exceptionally dry. Now that the rains have come and the whole country is under water except the ant-hills, it remains to see what will happen; but already the sickness and suffering must have been appalling. And the Mission has suffered as never before in its history, situated as it is on the main track to the west down which most of the forces must pass. We used to say that trying as was the climate and repellent the country, at all events men did not die there, but two of our young and most promising missionaries now lie side by side in the Mission cemetery, and that within six months. However, the war is not to blame for that, nor yet for the fact that the cattle ranch, which makes the Mission possible and is managed by the missionaries purely for the benefit of the Indians (free of charge), no longer pays. That only means that the world-wide depression has entered into the remote Chaco also and the outlook is most serious. But the war is responsible for the prohibition of itinerating work, the commandeering of transport (carts, oxen and mules), new missionaries unable to enter the country to recruit the depleted staff, the small existing staff strained to breaking-point, scares, accusations and unworthy suspicions. On the other hand, the crowds of officers and men who have experienced the Mission's hospitality and care for the sick and wounded are enthusiastic in their praise. Thus good may come out of the whole sad business in an increased appreciation of what the Mission has effected with this aboriginal Lengua tribe in the wilds of the Chaco.

CHAPTER X

MISSION MEMORIES: (2) MAKTHLAWAIA

IT was night with a glorious afterglow of sunset, the stars bright above us, and myriads of points of dancing light round about us and reaching up to the horizon—never since my first journey in the Paraguayan Chaco thirty years ago had I seen such masses of fireflies—and we were struggling on horseback through long rank grass and anthills and palms. It was really something of a struggle, for in the ruts and mud the horses were always shifting their ground to find some better foothold, and it was hard to keep sight of whoever was riding in front. However, with all the beauty of the night, I had a strange sense of oppression, of being shut in and crushed by those interminable palms; under such circumstances one longs for open spaces, detests those monotonous bunches of leaves on the top of their often irregular poles (for in the Chaco palms need not be even straight), and one yearns for them soon to come to an end. It was a strange contradictory sensation, the night beautiful beyond words with the added glory of the dancing fireflies and yet spoiled by the repulsive palm forest, which made one feel like a prisoner. However, we emerged at last and reached our camping-ground, Canon Bevis, myself and an Indian boy, actually a young married man with a small family. After dismounting they went out into the darkness to tether their horses, leaving me to wait by the corral, when suddenly, a whinnying and a straining, and my horse broke away and bolted. Visions flitted through my mind of weary tramping on foot, but nothing serious had happened after all; he had not bolted for home but only to join his companions, and our boy soon caught him. And he proceeded further to make himself useful as Indian boys under such circumstances

do. After seeing to the horses, the next thing is to light a fire, for general cheer and fellowship, and more particularly to boil a kettle for tea or maté. The best fire in the Chaco is of lengths of old palm log laid end to end, for the soft fibrous inside, if dry, soon glows red-hot, and to make up the fire it is only necessary to push in the ends. But this being a favourite camping-ground on account of the corral and shallow muddy water-hole, there were no palms, they had been long exhausted, nor was other firewood found easily; but our "boy" soon had a fire going nevertheless. His name was Makthlawaia.

That will be recognised as the name of the Central Station. Yes, and he had received that name because he was the first child born there after the Central Station had been moved to this, its final site, twenty-four years ago. And what an achievement it has been! What an example and model for other work of the kind! How it permits of being copied and multiplied indefinitely wherever nomad tribes of Indians exist! For it represents a principle, the solution of a problem which baffled all Barbrooke Grubb's predecessors. Thomas Bridges saw it (and he was another missionary genius) down in the far south by the Beagle Channel; he realised that he could not deal with his Indians satisfactorily except by gathering them round him and giving them work. But the public opinion of his day, in the keen but rather limited religious world of that epoch, was against it, and so a noble missionary was in a great measure lost to the cause, for merely individual work, however good, as his certainly was, cannot last like that of the Church. So it fell to Barbrooke Grubb in more enlightened days to work out and apply the principle, *i.e.* settlement of the nomad with a view to evangelisation. The conditions must first be created in which the gospel can thrive. The soil must first be prepared for sowing the seed. And after various partial experiments, sites which for one reason or another did not prove satisfactory, the Mission was finally planted and its principle worked out here.

To this day I cannot cease to marvel at the achievement of it. After riding through weary leagues of wilderness—for rank swampy overgrowth and interminable palms seem just as much a wilderness as the bare stony desolation of the far south—the station bursts into view almost suddenly. There has been little to interest you for hours, often enough you do not meet a soul, and there is not even the diversion of game or wild birds on the track, and then there is this change, this spacious industrial settlement to welcome you. The palms have all been cleared away long since for fencing and building purposes and the dammed-up swamp reflecting the blue of the sky or the lurid thunder-clouds, if it be that sort of day, suggests an ornamental lake—for the Station, in fact, though it is difficult to realise it, is a large island in a huge swamp; not so much a swamp, as we understand it, but part of an overgrown slowly moving river, often dried up, but sometimes carrying down vast masses of water from the west and flooding the whole country for months together. But inasmuch as water is a primary necessity for man and beast, it is the long droughts which have to be chiefly provided against, and without the great dams constructed by Indian labour the Mission could not exist. And it is not too much to say that there is nothing comparable with these dams in this part of the Chaco for hundreds of miles round. They are a marvel in themselves, representing as they do many years of toil.

Nor are you disappointed as you enter the village. This you do over the broad dam, which forms a bridle path though not yet a cart road, and then through the cultivated grounds and native gardens. You must not apply that word "garden" too strictly, for neatness and order are hardly characteristics of the plots of ground cultivated by people who are still very primitive. There is still plenty of room, and the gardens are not much more than patches, where the rank vegetation has been cleared and mandioca and sweet potatoes planted in the well-worked black soil; but the larger tracts worked by the Mission corporately, as

is natural, represent higher standards and are really cultivated fields, and most important too, for the food supply in the Chaco is never a far-off problem. All this is carefully fenced off to keep out horses and cattle, though quite a number of the Indian houses are within the garden enclosure, near the edge of it; and then you come to the dispensary and line of the missionaries' houses with school and great central church illustrating the object of the Mission's life and its inner sustaining power. It is now not only beautiful within, but thanks to the "paraiso" (paradise) trees and others, especially a flamboyant acacia, greatly improved in its outward appearance, for if truth be told, it is but a big barn-like structure, though a marvel of architecture for this part of the Chaco.

Further on are store and workshops and cattle corrals, etc., with another line of native houses, not too close together, for gossip is a fault among Indians like other people, and another large Mission garden. Unless it is a time of drought, and if the foliage has not been smirched and blackened by one of the occasional winter frosts, the general appearance of the village is extraordinarily pleasing, both in its regularity and irregularity, for there is the line of missionaries' houses referred to, each with its garden and flowering shrubs, together with the school and orange trees, and leading up to the church a row of date palms and other foliage plants each fenced in for protection, suggesting a wide grassy avenue, while beyond and everywhere up to the garden fences there is a wide tract from which the coarse brown native grass has been killed off and a short green grass planted, which flourishes amazingly. Here there is plenty of room for the young men to play football and hockey—mostly hockey, for the life of a football is so short—and there are enough of the "waia" trees left (from which the island takes its name) to give a touch of variety and beauty, for they have a smooth white bark and most graceful delicate dark green foliage. This irregularity of the planning of the Station is perhaps best realised when people muster up to the church for a

service, for then they seem to be coming from all directions, as indeed they are, across the open grass, an interesting and picturesque sight, as it always appears to me.

At the farther end of the village by the pens and corrals there is a broad open way down to the swamp, where all procure their water supply, and here too is the cart road, and a second dam. The first mentioned was the great containing dam; this with sluices in it forms a road across the swamp, broad enough for carts and much used by the people also; it relieves the pressure upon the other, being perhaps a mile above it. It may be imagined for how much this swamp counts in the life of the people. If evangelists write to me, as they do occasionally, or if any of the school-children write, as they delight to do, to the Sunday Schools at Buenos Aires or elsewhere which support them, it is almost certain there will be some reference to the swamp, whether there is much or little water in it, whether it is producing many fish (a low swamp is best for fishing, and fish are an important item of food), or if someone has been bitten by fish, for there are some very vicious varieties which bite large pieces out of those who approach them unwarily.

Here is the translation of an evangelist's letter which illustrates this:

> My friend, big chief, I am about to write to you some news from myself, now the trees are looking well here, because there has been rain; things in the garden are good too. And there is now no sickness here—different from some time ago—now there is none, so they say. And there is very little water here. Plenty of fish to eat —the "pirañas" are vicious as ever—one bit a child, Marcos by name, the other day. And three children were baptised in the church on Sunday last, one English child. Yikyuk (G. R. F.) was the one who baptised them. That's all I have to say—My name E.

Not much in it perhaps, but it gives a glimpse into local conditions and Indian mentality. I have referred to the

occasional cold snaps experienced in the winter, usually dull sunless weather with a biting south-west wind, and it is remarkable how the Indians are affected by it as much as we are, or more, for they have no idea of keeping themselves warm by taking exercise; they cower under shelter, if they can, until the sun comes out again. And what coughs and colds there are! This is most noticeable in church, and in that respect they resemble an English congregation in winter-time. Their palm huts are no protection against the cold, and they suffer. For this reason I prefer the weather to be hot when I make my annual visit, even if the mosquitoes are troublesome. Then other human traits come to the front, and the quiet of the service is broken by the Indians slapping themselves now and then, to kill a particularly attentive mosquito (how none of us can resist that!), and a baby or two will usually be toddling about the aisles, but that distracts no one. Certainly the heat troubles them less than the cold as there is so much more of it.

However, having described the services elsewhere, I do not propose to repeat that here, but only to point out their range and variety, from the infinitely reverent Holy Communion and Confirmation to the simple and homely daily Morning and Evening Prayer. After a Confirmation it is a delightful custom, and entirely their own idea, that they shake hands with the newly confirmed, as welcoming them into the fellowship of the Church, which happily with them is no mere theory, but a great and important fact. And there is a considerable difference between the daily service morning and evening. That in the morning at sunrise is attended only by men, and chiefly those who are going to do a day's work, and it is very short—a few prayers by the chaplain followed by one or two extempore prayers from among the congregation. Afterwards, in my judgment, is one of the most notable sights which the Mission affords; I mean, the group of men standing and chatting together with the missionaries and waiting to be sent off to their respective jobs, carting, gardening, fencing, cattle work, etc., till all are

allotted their work. It is such an independent, manly and friendly crowd. The evening service is rather longer, with a hymn or two, and more of it following a set form, but still with room for some extempore Indian prayers, and women and children also attend. These prayers often seem to me no more than a whisper, and how others can follow them is a mystery, but I believe they do. And sometimes they are too long. However, to judge by their tone they are always characterised by restraint and sobriety.

Meetings in the school are not, I think, frequent; probably missionaries are too tired after their long day's work in that trying climate, and besides there would be reasons against bringing out the people frequently after dark. But I think of one at which I was present which was extraordinarily satisfactory and led to lasting results. The head of the International Health Board in Paraguay, commonly called the Rockefeller Institute, had taken the opportunity of visiting the Mission with me to study hook-worm, which in that country is the enemy they chiefly fight; and I remember what an agreeable and accomplished traveller he was; for example, I have never seen anyone else keep dry and comfortable riding in heavy rain—this he did by means of an enormous poncho which reached over the tail of the horse, so that no rain beat into the saddle. Since that time he has been promoted to be head of the entire work in South America with headquarters at Rio de Janeiro, where he has had a unique experience of yellow fever owing to the late outbreak there. The result of the additional knowledge gained, I am told, is that former sure results, as they were held to be, crumbled into air while no consistent theory could be built upon the mass of new facts or phenomena observed; or, to put it in another way, much new knowledge was won, but at the same time vaster unknown realms were laid bare for future research—which I suppose may be said of all discoveries of truth.

To return to our story, however. There was a large and representative gathering of our people, and one of the

missionaries introduced the doctor and explained the object of his visit. Then the doctor himself, if I remember right, spoke briefly by interpretation, after which came the really satisfactory feature of the meeting. One of the leading Christians spoke to his own people to this effect, that they had always found the missionaries their real friends, their information was always reliable, and they had found by experience that their medicine was good and in times of sickness their ways of dealing with them were the best. So far they had had every reason to trust their advice and guidance and none whatever to distrust them, so his counsel was that they should do what they asked in this matter too and submit for treatment as many of their number as were required. Probably I hardly do him justice in this summary, for I was told at the time that it could hardly have been put better. His suggestion was agreed to unanimously. Subsequently a sufficient number volunteered for the rather severe and unpleasant tests necessary. It was found as the result that hook-worm was prevalent, though not nearly to so great an extent as among the Paraguayans, and that those affected were chiefly children whose cases would readily yield to treatment. Since this time the school-children have been periodically treated, I believe, according to the prescription given, so the doctor's visit produced lasting results. An interesting fact disclosed was that the worm in the Indians was distinctly different in certain respects from that among the Paraguayans. Perhaps I should explain that the microbe, or whatever it is, enters originally from between the toes, and through the blood passes into the intestines, where it " hooks " itself, and I suppose grows and multiplies in some way, and the result is much the same as anæmia—people become weak and listless. It is most prevalent where there is a considerable population of primitive folk who go about barefoot and whose habits are not cleanly.

The journey from Makthlawaia to the coast is but two days with good horses under normal conditions, but con-

ditions in the Chaco are so seldom normal, that as I look back over the years, memories of almost infinite variety crowd to the mind, strange little incidents and experiences which may be worth rescuing from oblivion. And there is more scope for these because missionaries usually prefer to camp out at night rather than put up at a friendly "estancia" with its superior comforts of bed and food, because they are then more independent and can get as early a start as they like in the morning without inconveniencing anybody, and that is not always possible when horses have been turned into a paddock and have to be found and caught in the darkness. In the case of bad weather, however, a shelter is always desirable. Not that it is to be had as in the earlier days, when the Mission had this part of the Chaco practically to itself, as there were few settlers, and Paraguayans scarcely entered it. Then at convenient stopping-places the Mission put up little houses of palm log which at all events gave us a roof over our heads when we needed it; but as more people came into the Chaco, it was found that they so constantly in their short-sighted folly pulled them to pieces for firewood that it was not worth while to repair them. So now places of shelter are few and far between.

One such haven, not of the type described, but a Paraguayan "puesto" or out-station of the big English-managed "estancia," inhabited by a friendly Paraguayan and his numerous family, is Coralito. Under varying conditions indeed of weather and circumstances have we sheltered there. Sometimes it has been crowded with friends and travellers, and it is a scene to be remembered, the men grouped on rough seats, taking maté and talking Guarani, someone perhaps with a guitar, in the dim light of a single murky lantern, while the rain thundered on the palm-log roof, the women and girls in the background coming forward from time to time with a kettle to supply their need, and live-stock innumerable, dogs and cats, fowls and even pigs, wandering among them at their will. There are

risks, it may be noted, in occupying a "catre" or shake-down bed in such surroundings, however grateful one may be for it, as fowls may be roosting overhead, and pigs may be attracted by leather boots—insects must be rather taken for granted. At other times we may be the only guests, and I may even attempt a conversation with our swarthy host on the tigers he has killed or the prevailing horse-sickness or other subjects of common interest. Or the bitter wind sweeping through the open building, not mosquitoes, may be the enemy through the night and make us long for the day. Often a short call may be made in the day-time, especially when the whole country is under water, for here at least is a dry spot to rest man and horse. Once I remember calling in the early morning when the cactus happened to be in bloom and the dew and freshness suggested an autumn morning at home, and the crude bare outpost of civilisation was almost beautiful in the morning sunshine.

But it is the night scenes in the Chaco which have mostly left their impress on my memory. I think of two in particular. We had caught up an Englishman with a number of Indians who were taking a "troop" of cattle to the coast. This was at a place called Esquina—also a stopping-place redolent of many memories—where there were the ruins of a hut, an effective "corral" for shutting in cart bullocks, and a water-hole; and it was only friendly and right to share his fire. He had given his men a beast, I suppose as a treat, and they had killed it and were cooking and eating vast portions as only wild Indians can. What a sight it was, one of the strangest night scenes I have ever witnessed, these uncouth primitive folk grouped feasting round the great fire, some faces vividly lit up by the flames, others mysterious in the shadows, all against a background of the huge high-wheeled carts and ruined hut, in the midst of that remote forest under the silent stars! It was fantastic as a scrap of life from another world. In the day-time it would only have been ugly. But I must not let it be sup-

posed that we stood outside the feast. We were hospitably entertained too and there is no sweeter meat than that roasted over an open wood fire.

On the other occasion I think of I was travelling with an experienced missionary and Indian boy. It was already dark and rain was threatening, and in the near distance we saw a light as of a camp fire. As we drew nearer, a cart was visible too and we knew who the man would be, a wandering trader, English as it happened. At the same time he perceived strangers approaching on horseback, and we saw him run to his cart forty or fifty yards away, as if he was startled, and I remarked to my companion quite in my ordinary voice, " I hope he isn't going to shoot." But of course we went on, greeted him and dismounted and camped alongside. Later in the evening in the course of conversation he remarked to my astonishment, " I heard what you said, but I wasn't going to shoot." Either his hearing must have been preternaturally acute, or under certain conditions sound must travel marvellously in the Chaco, for I was by no means within ordinary speaking distance. But that was a night to be remembered for other reasons. As the rain began, we made up our bunks under his cart, mosquito nets and all if I remember right. But as the night wore on and the rain became heavier, the ground under the cart became sodden with water and we had to quit, so accepted an invitation to shelter inside, for those Chaco carts are usually provided with an arched corrugated iron roof (and it is an ordinary way of encouraging the bullocks to proceed to bang on that same iron roof). Hence there was shelter within. The back part of this cart was apparently screened off for his Indians, for I heard their heavy breathing, and the front part was occupied by us three white men. It would have been quite a satisfactory arrangement except that there was no protection against the swarming mosquitoes. Our host was quite happy, for, as he explained to me afterwards, as a boy in London he had contracted the habit of sleeping with his head under the

bed-clothes, and that habit came in handy now, as all he had to do to find relief was to put his head under the blanket and be at peace, but that would have asphyxiated me. How my hardy missionary friend fared I cannot remember, but I think not too well. Anyhow I know he impressed me as an amazingly capable traveller and best of companions, for in the rain and darkness he succeeded, with our boy, in raising a fire and a cup of hot tea, collecting our goods and saddling up without having everything soaked, and, final achievement, leaving nothing behind. And there were no convenient electric torches in those days, in the light of which forgotten odds and ends can so easily be gathered. Peace be with him as one of the best of comrades on the road, for he passed to his rest some years ago in Chile.

" Makthlawaia and the way there " might well have been my subject, for the journey to and fro is full of interest like the Station itself—yet on other levels and in different ways. We have been told lately how a pencil-margined note was found in one of the books of the martyred Bishop Coleridge Patteson, " All the way to heaven is heaven too." That could hardly be applied even in parable to Makthlawaia. We have true glimpses of the Kingdom there, but the vision seems rather far away as we struggle through swamps and wilderness, drought and flood, and insect pests, heat and cold and weariness, to the object of our quest. Or on second thoughts ought we to be able to say it? Perhaps if we were better Christians, turning all that happened to us into profit, we should be able to say, " All the way to heaven is heaven too."

CHAPTER XI

MISSION MEMORIES: (3) "ON THE PILCOMAYO RIVER"

THE Argentine Chaco Mission, though quite as wonderful and successful as the Paraguayan, a veritable miracle of grace, as I see it, still is not stored for me with memories of incidents and small adventures to anything like the same extent. This is partly because it is so much younger in years, but more, I think, because its Central Station, at any rate, Algarrobal, is more in a setting of civilisation. True, it is hidden away in a clearing in the primitive forest, as Makthlawaia is set on an island in a swamp, but it is approached to within a few leagues by train, and there is a road of a sort from the Station, practicable by car in the dry season and by mule coach in the wet; and such conditions do not lend themselves to adventures. There are breakdowns and nights out, of course, and even a single mud-hole on an otherwise dry track may cause a delay of hours, which is serious when there is a train to be caught with through connection for Buenos Aires, at least two days' journey. I have experienced that, and my friends had to strip and plunge about in mud and water cutting blocks of wood to prize up the car inch by inch till it could extricate itself and emerge on dry land, while I sat there watching the forest gloriously illuminated by the moonlight, for that is all they would let me do in their kindness. But for me what was that compared with riding through the long night till dawn, the track fitfully lit up through the inky darkness by lightning flashes or palms reflected on the water in the starlight, drenched with rain, the air laden with mosquitoes and fireflies? This has happened in the Paraguayan Chaco when there was nothing else to be done.

Naturally the Central Station in the Argentine Chaco does not suggest unusual happenings or scenes which strike the imagination in the same way. And hence the name of this chapter, "On the Pilcomayo River." For there we get away from Algarrobal with its ordered life and faithful work to the Mission outposts which have sprung from it.

Like the "Storied Hydaspes" for Horace's contemporaries, from my first coming to South America the Pilcomayo River has always held for me certain elements of marvel and the mysterious unknown. For I had scarcely been ten days in the continent before I went up to Concepcion and met there Barbrooke Grubb and a company of his Indians—outwardly, at least, they were real primitive Indians in those days—without a trace of civilisation, in their blankets and feathers and red paint. He spoke first then of the Pilcomayo. I had never heard of it before; except, perhaps, as we approached Asuncion, I may have been told that was the name of the sluggish muddy river which there joined the Paraguay. But he spoke of it as far away at the back of the strange land we were entering, the land of the endless ugly palm forests which reached away to the horizon and unknown leagues beyond it, the "hinterland" from which casual surveyors would make up the deficiencies of the measurements. "What if these were somewhat erratic? What if it was found subsequently that they were a few miles, or even leagues, out in their reckonings over that vast expanse? It was excusable enough, when their chains had to lie over numberless anthills, or they had to go round some swamp; and it could always be made up from the back blocks by the Pilcomayo." So the Pilcomayo would enter into his fascinating talk. It was the landmark of the Far West, something that at least was known to be there, which the adventurous traveller was bound to strike at last; they heard of it from the Indians, sometimes approached it themselves. Thus it was that the Pilcomayo came to acquire in my mind a certain mysterious fame and attraction, so that when twenty-six years after-

wards I arrived at our new Mission Station from the other side, almost my first act was to go down to the river as if making a religious pilgrimage . . . the Pilcomayo of my dreams seen at last!

But this is anticipating. The journey was made by car, a Ford lorry, from Algarrobal. That car is a story in itself, and worth telling too. The year before our missionaries had endeavoured to take me to this new Station, " Selva San Andres," in a hired car, but the attempt failed. For one reason, no one knew the way; for another, rain had fallen unexpectedly (for it was the dry season), and we were pulled up short at a creek full of water; but the chief reason was that the chauffeur was unsatisfactory and inefficient. Hence we lost three days of valuable time and several hundreds of dollars, and returned without having achieved our object. It so happened that a keen young churchwoman from Buenos Aires was visiting the Mission just then, and this failure suggested to her the idea of raising funds from friends in Buenos Aires in order to present the Mission with its own car. And this she actually achieved. It speaks volumes both for her own faith and pluck, and the kindly good-will of our resident community. Business firms and personal friends subscribed generously, and without any great difficulty the amount needed was secured.

A Ford lorry with certain adaptations was considered most suitable, and when the object of it was known at the works, *i.e.* that its destination was an Indian Mission in the far-off Chaco, considerable interest was aroused. Of this I was entirely unaware until I went down there with a few clergy and friends to hold a short Dedication Service. This had been arranged for at an hour when the men would have just left work, in order to cause as little delay and inconvenience as possible. But the men did not want to leave; they stayed in crowds for the service; though naturally under the circumstances this was in English, which they did not understand. However, part of it was translated for their benefit, and they were told that their

presence and sympathy were much appreciated, so I trust all was well. However, had we known of their interest, we should certainly have held the service in Spanish for their benefit. And to crown all the good-will called forth by this gift of a Mission car, the Central Argentine and State Railways gave either free transit or large reduction of freight, so that it was still a free gift when it reached the Mission. Such is the story of the car which took me first to Selva San Andres on the Pilcomayo. The journey itself took a day and a quarter, though it is done more quickly now by another track. The chief difficulty is that these rough forest tracks are only imperfectly cleared, and the stumps left in the ground necessitate careful driving. Camping out under such circumstances can be quite pleasant and comfortable, for it is easy to carry all that is required in a car.

It was most interesting to arrive at the Mission. The Station was on a clearing in the forest only a few hundred yards from the river, which there flows between deep banks, and I have already told how I went down to inspect it with a sense of thrill and satisfaction. The position was chosen on account of there being a large Mataco village close by, and a good supply of fresh water, for much of the water in that part of the country is brackish.

I was at once impressed by the excellence of the buildings, though the Mission was but two years old. The reason of this was partly the experience gained from elsewhere, but far more the fact that we had on the Mission staff one who had been a builder at home, so he put all his trained skill at the Mission's disposal. He had made the experiment of using adobe or sun-dried bricks, and apparently it was most successful. The school at any rate, which was also used for services and all kinds of meetings, was the best and most imposing I had yet seen of all our Chaco schools. It was roofed with corrugated iron and had doors and window frames of wood, with a large fireplace at either end, and was strengthened with buttresses. At a pinch it

would hold two hundred people. (It will be seen later that there is a special reason for this description.) Nothing much need be said about the other buildings, except that they were not all of adobe; some were of hardwood frames and the walls of wattle-and-daub, and the living-room had a large pleasant verandah, where there were usually a few Indian boys making themselves happy and at home.

The work of the school itself amazed and fascinated me. Here was a typical young Englishman, keen and capable enough no doubt, but without any special training, faced with the task of teaching some sixty raw Indians of almost all ages. It was a task which might fairly have frightened an expert, but he was tackling it confidently and to some purpose. He really controlled them and taught them something. He had improvised some sort of system of pupil teachers or monitors from among his ignoramuses, and one could see little groups carrying out benches into the open air and hammering at figures or letters together. (Sometimes, as it seemed, upside down, but that did not appear to make any difference.) Reading, writing and singing was being taught. There were some who could even read a word or two, and quite a number could sing the hymns. And this was a great help to the services.

And no less marvellous were the services or meetings held every afternoon at that time. The building was crowded with men, women and children. They may have had no particular reason for coming, but there they were; men and lads, old and young, in serried ranks on the school benches, wearing blankets and strange headdresses, the women with babies mostly squatting on the floor near the doors, children playing round them, and some of the inevitable dogs, always thin as scarecrows; and over all, pervading the building, the to me familiar Indian smell, not altogether unpleasant (a Central Argentine engineer once aptly described it to me as like a basket of puppies), but in this instance there was an added scent of fish, for that was the staple food just then.

SCHOOL AT SELVA SAN ANDRES.

CHILDREN AT THEIR MIDDAY MEAL.

facing p. 118.

Never before, I think, had I faced so large a purely heathen congregation, and spellbound I watched the inscrutable dark faces, wondering reverently what the Holy Spirit was effecting with them, as the missionary delivered his message. What points of contact was he finding in them? How far were those dull minds capable of understanding? The gulf was so vast between the tremendous facts of the gospel and the knowledge and experience of primitive man. Clearly this was no case of the Holy Spirit "falling" on those who believed, as recorded sometimes in the book of the Acts of the Apostles. That was intelligible enough with the average congregations of the Empire, who were not uneducated nor, in the divine discipline of the world, unprepared. The glory and beauty of the Christian Revelation could appeal to them at once. "Here is what we have waited and longed for all our lives," they might say. In a flash they might realise its truth and joyfully and instantly believe, and on them the action of the Spirit would be swift and powerful. . . . But the Apostles would never come across people like these. With poor, degraded, primitive man would not His work be infinitely patient and gradual, "here a little and there a little"? Would there not be need of constant reiteration and repetition for the message to find entry? and having found entry, to remain in heart and memory? It was all very wonderful, but certainly in some way the Spirit was at work in that strange assembly.

I remember that on that first visit I also dedicated the site for the future church. It was an impressive little ceremony in spite of the hot north wind which raised the dust; we had a couple of hymns, short prayers and address, translated by our newly-ordained "own missionary," and a chief drove a stake into the centre of the plot.

Then, hardly six months after, came the great flood which all but obliterated this fair beginning of the Mission.

I take the details from the report of my friend, the wonderful teacher of the sixty raw savages: "Who would have

dreamed (he said) that the friendly Pilcomayo, which for the greater part of the year was a shallow, slowly-moving stream, and to be crossed in the dry season with water below the waist, would arise in such tremendous flood as to claim and wreck the well-equipped Station with its seven buildings, all provided within the short space of two years? Nor was the Mission alone in its confidence. A few miles lower down a small township with a police station had been set up by the authorities, and this too was swept away."

It all happened in a week. On Sunday the river was running bank full, but things did not look serious till Monday morning. Then Indians who remembered the last flood in 1908 warned the missionaries that the danger was that the river would break out higher up stream and, flooding the lower ground on the other side of the Mission, cut them off. They advised taking refuge on the higher ground of the old village. And this was done. Food-stuffs and various belongings were carried off there, and buildings banked up with earth and left as secure as possible. But there was no security. Visiting the Mission next morning, Tuesday, they found two feet of water, and one of the buildings collapsed. Another crashed while they were working to save the precious school. Furniture was then carried away to a little distance and tied up and stacked, and they returned to find another building down. All night the water rose steadily and they realised that if it continued at that rate, their new refuge would be untenable in two days' time. "Once again (Wednesday) the Mission was visited, and on arrival we found that all the adobe buildings were down. Window-frames, etc., found floating around were salvaged and made fast to trees, and several sheets of corrugated iron removed from the school roof, and taken on rafts to where we were living. Light wood from the roofs of the fallen houses was collected, and rafts made upon which to float our goods to safety, should this become necessary. Every hour our position became more precarious, and we did not at all relish the fact that the

'island' upon which we were living was ever growing smaller."

Next day, Thursday, the last necessary move was made, and this seems to have been the hardest work of all. Everything had to be floated on rafts across a deep flooded ravine and two streams, down which the current was running so swiftly that the rafts, when emptied of their loads, could not return against it, hence fresh ones had to be constructed. Nevertheless, "everything was in safety long before nightfall and we retired to rest with a greater feeling of security than we had enjoyed for several nights."

But what scenes there were! (Here I quote again.) "Family parties swimming off with their rafts piled high with stores of food and household goods, old women, young children, all taking their part and swimming along merrily. Women struggling along with tremendous loads on their backs; some with babies perched on top; some vainly endeavouring to drag along goats, which would persist in getting themselves mixed up with the surrounding undergrowth. Animals, protesting lustily, being tied down to the rafts. Men, many of whom seemed to have forgotten the very existence of clothes, rushed shouting from place to place, and everything seemed in a general state of uproar. The situation was serious, and yet from time to time there was some very amusing incident, which would cause roars of laughter, and on the whole everybody seemed to be in good spirits." By Friday the water was falling fast, and on Saturday everything was got under cover, so when Sunday came it was a real day of rest and thanksgiving. The buildings had been lost, it was true, but the most valuable parts of them, doors, windows, roofing, etc., had all been saved, together with furniture and personal effects. Moreover, during that troubled week not a drop of rain had fallen. And so ended the second chapter in the Mission's short history.

But before passing on to what I may call the third chapter, I may note that here as always time revealed many difficul-

ties and terrible defects which were not apparent in the first flush and glow of its initial success. Different sections of the Mataco tribe composed their quarrels, it is true, and the enmity with their Toba neighbours ceased. Indeed, the two tribes met in quite friendly fashion and the young men of both for a while would attend the same school. Nevertheless, a small intransigent section of Matacos remained which still nursed its grievance, a real one too, and insisted on the sad old principle, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." And the results of this endure and are serious, viz. shootings and scares and murders; for example, an old sick man lying in his hut was stalked and shot through the flimsy walls.

Nor are the murderers satisfied with this, they still want to kill a young man to level up their account. But naturally such an event as that described gives rise to alarms and scares and much promiscuous shooting, for the enemy easily escapes into the bush where it is hard to find him. It is hard too for the missionary in charge with all his undoubted influence to dissuade these people from revenge. Sometimes it has been impossible to prevent a retaliatory expedition against an enemy encampment. And it is such a poor affair when it does come off—a hundred braves in feathers and war-paint, worked up by drink, stalk and rush some small encampment, and having surprised its occupants, shoot at them on the run, killing one woman and capturing a child! Colonel Masters could admire the Tehuelche Indians when they raided Bahia Blanca; they showed courage and dash as they swept in on horseback in perfect order; but assuredly there was nothing to admire here. And there were long negotiations on the part of the peace-making missionaries for the restitution of that child. That which we can admire, however, is the missionary's persistent courage in personally following up and reasoning with this murderous few, without much result at first, but time is a factor which helps to calm these wild folk's passions, and confidence seems to be gradually restored. Yet

there is no real security, nor can there be until the Christian Faith has had time to grip their hearts and conquer the tribal custom.

Again, it was found how slight and unsatisfactory were their ideas of the marriage bond, and troubles between man and wife were a sore hindrance to some who seemed to be responding best to the teaching. Only gradually was it understood by even promising catechumens that faith in Christ entered into all relationships in life and specially those of the home. Then among the girls something like epidemics of suicide would break out at times, chiefly due to love affairs, disappointment and vexation at a young man preferring someone else. They would deliberately eat a poisonous fruit, and perhaps the missionaries would not hear of it in time to administer the necessary emetic, or perhaps the witch doctors had already been busy; and their chief function is to excite and terrify; they are very real enemies to be fought and conquered. But so it is, an atmosphere would be induced in which nerves were excited and suicide became almost a fashion. Such is heathenism, and such the facts over which the gospel has to prevail. Only a beginning is being made as yet, but from my talks with the missionaries and perusal of the Mission log-book, I gathered the strong impression that these evils are distinctly diminishing and a new spirit is making itself felt in which great things will be possible in the future.

To come now to my visit, on the dry tracks the fifty-two league run from Algarrobal by the new route could now be done in the day, and there was more variety and interest than is usual in the Chaco. Yet in many parts it was not possible to travel quickly on account of the track being rough and winding and hemmed in with thorny bushes. The Mission was easily recognisable; indeed scarcely any traces remained of the great flood and most of the old buildings were there, restored to their old appearance and efficiency. The chief changes were the far greater extent

of ground cleared (one reason for this being that the murderers used to hide in the dense scrub), then the famous school had disappeared, and, last and most marvellous change of all, there where the chief had driven in the stake, on ground slightly raised by artificial means, set off by graceful forest trees wisely left standing in their fresh spring greenery, stood a noble red-roofed solid brick church, cruciform and complete with low West-end tower. Our builder had put his best work into it, and, not to be caught again by the treacherous river, had made it flood-proof (so we confidently hope) by using brick and cement on good foundations. Moreover, he had rightly contented himself with a simple design, avoiding all that was pretentious and ornate; and the furniture was in harmony with this, of the best material and excellent workmanship, but still severely simple; thus the church is capable of being effectively decorated in the future.

The Dedication Service was held at an early hour in the morning and the church was thronged with Indians for the purpose, clearly interested and impressed. But it was not the same as when I looked down on those same faces two years ago in the vanished school; now the fire had been kindled in their hearts and there was response, there was a definite Christian leaven in that congregation—members of the large inquirers class and three who had been actually baptised. And next morning after the celebration of the Holy Mysteries for the Staff, there followed further baptisms. The candidates had been under instruction for more than a year past and had given ample evidence of their faith by their lives; there were just four men and three women, but the women were the wives of the three previously baptised; so here we had the happiest of foundations to build on, indeed the only true foundation for the Christian Church, Christian families. The Church of the Good Shepherd has started on its career then with ten members in the fold.

And how hopeful I can be of its future when I think of

DEDICATION OF THE SITE OF THE CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.
(TWO YEARS AFTER.)

facing p. 124.

the reports I received of the meetings of these people; how one would pray: "We have been like wild beasts wandering in the forest, but Thy servants found us and Thy words entered our hearts. We desire now to be Thy children"; and how another who had fallen back would frankly confess: "I am not disappointed with God's words, but I have made Him ashamed of my deeds. I will come back to the class when I prove I am ashamed of what I have done"; and another, who had never made any profession at all, nevertheless prayed that men like himself who still hardened their hearts might be conquered. So he knew he was hardening his heart against God's Holy Spirit. This strikes one as fine, honest material out of which Christians can be made. Indeed the whole service was most impressive, and there was a general consciousness of the greatness of the occasion. A minor point which touched me was the handy way in which the husbands relieved their wives of their babies in arms when they came forward to be baptised, and restored them afterwards, without any fuss or awkwardness, while their other small children were toddling round all the time.

The next need to be met is that of a permanent building to take the place of "the school that melted," for the present building is only temporary. The church could be built first, because it was the gift of a friend of the Mission at home who prefers to remain anonymous. And what a happy thought, a wise and sensible gift indeed, thus to start a primitive people of this sort with the means of worship. Among our own people it might do as much harm as good, for they should work for a church themselves to have any joy and pride in it; but this does not apply to poor Indians who cannot help themselves, at least not in the arts and crafts, nor can they recompense the donor. She will only be recompensed at the resurrection of the just, which is all she wants. To provide poor Missions with churches strikes me as a particularly gracious form of generosity against which no objections can be urged.

After the Baptism Service we left for the Toba Mission, eighteen leagues away, also on the Pilcomayo, which I had never visited before. It was an intensely interesting experience. This Mission is barely two years old, and was established at the repeated and persistent request of the Tobas themselves, who indeed helped to erect it, as the chiefs did not fail to tell me, carrying palms and bamboos from a distance of several leagues. It is pleasantly situated in a clearing by the river, and never I think have I seen Indians so numerous immediately round a Station; they swarmed round us when we arrived; there seemed hundreds to shake hands with; they even formed rudimentary queues for the purpose. And there were orations of welcome; the chiefs were fine-looking men, neatly dressed too, and apparently practised speakers. One would begin and continue for some time and then others would gradually join in until an impression was given that conversation had become general (I had observed much the same thing many years ago among the Mapuches in Southern Chile). Proceedings then became somewhat endless and aimless, they did not seem to know how to stop, and the best course was to withdraw.

Later on they stood and quietly watched us at supper in a small open tent-like shed. Later on again we went down to the village and watched them, the young men at least, at their dances. It was a wonderful sight, these tall graceful men, in headdress, blankets, belts, anklets, moving in perfect time to rhythmical chants. A circle seemed the favourite figure. There must have been fifty or sixty taking part, and the effect in the moonlight was extraordinarily attractive, suggestive of the grace and strength of manhood. Physically they were a fine race, tall, well formed and muscular, and according to what I heard from the missionaries, they had unusual traits of discipline and loyalty. They were willing to receive orders, stop practices which the missionaries disapproved of, and looked for guidance and instruction. All of which seems to point to a most hopeful

TOBA CHILD AND MECHANICAL TOY.

SCHOOL GROUP AT TOBA MISSION.

DWELLING HOUSE. TOBY MISSION.

facing p. 126.

work in the future, for they are a numerous and strong tribe. They live by fishing and hunting and play a hockey of their own for recreation, this on a ground cleared and prepared by themselves at the missionaries' suggestion. A school has been established and instruction is being given to old and young alike, in addition to the evangelistic services. Probably I did not see the Mission quite at its best, the missionary in charge being on furlough, but his substitute was a man of real power, and it would be difficult to imagine a more hopeful beginning than that which has actually been made.

CHAPTER XII

MISSIONS: MEN, INCIDENTS AND FORECAST

To the sympathetic observer (who must needs be at the same time a devoted believer in the cause of the Kingdom), the Chaco Missions at the present time are in an extraordinarily interesting phase. The pioneers and founders have passed away either to home or Paradise, though not necessarily into inactivity in either sphere, and a new generation are taking their places. This transition is natural and ordinary enough, it may be said, and so it is; but possibly on account of the supply of recruits ceasing during the War, or an exceptional proportion of valuable men retiring, chiefly for health reasons, not so much their own as their wives and families; or, it should be honestly admitted, on account of sheer failures, of which there are always, alas! too many in all Missions, as I imagine, the gap or dividing line here has been more marked than usual, old and new seem more separated from each other, and, within the one unbroken fellowship, to present very different characteristics. It is always natural for those who have long memories to glorify the past; I suppose it belongs to the conservative instinct of man to do so! ("There were wonderful giants of old, you know, there were wonderful giants of old," as the School Song has it.) But in the case of the Chaco the founders, I maintain, really were remarkable men, and it is well worth while to take a backward glance at them.

The outstanding three, of course, were Wilfrid Barbrooke Grubb, Richard James Hunt, and Andrew Pride; and taken together they were a trio who supplemented each other by the contribution of their special characteristics in

a truly wonderful way. W. B. Grubb is too well known, both by his own writings and what others have written of him and are writing, to need any fresh appreciation from me, and he has only recently passed to his rest and the picture of him is vivid among us still; but I may reassert my conviction (which others may or may not share), that he was pre-eminently a gallant and fearless pioneer, a leader and inspirer of men, of deep personal faith, whom others found it easy to follow and love. He was much else too no doubt, but that was what he was most in himself and to the very core of his being; and the motive of all his toil and schemes (and his brain was as prolific in schemes as his body was tireless in its activities) was always to bring his Indians, for whom he had a lifelong, concentrated affection, to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ and the privileges of that branch of the Church on earth through which he himself had known Him. I think it was impossible not to admire him after reading of his achievements, and they would be very few among those who had the privilege of knowing him, who did not also love him.

In R. J. Hunt, the hard-working, self-effacing Secretary (as he now is at home after his thirty-five years abroad in the enervating climate of the Chaco), it might not be easy perhaps for the casual visitor to recognise the language expert and student, the evangelist and patient teacher, who could wait seven years for results; the spiritual builder who could start with a batch of raw savages and leave behind him a full organised worshipping Church. But he was all this pre-eminently, having learned by what he suffered, or grown by experience; for he applied in the new field (as it was then) of the Argentine Chaco the life's lessons he had learned in the Paraguayan. Hence the wonderful development of the Argentine Chaco Mission, of which I always think of him as the father and mother. Of this I have written elsewhere.

The last of the three, Andrew Pride, has only just retired after forty years of service, all spent in the Paraguayan

Chaco. Forty years service! That would be a great record anywhere, but in that trying climate, where life was very rough in the earlier days, it is nothing short of marvellous, even if allowance is made for long furloughs at home every five years, the greater part of which time was given far more to hard work than holiday—and let me say that I consider the activities of some secretaries at home, of whom the S.A.M.S. secretary is certainly one, are quite as wearing and self-sacrificing as anything to be ordinarily found in the actual field. All honour to them for their work! However, I rejoice to know the recognition of Mr. Pride's unique services began almost as soon as he had left the Mission. He even found that much was expected of him as he passed through Asuncion. "At the Rotary Club he was the guest of honour, and was able to interest many influential people in the work of the Mission. He was given an interview of some length with the President of the Republic, who in the name of the Republic thanked him for his service. He also gave a public lecture at the International College, and this was fully and well reported"—and no doubt further note has been taken at home.

In my view his special characteristics were patience and good judgment; he was fair-minded and long-suffering, and refused to be rushed in a crisis or emergency; he looked beyond the need of the moment, considered underlying principles, and consequently he enjoyed the Indians' confidence in a remarkable degree. A thoroughly efficient pioneer and explorer in earlier days and excellent helpful teacher always, perhaps he was seen at his best as Station manager with equal opportunities for spiritual and practical work. And in those wider interests which lie outside the missionary's special calling, but are yet of real importance and form so valuable a point of contact with scientists and explorers, he was easily our expert. He observed the world of nature round about him as no one else did, not even the Indians, for, after all, their chief interests lie in what they can put into their stomachs, nor have they any sense of

OLD FASHIONED PARAGUAYAN HOUSE IN ASUNCION.

facing p. 130.

beauty as yet—it was he who told me that until he proved it to them, Indians would not believe that butterflies came from caterpillars!

But the unattractive Chaco was still to him part of the world God made, and therefore well worth studying, and he delighted in its birds and beasts and plant life and indeed its whole content. There was nothing in which he was not interested, and he was thorough in his observations and acquired a varied accurate knowledge—perhaps he will give us a book on the natural history of the Chaco in his retirement. Anyhow he is quite capable of it. It will be seen then how these three, all devoted missionaries, yet experts in different ways, pioneer, language expert, naturalist, together constituted an exceptional force for the evangelising and civilising of the Chaco. Under God it is they who have been mainly responsible for the extraordinary reputation the Mission has won among the tribes who so scantily inhabit that vast region.

Indians are shrewd judges of character and do not forget, and they pass on their impressions one to another. They are great travellers, and so their experience of a new kind of white man who is the Indian's friend is passed on, not merely from village to village, but from country to country. Paraguay to Argentina, Argentina to Bolivia, to far-off regions where the missionaries have never been. Consider what a tremendous asset this is. And it has been built up laboriously by consistent living and proved loyalty, keeping their pledged word, never varying from their attitude of friendship, making it absolutely and always clear by word and deed that their object is, not to exploit but to serve. This name the Mission has won is a priceless possession, and worth all the years of sacrifice it has cost to win it. What an illustration it is of the power of a great idea. How can people be so deluded as to think ideas are not practical?

With the original three who have done so much to shape this great tradition I should certainly be disposed to associate

two other names, who belong to the older generation—one in honourable retirement, the other passed to his rest, Edward Bernau and William Logan Sanderson. It was a sad day for the Mission when repeated illnesses compelled "the doctor's" resignation, for he was the Mission doctor and dentist too, with home qualifications and recognised by the Argentine authorities. Never was there a more genial and kindly medical missionary. He commended the Mission to many who would not perhaps have been much interested in it otherwise, numerous Argentine settlers and all the few English within reach. Indeed, his combination of professional skill and experience with simple faith was most effective, and he was beloved by his fellow-missionaries and Indians alike. Nor can the gap made by his enforced retirement be filled. His loss is still keenly felt.

William Sanderson was the first who laid down his life among us in the Chaco Missions; he was often my escort on journeys, so I had many opportunities of judging of his character, and many of the incidents of Chaco travel which are most vividly impressed upon my memory happened in his company. He was one of Barbrooke Grubb's recruits from Edinburgh and from the first seemed to catch his spirit and follow in his steps, for he was never more happy than in pioneering, and he made light of privations and hardships, and understood and loved Indians like few others. Indeed, if Grubb's mantle fell on any successor, it was on Sanderson.

For some years before his death it seemed to me he was the strong man of the Mission. Whether managing the Station or in relations with settlers or officials, we had unbounded confidence in him. Whatever he took in hand he could see through, and none dreamed of failure. In his actual knowledge of the country and its conditions he was unsurpassed; no one, I think, had travelled so much and under such varied circumstances. A notable instance of confidence in him occurred in the disturbed days when the Paraguayans turned the empty spaces opposite the

town of Concepcion into a great military camp and were pushing troops into the interior. Some of these soldiers had an ugly clash with the Indians (not any connected with the Mission), probably by their own fault, but there were reprisals and a man was killed and horses and property stolen, after which the Indians naturally decamped.

It did not suit the Government, whose objective was the Bolivians, to have any trouble with Indians at such a time, and the military authorities unofficially sought the Mission's help. If the stolen property was restored, the incident might be overlooked and nothing more said about it; a punitive expedition against Indians in the Chaco wilds just then, when their hands were so full, would be highly inconvenient; could our people track down the culprits and hold out the olive branch? Sanderson agreed at once and called for volunteers. Trusty Mission Indians responded promptly, and within a week, I believe, an amazingly short time under the circumstances, the expedition was back again, having succeeded almost completely. Most of the Indians were traced and the greater part of the stolen property was restored. And so the incident was closed and a notable service rendered by which possibly much useless bloodshed was avoided. I think this instance is typical of the man's capacity and the general confidence reposed in him. His knowledge of the Indians was thorough and intimate. Perhaps he was helped in this by the habit he had of not allowing them to do things for him on a journey (for which, of course, they were paid); he preferred to do everything for himself, and so they would come and sit beside him and fall into conversation more naturally. Certainly all agreed that he knew their language as they themselves spoke it, and less according to the grammars and translations; he understood their mentality; it was he who said to me: " Indians don't ask questions."

There was profound understanding and long experience behind that remark. And he had extraordinary powers of endurance; he could go without food for long periods,

and, worse than that, come to a water-hole at night after a long day's travel and find it dried up, and ride on far into the next day until he came to the next stopping-place without making any particular trouble about it. And in the same way he would ignore attacks of "chu chu" (malaria) on the Station and work on when he had a high temperature—all of which I fear hastened his end, for a man cannot do such things with impunity. And this strong, quiet man, like most Scots, had a real sense of humour. For a few years he had suffered from some injury to his knee which made it very stiff, and then on one of my annual visits he told me, "My knee is all right now," and when I asked him what the cure was, said, "A bullock kicked it and knocked me head over heels." (It was quite true, it was cured!)

And how I admired his patience! Once when I was travelling with him, we took a pack mule and a couple of horses tied together, and he seemed to prefer to drive these rather than lead them. To me as a spectator it was maddening beyond words to see the mule constantly leaving the track to dive into the forest, and the horses tying themselves up round palm trees, but he always galloped after the one or disentangled the other, quite imperturbably. Another time, when it was important we should start from the river by sunrise and the mules had been shut up in the corral overnight that all might be ready, it was found that owing to someone's carelessness they had escaped into the bushy paddock where it was quite difficult to find them, with the result that we had to start late under a blazing sun—but there was never a grumble from him.

These are but sidelights and personal reminiscences; his fellow-missionaries could tell far more of how he was trusted on the Station—perhaps they scarcely realised how much until he was taken from us, and then the gap made by his absence revealed itself. For example, in the good work turned out by the Indian carpenters; evidently this de-

pended on his supervision more than any had supposed, for afterwards it was of a very different quality. On the whole I suppose he was our building expert, and wonderful work he turned out with the limited materials and means at his disposal, but he was modest enough to declare that in the shops at home he would be behind the youngest apprentice.

After some sadly rough travelling and wretched experiences in a native hospital, accompanied by his devoted wife, he finally reached the British hospital in Buenos Aires to die in peace, and I was able to conduct the funeral in the British cemetery. As I led the little procession to the graveside my eye caught sight of the tombstone of the Rev. Thomas Bridges, the famous old missionary who had worked in Tierra del Fuego, who also died in the British hospital, and I thought to myself how strange it was that the one from the Beagle Channel a thousand miles to the bleak Far South, and the other from the sweltering tropical Chaco a thousand miles to the north, should thus lie within a stone's throw of each other, awaiting the Resurrection. William Logan Sanderson's name will live on for years, and his work more than his name, but over and above all that, he has the unique distinction in the Missions of the S.A.M.S. of being followed by his sons. It is usual enough in larger and older societies that children at times should follow their parents in their lifelong devotion, having been brought up in the Mission atmosphere and feeling at home among the people, and assimilating their language as their elders never can (for these reasons, of course, they are splendidly valuable material for future missionaries), but this has never yet happened in Missions of the S.A.M.S. in the Chaco or elsewhere, until William Sanderson bequeathed his widow and three sons to the Mission, thus giving much more than his life.

He was a survival of the old order into the new, or rather a bridge between the two, for he belonged to the present

quite as much as the past, and in his outlook and methods grew with the years; in no way could he be thought of as out of date. However, he has passed away, and with the notable exception of Canon Bevis (of whom more presently), a new generation has taken the place of those old leaders cast in a heroic mould. Hence, as I put it at the beginning of this chapter, these Missions are in an extraordinarily interesting phase. It is a transition period, not only on account of the new generation of missionaries, but the changes in the Indians themselves. Thus our Lengua Indians have dropped their blankets and feathers, and now cut their hair and wear shirts and trousers; and the women no longer care to be half-nude, but clothe themselves. This marks a real advance in knowledge and general capacity. They can hold their own more with the Paraguayans, they have some education and a sense of values; they must be treated as intelligent men. And with the expansion of the original Mission into two other republics and the greater areas covered, there has been a corresponding development of organisation as altered circumstances called for it.

Much, then, clearly depends on the present missionaries, the average man as well as the leader. Of what quality are they? Do their character, status, education, training permit us to be hopeful of them? No question could be more important. Granted that in the last resort all this work is of God, a divine, not a human movement, still (to go back to Mr. Lloyd George's expressive War phrase), it cannot be right to supply Him with C 3 material if it is possible to obtain A 1. The best men ought to come forward if there are any best; the best, I mean, for His high purpose, and such He will surely call, just as He calls leaders of men in times of world crisis (what futile nonsense it is to talk of "training leaders!"). Have we the best men then? Are they coming forward? We speak of A 1 material; that really means good stock, men of sturdy

character, with tradition behind them, not necessarily from the "upper classes," though it must be remembered that it is the general experience that the educated man endures hardship best, just as the University woman will most bravely adapt herself to life in the wilds.

In reply to this question then I should say that the new type of missionaries is a good one; they are immensely in earnest, conscious of a clear call, wholehearted in their decision for Christ and His Church against the world and its ambitions—all that, no doubt, should go without saying—but more than that, and what is most important, I think they are bringing a certain capital with them, they have achieved some success in their calling, trade or profession whatever it may be; they are not failures among men, they have succeeded in their previous life by virtue of their faith and energy, and so they have a contribution to bring with them to the great cause, they do not come empty-handed or seeking only; they have something to give, their own particular contribution of character and attainment by which the fellowship of service is enriched. At least, that is the impression they give me. They are good material, keen and capable, giving their best, themselves and all that they have and are, their spiritual capital, for they have capital, they are not bankrupt—for is not all life and its attainments ultimately spiritual? It is true that they have not the hardships of their predecessors to face; life on the Central Stations at least is now fairly comfortable and civilised; houses are better and standards of living improved. But this after all only corresponds to the higher standards attained everywhere, and should only make for increased efficiency of service. It is no reason for supposing that the newer type of man will be less capable of daring and endurance. And in my judgment the new decentralisation of management by which Paraguayan, Argentine and Bolivian Missions each have their own independent organisation can only make for efficiency. Unity

of policy and action is secured by the twofold bond of loyalty to Society and Bishop, especially as there is a chaplain in charge in each Mission.

And here is my opportunity to say something of the clergy, whom hitherto I have scarcely mentioned. No doubt the Chaco is emphatically and honourably a laymen's Mission, but the clergy nevertheless rightly have the leading place and the laymen work faithfully under them. The clergy therefore were not taken into account when I was speaking of the prospect of the Missions with missionaries of another generation and a new type. But naturally they count first of all, influencing their fellow-workers as they do, as well as the Indian Church. And happily they too give me confidence and hope. Unfortunately they are but three. There is only one ordained priest to each Mission, so that any furlough is temporarily disastrous. But the three represent varieties of connection and standing and experience, all extremely valuable.

There is Canon Bevis first, with his nineteen years' service, carrying on the best traditions of the past into the present, frail of appearance and slight of build but triumphing over every kind of mishap. Thus, he and his wife were driven home by serious tubercular trouble and then, after recovery (for they both happily recovered), he had an ugly smash from a motor cycle, which delayed his return still further, and after his return his mule threw him and kicked him in the stomach, an injury which necessitated an eighty-mile journey of agony to the " Coast " or river in an " express bullock cart " (that means extra relays and changes). But this left no bad result, and he has had plenty of subsequent crises and emergencies to face, which were not his own, as, for example, he had to make a rushed visit first to Asuncion and then to Buenos Aires with a young missionary who had been bitten by a mad dog (he recovered, but had to leave later). He and his wife are one of the Mission's greatest assets, he a pastor and she a teacher, trusted

and loved by all, Mission staff and Indian Christians alike. He has vision and kind judgment, combines loyalty to his Mission with love of his diocese; the Mission Station without him seems a different place. He, then, is a strong factor for good in the present transition stage.

And there is Alfred Tompkins, "our own missionary," supported by the diocese. There could hardly be a more hopeful record than his. Volunteering first as a young layman in Buenos Aires to fill a temporary gap, then loving the work and staying on, then called to the diaconate and priesthood as having proved his capacity, and then marked by common consent, with his excellent knowledge of Spanish and Mataco, to succeed R. J. Hunt, the founder and father of the Mission. As Chaplain in charge of the Argentine Chaco Mission, happily married and settled, he furnishes a stable and constant element in the scene of change. And last, another lovable type, there is Ernest Panter in charge of the furthest outpost, the Izocenian Mission in Bolivia. Ex-Commander of the Royal Navy, of the clean, fearless sailor type, keen evangelist, lover of souls, he too adds to the hope which I believe the future holds.

Fully recognising then the standing difficulties of these Missions, distance, partial inaccessibility, alien civilisation, political unrest, two languages always to be learned, officials to be recognised with good-will, etc., as well as the special difficulties of a period of transition—I still see no reason to be otherwise than resolutely hopeful, on the basis of the factors named; an organisation which better meets the needs of a work which has grown greatly and is still expanding; clergy who are skilled and devoted and capable of leading; and last but not least a new type of younger missionaries who on the whole are fully worthy to follow in the steps of their great predecessors.

My mind goes back to that old song of "the wonderful giants of old" and its humorous lament over the pigmy race of the present, their deplorable baseness and incapacity

and so forth, and then on to the swift turn and cheerful finish:

> But I think all this is a lie, you know,
> I think all this is a lie;
> The hero race may come and go,
> But it doesn't exactly die.

The race of good missionaries is not played out, and those who come after us may well see as fine leaders thrown up from among them, under the Divine Providence, as ever served their generation in the past.

CHAPTER XIII

BRAZIL TO-DAY—PROGRESS AND FAILURE

BRAZIL alone of civilised nations has a motto inscribed upon its national flag, "Order and Progress," so it would be hard if it had not some real progress to show, and I think it has, even if that overburdened word is as much misunderstood here as in other countries. Rio de Janeiro, for example (and it is fair to consider the capital first), is not now merely distinguished by its situation among tumbled majestic mountains on a glorious bay, but, at any rate since the last outbreak of yellow fever, as a model of cleanliness. Its streets are beautifully kept, and the lighting, water supply, management of markets and general sanitation excellent; the roads are well maintained and extended in all directions round the city and the traffic managed by automatic signals. On the whole, the power which modern science has put into man's hands with such astounding liberality has been well used with remarkable results.

True, Rio has not been able to withstand altogether the lure of the skyscraper, and this is the more to be regretted because an odd skyscraper here and there fits into its surroundings with such difficulty; it is apt to be a glaring blot upon the landscape or city's tone and colouring, whereas in New York the masses of skyscrapers together have something of the dignity of a mountain range. It is strange how to many types of the modern mind in this hemisphere skyscrapers are so suggestive and representative of progress that to be altogether without them is simply to lag behind in civilisation. Rio then has fallen victim to this craze, though not to a serious extent, and some few of these skyscrapers have become so mellowed with years,

or it may be climate, as to have become almost assimilated; or, at any rate, they do not stand out so glaringly from their surroundings as they used to do (or is this only that we grow accustomed to things evil?).

But with this exception the marvels effected are surely to the good. It seems an expensive and foolish way of extending a city's area, almost literally to remove mountains and cast them into the sea, as has been done, but the results appear to have justified it. Now there is light and air in place of the narrow and crowded streets where tuberculosis was rampant, and the hopeless-looking tracts of raw earth covered with weed, which defiled the beautiful sea-front, within a marvellously short space of time have been transformed into additional and lovely gardens. I suppose the necessary soil was brought there, and certainly the trees and flowers which would thrive were discovered and planted, and there are perfectly kept grass lawns, all sprayed automatically, together with fountains and statues in the best of taste—it is impossible to withhold a tribute of admiration to such an addition to a city's beauty.

This is to a great extent typical, one of the better signs of the times, the enrichment of the life of the community, a treasure which all who see it can share. But, alas! here comes in commercialism to spoil the achievement, or is it only Latin American degradation? The beauty thus created is promptly spoiled by advertisement. I am aware, of course, that this is not an exclusively South American phenomenon, though we have specially glaring instances of it. I think, for instance, of ugly swamps at Pernambuco transformed into groves and gardens after neatly walling in the river, and then of these same river walls disfigured by large-scale advertisement, or of the hill scenery of Cordoba in Argentina marred by huge advertisements of cigarettes. But nowhere is a more conspicuous instance than in Rio, for the more superb the surroundings, the more degrading seems the advertisement, and here, apart rom the plentiful displays by daylight, the mountains at

night are disfigured by mechanical sky signs of a popular mineral water. To me it seems like the converse of the senselessness of the systematic trench warfare in the Great War—viewed merely as a phenomenon in itself. In the front, all the resources of civilisation employed in destruction; in the rear, all the resources of civilisation doing their utmost to repair it. But there the order was first to smash life, then repair it; here it is first to create beauty, then destroy it. But both are equally senseless, though in very different degrees.

Another new feature in Rio which I am disposed to rank under the head of progress is the colossal statue of Christ on the Corcovado Mountain. Of this I have already written in another connection. Its symbolism is magnificent, and I think we should be able to sympathise with it, even if with our more restrained temperaments we prefer the golden cross " which shines over city and river " from the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Nor does it seriously detract from its significance that, with that curious Latin familiarity which strikes us as so irreverent, within a year or two of its inauguration, not only were the electric bulbs by means of which the statue was illuminated stolen (that is obviously indefensible), but from the first shopkeepers utilised the statue as a means of advertisement, printing cards of it with their names and addresses and calling attention to the boots and shoes or other wares in which they dealt. After all, that is only incidental to the big fact, like a gargoyle in a cathedral or a buffoon in a mediæval Spanish procession.

Other signs of advance, in the capital especially, but in other cities also to a considerable extent, are the greatly improved architecture, though freakish styles are still too common; the excellent hospitals, except that the standard of nursing is far from what it should be; the varied and beautiful trees which line the streets, even on the sea-front; the numerous schools with children in neat uniforms and special buses to collect them, with signals too: " Cau-

tion—School," just as at home; efficient electric traction, buses, taxis, etc. This brings me to the subject of the roads, which in Brazil as in other parts of the world the car has been the means of transforming. In all the centres which I visit (true, they are not very numerous) there has been marvellous improvement, facilities and conveniences undreamed of some years ago. When I first visited Morro Velho, we travelled from the railway to St. John del Rey Company's mine on muleback; there was no other way except ox-cart; now there is a through train with sleeping berths from Rio to Bello Horizonte, the State capital, with a new motor road to the Mine, passing through exquisite scenery. Other well-known and far finer runs are from Santos to São Paulo and Rio to Petropolis. Some years ago I noted that in the Amazon region round Pará, with the exception of one short railway, the only effective means of communication were the waterways, for roads, if cut through the tropical forest, grew up again so rapidly. That is now no longer true; for the sake of the motor-car a fair number of good roads have been constructed, and moreover are maintained—far from a matter of course in Brazil. However, I do not think these roads extend very far.

The commercial depression in Northern Brazil is even worse than elsewhere, and, owing to the diminution of our colony and the impoverishment of the few who are left, the position of our Church in Pará is nothing short of disastrous. Had it not been for the voluntary services of its founder, the Rev. A. M. Moss, who, after devoting eighteen years of his life to it, returned after his retirement to live there, the chaplaincy would have been closed, and Pernambuco, some thousand miles to the south, is struggling to live with very doubtful prospects of pulling through. Another change for the worse is that the Madera-Mamoré Railway, most remote and possibly most romantic railway in the world, has ceased to be in any degree a British concern and has been taken over by the State. It was British-managed and employed much West Indian labour, and

A RESIDENCE IN THE SUBURBS OF PARA.

facing p. 144.

was occasionally visited by the Chaplain of Pará, 1500 miles away. This connection then no longer exists.

On the other hand, the Ford concession represents a very considerable development. An enormous tract of land has been secured and a large stretch cleared and levelled for growing rubber. Moreover, Mr. Ford has acted here with his customary large-heartedness and public spirit. Though new to the rôle of coloniser, he has seen to it that everything is of the best—river-port, roads, hotel, houses, schools, clubs, hospitals, with ample supply of light and water—and he voluntarily pays a higher rate of wage than that prevailing in the district. All this must be greatly to the advantage of a sorely depressed region. Whether this is recognised by the State and Federal Governments concerned is another question, and probably Mr. Ford is experiencing their resourcefulness in administratively fleecing the stranger within their gates. It is too soon as yet to expect any profit from the venture, but the prospect cannot be too promising in view of the South American tendency to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. The Pan-American Airways have greatly reduced their repairing establishment at Pará, I am told, on account of the persistent and vexatious exactions inflicted on them.

Another interesting development in the Amazon region, whether making for ultimate progress or not it is hard to say, is the Japanese concession on one of the northern tributaries. The few river-side dwellers have been dispossessed, and a great territory consisting mostly of virgin forest has been handed over to the company, who are rapidly bringing out settlers. These are taking up the land and clearing it with all the energy and efficiency we have learned to expect of their gifted race; hence soon we may have a Japanese colony in the north corresponding to the growing and flourishing Japanese colonies in the south, but there the São Paulo Government do not permit too many to settle together in one district, not wanting a little Japan in Brazil as they have a little Germany. That

is intelligible enough, but, on the other hand, the Japanese race can hardly be fused suitably with Southern European stock. Nor do the Japanese wish to be thus absorbed. So the outlook for the future is not very clear.

Here, as fitting in regionally, I mention two incidents which are by no means characteristic of progress. In a revolution, or rebellion of troops, which broke out at Pernambuco, our English church was badly damaged. It was occupied as a firing post by loyalists, I think, who consequently drew the enemy's concentrated fire. This was all the more deplorable as the church had only recently been restored and beautified as never before in its history. So application was officially made for compensation. But this was refused by the Federal Government who are responsible for the army, on the strange ground (the reply came through a lawyer) that had it not suffered this damage, incurred in suppressing the revolution, it would have suffered incomparably greater damage if the revolution had succeeded!

In South America it is the excellent law, as it seems to me, that all original documents are retained in municipal or official archives, certified copies only being held by those interested, so that if a contract or title-deed be lost, another copy can easily be obtained by application and payment of a fee. At Bahia, then, so chaotic had been the state of Government that more than once the archives had all been destroyed by fire. This was brought to my notice by the fact that the deed of gift of a church site had been lost and it was desired to obtain another copy. It was then pointed out to me that it would be useless to apply. However, the strange sequel was that a few months afterwards the missing document was discovered by pure accident among a mass of documents which were being searched for quite another purpose in a private house. It seems that at the time of the fire the documents were carried there for safety and then forgotten.

Of all strange gatherings in which I have taken part,

few, if any, could compare with an evening meeting at which I was asked to take the chair, in the old pavilion of the Rio Cricket Club at Nictheroy. The object of the meeting was to hear a lecture by a "white" Russian refugee of whom at that time there were a score or so settled in Rio. The lecture was in English and tickets were sold for it among the resident British community, to raise a small fund, in as tactful and unobtrusive a manner as possible, in aid of this distressed *émigré*, whose wife had developed tubercular trouble—not surprising after what she had been through—and needed to be repatriated on doctor's orders, if not to Russia, to one of the contiguous new States on the Baltic. The Chaplain had interested himself in these gentlefolk who had come to the last of their small resources, though there was nothing they could not turn their hand to to make a living, and the lecture was mainly the result of his efforts. There was quite a good attendance, but the marvel was this, that here were we British folk in a foreign land, comfortably gathered together after dinner in the lightest of clothing on a typical Brazilian summer night in a building all open as it should be to such breeze as there was, to hear a lecture in our own language from one who had only learned English for a fortnight, and that for the express purpose of this lecture! It was truly a marvellous feat.

By all rules or probabilities he should have been unintelligible, but so far from this, he was perfectly understood. For I made it my business to inquire rather particularly after the lecture. For myself, I did not hear too well, being at his side, or even somewhat behind him, as he spoke from the platform, but those in front said they did not miss a word. He spoke well and would have spoken better had he had some English-speaking person to coach him. Thus, I remember he pronounced "parliament" as it is spelt, in four syllables. But his mispronunciations were not numerous. And as to the matter of his lecture, no doubt he might have made this much more interesting had

he grasped that what we wanted to hear was not a political sketch of Russia with its previous revolutionary efforts, of which we did know a little, but his personal experiences in the reign of terror from which he had escaped. He dwelt comparatively little on these; however, what he did tell us was of quite thrilling interest, as far as I could judge of it, from what I heard and had confirmed by others.

Two incidents remain with me, having survived the lapse of time; the first that when the White army in the south was broken, he was captured and put up with others to be shot, and shot he was and left for dead, but, as he wore a mail shirt or armour of some kind under his tunic, the bullets were partly deflected and he was only wounded or stunned, and so escaped. The second did not happen to him, and it is difficult to suppose he could have witnessed it, but on account of its horror it has left a clearer impression on my mind. As the shortest way of disposing of so many corpses, or possibly they murdered them in this way, they threw people into the Black Sea with stones tied to their feet. It so happened that for some reason a diver had to go down to search for something they wished to recover, and inadvertently he lit upon one of these places. He had no sooner descended than sharp tugs warned them that they must raise him again. And the reason was that he could not face the groups of corpses who looked as if they were standing on the bottom or a few feet from it, their faces half eaten away by fish or decayed, and presenting every aspect of horror. Nor could he be persuaded to go down again. No doubt the usual vote of thanks was passed to the lecturer. One wonders how our conventional proceedings struck a man who had recently emerged from the jaws of hell, as he had done. But it was an experience which deserves to be remembered—the man and his sufferings and the marvellous versatility by which he was able to communicate with us—to be able to deliver an English lecture intelligibly after a fortnight's study—all contrasted with our circumstances of comfort! The result, however,

was satisfactory in drawing out sympathy and practical help, and our Russian friend and his wife reached their home again, or what was left of it.

Another memory of Nictheroy which, if not so remarkable in itself, as it certainly is not, still does mark progress, is one of the first services I held there in the Western Telegraph Company's quarters, with, of course, the Superintendent's permission and kind encouragement. Now, as an outcome of the Centenary, we have our beautiful little Church of All Saints well equipped and maintained, and reminiscent of the best traditions of home, but then on that side of the bay no work was being done by the church; it was thought enough to provide services for the few who appreciated them in the church at Rio. At that time, and indeed for long afterwards, the Company maintained a large staff, so a congregation was assured on the spot to begin with, for most of the men regarded it as an obligation to attend. For this element of moral compulsion (for it amounted to that) I was sorry, but as the service was only once a year at most, the objection did not seem serious, and indeed the good I hoped would surely outweigh this small attendant evil.

However, the service was by no means only for the men; resident English families and others were invited too, and formed, I should think, quite half the congregation. The service started happily enough in the dining hall specially arranged for the purpose after dinner, but about half-way through, if I remember right, a terrific thunderstorm burst with deluges of rain; the electric light went out, windows had to be shut, and a few emergency lamps and candles brought in—all of which, as may be easily understood, was a little disturbing; but we easily survive disturbances in South America, and the service was brought to its appointed end without any appreciable loss. But then the real difficulty began, for our people had to be got back to their homes. The trams were standing still, for the failure of current paralysed them too; cars and coaches were few in

those days, and what made matters worse was that the roads were "up" in many places for the laying of drain-pipes, and as the streets were mostly under water no one could see where the holes were, and cars were stuck in them, and as often as not blocked the way. Here then were piled up elements of trouble. However, after a time the rain ceased, which was something to the good, but I am not sure that the trams ran again until quite late. The outstanding picture in my mind is that of tall young Telegraph men in shorts or trousers rolled up wading about the streets barefooted, warning the cars off the dangerous spots, helping others in difficulty, and seeing that the ladies reached home. All that was not exactly in the bond, when their dining hall was lent for service, but they rose to the occasion valiantly, and my gratitude at any rate endures across the years. The Chaplain and I reached our home in Rio somewhere about midnight, marvellously dry, and I did not hear of anyone taking any harm from the experience of that night, though I can hardly suppose all were as fortunate as we were.

But to come back to the present, writing as I am in the midst of civil strife, the steamer on which I am travelling carrying a crowd of Northern recruits to fight the rebel South, it is difficult indeed to speak of progress. Poor fellows—half-breeds from the tropics, I fear they will die like flies on the cold rainy hills of São Paulo. This civil war is a miserable business which can only land the country in worse bitterness and poverty, whichever side may win. To São Paulo, the powerful state of the South, belongs the guilt of beginning the war, though it may well be that their cause is a good one. Our British community domiciled among them certainly thinks so, and sympathises profoundly, but our people elsewhere side with the Government and condemn them. Anyhow, it is São Paulo against the rest of Brazil, and however good their cause may be, it seems to me that they have put themselves hopelessly in the wrong by taking up arms. And it is sad to see a

nation ruining itself by civil war. The result can only be to make the bad conditions now prevailing worse, and that means that our commercial communities will find it more difficult than ever to hold their own. Brazil remains one of the finest countries in the world, of great resources and interest, and in many parts of marvellous beauty, and given a virile, wholesome population its opportunities are boundless. But, alas! it scarcely rises to its motto of "Order and Progress." Its order too often breaks down, and failure dogs the heels of progress. It would be hard to strike the balance between the two. Anyhow, the motto is far from being as characteristic as it should be.

NOTE

SHORTLY after the above was written peace was concluded by the surrender of São Paulo.

CHAPTER XIV

BRAZILIAN TRAVEL—PAST AND PRESENT

SITTING peacefully in the deserted smoke-room of a well-equipped Brazilian steamer only a year ago in comparative cool and comfort as a strong breeze churned the curiously patchy cobalt sea into white water and haze, I thought over the difficulties and unpleasantnesses of travel in those regions in the past. From Pernambuco to the Plate there was always a fair service of European mail steamers, even better than now, but round the elbow of the continent, so to speak, *i.e.* from Pernambuco to the Amazon, roughly a distance of a thousand miles, we were dependent only on the Brazilian Lloyd, and the ways of this company were wonderful and not always pleasant. Indeed I should think "graft" would reach its highest possible point with them.

The Company had a monopoly of the large and presumably lucrative coast trade, and I believe enjoyed a Government subsidy into the bargain, yet vast sums were lost annually. The evil was recognised and reform was attempted from time to time, but never seriously. Too many people, important people too, throve on the mismanagement. Capable and honest men could not be secured as managers, for they knew too well that assassination sooner or later would be a certainty. And so things drifted on. Now and then a ship was lost (they were mostly good ships too, British built), but there was seldom any loss of life; there was unpunctuality and lack of order, but Brazilians are good-natured folk and on the whole passengers did not fare so badly. However, the difficulty was to be a passenger, as I shall explain.

It was still in the days of the rubber boom, and travellers

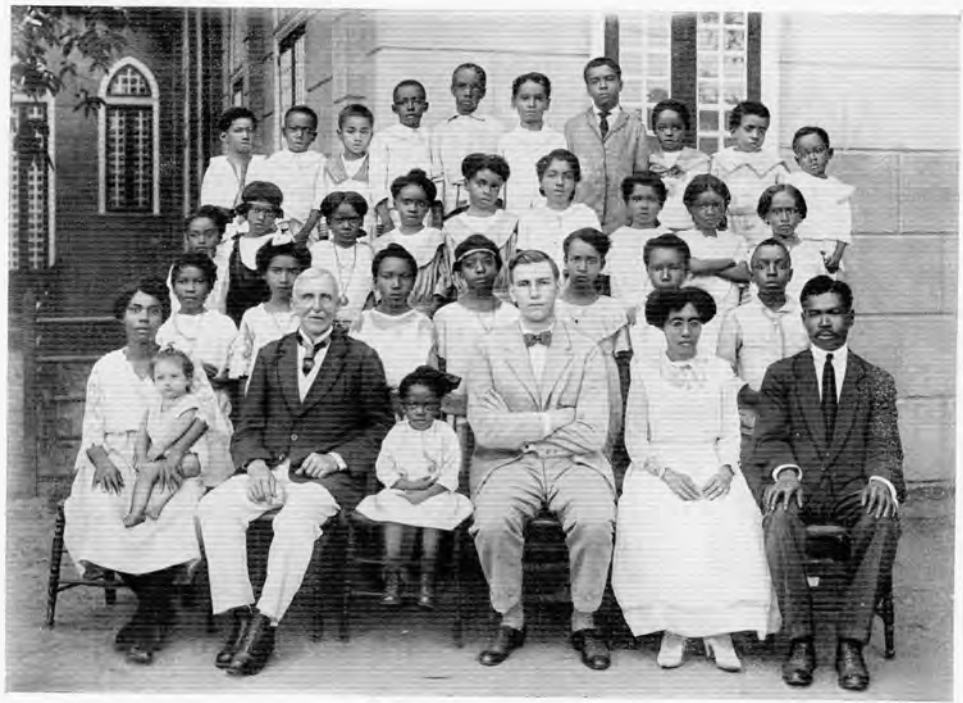
were numerous and ships overcrowded. Nor would the agents issue any passages until the ship was actually in port. And then it was only too likely a passage would be refused. Imagine the inconvenience of this. It used to make me desperate to think that my whole programme might be dislocated. And British in responsible positions, who could usually secure a certain amount of consideration in such matters, were powerless to help here. Their prestige counted as nothing. However, there was a way, as you shall hear. And this is how I secured a passage.

My friend, the manager of one of the British banks, a kindly but masterful Scot, had under him a porter, not one of those sturdy Gallegos to whom we are accustomed in the South, but rather an undersized and weedy-looking Brazilian (I seem to see him now almost cringing before his august master). Well, he, it seems, had some " pull " on the great National Shipping Company, and he was summoned into the manager's private office, and there I was handed over to his charge. In complete dependence I accompanied him to the ship. Once there he appeared to be quite a different person of some authority. He knew everyone, went everywhere, and apparently did what he liked, not officially or unpleasantly, but with an accompaniment of general good-will. I was taken to the captain's cabin and introduced, and the introduction included, I remember, his lady friends who were present, but as I did not speak the language that did not help me much. However, the outcome of all this was that I was permitted to book a passage (without cabin) and furnished with a note of introduction to the stewards, as I suppose, who would allot me a berth later. For the position appeared to be this, that the agents were far from being in entire control of the passages, but a certain number were habitually reserved by officials on board the ship and dispensed by them. And so I was saved from the wretchedness of being left behind in a place where I had nothing more to do, while there was work in plenty awaiting me ahead.

As to that particular voyage my memory is not quite clear, but I think it was then that I found myself in a spacious cabin, well below the water-line, with five companions. It did not seem too bad when I turned in early. But never again! Not only were all the other berths occupied, by more or less coloured folk too; but a sixth particularly dusky citizen came and curled himself up on the top of one of the cabin trunks which occupied the central floor space. To this day I have never been able to understand why, for a cabin trunk is a decidedly hard and unpleasant thing to lie on; so I can only suppose his ambition was to add to the appalling heat and density of the air we were breathing. But be that as it may, for the rest of that week's voyage I could not face that cabin again, and sought a bench instead in the saloon or gangway or on deck. Nor was that easily secured. The spare benches everywhere seemed occupied, and on deck—well, people spat about rather freely in those days, and from that point of view it was none too safe (it is only fair to say that there are much higher standards of conduct now). But happily time passes, and the most weary voyage comes to an end, and there is always the solace of a good book, together with other resources.

Again, it may be appropriate to mention now, the days are past when the one bathroom on board was occupied by the captain's fowls or plants, and anyone who wished to make use of it for its proper purpose was regarded as an intruder. I remember one occasion when I had secured the chance of a bath and the steward was putting things to rights. I called his attention to the undesirable presence of a vast cockroach (they really are enormous and fly withal), and he, rather amused by my dislike of such company, smilingly caught it with his *toes* and put it outside. We lose something in the onward march of our civilisation.

And the noise and the crowds! Brazilians usually have large families with corresponding retinues of dusky servants. (By the way, how much better gold ornaments look against



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, PARA.

GROUP OF WEST INDIANS.

facing p. 155.

a dusky skin than a white one.) These servants are quiet and well behaved enough themselves, but they let their charges do what they like, and what they mostly like is to shout and scream at the top of their voices.

I remember once the phenomenon of a quiet child, and so improper did this seem to the nurse that she stimulated him with such appeals as "Where is papa?" (whom presumably the poor little thing had conveniently forgotten) till he too was wailing and crying with the rest. I have still in my mind the picture of a fine saloon crowded with men, women and children even to the open stairways, and nobody but myself conscious of the deafening uproar. There was one poor fellow who looked as if he was in the last stage of consumption, but he appeared quite untroubled. I hope I did not show my feelings, but it is difficult to realise sometimes that we are all of one flesh and blood.

And yet another much more interesting scene stands out in my mind (I have mentioned it before, but only briefly). It was at Ceara, the worst surf port on the coast. The interior of this State is visited from time to time with years of terrific drought, and then there is nothing for it but for the inhabitants to migrate to where they can obtain a living. The rubber boom was then in full swing, so their presence was welcome on the Amazon, and to the Amazon they went in crowds. The ship by which I was travelling was to take a number of them. She lay like a log there in the surf while scores of boats pitched and tossed on the heaving waters, attached by lines and cross-lines to the one gangway, and occupying among them quite a large sea space, each boat crowded with families and their worldly possessions, including generally a baby and a parrot, the latter sitting serenely on the perch of its tiny stand as though quite at home. What a pandemonium it seemed as viewed from the deck of the steamer—the babel of the boatmen, the competition for the gangway, the ropes of the outlying boats which might so easily sweep off the unwary into the sea! But things were by no means what they

seemed, and as I watched, I was filled with admiration for the boatmen and the passengers' coolness and courage. The boatmen knew their business and steadily got through their work. Order was gradually, if slowly, evolved out of the chaos, and without a single mishap all were in course of time transferred from boats to steamer. There was mutual help and good-will throughout, the greatest care being taken with the women and children. True, sometimes a small child was passed from boat to boat across the water through a dozen hands, but they behaved as though they were used to it all their lives, and there was no worse consequence than the loss of an odd shoe, and a parrot would protest with screeches, flapping its wings. And so the work ended, and the boats melted away to the shore, and silence fell on the scene, and the ship pulled out for the Equator with the customary three "toots" of farewell.

Another minor and quaint reminiscence. At a port in Northern Brazil some years ago, the usual crowd came on board when the steamer called, and invaded the saloon. I took no particular notice of them, but a damsel in her 'teens detached herself from the party (when girlhood was uncropped it was easier to reckon age), planted herself in front of me, and gravely presented me with an artificial flower. Not knowing what else to do, I took it and said "thank you," but nothing further happened. She remained. I looked at her and she looked at me. Then a voluble youth came forward, possessed apparently of most of the civilised languages, and after ascertaining which I spoke, explained that she was collecting for a charity and I gave her what I liked! So not being ungracious enough to return the flower, I am afraid I made an unwilling offering, not on a large scale. Thus may the innocent traveller be fleeced.

In those days one of the attractions on board a passing steamer was undoubtedly the piano, and obviously visitors would play on it more for their own pleasure than that of

the unfortunate passengers. But with gramophones and wireless this particular nuisance has ceased. Not but what worse has replaced it. Popular taste being what it is, we have inferior music and more constant noise. And often passengers bring their own gramophones with them, so that it is all the more difficult ever to be quiet. However, as I have noted, this is not generally recognised as an evil, and I am afraid this " peaceful voyage " was mostly due to the small number of travellers on account of the intense commercial depression. Yet on the whole the conditions of travel on the coast have wonderfully improved. There are more steamers of greater size and quite creditably managed. " Order and progress " are quite recognisable here.

CHAPTER XV

PATAGONIA, TIERRA DEL FUEGO AND THE FALKLANDS

DURING the earlier years of the Great War, after the Battle of the Falklands, when the Pacific mail steamers were still running through the Straits, though the Panama Canal had already been opened, I was travelling by a Pacific liner from Montevideo in such exceptional and bitter cold, as it really was, that a cheery young New Zealander who was a fellow-passenger told me he had been asking the captain whether he had lost his way by any chance and had gone down to the Antarctic to look for Shackleton (who at that time had disappeared there). When we arrived at the Falklands a day or two later, what was our amazement to learn that Shackleton had also arrived there only the day before, and I complimented my New Zealand friend on his prophetic powers—the jest really was extraordinarily appropriate.

And so it happened that I was at Shackleton's first lecture, which was also the first given in the still unfinished new town hall of Stanley. How cold it was; the snow was thick on the ground outside, and there was as yet no heating apparatus! But such was the enthralling interest of the lecture that the cold was soon forgotten. He told us of his leaving his shipwrecked men in some sort of winter quarters on Elephant Island; and then, as the best chance of getting relief for them, himself and two others making that stupendous voyage—of 600 miles, was it?—in a whaleboat (I saw it afterwards, covered with London smuts on the roof of Selfridge's), and striking the wrong side of South Georgia; and then, though it was a feat never attempted before, crossing the snow-covered mountains,

with the help of poles and ice axes, in some thirty-six hours, taking this in his stride, as it were, as a thing nothing to be accounted of; he let each of his men sleep for ten minutes but went without sleep himself; and then (I write merely from memory) sliding and falling somehow through the snow to the coast the other side, and finding one of the Norwegian whaling stations; and how the children at first ran away in terror at their blackened hairy faces, and how the first question they asked was, " When was the war over? " (Judged by the four years it lasted, it had then barely begun.)

As a fellow-guest at Government House I thought him extraordinarily considerate and kindly in telling us what we wanted to know, while consumed with anxiety as to how to secure some means of rescuing his men. As a matter of fact it was many a long week before the little Chilian *Yelcho* succeeded in releasing and carrying them off. I just missed seeing the welcoming crowds at Valparaiso, and indeed never met him again except once, lecturing in London in order honestly to pay his debts. And how kind and patient he was as a lecturer; though hardly able to speak for cold, he never showed a sign of being bored with the same monotonous experiences of his audience and the same foolish questions. Peace be with him. He belongs to us, in a sense, in this diocese, for it was from our church in Montevideo, in sweltering hot weather, after a Memorial Service had been held by our Chaplain, that with all possible honour his body was carried on board the ordinary tramp steamer which was to take it to its last resting-place in the bleak Antarctic which he loved.

That visit of mine to the Falklands lasted about three days—and it may be imagined it was not easy for me to secure the interest in the services which I should have liked in view of the superior attraction of Shackleton—but my next and last was for three months. Imagine the tragedy of that for me—not that I had anything but affec-

tion for the Falklands and its people, indeed it had always been my regret that I had been able to spend so little time there—but during the War I had taken over again the charge of the West Coast diocese in addition to my own, and here I was, with nearly a whole continent to travel over, shut up for three months in these remote islands. There is always a chance of getting away from remote spots of the mainland by train, steamer, car, horse, mule or even on foot, but here we were absolutely dependent on such steamers as H.M. Government might send, for the Pacific mail steamers had suddenly ceased to run. That which brought me was the last. However, except for the disturbing consciousness that I ought to be somewhere else, I had no reason to be discontented with my lot, especially in the opportunity which I now had of visiting the West Falklands, of which more presently. I did not know at the time how long my banishment would be, and there were others besides myself who were overdue to leave the Islands, but at last news came by wireless of the despatch of a steamer, and in due time she came, a Pacific chartered cargo boat, thirty-nine days out from Lamlash, having followed her appointed course and not having sighted anything all that time! How glad I was, when I met the captain on his way up to Government House to pay his respects, to see a smile come over his face, for it seemed we were old acquaintances and I thought there was a better chance of my occupying one of the four spare berths he had for passengers. And in fact I did leave with him a few days later.

But that was after three months, and meanwhile it was for me to turn my compulsory long visit to the best advantage, and this I think I did, thanks to the excellent clergy of those days, the inter-insular steamer the little *Falkland*, and the unvarying kindness of the sheep farmers and managers in providing hospitality and horses—there was nothing they would not do to help. Hence I am able to look back upon that time with gratitude, as giving me a

lasting inside experience of Falkland Islands life such as I could not have had otherwise. For, after the remoteness and isolation of life in the camps (for they keep up many of the Spanish terms in the Falklands), even though I was travelling from farm to farm for several weeks, not anchored to one spot as they were, I really could look upon Stanley much in the same way as they did, *i.e.* as a big busy " Settlement." So different was it riding in over the hills and seeing the neat rows of red-roofed houses and gardens nestling below with the Cathedral in the midst, after some weeks' absence, and coming in by the mail steamer into the all but landlocked harbour, fresh from the great cities on the mainland. Then it seemed like an old-world village in some remote Norwegian fiord; now it was quite an important centre.

The farms are nearly all situated on some sheltered creek (the Islands are indented with them everywhere) for the sake of shipping the wool, and East and West are separated by a dangerous strait through which the tide races. So the approach to the West had to be by sea only; otherwise journeys can always be made on horseback. The land in the West Falklands is generally firmer than in the East and so better for travelling, but nearly everywhere the farms depend upon the peat-beds for their fuel; and those good turf fires are one of the delights of staying at managers' houses and shepherds' cottages alike. Accompanied by the Assistant Chaplain I was able to visit the farms both West and East with few exceptions, but did not attempt the small outlying islands, which are only to be reached by cutter, for I dared not risk being weatherbound. Impressions of details have largely faded, and the bare facts and figures of my diary now suggest nothing at all. The prevalent picture in my mind, however, is one of wide rolling spaces of desolate coarse grass, but broken pleasantly by hills and rocky inlets, of deep blue sea, lagoons unfringed by reeds, rough horses, wind and rain, sheep and wild geese, with only an occasional red-roofed cottage.

But the settlements or stations, with their groups of buildings, sheds, paddocks, etc., were always pleasing centres, and I have grateful memories of many a happy service in drawing-room or men's cook-house, with occasional dedications of local cemeteries, and baptisms in shepherds' houses perhaps several hours' ride distant (this when the Chaplain was not with me). I remember one occasion which specially impressed me. A shepherd took me to his home that I might baptise the latest addition to his already big family of boys. We found his wife doing the week's washing in the kitchen, neatly dressed, and at the same time supervising the boys doing their lessons as they sat in another part of the not too roomy kitchen. There was no trace of disorder or untidiness anywhere, and a little under the circumstances would surely have been excusable. It may easily be imagined that arrangements were soon made for the reverent administration of the sacrament. That mother had never been out of the West Falklands, so finely can standards of life and conduct be maintained in a remote British colony! After tea I went out with two of the boys to get a glimpse of a sea lion they had seen on the beach close by, but he had been disobliging enough to disappear. Communicants, alas! were very few everywhere; I suppose for lack of opportunity of confirmation and instruction. There seemed to be no tradition of its obligation for Christians and spiritual helpfulness.

A curiosity I remember at one of the farms was a quarry of natural York flagging; the soft shale could be detached in convenient slabs with a minimum of working, and hardened steadily with exposure to the weather; what a convenience if it had been near some town! and as it was, considerable use of it was made to provide dry paths round house and settlement. Before leaving the Falklands, I may note one of the most delightful official communications of which I ever heard—this was told me by the Governor and forwarded by him, I presume, to the Admiralty—a report

by the local lighthouse keeper, who was quite a friend in those days, on the new light which had been provided: "Gentlemen, She is a beauty. I am, Gentlemen, Your obedient servant, J. P. . . ."

I have seen the ocean between the Falklands and the Straits as calm as a mill-pond, the blue surface enlivened with thousands of sea-birds, whose movements under such circumstances it was a delight to watch; and also (I suppose some time after a storm) such a mass of mountainous seas rolling up from the South Pacific, that the Pacific mail steamer seemed to stand on end as she climbed them and to descend into an abyss when she went down the other side. So it was easy to understand how in old days the sailing ships would lose the breeze altogether in the trough of those mighty seas.

Twice did I make voyages through the channels of Tierra del Fuego for the sake of visiting the remnant of the famous old Mission of the S.A.M.S. in its dying days. It was like treading in the steps of heroes and martyrs, but it was a pathetic present in view of those past achievements, though the missionary deserves all honour who devoted so many years of his life to this work which had no hope or promise. There was no regular communication, and I had just to take such chances as I could get. Thus my first visit was for a matter of hours only, while the captain of the Argentine transport lay off and kindly waited, for the visit was fitted in with a number of other calls entirely for my sake; while my second (the Mission had been moved to another place by then) was for nine days. I was dropped off on a stormy night, I remember, into a boat manned by our Indians, and hospitable as the missionary was, it seemed as if that little *Oreste* would never come back. To make that first visit cost me thirteen days, several of which were spent at Ushuaia, the scene of the Mission's former glory, and now a picturesque and desolate convict station—the convicts I am told never attempt to escape, for they know too well that they would

only starve if they did; there is no life in the forests there. And besides the history, there was all the beauty of the Beagle Channel as an attraction with its wooded mountains and glaciers dropping down into the sea. Moreover, there I had the distinction of being the only visitor to Harberton—the home of the Bridges of missionary fame—who had ever arrived by land.

It happened in this way. We had tied up for the day at a sawmill only seven or eight miles from Harberton, but there was no road or overland communication, and I was deploring the fact to a mining engineer who was my cabin companion, and he said then he was a bushman, hailing from New Zealand, and he thought he could find his way, if I cared to try. I did care, and we got hold of a sandwich or two and went off together, and sure enough, he found his way, judging, I think, by the slope of the land and the wind in the tree-tops, for in the forest we were well out of sight of the channel. How surprised they were at the callers coming to the front door, as in civilised lands. The family have moved to the north of the island now, but the old home greatly impressed me both with its beautiful situation and neatness; thus, stumps had been removed from the paddock and the soft tracks round the house carefully corduroyed. Neatness is a rare quality to find in the rough settlements of new lands.

It was some years after when I made my second visit, and meanwhile the Mission had been moved from its wet boggy site at Tekenika in the Murray Narrows to the better land and superior fishing facilities of Douglas River on Navarin Island, which was then uninhabited. And here again it was no case of going there and back. It was a little mining craft on which I travelled in the days of the gold boom, and the captain had all sorts of interests of his own to attend to; moreover, at first he did not want to take me at all, and was only persuaded to do so by the Chaplain of Sandy Point, who was an old friend, and as a former missionary knew the channels almost as well as he

did. Certainly the accommodation and company were rough, but what else was to be expected? We used to tie up occasionally to cut firewood for the engine, for that was the fuel used, and at times the tiny steamer was stationary for hours together, such was the force of wind and waves; we seemed to be threshing through them most satisfactorily, until one fixed one's eye on some point on the shore, and then, alas! it became evident we were not moving at all. However, the squalls would often die down as quickly as they arose.

A scene in the little cabin stands out in my mind which I often used to quote by way of illustration. It was in the days of the mining boom, as I have said, when the rivers were being dredged for gold, and a number of individual miners were also at work; the company were taking shelter in the cabin from the weather, and one of them produced a little bag of nuggets and dust, and held it up for inspection; there was a momentary pause of interest and admiration, and then someone remarked, as voicing the universal conviction, with something like awe and reverence, "El rey del mundo. Es el rey del mundo." (Ah, there is the real king of this world.) I suppose it was the strange surroundings, together with the conviction that so far from being the truth it was the positive opposite and negation of it, which fixed the phrase and incident in my memory.

To return to the new Mission Station. Certainly its situation was pleasant enough, indeed the scenery was beautiful when the weather was fine enough to enjoy it, which did not seem to be very often; I know I found myself marvelling at the missionary's children paddling about happily on the cold, rain-sodden turf outside, while I sat shivering, piling firewood on the stove in the draughty, recently moved frame-work house. Nor were these poor Yahgan Indians attractive. It is true they appreciated the missionary's care and kindness, and responded to some extent to his message, but it was not as in the Chaco, where there was real understanding of the Indian's language and

mentality; here he had to feel his way, as it were, largely through the medium of English, and they were furtive and of doubtful honesty to the end. Naturally, shepherding a dying remnant cannot be an inspiring work, and a few days' visit would have been ample for me to do the little which lay in my power.

Then again, on fine days, interesting as the country was, with so much in the trees and shrubs and plant life which was new to me, we dare not wander far in case the *Oreste* came back and we should miss her. And the only time we made the venture, we thought for one appalling moment that we were caught, and that this very thing had happened. Weary of doing nothing after about a week, the missionary had gathered his crew of Yahgans and taken me in his strong seagoing boat to visit a beautiful creek at some distance, when the whistle of a steamer sounded. The Indians said it was not the whistle of the *Oreste*, and it turned out they were quite right, for we hurried back to find a tiny Chilian despatch boat come to take the Government census. Navarin Island was in Chile, and she was touring round the channels and islands, collecting information of the few scattered inhabitants, wherever such were known to be; and so we found ourselves, *i.e.* the missionary's family and myself, together with the remnant of the Yahgans (whose names caused considerable difficulty, not unmixed with amusement, to the courteous Chilian official), duly inscribed among the citizens of the Republic of Chile. A day or two after the *Oreste* called, and my anxieties were at an end.

As I pass on now to Patagonian memories, it will be apparent to my readers that I seem to be dealing with the subjects of this chapter, " Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego and the Falklands," in inverse order, but really that was the order of my experience, in point of time the last geographically did come first. On looking back I realise how scrappy, so to speak, my knowledge of people and places in the South was bound to be. For in earlier years it was only possible

CHURCH HOUSE, CHUBUT.

MONUMENT TO WELSHMEN KILLED BY INDIANS.

ST. DAVID'S CHURCH, UPPER VALLEY, CHUBUT.

facing p. 166.

to touch the work at certain isolated points, the only communication being by sea; and naturally the Falkland Islands, the centre of the diocese, with its little Cathedral and all British, if small, population came first, and Tierra del Fuego, as still the scene of one of the S.A.M.S. Missions, had a special claim; besides, through Keppel Island, the *Allen Gardiner* Mission ship, and in other ways, there were definite links between the Fuegian Mission and the Falklands.

The greater part of Patagonia was necessarily a blank to me, the only points at which I touched it being the Welsh Valley in Chubut, accessible only via Port Madryn, and Sandy Point; and both called for separate voyages except when there happened to be a connecting Pacific cargo steamer. It is only of recent years that the gaps have been filled in, and my experience unified, by the coming of the car with the constant improvement of the tracks. So in the order of my experience, Patagonia, viewed as the whole vast region reaching from the Rio Negro to the Straits, comes last. I remember how strange it seemed the first time I went to Punta Arenas overland by car, to look down from the coast on the familiar "narrows" through which I had so often passed on board the Pacific steamers. And then, when as yet there was little traffic, one hardly knew where one crossed the frontier, there were no police or customs; now there are no less than three police posts, Argentine and Chilian, on either side. What the precise use is of there being so many it is difficult to see, for assuredly criminals or smugglers would hardly pass on the one well-marked route.

Now, however, for some years past during the months of January and February, with our excellent schoolmaster and lay reader of Trelew acting as chauffeur, I have made roughly a three-thousand miles tour from north to south and east to west, and it is an immense advantage, especially since he has acquired experience and a knowledge of the country, to be able to plan and carry out a tour over the whole area in its immensity and variety, the great English

Companies' sheep farms, the Welsh settlers' extension from the original valley to the Andes, the oil-fields, the coast towns, the individual "estancias," mostly Scotch owned or managed, up to the Chilian frontier, where now the diocesan jurisdiction ends. That is our final development since acquiring a car, and a great improvement upon my first plan, necessary enough in its time, of utilising the coast service of steamers as a foundation, and arranging with friends to run me from one place to another in between the sailings, as opportunity offered. That they were willing and kindly goes without saying, but the ability was not always there, and the anxiety of not being able to keep an engagement ahead was sometimes very great, not to mention the possibility of being left for days together in some dreary coast town with nothing to do. Hence the gain in time and independence of having a car was real indeed.

Travellers in Patagonia must know the way for themselves, for I have noticed that those who can give clear and accurate directions are very few. They know the track themselves instinctively, as they become familiar with it, but cannot pass on their knowledge to others. This has often struck me as curious, and it is true that distances are very great and in some parts tracks change, and a side track where the wool has been recently carted sometimes comes to have the appearance of a main track, but I think the principal reason is lack of imagination; not having a clear mental picture they cannot describe it. However, one soon learns by experience, and it constantly becomes easier as the old winding tracks are done away with, and long straight roads to the horizon and beyond are cut in their place, with occasional notice boards where there is a cross road or parting of the ways, though often enough these are shot down and destroyed out of pure mischief or thoughtlessness, as is the native way.

By the coast the scenery is often, though by no means always, tame and monotonous; the nearer to the Cordillera the finer it is; and the Andes themselves are magnificent

A PATAGONIAN GARDEN.

THE ESTANCIA HOUSE ON AN ENGLISH SHEEP FARM, PATAGONIA.

facing p. 168.

always, and especially is this true of the southern ranges by Lago Argentino, which are a veritable dream of grandeur and beauty. The straight roads referred to give the impression of reaching out into infinity as they rise and fall over the endless pampa; and the track is good or bad according to the hard or soft nature of the surface, sometimes as good as a perfectly made road, at others of quite indescribable badness. The old-time hospitality of the Argentine Provinces (now necessarily diminished by easy means of communication and other standards of living) survives in full force in Patagonia. The British there have many failings no doubt, but they are certainly amazingly hospitable and friendly. Besides, by this time we are welcomed as old friends.

I dislike statistics, but some figures are necessary to show the volume of work which it takes two months of time with three thousand miles of travel to accomplish, and it seems little enough—thirteen celebrations of Holy Communion with a hundred and eight communicants; nine administrations of Holy Baptism with fifteen baptised, including three adults; Confirmation administered five times and fourteen persons confirmed; one wedding, and Morning and Evening Prayer held sixteen times with congregations varying from over a hundred (on only two occasions) to as few as half a dozen.

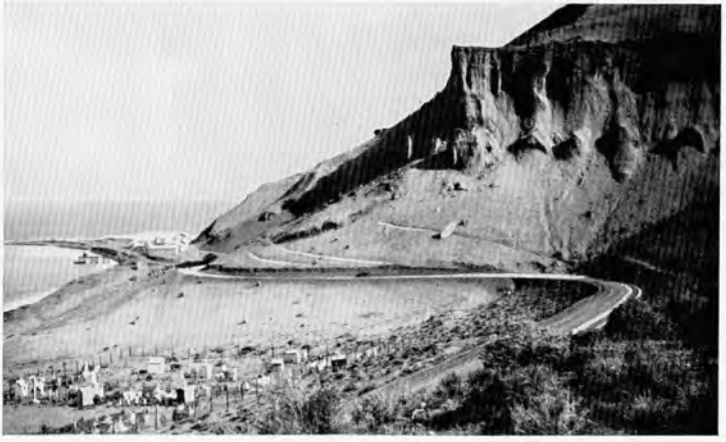
And these services were held in our own two small churches and schoolroom, in Welsh and Dutch Reformed chapels, and in clubs, hotels and rooms in private houses, usually prepared in as church-like form and order as possible—a point which I find always appreciated—perhaps because there is nothing whatever in their ordinary lives to remind our people of spiritual realities. I suppose the tendency of life in all remote places on the fringes of civilisation is towards sheer materialism. However, behind these figures and details, and this is what really matters, I have the steady picture or memory of little companies everywhere gathered together in His Name, with sacred

opportunities of ministering the Word and Sacraments, often gratefully accepted and recognised as the food of the soul they are intended to be. And for many it is only once a year the chance comes to them. To my mind no work is more well worth doing than this.

As may readily be imagined, it is by no means easy to plan out such a tour profitably, not to lose time, and spend Sundays at places where most people can be gathered together. There are only two events which draw in people far and wide from the "estancias" to the towns—rural shows and weddings. The latter, naturally, one is bound to utilise, *i.e.* if the Church's Benediction of the civil ceremony is desired, as it usually is. Yet it is apt to be a late and sleepy congregation which assembles after the Saturday night's festivities. But I am frankly dubious as to whether it is wise that the visit for Church services should coincide with Show Week. It is the sheep-farmers' only opportunity in the year to meet their friends, and wives and families attend also, and naturally it is made an occasion for social festivities, added to which, in secularised South America Sunday is the principal day of the Show itself. Hence a Sunday service has to fit in where it can, as rather an adjunct or extra than the supreme privilege and obligation which it really is. No doubt it is an opportunity, yet on the other hand it is perilously near to being a degradation of it.

Another difficulty to be faced is the Carnival, which is almost sure to fall within the months of my tour. This, from my point of view, is apt to spoil three Sundays, not only the first Sunday in Lent, but those before and after, and it may often begin on Saturday night. Otherwise Sunday morning is clear for worship, but the general atmosphere of excitement is not favourable, especially as it is a great attraction to those born in the country. It is a harmless frolic, I believe, for the most part, but in the desert coast towns of Patagonia it always seems to me rather a pathetic affair, where coloured paper has to be substituted

OFFICER'S GRAVE AT SAN JULIAN.
VOYAGE OF H.M.S. BEAGLE 1831-36.



CEMETERY AND ROAD ENTERING COMODORO RIVADAVIA, PATAGONIA.
facing p. 170.

for flowers, and vain efforts are made to transform the drab and dusty street with bunting and coloured lights. But every little place must have its Carnival.

That it makes its impression on the child mind may be seen from this story of some years ago. It was one of the first services I had held in a certain coast town, and being in the afternoon, mothers brought their children, some of them very small, all the more readily perhaps as it was held in a private drawing-room. All passed off as usual reverently and quietly enough, but a mother told me afterwards (I should explain that I wore my usual robes) that her little girl had asked her: "Mummy, why hadn't he a mask on?" The Carnival evidently bulked big in her little life.

Another child story which charmed me much more was told me by a devoted ex-naval Chaplain who, upon receiving his pension, gave three years of his life to Patagonia as a voluntary priest. As preliminaries it must be understood that the British commonly talk of land as "camp," and often of wives and ladies generally as "señoras." A married couple at a distant station had a little girl, and the child was quite accustomed to shepherds and other men riding in and out about the place, and was quite friendly and at home with them, but it so happened that few ladies ever called, and when they did, she was absurdly shy and hid herself, or wanted to do so. After one display of this sort her mother scolded her. "What will your grannie think of you when you go home to Scotland to school?" to which she tearfully answered, "Mummy, are there many señoras in grannie's camp?" How astonished the old Scotch grandmother (who probably lived in a cottage) would have been to be regarded as a landowner or manager, living among a crowd of men too! But there spoke the Patagonian child from the background of wide open spaces where all our few people count for so much.

Perhaps the most remote and interesting place which I have visited in Patagonia is an English sheep farm on the

further side of Lago Argentino and approachable only across the lake. This is the most southerly of a series of great lakes under the Cordillera, the first and most famous of which is Nahuel Huapi, which is now easily accessible to tourists, being only two days distant from Buenos Aires by rail and car, and it provides a through route to Chile almost entirely by water in exquisite surroundings of mountain and forest. But Lago Argentino in the remote south-west corner of the Republic far surpasses it in its rugged grandeur of abrupt mountain peaks, snow-fields, glaciers and dark forest. Hence I had long desired to visit this lake and the family on the other side of it, and now at last there seemed to be an opportunity. However, I could not make definite arrangements, not knowing how long duties might detain me on the way. I should explain that the main track south runs by the coast, and this expedition involved a two-days run more or less alongside of the Santa Cruz River, a broad, blue, desolate glacier stream which connects the lake with the sea.

It was up this river that Admiral Fitzroy travelled on a voyage of exploration many years ago, a fact which is commemorated by one of the most splendid peaks being called after him, though he did not reach it: "Cerro Fitzroy." Incidentally, the Santa Cruz is the most southerly big river in the world and stocked with rainbow trout. We made this journey then, only to find on arrival that it was quite impossible to communicate with our hosts. As so often, the information we had received was quite illusory, as, for example, that at a small hotel at the lake-side, where the proprietor acted as his agent, a signal fire was lit and he would then send across his launch. But the distance was far too great for this, and moreover mountains intervened. However, I was thinking that the time had not really been lost; we had visited several places new to us, looked up several old friends, tested the sporting capacities of the river, and finally, as the track ran alongside of the lake for a considerable way, seen not a little of its beauties,

for it happened to be a beautiful evening—when, as luck would have it, up came the man we wanted. The hotel-keeper had just been saying how usually he came over once a month and was not expected then, when looking up the road he exclaimed, "Here he comes." He had towed over a launch with sheep, it seems, and was more than willing to delay his business a little and take us over next day.

However, there, it must be confessed, our luck played out and we had no more fine weather. It was an interesting and delightful expedition, but the voyages there and back were wet and rough (she was a little seagoing launch, formerly serving one of the coast steamers), the wind blew bitterly, though it was midsummer, and the topmost peaks were veiled in cloud throughout our few days' stay, so though we saw glaciers and icebergs, we did not see those wonderful mountains reflected in the calm blue of the lake as we had hoped. Nevertheless, it did one good to see the home these folk had built up and were still improving in the wilds; it was a little family party, of which the various members had the necessary experience behind them, and the life seemed to suit them, and they were content; and not least the wives, whose work seemed unending; they too loved their remote home and found enough change in an annual visit to their friends at the coast. Certainly there were disadvantages from the sheep-farmers' point of view in having to tow their wool a many hours' journey across the lake and then despatch it by lorry to the distant coast; obviously that was a costly business; but on the other hand, they told me, they had some clear advantages, which, as some of them are unusual, I think are worth mentioning; abundance of timber and water, little or no scab among the sheep, less fencing than the average farmer, as most of their land was on a peninsula, and on one side they had the ice wall of a glacier ten feet high, and finally no "sundowners" or casual men calling for work or a night's lodging. It is true, there is a long and difficult

track round by the mountains, but it is little known and practically unused. I look back upon it as a real privilege to have held a Church service in such an outpost of the English race.

Another noteworthy place, though easily accessible, is "Estancia Condor" belonging to the Patagonian Sheep Farming Company, almost on the frontier of Chile, to the south. Before I had been there, I remember asking a Presbyterian Chaplain with whom I was comparing notes—he was working from south to north, as I from north to south—what communities he had visited and whether Condor had been one of them. "No," he said, "there were no Scotch there," to which I replied that it was a strange thing in any considerable community at the ends of the earth to find there were no Scots. But he was perfectly right; when I came to visit them, they were all English. For various reasons, industrial and political, their numbers had dwindled greatly and are now still fewer; but one can still recognise the marvel of what it once was, a Berkshire village transplanted into Southern Patagonia. Almost unawares the traveller drops upon this comparatively sheltered valley with houses and gardens, gorse, dog-roses, elder, broom, etc., all pointing to England and home. Here too a Church service is welcomed, but not the greatest. My experience is that in remote settlements, whose link with the Church at home is a slight one, communicants are sadly few.

During the last few years there has been this improvement, that in Santa Cruz Territory, where they are so numerous, the Scots receive regular ministrations from a Presbyterian Chaplain, *i.e.* in the summer months, when nearly all the movement takes place; but as loss against this profit, the Boer colony round Comodoro is no longer able to maintain a pastor, though they do not close their church on that account.

By the way, the anomaly now no longer exists of being unable to find one's way out of Comodoro in the maze

of roads round its oil wells; really, it was quite difficult even for experienced people to get out of the town; now straight roads have been cut with good sign-posts, so that it is impossible to mistake the way. Speaking of Boers, I was touched to be asked by one, though not at Comodoro, if I could let him have a Church of England Prayer Book, as he had lost his, and he and his wife delighted to take the prayers together. And he, I shrewdly suspect, had fought against us in the Boer War. Naturally I granted his request. That there are those who value the services of the Church was once brought home to me in rather a startling way at Comodoro. It was a stifling hot evening during Carnival, and I had just finished baptising two children whom a Scot born in the country had brought in for the purpose from his farm. At the end of the service, which was quiet and reverent as it should be, he remarked, "Now I should like to be married!" It was quite all right really; he had been married civilly (which is the only legal marriage), but as he had never had the opportunity before, he wanted the Church's benediction on his marriage. And this, respecting his motive, I arranged to give.

On these long Patagonian tours I administer baptism at all sorts of times and under an infinite variety of conditions as occasion serves, but the following instance stands out as more than ordinarily interesting. For a year or two past we had heard of an Englishman with a large family, but had not been able to discover exactly where he was. It so happened that those who knew him in that remote part had only met him on his travels and had never been to his home. However, we obtained information that if we followed a certain little-used side track we should come in an hour or two to the "cañadon" or valley where he lived. And this proved to be correct, as we had reason for remembering, for on the way there the steering gear smashed. The prospect looked rather doleful, and it seemed likely we should be there a long time before any-

one found us or we could get help. But fortunately my admirable chauffeur was prepared for most mishaps and had a screw which exactly replaced that which had snapped, and in a short time we were on our way again; moreover, the temporary repairs were so effective that they lasted for the rest of the tour.

After a few bad shots we then found the house we were seeking. It was a poor enough place, for there being no house at all on this small property which he had undertaken to manage, the man had put it up himself as a merely temporary shelter; hence there was only the kitchen for a living-room. We were welcomed heartily enough, and found a large family delightfully English in speech and appearance and neatness, though they had never seen anything in their lives but those Patagonian desolations, never a church or school of any kind. It seemed that the last three of them had never been baptised for lack of minister and opportunity, so I arranged to hold the service there and then. A Union Jack was spread over part of the table and a bowl of water and a few flowers placed there, and I robed by the side of the car. And then the family reverently gathered round. Some pleasant talk and, I think, a cup of tea or coffee followed and we went on our way rejoicing.

It was after seeing this family again, another year and in another part of the country, that we made a typical return journey from the south, north and west to the Cordillera, our objective being the Teka Sheep Farming Company's "estancia" where we might have a quiet Sunday and some rest away from the Carnival. And this after two days' windy weather and hard going we achieved. We stopped once or twice to shoot a few of the handsome partridges which belong to those high altitudes, and I remember we were alarmed to find the bridge over the rapid and rather dangerous Senger closed, but making the detour to the "pass" which was in use in days before the bridge, we found men with horses ready to help us over. Heat and

drought marked the rest of the journey (for there had been no rain for many months), but we reached our destination happily about 6.30 p.m. on the Saturday evening. And then there was just time to put up a rod and go to the river which ran by the house and catch a brace of beautiful trout with the fly. I mention this because this is almost the only place in all my travels where such a homelike thing is possible.

Another reminiscence of this same friendly " estancia " is that one evening we returned by car from visiting a sub-station to find the young majordomo with his dogs trying to drive a flock of sheep through the poplar-lined drive and gateway into the grounds, and as this was something the sheep were not used to, he had some difficulty with them, and the entrance just then was blocked. However, he soon succeeded, and he told me he was putting the sheep on the earth tennis court (which was also shut in by high poplars) to harden it, as it had become soft through the winter snows. I went to look at them afterwards and wondered how many there were, and as sheepmen have an uncanny way of judging exactly, where thousands and hundreds look just the same to the amateur, I asked him, and he said 1200, but that the best number to harden that court, if he had had them handy in a paddock, would have been 1600! Think of it, 1600 sheep on a tennis court, and to get it into condition!

CHAPTER XVI

OBSERVATIONS AND JUDGMENTS

I HAVE mentioned already meeting the late Mr. Prodgers, to one of whose books Mr. Cunningham Grahame wrote a charming preface commending him as a true successor of the Elizabethan adventurers. And it is that preface which brought him back to my mind in connection with this chapter, for Mr. Cunningham Grahame notes how his author dashes familiarly from one theme or place to another over half a continent, and seems to expect his reader to follow him, which his reader may find rather difficult, not expecting to be transported suddenly from, say, Kemmis' " estancia " at Las Rosas in Santa Fé across the Andes in a breath to Santiago de Chile, and then to some job which was just beginning to materialise at Easter Island or " Mas afuera " in the Pacific. For my fear is that this chapter will be somewhat discursive, dashing from one theme to another, though revealing no unconscious heroisms like Mr. Prodgers. But before leaving him, let me say how much I liked him and can perfectly understand what has puzzled some others, *i.e.* his support of Missions to the heathen. The fact was, the man was a good Christian, to the best of my belief, and therefore did so quite naturally. I remember him telling me (not that this is any indication of the faith that was in him) that he did not want to go home except to have a fire in his bedroom and lie in bed and look at it! He was then bringing up some race-horses to Lima and shortly afterwards vanished into the wild hinterland to negotiate with some savage tribe which everyone else was afraid of—but peace be with him, he was a gallant gentleman.

My apology for dealing with so many themes in the dis-

connected way of this chapter is that they are of real interest, though they do not seem to fall under any particular head in my scheme, and are not very obviously connected with each other. Am I right, I wonder, in thinking my countrymen strangely slow to take in the changed conditions of our race in the industrial world of to-day, how we have passed from the position of being easily first to being obliged to fight hard to hold any place at all? Is the position of our great shipping companies typical? It is impossible to think that our men and ships are not still the best (we Anglo-Saxons are indeed conscious of a race superiority), but others seem to succeed more than we do. Moreover, it is very difficult to point to old British firms in the cities of the various republics which are still holding their own. How many have actually failed or dwindled to a shadow of what they once were! This cannot surely have been from lack of capacity, as it certainly has not been from lack of honesty. I suggest it has been because they have been too slow to note the trend of world movements. Great novel forces have been at work, of which they were perhaps dimly and uncomfortably conscious, but did not see what to do except to go on doing as they had always done. For my part I sympathise immensely, I feel there must be something in Papini's scornful reference to the clay-footed god called Trade. Modern commercialism inundates us. A rise in the River would be all right, but we are overwhelmed in a Flood. Why should not kings and ambassadors stick to their proper business? or what used to be considered their proper business? Is there not a false and wrong orientation of life? Is it not a symbol of what is happening in the invisible world, that all the marble and beauty which used to go into our churches now goes mainly into the banks and offices? How really fine they are, in design and material! Not that our churches are not worthy too, but it is far more difficult to get the money for them. Great churches used to dominate the cities, now huge commercial buildings dominate the churches. I am

not saying, and do not mean, that this is wrong, but that it is out of proportion. There is too much of it. But I believe there has been a wrong orientation of life ever since the modern State took away from the Church its right to teach religion. I suppose that is an over-statement, but the old position was the true one, that if religion is worth anything at all it must be the foundation of education, not an etcetera or side issue, as it inevitably tends to become, when the State, quite rightly, assumes responsibility. The State cannot teach religion. It might, on the other hand, frankly recognise the spiritual basis of life, and give the Church—in its widest sense—the fullest facilities for doing so. But this is just what it does not do, and the secular education resulting, copied, alas! by the newly-awakening East, is responsible for much of the evil of the times. It is certainly the fact that the area within which Christianity can be taught in the educational world has gravely diminished and is diminishing. And the Church seems to be taking it very calmly, perhaps because (like our countrymen caught by surprise in the new conditions overwhelming them) it does not quite see what to do, so merely proceeds along the old paths.

Anyhow, we in South America are surely slow to read the signs of the times. In this matter of education, for example; nowhere in the world can it be more important that our children should receive an education based on sound religion. Yet the majority of our people, I believe, imagine that the great hindrance to this is in the divisions among Christian people. Obviously these divisions exist, but they are quite unaware of the veritable transformation which has been effected in the last few decades, and that there is now, so far from the traditional "odium theologicum" in which the comic papers used to delight, vast sympathy and good-will among us. There is a reason perhaps for this slowness of perception in the fact that from the circumstances of their lives most people can only know that particular town or part of the country where

their work lies, and if fairly prosperous, that and home, whither they go periodically, fill their horizon.

Besides, it is naturally much more easy to note material than spiritual changes. I have written of the revolution effected everywhere by the car, but there has been a corresponding change on the British-owned railways of which we feel justly proud. Thus, where there were two slow trains night and day, proceeding from cramped, old-world stations, between Buenos Aires and Rosario, now there is a fine terminus worthy of London, on solid land which was once river (a better way that, surely, than clearing away house property), and an excellent express service. And in the same way, the two daily slow trains between São Paulo and Santos (how lost they used to look in the great station!) have given place to an admirable and constant quick service, while the station is too small for its activities. And the standards of material comfort have risen. In the average English " estancia " in Argentina we were well content with a hip bath on a mud floor, and to have a good paraffin lamp or a few candles; now it is a very poor place which has not electric light and a hot and cold water installation, with perhaps a white-tiled bathroom. Such material changes and improvements it is impossible not to perceive and be thankful for.

Indeed modern scientific civilisation, which is the world's danger to-day, is capable of as much good as evil, according to the hearts and brains which direct it, as witness the triumphs of medical science in Africa, saving thousands from the age-long scourge of malaria, and the new territories thrown open to the congested populations of India by scientific irrigation. The same invention, according as it is used, may be a blessing or curse. It is only fair and reasonable to note that. So the same agency which is responsible for breaking up Church worship can also at times do wonders in promoting it. I refer again to the motor-car. Among the various causes which of recent years have diminished our morning congregations in the

town chaplaincies, undoubtedly the car has been one of the greatest. Ordinary, rather conventional, worshippers have not been proof against the temptation of going out for a run on a fine morning instead of attending church, or perhaps they go away for the week-end; this is one of the counter-attractions which simply did not exist some years ago. Yet in camp districts, which used to be our despair—there would be a fair number of English "estancias" but affording no convenient groups, all were too far distant from each other, it was impossible to bring people together—the difficulty is now solved automatically; all have cars and come together with great good-will. Also, services can be, and are, broadcast. At the same time it must be remembered that people are prepared to make a special effort now and then, when they would refuse to do so as a regular practice; while again, thanks to the car, I am able to make a two-months annual tour in Patagonia to minister to numbers who formerly were entirely out of my reach. If it were necessary to cast up a profit and loss account, for or against, "the car an ally or a hindrance to worship on the whole?" it would be difficult to reach a just decision. But, anyhow, we would not be without it, nor can worship be worth much which depends on the absence of counter-attractions.

And this leads me to make a few remarks on sport. Not in reference to worship, I have had my say on that elsewhere, and here will only repeat what a thousand pities it is that the good should become an enemy of the best. And first, what an amazing phenomenon it is that the British sports of golf, tennis and football should in varying degree have captured the continent, the first two much more in the Spanish-speaking republics than Brazil, but football everywhere, from Pará on the Equator to Chubut in Patagonia! and I have come across neat grounds hidden away in a Paraguayan wood or on a dry patch by a swamp where I hardly suspected there was a population at all! There is no doubt about the popularity or universality of Association

football, or the lavish and expensive accommodation provided for it in the great cities!

And equally there can be no doubt that on the whole it is a factor for good. It is a suggestive fact, by the way, that charging has been abolished in these countries; the quick Latin American temperament could not bear it; no doubt the change is a wise one. Nor need we be surprised that there are much the same regrettable defects and failures as at home, and the lot of the referee is not an easy one. However, what chiefly impresses me is their attainment and proficiency on the one hand—they are excellent athletes, we have practically no superiority there—and their deplorable lack of the sporting spirit on the other; as usual, a moral defect. It only shows how much more easy it is to learn to play games than to catch the spirit of them—" to play the game," to use the old tag. They have yet to learn to accept defeat as sportsmen. So serious is this defect that disablement and even death result at times from international matches, and I remember a leading article in one of the best of the Buenos Aires papers which stated as its deliberate opinion that such matches had better not be played at all as they failed so signally to promote international good-will—which of course should have been their object.

It is significant, too, that English and Anglo-Argentine teams should play only among themselves. But this does not apply to Rugby football, which has come into vogue lately, in spite of the grounds, which are harder and less suitable than at home. Generally speaking, this attracts a better type, with our English boys as a foundation, and I believe the spirit which prevails in this game is excellent. And of course Argentine polo-players are famous. Boating and swimming clubs too from North to South are numerous and good. And the cricket, which remains essentially English, needs no comment at least from the moral side.

I have always deplored the artificiality of game-preserving at home, and been disposed to contrast with it, to the

advantage of the latter, the sport under natural conditions in the Republics of the Plate, but now I seem to see the day of game preservation, not artificial rearing, rapidly approaching there, at least in the province of Buenos Aires or near any large town, and this on account of the lack of the sporting spirit. True, it may not be feasible, partly on account of the size of the properties—it is impossible to watch effectively over such huge areas; in new scantily populated lands the chief source of order and safety is always the good-will of the people themselves—and partly on account of the national Argentine temper which might rebel against this restraint.

But the alternative is the extinction of the game. Parties come out in cars from the towns and make it their object to kill as much as they can, shooting the birds upon the ground or anyhow, and this chiefly with the idea of recreation. With others it is a commercial proposition pure and simple; a car is fitted up and a tour organised, to collect game for sale—it is like a raid upon the estancieros, and the police, if they are within reach, which is unlikely, are loath to interfere. Again, the native in the camps has no respect for a close season, but will kill birds in the breeding season, or even on the nest, without compunction. Hence the unfortunate birds have very little chance in spite of the laws in their favour. In any case a drought makes havoc of them, for unless there is plenty of cover they are easily destroyed by their natural enemies, and it may take years for the stock to recover. This rapid extinction of the game of the country is a great pity, and it is to be hoped it can be checked, but it does not seem that there is any true sporting instinct to which appeal can be made.

Burial-grounds are a subject of importance to us as a race, though passing families and individuals, who happily have no occasion, may never give them a thought. In old times, when all burial-grounds were controlled by the Roman Catholic Church, it was necessary for Protestants to have their own, or all rights to burial might be denied

them. And in the case of the Church of England, which usually took others under its wing, this right was secured by treaty. Some of these cemeteries survive still, and, where there is a British community of any size, are valued and used. Where, however, our community has vanished, they are apt to be more a burden than a privilege, for the few remaining residents are not interested, and the expense of maintenance is considerable.

But cemeteries are now ordinarily under the Municipality in towns of any size, and as a rule well cared for. I am afraid this does not apply to the country districts, where their condition is often dreary and deplorable. All religions are on the same footing, and our people are free to secure graves for their dead and have the services of their own minister. Often we are allowed to have our own part of the cemetery reserved for us, nor does this privilege seem less because we share it with Lutherans or Methodists. Where we have not our own part of the cemetery reserved, care must be taken to purchase the ground in perpetuity, as otherwise an unfortunate practice prevails of gathering all the remains together into a common grave at the end of a certain term of years and using the ground over again. The laws as to burial are strict. The interment must take place within twenty-four hours of the death, nor is it permitted to bring the body into a church, by which a certain happy and homelike association is unavoidably lost.

I do not advocate having our own separate cemeteries now if it can be avoided, on account of the transitory nature of our communities and the difficulty, already mentioned, of maintaining them. There are a few which I have dedicated in the past, now derelict, nor have we any means of knowing how they fare except by making a long journey to see. Dedication has, of course, no legal significance, it is spiritual only; not that the neglect of burial-grounds is less to be regretted on that account. Where, however, the land is owned by an English company, or, as in the Missions, by the South American Missionary Society, the position is

different, and so far from there being any objection it is clearly the natural and right course to have our own duly dedicated burial-grounds. Yet when we have done our best, our hearts go out longingly to those beauty spots of England, the old country churchyards.

In time of sickness and in all the crises of life, our people naturally desire to have the services of an English doctor. But this is becoming increasingly difficult. Formerly, when there was a dearth of national doctors and inadequate training for them, English doctors were accepted and welcomed; but now there are plenty of excellent doctors who belong to the country, and the need for foreigners does not exist in the same way. Probably, too, the new spirit of nationalism is at work also. At any rate the best of English or other foreign degrees are not accepted; and for permission to practise the foreigner must pass all his examinations again, and that in the national language; and only exceptional men are capable of it. Nevertheless, some succeed, and happily young Anglo-Argentines go into the profession also. Indeed, our hope for the future seems chiefly to lie in that direction. There is this exception, that a foreign doctor can obtain permission to practise from the local authority in districts where there is no national doctor, but naturally it is only in remote or unremunerative places that no national doctor is to be found. And it is no encouragement for a man to build up a practice when he knows it can be taken from him at any time. However, our people do not fare badly on the whole, and not infrequently national doctors and others who have qualified themselves, *e.g.* Germans, speak English, so their need is met to some extent.

Gardens—English people love them, and it is surely a wholesome note of our times, though I am afraid decadent Romans of the Empire did the same. I am no gardener and know nothing about them, but as I have seen them, north and south, east and west, over the greater part of a continent, I ask myself, " Are there any common features

or broad distinctions worth noting?" I think there are, and the simple facts may be interesting to folks at home. I may say it is flower gardens, not vegetable gardens, which I have in mind, though I see interest there too. Thus I remember a garden in Brazil, a railway company's expensive toy, where ants and snakes all but broke the heart of the English expert, and before a radish could be placed on the market apparently it cost almost £1, and another in the bleak far South, where I was told vegetables throve better than at home because there were positively no grubs to attack them, and certainly I can certify that the green peas were delicious. The matter of fruit I must comment on separately.

But to speak of flower gardens first. On the whole I think those in the tropics are disappointing as compared with those in subtropical and temperate climes. Flowers are scarce there in any case; even in the forest the monotonous greenery overwhelms the little colour provided by the wild flowers; and the gardens for their effect must depend far more upon foliage plants and shrubs than actual flowers, few of which are at all brilliant, though there is the bougainvillea, scarlet as well as pink, but that is a creeper, and at times a tree; so that the garden is attractive by reason of its trees and shrubs rather than its flowers, nor does it appeal so much by contrast with its surroundings. But to obtain all the wonder of contrast we must go to Patagonia, three thousand miles south. There the garden is set off by its surroundings as a picture by its frame, or, better, a view from a window, or a glimpse of sea and mountain through the porthole of a ship. Outside drab desolation, the grey-brown monotony of the pampa, inside a blaze of colour in which the blues of delphiniums are often dominant; but I can only speak of the total effect, and I suppose this is unconsciously enhanced by the knowledge of what a labour of love it has been to create the garden—the windscreen of palings and poplar, water laid on, and then the scrap of green lawn, tended as at home, some pines and whitethorn

and perhaps lilac, climbing roses, and the annuals providing the blaze of colour.

I salute the Patagonian garden (it is only to be had at some favoured "estancias," it is not a common phenomenon) as one of the most attractive things I know. However, there is always a suggestion of something wild and difficult about it, and no doubt to get the combination of luxuriant growth and colour we must go betwixt and between to the Plate. There, given no droughts or pests, such as locusts and ants, everything grows freely on the rich soil and the gardener can rejoice in his work. The Municipal rose gardens in Buenos Aires and Montevideo are a joy. In private gardens I do not think there is the same neatness or finish as at home, and the lack of gravel is a difficulty. On the south side of the River there is none for hundreds of miles, and paths of burnt brick with borders of inverted beer bottles which we sometimes see are an inadequate substitute. Another point to be noted is that spring and autumn, rather than summer, are the seasons for the garden, certainly for roses, on account of the heat. For wealth of roses and geranium hedges, brilliance and luxuriance combined, perhaps Viña de Mar in Chile and Fray Bentos in Uruguay have impressed me most.

Sweet-pea shows are a feature in Buenos Aires, and months after they are over there it is interesting to note this flower, more glorious than ever, in sheltered Patagonian gardens. Lagustrum hedges are effective and usual in Buenos Aires, but in Rio de Janeiro the small-leafed, brilliant green street tree, "pictus," is harnessed to that service with an effect far more beautiful. Orange too makes an excellent fence, and on the Patagonian coast, giving a touch of colour to dreary mud flats, tamarisk. Ivy grows in many climates, but is not happy either in the heat or wind. Honeysuckle is hardy and universal from the tropics to the Straits and Falklands, but it has more wood in the North and flower in the South. It is sweet-smelling everywhere, but sweetest in the South. It used to flourish magnificently on a (com-

paratively) sheltered wall of Government House at Port Stanley. In the gardens of the Falklands, by the way, I have seen not only open wooden palings to break the wind —they are far more effective, of course, than anything solid—but also strings stretched between upright sticks. Lupins, purple and yellow, seemed to stand the cold and wind best, and at the same time provided colour. And once at least I saw one which was regarded as precious enough to be mended with a splint when broken. I believe the treatment was quite successful and the patient recovered.

Fruit is too large a subject for more than a passing allusion. But here again are the three zones, tropical, temperate and cold. After mangoes, which usually have a slight flavour of turpentine in Brazil, and abucata pears, there are really no better tropical fruits in my judgment than the usual pineapples, bananas and oranges. In the temperate Plate we have all the fruits to which we are accustomed at home, with not quite so good a flavour but in far greater profusion. Means of some kind, however, are found to prevent them being cheap, except perhaps the excellent grapes. In Chile, the climate being cooler, the flavour of the fruit is superior. Apples are grown successfully, especially in the Rio Negro Irrigation Colony on the borders of Patagonia. In the cold South little flourishes except currants and gooseberries. Yet I remember on the Santa Cruz, the most southerly big river in the world, coming across the most perfect strawberries and whiteheart cherries, the latter behind the usual wind screen of palings and willow.

Finally, I may note some minor peculiarities in the kindly people among whom we live which would, I think, strike a visitor. The average behaviour in streets and trains, etc., is quite good, yet they seem to me to have a certain individualism which is the exact opposite of ours. They have no hesitation, for example, in blocking a narrow pavement or even an entrance to a platform, or gangway of a ship, to embrace or converse with a friend. And others accept

the position patiently and tolerantly, knowing, I suppose, that they would do exactly the same themselves. In the same casual spirit they pay no attention to the directions at the door of a bank or booking office to go in one way and come out by another, but enter or go out either way indifferently. The queue is hardly understood as yet. And most trying perhaps are the long intimate conversations which seem to take place at the pigeon-hole of the booking office when a crowd are waiting to buy their tickets. It is really necessary on account of this practice to allow a long time for this simple matter. I remember only just catching my train when there were but three people before me, and I had allowed a quarter of an hour. And yet these same people at a great Government office where it is necessary to obtain a vaccination certificate (not necessarily be vaccinated), and certificate of good health, before leaving for a foreign country, go out of their way almost to be friendly and obliging. They really must not be judged severely for these little peculiarities.

At the same time, though tolerant of strangers, they will make no effort to listen, when an unfamiliar name is given them, and often will not even trouble to copy a printed card correctly, but in a slapdash way write something illegible. Perhaps it is this same slapdash spirit which makes them think it unnecessary, when they issue an advertisement in English as sometimes shopkeepers do, to ask some English friend to correct it. Hence they are betrayed into the oddest mistakes. I have before me such a translation from a shop at Rio de Janeiro in which the following odd announcements occur: "Deposit of hens, eggs, turkeys, sucking-pigs, etc.—Varied assortment of national and strange birds —Cheeses, chine, chitterlings, pig's fat, fatness, etc.— Promptness, scrupule (!) smallness of price is our commercial device." At another shop in Rio, where ice was sold, it was desired to announce the fact to various foreigners in their own language, French, German, Spanish, etc., but in English they got hold of the wrong word and advertised

" frost." So our people smilingly remarked that there was frost sometimes at Rio.

Is this all very trivial? Perhaps. But I admire Santa Teresa's delight in little things. That splendid saint could say, " In order to endure life, everything is necessary." Mr. Bernard Shaw once had some fragmentary interchange of correspondence with Tolstoi (so a friend told me) on the great subject of the Deity, but when he suggested there might be an element of humour in God, Tolstoi dropped it all like a hot potato. There, surely, is the explanation of half the misery of Russia. The Russian has great and distinctive qualities, but hardly any of that saving grace the sense of humour. I think Mr. Shaw was right there.

CHAPTER XVII

LESSONS OF THE YEARS

"THE years teach lessons missed by the weeks and days." I do not know if that is quite the right form of the quotation, but it is my justification for this final chapter. Not that my readers, who have persisted so far, need fear any series of pronouncements or audacious assertions on great themes such as only those rejoicing in their youth could make. Life does teach much, it is true, yet the basic consciousness, even if we have assimilated some fragments of the terrifying mass of new knowledge ever being poured forth upon us in increasing volume, is surely "how little we know." Besides, if age has its advantages in giving us some power of wider surveys and dispassionate judgments and noting general tendencies, still it has quite obvious disadvantages of unretentive memory and increasing difficulty in taking in matter which is new to it. I think of one who all her busy life looked forward to the time when she would have leisure for reading on great subjects which really interested her, but then when the time came rather late in life, she found it was too late; she could hardly grasp, and certainly not remember, the books she read; she had to give it up as a bad job; the necessary powers had gone. However, I think in any case there is a virtue in knowing we don't know, just as there is a blessing in doing what we don't like.

"Would you mind, sir, telling me if you don't know?" said a stranger in a hurry to a friend of mine after asking him the way in a London street, for my friend was hesitating in his reply. And my friend was much too good a fellow to take it amiss; both then and afterwards he main-

tained his questioner was justified. Moreover, great as knowledge is and wholeheartedly to be desired, it may easily be made an idol. Was not Thring largely engaged in what he called "smashing the knowledge idol"? Your true, because Christian, educationist is quite alive to that. I remember a schoolmaster friend telling me of someone who ironically concluded his address to head masters with some such words as these: "And mind you never teach them (*i.e.* your boys) anything that will be of the least use to them in after life." What a sensation there would have been, if parents had been present! But let not Thring be misjudged. His position was this. "All are to be taught and knowledge is infinite" (he could say that even then, sixty years ago!), "and life is short. Moreover, average brains are weak, and few have time to spare. So we must admit that the majority of mankind cannot get much knowledge, but all can be trained." Knowledge is primarily for training of character, there is his golden lesson for us.

But as to "doing what we don't like," what an education there is in that too, and perhaps greatest of all blessings next to that of failure! And here may I be excused if I lapse into a bit of autobiography, only in so far as my own experience illustrates this point—which was also Charles Kingsley's inspiring teaching to his generation? Being country bred and accustomed to the free run of wide open spaces, I had a natural antipathy to raw, confined, industrial towns; to such a town then, on being called to the ministry, I was sent to serve my curacy, a long one as it happened. When I was in that town, which I learned to love (I suppose for the people's sake), my special aversion was transferred to the pit villages, and I sincerely pitied my brethren whose lot was cast among those long dreary rows of houses which clustered in ugly confusion round the gaunt pit heaps. Very well then, when promotion came, it was to a pit village; and soon the more primitive mining folk captured and charmed me. Then in those days, thanks largely to Froude's *Oceana* and Kipling's magic tales of

India, England was beginning to awake to the marvel of its world-wide inheritance, and I like others was caught up in that enthusiasm, and if ever I was to leave Durham, it was for overseas work in the Empire or in the Church's Missions there I yearned—most emphatically, if there was one part of the world which I definitely excluded from my ambition, and in which I took no interest whatever, it was Central and South America with its alien and revolutionary Latin republics. Sure enough then (after a few years in another industrial town), when the call came to the Episcopate, I had to go to that part of the world which I least desired, South America, where, as my friends know, I have been abundantly happy for the last thirty years. It certainly is an object lesson on the advantage of "doing what you don't like." Indeed the question commonly asked of clergy working in this country, whether they "like it," strikes me as being so extraordinarily futile. What does that matter? And here I go back for an illustration to my much-loved pit village of long ago, a little incident which amused me vastly then; like many experiences among children it enshrines, I think, a big truth. A Children's Tea, connected with a Juvenile Missionary Society, was being held on the murky Vicarage lawn, and the older responsible girls were serving the younger with cakes, etc., when I overheard the following—Small child (objecting to some particular cake offered), "But I don't like it." Elder girl (with calm insistence), "You'll have to like it." Is it not true that we have to like the work God gives us in life? And often we come to like it all the better because naturally we dislike it, as an acquired taste always proves stronger in the end than a natural one. St. Paul did not love the gospel any less because he preached it of necessity: "Woe is me, if I preach not the gospel."

Then I am greatly impressed with the value of continuity. In the ministerial life of which I am thinking, it seems to me that when men are worth anything, their influence grows with the years. It is true that one of the

best of bishops with whom I once discussed matters, sitting on our bags in the gangway of an overcrowded train, told me that he was then busily impressing upon some of his clergy " the grace of resignation "; but that was in England, where people almost long for a vicar to commit a crime in order to have a chance of getting rid of him. How anyone who cares for the Kingdom of God on earth can possibly defend the " Parson's Freehold," I fail entirely to understand. But I am speaking of work outside England among constantly changing populations, under conditions of prosperity or numbers which also change with them. And it is here, I think, that continuity is so specially valuable. By simply knowing and caring for his people the very ordinary man, granted only that he is sincere, and most of us are very ordinary men, can do so much. I suppose the secret is concentration, that willed energy which in the last resort is love. A parallel may be found perhaps in that terrible waste of clergy at home by which men ordained to the cure of souls are set to the work of advocating the claims of some particular Society from the pulpit Sunday by Sunday. But bad as the system is, my point is that it makes experts. I remember very ordinary curates, who were certainly no preachers, accepting the post of organising secretary to some Society and in comparatively short time becoming most efficient exponents of its claims.

Practice and repetition made them masters of their subject. So simple faithfulness to duty adds enormously to the power for good of the parish priest. This is the standing disadvantage of the short-service system. There is one English diocese, I believe, which, no doubt at considerable cost and with real sacrifice, sends out a succession of men to a diocese overseas for one year; I fear such ministries must be sadly superficial, for how can a man adapt himself to people and strange conditions in that time? Besides, he will think he has learned so much more than he has, for first impressions (in which meetings and newspapers rejoice) have almost invariably to be corrected. But the plan

ordinarily recognised by which recently ordained men are encouraged to serve for five years among our own people overseas, excellent as it is, presents grave difficulties too, for if all or most of the clergy are short-service men, the story of the diocese becomes one of constant new beginnings, the same mistakes, experiments, failures, and only ultimate triumphs, for it seems as if experience cannot be transmitted, each one must make his own; for this reason I now deliberately withhold a great deal of useful information, knowing that for the recipient it would be useless. Such a series of constant repetitions makes progress extraordinarily difficult, and in a world of change the Church should be, as far as possible, a stable element. Hence those who stay, for the best part of a lifetime, it may be, are valuable beyond words, for under a voluntary system they are never round pegs in square holes. What is to happen to them when they do go home, as often for family reasons they must, is another question. There is no system to meet that need, nor perhaps should there be; it may be better left to the Holy Spirit in the Church; but from the point of view of the welfare of the Church abroad I plead strongly for such continuity of service as may lead to a goodly supply of veterans such as I have had the happiness of seeing. It may be that I am not qualified to judge, being personally unaffected by the new mentality created by films, " talkies," wireless broadcasting, gramophones, and other modern wonders; sometimes indeed it frightens me to think how aloof I must be from my fellow-creatures to whom these things are of the very breath of life. Yet on the whole, in spite of the real changes, many of them for good, in the outlook and attitude of modern youth, in the development of an absolutely new type of womanhood comparable almost to a third sex, and in other world-wide changes equally startling in their comparative suddenness and apparent permanence, I am convinced that we survivors of a rapidly passing generation are more like than unlike those who hold the field to-day, and that human nature remains

substantially the same. Thus, in our contacts with boys and girls at school, though of course they do not realise it, we have not forgotten what we were like in our work and our play, and can easily put ourselves in their places and think and feel as they do. So I believe I am right in my contention, that while, of course, moving with the times and bringing out of her treasure house of "things new and old" the weapons or graces needed for the new age, still the Church's primary business is to witness to the unchanging truths of God, and all the more so those which are challenged or denied. In a world of change it is for the Church to witness to the truth which does not change. Besides, the "new" ideas are often not new at all, nor have we any reason to shrink from the charge of being antiquated. As Paul Bull says sturdily: "The Victorian restraint and discipline bred a race vastly superior in strength and courage to the flabby products of their critics, the advocates of what they call 'The New Morality.' There is nothing new about it. It is as old as Sodom and Gomorrah and the decay of any civilisation." What little reason there is for imagining the old gospel can ever be out of date! And the issue of the future is so clear, as one who is justly celebrated for his clear teaching has reminded us: "It is not ultimately a choice between Christianity and some rival religion; it is a choice or struggle between Christianity (the one religion which can survive freedom of thought and of criticism) and secularism (the non-religious alternative). In the long run it is not secularism that will prevail, for man doth not live by bread alone."

This brings me to the subject which at least has been that of greatest interest to myself in these pages, the Church's Missions. What have the years to teach about them? On the financial side, as being supported by voluntary contributions, the world crisis seems to have dealt them a staggering blow; it could not well be otherwise. The story of withdrawals and retrenchments and rigorously enforced economies reads as little short of disastrous, and the answer-

ing wail of lament from the Missions themselves, where the opportunities and cry for advance were such as have never been before in history, was at first heart-breaking, as was to be expected. Truly many a Mission found itself in desperate straits. And yet it is to be remarked that when the Societies set themselves to take stock of the new position both at home and abroad, the note of despair was markedly absent. Nor was their attitude merely that of people in reduced circumstances making the best of a bad business, though no doubt they did that. It went much further and deeper. They positively discovered matter for joy and thanksgiving, partly in the wonderful response made by the young native churches to the fresh demands upon their loyalty and powers of self-help, and partly in the increased devotion and self-sacrifice of their supporters at home. Perhaps it was a new realisation of the blessing of failure. But there it is, a remarkable fact to be noted with all humility and thankfulness, that, so far from being crushed, the Church as represented by the Societies is rising to the situation with new faith and courage. Of failure on God's part to advance His Kingdom they did not dream. Yet is He calling us to a wholesale revision of the time-honoured methods both of raising and expending the funds necessary for the work? or are we altogether too much dependent on money? The noble spirit in which the crisis has been faced does not excuse us from the responsibility of meeting these questions.

In so far as I may try to read His teaching, it does not seem as though the Societies were being called upon to give up their work in order that the Church as a whole may undertake it. Because when the Church of England as a whole undertakes a work, it seems so sadly liable to let it flag and fail, as happened in the case of the World Call of a few years ago. There is no reason why an official movement should be unreal, unless it is that the mass of nominal church membership is such as to dull enthusiasm and stifle life; and, alas! we know that the wheat and tares will

grow together to the end, and the net hold good and bad. Clearly it must be that through the faulty human elements in it the Great Church fails. But this need not apply so much to the Societies which are groups of like-minded churchmen within the fold, voluntarily associated for propagating the gospel. For my part I venture to think that it is still well for the Societies to be responsible for the missionary work of the Church.

However, behind this question, or as a preliminary to it (while looking for new lessons from God in the happenings of the day), I ask: "Is it not possible that, as far as the support of the Missions is concerned, we are at the end of an epoch, and that the methods which have proved satisfactory for some two centuries are now useless and impracticable?" The reason for this possibility is, briefly, the ever-increasing burden laid on those who are less and less able to bear it. In view of the tendency to tax out of existence (financially) the people or classes who have hitherto supported this work, it is surely doubtful whether they will be able to do so in the future. A similar forecast might be made as to the voluntary support of Hospitals, which has hitherto been so fine a feature in our national life. Here again, to judge by the novel and even outrageous expedients now resorted to for raising money, may we not have come to a breaking point? The impoverishment of individuals (those who desire to give and can do so) may very well increase. It is not only in South America that we can be deprived of our means by legislation. Great as is my confidence in my fellow-countrymen, I still must recognise that the masses are far from having realised their full power as yet, and in the long run none of us will possess more than the majority of our fellow-creatures decide we ought to possess.

In other words, I suggest that the crisis may be permanent rather than temporary. But in any case surely one of the Divine lessons which the Societies are called upon to face is that their methods of raising funds require a

thorough and drastic revision. It was Bishop Westcott who used to remind us that the means towards the end are only less important than the end itself. Then, apart from direct giving, are the means commonly adopted for raising money worthy of the sacred cause of Missions? It is not easy to draw the line between what is lawful and the reverse. Sales, exhibitions, teas, entertainments may be permeated with true devotion, and constitute offerings laid at Christ's feet by those who love Him. One shrinks from passing judgment which may be harsh and wrong. But the fact remains that the impression is not given to a sceptical or hostile world that the support of Missions is always on the highest level, that of "holy offerings rich and rare," to be laid on God's Altar. Does not the world, and even the Church too, need to be startled back into seeing the truth as it ought to be and is? In Canon Barnett's life, his wife tells the story of an artist showing her the pictures he proposed to send as suitable to the Whitechapel Loan Exhibition, when she startled him by saying, "I am very sorry, but I cannot accept these." "Why in the world not?" was the astonished reply. "Because only the best must be given to God's poor." What an illustration of the Incarnation! God gives His Best to a lost degraded world. And so the gifts for making known that infinite love must be the best too, best in will and act and intention. And here from far-off Lebombo comes the true principle needed, stated with lucid precision: "Money without prayer seems to be building on sand, and cannot be of permanent value because it is given without love." If that is true, and surely it is, methods of raising money for Missions need a great deal of revision. Money is useless, and ought to be refused, unless given with believing prayer and love behind it.

At the back of all this lies the question: "Are we depending too much on money for advocating the cause?" For obviously the actual work of the Holy Spirit cannot be dependent on money; the communication of truth in itself apart from the human agent entrusted with it must be in-

dependent of ordinary ways and means. Were we in need of this reminder? That the essential thing in the spread of the gospel is that one human soul, lit up by the sacred fire, should pass it on to another? Fire kindles fire, and the Church grows by the contact of Spirit-enkindled souls? It is only when we plant the visible institution of the Church, as indeed we are bound to do, that it is difficult to conceive of money being unimportant. Nevertheless, is it not possible that we have exaggerated its importance? trusted too much to the visible order, too little to the Invisible Spirit?

But however that may be, this terrible shortage of ways and means is surely a clear call from God to re-study the principles upon which the funds received have customarily been spent. I have long observed that there is something deadening in the receiving of a grant; there is seldom the gratitude or intelligent interest which there ought to be, as for a gift bestowed with generous good-will. Especially when the grant is a regular one (and annual grants can be as necessary as they are valuable), the usual tendency, or (shall I say?) common temptation, is to take it for granted, and think no more of it. The Societies which help us from home do not, I think, commonly receive the gratitude they deserve; the Chaplain who is helped by the Diocesan Fund seldom gives a thought to the keen hard work of the good women which has made that grant possible; it is true he is entitled to his stipend, but that need not rule out thoughts of grateful appreciation. But, gratitude apart, is it not possible that too much has been done for many Missions, and that it has not been for their real good to be dependent so long on the regular grants from home? This has tended to keep the young native Church in leading strings, and not promoted self-help and independent life. Naturally the circumstances of the Missions vary indefinitely according to race and locality, and without full knowledge it would be wrong to pass judgment. But certainly sustained and constant help from home would seem to be specially justified in the case of primitive and aboriginal people,

such as we have in South America, who cannot help themselves.

Then there are instances in which money has been positively misused. I think of the difficult question of Protestant or Evangelical Missions in Roman Catholic lands. Few who have knowledge of the facts would condemn them altogether. Where there is total darkness over vast areas, who is to condemn those who come forward to let in the light, on the ground that the task properly belongs to someone else? Moreover, public opinion in the "Evangelical Church" which works in Latin American lands is now distinctly against militant methods, and the work is far more constructive and pacific than formerly. And really, judged by the test "by their fruits ye shall know them," many of these missionary churches justify themselves; they produce better characters, people of clean morals, honest and reliable. Yet admitting all this, one is still forced to the conclusion that in certain conspicuous instances, such as large educational institutions, the work would not exist at all were it not for the power of money. No doubt allowance must be made for the principle of liberty, the right inherent in man to express the faith that is in him, but it is sad that "freak religions," which have sprung from the private judgment run riot in the United States, should plant vigorous branches in South America, where in the long run they can only do harm, unless their converts succeed in rejecting the pill while they take the jam—which is certainly there, for these people are often full of zeal and self-sacrifice and good works. I must insist that certain Missions exist far too much by the power of money; the elements of truth in them are quite insufficient to account for their expansion, it is the power of money (probably in the hands of a few persons) which chiefly explains their existence.

This is an extreme instance, such as is useful for diagnosing a disease, but may it not be true, and one of the lessons which the Church has to learn in the present stress, that it is sadly possible to make a wrong use of money?

It is unfortunate, perhaps, that my questionings should take the form of criticism, but I am able to question and criticise with a clear conscience, just because I find the Church's missionary enterprise so extraordinarily encouraging and uplifting. The work needs no tribute from me, but I rejoice to dwell on the remarkable fact that it is precisely this work of Missions in the world (in which the Anglican Communion plays but a tiny part), scorned or ignored though it may be, in the onward sweep of the mighty scientific materialistic civilisation of the day; partial, fragmentary, ill-supported as it is, like a campaign not properly planned as yet, and with wholly insufficient resources of men and equipment—which still contains all the seeds of future triumph, and is already a sure ground of hope; indeed Dean Farrar's verdict is still unsurpassed, that Missions, "so far from being a doubtful experiment, are a supreme unprecedented and miraculous success." Often it seems to me as if the fire which burns down low in our old Christian civilisations flares up afresh in heathen lands. Not but what the Christian elements (for they are not more than that) in our European civilisations still count enormously. The League of Nations may be weak, but it is those countries whose civilisations were built up on the Christian Faith which give it its strength; as it is just those nations where the Faith is either played out or undeveloped, which give most cause for anxiety, as Turkey, China, Japan—no wonder the Japanese Christians are keen to add a million souls to the Church in order that the Faith may count, as it cannot do while they are still so few and weak. And where is the effective Christianity in Paraguay and Bolivia which permits them to be actually at war while negotiating for peace, and, alas for the shame and falsehood of it! being still members of the League? At either end of the scale the League is weakened by lack of that Christian principle upon which, as its only foundation, truth and honour can stand. My point is that there is power still in the old Church or churches, and far more than usually supposed,

and as far as it goes, this power is immensely effective. But for brilliant examples and faith and courage at their highest we go to the Missions. (The epoch-making Mission of the Indian Church to the Mother Church of England in 1932 is perhaps an illustration of this.) I think of the infant Church of Persia heroically struggling to maintain the sanctity of Christian marriage, men and women with prayers and tears resisting the strongest temptations to be disloyal, while our own church-people contract marriages scarcely intending them to be permanent, and then are indignant when the Church's benediction is refused to the new contract. There is no thought of suffering for Christ Jesus' sake. Again, one can hardly take up one of those missionary magazines—excellent publications, though clergy say they have no time to read them—without coming across instances of men and women, English, African, Indian, whose whole lives are miracles of joyful consecration and fruitful service; pain, disappointment, disease, death recked nothing of. Truly the Holy Spirit is at work as manifestly as on the day of Pentecost, and most of all in the Church's Missions. If ever I am tempted, through the too kind appreciation of friends, to think much of my own services, such satisfaction is soon quenched in shame and abasement, when I remember these Saints and heroes still with us to-day. "I pour contempt on all my pride."

Looking back over the years I realise how fortunate I have been in taking to heart early such salutary lessons as being content to go where I was sent and rest on a few great simple truths. Charles Kingsley's books were the means of passing me on to the study of his master, as he called him, Frederick Denison Maurice; and he at least taught me not to be the slave of words and phrases, and gave me a wholesome dread of party spirit. Obscure and difficult as his writing seemed, and apparently at times tilting at windmills, still he had the invaluable power of making a young man think for himself. So I believe I owe it to him that I was saved from the distress, in which most

of my friends were involved, of being expected to accept as history whatever seemed to be recorded as such in the Old Testament, and thought out for myself the satisfying formula, " inspiration does not involve infallibility."

Really, the position, as we look back upon it, forty or fifty years ago was extraordinary. The popularly assumed doctrine (for it was never the official teaching of the Church of England) of the inerrancy of the Scriptures bulked so big in the Christianity of the day; even had it been true, it would have been out of all proportion. " How wicked you are, you don't believe the Bible! " would be said by a disreputable old father to a son who was worth twenty of him. Of course that is only the reverse side of the picture, the excrescence or blot on the fair picture of a people brought up on the Bible, into the very fibre of whose being its teachings had entered, and who were what they were on account of it. But none the less we were in constant dread of disturbing or upsetting our people when our work and object was to build them up; likely enough we erred on the side of caution, but it is easy to be wise after the event, and no one can understand the pain of hurting one whom he desires to help, who has not experienced it. Now, alas! the pendulum has swung so far that the popular impression is not one of infallibility or inerrancy but general untrustworthiness. How much is explained by reaction! But the time will surely come when the Scriptures will be recognised to be more true than ever they were.

But when I confess my indebtedness to F. D. Maurice, I should be wrong if I did not add that *the* big fact in my life since student days is, and always has been, my membership in the " Auckland Brotherhood." Further, I acquiesce entirely in the teaching of a well-known Bishop still with us, whose age qualifies him to speak no less than his life of service, that in the Divine Wisdom the years of man's life are marvellously ordered, *i.e.* the period of threescore years and ten is normally just the right time for bringing us to the top class of the school, that by then we should have

learned such lessons as we can and pass on and make way for others who are better able to understand the language and needs of the new age. But I should say more than that (and probably he would agree with me), that so far from resenting having our place filled up and our name mentioned no longer (at least not habitually or frequently as when we were living), as we naturally, I suppose, are inclined to do, that is the very thing which ought to happen, and it is by the Divine Providence that it does happen. What stagnation and paralysation of effort would result if all the days in the year were All Saints' Days! The instinct of the young, and indeed of all wholesome and vigorous manhood, is perfectly right in this, to push on regardless of death. The opportunity of life could not be used to the full if people were always considering their latter end. It should not indeed be forgotten, but it should be regarded, however serious, as incidental in the life of the race. So I say it is good not only to pass on but, comparatively, to be forgotten also. By all means let old loyalties pass into new. I trust that too is one of the lessons of the years.

And certainly it is one of the privileges of age, while realising the power of the passing of time, as youth cannot do, still at the same time to know that for us personally it does not count, we may look contentedly forward or back, for us past, present and future are one—provided, of course, that the secret of the Lord is ours. Then there is great contentment, for the times are in His hands. I do not know the source of the following lines, but they express what I mean:

Vixi dum volui; volui, dum Christe volebas;
Nec mihi vita brevis, nec mihi longa fuit;
Vivo tibi, moriorque tibi, tibi Christe resurgam;
Mortuus ac vivus sum maneoque tuus.

(According to Thy Will, O Christ, I willed to live;
Nor short nor long was life thus lived in Thee;
To Thee I live, to Thee I die, to Thee shall rise again,
For Thine I am in life and death and through Eternity.)

And what could surpass the epitaph Louis Stevenson wrote for himself at Samoa?—

> Glad did I live and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will.

On the whole we look forward, I think, more than back.

INDEX

PRINCIPALLY OF PROPER NAMES

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.