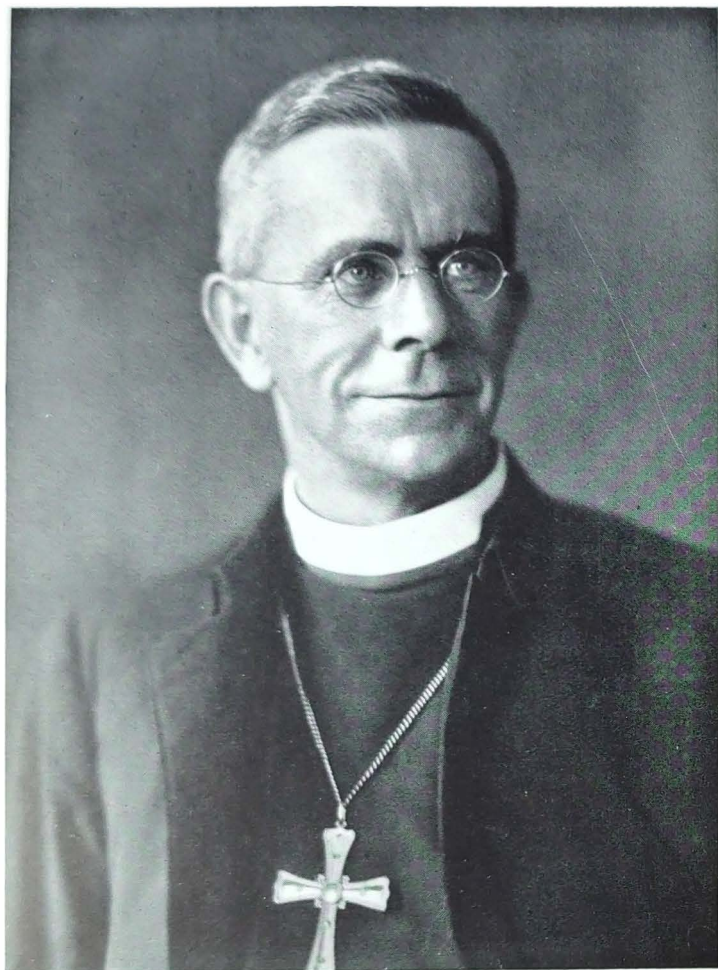


FRANK  
BISHOP OF ZANZIBAR



1923.

*Photo. by Vandyk.*

*Frontispiece.*

# FRANK BISHOP OF ZANZIBAR

LIFE OF FRANK WESTON, D.D.  
1871-1924

BY  
H. MAYNARD SMITH, D.D.  
CANON OF GLOUCESTER

*WITH PORTRAITS*

LONDON  
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING  
CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE  
NEW YORK AND TORONTO : THE MACMILLAN CO.

*Printed in Great Britain*

*First published 1926*  
*Tenth Thousand*

TO  
HIS MOTHER

WHENCE was his Faith ? A rushing mighty Wind  
First hurled her fierce infections among men,  
Why flamed she thus ? Faith had her flame-tongues then  
At Pentecost to rouse the deaf and blind :  
But we, inoculating heart and mind  
With spilth of pulpit and with spray of pen,  
Shiver, immune from Faith's contagion, when  
Serving the Son of Man we serve mankind.

Not so he served. For him Emmanuel glow'd  
In gleaming Hosts : in faces dark and wild  
The Burning Babe of Bethlehem on him smil'd :  
The Christ, Faith hides from us, to him she shew'd—  
To him converted, him become a child—  
A Black Christ bowed beneath a Heart-Break load.

ARTHUR SHEARLEY CRIPPS.

## PREFACE

FRANK WESTON was sensitive and winced under criticism : he was also modest and hated praise. He was very conscious of his own failures, and hoped that they would be buried in his grave. He did not overestimate his achievements, and certainly did not think them worthy of record. He forbade anyone to write his Life, or even to print an obituary notice about him.

In the other world I hope he will forgive my disregarding his wishes, and understand that, however natural those wishes were, he was wrong. He was asking an impossibility when he asked to be forgotten.

A man who lived so much in the public eye must expect to be discussed, both when he is alive and after he is dead ; but the value of the discussion will depend on accurate information ; and, in a world of gossip and exaggeration, it is best that the truth should be told, not only for the sake of the person discussed, but for the sake of the causes to which he devoted his life.

Secondly, none of us are good judges of our own conduct ; and even Frank's adversaries would attribute more importance to his actions than he did himself. He would have said that he had only done what he was bound in conscience to do, and that as far as he could see he had failed. We see that what he did will continue to have consequences for good or ill, and think that care should be taken, lest some men in the future should follow a corrupt tradition.

Thirdly, Frank did not live for himself but for others. He devoted his whole life to God, and to God's African children. He died penniless in a native house, little better than a hut, but he left the story of his life as a

rich legacy behind him ; and it is our duty that the legacy should be preserved intact. His friends treasure his memory, and would have others share in what to them is a priceless possession.

Lastly, Frank was drawn to the priesthood by reading the Life of Father Mackonochie, and he acquired his first missionary ideals from reading the Life of Bishop Steere. May not his own life be an inspiration to others, and in the providence of God the means of bringing to Africa another Saint ?

A case for a biography having been made out, the Mission asked me to write it. I had certain obvious qualifications. I had known the Bishop intimately for more than thirty years and had kept a great number of his letters. I knew several members of the staff, and was so able to tap sources of information. I was a member of the Committee of U.M.C.A. and in touch with the Office in Dartmouth Street. I had written several books ; and, being a Canon, had time to write another. This, I may say, is my one and only biography.

On the other hand, my disqualifications are equally obvious. I have never been in East Africa, and cannot pretend to understand the African's point of view. In consequence, my book is for Europeans only, and not for African readers. I hope that soon some African priest will write in Swahili a Life of the Bishop. It should be an inspiration for the African Church in the future, and give to Africans a standard and an ideal for life and conduct.

Secondly, I am by nature more of a critic than a hero-worshipper, which disqualifies me from writing that panegyric which Frank's admirers regard as his due—but then I know how he would have hated it. By nature also I am of a cautious temperament, and perhaps in consequence unfitted to write the life of an impulsive enthusiast. I can only plead that, in spite of my temperament, I looked up to Frank with wonder and admiration.

Thirdly, Frank reached heights and plumbed depths of spiritual experience which are altogether beyond me. I cannot do justice to the Saint, but I hope I have shown



that this Saint was human and lovable. It was upon the human level that we met ; and it was because of his humanity that he called me friend.

Anyhow, notwithstanding my limitations, I undertook the work and have done my best. It has been by no means an easy task ; and I am afraid that those who were good enough to give me advice will not be satisfied. They were all very eager and positive as to the book which ought to be written, and also about what might be omitted ; but unfortunately they did not agree.

One wrote : ' In the Life of Bishop Weston you have a splendid opportunity for writing an apologia of Anglo-Catholicism, and of illustrating its aims.' Another wrote : ' We don't want to hear about the Denominational Squadron-Leader of the Church of England, but of the real soldier-man of flaming indiscretions, who withstood all those who would enslave Africa.' Another wrote : ' Please do not waste space over his theological controversies and political squabbles about Labour ; but give us a picture of the Great Pastor, who loved and shepherded souls.' Another wrote : ' The Diocese of Zanzibar has made great progress under Bishop Weston's episcopate, and it should be your first aim to illustrate this.'

My four correspondents will all be disappointed. I have not written either an ecclesiastical tract or a political pamphlet. Neither have I written an Aid to Devotion, nor a Diocesan History. I have only written the Life of a man. Throughout the book I have kept my eyes on him, have tried to make him manifest to others, and have tried to interpret him for those who have hitherto misunderstood his conduct. I hope my book will not stir up again old controversies or lead to re-criminations. I have tried to be fair to the Bishop's opponents, and to those with whom I also disagree. Without concealing my own views, I have written in the belief that peace cometh by understanding.

The book has entailed a vast amount of correspondence, and I am very grateful to all who have answered my letters, supplied me with information, and helped me by criticism.

First I would thank those who have helped me throughout the book : his mother, brother, sister, and niece—their kindness, sympathy, and forbearance have never failed ; the Office, which has lent me twenty-six volumes of *Central Africa* and *The Annual Reports* ; Archdeacon Mackay, Canon Spanton, and Miss D. Y. Mills, who have corrected each chapter as written, and saved me from many errors. Canon Spanton has also read the proofs. Miss Abdy, Miss Atwool, and Miss Choveaux have provided me with translations from Swahili, and many reminiscences ; the Treasurer, Mr. F. B. Palmer, has more than once searched the files of the *Church Times*, and so provided me with much information.

Next on special points I would thank : the Rev. A. S. Cripps for allowing me to reprint his sonnet, and for other help ; the Bishop of Grantham and Dr. Howard for notes ; Miss Voules for her two stories ; the Dean of Canterbury for special help with regard to the Lambeth Conference ; Mr. J. H. Oldham for special help in regard to ' Forced Labour.'

For information about Frank's childhood I am indebted to his family.

For information about his schooldays I am indebted to Colonel Hindley, M.C., M.D., to Sir Arthur Hirtzel, K.C.B., Mr. R. G. Routh, and the present Headmaster of Dulwich.

For information about Oxford I am indebted to Dr. Robert Howard, Professor Lofthouse, Mr. H. B. Sheppard, Mr. W. Muir, and Mr. H. O. Daniels.

For information about Stratford I am indebted to Dr. Howard, the Rev. Hugh Legge, Mr. E. Potter, Mr. B. C. Rayner, Mr. T. Gooding.

For information about St. Matthew's I am indebted to the Rev. W. B. Trevelyan, the Rev. H. E. Simpson, the Ven. Guy Hockley, Archdeacon of Truro, and the Rev. Canon Atlay.

I have to thank the following among the past and present members of the Mission : the Bishop of Grantham, the Bishop of Zanzibar ; Archdeacon Mackay, Archdeacon Douglas, and Archdeacon Swainson ; Canon Dale, Canon Pearse, Canon Spanton, Canon Travers ;

the Rev. H. A. Keates, the Rev. Father Cyril Whitworth, S.S.M., the Rev. T. Vickers, the Rev. P. M. Wathen, the Rev. Raymond Adam ; Dr. Howard and Mr. McLean ; the Rev. Mother, C.S.P. ; Sister Frances, C.S.P. ; Sister Marjorie, C.S.P. ; Miss Abdy, Miss Atwool, Miss Choveaux, Miss Mills, Miss Voules, Mrs. Vickers.

I have to thank the following residents in Zanzibar : Mr. J. H. Sinclair, C.M.G., Mr. H. A. Mitchell, Mr. B. C. Johnstone, Dr. Copland, and Mr. Bland.

For affairs at home I have to thank the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, with his multitudinous engagements, has kindly written me five letters ; the Primus of Scotland, the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Hereford, the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of Manchester, the Bishop of Nassau ; Bishop Chavasse, Bishop Gore, and Bishop Talbot ; the Dean of Canterbury ; Mr. J. H. Oldham, Mr. F. B. Palmer, Dr. Leys ; the Editor of *The Green Quarterly*, and others.

H. MAYNARD SMITH.

8 COLLEGE GREEN, GLOUCESTER,  
*Feast of S. Theodore of Canterbury, 1926.*

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# FRANK

## BISHOP OF ZANZIBAR

### CHAPTER I

#### THE MAKING OF A MISSIONARY

##### I

FRANK WESTON was born on September 13, 1871, at Bervie House, Roupell Park, in South London. He was the fifth child and fourth son of Robert Gibbs Weston, head of the firm of Richard Gibbs and Co., Tea Brokers, in Mincing Lane. Subsequently there were two other children, a boy and a girl, making the family complete.

Robert Weston came of a Leicestershire family of some antiquity, but three out of four of Frank's grandparents were Scots, and in after life he was keen to trace his descent through Valentines, Browns and Scotts to Ogilvys, Strachans, Wyses and Frasers. By then he held very democratic opinions and was fierce in denouncing class prejudice, but like every Scot he was conscious of race and did not undervalue the stock from which he came.

Most of his immediate ancestors had been Presbyterians, but he established his descent from two seventeenth century Bishops of Brechin, Ochterlony and Strachan, and maintained that he had only reverted to type. When a Presbyterian missionary assured him at Kikuyu that it was impossible for Scots to accept episcopacy, he replied : 'The Archbishop of Canterbury is a Scot, the Archbishop of York is a Scot, and I am a Scot myself.'

To begin with he developed very slowly, and did not speak until he was three years old. He was an affectionate child, delicate, diffident and timid. His nerves were very highly strung and troubled him throughout his life. When quite a big boy, he fainted after putting a penny in the slot of an electric machine. The high courage he was afterwards to show was due to a strong, disciplined will, not to any disregard of consequences or any insensibility to danger, trouble or abuse.

His father was a man of strong evangelical views, so Frank, like Dr. Pusey and Cardinal Newman, had the advantage of a pious upbringing. Home life was the glory of the Evangelicals ; and Frank as he grew up had nothing to unlearn. He only advanced to the conception of the Catholic Church as a larger home, though unfortunately not so well ordered.

Long afterwards he wrote :

One memory I have of my early boyhood—I was about six—of a Gospel Meeting singing,

‘Hallelujah ! ’tis done :

I am saved by the Son ;

I am washed in the Blood of the Crucified One.’

The words had no particular meaning for me then, but I remember a great marquee filled with people full of joy. No one there had brought anything to Jesus, none had come to bargain with Him, to kneel at His feet with something to give—they had just crowded in and it was all done : they were saved by a free gift.

The words of the hymn were poor and vulgar, but after forty years they were still ringing in his brain. His reflections on them do not concern us—they came long afterwards. What we have to remember is his impression—here were people very happy, and happy together, because somehow Jesus was with them.

This may have been his first revelation of spiritual reality, but he was able to receive it because it was in line with what he had been taught. He always declared that he owed his religion, under God, to his mother. It was she who told him ‘the old, old Story,’ and read to him the



children's sermons of Vaughan of Brighton, full of old-fashioned tales with morals attached. In after years as a Bishop he would sit and talk to African women about their duty to their children, and illustrate his instructions by wonderful tales of all that his mother had been to him. The details were very strange to his hearers—stranger than fairyland to an English child—and yet the lesson went home, for motherhood is the same everywhere and there is only one Christ.

His family remember the reckless generosity with which as a child he gave away his possessions, and this characteristic persisted until the end—he always maintained that he could find no praise of economy in the Gospel. They remember likewise his pathetic desire to be of help to others, and a certain shy humour which showed how closely he observed and how much he could understand. Of course he was interested in soldiers, like all properly constituted little boys; and he had a passion for tidiness and putting things away which is, I believe, very unusual. Quite early he showed a sense of decorum and a liking for the parade of life. Cere-monialists are born and not made.

His father died when he was eleven, and, soon after, his mother removed to Dulwich that her younger sons might attend the College as day-boys. Frank had been for a short time at a preparatory school in St. Leonards, but his health gave way and he had to be removed.

As a boy he showed an aptitude for mathematics, and could memorise anything; but his beautifully legible handwriting did not come to him by nature, and until almost of undergraduate age he was noted for his bad spelling.

His family had intended him for the Army. With that end in view he was educated on the modern side, and his first great disappointment was when he failed to pass the eye test at Woolwich. His sight at one time restricted his reading, and prevented his being successful in games. He was, however, an enthusiastic volunteer and, though certainly not musical, once played the big drum in the band. When Hirtzel (now Sir Arthur) left school, he succeeded him as second in command of the Cadet

corps. Unfortunately he was then also sub-editor of the *Alleynian* and wrote the critical accounts of field days, but modesty no doubt prevented him ever mentioning himself.

He was too young to come under the notice of Dr. Carver or Dr. Welldon, who were his first two headmasters, but he always acknowledged the great influence of Mr. Gilkes. That remarkable man, tall, loose-limbed, and of unconventional manners, had a way of turning on a boy with an unexpected and sometimes embarrassing question. 'Weston,' he asked one day, 'if Jesus Christ asked you for the loan of a coat, would you fetch Him your shabbiest?' The answer was No, but the question was always remembered. He found in time that the Lord Jesus did not merely ask for his coat but for all he had and was, and his whole life was an endeavour to render the gift complete.

Gilkes' parting words to Frank were also memorable — 'Mind you never allow yourself to be misled by symbols.' They show how accurately he had judged the trend of the boy's mind, and they may also show the limitations of his own. Frank and he would never have agreed on what were symbols, or what was the relation of symbols to reality.

Apart from Gilkes, school had little to do with Frank's development. He was a day-boy and his home influences were supreme. He would hurry back after morning school and run upstairs to find a few minutes for prayer alone. He told no one of this, and no one remarked on it, but in a large family such practices could not be hid. His vicar, Mr. Beeby, taught him the Catholic Faith, and a school friend remembers chaffing him for being 'Beeby's help,' which looks as if he were already attempting some Church work. He was much impressed also by reading the Life of Father Mackonochie, and was ready to dispute with schoolboy friends on the mysteries of the Faith, the reality of the Sacraments and the appropriate character of ritual development. One at least of those friends remembers how clear-headed he was in statement and how dexterous in parrying objections.

When the time came for him to go up to Trinity

College, Oxford, he had thought and read much, and was both mentally and morally very mature. He was also very ignorant of life, very diffident about himself, and inclined to shrink from contact with other men.

## II

It was in October 1890 that I first met Frank Weston, at Trinity College, Oxford. I was then in my fourth year and he was a Fresher. I remember a tall awkward boy—but he was not in the least boyish—and he seemed to look down on me through gold-rimmed spectacles with considerable disapproval. No doubt I had called on him with feelings of kindly patronage, but I went away feeling very young and foolish. Those who only remember the Bishop, the gallant grace of his bearing, the wonder of his smile, and his immediate sympathy, will find it hard to believe that he was ever awkward or inclined to repel friendly advances.

Sixteen years afterwards he wrote to me from Africa :

Would you believe me if I say that I do not consider myself worth knowing ? I cannot try to make people like me : I do not know what there is in me to like. I was badly trained so far as ' social ' life proper goes. Oxford found me a shy and heavy day-school boy, frightened of my fellows : glad to find a refuge in a small circle. Stratford dragged me out, but those who came to be kind to me at Stratford did so because I entered into their lives, religious and social, at the point where they needed me. May I put it so ? Then came Westminster, where the same holds true. I have a host of friends there, but the basis of our friendship is ministry, I think. So I've growed ! Outside my fellow-workers, who have always been real ' pals,' and my flocks, I have few friends. I was frightened of you until in your goodness you took my dull old life and gave it a share of yours. And to this day I am too shy to make many friends. I get on with most folk, for I have the art of listening and I think I am sympathetic. But honestly I have never conceived it possible that anyone would care to like me.

It is curious that this diffidence about himself was compatible with an almost aggressive certainty about the validity of his beliefs, so that those who did not know him personally misread his character from his actions. Here I would call attention to his extreme sensitiveness. All through his life it caused him to suffer, but it was also the secret of his powers. He was drawn out by his enforced contact with others in ministerial work, and his sympathies were always widening and deepening. After he became a Bishop all trace of self-consciousness disappeared. It was not because he believed more in himself, but because he believed so intensely in the dignity of his order. The rich humanity that was in Frank Weston was only fully liberated in the Bishop of Zanzibar.

It is not surprising that this boy with a fixed creed and a definite purpose in life should hardly feel at home with flippant and irresponsible undergraduates. His manners in chapel excited remark, although there were several ritualistic young men in college; but there was this difference—Frank Weston's religion was inseparable from himself. One contemporary remembers how a lecture room was rendered uncomfortable when, in answer to a question, Frank mentioned our Blessed Lord by name. There were some thirty young men cramming the necessary information to pass the divinity examination known as 'Gossers.' They were probably memorising, with the aid of irreverent rhymes, what miracles occurred in which Gospel, and they were startled to find someone for whom the narrative had an intimate sanctity. Another contemporary told me recently: 'I liked him, but I did not know him well, for I was always a little afraid that he would speak to me about my soul or ask me to attend a prayer-meeting.' Had he known him better, he need have been under no such apprehension. His own sensitive shrinking from self-revelation made it impossible for him to intrude uninvited on the secrets of another.

But if he took little part in the general life of the College, he had his intimate friends, men of his own year, with whom he could be free and natural, and they knew how human he was. Like so many, his cherished memories of Oxford were of long afternoons on the

Cherwell, or unforgettable evenings with friends on the upper river above Godstow. He played no game but lawn tennis, and that only in a pat-ball fashion, but he could scull a tub all day long without being tired, and had already begun to develop his powers of walking. Liable to bronchitis and often ill, he was none the less endowed with great muscular strength, which was discovered with devastating consequences by those who tried to rag him.

His particular friends, in Oxford fashion, resolved themselves into a society, called themselves Moles, and printed rules sufficiently elaborate to allow for the nice discussion of points of order. Every Sunday morning they breakfasted together, and every Sunday evening they met after Church-time to discuss papers and drink coffee. Weston, according to the minute book, read papers on Carlyle's 'Chartism,' 'Empedocles on Etna,' 'Sesame and Lilies,' and Tennyson's 'Princess'—the last, I am told, was less concerned with the poem than with 'the respectful operatic perversion' of it by Gilbert and Sullivan. One of the Moles writes to me :

Weston was a good debater and delighted in argument on any subject whatever. I see him leaning back in his chair, elbows on the arms, both hands holding his pipe to the middle of his lips, smoking hard with short nervous puffs, always smiling, ready to pounce on any opening given by his adversary, and often bringing the debate to a close by turning the whole thing into a farce.

One of these discussions did not end in a farce. Frank had been brought up a Conservative, but after a debate which lasted into the small hours of the morning there came a dramatic moment when he suddenly accepted the creed of the Christian Socialists. Prejudice was vanquished, and, rightly or wrongly, he followed his conscience until the end.

The Moles were all seriously minded, and that held them together ; but they were not all of one mind, and that made their society fruitful. Of the eight, four were Churchmen, though not all of one colour, one was a Presbyterian, one a Wesleyan, one a Congregationalist

and one an Agnostic. They were all honour men but were reading for different schools—Greats, Theology, History, and Natural Science.

The Wesleyan writes :

Weston was never particularly vigorous in health, but he went about all his work with a settled purpose that no one could mistake. At first sight he would strike you as shy and retiring and a little diffident, but you soon found that he was exceedingly tenacious of his beliefs, and that his beliefs were very clearly formed and held. He did not seek to force them on others, but if you differed from him, or questioned them, he would give you no rest ; and he did not care how strongly he stated them or attacked the position of their opponents ; but all through with such a mixture of sincerity and good humour—often a sort of good-humoured tolerance, as if he implied that you could not quite mean all you said—that you could not be angry with him however deeply you might disagree.

The Congregationalist writes :

If I had prejudices on sectarian grounds against parsons when I went to Oxford, they ceased to be effective after I came to know Weston well. . . . He would never admit any shade of good or bad, of true or false. One had to accept the whole Catholic Faith or be a heretic, and one had to live out the whole religious life or be a backslider. But it was not the intolerance which is a lack of love : his intolerance proceeded from an uncompromising conscience.

It was not only on questions of faith, but on matters of conduct, that his companions found him inexorable. If they had not cared for him so much, and if there had been any taint of self-righteousness in him, he would have been a difficult person to live with. As it was, he was naturally humble, and his dogmatism was always qualified by his sense of humour. When most convinced that he was right, he was never bad-tempered with those he thought wrong. He had an inflexible standard for himself, but he did not pick holes in others.

The Presbyterian writes :

I remember him lying on the hearthrug in my father's billiard room with a glass of hot rum in his hand (he usually drank beer) and closing a long argument on ecclesiastical matters by calling his host (a True Blue Presbyterian and son of the Manse) an 'infantile Christian.' This was characteristic of his attitude to Nonconformity in those days. He regarded it with just a little wonder as a kind of half-baked religion. This might have been very irritating, but it never was. He often spent part of the vacations at my home, and was a great favourite with my parents.

The True Blue Presbyterian was evidently tolerant and could allow for the infallibility of youth ; but his son has perhaps not quite fathomed why Frank's outrageous speech did not irritate. The older man knew that there was no contempt in the boy's mind—he did not regard his religion as half-baked. It was the religion of his own childhood, and he thought that he himself had outgrown it, that was all.

In his first year at Oxford he attended all Gore's Bampton Lectures, and discussed them afterwards in detail with a fellow Mole of like convictions. When there was nothing so exciting at the Varsity Church, he assisted at High Mass in St. Barnabas', or went to the little tin tabernacle across Magdalen Bridge, where the Cowley Fathers worshipped and the Plain-song was austere. Every Saturday night he went to the Pusey House, and in the little chapel upstairs attended the service of preparation for Holy Communion conducted by Stuckey Coles. At the Pusey House he knew Gore well and continued to love him even when they disagreed. At the Pusey House too he joined the Christian Social Union, but was rapidly dissatisfied with the cautious policy advocated by the Secretary. 'It is our business to create the right atmosphere,' said the wise Secretary. 'I want to be doing something,' said Frank, and he went off to join the Guild of St. Matthew and to take part in the more militant propaganda organised by Stewart Headlam.

One term, with some like-minded undergraduates, he

endeavoured to form white lists of firms in Oxford which paid Trade Union wages, and one night he surprised the respectable Church Society of his college by denouncing the Secretary for having the notices printed by sweated labour.

It was during his time at Oxford that Bishop Smythies came to preach at St. Barnabas' and made a strong appeal for men to come to Africa. Weston went home and thought of that call all night, and next morning went to St. Stephen's House and offered to go out to the Mission as soon as he was ordained. He followed up his offer by facing the Mission doctor, who decided that he could not stand the climate. Afterwards Dr. Howard, once a fellow Mole and long with Frank in the diocese of Zanzibar, assures me that his health really improved in Africa. Certainly after years in the tropics he became a commanding figure.

He was up at Oxford for three years only, and he consistently overworked himself. His nerves were all wrong for weeks before he went into the Schools, and on the fourth night of his examination he went off in a dead faint in a friend's rooms. Next day he told the friend that he did not know what he had written or what the papers were about, but it made no difference. There were only three firsts in the Theology school that year, and Frank was one of them. His mother still treasures the letter of Dr. Sanday telling her how brilliantly he had done. Sanday had been his tutor, but up to that time had never suspected his intellectual power. He wanted him to remain in Oxford, but Frank was eager to begin work and refused the offer of a Liddon Studentship. At two-and-twenty a man is in a hurry, if he be burning with zeal to convince the world of righteousness and judgment. So he said good-bye to Oxford, and with four other Moles rowed down the river to Richmond.

### III

Frank Weston left Oxford in June 1893, and in August of the same year he went to live at the Trinity College, Oxford, Mission in Stratford-atte-Bow.



The Mission was not then well equipped like the Oxford House. There was a red brick church—outside grimy with smoke and not at all glorious within—and a big hall with a lofty house alongside. The ground floor of the house contained an office for the Missioner, and cloak rooms; above them was a club room with a billiard table, above again were the rooms in which the Missioner and Frank lived, and at the top lived a housekeeper, and there was a kitchen from which food descended at intervals by a lift. The room occupied by Frank was also used for committees, and he often had to go to bed after the men had been smoking shag tobacco, and had left behind their empty tea-cups, orange peel, and fragments of cake. He was generally, however, too tired for his sense of tidiness to be affronted, and he could sleep though engines shrieked all night long and heavy trains shook the house every few minutes. Tenby Road was not beautiful. Beyond the church were tall houses with bay windows and stucco fronts. They were let as tenements to different families who occupied one or two rooms apiece; and the presiding divinity was a stout and voluble Irish lady, who was not a long-suffering person but knew how to eject unsatisfactory lodgers. The houses across the street were not quite so forbidding, but they were inhabited chiefly by people of the same class. If you continued your walk in one direction you came to a street of respectable little villas, but going in the other you came to the bridge over the Great Eastern main line, and turning the corner you were in Angel Lane. There you could find fried-fish shops, pawnbrokers, and several large public-houses. The street was full of coster barrows, and on Saturday night, when all was lighted by flaring gas jets, it was a garish sight. The Angels, we hope, were there, but the Devil was certainly busy.

What a locality, you may say, for a diffident Oxford scholar! but Frank went there as to a joyous adventure. He found there romance in plenty and the incarnation of romance in Johnny Roxburgh, the Missioner.

Roxburgh was the friendliest of mortals and the most adaptable of men. In five minutes he could be at home in any society, and it took him no longer to make an

intimate friend. He lived every moment of his life as if it alone mattered, and he treated anyone whom he met as if he alone were important. His enthusiasm never flagged, but the objects on which he was enthusiastic varied. His brain teemed with ideas, but he rarely thought them out. He was perhaps the most eloquent man I have met, for he spoke with unpremeditated art. He could preach or lecture on any subject at the shortest notice ; and his lectures were interesting, sometimes brilliant, but you could not rely on his facts, for his imagination was always capable of supplying any deficiency in his knowledge.

One morning I remember Johnny receiving a letter from a Bishop, and his dismay was comical. He had met his Lordship the previous week and sketched out a scheme for temperance reform. The Bishop had been impressed and wrote for details, and Johnny could have invented the details if only he had not forgotten the scheme.

For him his conventional district was a world of romance and he could tell you stories about it which were much too good to be true. Something was always happening to him. He would rush out into the road at night to stop a street fight by fighting, and he was brave enough to intervene in a matrimonial dispute when neither husband nor wife was sober. And yet he was the quietest of men in a sick room and would sit up all night with someone who was dying. Frank once told me that Johnny had filled his church not by his eloquence but with people he had converted on sick beds.

Comfort had no meaning for him, to meals he was indifferent. He lived largely on cocoa, bread, and marmalade. He liked cold baths, which was lucky, for there was generally no hot water to be had. He was recklessly generous in money and appreciation. He had not much money but he had many friends.

His political, social and ecclesiastical views were always changing, but he was constant in his devotion to the Person of our Lord, and nothing could shake his belief in the goodness of his fellow-men. He died some five years ago, worn out with work, in Johannesburg.

Such a man could not fail to draw Frank out, and Frank owed much to his irrepressible expansiveness. When he went to live at Stratford he knew what he was in for, for he had often been at the Trinity Mission during his vacations. As early as December 1891, a contemporary has noted in his diary an account of the Sunday School. 'Weston had to sit at the end of the church with a bell to keep order. He wasn't good at it, as he would not speak loud enough.' His critic was a Blue and a loud-voiced lord of the towing-path, and Frank probably had views which did not allow him to shout in church.

Two years later when he came into residence he rapidly learnt his job. He could not only keep order, but he introduced a new spirit into that school and revolutionised the method of instruction. He was soon on the best of terms with the children. He started a play hour in the hall for the little street urchins, and it was difficult to expel them when the hour was up. He liked to have them all to himself so as to be free to join in the games; and it was generally a very hot and dishevelled Frank who emerged when it was over. He persuaded the children to come to the Eucharist, and taught them how to assist in the service. In collaboration with Roxburgh's Sunday curate he prepared *A Manual for Children's Worship*, which was published by Masters. It was very simple and to-day would be favourably regarded in Moderate churches, but there were in those days people who thought it wickedly extreme.

It was at Stratford also that Frank learnt to sympathise with boys who were beginning life in factories, offices and shops, and over some of them he soon acquired a remarkable ascendancy. It was not by 'a slap on the back, dear fellow' manner that he won them, but by a penetrating sympathy and the strength of his own character. They called him 'the Cardinal' among themselves, and I think there was always somewhat of awe about their intimacy with him. He was a great listener, and long before he was a priest and could hear confessions, boys told him much more than they had ever

intended to tell anyone, and were afterwards glad that they had done so.

He impressed on them the importance of little things and trivial actions. One of his old boys after thirty years remembers how sternly he was rebuked for behaving irreverently in the vestry while holding the processional cross. He also with some humour relates how 'the Cardinal' reprovved a woman for treating a Bible carelessly, and how a few days afterwards he visited her in her home, and without thinking put his hat on the small table in the window, thereby covering the family Bible—then she reprovved him.

After his ordination he was in charge of a Guild of Servers, who were chiefly men employed in the Great Eastern Railway works. One of them writes to me :

He instructed us assiduously : he compelled reverence by his own example, and if anyone who loved him could withstand those wonderful eyes of his—well, he had passed the auditor. He really did care for us, and we were of varied types. You had to qualify for altar service, and then it was hard to live up to his requirements.

He did not forget these firstfruits of his ministry when he was at Westminster, or afterwards in Africa. To one of them he wrote :

Do not let vain words of public speakers and newspaper writers disturb the peace of your soul. You know Him in Whom you have believed : do not dishonour Him by giving up any part of the Gospel you have received, and to which you owe your salvation. Persevere in the old paths : God will guide others into the same way when it is possible. Dear —, I pray for you. I expect much of you. *He* prays patiently for you and expects still more of you. Do not disappoint *Him*.

It will be understood how his sympathies widened as he threw himself into his work, but he was still shy with men of his own class, and many of the undergraduates and old Trinity men who visited the Mission

did not understand him. One of the shrewdest of them writes:

He roused opposition as willingly as he faced it fearlessly, and those of us who liked the man, liked him all the better for it. I liked him immensely, but there was something about him which prevented my liking turning into real affection. . . . I know nothing of Frank's antecedents, but I should not be surprised if there was a Puritan strain, and for people like myself . . . the type which arises out of a Puritan turned priestly is apt to be antipathetic. I do not think I have ever met anyone more whole-heartedly devoted. . . . Being a great man, this did not make him irritatingly narrow-minded, but I think it tended to make many who were much under his influence narrow. . . . Being a great man, he was of course tolerant—for he tolerated me; and one who can tolerate a bigoted Protestant who quotes the Thirty-nine Articles and 'Johnson's Dictionary' in order to settle a question of doctrine, is tolerant indeed.

This criticism, which refers to the period between 1890 and 1896, is, I think, just. Frank was essentially a man with a great heart, but he was not yet altogether a man with an understanding heart. There were still many with whom he could not sympathise, and they were repelled by an austerity which was due in part to the inherited inhibitions of puritanism, and in part to the awful responsibility which he felt as a priest of God. He never understood the dangers that lay in his domination of others, perhaps because his domination was undesigned. In Africa afterwards he was often surprised and disappointed, because those who were most responsive broke down hopelessly when he was absent from them. On the other hand, we should remember that when little men surrender themselves to a great man, they cannot fail to be narrow, but they may be enthusiastic, straight and effective; the same little men left to themselves may be broad, but they will be shallow, and very little can be expected of them in the way of accomplishment.

Again, at this time he made little appeal to women.

He was young and he had the ideals of a celibate. It is true that while an undergraduate he had been in love, had proposed to a lady and been rejected. Before he proposed he had been in an agony of doubt about his vocation ; after being refused his call to a celibate life became clear, but he was always a little afraid of women.

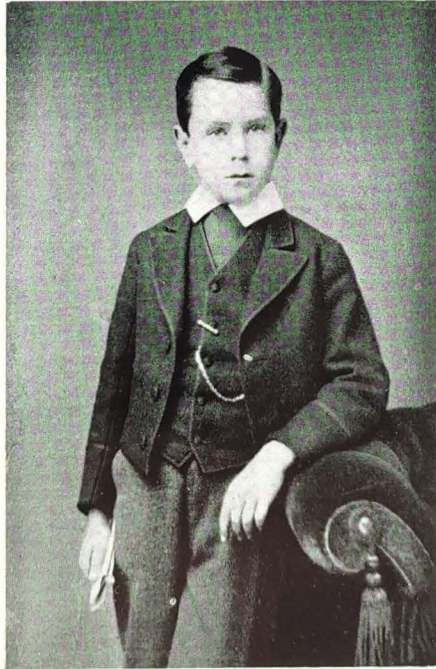
He worked with Roxburgh for more than a year as a layman and was then ordained a deacon by Dr. Festing, the Bishop of St. Albans. Before his ordination the congregation were solemnly asked whether they wished for him, and unanimously approved of him. This was in line with the efforts which Roxburgh was making to introduce a democratic element into Church life. Both he and Weston belonged to the Church Reform League and, long before Life and Liberty came to birth, Holy Trinity, Stratford, had a vigorous Church Council, where church workers were sometimes more plain-spoken than polite. They also worried the Rural Dean of West Ham until he consented to form the West Ham Lay Church Council.

Both Roxburgh and Weston aimed at making their Church a spiritual home for their people, and multiplied offices that all the attached members of the congregation might feel their responsibility. They were zealous to get back to a social Christianity, which they believed was characteristic of the primitive Church. With this end in view Weston gave lectures on the Early Fathers, and I remember finding him re-reading St. Cyprian amid the din of the Club House. They even tried one Easter to revive the Agape after evening service in the Club Hall ; but the details had not been well thought out, the congregation pronounced the word as two syllables, and it then expressed their astonishment at a religious meal in a hall.

Throughout the time that Weston was at Stratford there was an increase in the ceremonial of the church, and the sacramental system was more and more insisted on. Those were the days of Kensit and Protestant crusades. Holy Trinity attracted attention, and Frank attended Protestant meetings to ask questions and explain his position. It was, of course, a silly thing to do, and



1874.



1881.



1895.

facing p. 16.

more than once he met with a rough reception. He was young and he was militant, and I think he got a good deal of fun out of those meetings. Later in life he would have felt the pathos of the situation.

We are none of us quite consistent, and it was a different Frank who preached in the church. He never wrote his sermons, and when the Bishop of St. Albans demanded one for criticism, he had to write it for the episcopal eye. Few congregations have been better served. In the morning Roxburgh denounced iniquity with the fervour of a minor prophet, or exhorted to righteousness with so much gusto that virtue became immediately attractive. In the evening Weston leaned out of the pulpit and spoke of the love of Jesus, and there was a note of yearning in his utterance. He so wanted others to see the vision of beauty, and to respond to the Redeemer Whose heart was aching with a desire to save.

But this Gospel which they preached was practical, it had to be applied, and the Missioners were living in close contact with industrial conditions which left much to be desired. Roxburgh had gone to Stratford as a Tory, but he was soon converted; Weston had joined the Mission as a theoretic Socialist, and he was soon in touch with those who would now be called Labour leaders. He worked hard, often after midnight, at Blue Books and Poor Law Reports. He wrote two pamphlets, one on 'Co-operation' and another on the 'Marriage Law.' He spoke on platforms on the incorporation of West Ham with the Metropolis and on the equalisation of rates. He stood for election as a guardian but did not get in; and I altogether failed to make him understand the glamour which a seventeenth century Toryism had for me. He was not, however, a disciple of Morris, and had no belief in the dream of John Ball. He had very little historic sense, and his mind was logical. He was quite clear that the doctrine of the Incarnation involved the redemption of all life, and that the doctrine of the Catholic Church could only be realised in a real brotherhood of man.

Those who fully agreed with him in principle were not all sure that his programme would really result as he



desired, and some of his friends were anxious lest he should confuse means with ends and become too political in his outlook. He was sitting one night at Oxford with a Don and enlarging on his schemes for a millennium, when the Don asked with apparent irrelevance : ' Do you believe in the heavenly Jerusalem ? ' ' Yes,' replied Weston. ' Ah,' said the Don, ' I wish I did, and if I did I don't think I should talk much about anything else.' The words went home and were remembered. Frank remained a Socialist all his life, but he put spiritual things first. He became more and more convinced that it was only through directing men's attention to the heavenly Jerusalem that real human progress in this world could be made.

While Frank was at Stratford considerable additions were made to the buildings of the Mission. The hall was built over, large club rooms were added, and the accommodation for Missioner, assistant, and visitors increased. This was largely due to the splendid generosity of one man, and he was a convinced Evangelical in religion. He was naturally alarmed when he was told that he had built a nest for Popery. The College also was largely Tory, and, when Roxburgh was Missioner, undergraduates flocked to the Mission and were scandalised by the Socialist propaganda which was going on there. The College authorities grew alarmed, but no one thought of blaming Roxburgh for the definite trend towards Catholicism and Socialism ; everyone was sure that Weston was the villain of the piece, and largely they were right. Roxburgh indeed was the conspicuous figure in public, and the two men were working in harmony, but Roxburgh's response to his environment was such that he could not fail to be influenced by a man with whom he lived. He owed much to Frank, as Frank owed much to him.

So it came to pass that the Missioner was summoned to Oxford to discuss the situation. He went and talked, and others talked also. Roxburgh was always reasonable and could see others' point of view. He was skilful at extemporising formulæ to which no one could object. Well pleased with his diplomacy he returned to Stratford

to tell his colleague what had been settled. Weston sat listening, puffing at a pipe. He made but one comment: 'Johnny, you have given the whole show away.' It was a bitter moment for both men.

Roxburgh could always see both sides of a question and was ready to come to terms. If he could not get all that he wanted, he cheerfully made the best of what he could get. For Weston everything was either right or wrong: and, that being so, he was unable to compromise and felt obliged to resign. It was a thousand pities. The two men had worked so happily together and each had supplied what the other lacked. And yet the Protestant donor, the Tory undergraduates, the College authorities, the Missioner and his assistant had all done what they were bound to do—all had acted honourably—and it was the work of the Mission which was to suffer for a while.

#### IV

Father W. H. Jervois had been for a long time an assistant priest at St. Matthew's, Westminster; he was also an old member of Trinity College, Oxford, and had several times visited the Mission at Stratford. Just when Weston resigned, Father Jervois accepted the living of St. Mary's, Munster Square, and told Father Trevelyan of the young priest who was free to accept a new appointment.

So it came to pass that Frank moved himself and his belongings to St. Matthew's, Westminster, in June 1896, and his new sphere of work presented lively contrasts with his old.

After his life of excitement, excursions and alarms, he came to a parish where all was at peace and everything went on as if by clockwork. The services in the church and the meals in the clergy house could alike be depended on, but the first were elaborate and the others were not.

There had been no change in the staff for over twelve years, and during that time four men had lived together, animated by the same faith and in pursuit of the same ideals. It says much for them and much also for Frank

that a man so much their junior should find himself immediately at home.

His vicar writes :

There never can have been a more cheerful clergy house, and the new member of the staff did not lower its standard. Always hopeful, shrewd, competent and cheerful, not perhaps saying very much, but always appreciating a joke, looking old for his years, and supremely wise behind his spectacles, but with his well-known twinkle in his eye, he was worth everything to us.

It was true that if he was young, he was old for his years and looked it, so that when a parishioner was told that Father So-and-so would come to a distressing case, he replied : ' Had it not better be somebody older, like Father Weston ? ' Neither gentleman heard the last of that clergy house jest for a long time.

In the church there was an attached congregation, and parochial reunions were almost like family gatherings. The church was full, but not full of curious sight-seers. The church did not advertise, and it was not a place for fancy services or star preachers. The congregation had been collected one by one ; many had come broken down and hopeless to find a new meaning for life from men who were shepherds of souls. Most of them had learned their religion at St. Matthew's and took it for granted. There were no fierce debates at vestry meetings about what should or should not be done. The life of the place was focused at the altar ; the path to the altar was by the confessional, and the devout knew their way to the little chapel upstairs, where they could say their prayers in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

The curates taught daily and systematically in the Church schools. The children's Eucharist was carefully explained, and the Catechism took place on Sunday afternoons. Frank helped his vicar in producing a book of Catechism Notes for the National Society. He was skilful in framing a syllabus and in finding simple definitions which could be learnt and remembered. He also produced a little book called *The Holy Sacrifice*, which

was published by Methuen and was intended to help those who assisted at Mass when they did not communicate.

The parish was small in area but very populous, and nearly everyone in it was poor. Visiting was insisted on, and Frank spent most of his afternoons up and down the stone staircase of Rochester Buildings, learning fresh lessons about the difficulties of life. Except on holidays, he rarely went outside the parish during the two years he was there, though so close to the flood of London's restless life and in earshot of newspaper boys shrieking about what concerned the passing hour.

Here also he had his boys, and in March 1898 he writes :

I have in tow about twenty young ruffians—mostly immoral little pagans—only four communicants! It is hard fighting, but I think most of them will be slain in due course. Some will have to be expelled from the conflict : to rejoice in their victory alone.

It seemed that he had all that he wanted—a church in which God was worshipped in the beauty of holiness, colleagues who were real friends, varied work day and night, and human interests which absorbed him. One of his colleagues writes :

While he stayed with us, I don't think anything of interest happened. Frank did ordinary things—parish work, sermons, quiet days—like the rest of us, but he did them better.

But St. Matthew's was always interested in foreign missions and especially in the Universities' Mission to Central Africa,<sup>1</sup> for which they raised more than £100 a year. Bishop Smythies had stayed several times in the clergy house, Bishop Richardson had been there once, and at length came Archdeacon Woodward saying: 'I am out to fish for men.' Frank explained to him how he had once offered himself to Bishop Smythies and been rejected by the doctor. 'Perhaps your health has improved,' said Woodward; 'come and see the doctor again.'

<sup>1</sup> Henceforth referred to as U.M.C.A.

This time the doctor passed him, Frank volunteered, was accepted, and started for his life work in Africa.

St. Matthew's had much to do in preparing him for his work. He had learnt there to meditate and pray, to live a disciplined life and to recognise the need of method in teaching others. He went out to Africa with St. Matthew's as an ideal of what a church should be. It was all he knew of effective work in the Church of England. He had come to it after the experiments of Stratford, and been convinced that here was an ordered system which really worked and produced such fruit as he desired.

He knew little else of the Church of England, which accounts for the fact that to the ordinary man he seemed altogether out of touch with the spirit of the national religion. This is accounted for if we remember how congregational are the London churches. At St. Matthew's he had his colleagues, and the only other clergy who visited them were of like views, as were the enthusiastic laymen who supported the church.

Do you say, 'How narrow such a training must be'? That depends! Catholicism is, after all, the most complete religion and catholic conceptions are the most widely spread. Had Frank been going to live in England it would have been well for him to learn how to appreciate the various standpoints of Christian Englishmen; but he went to Africa, and it was well that he went there with a definite conception of what the Christian life might be, and with an ideal for an African Church unaffected by the many cross currents of English history.

## V

Why did he go? Because he believed in a call, and had schooled himself to respond. His vicar had guessed, though he never spoke of himself, and was still so young, that he had been through spiritual suffering in the conquest of himself, and I think that his vicar was right. Frank was not naturally of an ascetic temper. He liked comfort and the amenities of life, but he believed in self-mortification. No one appreciated more the joys

of home and family life, but he was convinced of his vocation as a celibate. He was not without ambition, but conscience impelled him to renounce it. So he left Oxford, and sacrificed his intellectual interests for the sake of God's poor. So he left Westminster and the work which he loved in order that he might make the sacrifice more complete. Calvary was for him the dominating fact in the whole world's history, but the lesson of Calvary had to be learnt and accepted before the world could be redeemed. He felt that the human heart of the suffering Saviour was yearning for the black races. He felt that the eyes of the Crucified searched him out with a mute appeal, 'Who will go for Me?' And he could not face the Questioner unless he answered 'Lord, send me !'

## CHAPTER II

### FIRST EXPERIENCES IN ZANZIBAR

#### I

ZANZIBAR has seen many changes since Frank Weston landed there in 1898. The dignified Arab landowners, in gold-embroidered *johos* and jewelled sword hilts, had not then been for the most part ruined by intrusive aliens. The slave trade had been suppressed, though slave dhows were still occasionally captured *en route* for Muscat. The status of slavery had just been abolished, but the process of emancipation was slow. The Goanese were beginning to monopolise trade, but there were then fewer Hindus and Parsees. The European community was small and sanitation was being talked about. The Zanzibar of to-day is cleaner than was then thought possible.

Frank had known that Zanzibar was a heathen city, but he had expected to see from his steamer the Cathedral built by Bishop Steere dominating the town. It was not visible. He landed in the heat among an eager, pushing, gesticulating crowd, and, when he had torn himself free, his first impression was the filthy smell of the place—it was a city not of sheep but goats. As he proceeded down the long, narrow, dark streets of stone houses with their open shops he found the immemorial wares of the East piled together with the cheapest products of our factories, and from then onwards was sceptical about civilisation coming by commerce. Out of the network of alleys with their thatched huts swarmed the black population, chattering, curious and inattentive, quick to pass remarks on a stranger but not at all prepared to take a new missionary seriously.

Then, tired and confused, he came to the peace of Mkunazini. There was the Cathedral after all, beautiful in its white simplicity. There also were the Hospital and the Nurses' Home. At last he had found a resting-place in that heathen city of purposeless movement and noise.

Soon he was once more on his way, walking two miles to Kiungani, where he was to live in the great stone Arab house which stands on a tiny cliff overlooking the white sand of a little bay. He liked the irregular cloister, the chapel and other buildings adjoining the main house; he liked the shamba behind with its palms and mangoes; he liked his own dark bare room, from which he could look out on a burning sky and a sea that was like vapour shot with fire.

He arrived on the same day that the boys came back to school, and they had a bonfire to celebrate the beginning of term. He enjoyed that; but he marked also the orderly entrance of the boys into chapel, and wrote in his enthusiasm: 'The discipline of the place is A 1, and the happiness of the boys  $\alpha +$ .' Six months later he was more critical about Kiungani, but he never ceased to revere Walter King, who died in the following year.

Two miles farther along the coast he visited Kilimani, where Miss D. Y. Mills was in charge of the Home for little boys. With their exuberant spirits and ready affection, these children won their way at once to his heart, but later his heart was often pierced as he became aware of their precocious immorality.

A little beyond Kilimani is the Christian village of Mbweni and the Home for girls, who were then looked after by Miss Thackeray. When the waifs and strays rescued from slave dhows grew up and married, there was no Christian community to absorb them, and the Mission solved the difficulty by planting a little colony on a shamba at Mbweni, where they had land to cultivate, a church to worship in, and a priest with other mission workers to befriend them. The place looked charming with its broad, well-kept roads, its plantations of coconuts, its neat houses and allotments, but it has always been a source of anxiety. There can be no real community where there are no grandfathers and grandmothers, no



social traditions and no sense of common origin. The slave children were of many tribes and came from many parts of Africa. They were institution bred, they lacked initiative, and naturally depended on the white missionaries. The failure of Mbweni made Frank in after years so zealous to maintain the family, the tribe, the community life and all old customs that were not immoral. He did not attempt to create Utopias by segregating Christians, but set out to build an African Church on the foundations of African life, fearlessly planting that Church in a heathen soil. As in his first *Open Letter*, he was always ready to distinguish between 'a Godliness which is being preached by a foreign missionary body, and a Godliness which, having seized the hearts of the people, has built up round itself an organisation of national ministry, custom and morality.'

## II

Weston had read the lives of Mackenzie and Steere and had met Bishop Smythies, who walked as a king among men. He had ideals of missionary work, and he expected to find them exemplified in Zanzibar, but he was soon disillusioned.

The Mission had a great past. Mackenzie had gone up the Shiré River like a gay knight-errant out for the great adventure. Buoyant and almost boyish in his enthusiasm, he had dared to do what was impossible, and only lived long enough to be an example of Christian heroism, and an inspiration to the hundreds of missionaries who have followed in his steps.

He was succeeded by Tozer, a wise and a brave man, who was content to do small things well. He showed his wisdom by removing his base to Zanzibar, and his moral courage by defying the ignorant enthusiasts at home. With very little encouragement and under great difficulties he went on teaching and training boys, girls, and adults who had been released from slavers, but all the time he and his small staff were learning the language and customs of the natives.

Steere had been nearly ten years in the Mission before

he succeeded to the episcopate. He was the architect, clerk of the works and master-mason of the Cathedral church which he built on the site of the old slave market. But that church is, after all, only the visible symbol of an even more enduring work which he did for Africa. He was the true master-builder and laid deep and broad foundations. He established the Mission at Magila and Masasi, from which the work has spread. He had a mental grip of the problems which would have to be faced in the future, and prepared his plans with careful sagacity. He did not despise the day of small things, because he was sustained by the vision of what might be. He gave his life for Africa and the Africans, and that was the measure of his devotion to our Lord ; but he loved natives with the love of benevolence only, for he found their manners and their failings alike repulsive. In some respects he was a greater man than Frank Weston, but no one would have said of him what Samwil Mwinyipembe has said of Frank: 'To the Europeans he was a European, and to us Africans an African.'

Then came Smythies, who marched over the African continent with the mien of a conqueror, and enormously increased the prestige of the Mission. He made even people at home to realise that his was the Land of Romance. He impressed native chiefs by his dignity, and he made himself respected at Berlin. He refused to withdraw his missionaries or desert his people in the days of war, when the Foreign Office was anxious for him to do so. A dauntless man, with such energy that he kept even the faint-hearted going until they died ; a man of inflexible will, who loved to champion the oppressed.

With two such mighty men in succession, the Mission staff had naturally looked to their Bishops for support and direction, and felt lost when a man of a very different character succeeded. Bishop Richardson was a saint, very gentle and courteous to everyone, but he came from the quiet of a country parish with no great capacity as a ruler, and too old to learn about new conditions of life. He always found it hard to say No, and was often unwilling to say Yes, for in saying Yes to one, others might be offended. He was inclined to wait on the development

of events and did not make plans ; punctual in performing his duties, he disliked being hustled and had no wish to hustle anyone else. The Archdeacons on the mainland went each his own way, and everyone in Zanzibar did what was right in his own eyes. Young priests just out from England introduced new practices and devotions which scandalised the older members of the Mission. Some sank into a groove. Some, according to Frank, made their health a primary consideration. Some, he thought, were slipping away from the austere traditions of the past into self-indulgence. Frank, of course, only knew the work on the island, and he was always a little liable to generalise from insufficient data ; but he had come to Africa on fire with zeal, and he found in Africa many who were carrying on prosaically an accustomed work. He began to criticise and agitate, and within four months published an *Open Letter* addressed to the Bishop. That letter came out as a bombshell, and the noise it made was heard even in Dartmouth Street. I read it in the comfortable seclusion of a country village, and wrote to the author that his conduct was inexcusable. He replied : ' I have given up all to come a journey of 6000 miles ; and I had to write that letter or come home again.'

### III

Regarding the *Open Letter*, he wrote to me :

It seemed to me that a vigorous line would do two things—open the way for a very few who are keen ; and by bringing all the odium upon myself, make advance under Episcopal favour possible : and also cause the really slack so great a shock as to make a contemplation of past goodness in the Mission possible.

A month or two later he wrote to me again from hospital while down with fever.

The main goal at which I aimed was lay-folk. The females at once shook their feathers, and several of them continue awake. A few only cackled and slumbered afresh. The males hate me like poison—in certain spheres of thought—but are very friendly

personally. They consider me self-assertive—very green—and hope for my conversion. Thus I gather they hope much from this fever! To me it has been as Gilgal—it has rolled away the one reproach—they could hint, ‘Wait till you’ve had fever.’ . . . The result of my letter was not exactly popularity, but acceptance of views. Folk like to be reminded of ideals, and no one had ever spoken to them for more than two years of their life and work, and they sort of jumped at the opportunity of being jawed.

This is, I believe, rather an optimistic view, all the more remarkable because it comes from a man with fever. From other sources I heard how people, who had been long in the Mission, went about saying: ‘I wish Bishop Steere had been alive, he would have put that young man into his place.’ Personally I cannot imagine anyone daring to write Bishop Steere an Open Letter, and I am quite sure that had he been alive no such letter would have been written. Frank had read and re-read Bishop Steere’s biography. He had come to Africa full of Bishop Steere’s ideals. It was because it seemed to him that those ideals were being forgotten that he wrote. His appeal was: ‘Back to Steere.’

He was young, and in after years he said: ‘I could not write like that now, and I wish I had never written it.’ The great friend to whom he said this, who had been over twenty years in the Mission before him, replied: ‘It was just what we wanted at that time to be told, although much of it was nonsense.’

Forgetting the ‘nonsense,’ everyone will admit that missionaries were not in Africa ‘to show the heathen the European life, with the addition of a round of religious services,’ but were there ‘to set the Christ-like character boldly and clearly before all.’ We see his point when he says: ‘I am not blind to the mockery of passing from a carefully served house to preach to men about the Cross of the Servant of men’; but we need to be told that there was no luxury in the Mission, and that the modest comforts he censured had been found necessary through the experience gained by a long death-roll in the past.

He saw quite clearly that a native belief in Mission funds militated against the development of a self-supporting Church, but he was not then prepared to admit how slowly a self-supporting Church must be organised. He felt that the great obstacle to real progress lay in that consciousness of race superiority which is so characteristic of Englishmen. Missionaries had come to Africa to be kind to Africans, but they were inclined to treat them as children to be corrected and controlled, and they expected from them deference and service. This he saw to be the wrong attitude, for if a native Church was ever to grow, the native priests must be treated as equals. 'We have,' he said, 'always to remember that they, and not we, are the permanent leaders of the African Church.' At that time three out of four native priests had been trained in England, and he foresaw the danger 'that in the place of real native priests we may produce only priests who are Africans, living the lives and imitating the none too admirable characteristics of European missionaries.' Such priests could never be real national leaders, and at best they would minister 'to a select body of those who were content to lead half-ecclesiastical lives.' But a Church consists of laity as well as priests, and all have not a vocation to teach. In consequence he was shocked to find that 'Africans have been made to feel that to refuse to be a teacher is practically to resign the right to be treated as a Christian.' He looked to the future and wrote: 'We must be before the civilisation of Chartered Companies and Government Railways. We must teach our people to be prepared for secular callings, and help them to consecrate them.'

There was, after all, much good sense in the *Open Letter* if you allow for its overstatements and forget the somewhat fierce spirit which determined its form.

#### IV

Frank had been asked to go to Zanzibar to train teachers for Holy Orders, but when he arrived at Kiungani there were only two students, though more were expected. He entered at once into the life of the

place and began teaching little boys geography and older ones algebra. He saw at once that it was impossible to train married students in a boys' school, and wrote to *Central Africa*:

Imagine Ely or Cuddesdon shifted into the midst of a large public school, the students being expected to reap the fruits of quietness in such a world of noise and movement. Or consider how the work must suffer when our staff, and that a small one, has this threefold work to do—little boys, teachers, candidates for Holy Orders, all thrown together to get what instruction and help they may. Why, of course, those who are oldest and most trustworthy are left to themselves when any of the staff are ill! . . . So their work suffers.

The Bishop was on the mainland, but Frank set to work to plan a theological college. He drew plans of the buildings he required, many plans, until all was to his mind. He found a site at Mazizini on the coast between Kiungani and Mbweni. He arranged for a long lease at a very moderate rental of 150 rupees a year. So when the Bishop returned all the details were laid before him. In January 1899 his consent was obtained, and Frank wrote to England for at least £500 and obtained £1000.

He did not, however, wait for the money to come in. The work was begun at once and the buildings were opened in the following October, notwithstanding difficulties with native labour. He wrote to me :

The Arab who built the house is the prime liar of my circle. He has already cheated me out of hundreds of rupees, and still tries to do me out of a cloth to bury his mother therewith. I have had him grovelling on the floor, holding on to my feet, howling for pardon in the morning, and in the evening he has come back cheerfully lying as before. Then I have Banyan carpenters from Bombay, who, paid by the day, try to take it out of me by all manner of little decorative arts, prolonging work till doomsday if they were

allowed. Jolly men these : honest in most ways : very skilful with their feet, and as alert in all their powers: with a remnant of caste prejudice, but with a leaning to patent leather shoes and other European sins. The African proper is very dull compared with the Arab and the Banyan, but a skilful cheat—and what he cannot steal by roguery he appropriates by laziness in work. Yet he is not without brains, and within any groove of method he will move fairly well. Initiative he has none, but he is a good follower. . . . Dull! well, not in some ways. They are very amusing and very like children in their ways of thinking.

The rooms were not dry when Frank determined to move in. He contrived, however, to board off a part of the veranda to serve as his own dwelling-place. There were at first many makeshifts, but the College, dedicated to St. Mark, opened with eight students—a deacon, six readers, and a would-be reader. It was a small beginning, but imagination could realise its possibilities.

It can see (wrote Frank) a vigorous African Church, the expression of the strong corporate faith of the African people, with a ministry of Africans supported by Africans' offerings, the backbone of African life, the leaders of African progress. It can picture this young Church face to face with the civilisation of the white man which presses forward on its road northward : facing it boldly, assimilating its virtues, warding off its vices, moulding and shaping its forces and influences, and claiming them for the Christ. It can dimly see this young Church making good its position in the Universal Church, linked to Western Christendom by the unforgotten graves of the white folk who gave their lives for the work.

So he wrote when the foundation stone was laid. When the building was opened, he wrote to *Central Africa*:

We ask for prayers, many prayers every day. We want guidance, courage, humility, zeal and much love for God : and also we want health. You cannot buy

us these gifts, but they are ours if you pray. Fever controls our time-table out here. One man cannot keep regular time for long if he is a feverish subject.

At this time Frank was a feverish subject, and was frequently ill during his first months at Mazizini. Sister Mary (Riddell), who passed through Zanzibar soon afterwards, was not surprised at this when she saw the conditions under which he had been living. He owns that his first house-boy was not a success, and wrote to me :

My late house-boy drank and thieved and lied, and would not work, and ran away from time to time. Now he has left me and I am not sad for that, only about him—he was a nice kid.

About the same time he wrote to another friend :

It is rather fun housekeeping alone, to have pancakes which have been treasured six hours in a cupboard, to find curry with no rice, and to discover your beef-steak pudding cooking in your cook's well-worn pocket-handkerchief! These are some of the delights!

## V

While the building at Mazizini was in progress, Frank was thinking how a native ministry should be trained. He was dissatisfied with what had been done in the past, and wanted a new scheme. A native ministry which relied on European customs, and was asked to accept the definitions of either England or Rome would, he felt, never be a success. European customs and definitions were the result of a history and circumstances in which Africans did not share. In 1899 he wrote to me :

We must establish our dogmatics on the broadest and most lasting foundations : we must help the African to sound thought as well as to orthodox expression. And I do not think that he should be kept ignorant of other sides of important questions. He must learn to know the inner meaning of the Bible.



He complained that hitherto students had been trained out of text-books, where the 'why,' the 'wherefore,' and the 'whither' were left unstated, and that the native converted from heathenism and living in a heathen society had no means of really understanding what his dogmas meant.

He took endless thought in translating technical terms into Swahili, and in illustrating abstractions for which Swahili had no equivalents. Old members of the Mission were a little suspicious of his daring, and he wrote to me :

I am desirous to make folk see that a liberal basis does not mean a building quite unlike the Mediaeval Faith. What I mean is—it is possible to agree with the conclusions of a devout Roman and yet have an entirely different explanation to give of the meaning, tendency and general bearing of the conclusions. Thus I firmly hold that the doctrine of Invocation of Saints is the just and reasonable corollary to the doctrine of the Church as God's Family . . . but I am far from accepting the general atmosphere of Roman hagiology.

With these views he started to write in Swahili a book on Dogmatic Theology, which, he said, 'will meet a need and has no rival'; but Volume I alone was published by the Mission in 1901. Later in life, when a Bishop, he re-edited a book composed by Canon Sehoza, which is still used in the diocese, though the Archdeacon of Mombasa delated the authors for heresy to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Frank was always conscious that his business was not merely to teach but to train teachers, and so he sent his students into a neighbouring market-place to preach to the heathen. He owned that they were not very effective, but it was good for them to witness to their faith; they learned themselves by trying to teach others, and, if no one was converted, curiosity was excited, and even inaccurate knowledge was a weapon against Islam.

All this might have been done at Kiungani, but Frank's great idea in establishing the college was to

provide a place of quiet where men might live together and help one another to learn the secrets of devotion. Everything at Mazizini centred about the altar, and the little community of students with their wives and families lived in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. At night they all met together for family prayers, and Frank taught them to offer acts of repentance, faith, and love, and to make extempore petitions. Everyone prayed in turn, and there was no formality and little reticence at these prayer meetings.

Once a week he also had Benediction. About this he wrote to me :

You will probably advance many good reasons against Benediction : I could do so myself. And frankly I have not attempted to justify the practice from the theological point of view.

He thought it was expedient and helped Africans to understand their faith. He believed in its converting power for the little boys at Kilimani, who attended. He owned that, from the point of view of the Mission at home, it was ' a tactical mistake . . . but souls must be saved and no priest out here has sufficient guarantee of long years to allow of his considering tactics.' This is not very satisfactory reasoning. It did not satisfy himself, and when he went to Kiungani, Benediction was not introduced there. In process of time he thought out his theological position and published *God with Us*; and, before he died, Benediction was licensed in many of his Mission stations. Whether he were right or wrong, his conduct revealed how faith and practice were for him one. He could not believe anything without at once wanting to give his belief expression ; and he was never content to practise anything which he could not justify to his reason. In all this Frank was a true mediaevalist, and he never professed the more modern faith of the charcoal-burner.

Early in 1899 he wrote to me :

We must make the college exceedingly simple, and refuse luxuries of religious and of daily life. I want a harder kind of life tried there than is to be found in the other stations of the island.

He was most anxious that the African priest should not become Europeanised, and he was convinced that a very hard self-discipline was necessary for Africans. But if he set before others an ascetic ideal, he tried to live up to it himself. He never spoke of the austerities he practised, but Dr. Howard, passing through Zanzibar from Nyasa, found him sleeping on a bare board, and living in the same way as a native ; and, as I have remarked before, he was a man who appreciated comforts and enjoyed all the amenities of life.

He wanted not only to create an ideal for Africans, but also to break down the barrier which separated black from white. It was no good attempting to Europeanise black men, for that cut them off from their own race. The missionary ideal was to become as the black man, and to identify oneself with black ideals ; but he found it hard to make the black man understand his position. He was only feeling his way when he wrote to me in 1900 :

I govern entirely on democratic lines, but the only practical way is to deliver my mind, or as much as I wish to make known, and leave them to discuss it under the presidency of the deacon, who reports their views to me. Then we either agree, or I can return to the charge, or make my own rule, or accept their view, which has happened. In fact, they always take the line I want ! They are thunderstruck at being consulted, but I do not expect to get a free discussion in my presence yet.

He had also to admit that he found it impossible to delegate any disciplinary power. ' They have,' he wrote, ' very little notion of it beyond much talk, many witnesses and great publicity.'

At the same time he discovered that, notwithstanding their incompetence, they resented their inferiority and the attitude of white missionaries towards them. He thought, moreover, that their complaints were justified and wrote :

The old padres who have done all the good cannot realise that their work has borne fruit. Therefore

they treat their new priest as still a schoolboy ! It reminds me of my old grandmother's views of me— ' a child still to be taken care of.' Add to this our English impatience, which, worn out by many falls among our readers and deacons, cannot be worried by trusting any more men.

Frank himself was not exempt from this English impatience, and in the course of his very next letter confesses :

I have lost my temper with the students for their beastly bitter spirit to the white clergy. This only last night, but it depresses me : for it was weak. But I always treat them as my equals, and therefore lose my hope when they prove themselves unable to respond. The tyrants get on better : for they expect such conduct and despise it.

Frank could not despise it, for he was very human and very sensitive, and the personal factor was with him always supreme. His religion was not a system of abstract truths, but was kindled by a living, glowing love of our Lord. His missionary work was not carried on from a sense of duty, but was the result of a penetrating sympathy with individual needs. He found in the mystery of the Blessed Trinity the revelation of love and its response ; and in the love he squandered on others he looked for a response, and a unity resulting from one spirit. He knew his students separately, cared for them separately, and prayed for them one by one. Their failure was his failure, and the bitterest sorrow of his life was that in after years two of them, who had become priests, had to be unfrocked. The second case occurred in 1916. The priest's conduct had been a scandal for years, but the Bishop still believed in him. Natives had begun to murmur that the Bishop must know and condone his offences, but when the Bishop did know he acted at once.

## VI

In 1899 Frank was appointed chaplain to the little boys at Kilimani, and found it, so he writes, ' a curious

form of recreation.' He took, however, his 'recreation' very seriously, and though the small boys were delightful and as troublesome as small boys ought to be, he was often miserable about their morals and their precocious knowledge of evil.

Once a week he celebrated in the little bare chapel, with its one adornment, a beautifully carved altar. The boys used to watch for him from a little hill close by, and race to meet him when he came in sight. He often reached the chapel door with the smallest perched upon his shoulders, and he would address him as 'Bwana Mkubwa' as he set him down.

For these children the Mass was a joyous mystery. They responded to the thrill in his voice, they were awed by the reverence of his bearing. They had no doubt that something of great import was happening and that Someone Whom they could not see was with them. They learned from their chaplain of the Great Sacrifice, and how they should respond to the Jesus Who asked them to love Him.

He had classes for the unbaptised and unconfirmed, but he was interested in them one by one. When a small boy had to be taken to the hospital in Zanzibar, he walked three miles in the heat every day to prepare him for another world. From time to time he examined the secular work of the school, and sometimes he was asked to inflict corporal punishment. This he did with as much vigour as all else, but Miss D. Y. Mills tells me that it was never resented.

At Christmas 1900 he arranged for them a treat which was also a surprise. A merry-go-round had come to Zanzibar. He hired it, had it brought out by night and erected at Mazizini. Next day seventy little black boys, in tumbled white kisibaus, careered round on galloping horses to appalling music which they thoroughly enjoyed. It was an unimagined delight and transcended the wonder of dreams. Twenty years later, when Miss Mills revisited Zanzibar, her old boys reminded her of the delirious joy of that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas.

## VII

At times Frank was exceedingly overworked. In December 1899 he wrote to me :

Until the Archdeacon returns on December 28, I am in charge of Mbweni. This means two churches, two schools, a large parish and my own show as well. I say Mass at Mbweni three days a week—twenty minutes walk—sometimes I bike. I teach here 9.30 to 12 and 2 to 4. From 4.30 to 6 I teach or preach or shrive at Mbweni or Kilimani. Saturday evenings I walk to Kiungani to shrive, and get back at 10 or 11 ; and in between times I prepare lectures, manage accounts, housekeep, look after builders, settle rows and generally play the boss.

One reason for this overstrain was that there were then few priests on the island who had sufficient knowledge of Swahili to hear confessions. Frank had very rapidly acquired for conversational purposes a great command of the language. He had not been out three months before he preached written sermons in Swahili. Before a year was out he found that extempore preaching was necessary if he were to interest the little boys at Kilimani, though he wrote : ' My grammar is bad and my vocabulary is very poor, but my nerve is immense.'

Ultimately Frank was to become one of the first of Swahili scholars, and the first of Swahili preachers. In 1903 he made friends with an Arab, who taught him to speak with an Arabic accent. With this man he talked much, and learned not only the refinements of the language, but a great deal about the town, the decadence of the younger Arabs, and their attitude towards Islam. It was this man who once remarked about members of the white colony : ' They behave here as though they were princes, but I have sometimes wondered if they are really important when at home.' Frank not only learned the Swahili of the literate, but the hopelessly ungrammatical pidgin Swahili talked by the Indians, whom he could imitate precisely. He produced a useful phrase book for tourists, and himself habitually thought in the

language, so some of his English friends believed that the occasional obscurities of his English style must be due to the Swahili idiom.

## VIII

Two years passed away at Mazizini, and then Dr. Palmer, after an attack of black-water fever, was invalided home. Archdeacon Griffin, who was in charge of the diocese, insisted on Frank's succeeding as Principal of Kiungani. There was no doubt that he was the right man for the post, but he found it a terrible wrench to part from the work which he regarded as peculiarly his own. He wrote :

It is a healthy experience—that of prompt obedience to authority in matters of work, but health is sometimes acquired through pain.

He threw himself none the less into the school with abounding zeal ; but no description of Kiungani can come at the end of a chapter.

At Mazizini he had lived a very ascetic life, but he had found it very difficult, and he was spiritually lonely. He was always being asked to give devotional addresses, or to conduct Retreats or Quiet Days for his fellow-missionaries. 'Nobody,' he complained, 'does anything for me.' At Kiungani, however, he found two friends, Mackay and Pearse, like-minded with himself. At first they were wholly engaged with the school ; but, as they became more intimate, they discovered that they all had a longing for the religious life and were eager to test their vocations.

Frank was soon planning a rule, and he had always a passion for elaboration and completeness. Every hour of the day was mapped out from 5.30 in the morning until 11 at night, and silence was imposed throughout a good part of the day when not engaged in business. He gave up smoking himself and imposed the same renunciation on his friends. It was their one luxury, and so to abandon it was the test of their sincerity. They finally took vows for one year, and hoped that the new Bishop would recognise them as a community.

This Dr. Hine, when he became Bishop of Zanzibar, refused to do, and he was no doubt right. There were six Europeans working together at Kiungani, and it was most undesirable that three of them should be living a separated life. The Mission staff was also small, and it was constantly necessary to shift men from station to station ; so the Bishop could not further complicate the difficulties of his diocese by allowing men to form new ties which would limit their freedom, nor be responsible for men who would owe a divided allegiance. As he said at the time, he did not like ' wheels within wheels.'

## IX

Frank came home for his much-overdue furlough, and landed in August 1901, a budding monk. He was far from well, his nerves were overwrought, and the doctors at once insisted on his smoking.

He had a prejudice against deputation work, for he maintained that missionaries tended to be spoilt by the admiration they excited on missionary platforms and at drawing-room meetings. He wrote to me :

I wonder if Mark learned to be profitable to the ministry by gassing about the heroism of Paul and Barnabas ! James the Bishop knew the right way when he sent St. Paul to fulfil his vow on his return to Jerusalem.

The office at Dartmouth Street had other views, and soon discovered that if Frank did not gas about heroism in the Mission Field, he none the less possessed the secret of how to extract money from the British public.

He wrote to a friend in August :

It is very cold at home ! I shiver a great deal when other people are threatening to be stifled. It is also very cold in other ways. England seems more worldly and on the surface than ever, and there is an absence of real life which makes me very pessimistic.

It was during this furlough that he spoke from the platform of the Church Congress at Brighton, and for



the first time attracted public notice. Both *The Record* and *The Church Times* noticed his speech. The latter said : 'We cannot reproduce his speech, but it created a great impression. It was not mere eloquence : the whole soul of the man went out in what he said ; and yet there were playful touches throughout. A deep silence prevailed while he pleaded for the recognition of the truth that without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. Several other speeches followed, but Mr. Weston's personality left a mark which could not be effaced.'

## CHAPTER III

### KIUNGANI

#### I

WHEN Frank became Principal of Kiungani there were over seventy boys in the school and a staff of six, which included the Matron. All the house and garden work was done by the boys themselves. There was only one paid servant, the cook, and he was an old boy. Such a staff the Mission was not always able to maintain, and there were times when the European staff was reduced to one layman, the Matron and the Principal. The number of boys also fluctuated. The diocese of Likoma established its own central school, so that nobody any longer came from the Lake. At times fresh arrivals were scarce because there was a famine on the mainland, or because there was plague or beri-beri in Zanzibar. Some missionaries dreaded lest their up-country boys should be contaminated by the vices of a great city, and some missionaries were prejudiced and suspicious because of the dominating influence of the Principal.

At one time Bishop Hine contemplated the possibility of removing the school to Magila, but it was soon clear that Yaos would not go into Bondei country, although Yaos and Bondeis would mingle happily on the neutral land of Zanzibar. The Mission could not then staff or afford to maintain two schools, and so the project lapsed for a time. The Bishop was right ; but in this, as in other things, he was sadly hampered by a lack of men and means. Frank at this time did not always appreciate his Bishop's difficulties, or the reason why approved plans had to be scrapped. In after years he confessed that, though he had been often irritated by changes in episcopal

policy, he was now aware that, in just the same way, he irritated his staff. As Frank was much more prolific in schemes than his predecessor, perhaps his clergy had even more cause for complaint.

## II

Frank could not gain control of any institution without reconstructing it. He could not even contemplate it from afar without wanting to do so. In later years, he even proposed in the pages of *The Nineteenth Century* to reconstitute the Church of England as by law established.

So on coming to Kiungani he began by turning the place upside down. His plans were generally admirable, he promulgated them with unfaltering decision, and he expected them to be carried out with bewildering rapidity. The prefect system, the time-table, the services, and even the school books were changed. He kept the Mission press busy printing an arithmetic, a geography and a Swahili grammar, all compiled by himself. He prepared a scheme for teaching the Old Testament in relation to the New, but the syllabus proved to be too elaborate for those not acquainted with his line of thought.

He was a born leader of men, and his colleagues found him sympathetic and lovable. They might not always agree with him, but they could always be persuaded. His mind was so clear about what he wanted to have done, and he was so ready in answering any objections which might be offered; when all else failed his smile won men to acquiescence.

The boys found him irresistible. His height and size were imposing, and the most stalwart of little liars did not dare to face the gleam of his gold-rimmed spectacles. He was terrible when dealing with offences against morals, but he conveyed to the offenders his horror of sin. In matters of discipline he was strict, but he had a sense of humour which allowed him to enjoy the vagaries of troublesome small boys.

He was a disciplinarian without being a despot. He might inspire awe, but he did not live aloof on any

Olympian height. No one was ever more approachable. He was never too busy to answer questions, or impatient when listening to the longest stories. Even offenders were allowed time to formulate their excuses, and the condemned were permitted to expostulate, though the excuses rarely convinced him and the expostulations did not cause him to relent.

In December 1902 he wrote to me :

We have had our half-yearly examination and are much comforted by the results in the case of nearly all. We are as a Training School far more efficient than we were a year ago ; and I have hopes and schemes for a still greater development and improvement. I introduced one new feature into the prize-giving which fairly staggered the school. After declaring that my Majesty was pleased to approve of much that the boys had done, I proceeded to inform my subjects that there were some whom the examination had proved to be mere idlers and wasters. For them also I had reserved prizes—of a different sort—which would be distributed later in the day ! Oh, that you had seen the faces of the slackers ! So I left them from 4 P.M. until after dinner—in awful horror and dread expectation. At 8.15 I was about to ring for the first victim, when in came a lazy youth to explain why his marks were few. As I had no designs on him I cheered him up. Later, ping ! my bell rang, and up rushed a real prize-winner, all agog to know who would be called ! ‘ Call Petro,’ says I,—and downstairs he ran into the arms of an expectant throng. Up came Petro fearful and sad. One boy, one brute, one cane—and six of the very best. ‘ Call Martin.’ Enter my godson. One godson, one godfather, one cane—and six of the very best. ‘ Call Antonio.’ Enter the fat boy of the school. One fat boy, one thin headmaster, one thinner cane—and six of the very best. ‘ Call Jack.’ Enter the harum-scarum of the school with many excuses. One protestant, one pope, one cane—and six of the very best. Meanwhile below were several sinking hearts, which only beat normally when Jack

was heard to go weeping to bed, calling no one to take his place. And these new kind of prizes I have promised shall be given after each examination, much to the annoyance of many small kids.

The man who wrote that letter understood boys, and one is not surprised to learn that they never resented his severity.

### III

In some ways Kiungani was very unlike an English school. An English boy is sent to school that he may receive instruction, and not primarily that he may attend the school chapel ; but, as Frank wrote :

The African boy comes to school because he is a Christian, and he expects that his religion will be the chief subject in the course of his studies. In addition to the two services which all attend, the Eucharist and Evensong, a very fair number come to Matins, Sext and Compline. Very often we have a large congregation at Compline. In Lent twenty boys went without breakfast every day in order to send money to Lebombo—in Holy Week thirty-eight. Result, fifty rupees, of which over 2000 pice were given by the boys. The devotion of the boys at their Communions is often very striking.

This was written in *Central Africa* soon after he first went out, and long before he was in charge of the school. About the same time he wrote to his mother :

Holy Week and Easter came very quickly somehow. Lent seemed to fly past. The boys were very good. They do a prodigious amount of church-going. Sitting still is not so hard for them as for English boys ; and a good many of them do really try hard, I am sure. An African's Good Friday would put English folk to shame. Our boys were in church at 6.15 for an hour, at 7.30 for three-quarters of an hour, at 9.30 for half an hour, at 12 for three hours and at 7 for one hour. They made no noise all day long and ate no food till sunset. Easter Day was very happy. We had every-

body at Communion at 7—104 in all ; and at 9.30 we had our great service with much noise of hymnody. This week the boys have had four days' holiday. We had sports for them on Tuesday, King took an excursion out on Wednesday, and yesterday afternoon we beat the Englishmen in town (at football) by 4 to 1.

That is one side of the picture, but there is another. The English boy goes to school with fifty generations of Christianity behind him, and finds in his school a tradition which, if not strictly Christian, has been largely influenced by religion. The African boy had none of these advantages. He had been nurtured in heathenism, and its moral standards seemed to him natural. He came to Kiungani full of faith, but with no formed habits of Christian living. He found there boys of many tribes and alien traditions. There was no common acquiescence that certain things are not done.

In such a school it was difficult to inculcate *esprit de corps*, though much was done through games, and African boys with bare feet could usually defeat football teams from men-of-war in the harbour. This was not merely due to their nimbleness of movement, but to their excellent team work ; but, alas ! the team spirit did not always extend beyond the touch-line.

One of the difficulties Frank had to face resulted from the patronage system by which boys were maintained in the school. An astute office in London found it easier to interest a parish in a particular boy's education than in the school as a whole. In dozens of English parishes collections were made and prayers were said for some black boy who wrote letters to his English patrons in Swahili, which usually concluded, like the letters of English schoolboys, with a list of his personal requirements. Unfortunately some of the parishes were rich and some were poor. Some found it a hard matter to get together the requisite sum, while others could well afford presents in addition. This led to a good deal of discontent, and Frank issued an ultimatum about presents. One boy had no less than three footballs sent him ; and found himself in a serious dilemma. He could not play

with three balls (or with one, for that matter) by himself ; but all three were his own private property, and how could his ownership be preserved if other boys used them ? The problem was solved by one of the staff buying all three balls for school use. It was a real problem, and the boy was not merely a dog in the manger. More civilised people feel the same difficulty when owning, and being responsible for, property which is only valuable when used by the public.

Soon after an English boy becomes a prefect, his house-master has to impress on him that it is sometimes better to have a blind eye, for the English boy delights in responsibility and enjoys disciplining other boys. But the African boy, when promoted to be a prefect, was very proud of his privileges and immunities : he swaggered, but tended to regard the boys beneath him as no longer worthy of his consideration, and to feel it a hardship that he should be expected to concern himself with their misdoings. All through the eight years that he was Principal, Frank was for ever trying to inspire a sense of responsibility and corporate fellowship ; and the measure of his success is seen in the many old boys who are working for the Mission or for the Government to-day.

An English boy comes to school with a sense of decency, and, even if he falls into grievous sin, he is ashamed of himself and at any rate hopes that his mother will never know of it. An African boy from a heathen village had no such inhibitions, and no one who has not lived with unconverted natives can have any idea of the moral atmosphere. The boys were genuine enough in their religious fervour ; for the most part they were trying to lead a Christian life ; but it is easier to adopt a new creed than to break with ancestral habits. Before we condemn them, we should remember that Christian Englishmen make light of things they know to be wrong because everybody does them, and we need not be surprised if Christians of the first generation find the same excuse for any number of sins. The yearly holiday was the testing time. The boy who had lived under discipline and kept straight, when sent back to his own village to live in a heathen society, very often could not bear the

strain of resisting temptation. Frank learned, however, in those years of many disappointments, that real progress may be made in spite of many falls, and that grace may restore the penitent.

By 1904 he was able to report a great improvement.

On the whole we live in great peace and not a little sanctity ! We say our prayers and play our games and on the whole have a decent tone beyond that of past years.

The next year he was in England. Scandals broke out and several boys had to be expelled. As soon as Frank heard of it, he cut short his much-needed furlough, to find that his deputy had behaved quite wisely and that the trouble was over. He wrote to a lady in England who was much distressed to hear that the boy supported in her parish had been expelled :

Africa is Satan's own country, and the priest's heart has to live on the future victory that is certain : the present is all pain. I didn't dare write about W——. He was very dear to me, just because of the many years of watching over him. It was the same old story : the same sin, but the occasions of it, I think I may say, were just a little less easy to avoid. There was the absence of the Head, which always makes a difference in a boys' school : there was the holiday time : there were two very evil new boys : there was Mr. ——'s break-down and the coming of a new chaplain from England. . . . So the Devil took his chances and W—— fell and fell badly ; and the Bishop and my *locum tenens* decided that he must go. So I never saw him again. I heard from him last week. He is in good work at Mombasa in Government service. He lodges with an old U.M.C.A. boy, who has a son here. From a worldly standpoint he is all right : and is steady, respectable and so on. For the rest he tells me he is still a little sore at the manner of his departure, but not so sore as he was. I do not think that he will ever ask to come back. I do not know that it would be possible to take him, for his



character is too well known now for him to be acceptable as a teacher. But I do believe that he will yet make a good man. If only he goes on as he has begun, avoiding idleness and drink (which are not his failings), he will in time win the victory. Please tell the children they must never forget him. They must ask for him a truer sorrow, a personal sorrow for sin ; and that he may have grace to be brave enough to be good while living in a bad city.

#### IV

So much for the difficulties of Kiungani in the first years of the century. Frank began his life there very happily. He grew younger living with the young. He became interested in football, was critical about form, and talked with gusto the *argot* of the game. He found in Padres Mackay and Pearse men with whom he could pray and also jape. They wrote limericks on one another and bought ridiculous toys from the bazaars of the city. The man whom outsiders regarded as a reserved ascetic could with his intimates emulate the high spirits of a St. Philip Neri.

Sometimes they had fever, and Archdeacon Mackay can remember an occasion when they stood together, each with a thermometer in his mouth, having arranged that the one with the highest temperature should go to bed, while the others carried on. On another occasion a missionary arrived from Magila for a holiday. The fever-stricken staff received him with enthusiasm, and then all went to bed and left him to run the school. He was a Godsend !

When Frank returned from his first furlough, he found everything changed. Mackay had been moved by Bishop Hine to other work ; and the lay schoolmaster was not in sympathy with the ecclesiastical tone of the school, and had talked a great deal to fellow-missionaries and also to the boys. There had been much gossip and exaggeration about the supposed Rome-ward tendencies of Kiungani, and people were asking : ' Were not the boys priest-ridden, and would it not be well to put the

lay schoolmaster in Weston's place?' The gossip had spread. The boys had heard of it and they expected a change.

For Frank this was a bitter experience, and he had to face it alone. At once he re-established his ascendancy in the school, and the lay schoolmaster shortly afterwards resigned; but he was miserable that during his absence the boys should have wavered in their allegiance. It took longer before he had cordial relations with his fellow-missionaries, and he was obsessed with the idea that the Bishop at this time did not trust him. He was very sad when he wrote to me in 1902 :

Truly, it is not good to live alone. It is very bad for me to be away from the men whom I respect. Oh, for an hour of Gore, or Stuckey or Father Hollings! Yet it is written that every man shall bear his own burden.

While sympathising fully, we have to admit that his isolation at this time was really his own fault. He was very sensitive, and quite wrongly thought that he was disliked. In consequence he shut himself up; and his fellow-missionaries talked of the 'Hermit of Kiungani' and thought that he despised them. I cannot altogether endorse the excuse which he offered me :

The only fault to which I can honestly plead guilty is that I do not make time to go about from station to station. Truly I haven't time. My works are too many. I must therefore pay the penalty.

The truth was, he was shy. That did not hinder him from going to those who, he knew, had need of him, from offering service to the poor, the outcast and the children, winning from them a rich response. But he did not sufficiently at this time understand his duties towards his equals, who also had need of him. He had only to give to them in order to receive again, and the only obstacle to their friendship was his own fear of intrusion.

Like most shy people who shrink from personal interviews, he wrote letters. It is true he wrote to me:

'There are times when letters are better left unwritten : when it is safer to keep the pen in one's own pocket, and not make too many remarks—about the weather !' But his wisdom outran his practice. He could not impress on paper the sweet reasonableness which he showed in conversation, and the glossiest paper could not convey his smile. His letters, like his lecture notes, were clear and to the point, and his arguments had a cogency which provoked replies. This was especially true about his correspondence with his Bishop ; and Dr. Hine was also a shy man, but his pen had a point and his style was neat and incisive—he could be cutting.

In one letter Frank writes :

It is an awful thing to be in the tropics—alone—backbitten—Bishop-banged—and over-busy all at once.

In other letters he speaks as frankly of the Bishop's kindness, and he never doubted for a minute the Bishop's ability and zeal. Frank, although scrupulously obedient to authority, was not a good subordinate. For one thing, he was always sure that he was right, and felt bound to maintain his convictions for the satisfaction of his own conscience. Secondly, he could never restrict his interests to his allotted job, and was apt to think out a policy which was not concerned with Kiungani. His Bishop recognised his value and gave him a free hand in the school, but he was determined to run his own diocese and was fully competent to do so. So was Frank, but they could not both do it at the same time, and the amusing point is, that Frank would have said quite truthfully, he had not the least wish to encroach on anyone's prerogatives. He was not an egoist, he had renounced ambition ; but he could not help making plans, or wishing to have them carried out.

These little misunderstandings were not in themselves of the least importance: they were like transient clouds which do not break into showers but melt away ; yet as they passed they cast their shadow on Frank Weston and brought into relief certain characteristics. He was no wild man spoiling for a fight, no reckless controversialist

wishing to shock his fellows, but a very sensitive creature who felt pin-pricks intensely, though only to intimate friends could he reveal his feelings.

All through those long years there was a great heart hungry for sympathy, and no one has expressed more clearly how love demands a response ; but his isolation was due to his own shyness and reserve. He had many intellectual interests and no one with whom to discuss them. It was only for five months that he had Ernest Corbett as a friend : then Corbett died and he was more lonely than before. The Christ in the loneliness of Gethsemane became the Christ of his adoration ; the Christ Whose love was rejected was the Christ Whom he could understand and interpret. Those who listened to his sermons remarked that he never preached without a reference to Gethsemane and the Passion. To suffer and endure became his creed.

But we must not exaggerate. Many men are sad, when they retire into themselves, who are far from unhappy in their outward circumstances. I for one never took too literally letters that were written after midnight in a room where the temperature was at least  $87^{\circ}$  and the writer's temperature anything over  $100^{\circ}$ . Frank was too busy to be really unhappy, and his heart was in his work. He cared for his boys one by one, and his influence was great. We may even say that his aloofness from European society at this time was an ultimate blessing, for it enabled him to penetrate, as few have done, into the recesses of the African mind.

As we have said he was a great listener, and the budding teacher found him very accessible. An African really at ease, with his tongue loose, has a marvellous gift of expression, and while he talked the great open eyes burned with sympathy behind the glasses. Frank was also a master of the Socratic method, and would interject questions without disclosing his own opinion, and so help his disciple to clear his own thought and criticise himself.

The boys, whom he had trained, returned to be teachers on mainland stations ; but they wrote him long letters about their difficulties, and were not afraid to communicate their criticisms on the Missions which they served.

So, before he became Bishop, he had an intimate knowledge of the whole field from the African point of view. It was no doubt partial and largely wrong, but it was always a useful corrective to the views of the white missionaries.

I gather that these teachers were not always pleasing to their superiors. Complaints were made that they were not sufficiently humble, and did not always fit into the established groove. I expect that these complaints were largely justified, for it is always an awkward moment when a boy begins to think for himself, and feels that he has a right to do so. I have never worked on an African Mission station, but I have known many undergraduates in their second year at Oxford, and some have been a trial to their parents and elderly friends.

#### APPENDIX TO CHAPTER III

The following is an extract from a sermon preached in 1905, and published in *Central Africa*.

'I looked and there was none to help ; and I wondered that there was none to uphold : therefore my own arm brought salvation unto me, and my fury it upheld me.'—*Isaiah* lxiii. 5.

The loneliness of Almighty God in His war against sin ! Can we conceive of it ? Can we realise it ? Yet the Holy Spirit, in many passages of the Scriptures, has taught us that God's most holy Will cannot conquer Satan completely until some other created will has chosen to be allied with, to be on the side of the Divine Will, and to prove its friendship with God by endurance and suffering.

Long before this world was, Satan revolted against the Good Father : and there was rebellion in heaven. The eternal goodwill of God was opposed by the wicked evil will of Satan. But there was no victory for God until St. Michael and the holy angels deliberately took their place by God's side, giving their wills to be one with His Will. In the moment that they so chose to obey, the war in heaven began and ended : Satan and his evil fellows were cast out from heaven.

God will not consent to be alone. He will not act in loneliness. St. Michael knows it, and the holy angels know it.

And men? We do not even think about it. To us it is not even a matter of speculation. For how can the Creator of the universe be lonely? How can the Judge of all the world be limited by loneliness? So we ask, indignant at the suggestion.

But the Holy Spirit has not so taught us. For ever since Satan entered upon his kingdom in this world, and made rebellion against God, the Spirit has sought to build up here and there a human will into close union with the Divine Will, so that in some way Satan's power might be held in check. And the measure of the Holy Spirit's success is the holiness of those of whose line came Mary, the spotless Virgin, and her son Jesus.

All this the Spirit has put before our eyes as in a picture both in the Old and New Testaments. Isaiah was granted by the Spirit the vision of the great soldier of God who was grieved in the moment of victory by the slackness of the chosen people, who cared neither for the honour of God nor for the sufferings of His chosen warrior. Alone the warrior went to the battle; alone he fought, was wounded, and conquered; alone he returned, bleeding and blood-stained, to a lonely triumph. And this vision was fulfilled on that night in which the lonely Christ lay alone in the Garden, under the cover of thick darkness, in the presence of Him who is invisible, pouring out His blood from His sacred face as He wrestled with His horrible foe.

Jesus of Gethsemane is the perfect revelation of the Divine loneliness. For He is Eternal God. He, the Eternal Son, in the power of the Divine desire for the souls of men, went to His agony alone, calling forth no answer from the hearts of men. Alone He longed for souls; alone He agonised; alone He shed His blood. The many slumbered and slept, while a few were conspiring to seize and slay Him.

And again, He is Son of Mary. His heart is the creature of God. And in the whole wide world on that night there was no one who could come to the Father in ready obedience, no one who could cry 'Not My will but Thine be done,' except the lonely Jesus.

Truly God was alone that night with the human heart of the Eternal Son!

The night passed: the Son went alone to His death! But so mighty was His power of human obedience that the spell of loneliness was broken. Men crept to Him in obedience. And in their obedient self-surrender the Divine Will found the wished-for way of resisting the Satanic will.

Before His eyes were closed in death, the thief was at His side, sealing his obedience by the patient acceptance of unknown pain. Before He had risen again, Joseph and Nicodemus had wrested

themselves from Satan's power, proving their devotion to God by cutting themselves adrift from their national life. And since the first Easter Day His disciples have been as innumerable as their sufferings have been unspeakable. The history of faithful Christians is a record of new Gethsemanes, of new Calvaries, yet new only in their settings, for in essence they are one with the Gethsemane and Calvary of the Son of Mary.

Yes ; the Divine law is for ever true. In every age Satan can only be driven back in the measure that men recognise the loneliness of the Christ, and devote themselves to do His Will faithfully, even unto death.

Let me illustrate this law from the history of our Mission. Not fifty years ago, in those parts of Africa which are called East or Central, Satan held full and undisputed sway. The tribes that lived there were at the mercy of the oppressor : their national life was dying : their human development had been arrested. Civil war and slave-raiding were doing Satan's work. And no man cared. Of all the white Christians in the world no one cast an eye on the sorry state of Africa : while not a few were content to grow rich by Satan's slave labour. Yet Christ was there. The lonely Christ saw, and pitied, and sorrowed ; but because of His loneliness He could do nothing.

Then by His Spirit He attracted to Central Africa a Scotchman who could see and care—David Livingstone. Livingstone came, and moved in and out among the oppressed : he saw and understood. And with a great obedience he gave himself to the lonely Christ, that with Him he might save Africa from Satan. Alone he came to England ; alone he testified to Satan's unrestrained power in Africa. And through him Christ spoke to those who founded our Mission in its first days.

But even so, Livingstone's work for Africa was not yet done. Back to Africa he went ; and after some ten years more of toil and service, he received his call to his truest, highest and final work. Alone with Jesus in Central Africa, he laid down his life. And the heart of Livingstone, and his most true obedience, were offered to the Father, with the heart, with the obedience of the lonely Christ ; and to that sacrifice we trace the coming of much of the power that has reached our Mission from the Father above.

Meanwhile our Mission had gone out with its first Bishop, Charles Mackenzie.

But to what did it go ?

Brethren, the time for work was not yet come. For men had first to learn to care ! To care for the lonely Christ in Africa ! To care for the poor Africans whom Jesus had so long loved ! Therefore the first missionaries had to die. Willingly they went

to death, laying their wills side by side with the Will of the lonely Christ, their hearts with His heart. And the glad Christ offered them with His own Will and heart to the Father; and the Father's power fell increasingly upon the Mission's work. The conquering Christ linked their wills with His Will, and began to build a fence round the poor harassed African souls which Satan may hardly cross: a fence of proved obedience, of devoted wills that have found acceptance with the Father in death.

This is the explanation of our Mission's death-roll, brethren. For this cause God has called to Himself ninety souls from among us in forty-three years. They have been called, some to die after many years of service, some to die instead of working, but all that they might prove their desire to find the lonely Christ in Africa, and to fight by His side.

And has not God's power descended upon us? Has He not been with us? Where is the Africa of Livingstone's time? In spite of all failure and disappointment and defeat, the power of God has driven Satan from many a stronghold. To-day, in many places where once he ruled, African clergy are ministering to African congregations, African priests are celebrating the Holy Sacraments. In Zanzibar, a Cathedral covers the slave market; on the mainland, churches and schools mark the track of the slave-raiders.

Brethren, this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Only let us recognise the cost of these miracles of grace; only let us be awake to the demands that God's Will makes on all who seek to fight Satan.

'Without the shedding of blood is no remission of sin.' Whether it be in lives devoted to a service of many years, in which our Mission is still rich, or lives actually given in death, this law is true.

So, brethren, I commend this Mission to your love, your prayers and your personal care. Come at His call to meet Him Who deigns to ask your help: come gladly to fight for Him Who desires you to uphold.

Lift your arms with His arms in prayer, that salvation may come to Africa; and let your hearts burn with fury against Satan, so that with the lonely Christ you may consume all that can keep God from any of the least of the souls whom He has created for Himself.



## CHAPTER IV

### CANON AND CHANCELLOR

#### I

ON St. Peter's Day 1903 Bishop Hine consecrated the Cathedral Church in Zanzibar, which Bishop Steere had only dedicated. It signified a new stage in missionary progress. The Church was now rooted in Africa, and its buildings could be set apart for God's service for ever. The service was throughout in Swahili, and the preacher was Petro Limo. The Cathedral was to be, not an English but an African church, to represent not the Church of England but the Catholic Church in Africa.

A few months later Bishop Hine named and dedicated in the apse ten stalls erected as a memorial to Bishop Smythies, and at the same time constituted a chapter. Frank Weston became a Canon and first Chancellor in the diocese, and the stall chosen for him was dedicated to St. Athanasius. As he sat in it, he may sometimes have remembered his college nickname, but he did not dream that in a few years he would be re-acting the part of *Athanasius contra mundum*.

He was chosen for Chancellor not merely because he was Principal of Kiungani, but because at the meeting of the Synod, held just after the Bishop's arrival, he had propounded a scheme of education for the whole diocese which in many respects anticipated by twenty years the recommendations of the Government. The Synod had approved the scheme, and he was obviously the man to carry it out.

No office ever came to Frank as an honour. It involved an obligation and was an opportunity for work.

He was always inclined to magnify his office exceedingly, because he was soon convinced of its vital importance. His educational projects were not to remain as ideals on paper if he could translate them into facts. Teachers were soon graded with first, second and third class certificates. Schools were graded. There were out schools, central schools, and Kiungani, all in relation to one another. Syllabuses were drawn up, with instructions about method. Inspectors were to be appointed for the different Archdeaconries to represent the Chancellor and report to him.<sup>1</sup> During Kiungani holidays, he proceeded to the mainland to see for himself how far the prescribed curriculum was possible and produced good results.

In the village schools there was an effort to make the parents responsible for the upkeep of the buildings and the payment of the teachers. In the central boarding schools the Mission was responsible, because the pupils being trained were possible teachers, and the parents lost the value of their labour, while the Mission gained it. Frank did not approve of white missionaries being in charge of any but the central schools, for he was anxious that Africans as far as possible should be trained by Africans, and he also knew that Europeans were often ill, and that school life should be regular.

He had a passion for system and uniformity, which some would say is the curse of our educational system; but it was necessary, if Kiungani was to be really effective, that those coming from the widely scattered schools of the diocese should all be prepared in the same way. But perhaps he did not, at this time, sufficiently remember that only a few of those taught could ever progress beyond the primary stage, and that therefore the primary schools were of the first importance.

These little schools, built of mud and sticks and thatched with grass, were erected by the natives themselves. They were their schools, the outward and visible symbols of their interest in Christianity, and the centres from which that Christianity radiated. From them alone would the ordinary boy and girl gain any knowledge, and so the general level of native Christianity depended

<sup>1</sup> Only one was appointed, owing to difficulties in the Masasi Archdeaconry.

on them. Those who went to central schools and Kiungani were separated from their tribal surroundings for months at a time, and tended to become a race apart. The village schools, on the other hand, made for the slow and natural progress of communal life.

The more Frank entered into African life and understood the African point of view, the less desirous was he that the African should borrow our Western fashions, and the more he believed that with a Christian Church the African was capable of developing a civilisation of his own. In his inmost heart perhaps he knew that it was too late, for the impact of Western civilisation had come before Christianity had had time to establish itself. Still, as he said in 1905, 'if it is true that the African is going to wear a frock coat and a top hat some day, it is no part of the Mission's duty to teach him to do so.'

At the Anniversary Meeting in 1905, he had to reply on the spur of the moment to a speech made by Sir Charles Eliot in favour of the industrial education of natives. He then maintained that, whereas it was right to have an industrial school in Zanzibar for Christian orphans and others dependent on the Mission, it was not the duty of the Church to support her converts or to train them for secular occupations. This attitude is, of course, inconsistent with the principle laid down in the *Open Letter* and quoted on p. 30; but Weston cared little for formal consistency. Circumstances alter cases, and as a practical man he saw that it was most impolitic for the Mission to compete with the industrial education undertaken by the German Government.

He had had several successors at St. Mark's Theological College, and when Canon Dale came on furlough in 1905, he was the third principal of the college within a year to depart, and there was no one to take his place. Frank, on returning to Zanzibar, had the mortification of seeing Mazizini closed, while a mosque was being built over against it. He had, however, previously persuaded the Bishop to buy some land adjoining Kiungani to ensure the privacy of the school. On this land there was already a bungalow, and other buildings were rapidly put up. Mazizini was let at a good rental, and St. Mark's

Theological College was reopened with Frank once more its principal. For the next two years he directed both it and Kiungani as separate institutions.

With the aid of an African priest he also at this time edited a bi-monthly magazine in Swahili for teachers in the diocese. Many of them, he knew, were living very isolated lives in heathen villages, surrounded by temptations from without and apt, if not to be slothful, at least to sink into a groove. These old Kiungani boys were not to be forgotten, neither were they to be allowed to forget whence they came. The magazine kept them in touch with their old schoolfellows, and told them what was going on in other stations.

## II

As Chancellor, the Bishop asked Frank to lecture to the European community in Zanzibar, and a prominent member of that community writes :

I doubt whether anyone who attended the first lecture failed to hear the whole series. Weston put himself in the place of a man who had a completely open mind about religion, and exposed the case for Christianity with such forensic skill and lucidity that his hearers were spell-bound. He spoke without a single note, dealing lastly with the Higher Criticism of the Bible, and marshalled his facts, never hesitating for a word, with a precision and force that was indeed remarkable. I remember that the leading local lawyer at that time, whom I met outside the Cathedral after the close of one of those lectures, remarked: 'What a name that man would have made in my profession!' I afterwards heard Weston preach many wonderful and moving sermons, but I don't think any of them impressed me so much with his outstanding ability and breadth of vision as did those lectures.

There were two courses of these lectures. The first was concerned with the Old Testament, and the second with religion in its relation to modern thought. For the second series he told me that he had relied chiefly

on the works of Dr. Illingworth, but from outlines published in the *Zanzibar Gazette* it is evident that, if Dr. Illingworth was his source, he had thought out his argument on lines of his own. One lecture of the former course appeared in *Central Africa* and made his old friends gape with astonishment, but it turned out to be an unauthorised and most inaccurate report. At the same time, it was true that in Zanzibar Frank had become much more conservative in his Old Testament criticism. While he continued to hold the principles which he had learned from Dr. Driver and Dr. Gore at Oxford, he had come to doubt many of the conclusions which were supposed to result from them. It seemed to him that many theories, which were plausible in a university lecture-room, were inconceivable to one who was in hourly touch with a primitive race. Also, from such intercourse as he had had with Arabs, he doubted if the Semitic mind worked in the way that Oxford professors supposed.

### III

It was natural for Frank to magnify his office, but it was also natural for him to question his own qualifications for holding it. A Chancellor of course should be a learned person, but he confessed that it was impossible for him to be an erudite theologian. He had suppressed that ambition when he left Oxford. Would it, however, be possible for him to justify his position by taking a degree in Divinity?

Perhaps he overestimated the value of the degree; he certainly overestimated the difficulty of obtaining it. He already knew more theology than many doctors, but he took his theses very seriously. 'How can I hope,' he wrote, 'to satisfy a Regius Professor in my bookless state?' His 'bookless state' must not be taken too absolutely. It only meant that he had at the moment nothing new to read. There were in truth a good many books in Zanzibar, but Frank was by way of having read them all or at any rate as much of them as he wished. He was very difficult to keep supplied, for he seemed to

absorb books by turning over the pages. He wanted two novels for a two hours' railway journey ; and I have seen him take down half a dozen volumes after breakfast and be eager to discuss them at lunch-time. As a sensitive author I have been hurt by his rapid glance at my many times rewritten paragraphs, but suddenly he came out with a pertinent criticism, which showed that he had mastered the chain of my argument and detected its weakest link.

I had no fear for his success or doubt of his competence, but I could not imagine how he could find the time. However, the two theses arrived, easily satisfied Dr. Ince, and Frank proceeded to the degree of B.D.

His first essay was on the Christology of St. Paul, and though it contained nothing very original it was a model of lucid statement and written with a sense of proportion. The second essay dealt with the Kenosis, and was packed with patristic quotations. He wanted the two essays published, but I suggested to him that he should omit his learning and elaborate his views on our Blessed Lord's consciousness as Incarnate, for it seemed to me that he had something new and helpful to say on that then vexed question.

He took my advice, and only some eight months afterwards I was seeing *The One Christ* through the Press. It was written at white heat in the hot nights of Africa, but he had been interested in the subject from the time when he listened to Gore's Bampton Lectures, and he had been more perplexed than helped by the *Dissertations* which were published to justify them.

On page 1 he writes that his 'task will make great demands upon courage and faith' ; but he was not thinking of the courage necessary to disagree with St. Cyril or to dispute with Dr. Gore. Only with courage, he thought, could anyone speculate on our Lord's consciousness, and only with profound faith could a Christian follow his reason.

Religion was not for him an abstract system of thought or a collection of rules for conduct : it was a personal relationship between God and man. His reverence for our Blessed Lord forbade his speaking of Him with the

glib familiarity now only too common. Throughout his life he was possessed by a fear lest in teaching or in conduct he might do the Lord, Who died for him, some harm.

Not to satisfy an idle curiosity did he peer into this mystery. What he wrote was the result of many meditations on his knees. He wrote because of the practical evils which he thought to be inherent in some attempts to solve the problem of our Lord's consciousness. On the one hand were theories which seemed to deny our Lord any real humanity and so removed Him from our sympathy, and on the other hand were theories which prevented our finding in our Lord's humanity any real revelation of the Godhead. Now Frank's hope for man's redemption, his belief in the Church as the Body of Christ, and his certainty of sacramental grace alike depended on the real humanity of Jesus, the Son of Mary; but he thought that they must be all inconceivable for anyone who could not see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

We must remember that he was face to face with heathen asking: 'Who is God, and what is He like?' He wanted to be able confidently to point to the Gospel story and say: 'Behold Him.' He was face to face with eager questioners asking: 'How can I be saved?' He wanted to reply: 'The only begotten Son of God became one of us in order that we might be one with Him.'

Many would have given those answers without considering the problem they involved. Frank did give those answers, and did not raise the problem. It has been raised by others and demanded an answer. Frank was a dogmatist, that is, he was one who believed in ultimate truth, and that truth was to be sought by reason. So with the daring of a mediaeval schoolman he did not shrink from the challenge to his intelligence.

He did not find the Fathers very helpful for they were chiefly concerned with metaphysical questions, whereas we are face to face with a psychological problem—how are we to explain the consciousness of the One Christ?

He first carefully tabulated the Gospel data, and then examined past theories before proceeding to his own solution. Having stated that, he went back to the Gospels and tested his solution in the light of the facts and sayings there recorded.

The following is a very inadequate account of his argument :

Our Lord's manhood is real, and the subject of that manhood is the Eternal Son of God. By becoming Man, our Lord limited Himself to think with a human brain, to feel with a human heart, and to exercise a human will ; and He reveals His one Self just in so far as a human brain, heart and will, at different stages of development, enable Him to do so ; and throughout the subject or ego is that of the one Christ. It is incorrect to say that the Son of Mary ruled the universe from His Mother's knee, for it was His Will to be a helpless babe, and to know a baby's innocence in its perfection. It is equally incorrect to say that the Son of God increased in wisdom, though within the sphere of the Incarnation He became progressively conscious of Himself and the world. It is wrong to doubt the reality of His temptations, the agony of His soul or the sufferings on the Cross, for by them His human will was confirmed and maintained its oneness with His Divine Will. All the time He was offering, by means of His humanity, what He offers eternally as the Consubstantial Son, a perfect response to the Father's love. It was through this response that communion with the Father was maintained, and we are reminded that a perfect humanity is a God-aided humanity. As that communion was uninterrupted by sin, it is impossible to think of our Lord with His perfect human mind as being fallible; besides, we could only imagine His fallibility by denying the unity of His Person. He had become man that through manhood and in the terms of manhood He should reveal the nature of God so far as manhood is capable of apprehending it. He had become man that in manhood, and with the



weapons of man, He should redeem humanity by His victory over the world, the flesh and the Devil.

When the book came out it did not meet with any immediate recognition, and glancing through an old scrap-book of newspaper cuttings one is amused at the uniformity of those who praise and the uniformity of those who attribute blame.

There were those who wrote :

It is remarkable that a book on a deep theological problem should proceed from a missionary in Africa, and considering the author's inevitable limitations, his book has considerable merits. Serious students will no doubt prefer to read the works of Dorner and Martensen, Bruce and Gore, but we hope that this well-meant effort will meet with the success that it deserves.

There were others who wrote :

We were surprised to note after reading *The One Christ* that it comes to us from a High Church Mission, and that its author is a member of the High Church party. Yet Canon Weston ventures to criticise the great Athanasius and condemns the teaching of St. Cyril. What would Canon Liddon say, if he were yet alive, about the presumption of this young man ?

Books by unknown writers are not generally sent to experts for review, and the ordinary critic is content to say something obvious in a patronising or sarcastic manner. None the less the book gradually made its way among theologians. Dr. Gore welcomed it, and was unable to see that Frank's theory was so very unlike his own. Canon Scott Holland was enthusiastic, Dr. Swete quoted it with approval, and Dr. Sanday, the most open-minded and generous of critics, announced that he was proud of his old pupil. In his *Christologies, Ancient and Modern*, he allotted considerable space to the book, and called attention not only to its 'marked originality' but to its 'sustained earnestness and elevation.' He wrote of the author : 'He is a devout son

of the Church, and has written throughout with absolute loyalty ; but at the same time has followed his thought where it led him. He has stated his views as explicitly as possible ; and yet I do not think that he has come in conflict with any catholic doctrine.'

In this respect Frank's book has a marked superiority over some later works. His theory, though new, is quite consistent with the Creeds and Chalcedonian formulae. Later writers have had to abandon much and have made a break in historical continuity by attempting to deal with the problem in accordance with the tentative conclusions of a very new psychology. There are some to-day who think that *The One Christ* is out of date, but I believe that it is likely to survive, and will be regarded as an advance in theological thought, when works which are now more in fashion are forgotten.

To my mind, indeed, the second edition was a mistake, and I have always maintained that Frank spoilt his own best book. The second edition came out seven years later, when he could no longer recover the spirit which formerly possessed him. He added chapters in criticism of the writers of *Foundations*, with whose opinions the original argument had little connection, and to make room for the new material he omitted much that was valuable in the earlier issue.

#### IV

Having spoken of Frank as schoolmaster, preacher, chancellor, and author, I have yet to speak of him as a director of souls ; and it was when dealing with individuals that he was most successful, and it was, I believe, for the souls of individuals that he spent most time in prayer.

He became chaplain to the nurses who belonged to the Guild of St. Barnabas, and for them, as for others, he held Retreats in which he opened up the possibilities of spiritual endeavour. It was during these Retreats that the hearts of some were touched, and a few began to wonder if they had a vocation for the religious life.

One lady writes that, when one of these Retreats was held at Kiungani, the Principal concerned himself with

the preparations. He slung curtains to divide the big rooms, found packing-cases which could be used as wash-stands, and was most insistent that every lady should have a looking-glass. He could be a bustling male Martha on occasion.

Another lady, who was often ill, writes :

Directly he came into a room, a sort of peace seemed to steal over it. . . . However busy he was, he never said ' I've only a minute ' while he stood over you. He sat down and settled himself to listen as if he had nothing else to do. . . . Often I was in pain and couldn't talk, but his presence always rested me and eased the pain. He was entirely at home in a sick room and knew exactly what to do. I think everyone who knew him in illness loved him. He quite overcame ——'s prejudices after he had ministered to her in sickness. . . . He neither read much nor prayed much, but seemed to know exactly what you wanted. He sometimes read a short Psalm, and never bored you with pious books.

It was not only to the sick that he was a comfort, but to all who were in trouble or difficulties. He might not at this time be popular with his fellow missionaries, but he was the obvious refuge for them in times of stress. They came, not expecting sympathy, although they received it in abundant measure ; but they came to the strong man, who was certain to help.

Such a man was necessarily also sought for as a confessor. A lady writes :

At Mbwani in 1906 notice was given in church on Palm Sunday that on the following day Padre Weston of Kiungani would hear confessions in the afternoon. He arrived to find the church full, every Christian wishing to take advantage of his coming ; but as his time was limited he had to ask the women to go away, promising to give them another opportunity ; and did what was possible for the very large number of men.

Copious in the pulpit, he was very brief in the confessional ; and though stern and uncompromising, the

penitent knew how he sympathised and understood. One of them writes to me :

He was a very helpful confessor, and did not bother you with direction unless you wanted it. He told me about our Lord, and did not discuss my sins as some do.

He could on occasion, when dealing with individuals, be very surprising. When a priest came to him miserable and out of heart about his work, Frank only remarked : 'How do you know God does not mean you to be a failure?' It sounded unsympathetic, but the man to whom he spoke went away braced up to face his difficulties without complaining. He asked another priest, while in England, to join the Mission, but the man excused himself, saying, 'I don't think I should live in Africa.' 'I didn't ask you to live,' said Frank. 'You can glorify God by your death.' That again was probably exactly the right answer for the man in question; but, lest it should be misunderstood, I will quote a letter to another priest who had offered himself and been refused by the doctors.

I am so thankful that the offer was made : that all who had a say were ready to bear their part in the sacrifice : and in a sense, a real sense, I'm thankful for their sakes that they were not required to be more than ready to give. But how great it would have been had you been allowed to come ! I don't think anyone who is young ought to come without doctor's leave, and I regard the argument that St. Paul had no doctor as not only wrong but ignorant, for above all men St. Paul allowed himself to be guided by external signs, granted to him by God through his circumstances.

## V

This brings us to the terrible dearth of men from which the Mission was at this time suffering. The harvest was plenteous but the labourers were few. Bishop Hine had done a wonderful work for the diocese of Zanzibar, and never spared himself. Absolutely reckless where his own health was concerned, he went on, fever or no fever.

He writes that the care of all the Churches became too much for him, but what really broke him down was the inadequate support which he obtained from England.

Meantime, some were trying to lure Frank away from the diocese. The Bishop of Lebombo asked him to be his archdeacon, and then the Synod of Mashonaland elected him as Bishop, but on Bishop Hine's advice he declined the appointment. Bishop Hine told him also that he intended himself to resign and hoped that he would be his successor. When Frank came to England at the end of 1907, he knew that he would probably return to Zanzibar as Bishop.

For the next few months he was going from one end of England to the other pleading the cause of the Mission and calling out for men.

He went to Oxford and made an impassioned appeal in Christ Church Hall, which was successful. He went to Cambridge; and, at the Jubilee Commemoration of Livingstone's famous speech in the Senate House, he reiterated his appeal.

The present Bishop of Manchester has kindly sent me his remembrances of the Cambridge meeting.

I think the most impressive speech I ever heard was that delivered by Frank Weston in the Senate House at Cambridge at the Jubilee of Livingstone's appeal to the University. I had gone over from Oxford as one of the Oxford U.M.C.A. Committee. The programme was supposed to follow a time-table. The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke first—a massive utterance altogether worthy of the occasion and exactly fitting the allotted time. Then Bishop Boyd Carpenter made the ceremonial speech; it was a fine piece of eloquence, dealing with history of fifty years, and it lasted just twice the length of time allowed for it. The Vice-Chancellor did not stop him; but he did pass to Canon Weston—the only speaker from the scene of action—a note asking him to shorten the time put down for him. It must have seemed cruel, but it may have made both the speech and the evening. Weston rose looking very tense. At once the atmo-

sphere became electric. He was shooting out currents of emotional magnetism from every limb. Never have I seen an audience so gripped. The climax came with the appeal for men and the story of the appeal just made in Oxford. He told how he had addressed a crowded meeting and had appealed for ten men : ' just ten men—that was all—from the great University of Oxford. And, gentlemen, we got them.' The first words were spoken with the pathos of the appeal that had been made: it sounded as if it must lead up to a disappointment. Then the tone changed to triumph as he flung up his arms to shout ' And, gentlemen, we got them.' That was the climax, and the roof of the Senate House was nearly lifted off. I know that I, for one, was still trembling from that moment when I reached the railway station to return in the night to Oxford.

## CHAPTER V

### THE BISHOP IN HIS DIOCESE

#### I

FRANK WESTON was consecrated as Bishop of Zanzibar in the Cathedral Church of Southwark on October 18, 1908; and on the same day at St. Matthew's, Westminster, he confirmed a young man who had offered himself for educational work in the Mission.

He had sent on a circular to all workers in the diocese commanding them to meet him in Zanzibar. He had been very conscious how separate the three archdeaconries had hitherto been, and he meant to work for unity of administration with Zanzibar as his centre. He also sent a list of thirty-two questions which were to be discussed at a conference, for the Mission was in future to have one policy. 'The new Bishop,' exclaimed the native dispenser at Msalabani, 'is coming with much strength.'

He landed at Zanzibar on November 6 to bless the crowd of Christians who awaited him at the pier, and he was enthroned the same afternoon in the Cathedral Church. The ceremony went off without a hitch, although on landing he altered most of the details which had been previously arranged. After the ceremony there was a reception at the Hospital, and all the notabilities came, including the Roman Catholic Bishop. Frank, the sometime 'hermit of Kiungani,' was entering into a wider world, and did not forget his responsibilities for the Europeans in the diocese.

On the next day there was a Pontifical High Mass. The Cathedral was packed to suffocation, and the church was ablaze with lights and masses of colour. Black men

and white men knelt together, and the One Sacrifice was offered for all. The Bishop celebrated facing west, and used the Book of Common Prayer throughout. He preached from the nineteenth chapter of the Apocalypse, and made his congregation realise the vision of the Warrior Christ going forth to storm the strongholds of Satan. Then came a clarion call to those who would follow in His train. They must expect war with the foes within and the foes without, and in that war there was no discharge. It was only through a willingness to suffer and die that the final victory could be won.

On the following day he delivered his Charge. The first part was addressed to all Church workers, and the second part to the clergy only. In it he emphasised quite clearly the unity of the work :

Our vision of the Mission as one single society must be so clear and strong that we never allow ourselves a smaller thought. Zanzibar is our common home. The Cathedral is the seat of our authority ; the memorial of our founders ; the monument of our dead ; and the symbol of our final victory. (P. 17.)

It was to the Mission and not any particular work that the members were called.

We are in the Mission for no other purpose than to serve the Lord Jesus Christ in whatever place He may need us. We may not for the sake of sentiment, or through any personal attachment so cling to any one station or work that we cannot find it in our hearts to leave all and follow Christ elsewhere. Brethren, the Master did not call us to leave father and mother, wife and children, home and lands in order that we should find in Africa new ties which would keep us back from following Him 'whithersoever He goeth.' (Pp. 17, 18.)

The Bishop, when he knew the whole field, would have to decide on the disposal of the staff. He looked forward to an extension of the work, and said :

To my mind the golden rules for our Mission in extending work are two in number. First, always



design and organise your station in such a way that you can substitute an African priest for a European without disturbance to the Christian adults and school-boys ; and secondly, don't make a new station so permanent that you cannot move it if need require. (P. 20.)

He was very anxious for simplicity of life and a common standard of living, but he recognised that ' we cannot fight against Nature, and Nature refuses permission to the European to live as the African.' (P. 21.)

So he insisted on the observance of the regulations prescribed by the Medical Board, and said :

When the good God has made known to us certain clear laws of physical health, in the keeping of which we may hope to serve Him in Africa, it were surely the height of spiritual pride to claim special inspiration to disregard them, and the depth of criminal carelessness to ignore them. . . . The Mission is built upon the sacred oblation of the Lord Christ, to which have been linked the self-oblations of many devoted workers in the last fifty years. Far be it from us to profane that united oblation by presuming to compare it with the empty sacrifice of life that occasionally results from carelessness, excitement or presumption. (P. 33.)

All through his Charge he emphasised the virtue of obedience, but he understood the spiritual dangers of those who were being obeyed.

Every ruler, be he English or African, is tempted to develop an impatience, an imperious temper, a self-centred judgment, and that from the very energy and zeal with which he deals with people. To be obeyed is at once the glory and the snare of rulers : it may be the ruin of the Christian worker. Those under authority, whether European or African, are, on the other hand, apt to feel strongly the burden of continual obedience. As a man dreams dreams and sees visions of his own possibilities, he not unnaturally looks for freedom of action within the sphere of his religious work. Then he comes to resent what he considers the

interference of the priest-in-charge. It may be that the resentment is never shown on the surface, but it colours the whole mind and heart of the man, until he loses the Christ-like mind and fails to accomplish the purpose with which he started. (P. 9.)

The other hindrance, incident to all small communities, was the spirit of criticism and the temptation to ill-natured gossip. So the Bishop counselled :

To be an intercessor is the best way to rid ourselves of the unrighteous office of an accuser ; and to pray for a brother's work is to make it our own in the sight of God and His angels. (P. 19.)

Prayer he insisted on, and decreed that every priest in the diocese should devote two hours every morning to communion with God. This included Matins, Mass, and Meditation.

Prayer, he said, is the only known way of bringing to our heathen people the power that is to make them Christians and bring them to heaven : that is to say, it is the supreme secret, the possession of which differentiates us from them. (P. 12.)

Lastly, he saw that the real driving force of the Mission lay not so much in the zeal of the teachers as in the holiness of the taught. There is a grim criticism in his remark :

I have grave doubts as to our standard of requirements for baptism ; but about the insufficiency of the care extended to our communicants I have long ceased to doubt. (P. 23.)

The Charge ended, on the following days of the week the Synod sat in the Cathedral morning and evening, while in the afternoons there were conferences for Church workers at Kiungani. On nearly every point raised there were plenty of speakers, but all the canons except two were passed unanimously, and those two were passed with one dissentient apiece. In such a gathering Frank was at his best. Seated on his throne at the back of the

altar, surrounded by his chapter, he had no fears about the results of free discussion. He had all the skill of an advocate in presenting a case persuasively, and when he was disinterested he had the judicial faculty of being able to state the pros and cons lucidly, in order, and with due insistence on the points really at issue. I do not think these discussions ever led him to change his opinions or alter his policy, but they gave him an opportunity of explaining his own views and of understanding the objections of others. They also forced him to clear his own mind and formulate his thoughts. He was always in need of an assembly or a friend with whom he could talk things out. And nearly always he got his own way.

At this first Synod the canons of the diocese were completely revised and new canons were promulgated. The Synod swore to observe them; and they were subsequently published with several appendices of detailed directions.

The Conference was also a great success, and an enthusiast wrote: 'All our ideals for the Mission are going to be translated into facts.' The Bishop's estimate was not quite so confident, for he wrote in *Central Africa*:

The Synod and Conference was a great event, giving me just that knowledge of the most pressing problems that I needed in the beginning of my work. We faced nearly all our difficulties, and more or less decided the lines along which we should *not* move to meet them.

## II

In consequence of suggestions made during the Synod, he proceeded to write *The Epistle of Frank*, a pastoral in Swahili addressed to native Christians. The language is simple, direct and emphatic. It just met the needs of converts, and is still being distributed among them.

The Bishop begins by pointing out the dangers that arise from the spread of Islam on the one hand and of an unchristian civilisation on the other. Many were 'learning foreign customs, without knowing their meaning

or their use, and unable to distinguish the good from the bad.' He tells his children :

Our Lord Jesus Christ gave His Life for the sake of the Mohammedans and for the sake of those who love this world ; but He cannot draw to Himself either the Mohammedans or the lovers of this world unless the Christians range themselves on His side by their words and deeds.

This necessitates a public witness, so church attendance is insisted on, and directions are given how the obligation should be fulfilled ; but, beyond this, private prayer is necessary that the union with Christ may be maintained, and that His work may be done by His children. He recognises the difficulties of such prayer in African houses and in heathen surroundings, but concludes :

Therefore my will is this. Let every Christian who has a house of his own direct his children to pray morning and evening, each by himself, all remaining quiet for a time. And let Christians who have no opportunity to pray at home go to the church or to the school to say their private prayers ; and let those who have no church, nor house, nor school go out into the fields or woods, each with his prayer-mat, to pray in secret.

The habit of prayer should be formed when young. So he writes :

I warn all the elders that they fail not to teach their children to kneel down and to pray properly. Let them say after their parents the words of prayer one by one, until they have sufficient intelligence to pray alone.

He speaks at length on the scandal caused by drunkenness and the sin of adultery, and draws a terrible picture of the adulterer's fate, ' who is despised by the child he has begotten, cursed by the woman whom he has seduced, and denied by the God Who made him.' This leads him to an instruction on Holy Matrimony, and he writes with

great plainness on the reciprocal duties of husband and wife, on the wickedness of child marriage, and of heathen superstitions regarding sex. For him the foundation of the Christian life lies in the family, and he deprecates the young man leaving home to seek money and pleasure in the coast towns.

The Lord Jesus Christ has told us to seek first the Kingdom of God, not concerning ourselves overmuch with the things of this world. It is not that He has given us leave to sit down and do nothing. Far from it. He did not say that. But he has commanded us not to throw away our religion for the sake of worldly gain. Therefore I warn you, my children, lest ye desire riches overmuch. Do not go far from the Churches of Christ to get riches. . . . I know it is hard to remain in a humble estate and to see others heaping up riches, but it is better to remain thus than to lose one's soul.

Riches themselves are not denounced, and he proceeds to teach rich and poor the duty of almsgiving, for 'a Christian who does not give alms confesses that he has no thanks to offer to His Saviour.' Alms are to be devoted for the sick and poor, for the expenses of worship and for the spread of the Gospel. He owns that the last need had not hitherto been brought home to them.

Truly, you have not seen the needs of God's work, because the Europeans have sent their offerings hither. Their money it is which is used in the Mission. But now our work is increasing, but the offerings of the Europeans remain the same. Therefore we must either decrease the work of God or we must increase our offerings.

He concludes with simple instructions on Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Communion and Penance. He urges his flock to more frequent communion. He recognises the difficulties of Africans, but they are not unlike the difficulties of Englishmen: which we may illustrate by one more quotation.

Some do not come because they are quarrelling and in a state of bitterness. They hold on to their quarrel and bitterness and refuse the Lord Jesus. Is it not better to bear all things than to fail the Lord Jesus? He endured the Cross for your sake that He might save and redeem you; cannot you bear with trouble and the words of others for the sake of receiving Him?

Throughout the whole letter runs the note of authority, but it is the authority of a father over his children. He explains and warns, pleads and rebukes, because his love has an intensity which will not be content with what is second best, and because he is anxious and oppressed with the thought of judgment to come.

He followed up the letter by issuing simple prayers which could be used privately or could be said by families together. Such prayers were to be the Christian's refuge and were to take the place of charms, fortune-telling and other 'heathen foolishness.' Belief in God was to lead to a personal relationship. God was a Father, Who could do everything, and might be told anything. He could listen to the prayers and condescend to the needs of His humblest children. So the prayers contained petitions for sowing and reaping, for protection against witchcraft and snake-bite, and for help in all the changes and chances of African life.

The Bishop himself believed quite simply in the power of prayer. He went to God about all that troubled him, and never scrupled, as a son from a father, to ask from God anything that he required.

One day, coming out from Mass at a mainland station, an old heathen chief, in a wonderful turban and a jade-green *joho*, prostrated himself at his feet and implored him to bring rain, lest the people perished by famine. The Bishop took him by the hand, led him back into the church, and collected such Christians as were still about. Then they all prayed very earnestly for rain, and that afternoon it poured. The people said: 'The prayers of the Bishop have strength.' On another occasion a native arrived from some distance to say that his wife was dying and wanted to make her confession. The Bishop,

who was in the station, started at once, but when he reached the tent the woman was past consciousness and seemingly at the point of death. Then he knelt down and prayed very earnestly that she might make her confession, and as he prayed she opened her eyes and knew him. Without any apparent difficulty she made her confession, received absolution, and immediately afterwards died. The story reminds us of St. Philip Neri and the son of the Massimi. To those who were there it seemed a miracle, but Frank expected answers to his prayers.

A native priest, who once accompanied him on his journeys, says that when he, like the rest of the camp, went to sleep by the fire the Bishop began to pray; when he woke about three in the morning the Bishop was still praying. In the daytime he was so busy, and yet at night he had such energy in prayer. The priest says: 'Of all that he taught me and said to me, of all that I watched him do, this was the greatest wonder—to see how he prayed.'

### III

FOR the first six years of his episcopate his headquarters were in Zanzibar, but he was never there for more than three months out of the twelve. Every year he reckoned on visiting all the stations of his scattered diocese, and, though there was a railway to Muheza and Korogwe from Tanga, most of his journeys had to be made on foot. In one six months he calculated that he had walked nine hundred miles in the Masasi Arch-deaconry. At the beginning of his episcopate he preferred this wild, untouched region, where there were no coast influences and few plantations of sisal and rubber; where, after the rains, the grass grew twelve feet high; and where through most of the year the trees were bare of the leaves which had withered under the scorching sun. Later, he preferred the Zigua country in the north and the Shambala highlands, not because of its better climate and glorious scenery, but because the people were more settled. In these regions a native church with its own organisation and social outlook was fast



1908.

*Photo. by Elliott and Fry.*

facing p. 80.



developing, whereas, in the Ruvuma country, missionary work had to be done under the more direct control of Europeans.

The arrival of a Bishop at a Mission station was eagerly anticipated. It was an occasion for pomp. On his first visit to Msalabani after consecration, all the sixty-five out-stations sent representatives to greet him, and a large party came over from Mkuzi. The crowd met him at some distance from the church, and at first there was a wild rush, for everyone wanted to shake hands. Then he stilled them, and they just as naturally knelt to receive his episcopal blessing. Afterwards the procession was formed. The Bishop in his purple cassock walked slowly in the midst, surrounded by his clergy. In front, backing away from him, danced men and boys, waving branches and chanting as they danced. Around and behind him came others also dancing, surging forwards and retiring according to the measure—a sea of black figures in white garments—while beyond them were the women with bright silk handkerchiefs on their heads, clad in vari-coloured calico garments called sheeties. Last of all came the solemn native dispenser, brandishing a sword in one hand and carrying a reed in the other with a weaver-bird's nest on top. Up the long orange grove they went in the sunlight, while the bells of Holy Cross pealed out their welcome ; and at the church door the tumult suddenly ceased. As many as could crowded within, and Solemn Evensong provoked its own emotional response, while the service ended with a *Te Deum* to a plain-song setting.

One of the ladies who were present writes of the Bishop's unremitting work during the next few days. 'He works,' she writes (and, we hope, with a little exaggeration), 'twenty hours out of the twenty-four.' Obviously such a strain could not be continued for long, and the long journeys from one station to another were the Bishop's salvation. He wrote to Canon Travers : 'I despair of holidays and must wait for the mental rest one gets when walking hard.' Sometimes on these walks he became so footsore that he had to lie up for some days, and then he found time for letters and reading. And yet

in this strenuous life his general health undoubtedly improved. The tendency he had in youth to be round-shouldered and awkward disappeared. Those who saw him on English platforms will remember a man who had his shoulders well set back and his chest expanded—a fine upstanding man, six feet two in height, who moved with the grace of a trained athlete.

I once asked him on what he fed, and he replied that the best things to travel with were tinned Christmas plum puddings. They were easy to pack, were very nutritious, and if you were tired when reaching your camp, you could eat them without further cooking.

At first he always carried a tent, but subsequently he preferred to be without one. He had no objection to a native hut, and enjoyed a bivouac under the southern stars, his feet extending towards a crackling fire of thorns.

His equipment was always reduced to a minimum to save porters, but one boy was always entrusted with his gun, though he had very little real interest in sport and was not, I believe, a good shot. He explained that the porters liked it, it suggested a possibility of meat for the evening pot, of a savoury addition to a mess of beans ; but perhaps this was not a complete explanation. The child who had wished to be a soldier, the boy who had worked so hard to get into Woolwich, the man who had come to Africa in the spirit of a knight-errant, the Bishop who regarded his work as a conflict with Satan and the powers of evil, looked upon his gun as a symbol, it reminded him of the warfare to which he was consecrated—the ideals of a pacifist were not his.

In a letter to a friend written in 1910 he dwells on the pleasant excitement of camps, liable to visits from lions and elephants, but he adds that he feels no call to hunt such beasts. Howbeit, he did once shoot a lion. He came to a heathen village where a lion had been carrying off first one and then another of the inhabitants. He sent out all the men with drums and anything that would bang to surround the brake and drive the lion into the open. They made, he said, din enough to infuriate any creature gifted with hearing. Meantime, he stood himself in the open amidst all the women and children, who

refused to go away. This made him feel nervous ; but when, with a growl, the lion bounded from the thicket, they fled and left him alone. He had to wait until the beast was almost upon him to make sure of his aim, but the lion was killed all right, and he had no little satisfaction in sending the skin home to his mother.

I do not think he ever killed another, but some five years later he wrote to a friend :

The day we left Namagono's village, near the Ruvuma, three lions carried off a woman. The chief was too late in looking for me, and, though he followed me for some hours, he did not catch me to tell me the news. Had I heard in time, I should have had to break my journey and hunt lions in grass about six feet high. So on the whole I am, in a way, relieved that he was too late. I'm too old for such hunts now and too blind to be sure of killing at sight.

In the same letter he tells :

The other day I and my porters walked into a herd of elephants, of whom there are hundreds in these parts. Several men were out shooting them, but the Africans lose a great deal of food every year through them. They even put their trunks through the roofs of houses and eat the food stored in the roof while the owners look on ! And they are fierce these days, and do some killing of people.

Which reminds me that some years before he told me a similar story. He was walking on a native path by moonlight, when a great elephant burst through the bushes in front of him, paused for a terrible moment in the track and then went on. He was followed first by one and then another—six in all, including a baby elephant, and all in single file. 'I stood,' he said, 'quite still, and I was afraid.' Frank knew only too well what fear is, but his was the high courage which does not flinch.

#### IV

Although in journeyings often the Bishop might become footsore and weary, he regarded his long tramps

as a relaxation—they relieved his mind. At Mission stations there was so much to do, so many to see, and the work itself was not always pleasant.

But if he had many sorrows he had also glad surprises in the simplicity, sincerity and efforts made by converts. So we read in the little book called *In His Will*.

I have known Africans walk for something like five hours on a Saturday night in order that they might be at Mass on Sunday morning, for the simple reason, as they put it : If the Lord Christ was coming to meet them, they could not stay away.

He loved to baptise any catechumens who were ready when he arrived at a station, and especially he loved to do so at Korogwe, where immersion was the custom and where each detail of the solemnity had been thought out beforehand.

His Confirmations were very simple. He had no hymns, and did not usually give an address. He went round the church with his chaplain and confirmed each candidate by name where he knelt, first signing him with the Cross on the forehead in oil and then laying his hand on his head with prayer. He liked to gather the confirmed together afterwards, when he talked to them and said prayers with them. Sometimes he deputed this office to another, and was rather scandalised to find that one native priest could find nothing more appropriate to say than the thanksgiving after Mass.

He held Retreats for clergy, for Europeans and sometimes for the native laity. In his addresses he could be very simple, he was always very impressive, and usually he was very long, but his wonderful voice held his hearers spellbound.

A Mission station is only a centre. Msalabani had no fewer than sixty-five out-stations attached to it, and Masasi a similar number. The Bishop liked, when possible, to inspect places where there are only a few huts and a very elementary school, where children and perhaps adults squatted on the ground and tried to write the letters of the alphabet with their fingers in the sand.

Then there was the medical work at which he could only look on and marvel, but it was very near to his heart. When he was ill in England in 1914, in spite of the doctors, he insisted on attending the Guild of St. Barnabas that he might appeal for more nurses. What a tale he had to tell them ! Here is his account of Luatala :

Take the little hospital of Luatala. I, in my ignorance, in making the estimates for the year allotted enough money to keep twelve beds and also enough money to build a hut for them ; but to-day at Luatala there are just 150 in-patients ! They are not paid for out of my estimates ; they are not lying upon my twelve beds, nor are they lying in my hut ; but they are lying all over the quadrangle which is allotted to the patients and to the hospital. They come in with their own food, and ask to be allowed to stay until they are cured. When their food runs short, they either go themselves—if they possibly can—or they send to their relatives to bring in more food. And there they are, feeding themselves, in order to have the advantage of a skilled nurse like Miss Dunn. Most of these people are suffering from a horrible sort of ulcer which seems to eat away the whole body. And Miss Dunn, provided with medicine by Dr. Howard, is healing them in a rather extraordinary way. And the people come from many, many miles distant, just with their food, and they refuse to go away—they will be in-patients !

This story brings home to us how the demands on the Mission have always exceeded its means. The office at home soon learnt that the Bishop's estimates were always exceeded. It was not only in hospital charges, for when the Bishop visited a station he always had to meet a priest-in-charge with a long list of reasonable wants. Frank hated to discourage a man and break his heart ; he was much more inclined to allow him to undertake more than he could bear, and so break his back.

When he visited a station, the Bishop would sit up half the night with the priest-in-charge entering into the

smallest details. He had a keen scent for the possibilities of development, he was never afraid of drastic changes in method, and he was prepared on the spur of the moment to draft new schemes that seemed to obviate every difficulty which could be foreseen. His facility was wonderful, his enthusiasm for his plans carried others away, but they did not always work. It was perhaps sometimes a pity, when he came to a man already over-burdened, and inspired him with such zeal that he tried to add to his labours.

At first he did not come into direct contact with the people except in church and on the *baraza*, where he decided difficult cases reserved for his judgment. He began by being very scrupulous about interfering with the work of the man on the spot, or about doing anything which might diminish his authority. So in those early days no one was allowed to interview the Bishop unless introduced by the priest-in-charge, yet Frank's real mission was a mission to individuals. So long as he did not know the diocese and was overwhelmed by the number of cases submitted for his decision, his rule was probably right; but it broke down because he cared for men, women and children one by one, and could not think of them merely as representatives of classes. He began his work as an administrator and a judge; he died the father of his people, their protector and their consolation.

## V

In 1909 he wrote to his mother :

No one at home can quite grasp the situation in Africa, the exact condition of a native church, the morality which seems to hang on a thread, and the faith which has so little resistance—always quick to reach out but weak against opposition, like St. Peter's early faith.

Men became Christians and found very little support in public opinion. Even in more civilised communities a corporate conscience is of slow growth. Men responded eagerly to the new faith, and the new life was a

revelation to them, but they found it very difficult to keep the commandments. It was the more difficult because neither heathen nor Moslems acknowledged the intimate connection between religion and morality. There were many falls, and the Bishop wrote to a friend :

My chief job seems to be listening to the words of the wicked. All the bad cases are kept until the Bishop turns up, and then they are produced one after another. The good I only see in church.

About the same time he wrote in *Central Africa* :

Of one thing I am convinced—a Bishop in these parts must be prepared to sit still and listen to people's words for the greater part of each year.

But he was very patient and would listen. No one can tell a longer story than an African, and he has no inherited veneration for the truth. Long hours Frank would sit in the *baraza* listening to irrelevancies and waiting for the truth to emerge. Given sufficient time most of the guilty ones were convicted out of their own mouths ; but the Bishop was not content to inflict a penance—he strove to make a penitent. Sometimes a reconciliation had to be effected, sometimes restitution had to be made, but more often the cases were of a sexual character. On one visit to Masasi he had to deal with five hundred marriage difficulties, and the details of some of them would have shocked the Divorce Court at home. And yet in 1910 he could write :

I have had a number of what are called Bishop's cases . . . spending many days hearing them this summer. We are a young Church and in the light of Church History we take courage.

Occasionally moral break-downs occurred among the native clergy and teachers, and he wrote in 1910 :

I am most anxious that we should not lose confidence in the African ministry. Many members have proved themselves most zealous and able ministers of

the Word and Sacraments : but I have many and many a time warned our supporters that the increase of the native ministry must for years involve us in the increase of our European staff.

These words had special reference to the Masasi district, for he wrote in *Central Africa* :

Masasi district is suffering from the result of a premature grant of home rule to the African clergy, and during the next few years we must be content to concentrate our attention on old-standing Missions, trying to build up what we already have.

Some at the time thought that he had been too lenient with offenders, but his heart yearned so for the conversion of sinners, and his personal presence was felt by the sinners to be overwhelming. He was sometimes too easily persuaded by their tears and protestations, which were genuine enough while he was present, although the penitent fell again when his influence was no longer felt. In 1911 a priest in the Ruvuma country had to be suspended.

The Bishop's great influence with his African clergy lay in the fact that he trusted them. Knowing that he trusted them, they had a new sense of responsibility, and grew in the capacity for governing their flocks. It was only very occasionally that his trust was abused, and then it was generally the case of a lonely man breaking down under the stress of sudden temptation. That, if not inevitable, was to be expected, and his policy has been more than justified by its fruits. The heroism and steadfastness under shameful persecution of the native clergy during the Great War should fill a glorious page in the history of the Mission.

Only once he wavered. In 1916 two priests who had done good work had to be suspended for gross immorality. One was a man in whom the Bishop had the utmost confidence ; and when the Bishop received the accusation by letter, he cabled at once : ' Bishop convinced charges untrue.' But both charges were true none the less, and for a time the Bishop despaired of his work. He wrote to his brother Bishops in the U.M.C.A.



to say that the time had not come for a native ministry, and that he had no intention of ordaining any more native priests. A year later he was building the new college at Hegongo, and the last years of his life were chiefly devoted to the teaching and training of natives for the ministry. How inconsistent he was! someone will say—but the inconsistency was not in building Hegongo, but in those black days when he thought that he had failed and his heart was very sad.

## VI

Three failures in all are not a great number. I expect, with less excuse, the percentage of scandalous clerks in England is as large; and most of the cases brought up before the Bishop had nothing to do with either clergy or teachers.

The native, like the European, is very willing to pay an outward homage to the moral law, but he can generally convince himself that his own circumstances are exceptional, that his sin, though wrong, is one that everyone commits, and that it is not as bad as many sins which go unpunished. So if conscience within is not to be stifled, it needs the support of authority from without. This may be received through the practice of sacramental confession. But in an infant Church, where public opinion is apt to be tolerant and a corporate conscience is hardly awake, something else is needed. In small communities where most things are known, and the example of lax living is very contagious, the Church can only hope to maintain her standard by demanding public penance from those who fall into grave sin. By an Act of Synod passed at Zanzibar, a man who had received absolution in the confessional was warned that he might be called on to perform public penance should his sin become notorious.

In a meeting at the Church House in 1911, the Bishop admitted that at one time there were a hundred people at Korogwe undergoing penance. Then he went on: 'You may say this is shocking; but in how many London parishes are there not a hundred people who ought to be

doing penance? There is no one in the parish of Korogwe who has not been dealt with.'

The Bishop, however, was very loath to condemn men publicly, especially when he believed that they had tried, even if they had failed. The rigorists in the Mission sometimes criticised him for what they considered to be errors of his heart; but, though zealous to vindicate righteousness, he was still more zealous to win souls. He was always afraid that the strict enforcement of rules might lead to a mechanical view of Christian conduct. He wanted that those whom he condemned should find through penance a way to conversion. He arranged that classes should be held for them, he allowed them to make their confessions and receive absolution, he allowed them to attend the *Missa Catechumenorum*, and finally he decreed that no penance should exceed six months.

Sometimes sinners were defiant and refused to submit, and then he was obliged to proceed to excommunication. There was one very sad case of a man, the godson of a dead missionary, who had been one of the Bishop's boys at Kiungani, and afterwards a teacher. The awful solemnity took place in church. The candles were dashed down and extinguished, but when the Bishop came to the terrible words: 'We do hereby cut you off,' he could not complete the sentence, but broke down sobbing. All the congregation sobbed with him, while the bell went on tolling for the doom.

A year or so afterwards he revisited the station. It was a time of festival and everyone was glad, except the Bishop, who was still thinking of his lost sheep. At length he was told that the man had been hiding in the neighbourhood to see him as he passed by. He took this as a sign of grace, sought him out, persuaded him to do penance and afterwards restored him to the Church. The Bishop, some thought, had been too lenient. Perhaps they were right, for the man relapsed into his wicked life and is once more an outcast. But, if we condemn the Bishop, we must also condemn St. John for his attempts to reclaim the young robber.

## VII

The following stories, sent me by a lady, will illustrate the Bishop's power over individuals and his care for them.

It was because he was so courteous and homely that the sinners came back. An old Christian woman at Masasi, who had been excommunicated for over twenty years, when asked what the Bishop had said that induced her to repent, answered: 'He said, Mother, it was very good of you to come and see me in this pouring rain. Sit down and get warm.'

Walking along one day the Bishop passed a woman picking fruit in a tree, and called to her: 'Elizabeth, I have a word.' She climbed down and he went on: 'Elizabeth, the man you are living with is not your husband.' She answered: 'It is true, Lord Bishop.' He simply said: 'I want you to leave him and go back to live with your father.' And she did so.

An ex-reader, who had become a great drunkard, told me that the Bishop called him and said: 'I want you to tear up the certificate of the Government giving you leave to tap six palm trees.' The man went home, fetched the paper and tore it up before the Bishop, thus losing the large sum he had paid for the licence as well as the palm wine which he got daily from his trees.

One day he only sent a message to a Christian woman to give him the gourd by which the Medicine Man had inspired her with Walungu (spirits), which enabled her to prophesy, and she not only sent it to him but gave up the lucrative practice of divination.

## VIII

The same lady writes to me that, when the Bishop was on his first tours,

The African women were rather frightened of him, for he seemed to them more of a judge than a father; and he, on his side, rather misunderstood the Christian women, for he only saw the truculent, naughty ones who

came before him in the marriage cases, or the sullen ones who could not speak because their husbands were lying and they dared not contradict them.

My correspondent in another letter tells how he grew in understanding and the women changed their attitude towards him. She describes a Retreat for women teachers, and how they squatted about his feet with their babies on their backs, how they attended to his every word despite occasional protests from the babies ; how they said afterwards : 'The Bishop might be one of us : he knows us through and through.' This shows, my correspondent concludes, the amazing power of the Bishop to get down to the level of others, 'for a Bondei woman's mind at times taxes even the patience of an African man.'

If the Bishop began by not understanding African women, he was never under any misapprehension about the fundamental importance of dealing with them. In 1910 he wrote to a friend in England :

Our chief difficulty is in introducing Christian marriage laws into a quite savage country, and in insisting on monogamy : while the small number of Christian women as compared to the men adds to the worry.

Again, he wrote in *Central Africa* :

The most pressing problem in this vast district (Zigualand) is that of the women and the girls. An ideal of Christian womanhood is the overwhelming need of our young Church at present, and we must win it in the face of tribal customs, unholy rites, semi-Mohammedan influence, and national apathy. The African teachers do their best, but they require constant assistance and care.

There had been, from the days of Bishop Tozer, a girls' school at Mbweni, which was started for the education of released slaves. From 1900 onwards a number of famine orphans had been living under the charge of an African deacon and his wife, who were taught at Hegongo in the stone house which has now been converted into the chapel of the Theological College. By

an Act of Synod in Zanzibar of 1908, it was decided that small boarding schools should be established in all the archdeaconries. It was further enacted that, though a European was to be in charge, all instruction for domestic life should be given by African women. The Bishop now went further and sent ladies to Korogwe, Kigongoi, and Kizara to get into touch with African life and start small day schools, especially for girls. It was at first very difficult to get them to attend, and all manner of absurd suspicions were excited. When these were allayed and girls came, it was found almost impossible for them to become Christians. Accepting the Cross prevented their entry into the dances and initiatory rites on approaching womanhood, but unless they were 'danced' they were a drug in the marriage market, and that market is no metaphor in Africa.

The initiatory rites and dances both for boys and girls were a great trouble. They varied a great deal in different tribes. Among the Yaos they were comparatively free from objection, and the Bishop wished to see them purified and sanctioned. Attempts have been made to do this, and hold the rites under Christian auspices at Masasi; but I believe the Bishop was a little dubious about the results. In the Shambala highlands the rites were revolting in their filthiness. Sexual life was polluted from the start, and the Church could do nothing but express its abhorrence.

After the rites came marriage, and the difference between Christian and heathen conceptions occasioned many difficulties for the converted. About some of them the Bishop spoke in London in 1911, and I quote from the report :

In some districts where Christianity was new, he found that with two-thirds of the people the real trouble was not that they had not been converted and did not care for the Lord, but that the conflict between their old heathen views and the high standard of Christian marriage had been too much for them : and in that conflict they had gone under ; and this not through vice and not willingly, but because in the

beginning they had not in the least understood what Christian marriage meant, and had contracted marriages either before or after baptism which ought never to have been contracted, and had carried over into the Christian life the burden of heathenism with which they had no right to be burdened, and from which it was in the power of the Church to set them free. In two years he had seen about a thousand Christians who were in trouble, and over half of them had returned to communion.

That is the brighter side of it. It was necessary to understand that out there in each tribe there was a different view of marriage, and that in no tribe was there a view compatible with Christianity. For instance, if they were to start with the Yao people round Masasi, they would find that in the healthier condition of things, when a young man wanted to get married he had to find a girl whom he liked, and then go to her mother and ask to be allowed to marry : if accepted, he had to leave his father and his father's village, and go and live next door to his future mother-in-law, whose gardener and farm labourer he became. If he was a bad gardener or poor labourer, he was simply dismissed and another taken on in his place. Let this meeting consider how Christian marriage was to be planted on the top of an idea like that.

Or take a people like those at Kigongoi. As they explained it, about a hundred years ago the chiefs of a clan used to pass through the land, and as they went through the villages, if they saw a small child, three or four years old, they would put a necklace of beads on the child. Then the child belonged to the chief, and when she grew up the mother was bound to send her to the chief's village to be one of his wives. The mothers, to fight against that, agreed to betroth their infant boys and girls ; so that when girls were about four years old they were betrothed, and when eight or nine they were counted as married. Now, how was the Mission going, easily and quickly, to incorporate Christian marriage in the tradition of a tribe like that ? It was not only that the girls were

already married to heathens, it was worse than that : the whole basis of life in the tribe was impaired. The homes of the tribe were founded on marriages which could not last. The Mission, coming later in the development of these people, offered them Christianity; they responded, and then they found just there, at the point which really mattered, there was the hopeless barrier of the Christian marriage law. On going up into the hills one found the same kind of thing, the result of child marriage. He remembered talking to Miss Gibbons, who said that one most promising girl in the school was already betrothed to an old man, a heathen in the plains, who already had four wives. Here was a girl ready to be taught Christianity, anxious to come into the Church, and her fate was sealed by her relations.

These were only some of the difficulties. Before conversion many had been polygamists. Sometimes the husband was converted and not the wife, more rarely the wife and not the husband. There were mixed marriages between heathen and Christian, inevitable when the male Christians far outnumbered the female. There were marriages contracted in childhood. In some tribes wives were inherited as well as cattle ; in some marriage was regarded as a temporary contract terminable by either party.

The infant Church was faced not only with the problem of how to deal with such unions, but how to deal with the sexual sin that naturally resulted from them. The Bishop was convinced that the Church could only be built up on the foundation of family life, and that this involved the indissolubility of marriage. He was equally convinced that, if 'consent makes matrimony,' many of the existing unions were *ab initio* null and void. But to declare them to be so would ruin many homes, and so each case had to be decided on its merits. The Synod had drawn up elaborate rules, but no rules could cover all the circumstances which could arise, and the Bishop had a legal mind, quick to see a distinction. The natives, I am told, did not always appreciate his

arguments, and more than one disgruntled man complained : ' He broke So-and-so's marriage, and will not break mine.' I am told also that sometimes a priest-in-charge did not agree with his decision in a particular case. No doubt he sometimes made mistakes, but I have the high authority of his successor for saying that he met a difficult situation with courage and fidelity to principle, and that his decisions have made for morality and the purity of Christian homes.

## IX

It was because he was so convinced that Christianity could only be based on a family life that he was so opposed to his converts leaving their tribes and villages to find work in the plantations or coast towns. Neither the manners nor the morals of German planters met with his approval, and he writes from German East Africa :

The development of plantations, with its debased civilisation, is a sore trial to our people and a hindrance to the Gospel.

In 1913 he wrote from Luatala :

I am hoping, when I meet Herr Wendt, to procure some justice for our people from the Europeans of the plantations.

And in the same letter :

The Gospel is winning all along the line in our district, but I have yet to arrange something for the many Christians at the coast or shambas of the Germans.

He knew, as he wrote in *Central Africa* :

We cannot keep our men out of the commercial movement if we would : the coast towns will always claim many, and in claiming their bodies will enchain their souls.

If Englishmen, east of Suez, sometimes forget the moral code and traditions of their race, Africans away



from tribe and free from custom are still more apt to go downhill. This is especially the case of Mission boys who have not become Christians, or whose conversion has been unreal, for whereas a native Christian is a much better man than a non-Christian, an educated non-Christian sinks much more rapidly than an uneducated one. His little learning has given him a taste for luxury, has filled him with self-conceit, and has made him feel contemptuous of the old ties of home and tribe. It is these boys who bring discredit upon Missions and make the Christian servant a byword among Europeans. They are far from being all of them bad, but they find it hard to withstand temptations, especially when they are away from home and the restraints imposed in their home surroundings. In his later years the Bishop was happy in having chaplains at Tanga and Dar-es-Salaam who could shepherd these wandering and sometimes erring sheep.

I am not sure that the Bishop did not consider the incursion of Western civilisation more dangerous to the upbuilding of a Christian Church than either Moham-medanism or witchcraft ; but whereas we must now go on to think of his work and views in regard to Islam and witchcraft, it will be better to defer the consideration of the relation of white and black men until a much later chapter.

## CHAPTER VI

### MOHAMMEDANISM AND WITCHCRAFT

#### I

BEFORE Frank became a Bishop, he wrote for U.M.C.A. a little tract, *Are Missions Needed?* and, while he acknowledged that there was good in other religions, he regarded them as only preparatory to Christianity. He examined the argument that Islam is exactly suited to the races which profess it, and replied :

No religion has suited a nation better than has Judaism the Jews ; no nation has shown a stronger dislike to the Gospel than they. To all appearance Mosaism was their true light, God-given, and guiding them Godwards ; yet it proved to be the case that their religion was only intended to serve them until Christ should begin to preach. So it came to pass that Judaism was tried and found wanting : it had not prepared its adherents to receive Christ. They killed Him, and in rising again He gave the final proof of His Divine Mission to fulfil all religions and to judge the spiritually blind. . . . I am prepared to admit, and to admit gladly, that so long as the Church cannot make its way to Sokoto, the people of Sokoto will find in the religion of Islam that measure of guidance which God has meted to them. But on the day that Jesus is preached in that city, I am compelled to say—now is the day of judgment for Islam in Sokoto. Has it done its work for God ?

Judging from his own experience, he was able to show that Islam was inadequate for the needs of Zanzibar.

A man should live for a time in such a city as this Zanzibar of ours, before he ventures to form an opinion against the need of Missions. Gather into one city Africans of every tribe and language, all alike set free from tribal custom and tribal law ; mix with them the conservative Arabs, tenacious of their customs but powerless to enforce them on others ; and bring into their midst the commercial life of Indian traders, and the rich attractive civilisation of the white man—there you have the setting for the moral problems with which Mohammedanism is asked to deal. Has it light enough to dispel the mental darkness? Has it force enough to control the bodily passions? Has it sweetness enough to make a future possible? And if the answer is that we in England have long since passed the stage to which the best form of Islam can raise a nation, then no one can rightly dispute my claim for Missions. Missions are necessary in the measure that the human conscience requires illumination.

The following passage is more characteristic of the man.

While I admit that the ultimate success of Missions must depend to a large extent upon the wisdom and reasonableness of missionaries, yet I cannot acquiesce in any line of action which starts from the assumption that there are souls whom Jesus cannot accept, who cannot love Jesus. Abdullah may be a good Islamite and prosperous as Arabs go, but my Master has need of Abdullah : He wants to be loved by him : therefore to Abdullah I must carry the message and press home the claim. No lover of Jesus dares to tell Him that there are reasons why He should not have Abdullah's love : he fears to be told, 'Get thee behind me, Satan ; thou savourest . . . the things that be of men.'

But it was not the Mohammedanism in Zanzibar that was alone interesting him. He was alive to the missionary propaganda from Cairo in the North. He saw that it was a race between the Cross and the Crescent, which should claim the allegiance of the native tribes.

There had been a time when Islam was unpopular, for it stood for slavery and was the religion of the slave-raiders. Slavery, however, has been put down, and its age-long associations are being forgotten. Islam is becoming attractive to the natives because it is linked with the cry of 'Africa for the Africans, and down with the white intruders!' In *The East and The West* (April 1908), Weston explained the position.

The place of the Universities' Mission is no longer in the rear of the Church's army, but in the vanguard. The time is past when it was to be counted a band of devoted workers resolved to make reparation for civilisation's sins in a remote part of the continent. The time has come for men to understand that in East and Central Africa are to be fought the great battles of the African Church. Fifty years ago tropical Africa was a dying country, as Livingstone witnessed it; to-day it is living, and has already become the battleground of the age-long forces of evil, as they hurl themselves anew against the power of the Christ. . . . Two great dangers are threatening tropical Africa at this moment, the advance of commerce without religion from the South, and the still more determined advance of Mohammedanism from the North for the conversion of Central Africa to the obedience of the Prophet. The Mohammedans have appreciated, far more than the Church at home, the true causes of the weakness of the coloured races, and are resolved that Mohammedanism shall be the link between tribe and tribe that shall consolidate them against the white man's power and the white man's religion. It is not for us here to emphasise the danger to Europe of a Mohammedan Africa: these matters concern the Imperial Government. But it is our duty to summon English Church people to rouse themselves to the work to which our Lord is clearly calling them, to go straight through Central Africa with the Gospel of Christ—to build one barrier against the Mohammedans of the North, and to build one barrier against the progress of commerce without religion from the South.

## II

A discussion took place at Frank's first Synod about the failure to impress the Mohammedans in Zanzibar. There was the Cathedral, but its witness was unheeded. It failed to attract. The reason for this was pretty obvious, and Frank explained it later at an Anniversary Meeting in London.

The tradition of the Mission had . . . up to that time been that a young priest from England went to Zanzibar, and on his arrival became priest-in-charge of the Cathedral and the whole town of Zanzibar. He could not talk to any of his parishioners, but for six months he sat down as priest-in-charge. I have no doubt that he altered the services as is done in England: took off this and put on that. For six months he learned Swahili. The moment he had learnt it, he was sent up-country, because there was a need; and in seven years, I remember vividly, I saw thirteen different men in charge of the town.

To remedy this state of things an African priest was appointed permanently to the Cathedral, and Canon Dale, with his long experience and Arabic scholarship, became Chancellor of the Diocese and head of all the Mohammedan work on the Island, and this included educational work among Arabs, Indians, and Swahili.

While Frank was still Principal of Kiungani regular instruction had been given to the first class in the school in the Life of Mohammed, and the pupils had been prepared for the ordinary objections to Christianity and how they were to be answered. In the yearly examinations, those who did best in this subject were posted to places where Mohammedan propaganda was rife; but all this work was developed by Canon Dale.

There were two schools at the time in the town—one for children conducted by a lady, and one, a school for adolescents, conducted by Canon Dale himself. In the first many of the children became interested in our Lord's Life and were attracted by the religious atmosphere, but it was generally found that such children were

speedily removed from the school. Canon Dale taught English free of charge on condition that those who came to learn also attended a Bible lesson. He did not expect great or immediate results, but he hoped that not all the seed would fall on barren ground. He believed in silent growth. So when on furlough he explained in the Church House :

I want you to be very patient about this Mohammedan work. I think the less we talk about it, write about it, or advertise it for the next twenty years the better. Let us keep quiet.

But the one person who could not keep quiet was the Bishop, and while Dale was on furlough all his arrangements were being reorganised in Zanzibar. Frank learnt that many pupils of both schools were blasphemous in the town about the lessons given them. This was no doubt true, and was to be expected, but it shocked him very much. When he saw something going wrong, he felt obliged to act, and act at once. He could not wait for Dale's return, and closed both schools. He did not, however, mean to give up the project of converting Mohammedans by educating them. He at once started on a larger scheme than any previously contemplated. He used the offering from the Pan-Anglican Conference to buy one of the largest houses in Zanzibar, and in it he started a High School to teach up to the standard of Oxford and Cambridge Locals. He appointed a capable teacher as headmaster, who added to his qualifications a gift for getting into touch with Arabs and Indians. Numbers came, and in this school no religious education was given. The school was a success, but it divided the missionaries on the Island into hostile camps. Many maintained that it was wrong to spend the money of the Mission on secular education, but a great deal may be said in favour of an indirect approach. At any rate, the Bishop was convinced that it was necessary, first of all, to get into friendly relations with Moslems and to allay prejudice. He hoped much from the discipline of the place and the examples of Christian teachers. They were able to insist on definite morals, and they were

always there to answer any inquiries about religion. Others argued that the inevitable result of Western knowledge was to sap the faith of Mohammedans, and that it was wicked to do this unless at the same time we were giving them something that was better. The controversy waxed warm, personal factors entered into the dispute, and there was, of course, the mischief-maker who repeated in one camp what he heard in the other. Chancellor Dale returned to Zanzibar to find his own schools closed, a new school in existence, and a capable headmaster with whom he was in very imperfect sympathy.

The Bishop was far away on the mainland, and the staff were at sixes and sevens. Everyone will sympathise with the Chancellor's very temperate protest.

I felt that if the Bishop had been content to wait until I returned to Zanzibar, the trouble need not have occurred. He was always so reasonable when you talked things over with him. He felt this divergence of opinion very much.

He did feel it acutely, as he felt all personal disagreements with those whom he cared for. He was also reasonable. He saw that it was impossible with a divided staff for his scheme to succeed. He began at once to plan new lines on which the school might be carried on.

First he suggested that, in the High School curriculum, lessons on the philosophy of religion should be included. The students were to be lectured on the idea of God, man's nature, and the fact of sin. These lectures were to be positive and not controversial. He hoped that they might prepare the way for the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement, though such teaching should not be given in school but only imparted to inquirers. He wrote :

We should not disguise the fact that we are out to conquer Islam ; but I feel that we ought to get as many as possible under our influence, and give them right principles of religious thought, before we actually bid them choose.

This scheme, however, was rejected, and what was finally decided is contained in the following memorandum.

1. Our Day School shall become definitely religious: *i.e.* the fundamental purpose shall be Christian education.

My wishes are :

- (a) All teaching to be positive.
- (b) All teaching to be, at first, historical, *e.g.* Life of our Lord, The Acts of the Apostles, or Church History.
- (c) No reference to be made to Islam or the Koran.
- (d) Christian ethics may be taught, but positively only.

2. Our Night School will become the secondary school for the town. Religious classes will be optional; *i.e.* a religious class may be held on a night not given to ordinary instruction, and all may be invited.

3. I want, at the start, to promise the parents of day scholars—

- (a) That the children will hear nothing against Islam ;
- (b) That no boy will be admitted to Christianity without the full consent of his father or guardian.

This was virtually a victory for the opposition, and led to the resignation of the headmaster ; but the Bishop was wise. He was infrequently in Zanzibar, and rarely for long. It was impossible for him to carry through a scheme which could only have been successful had he been able to supervise it. He had to discover a scheme which, if not the best, was at least one which the great majority of his staff could loyally accept and enter on with zeal.

### III

Every Friday morning, in the Cathedral Church of Zanzibar and throughout the diocese, Mass is offered for the conversion of the Mohammedan world, but



progress in Zanzibar itself is very slow. In 1911 the Bishop wrote :

The first convert from Islam whom I as Bishop baptised was cut off from his home life ; another who was baptised previously is prevented by his family from following his faith.

Many converts, it is true, have been made there during the last sixty years, but most of them have been men who had recently come from the mainland.

In Zanzibar, Mohammedanism is an established religion. It is interwoven with the social life and traditions of the people. It may not exert much influence on life ; it may be for most only a convention ; but no one is harder to convert than the man who has never taken his own religion seriously.

It is true that there is much more tolerance than there was, but that is only indifference with a grander name. Men are willing to listen to debates on Christianity and Islam, and are not shocked or even angry when the arguments are against them. They find the argument interesting in itself and the conclusion unimportant. They never believed much or cared a great deal, but they see no reason for renouncing a religion which makes but few demands on their lives and has, at any rate, a social value.

This indifference to truth is allied with a deadened conscience. In Zanzibar there is little sense of sin, and the whole city is desperately wicked. The older Arabs were a splendid race : their sons are rapidly becoming degenerate, adding to their native vices those of the strangers within their gates. A cosmopolitan so-called civilisation is breaking down all restraints. Street preaching has been tried and it failed. Better work has been done in hospitals, and through ministering to the sick many hearts have been reached. There is, as elsewhere, a righteous remnant, and the work has not been in vain. Many secretly believe, but lack courage to make their profession.

Work has also begun in the villages, and schools have been opened at Bububu, Mahonda, and Dunga with

success. The people working on the shambas are not so sophisticated and not so corrupt, and Frank had a vision of encircling the great heathen city with Christian villages, and believed that a city so beleaguered must in time be taken, but the numbers on his staff did not permit of any concerted movement towards this objective.

The Bishop addressed to the Mohammedans an important tract on the Being of God, in Swahili, in which he emphasised the unity of the Godhead in Christian theology, and then went on by means of analogies to show how reasonable it was to believe in distinctions within the One Being. He was enthusiastic about Canon Dale's translation of the Koran into Swahili, for few Mohammedans in Zanzibar can read and understand Arabic. Now that they have their own sacred book in the vernacular they can compare it with the Bible. They are no longer at the mercy of the teachers who hurled infallible texts at their heads with *Thus it is written*.

When the Bishop came home for the Lambeth Conference, he was eager to persuade Arabic scholars to come to Zanzibar, not necessarily as missionaries, and study Islam on the spot. He gained one valuable recruit, and no more. In 1920 he wrote to Bishop Hine :

Islam remains ! It is very worldly, materialistic and Europeanised to a great extent. But a policy for the conversion of Islam I cannot see yet ! Of course, the very slow change in our Christians is all to the good, but it will be long before they so illustrate the Christian life as to be in any sense a help to our Mission work. And against that is the European community—a very real hindrance. But I imagine we *could* do something if only a policy could be discovered. . . . Personally, I think our serious obstacles are : (1) The fact that there is no real brotherhood between white and coloured Christians, so that Moslems can't see Christ in the Church's social life. (2) The low standard of morality among European and African Christians in the town, and the same low standard among Moslems. (3) The fear young Moslems have

of their companions and elders, which keeps back not a few from confessing Christ—in whom they secretly believe. I suppose that, in an ideal Church, we should so welcome and receive such converts as to lessen that fear and remove their difficulties. . . . We have still not an adequate staff for the serious tackling of Islam. I am inclined to think that while the Christians are very slowly opening their eyes to morality, and while the Moslems are slowly giving up faith in Islam, we should do well to set on foot a movement for a Bishopric of the Islands of Zanzibar, Pemba, and Mafia; and, when ready, get a man of the type from which the Oxford Mission to Calcutta chooses its Superior. . . . But the Islands have so few Christians, a man might well fear to accept them as his diocese.

#### IV

If Christianity makes but little progress against Mohammedanism in Zanzibar, on the mainland it is otherwise. There Mohammedanism is a new religion, and, though there is incessant propaganda, it is conducted for the most part by very ignorant people. In 1910 a missionary, reviewing the situation, wrote :

Here, I think, in our district we shall win; because wherever the Church of God exists with its schools, churches, dispensaries and hospitals, it is not very long before the people of the country find out who cares most for them, the Christian or the Mohammedan teacher; and they have found in our district that the Christian teacher cares most.

But it was not only that the Christians cared more, it was also evident that they knew more. So a Mohammedan teacher tells of what led to his own conversion :

I was a teacher and had many pupils, but I only knew two chapters of the Koran and did not understand those chapters, for we do not understand Arabic. Then there came one only of your Christian teachers [a native] and began to teach boys in the village; and

I saw that those boys understood more of their sacred book than I of mine, so I thought that was a better thing.

So, at the Anniversary in 1914, Frank said :

If you speak with Mohammedans, as we in our journeys do, in a friendly way, and try to gauge the power of their religion, you will find that they are entirely muddle-headed. They cannot explain to you what their religion is, but they are quite certain, many of them, that they are engaged in worshipping a prophet whose name was Mohammed ; and when you tell them that it was founded to direct all men's attention to the one God, and to distract men's attention from the things of the earth, they will tell you, ' We do not know, but if you ask our teacher he will tell you what we worship.' You ask them why they wear the rosary round their necks with ninety-nine beads. They say, ' We bought it at the coast.' They do not know the ninety-nine attributes of God. However you catechise them, the only thing that you can get pat from them, that is true, is that they must not, and will not, eat pork.

The whole district of Magila, with Msalabani in the centre, has now been Christianised. In Mkuzi, once a Mohammedan stronghold, Christianity is dominant. The same may be said of all the larger stations, and Christianity is rapidly spreading throughout Ziguiland. In the vast hinterland between Dar-es-Salaam and Lindi Roman Catholics are at work, and in the Ruvuma country Christianity is progressing faster than Islam.

This is very encouraging, but the Diocese of Zanzibar on the map takes in a large part of Portuguese East Africa south of the Ruvuma, and in this district no Mission work has yet been done. Very little is known of the country or its conditions, but every man who comes from there is a Mohammedan.

Mohammedanism, as the Bishop was ever emphasising, is a brotherhood. It may some day be again a brotherhood in arms. A native by becoming a Mohammedan

is admitted to this brotherhood. Socially he rises in the world and is received as an equal. Mohammedanism recognises no racial difference or colour bars. This is for many its attraction, and is the source of its strength.

Mohammedanism, again, makes very few demands upon its converts. The natives are already circumcised, native beer is not prohibited, and marriage customs are not interfered with. It is only pork which has to be renounced. Mohammedans are tolerant of witchcraft. In fact many of them practise it. For a Christian, magic is always the enemy of religion, and throughout his career the Bishop waged war on Spiritism. It was for him the outward manifestation of Satan's power.

## V

The Bishop did not start into Africa with the assumption that he had only to proclaim his Gospel in order to free people from their heathen superstitions. Had he done so he would have known as little of human nature as some ardent 'Educationalists' at home who believe that people will become better and wiser if only they know more facts. The Bishop went into Africa to assault and overthrow a kingdom of Satan, and about the reality of that kingdom he had no doubt. Living as he did in very close touch with spiritual realities, he was very sensitive to spiritual evil. Believing as he did in a spirit world, he regarded the necromantic practices of evil men with horror.

He was not, like a member of the Society for Psychical Research, able, with complete detachment, to analyse evidence, for witchcraft was all about him, wherever he went, poisoning the atmosphere—a hateful, unclean mystery.

He had no time to study the works of anthropologists, and I believe that he was somewhat indifferent to their records. He knew how a traveller with a note-book was likely to be misled through the strange stories told by his porters. The said porters did not intend to deceive, but invented their stories as they went along. They had no conception of abstractions and no language to express

abstract ideas, and so it was natural for them to translate their most transient thoughts into myths appropriate to the occasion.

Frank was not primarily concerned with what a witch could or could not accomplish, or whether the manifestations she produced could or could not be explained. He was more concerned with witchcraft as a practical system. He knew what the witches pretended to do and did, and what the heathen believed was possible. He saw the horrible obsession which the occult had for certain minds ; he saw its results in crime, filth and fraud, and he believed that the Devil was behind it, the father of lies.

No mischance of any sort happens to a heathen but it is ascribed to witchcraft. Nobody is ill but he believes that he is bewitched, nobody dies without his relatives asking who has overlooked him. An enemy may be known to be without magical power, but that is no guarantee that he has not paid for your destruction. The system breaks up families and disorganises social life. It renders everyone suspicious of his neighbour. It is an ever-present terror from which few are free. We may smile at the charms, potions, clay images, and arrangements of dead men's bones, by which a man tries in secret to satisfy his vengeance or his spite, but there is no doubt about the base passions and malignancy to which these practices minister.

'It is simply murder,' says Canon Dale, 'an attempt to kill another person from jealousy, or from a quarrel, or if he has many children and you have none.'

It is on these beliefs that the witch-doctor trades. He has generally some knowledge of herbs, can sometimes set bones and is master of a primitive surgery. He has still more knowledge of the weaknesses of humanity. He sells charms for everything. He provides medicine, love potions, and poison. He pretends to have spirits at his command, is a medium with the dead, and sometimes ventures to foretell the future. In many cases he can hypnotise his victims, and he is often a skilful conjurer.

He travels with an elaborate equipment of drums and lamps, and it is at night that he professes to establish contact with the spirit world. Fires are lighted, the

circle is formed, the drums beat, and sometimes the horror is accompanied by the frenzied dancing of naked worshippers. The spirits when interrogated are generally obscene, and their directions conform to their characters. They generally consent to abandon some person whom they are supposed to possess, and the witch-doctor is suitably paid for the compulsion he has exercised.

Witch doctors have been frequently convicted of crimes, and repeatedly exposed as cheats, but we should not expect straight dealing from those in touch with evil spirits. Similarly, at home, mediums have been repeatedly detected in trickery and fraud, but those who frequent such people quite logically argue that individual lapses into deception provide no proof that communication with the dead is impossible. They have reasons, which convince themselves, that some mediums must be true.

I do not know what were the Bishop's views on the powers of witch-doctors. I only know how he hated all that they stood for. No patients were received into the hospitals until they were divested of their charms. All Christians were forbidden to have anything to do with magic or with the most innocent mascot. But Mr. Sinclair informs me that when Frank attended, by request, a meeting of the Protectorate Council and was asked his opinion about legislation against witchcraft, he replied that it would be a great mistake to recognise its existence by the enactment of a decree. He spoke with the authority of one who knew how the Germans had tried and failed to suppress it. He was firmly convinced that a spiritual evil could only be met by spiritual weapons.

## VI

The following instances will illustrate the Bishop's practice and the difficulties attending it.

Pemba is a beautiful and very rich island, with colonnades of clove trees. It is chiefly inhabited by the enfranchised descendants of slaves. They are nominally Mohammedans, but much addicted to witchcraft, about which some curious stories may be read in *Central Africa*.

In a few places there are small colonies of Christians, and both the Universities' Mission and the Quakers are at work there.

Now, close to the Mission station at Weti there was a house which became renowned for its queer happenings. Clods of earth were thrown at people who approached it, but no one could discover whence they came. Similar clods fell on people within the house, and the inhabitants were distracted. The Bishop went to investigate and was hit between the shoulders by a great clod of earth as he approached. While he was inside a mass of mud suddenly struck the roof within and stuck there, though the only opening to the room was the door, from which it was impossible to hit the place. The Bishop talked to the man and his wife, and warned them that if this was a trick they would certainly be punished for it. Next morning he came with much ceremony and the spirit was solemnly exorcised. From that day onwards the trouble ceased. But shortly afterwards the woman fell ill, and some said the Bishop's warnings had preyed on her mind, and some said it was a judgment of God on her for her imposture; some said it had nothing to do with spirits but was a trick taught by witch-doctors to their disciples; but no one has cleared up the mystery unto this day.

Mbweni also, a village of released slaves, is much given to witchcraft. Most of the inhabitants are nominally Christians, but missionaries look on it as a heart-breaking place. Old women teach the young their secret lore, and there are no signs of witchcraft at present dying out. In 1910 the Bishop wrote :

Of all workers, none, I think, need so much sympathy as those who work at Mbweni, Mkunazini and Pemba. The mainland, with all its troubles and horrors, offers hopes and glad surprises that we never see in the haunts of the old Arab and Swahili slave dealers.

Now there dwelt at Mbweni an old woman who was reputed a terrible witch. She was even said to belong to a guild of devil worshippers who dig up dead bodies and eat them. Such guilds do exist in Africa, and they celebrate their infernal sacrament with frenzied dances



stark naked. So much is true ; but popular credulity goes on that the witch strokes the ground and the body comes to the surface, and this allows of an accusation being made when it is obvious that the soil has not been disturbed. Now it was at first said that the old woman was a witch. Then rumour had it that she was a member of the hideous guild ; and, finally, people confidently reported that she had dug up a young Christian who had recently been buried and that her guild brothers and sisters from all over the Island had been present at the feast. Then the Bishop interfered. He obtained an order from the Government to exhume the body, and it was duly found and had never been disturbed. This should have been the complete exculpation of the old woman, as the Bishop intended it to be. But no—missionaries had been explaining that many of the strange phenomena supposed to be shown by witches were due to hypnotism. So the believers in witchcraft now said : ‘ You thought you saw the body, because the Bishop willed you to see the body, but the body was not there.’

Applied science is sometimes double-edged !

My third instance has to do with no less a place than the British Residency at Zanzibar. When it was built, several native huts had to be removed and the inhabitants had to be provided for elsewhere. This naturally caused much resentment, and one of the dispossessed, an old witch, pronounced a terrible curse on the new house and all who should dwell in it. Out of the first three residents, two died by natural and well-ascertained causes and one was invalided home. The wife of the fourth resident soon after entering the house only just escaped death by the fall of a great chandelier. Then the Bishop intervened. He came to the house and solemnly blessed it ; he celebrated the Holy Communion in one of the rooms, and he prayed that every evil power and will might be frustrated. In the ten years that have since elapsed no untoward incident has occurred.

Here, I expect, many readers will cavil at this evidence of ‘ superstition.’ They will say that the four events which followed one another at short intervals were all quite natural, and that they were preceded by an old

woman's curse is pure coincidence. That may be true, but I am not quite sure about it. Rationalistic explanations are rarely complete, because physical science knows nothing of the will and ignores it. To illustrate my meaning, let us imagine that a man is discovered by the wayside murdered. The police surgeon extracts the bullet and can give a lucid explanation of the cause of death. Subsequently a revolver is found not far away, and another lucid explanation can be given of the mechanism by which the bullet was discharged. That is as far as science can take you, but detectives are on the look-out for the murderer, for someone who had a motive to kill and the will to fire the shot—but the physicist has no instruments by which the will can be measured—it is an incalculable force. So in the story we are considering, there is a succession of events which can be separately explained. They are unconnected with one another but for this—that they are all in accord with the expression of a personal will : may not that will have had something to do with them ?

I don't know how far the Bishop believed in the efficacy of cursing—I imagine not much—but experience had taught him the amount of harm which one man with an evil will can do, and since he believed in a spiritual world, it was natural for him to think of how much harm an evil spirit may accomplish. But if he believed in the power of evil, he believed still more in the greater power of good. The strong man armed might keep his house, but a stronger than he might come and despoil his goods. Believing this, he went and called Christ into the house, and all was well. He believed in the prayer that our Lord taught us. He believed that it was right to pray ' Deliver us from evil and the evil one,' and he believed that God would hear and answer such a prayer. Some people say the Lord's Prayer and mean nothing by it : to believe, and say it, is a wonderful thing.

## VII

Lastly, we must note the Bishop's views on demoniac possession. For them he has been much criticised ;

and he himself did not spare those who refused to believe in the demoniacs of the Gospel. First of all, there is the fact that the belief is as prevalent to-day in Africa as it was in Galilee in our Lord's time. Mr. Keable writes :

However little there be of reality in devil-possession, the effects remain upon the lives of the people as truly as if it were all genuine : and it is at least noteworthy that missionaries (including medical men) who have been longest in the country are the most cautious in their pronouncement upon it. Even Christian native women—without known physical cause—sometimes exhibit those strange symptoms which have been noted since the days of Luke the Physician ; and often act in a way contrary to their known character and apparently beyond their own control. I suppose our *a priori* belief or disbelief in the personality of the spirits of evil really determines our judgment.

For Mr. Keable, then, it is not a question which can be decided by science, and our answers depend on a pre-conceived theory of what is, or is not, possible. Dr. Howard writes to me :

While I was in the Mission I never had a case of supposed possession which was treated by exorcism, though we had a fair number of cases of patients who regarded themselves as bewitched, or put down the origin of their illness to witchcraft, whom we treated by ordinary medical means, coupled with the suggestion of residence in a Mission hospital.

Most of my cases fell into two categories :

(1) Patients definitely ill with some disease easily diagnosed by medical means, who were made much worse by the fear of witchcraft to which they attributed their illness. Such patients generally did well, treated on ordinary medical lines in hospital, away from their home with its associations of witchcraft.

(2) Cases of hysterical mania, such as are generally described by natives as possession by an evil spirit. I think that very often such cases are the result of some orgy—drink or bhang—which starts the process, with

a great deal of hysteria added ; and it always seemed to me that they should be treated by methods similar to those employed in England for hysterical cases, viz. separation from sympathising relations, rest, nourishment and curative suggestion, especially that supplied by the dominant will of the European attendant, who is known by the natives not to believe in witchcraft.

Dr. Howard's authority in such a matter cannot be questioned, and we can at once see that his first class has nothing to do with demoniac possession. We may be quite sure also that he correctly labels his second class as suffering from hysterical mania, and thirdly, we may be satisfied with the wisdom of his treatment. In fact, I believe the Bishop would so far have agreed with his old friend. But it will be noted that Dr. Howard's experience does not cover the whole ground indicated by Mr. Keable. We were left asking, what of the soothsayers or the persons with an alternate character ? Besides, in labelling a disease as hysteria you have not explained it. There may still be a will behind the phenomena which is the ultimate cause, and that will may find its opportunity because of drink or bhang, which Dr. Howard believes are often contributory to the result. We know, in ordinary experience, how a man of strong will can dominate a man of weak will, and we know how susceptible people are to evil influence who have degenerated through vice or drink. If we also believe in another world with beings in it possessed with wills—and it is difficult not to believe this if we believe in our own immortality, it is certainly not irrational to believe that an evil spirit may influence a man, whose powers of resistance have been sapped, and produce results which may be labelled indifferently hysteria or possession.

The Bishop indeed approached the whole subject from another angle, Bible in hand. While admitting our great advance in physical knowledge, he maintained that our Lord was still our 'Master and Teacher in all that concerned the spiritual world. His insight into spiritual causes was superior to ours. He believed in demoniac possession and cast the demons out. He sent

forth His Apostles with a commission to do likewise ; and the Bishop could conclude : ' I have exorcised men with success.'

I believe that there were many occasions on which he exercised this power, but here is one story which has been sent me by a nurse :

A Christian woman, possessed with a legion of evil spirits, came into the quadrangle at Msalabani and began shouting out Zigua, which was the language of the spirit. Padre Keates took her off to quiet her, and then the Bishop exorcised her in church. Afterwards he brought her to the nurse to be dosed with bromide, which shows how practical he was.

We none of us know the relations of matter to spirit or how they react on one another. In all early societies the priest and the physician are the same person, and our Great High Priest was pre-eminently the Good Physician, so that both priest and physician should still look to Him as the source of their power. Many bodily ailments probably arise from spiritual causes, and much mental and spiritual trouble has its origin in bodily weakness. So our Blessed Lord said to the man stricken with palsy ' Thy sins be forgiven thee,' before He said to him ' Arise and walk.' It was in the same spirit that the Bishop dealt first with the woman in church, and then handed her over for medical treatment.

He issued careful regulations to his diocese. No one was to presume to exorcise, but after prayer and fasting, confession and communion. The priest, or other exorcist, was not to go to a possessed person alone, but accompanied by devout Christians. It was to be made clear that the power to exorcise was not an individual endowment, but was a result of the Church's faith and prayer.

There is no doubt, however, that Africans believed in Frank's personal holiness. Even Mohammedans spoke of him as the great *Shek*, which locally means a teacher of religion. An old Arab who was ill sent for him to pray. The Bishop went and the Arab recovered. This was not an isolated case of the reverence in which he was held by

those who had no inclination to become Christians. At Kitosia, he slept one night under a mango tree, when he went to choose and buy land for a new station. The Africans still tell one another that 'he collected all the spirits in the wood close by and took them away by his mighty power, for it was a devil-haunted place, and yet the Europeans live there in peace.'

## APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VI

Since writing the above, I have received from Miss Voules, who has lived for many years in Pemba, a copy of the letter which the Bishop wrote to the Collector in Pemba on witchcraft. Also two stories within her own experience. The names of the Africans have been altered in deference to her wishes. The Bishop of Grantham and Dr. Robert Howard have kindly supplied me with notes.

### I

Wete, Pemba,

December 12, 1914.

SIR,—I venture to lay before you the results of my enquiry into the cases of witchcraft that I mentioned to you a few days ago. But before it is possible to make myself clear, allow me to lay stress upon the prevalence of what, for lack of a more accurate term, we must call devil-worship. This is the native Pemba 'religion,' and so powerful is its organisation and so attractive its presentation, that there are very few people in the Island, to the best of my knowledge, who do not in one way or another share in it. Islam has long since succumbed to it, Arabs and Indians alike relying upon its powers and sharing its mysteries.

Thus it has come to pass that the 'Fundis' (*i.e.* masters or experts) of the Pemba religion have their hands upon almost every section of society, and make much money out of the people of all races and religions.

The ordinary matters of everyday life are surrounded by ceremonies and charms: no child is born who is not first consecrated in the womb to the protection and authority of evil spirits; every house is so dedicated and protected; and the wise man has medicines to protect him at every turn. Thus even the games of the people have fallen into the power of the Fundis: and what looks like an ordinary 'ngoma' (*i.e.* African dance) is, in most cases, an 'ngoma' connected with spirits or witchcraft.

The chief ceremony popular with all is the devil-dance proper, and for this purpose people are often maddened by poison that a devil may be exorcised by the dance.

The devil-dance of the oracle is without doubt exceedingly common, and, with skilled Fundis, involves a form of mesmerism; the mesmerised person being held to be possessed of a devil.

This class of Fundis is open to no one who does not offer a relative or friend to be killed; and the guilds that they form are strictly guilds of murderers whose own end, unless they be rich, is to be done away by poison of some sort.

The guild proper is of skilled Wachawi and Waganga [wizards and witch-doctors]; but there is a second class of initiated who redeem their relatives from death by gifts of money or in kind. The lowest class is of disciples, each of whom has his own Fundi or teacher. From these disciples are gathered the initiated.

The oath of initiation is taken over a grave, and binds the man or woman to complete secrecy for ever, under pain of death.

The chief game of the initiated is a dance of naked men and women, ending in intercourse entirely free and promiscuous, even incest being allowed, and in all their lesser dances and games the filthiest songs, etc., are used.

The disciples enter what on the mainland would be a tribal rite: here, however, it is a recurring 'ngoma' that they play from time to time, dancing naked before all comers the Kinyago, *i.e.* the dance in the images of beasts made in grass; and in the woods, privately, they are shown the simpler forms of devil-power. [N.B.—I think the clod-throwing is among these first lessons.—E. M. V.]

All disciples with whom I have spoken tell me that had they not come out of it, they would have been called upon later to offer a human sacrifice and become Fundis. It is also necessary to point out the connection between these guilds and the stealing of corpses for the purposes of medicines and poisons.

In my particular district the chief Fundi, who is really dangerous, is a Moslem, by name K. N. The whole guild look to him. But our people (*i.e.* our Christians) have a kind of local branch, under one Fundi, S., and one Fundi, G.

It is impossible for me to name those who have given me information from inside, for were they known they would certainly be killed.

I have investigated the case of a woman, T. S., who was evidently driven temporarily mad by these Fundis and their poisons; and I have also interviewed several men who are either disciples or recently initiated members of the guild.

[N.B.—The Bishop says T. S. was *temporarily* mad; to this

day she has never recovered her sanity, though she is no longer violently insane; and she absolutely refuses ever to set foot in Pemba again.—E. M. V.]

And herewith I enclose for your study a list of the chief Fundis who are Christians, whose presence here is exceedingly hurtful to the public welfare. There are others who, with those I have named, have come under Church censure for these matters; people who, I think, are able to forsake the guild and its works. But those whom I have named to you are in my opinion murderers in deed or in will, and their influence is entirely evil. They are really and truly dangerous to the common peace. They are proved to me to be Fundis of certain disciples whom I have questioned; they are certified to be wizards by an initiated member of the guild who has repented and made a clean breast of it; they are all named by the woman, T. S., as being present at the 'ngoma' in which she was 'doctored' to send her mad; and they nearly all live at or near the village from which T. S. was carried into safety by her friends.

All this I certify, and I most earnestly beg that you will lay this matter before the Resident, that he may exercise his discretion and authority in deporting them from Pemba Island, and in scattering them about in Zanzibar Island, where they will be recognised and mistrusted and so lose their power for harm.

I shall, of course, be ready to explain further by word of mouth, and also to be called by the Resident when I reach Zanzibar at the end of this week.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

FRANK ZANZIBAR.

In an appendix the Bishop gives the names of three Mohammedan and eight Christian Fundis, four of the Christians being women.

I find no note as to any answer made to this request of the Bishop's; the Christians mentioned, who are living, are still scattered about in Pemba. One woman, after her husband's death, came back to her religion and was reconciled—the Bishop authorised her admission to penance just before his death. She made a public confession of witchcraft. We are practically certain that since this at least one attempt was made to poison her. She was carried in here at death's door, with what *appeared* to be pneumonia, but it came on absolutely suddenly, and there was no fever with it. This is well known on the mainland among 'unlucky' babies, many of whom die of it. The old lady recovered, but has never been well since, and has now just died, November 1925. She was excommunicate for eleven years. The seven others mentioned were all excommunicated at the same time.



## II

## MARIAMU'S STORY

A nice young Christian woman, a communicant, and one of our steadiest and best, who was expecting a child, began to get very ill in other ways. She had a terrible leg with a very swollen knee, which might have been connected with her condition at the time, but one night her friends came to call the priest and the nurse to her, as they said she was dying and there had been foul play. We all went to the village, a mile or so away, and found her looking very wild and almost mad; but she recognised us and begged for prayers. Her sister-in-law, a teacher, had already been praying. It appeared that she had been in rather an excited state that evening, owing to the return of this sister-in-law, to whom she was devoted, from Zanzibar.

In the night she began screaming and roused the house, saying she heard 'bad people' (*i.e.* spirits) outside. Then she said, 'I see him! I see him! Go away and leave me,' and so on; and when pressed she named the person she saw, a neighbour of theirs, though not a *near* one, who had been notorious for dealings in the black art. She said, 'He is in this house. There! there! I see him.' (Later we heard that this man had tempted her to sin with him, and when she had refused—though very politely (!)—he had said, 'Very well, you will see!' which is understood as a very bad threat. That *may* have been on her mind, but it had happened some time previously, before she began to be pregnant.)

We calmed her as best we could, and next day she was brought down close to the Mission and the church, where she felt safe, and in due time her baby was safely born.

There was a great commotion, because on that night the sister-in-law had lost her head and, on hearing the man's name, had rushed to his house, crying out, 'You Pemba people are very bad people. Give me back my sister, save my sister,' and many people had heard her.

On the Bishop's next visit, while the baby was still unborn, the accused man came to complain that his character had been taken away by this proceeding of hers, and I well remember the masterly way in which the Bishop dealt with the case. The man demanded a public hearing and a public apology. *No one* believed in his freedom from dealings in witchcraft, and it seemed as if there must be a most terrific row. The Bishop in the first place had the meeting in *church*, and began by crushing us all to the earth with words about his sorrow and disappointment at finding the Christians of Pemba in such a state.

Then he said, 'This is not *my* meeting. I have not called you together, you are called by Petro. Petro, state your complaint.' When Petro had spoken, the lady who had accused him was asked to say that she had spoken in haste and anger, which she could truthfully admit; she was *not* asked to take back her words. Finally, the whole assembly of Christians was asked: 'Is there anyone here who, *because of the words of this woman*, believes Petro to be a wizard?' And as everyone had believed it long before, without any words from her, they all said 'No,' and the meeting ended with an exhortation to Christian charity and the saying of an 'Our Father' together.

As soon as Mariamu was strong enough, her husband took her to Zanzibar; they were upset to find Petro's wife travelling by the same boat, and in church on their first Sunday in Zanzibar this woman came and sat next to Mariamu, as if on purpose. Mariamu was now quite well except for a slight lameness in what had been the bad leg. She stayed at Mbweni, the village of freed slaves four miles from Zanzibar town, with her mother. This village is very like Pemba, full of superstition and dealings in magic; the old women teach the young ones, so that these things never die out. At Mbweni she again became ill, though not in the same way. She was seized with trembling and great weakness, and spells of unconsciousness about 9 o'clock every night (these are said to be sure signs of devil-possession).

(From this point I use mostly the words—taken down at the time—of my informant, a very trustworthy African teacher, who was told the story by Mariamu's husband.)

'At last the spirit made himself known, speaking through her lips and saying "I am sent to kill this person." He admitted that he was a "djini," worse than a "pepo" (the ordinary name for spirit); a djini *kills* outright. Mariamu was taken to the Bishop, who was in Zanzibar, and was exorcised by him, after which she was perfectly well. But they (*i.e.* the old people, her mother, etc.) did not believe that the spirit was really gone, so they made a plan to drive him out, and they sought for a witch-doctor and found one. He said he must have Rs. 12 and a white goat, and the usual offerings in a wooden platter (*i.e.* as a rule bananas, groundnuts, and blue water-lilies). Her husband had meanwhile gone back to Pemba to arrange his affairs there, before leaving for Zanzibar; he did not know that a witch-doctor had been called in.

'At first a white goat could not be found, and while they were looking for one, all the trouble returned upon Mariamu—trembling fits, unconsciousness, etc.

'At last they found a goat, and the "Mganga" fixed his day for coming, and his hour, 3 o'clock. On the very same day the

husband, Suleman, who had been called from Pemba when the attacks returned, arrived in the morning and walked out to Mbweni. When he arrived (about noon, I gathered), he found a great many people in the house, and Mariamu began one of her shaking and trembling fits, head and body shaking, for the first time in *daylight*. As Suleman entered he heard a voice speaking through his wife's lips, "I am coming, I am coming, I am coming," and the people said, "Probably the spirit knows this man."

'Suleman : "Who are you who are coming ?"

'Djini : "I am a devil (shetani). I have come to kill this person."

'Suleman : "You and Jesus, which is greater ?"

'Djini : "Jesus is greater, ten times greater, nor do I dare to stand before Him."

'Suleman : "Don't you know that this person is the child of Jesus ?"

'Djini : "I am only *sent* (*i.e.* a messenger, same root as the word for apostle). I can't help having to do my work."

'Suleman went up to his wife and made the sign of the Cross on her face, and said, "Evil spirit, I command you in the Name of Jesus, come out of this person and never return."

'Mariamu was sitting in a chair ; she opened her eyes very wide and stared, so that he trembled, and immediately she fell right over backwards (chair and all) and lay as if dead, no breath coming. Everyone was amazed and some said she had died. Even Suleman was much afraid and thought he had killed his wife.

'Then at last she began to speak : "Have you no faith ? I gave the Bishop power to drive away this spirit, and then you went and consulted a 'Mganga,' and the devil had gone altogether by the power I gave to the Bishop ; and when you went to the 'Mganga' I gave this devil strength and power to kill this person because of *your* lack of faith—and to-day, if 3 o'clock comes and that 'Mganga' is here, by my advice this Mariamu must go to the sisters at Mkunazini (in Zanzibar town). When she sees the door of the sisters' house she will be whole, and let her not return to Mbweni. But if you use obstinacy and at 3 o'clock that 'Mganga' comes, if he sees her face to face that hour will be the hour of her death."

(There was a pause. Her tone changed, and then the woman spoke in her natural voice.)

"Have you heard these words ? Those which I said are not *my* words, those which are mine are these : Now, at once, take me to the sisters' house at Mkunazini." And they went.'

The Bishop himself (I *think*, or in any case one of the sisters) told me that they took the woman to him again ; he advised her

then and there to make her shrift, lest anything in her should be helping the powers of evil. This she did, and he then took her himself to the sisters and gave her into their charge.

One of them told me how in the night Mariamu, streaming with perspiration and trembling, came to waken her, and said, 'Sister, my father, the Bishop, told me not to be frightened, and I am *not* frightened—but oh! I am *afraid*.' However, after that night no more trouble came to her. She has had another child since and is as well as possible, and the nice sister-in-law tells me that if Mariamu ever gets at all slack about her communions, she always has a dream, in which the Lord reminds her of what is past, and bids her stir up her soul.

[*N.B.*—This same sister-in-law told me that Suleman did *not* do the actual exorcism himself. I have not had the opportunity to ask Suleman himself about it. My story is as the teacher, Suleman's friend, told it to me.]

### III

#### MAMA JUMA

She had been a member of a dancing-guild—women who whiten their faces to look like devils (who, of course, are all *white* here!) and dance naked in honour of the spirits. It is a *very* low profession. Then a nice young man from the mainland, a Mnyamwezi, came and 'married' her. Then he began to attend the Hearers' class at Wete, and had scruples about his marriage, which was really no marriage at all. He was advised to try to win her to desire religion, and at last by prayers and exhortations he succeeded and she began to attend the classes. They had then been married eight years and they were really fond of one another.

Mama Juma then began to be troubled with a sort of trance, which came on every night between 8.30 and 9. A voice would be heard saying, 'I am coming, I am coming, I am coming,' and then, 'I am sent to kill this woman because she follows the religion of the Europeans. I am sent by So-and-So of such a place (a well-known wizard and dealer in charms about four miles from the Mission), and I shall go on coming until I kill her; but if she will give up the religion of the Europeans, then I will leave her in peace.'

The husband came to beg for help, and was taught an Act of Faith, and of defiance of the evil spirit, and told to say them and his own prayers whenever the spirit came. This he reported as doing some good. He himself proved his faith by accepting the Cross and being admitted to the Catechumenate at this time. But

the attacks, though less frequent, did not cease, and presently he reported that they were worse than ever, so he was told to bring his wife to the Mission—they lived eight miles away—and she should be exorcised. The very afternoon they came in she had an ‘attack,’ though the husband had been quite certain that at the Mission nothing would happen. She was taken to church (being only a Hearer she had never been there before), and there she flung herself on the ground, writhing and trying to tear her clothes off. Finally she was exorcised, and after many prayers, penitential psalms, etc., she became quiet and lay down as if asleep. When she opened her eyes she recognised everyone, and after a short thanksgiving she went to the house provided for her.

That night all was quiet, but the next night, just as Compline was over in church, we were called to Mama Juma. During the attack on the day she came in she had been very sneering and horrible, saying: ‘Come round me all of you. I know what you want to do; just come and see if you can do it; you never will.’ This night attack was much the same, but she looked even more horrible, really satanic. I myself heard her (or it?) name the man who had sent the spirit, and that it had come to kill her on account of her religion. When shown the crucifix, she gnashed her teeth and tried to seize it, and made the common African sign of contempt (a sort of sucking of the cheeks). We prayed for about one and a half to two hours, but at last the voice said, ‘Oh, very well, if you want me to go, I will go.’ The Lord’s Prayer was specially hateful to it, and it sneered at every clause, ‘Oh, yes,’ ‘quite so,’ ‘it is so truly,’ and so on.

Next day the husband had to go and get more food, and Mama Juma slept alone, quite unafraid, that night. On the following night she went to the house of a Christian close by, saying she felt very *odd* and would like to stay there, and by 8.45 or so she was again ‘possessed.’ Again we all went down to the house, and found her sitting up, looking very queer, but much less fierce than on the other occasions. This time, when shown the crucifix, she turned her head away (*three times* = African *entire* repudiation) and said, ‘What has that to do with me? Where do I come from? Don’t I come from heathendom? Well, then, that has nothing to do with me.’

Then suddenly, while we were praying, ‘You know I’m another one? I have put out that Pemba one and I am quite another one. I am a Manyema.’ (This was the woman’s own tribe; she was carried off for a slave at three years old or so.) ‘This woman was committed to me before she was born. But you need not mind me, I shall not hurt her, I am not like that Pemba one; she is in my charge.’

We answered, 'But she has chosen Another and wants no more of you, and you are afraid of Him. You are afraid even of His image, what then if you saw Him Himself? That is the One Whom this woman has chosen as her Lord, so you must leave her alone and go your ways.'

'Can a mother forsake her child? No, and no more can I forsake this woman, who is *my* child, placed in my keeping before she was born.'

'You will not be leaving *her*, for she has already left you, but you must cease from troubling her, for she has done with you.'

This sort of argument went on for some time. Once it spoke the Manyema language, but none of us knew it, nor did Mama Juma herself. I asked her next day. She came away too young from her own country. When asked to speak the Coast language, it politely spoke Swahili again, saying, 'Is this what you want?'

At last it said, 'Well, what *do* you really want me to do?' in a *weary* voice, as if tired out.

'We want you to leave this woman altogether and never trouble her again.'

'Oh, very well then; I will go my ways *altogether*' (a very strong word for this).

Then she lay down for quite a long time, seven or eight minutes, after which she sat up and said in a *very* gentle voice, 'Fetch me a little water, my friends, that I may drink.' And when it was brought in a coconut shell, fixed on to a long stick, she received it in her right hand, but at once transferred it to her left (which would *never* be used for eating or drinking) in order to make with the right a large sign of the Cross before she drank of the water.

This was in December 1920, and she has never been troubled again.

[*N.B.*—I should think Mama Juma was very likely a 'disciple' of a guild for witchcraft, as described by the Bishop. I was told it was a *dancing* guild, but probably I was told only what it was considered desirable for me to know, and no more !]

#### IV

NOTES BY THE RIGHT REV. J. E. HINE, D.D., LL.D., M.D.,  
BISHOP OF GRANTHAM

When I was Bishop of Zanzibar, Dr. Weston was resident at Kiungani and at that time had had little or no acquaintance with African native life. I do not remember ever discussing cases of 'witchcraft' with him. It was after I retired and he became Bishop that he came into personal touch with matters of this kind.

I cannot say that I ever saw much of them myself. 'Wafiti' were persons one heard about but seldom met, and the evidence of their powers was not often brought to our notice. One case I remember of a Christian youth at Likoma who was said to be 'possessed with a devil,' and I hesitated whether to visit him and, as bishop, to exorcise the evil spirit which was believed to have possessed him or, as doctor, to treat his symptoms medically. It seemed better to use natural means before resorting to spiritual means, and I dosed him freely with simple drugs. He soon recovered without any need of other treatment. I should always do this in similar cases. In Pemba I have had instances of witchcraft brought before me. It was in the early days of the Mission, and the resident clergy in that island had not then perhaps learned what was found out later on about these local superstitions. These are so hidden and kept secret that you may live for years in a place without finding out how prevalent they are. We did, in Central Africa, feel that there was a great hidden native life around and about us of which we knew nothing. Maples felt that, and told me so once. As to the cases referred to in your chapter, I do not feel that I can give a definite opinion. No doubt some drugs like 'Bhang' (*Cannabis Indica*) have a strange influence on the victims who use it: and we should be very cautious in assigning a supernatural cause to symptoms which are really due to some toxic influence. The effects of the drug pass off, whether exorcism is used or not, though if exorcism had been used the recovery of the victim might easily be ascribed to spiritual treatment and not to natural causes.

The subject needs a great deal of careful investigation, and that by people of scientific training, qualified to take account of all sides of the cases under consideration, and free from bias and prejudice either way. There may be spiritual influence, evil as well as good, to which some are more susceptible than others. People in a primitive stage of civilisation are ready to believe in the reality of such influences (more especially of evil influences), and a little such belief goes a long way in its effects on their health. A man who firmly believes that he is bewitched, will show symptoms and suffer in body and mind because of that belief. We teach them to believe in good influences also, which are stronger than the evil, that the Holy Spirit of God is stronger than Satan.

We should not hesitate to follow primitive Church practices and rites if it seems fit to do so under the circumstances. Our ignorance is very great. It is a matter on which no one can dogmatise.

## V

NOTE BY ROBERT HOWARD, M.D.

These are most interesting cases, and are admirable instances of the application of exorcism with apparently complete success. Both patients, one a Christian, the other an enquirer after Christianity, were convinced that their religious aspirations were being thwarted through the machination of the Devil and his agents ; and exorcism enabled them to cling to their faith and to realise that Jesus was stronger than the Devil, and to conquer through Him. If the patients had been admitted to the Mission hospital, the same suggestion that witchcraft could not harm them any more would have been made to them, though doubtless not so forcibly. Much of each story reads extraordinarily like the usual account of a spiritualistic seance, and thus the narrowness of the line which separates spiritualism from dealings in witchcraft and the black art is emphasised.



## CHAPTER VII

### THE COMMUNITY OF THE SACRED PASSION

#### I

IN *The Fulness of Christ* (p. 156) the Bishop wrote as follows :

The Christ is certainly responsible for the conception of special vocations to celibacy, poverty, and obedience. While we rejoice in the universal note of His Life on earth, the note of full share in life's joys and pleasures, we must confess that He had a sterner note for those who were called to listen to it. With His own lips He summoned souls to the simple life and to poverty, for the sake of the kingdom of God ; and by example as by word He gave to entire obedience all the beauty, dignity and power of a life's work for God's glory. And the idea of isolation from all that is not God, that God may be the better loved, glorified and followed, is clearly Christ's ; and being Christ's it is essentially divine, eternal. In monks and nuns it expresses the powers of the Divine Word incarnate to rejoice in God alone, and to surrender self wholly and entirely to God for the sake of all, and also the complete unhindered indwelling of God in His manhood. The true love of Christ and of God, pouring out from and returning to the Divine heart, requires for its complete expression both family life and celibacy for God's glory. And since no one man can express both, the two forms of life are needed for the adequate unveiling of Love. Therefore we may be sure that down the ages, without end, the mystic Body requires members who have, in the religious life, become useful agents and instruments both of Divine Love regarded

as supreme in claim and requirement, and of human love in its single-hearted response thereto.

He Who graced the marriage feast at Cana, blessed little children, and tightened the bonds that hold the family together, is one and the same with the stern Christ Who called on men to forsake wife and children, and marched alone to Calvary in the lonely sorrow of His soul. And the mystical Body, that to all eternity exhibits and voices so complex a love, has need of each type of love and service, permanently and in human form ; nor can such be had except in their persons who on earth fulfilled their several vocations and ministries.

## II

It has been said that during his early years in Africa Frank longed for the religious life but was not allowed to enter on it. It was during those years that he became chaplain to the nurses who belonged to the Guild of St. Barnabas, and it was natural that he should awaken in some of them a desire for testing their vocations. From the Guild of St. Barnabas came two of the co-founders of the Community of the Sacred Passion of Jesus.

The very name chosen for the Order suggests the teaching of Frank. It was in an address to the Guild, given while in England in 1905, that he had said :

So many people go to Communion seeking peace. We go into His Presence, Whose hands are marked with the nails, and we ask for peace ; and we get no peace, because we ought rather to ask for that deeper sense of His Presence as He leads us into war. Reach out your hand to receive His Body, and your hand will be marked with the wound. And in each Communion as you make it faithfully, my sisters, you will find our Lord preparing for you some new wound. There is always something more in your nature which He wills to mark with the Cross. This is the primary purpose of Communion that you should learn, in company with Him, to endure, that you should learn to be passive, to be quite still, as He carries you along on the path, ready to suffer. Only so can He do His work in us.

If that were our attitude towards Communion, if we went to Him that we might go back more brave to our work and our warfare, then indeed our Communion would be to us what He means it to be. It would be the cleansing of the mirror of our soul, that it might reflect the Divine Glory in us. It would be the increase of the Divine Life in us, making us ready for the final revelation, the Blessed Vision of God.

In the same address, he said :

If we cannot see Him in His Glory, if we cannot feel the power of His Presence with us while we pray, we can at least see Him as He denies to us what we long to have. If we cannot see Him as the Saints seem to have seen Him of old, we can at least see Him as He has pity on us. We know that He is with us, hating to deny us the joy of seeing Him. And we must not get up from our knees until we have felt the Presence of Jesus, though it be to see Him in seeming anger, though it be that He is with us while yet turning away His Face from us. Yet even so to know Him we ought to try. Will you remember that? Think of it when things are very difficult. 'Lord Jesus, keep Thy hand upon me lest I do Thee any harm.' 'Lord Jesus, I am nothing, I have nothing, I desire nothing but Thee and Thy Love.'

It was teaching such as this that inspired some to desire a life in communion with our Lord in His Passion. Frank knew that some nurses and others wished to test their vocations. He did not wish that they should go home and join Sisterhoods. He wanted to retain them in Africa, and he thought that the Mission needed what a religious community could alone supply.

He thought that some, by uniting themselves with the reparation which our Lord made upon the Cross, might offer themselves and their lives as a reparation for all the wrongs which the white races had inflicted on Africa. Might not white women, vowed to chastity, in some way atone for all that black women had suffered from the lust of white men?

He wanted a community also for the sake of the Africans themselves. The natives naturally looked upon white people, even on missionaries, as bustling, dominant and superior. They looked up to them with envy and felt themselves despised. They were tempted to think of Christianity as producing this attitude of pride. The community was to provide a new ideal—realised in poverty, humility, and service. The sisters were to show in their lives that for the honour of Christ no sacrifice could be too complete, and that in Christ all distinctions of race and colour are done away.

### III

In May 1908 Frank was nominated as the new Bishop of Zanzibar, and a few days afterwards he wrote for help to the Reverend Mother of the Community of the Holy Name in Malvern Link. He told her of his scheme for a community in Africa, he asked for her help in training the first novices, he asked also that in the convent at Malvern the sisters, when professed, might find a home during their furlough.

Two days later, he himself followed up his letter, and the arrangements were soon concluded. Before he was consecrated six novices were in training; and, soon after he returned to Africa, they were joined by one or two others.

By 1910 he had arranged with the Community of St. Margaret of Scotland, in Aberdeen, for the loan of a sister who should act as mother for three years in Zanzibar until the first novices were professed. He then wrote summoning five from Malvern to come out, and two paragraphs from his long letter may be quoted.

You will forgive me if I impress upon you with all solemn earnestness the greatness of the responsibility which lies upon you. We have not only to found in the diocese the religious life: we have to justify ourselves to the rest of the workers, who will probably regard the experiment with something akin to alert criticism! Everyone is very anxious to be kind:

you will have the prayers and sympathy of all : but it is only human to regard with critical eyes a movement within a society which separates some members from the rest, and which implies a claim to a very close walk with God. For myself, I am quite convinced that through the power of the Spirit your coming will approve itself to all, through the humility, poverty and cheerfulness which will mark your Community. . . . The new life will be very difficult to you all, removed as you will be from the influence of the Malvern House, but God will be with you and make your new home what it should mean to each of you—the outward surrounding of the Presence of God within you. In God there is no loneliness and no overpowering failure !

In May 1910, the five novices arrived with the sister from Aberdeen who had, before entering her religious community, served in the Mission. Mbweni had been assigned to them as a home, while the Girls' Boarding School and the parish were their sphere of work. They also managed the dispensary. It was for them a great change after the peace, order, and seclusion of Malvern, and the Bishop's forebodings were justified—at first they found their new life very difficult. A community life just beginning, with no tradition behind it, in circumstances which could not be foreseen, was bound to be a trial. Besides, their Father Founder, the Bishop, was away on the mainland until September, and correspondence involving intimate questionings is never satisfactory. Then, shortly after returning to Zanzibar and blessing the new Community House, the Bishop fell ill and had to go home. The novices were naturally anxious about the future, and so was the Bishop.

By March he was better, and he had made up his mind. He knew how precarious was his life, and he could not wait another two years, nor expose these novices to the chances of what might happen if he died. He determined that it would be better if they were professed as soon as he returned to Africa, although he knew the dangers of a short novitiate and the difficulties which

would beset a new community with no one of experience at their head. He wrote to them :

My daughters, this vocation to religion in C.S.P. requires just that personal recklessness of obedience which characterises a response to a missionary vocation. Be reckless about the future, reckless about the outcome of a C.S.P. Chapter : reckless because you know the personal call of the Lord Jesus.

A very reckless person was Frank Weston ! Yes, in a sense he was : he was entirely reckless of all else when he felt that the mighty hand of God was upon him ; and in answer to prayer he believed that he had been guided to his decision.

He was prompt to act. Having written his letter, he interviewed lawyers, learnt and settled the financial and other complications incident upon a common life. He drew up a Charter, composed a Rule, and soon after returning to Africa in July 1911, the first professions were made, the first Chapter was held, and the first Reverend Mother was elected.

#### IV

The Rule, of course, is private and concerns the sisters alone, but I am permitted to quote a few extracts, which reveal the spirit in which it was drafted and the mind of the Father Founder.

The Community is founded :

(a) To honour our Lord Jesus Christ by exhibiting to Africans the joy and power of the Passion of Jesus.

(b) To offer to God a life of complete poverty, chastity, and obedience in union with the reparation offered to Him by our Lord upon the Cross.

(c) To win souls for our Lord Jesus by a life of prayer and missionary work.

The Community is one of the weapons of Jesus in the present warfare. Here, in Africa, hostile wills are gathered in overwhelming numbers ; hostile wills that resist the Church, and weak wills that betray the

Church from within. The Community is called to stand by the lonely Jesus Christ, a small band of surrendered wills, wills at one with His Will, enduring with and in His Will unto the end.

The Lord came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His Life a ransom for many.

And the sister, who is His companion in obedience, must seek to be generous as He is generous. She must not measure out her service: she lives to serve. She labours for others, prays for them and searches them out: she serves them and when found pleads for them. . . . She suffers for them in serving them, and serving them is content to suffer for and with the Lord Jesus.

Those who love the Passion must not seek praise while living, nor a public reputation after death. Both the Community and the individual sisters must be hid with Christ in God.

## V

For a time the Community went on quietly at Mbwani, slowly increasing in numbers. In 1912 two sisters were sent into the town to act as sacristans in the Cathedral Church, and to work among the women at Ng'ambo. The Bishop, however, intended that the Mother-house should be at Mkuzi on the mainland. Huts were being built for them, and by August 1914 three sisters were already there—and the three sisters disappeared in the fog of war. For eighteen months it was not known whether they were alive or dead, and it was more than two years before they were released from Tabora.

The war was a testing time. One day the *Königsberg* destroyed the *Pegasus* in Zanzibar harbour, and the shells came hurtling over Mbwani. Some of the girls were panic-stricken and their brown legs carried them helter-skelter inland. But the sisters remained at their post.

Then the Reverend Mother, who had gone on furlough with two sisters, was refused passports and could not

return, and the Community had to carry on as best they could. 'It is your vocation,' wrote the Bishop on another occasion, 'to face difficulties calmly.'

The Mother's enforced sojourn in England was, however, fortunate, for while she was at home a house at Poplar, in connexion with St. Frideswide's Mission, was offered her. There the sisters have established their home base, there postulants are received and pass the first year or eighteen months of their novitiate, there sisters on furlough, or sisters whom the doctors forbid to return to Africa, find a home and a sphere of work. The Bishop loved to be with them when in England, and even during the busy days of the second Anglo-Catholic Congress he found time to attend to their wants.

## VI

After the war, the Bishop more than once changed his mind as to where the Mother-house should be. For a time the sisters were lodged at Masasi, but finally he handed over to them the buildings at Msalabani (Holy Cross)—the Magila of many memories and great traditions. There they have a hospital for men and one for women, help in the parish, and supervise a large school of 180 girls.

From the Mother-house, sisters have gone out to Mkuzi, which is close at hand, while down in the south they are working at Newala, Lumesule, Saidi Maumbo, Namagono, and Njawara. This is a wild country, and the Bishop once described the walk of seventy-five miles from Newala to Lumesule as 'like walking through the Zoo with all the railings down.' Yet the sisters, two and two, move on to the great adventure. Their work is ever extending, and their opportunities are only limited by their numbers.

But, as their work extended, the Bishop's conception of that work somewhat changed. He began by insisting on their lives as a reparation for the wrongs that Africans had suffered. He grew to think of their lives as a reparation for the sins of those to whom they ministered. He argued that as our Lord came to be the friend of publicans and sinners, so any who would



join themselves with Him in the reparation which He offered to the Father must, first of all, get into the environment of sinners and know their temptations. This was the corollary of the idea expressed in his little book called *In His Will*: 'God became man, that He might claim a natural right to act for men.'

In one of his last letters to the Sisterhood, he wrote :

What we are bound to aim at is such a level of fellowship (with Africans) as will convince the people that Christianity is not a religion for white people and their dependants, but a religion of actual fellowship between race and race, and colour and colour.

He much desired that special sisters should get into intimate touch with African women in their home life, should try to live as they did, and be ready to feed with them. He sometimes, in his humorous way, would deplore the clothes which sisters wore, and try to picture a habit more in accordance with the dress of Africans. He grew to hate boarding-schools for girls because they separated the girls from their families and tribes ; and when at the second Kikuyu Conference a lady pleaded for such schools in order that the moral standard of girls might be raised, he replied : 'If you want to help African women, go and live in their villages and share their life.' He was more and more convinced that this was the only way.

## VII

The Bishop felt the responsibility of the Community, and was always distressed that he could give them so little time. While they remained in Zanzibar, and during the war, when he also was often there, he gave them weekly addresses and said Mass in their chapel on Fridays. He conducted their annual Retreat, and made a point of being present at their annual Chapter. In 1916 he wrote to the Reverend Mother :

Please never think for a moment that you and yours are a burden. C.S.P. is the best fruit of my work, and that chiefly because there is so little in it that is not independent of my work.

It is possible for us to understand the way in which he trained souls in the spiritual life from the Retreat addresses<sup>1</sup> (*In His Will*) which he gave in 1914, at Red Lion Square, to associates of the Sacred Passion. These addresses were luckily taken down by one who heard them, and as luckily he refrained from rewriting them. We can also learn something from *The Revelation of Eternal Love*, which appeared chapter by chapter in *The Treasury*, and from the few spiritual letters which are known.

Of these, the little book called *In His Will* seems to me the most important, for it was not designed for publication and shows Frank in a spontaneous mood. He did not prepare his addresses long beforehand. He had no time to do so ; and it would have been useless if he had had time, for Frank needed to be face to face with an audience if his personality was to find expression. Half an hour before each address, he would put down the headings. That hardly took a minute, and he could spend most of the time in prayer. It was then the audience which determined the manner of treatment and the practical application of his thoughts.

Every Retreat was a great strain upon him, and he was very tired afterwards. He had not been reading out truths, long garnered, from a note-book ; he had not been meditating aloud, regardless of those who listened ; but all the powers of his sensitive soul had been concentrated on the hearts of those before him.

His matter did not greatly vary. Like all great teachers, he repeated himself again and again. *The Revelation of Eternal Love* reproduces with more elaboration what has been said in *In His Will*, but how great is the difference ! The first book is simple, direct and practical, and any devout person could understand it. The second book may be theologically more valuable—it contains some shining truths. He did much hard thinking in producing it, but he never thought of the readers for whom it was intended ; and I have often wondered how much 'the gentle readers' of *The Treasury* understood. The book was written on his

<sup>1</sup> Since writing this, *The School of Sanctity* has been published by Mowbray. It contains many of these Retreat Addresses.

way back to Africa on board a liner, where most men find it hard to concentrate, but he was able from a second-class deck to soar into a heavenly sphere, and to fuse thought, emotion and energy in his approach to Eternal Love.

Frank was essentially a mystic. He was never content with appearances, he was always seeking the reality which lay behind them. His heart was very restless, seeking for God. But Frank was an intellectual mystic, he was not satisfied with vague emotions and was impatient of hazy speculations. He started from a dogmatic system of belief which was verified in prayer and expressed in life. He had a passion for accuracy of definition, and the accuracy he strove after could only be expressed in abstract terms.

He was not a contemplative like St. John, who could brood on what he had seen, heard and handled, until the spiritual meaning of his experience shone through the facts. Frank had very little power over pictorial imagery. He was interested only in persons. His religion was in maintaining a direct communion with a Person. He had learnt to pray, and he had learnt the prayer: 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.' Unfortunately the language of the Spirit is very undeveloped, and Frank often found that his vocabulary was inadequate to express the precision of thought with which he believed God had inspired him.

## VIII

The following is an extract from a long letter which was not written to a sister. It illustrates his understanding of the mysteries of our life with God; and it illustrates perhaps more clearly the trouble he was prepared to take in order to elucidate the perplexities felt by a correspondent.

Our fundamental danger is individualism, and our tendency is to judge religion as it affects our own soul apart from the mystical Body. We therefore look to see in our personal relation with Jesus at least some of the marks we find in the relations wherewith He binds to Himself souls whose history we have studied. Hence

our standard by which we measure devotion, love, self-sacrifice, spiritual peace and the like.

Whereas in fact Jesus uses each soul as one of the Body, one among many, and to each one He looks as His agent to express before Godhead one variety of one out of many possible forms of His own service of love and obedience. So that each soul has its particular vocation that binds it to some one detail that can be separated off from the universal love with which He loves the Father : and each of these details has its analogy in some one of Christ's experiences here on earth. It is only so that all that He did on earth can be reproduced richly through His mystical Body in each generation.

Hence it is essential to His scheme that, the world being what it is because of sin, in each generation some of His children should reproduce in themselves joy like that of Easter and Ascension, while others express the moods of Gethsemane and Calvary. It is true that one soul may, in its earthly life, express more moods than one : it is, however, the fact that some excel in one mood beyond all others.

And here two words need saying :

First, it is not God's primary Will that the sad moods be perpetuated : He wills that some reproduce them not because He likes them, but because without their re-expression and extension in His mystical Body the Sacrifice for sin would not be crowned. It would, on the contrary, remain in isolation from us sinners : whereas, by ourselves being identified with Him in all His moods, we make the Sacrifice our own and give it its proper fruit. God desires our pain no more than He desired Christ's pain : both are essentially contrary to His purpose, and both are necessary now (because of sin) to its fulfilment. Secondly, those sad moods are valuable only because of the spiritual effort required to endure them faithfully. To pass out from them brings no merit, nor does it add to the richness of His Self-sacrifice : whereas to continue in filial confidence throughout the whole period of the vocation to suffer is indeed to

add to Calvary's glory. To add, that is, not by causing to exist some new sacrifice, but by extending the scope and fruitfulness of the one Sacrifice.

Supposing, then, that a soul finds itself in a mood of darkness lasting over years.

We may, perhaps, ask whether its own sin is at all to blame. But we shall be wise to put it otherwise. And in place of questioning, lay it down once for all (assuming of course no *wilful* sin to be present) that Jesus calls each soul to the task most suitable to it naturally and supernaturally ; so adjusting vocation to character as to make use of what we have been and are, to the highest possible extent. Past sins will be most thoroughly purged in following our present calling : because God's power of redeeming us as we are is in truth wonderful : but the calling is not the punishment for our sins ; it is His wise way of making the most of a soul that has either punished itself in certain ways or requires punishment for certain weaknesses : and the soul in darkness will acknowledge that from whatever cause it comes, the darkness well endured is its highest possible offering to the store of Christ in His Church.

At the point of self-surrender, it will begin to experience a solemn joy in its own lack of happiness : joy because it is fulfilling God's present vocation, without any modifying sense of happiness or human feeling : and from joy it will pass into peace, from the knowledge that it is exactly within God's present Will for it ; while a refuge from self-commiseration is provided for it in the knowledge—not, mark you, in the feeling—that Christ it is Who is really within it, enduring the darkness through it. The soul's sadness is Christ's : its temptation to desire relief is also His : just as the firm resolve to endure to the end is His resolve.

Further, the knowledge that we are members one of another allows us to believe that others benefit by the soul's agony : just as it is helped by the different activities of its neighbours.

Prayer for such a soul is therefore based upon an

uttermost readiness to be Christ's agent and instrument in facing darkness: a readiness that is glorious—as Christ's Passion and Death are glorious. Nor will the soul boggle at the continued disability to discern Christ's presence and co-operation. It will remember that when Christ Himself gave highest, broadest and longest expression to Divine love, He was Himself almost overpowered by a sense of being forsaken by Him whose love He was revealing.

No doubt, at first sight the soul shrinks from receiving the part of the forsaken member in the great Drama of Redemption; but a second reading of the drama dispels the shrinking. For the victorious Christ within her is to enact the past: not she herself alone. And where the victorious Christ works there is supernatural joy and peace, though human happiness and peace be far to seek, and there will be an exceeding measure of heavenly bliss when this, the first act of the drama, is finished. If we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him.

Now, you may take it as beyond question quite certain that souls surrendered to God for the redemption of Africa will receive such lofty and glorious, such painful and Christ-like callings. One of the great risks a diocese, such as ours, runs, is the worker's surprise at vocations to share the Passion. So many of us recoil from the real Cross. We have our limits, and we too easily find reasons for this way or that of dodging painful callings. We marry and are given in marriage, when resistance might be a reparation for our people's easy self-indulgence; we accept doctors' verdicts when self-sacrifice would be reparation for our people's light-hearted revolt against Christ's claims; and in countless smaller ways expect far more from God's bounty than the conditions of our work permit us to hope for, much less to ask. I say this humbly, I hope, for I am in the same condemnation.

Nor can any more noble contribution to the brotherhood be imagined. For conceive for oneself what vocation one will, none is more free from taint of self,

none more unmixed in motive, than this to which the soul we have been considering has been called by Christ. It remains therefore to view the sorrow not as some consequence, nor as evil to be avoided, but as occasion of serving Christ and the Church with a service of which the value is supreme ; while the profit to Him and His is so vast that to win it He risks His reputation as Good Shepherd.

Here is a very different letter, written to a lady who, in a time of great depression, felt that she dared not make her communions.

The great art of religion is clinging to God with your will, when your heart is dead and your mind won't work, because it is by our will we shall be justified or condemned. It does not seem to me to matter much what you want or don't want : what matters is that you should do the right thing. And please remember that you cannot hide the fact that you do not communicate : it is not hidden and can't be hidden.

You must also face the additional fact that, while Miss —— + God's grace is of some use, Miss —— — God's grace is of no use. And your work must be done in spite of a tired mind and weary heart.

Of course, what you really need is a complete holiday, but before you get that you have to pass through Easter and the Feast days that follow ; and you owe it to our Lord to give Him your will. He knows the exact state of your heart and mind : and it is just because you are 'weary and heavy laden' that He says, 'Come unto Me.' And if you would be so wise as to face Him and His invitation, you would see that you must come.

That it is sudden and will be a difficult task is neither here nor there : clearly it is your fault for not coming regularly, and you can't justly punish our Lord for what is your own doing.

So just face the matter for a few minutes, and see if you can't once and for all give your will to Him and be His, no matter how your heart and mind behave.

Try! Because His joy and your usefulness both depend to a great extent upon you winning this victory over yourself.

## IX

It may be interesting to conclude this chapter with a scheme for Advent meditations which he drew up for a correspondent.

Sunday	The Holy Trinity	He came to reveal God to man and to me.
Monday	The Incarnation	to raise man to God's throne.
Tuesday	The Holy Spirit	in the power of the Spirit to give knowledge.
Wednesday	The Heart of Jesus	in love to love us and give love.
Thursday	The Blessed Sacrament	to give new life.
Friday	The Passion	to redeem.
Saturday	The Saints	to sanctify and perfect.
Sunday	The Holy Trinity	He comes that we may choose self or God.
Monday	The Incarnation	to meet our daily needs.
Tuesday	The Holy Spirit	to be our daily Guide.
Wednesday	The Heart of Jesus	to demand our daily work.
Thursday	The Blessed Sacrament	to be our Food.
Friday	The Passion	to heal our souls of daily sins.
Saturday	The Saints	to make us daily holy.
Sunday	The Holy Trinity	He will come to vindicate God's Righteousness.
Monday	The Incarnation	to complete His mystic Body.
Tuesday	The Holy Spirit	to perfect His elect.
Wednesday	The Heart of Jesus	to rejoice in the Saints whom He loves.
Thursday	The Blessed Sacrament	to be our perfect bliss.
Friday	The Passion	to punish the wilful.
Saturday	The Saints	to offer all to God in Himself.





1914.

facing p. 144.

## CHAPTER VIII

### KIKUYU

#### I

IN his isolation Frank was comforted by the thought that he was a Catholic Bishop and that his work was to build the Catholic Church in Africa. He did not look on the Church as a human institution, which could be changed or modified for anyone's convenience. He believed that the Church was founded by our Lord, belonged to Him and was His mystical Body. Its continuity was an historic fact; and to deny its principles was to reject the age-long guidance of the Holy Spirit; while to belittle its claims was an act of treason to the Lord Who purchased it at the price of His own Blood.

But in this Church Frank derived his particular mission from the See of Canterbury, and his work was supported by those who were in communion with that See. It was therefore for him of the first importance that the source of his authority should be pure and should not fail. To vary the metaphor, he thought of himself as commanding in the front firing-line and preparing for a glorious advance; but he was somewhat doubtful about the security of his base. Were the authorities at home alive to the dangers which menaced not only Foreign Missions but Christianity itself?

In 1913 he experienced three shocks. The first was the Kikuyu Conference, where it seemed to him that the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda were bartering away, or at least compromising, our Catholic inheritance. The second he received through a parcel of books, which included *Foundations* and Dr. Henson's *Creed in the Pulpit*; and it seemed to him that the Faith was being attacked by those who should defend it. The third was

the intelligence that a clergyman, who had been indiscreet enough to invoke the saints, had been promptly inhibited.

To Frank it all seemed very strange. Were the authorities at home indifferent about the constitution of the Church and the fundamental articles of the Faith? Were they only eager to suppress those who strayed beyond the somewhat narrow limits prescribed for Anglican devotion? What did the Church of England really stand for? He was resolved to have an answer to these questions, and sat down to write his second *Open Letter*, which he addressed to the Bishop of St. Albans.

It is the fashion to say that he was very impulsive: he was, and he believed in his impulses; he believed they were of God, and that he acted under compulsion. He was certainly not one of those jolly and pugnacious persons who rush into a row, as a schoolboy into a football 'scrum,' for the fun of it. He hated public controversy. He was very highly strung, very sensitive, and suffered under abuse. Yet he knew what he was doing when he wrote; he meant to, and did, startle English churchmen all over the world.

He was certainly impetuous in attack, and there were many who thought that he was unfair, and some who tried to excuse him on the score of fever and the climate; but there is no trace of nervous excitement in the *Open Letter*. It is admirably arranged, gravely and clearly written. It is perfectly logical, very brief and to the point. There were many replies in justification of Kikuyu, and many defenders of Modernism, but no one answered the points in the letter.

In the concluding section, he wrote:

I am well aware that in speaking of Modernism, Pan-Protestantism, and denial of Catholic practices in one letter, I am not acting with worldly wisdom, for those who may agree with me on one point will probably be opposed to me on another. Yet I have written what I have written in calm deliberation in God's sight.

The three subjects treated of concerned Faith, Order, and Worship, and he challenged the Church of England

to declare her mind and cease to be 'a society for shirking vital issues.' His views on worship must be dealt with much later. This chapter shall be devoted to the Kikuyu controversy, and the next to his fight with Modernism.

## II

The British Protectorate of East Africa, now known as Kenya Colony, is larger than the United Kingdom and its population is estimated at over four millions. This vast region is known on Anglican ecclesiastical maps as the Diocese of Mombasa, and the Bishop of Mombasa in 1913 had a staff of under thirty priests!

Other religious bodies, Roman and Protestant, had also entered the country. Of these, the Romans far outnumbered the rest. They were united, pursued a consistent policy, and followed up other Missions in their work. Mohammedans were also aggressive and had converted many on the coast, but had not been so successful inland. They were, however, united, worked together and knew their own minds. Confronted by the solidarity of Rome and the solidarity of Islam, it is not surprising that the Protestant bodies should see the necessity of some sort of union.

At home there are people who do not pray like the Lord Jesus that all may be one. They rejoice in 'the dissidence of Dissent and the protestantism of the Protestant religion.' They think such *happy* divisions keep religious bodies active and alive, although, in fact, they are only tolerable because in crowded England each can pursue its own way unnoticed by its neighbours. The curse which the schismatic temper has entailed on Christianity can only be rightly appreciated in the Mission field.

Different religious bodies begin by poaching on one another's preserves, then insist on rigidly defining their own frontiers, and finally discover that they can no longer minister to their converts who travel. This was important in the Protectorate for, since the construction of the railway, East Africans wandered up and down the line in search of work. But what was the status of a

Christian converted by the African Inland Mission, when he found himself in a township served by the Church of England, and then proceeded to work on a plantation in a Presbyterian district? He at least was perplexed. He could easily understand the difference between Catholic and Protestant, but all Protestants seemed to him alike. He knew nothing of English history and nothing of the doctrines, now abandoned by Nonconformists, which were once thought to justify secession.

From 1904 onwards there had been friendly conferences; and in 1913 the Presbyterians at Kikuyu invited the representatives of several missionary societies to meet at their pleasant station seven thousand feet above the sea. The Bishop of Mombasa was elected chairman, and the Bishop of Uganda, although a visitor and outside the Protectorate, acted as Secretary. The Conference was inspired by a desire for greater unity, and everyone was conciliatory. In consequence the now famous proposals for federation were drawn up and signed.

All the members of the Conference remained loyal to their own convictions and loyal to the societies which had sent them out. They were all, however, quite properly, looking towards the future, when the work of missionaries would be done; and they did not wish their converts to perpetuate English sectarianism. They hoped to found a native Protestant Church over against Rome.

They agreed on the paramount authority of Holy Scripture, they professed a 'general' belief in the facts which are summarised in the Apostles and Nicene Creeds, they pledged themselves to administer the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and they arranged that a native ministry should be ordered by the laying on of hands. The said native ministry was to consist of four orders, junior preacher, senior preacher, district preacher, and minister; and they were all to be trained in one way, whether they were Church of England, Wesleyans, Baptists, or Presbyterians.

To meet immediate needs, it was decided that all the sects should recognise the validity of one another's

ministries, that the converts of the Church of England should receive communion from other bodies if they could produce a certificate entitling them to do so; and that no requirement of Confirmation should be made from Baptists, Wesleyans and others who wished to frequent our altars. Exchange of pulpits was provided for, and an undenominational service was sketched out to which no one could object. So, while each religious body retained its own services, the natives were to be accustomed to a common form, which would, of course, ultimately prevail.

Pan-Protestantism had achieved a triumph; and it was proclaimed when, on the evening of the last day, the Bishop of Mombasa celebrated the Holy Communion in the Presbyterian church, and the representatives of many religious bodies participated in a common sacrament.

Three months later Frank, Bishop of Zanzibar, wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury denouncing the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda for the part they had taken at Kikuyu, and formally charged them 'with propagating heresy and committing schism.' It was a sad anticlimax to the pious movement inaugurated by the Presbyterians, but can his action be justified, and was the charge true?

### III

The charge was not, strictly speaking, true. Frank had been misinformed. Only proposals had been agreed to, and no federation had taken place. The two Bishops were not inspired by a schismatic temper; they were, on the other hand, trying to heal schisms of the past. They had no heretical intention, for they only accepted the proposals on condition that they were allowed and ratified by the Archbishop of Canterbury. They admitted that the united communion was technically irregular, but they could put in a good plea that the circumstances were exceptional, and that an enlightened charity should condone their action. The sympathy of all good men should be extended to the Bishops; and yet I believe that Frank was right and that they were mistaken in their policy.

The two Bishops, in their zeal to heal the schisms in the Mombasa diocese, were rendering a new schism in the Church of England inevitable. They had forgotten Zanzibar. They were conscious of the opposition of the Roman Church and hoped to overcome it by federating all the Protestant sects ; but they had forgotten to ask themselves if the Church of England was a Protestant sect ; and they had forgotten that in Zanzibar the Bishop was maintaining the Catholicity of the Church of England, also in opposition to Rome.

They were eager to prove their friendliness for religious bodies with whom they agreed in almost everything except their separation. They forgot that their proposals would embarrass the Bishop of Zanzibar in the friendly relations which he had hitherto maintained with the Society of Friends and members of the Lutheran Mission. They were forcing him to speak out in a way which might antagonise them.

They were faced with the great difficulty of the Christian native who travelled from one district to another, who ought to find a spiritual home. They forgot that the Diocese of Zanzibar was bounded on the north and west by that of Mombasa, and that on the east communication was easy and frequent by sea. The Zanzibar Christian had also some claim to consideration when he moved out of his diocese.

The Bishop of Uganda was quite right in maintaining that the proposals only contemplated a federation and not a union ; but he forgot that if it were successful the federal authority would soon be supreme, and the peculiarities of federated units would be chiefly interesting as survivals of a past age.

The Bishop of Uganda was no doubt right when he maintained that no one who was asked to preach in a strange pulpit would say anything likely to offend those who asked him. He might have gone further and said that no one preaching in his own church would be likely to offend, when he thought that many of his hearers belonged to a different body. But what was likely to be the result of so much discretion and good taste ? Would it not ultimately mean that a very indefinite faith would

be taught which might, or might not, be in accord with a 'general' acceptance of the Nicene Creed? But it is not the language of compromise which grips a man's soul and inspires a faith which can remove mountains.

The Bishop of Uganda said, quite truly, that he and his brother Bishop had no intention of abandoning the Book of Common Prayer. The undenominational service was only intended to be used when natives of different faiths came together. But it was the common form which was to unite them, while it was the Book of Common Prayer which would keep them apart. If the federation were successful, it was obvious that the Book of Common Prayer would soon be only the property of certain foreign missionaries. Frank himself, as we shall see hereafter, was no bigoted adherent of the Prayer Book, and was in favour of a variety of devotions, but he was insistent that the Liturgy should have its rightful pre-eminence, and was not prepared to run any risk of seeing it displaced by an Undenominational Directory of Worship.

The Bishop of Uganda protested that each of the federated units would preserve its own discipline, and that therefore all Anglican converts would have to be confirmed before becoming communicants. But some of the sects were very lax in admitting converts to the sacraments, and in all federations it is the laxer rule which is bound to prevail. How could an Anglican priest continue to insist upon the necessity of confirmation when he was normally communicating Wesleyans and Baptists who were unconfirmed?

The Bishop of Uganda hoped that, as the Anglican converts were most numerous, so the native Church of the future would be Episcopalian. But were his hopes likely to be justified? The native was likely to ask: 'What is the good of ordination? You acknowledge the ministry of that unordained member of the Inland Mission. You encourage me to receive the sacrament at his hands. You must, therefore, acknowledge that ordination is of no consequence. You may like to maintain the titles of Bishop and priest which you have inherited from your forefathers, but they are not my forefathers, and I have no sentimental attachment to



their customs. Let us be free from a nomenclature which reminds us of that Roman Church which you have taught us to abhor.'

Lastly, Frank did not believe in the future of that native Church which the enthusiasts of Kikuyu hoped to call into existence. To him the scheme seemed to be designed rather with a view to the susceptibilities of conflicting sects, than from any consideration for the needs of Africans. He did not believe that 'a Church' with an indefinite faith, with no determined rule of life and a haphazard form of government would be strong enough to weld Africans together, to uplift them as a race, or to defend them against being exploited by Indians and Europeans.

#### IV

It is unnecessary to say that the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda did not contemplate any of these evil results and found it difficult to understand the cause of Frank's opposition. The Bishop of Uganda started home to plead for his proposals, and came by way of Zanzibar that he might see its Bishop.

They met and drafted elaborate minutes on their points of disagreement for the instruction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which no doubt enlightened him, but are now of no importance to us. It is better to remember that the two men met face to face and each acknowledged the charm and goodness of the other. Their education and experiences were so different, and yet they found much in common. They both had the same single-hearted devotion to the one Lord, although they could not agree on how He was best to be served. I am sorry that I have lost the delightful description of Dr. Willis which Frank wrote to me, and it is pleasant to remember that in a controversy where conscience forbade either to compromise, their friendship remained unbroken to the end. When Frank died, the Bishop of Uganda wrote to the Universities' Mission :

He was a great man, a great missionary, a born leader, and one of the most devoted followers of Jesus

Christ that I have ever met. Humanly speaking, no one can fill the place he has left empty.

Personally, I thank God for the controversy that first brought me into contact with the Bishop of Zanzibar, and taught me to see and to appreciate the true spirit of Christ which inspired him and made him what he was—a man whom one could whole-heartedly honour and could not but love.

It is useless to pretend that there were the same amicable relations between Frank and the Bishop of Mombasa, and the friction between them did not start with the Kikuyu controversy. Long before, when Frank was principal of Mazizini, and the see of Zanzibar was vacant, Dr. Peel had come there to perform necessary episcopal functions. He then made no secret about his disapproval of the diocese, and refused to ordain the deacon Frank presented to him, because he did not come up to, or come down to, his own standard of Anglican orthodoxy. In this refusal he was, of course, entirely within his rights, but it was an unfortunate beginning of a connexion which was never friendly.

In 1912 the Archdeacon of Mombasa translated certain passages from a Swahili manual originally written by Canon Samwil Sehoza, and delated the Bishop of Zanzibar for heresy to Lambeth. Frank had edited, in part re-written, and authorised the book and took full responsibility for all its contents, but he was annoyed that he had received no notice of the Archdeacon's action, and had been given no opportunity for acknowledging the accuracy of the translation. The Archbishop, I believe, submitted the quotations to theological experts, who did not find that they were contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England. Anyhow, nothing more was heard of the charge; but it is well to remember that heresy-hunting was not started by 'the Zanzibarbarian' bigot.

Thirdly, Frank did not believe that his converts were kindly received in the Mombasa diocese. There was always the difficulty, that the Zanzibar Christians went as a matter of course to confession and that the clergy of

the Church Missionary Society sometimes refused to give in private 'the benefit of absolution,' which the Book of Common Prayer in its large-hearted charity offers to sinners.

One Christian woman, who was detected in making the sign of the Cross, was warned that she would not be allowed to come to church unless she surrendered the practice. Another Christian man for the same offence was publicly reprov'd and made the text of a sermon, although in this case the missionary magnanimously concluded that he might be regarded as a Christian.

I do not suppose that similar instances of narrow-mindedness could be quoted of the diocese of Zanzibar, but we have to remember that Mombasa Christians were not likely to feel very much at home there; and when, at a much later date, there was a proposal to form an East African Province, it was, in spite of the Bishop of Uganda, vetoed by the native members of his Mission. Some of them had travelled as far as Zanzibar, and had come back with the story that an altogether different religion was practised there.

Zanzibar represented one extreme wing of the Church of England and Mombasa the other, and the great moderating influence of the Church of England as a whole was unknown and unfelt in East Africa. Many of the missionaries of both dioceses had little or no experience of Church work at home, and of the inevitable allowances which have to be made in England for opinions other than our own.

Frank had realised this quite early as a missionary. Before he had been in Africa two years he wrote to me :

Out here we get heartily sick of the present confusion of faith at home. Certainly the Mission Field would be a bad training for work in England. I should strongly oppose any scheme for three years service abroad : unless every man so serving was pledged to a moderate S.P.G. policy. The Faith and the C.M.S. religion are expressed in such clean-cut lines out in the Mission Field, that it requires all one's past experience, short as it is, to keep from cutting

oneself adrift from English thought in religion. We go our own way : find it to be the only way : and we cannot conceive of any other way. This is why those of us, who have never had to find a footplace at home, are so narrow-minded out here—a narrow-mindedness which tinges our views on every kind of subject.

## V

At length, in February 1914, the Bishop of Zanzibar landed in England to find the whole country in an uproar over his *Open Letter*. Professors and eminent scholars were producing pamphlets for and against the Modernists, and lesser people were filling the columns of the daily press with evidence of how little they understood about the points at issue.

The Bishop found awaiting him addresses of congratulation and promises of support from the Society of the Holy Cross, The Guild of the Love of God, the Catholic League, and other bodies. Father Murray of Longton had collected the signatures of seven hundred priests to a memorial in the Bishop's favour. There were also numerous signed addresses from the dioceses of London and Norwich, and one from Australia and Tasmania. These were no doubt gratifying, but, on the other hand, there were the letters from all his friends full of good advice, which needed answering, and piles upon piles of abusive letters which could not be answered because they were anonymous.

The papers even found it necessary to illustrate 'The Heresy Hunt.' One of them, which lies before me, contains portraits of the Bishop of London 'who fears that the trouble will split the Church,' of the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Moule) 'who supports the arraigned Bishops,' of the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Gore) 'who will resign if the Bishops win,' and of a Kikuyu chief 'who is the chief cause of the trouble and cannot understand it.'

But the person with whom Frank had to deal was the Archbishop at Lambeth. He took all the questions very seriously, was courteous to everyone, but refused to get excited. All parties were contending for a victory, and

the Archbishop was only concerned with preserving the Church of England.

About the Church of England Frank knew very little, and the Archbishop knew all that there is to know. Frank saw the truth and wanted it to prevail ; but, if the Archbishop saw the same truth, he knew that it would not prevail until others saw it also. The Church of England progresses slowly through the centuries, and gradually grows accustomed to ideas ; but she will not receive them because of any man's *ipse dixit*. She lives and grows but only reasons subconsciously.

The greater number of her efficient members are people of irreproachable character and a simple piety. They say their prayers, read their Bibles, attend Church and make their communions. They call themselves High, Low, or Broad according to their taste in ceremonial, but they are quite unversed in ecclesiastical questions, and have no grip upon theological principles. In quiet times they hate most of all the logical and enthusiastic members of their own party ; but they are generally prepared to support them if there is a movement to persecute or an attempt at suppression. In quiet times they work very amicably with their fellow churchmen of other parties, and it is only during crises, precipitated by extremists, that there is any danger of schism.

These are the people who really count, but beyond them are a vast crowd who have been baptised and confirmed and profess to belong to the Church. They require her blessing when they are married and expect to be buried by her when they are dead. They are infrequent attendants at her services and recognise no obligation to conform to her rules. They are ready to criticise her on all occasions, and delight in telling newspaper readers : ' Although I am a churchman, I am sufficiently broad-minded to see that every other religion is better than my own.' They count for nothing in the religious life of the Church, they contribute but little towards her financial support, but in newspaper offices their letters are received as voicing the lay opinion of the Church of England. They were one and all shocked by the *Open Letter* of the Bishop of Zanzibar. They

asked one another : ' Are we going back to the days of the Inquisition ? '

Beyond them again are the extremists. They are profoundly dissatisfied with the Church of England as she is, and they have a vision of what she might be. They are energetic, enthusiastic and progressive, but they are not all progressing in the same direction—some may be following a Bishop of Zanzibar and some a Bishop of Uganda. But both extremes mean to drag the great mass of rather inert Christians along with them, and so comes the tug of war. Because of their zeal and energy, they may be responsible for a schism.

It was just this that the Archbishop was resolved to prevent. For years he has been tolerant and patient with extreme men of all parties. He knows that they are the life and the salt of the Church ; but he has never intended that either extreme should win a victory that would render it impossible for the other party to remain within the Church.

' Are we a society for shirking vital issues ? ' asked Frank ; but the Archbishop could answer : ' The points at issue are not clear to the vast majority of churchmen, and until they are no decision such as you desire is possible.' He was in no hurry, he belonged to an established Church. Its foundations were on a rock and they were very deep down beneath the drifting sand which covered them. Frank, on the other hand, was laying foundations and he wished them to be secure. At home he could only see the shifting sands, swept hither and thither by gusts of opinion. He was bitterly conscious that the *foundations* offered him by *the Foundationers* were only *loose stones*, and he was certain that the scaffolding hastily improvised by the pious men at Kikuyu was quite inadequate for a permanent building.

## VI

Frank, we have seen, made a mistake in charging the two Bishops with heresy and schism. He made a further mistake in demanding that the case should be tried by the Archbishop and his com-provincial Bishops. Uganda,

Mombasa, and Zanzibar had Bishops who did not belong to the Province of Canterbury and were outside the purview of its jurisdiction. They depended on the Archbishop alone. Frank was probably right in asserting that he could not recognise the personal opinion of an Archbishop as an authoritative decision. To have done so would have been to admit a Papacy at Lambeth. I do not know whether he was right or wrong when he declared that he should not regard the findings of the Lambeth Committee as binding on his conscience, because, while it was true that such a committee could make no claim to jurisdiction, it was the only body available, and the Catholic Church, apart from the Papacy, has no machinery for dealing with Bishops *in partibus*, who are *ipso facto* outside any provincial organisation.

Frank was awkward, and does not appear to advantage in his published correspondence with the Archbishop. He had a legal mind, and was far too apt to take exceptions on technical grounds. He was unduly suspicious, and the elaborated politeness of his address was, oh, so terribly official. I do not know if the Archbishop was irritated, but I do know how irritated ordinary men were, even men inclined to sympathise with the opposition to Kikuyu.

But if Frank was irritating the British public by his letters, he was charming people by his presence. With ceaseless activity he was rushing about the country, preaching, addressing meetings and attending conferences. Wherever he went he made friends. He made friends even when he failed to win supporters. Men could not resist the charm of his goodness even when they lamented his course of action.

In June he brought out his *Case against Kikuyu*. It had been written at the Archbishop's request for the Committee of the Lambeth Conference, and to them it may have been useful. In some ways, he never wrote anything better, and this little pamphlet would be a good introduction for anyone wishing to study *The Fulness of Christ*. But as an *apologia* it was a failure. He goes back to first principles and then with lucid logic

develops his argument, but the English care very little for first principles, and his logical deductions all of them depend on the acceptance of the premises from which he starts. To the ordinary man the whole pamphlet appeared to be abstract and remote from life. It was not persuasive and the personal element is almost entirely absent. It is only just at the end that the author for a moment reveals himself, and it is because we are now more concerned with him than with his controversy, that we quote the passage.

Easier were it to receive in brotherly love all who seek fellowship with us, honouring their principles as we honour their lives and labours. But He Who came to send a sword upon the earth will not have it so. Rather must we drink of His cup, and true to principle however unpopular and seemingly destined to bring failure in its train, we must be content to become the scorn of men and the outcasts of the people.

For, whatever else may be said about reunion and the methods of attaining it, one thing is above all else true: without principle we shall accomplish nothing. And since the movement that produced the Kikuyu Conference is evidently at fault in the matter of principles, it is necessary to move backwards and return to prayer and study.

Such a move backward is no loss: so to move along a wrong road is no gain.

But Frank was far from adopting a *non possumus* attitude. Soon after arriving in England in March 1914, he had published his *Proposals for a Central Missionary Council of Episcopal and non-Episcopal Churches in East Africa*, and hoped that its publication might 'prove that a sense of responsibility for a trust received does not necessarily imply a hatred of one's neighbours.'

He showed in this tract what a wide field there was for co-operation without any surrender of principle, but the proposals came a year too late. The delegates at Kikuyu had passed far beyond them, and a backward step is very difficult. For this Frank was not to blame. He had not been invited to Kikuyu; and, although the proposals



there accepted vitally compromised his position, his brother Bishops had never consulted him. This is something that should be remembered. They had acted in a way that must affect him and his whole diocese, and forgotten his right to be considered. However they might deplore his subsequent action, it was he, and not they, who had a right to complain.

To do them justice they did not complain. The Bishop of Uganda's tract on *The Kikuyu Conference* is delightfully written. I have already criticised its contents, but no one could read it without being impressed by the sincerity of the author and the Christian charity which inspired him. *The Case of Kikuyu* by the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda is also an example of perfectly fair controversial writing; but, while Frank had maintained a principle, they had worked up an admirable case for what was expedient. Frank's pamphlet has a more permanent value, theirs was more effective at the time.

## VII

Those who only read Frank's letters to the press thought he was a narrow-minded bigot, while those who only knew him upon platforms saw a very gallant gentleman, who, without bitterness, could maintain his cause by many a telling phrase and illuminate the darkness of theological prejudice by flashes of humour. But it was only those who knew him well who understood the strain from which he suffered. His nerves were fretted by the criticism of his friends, his heart was chilled by the lukewarmness of his supporters, and his sensitive soul was bruised by a mass of misrepresentation and abuse which was heaped upon him by his more ignorant opponents. It was the fashion to say, that he suffered from the effects of the African climate: he himself said, that he suffered most of all from the cutting blasts and rigours of England.

So the months dragged on from February to July; and it was only at the close of the latter month that the Consultative Committee of the Lambeth Conference was able to meet. And suddenly the world had lost all interest in Kikuyu. The war cloud was just about to

burst, and everything was forgotten but the imminence of the peril.

A few days later, knowing nothing of any decision, Frank was on his way back to his diocese, to find that most of his staff were interned, and to hear that his African flock were being ill-treated, flogged, and dispersed by the Germans ; but with unabated courage he still faced his duties.

How great that courage was ! As he worked through those days of war with their own terrible anxieties, his life work and all that he had lived for was at stake. Sixteen years before he had come to Africa, an apostle of the Catholic Faith, to build up a Catholic Church. Had he been altogether wrong in his faith or his faith in the Church of England ? Would a declaration from Lambeth drive him out into the wilderness, and whither was he then to go ? His faith survived the strain, perhaps his war activities helped to relieve it. At any rate he had to wait more than six months before the Archbishop published his pronouncement on Kikuyu.

### VIII

At Easter 1915, the pronouncement was made and some weeks later it arrived at Zanzibar. In an Appendix annexed to it were the findings of the Consultative Committee. This Committee was very sympathetic with the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa, and had not a word of sympathy for the Bishop of Zanzibar, but they justified him on all the points which the Archbishop had submitted to them. They disapproved of the proposed federation. They demurred to the terms in which the proposal for an interchange of pulpits had been drafted. They were unwilling to countenance any tampering with the Confirmation Rubric, although they thought that a Bishop in exercising his pastoral discretion might dispense particular people in exceptional cases. About the proposals for inter-communion they were quite definite :

It seems to be implied that members of our Church would be encouraged and even expected to communicate in non-Episcopal Churches. We are bound

to say that we cannot regard any such arrangement as consistent with the principles of the Church of England.

Lastly, they refused to pass any judgment upon the united Communion, but they deprecated any attempt to treat it as a precedent, and they thought that its repetition, far from promoting unity, would 'imperil that measure of unity which we now possess.'

This report was signed by the Archbishops of York, Armagh, and Jamaica, by the Primus of Scotland, by the Bishops of Winchester, Exeter, and Gibraltar, by Bishop Copleston once Metropolitan of India, by Bishop Ryle once Bishop of Winchester, and by Bishop Wallis.

In his pronouncement the Archbishop does not differ from these conclusions, but in adopting them he is even more conciliatory than the committee. His style is stately and dignified, his tone is impartial. He minimises as far as possible the nature of the Kikuyu proposals and is anxious not to condemn anyone. As the very wise ruler of the Church, he is more concerned with composing differences than in formulating principles; he wishes to keep doors open for reunion in the future, while he cautiously recommends that it would be better for the present not to go through them. He looks forward to the next Lambeth Conference as the time for discussion. The Archbishop with great practical wisdom tried to stifle a controversy, which he considered inopportune, by giving a judgment which restrained action and pointed out dangers, but which did not determine between principles. Frank with his zeal for truth and passionate adherence to principle was not satisfied. He had no answer to his question, 'For what does the Church of England stand?' He resolved at least to make his own position clear and so wrote *The Fulness of Christ*. It is

an *apologia* for my attitude in the recent Kikuyu controversy, and the kernel of the Gospel that I have myself received and now try to deliver to my diocese.

Unfortunately it did not make his position clear, for most people expressed their inability to understand the book.

## IX

This remarkable book has very little in it which directly refers to Kikuyu, and is a resolute endeavour to get back to first principles. It was composed in days of great stress, and written with extreme rapidity in hours stolen from sleep. It represented, however, years of painful thought and prayer and the author considered it to be his best work, but it is uncommonly hard to understand.

The author was thinking upon a level few have reached, which seemed to many to be divorced from the actual world where they were at home. He writes of the Church, but seems to neglect her history and development. He is the champion of revealed truth but scarcely ever quotes the Bible. He believes in authority but relies on no authorities. The book is entirely his own, the product of his sole mind.

He assumes, without proof, the principles from which he starts and only concerns himself with asking why they are true. He believed with Aristotle that no science proves its first principles, but unlike Aristotle his method is entirely deductive. He writes as a theologian for theologians and presupposes a deposit of revealed truth.

His method is more in accord with that of Latin theologians than with our own, and the attitude of modern Anglicans to revealed truth is obscure. They mostly write as if they believed in the evolution of religion and are chiefly concerned in verifying hypotheses in experience. Of course, if there be a revelation of God, we have only to define its content, to discover its implications, to apply it to the circumstances of life, and to relate it with the knowledge otherwise known. If, on the other hand, we are out to discover truth, we shall be wise if we survey the history of past thought, analyse the results hitherto arrived at, and then by way of induction pass forward towards the wider view. For those wedded to the latter method, Frank's book was a nightmare, but even to them a plea may be made for reconsideration.

The critics are themselves fond of tentative hypotheses, and without a hypothesis no progress can be made. Such

hypotheses are either verified or disproved according as they do or do not cover the facts. Now in *The Fulness of Christ* we have an explanation of the Catholic Church, its nature, purpose and method of functioning. We have in consequence to ask, does it accord with facts and offer a reasonable account of why they are so.

The book has been worked out in a highly scientific and abstract manner, and it is a mistake to believe that modern theologians care for a scientific method. Scientists try to discover what a thing is in itself, and in their laboratories take endless pains to prevent the intervention of alien elements or causes. In the same spirit Frank approached the study of the Church—what was the Church in itself and in the mind of God?—and he refused to qualify his conclusions by taking into account the temporary confusions of its present condition—the blemishes which result from the sins of men.

## X

It is with some trepidation that I offer a summary of the book, because I am conscious that there is much in it that I do not understand, and what I do understand is difficult to compress.

It should be obvious that until men are at one with the Creator they cannot be at one with His creation, nor could they remain at one with the Creator, if they were at variance with those who are His. But an at-one-ment among men necessitates a visible society, and if it be a result of an at-one-ment with God, the origin of the society must be divine.

How had this at-one-ment been rendered possible? Men could not rise to God's level, but God could limit Himself and come down to theirs. So God became man. Godhead and manhood are at one in Jesus Christ; but we can only participate in this at-one-ment by our union with Him, and the measure of our union with Him is seen by the way we forward His atoning work. But this also necessitates a visible Body or Church.

To put the same truth in another way—the essential Church is our Blessed Lord, God in manhood, and the accidental Church consists of those who have been incorporated into His mystical Body, and this Church exists to represent God in manhood reconciling all things to Himself.

In consequence the first note of the Church is unity, but it is a unity in diversity. No one Christian can represent the Christ, in Whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily, but each in his place, time and circumstances may hope to reflect somewhat by living in personal communion with Him ; and it is through the ever extended representation of the Christ that the work of reconciliation proceeds. But it is just because this is so, that a means of unity for all and each must be provided, and our Lord established centres of such unity when He ordained the Apostles to represent Him in the world, and these centres still exist by His authority in the Apostolic ministry.

Each Bishop is a centre for a local church, he is also the link between his own diocese and others ; and it is through the correspondence and intercommunion of the whole college that the Catholic Faith is preserved intact. As God is the God of Love, Who therefore cares for details, so He has provided this framework for the preservation of a unity which is necessary for our Lord's atoning work. The Episcopate then is essential to the Church's life, and Bishops are the organs through which the mystical Body functions.

The whole Body exists for the at-one-ment of God with men and of one man with another, and we must not forget that this at-one-ment only became possible through sacrifice. The Great Lover gave Himself into the hands of men and identified Himself with them. He made Himself one with them in the midst of their sinful surroundings, and offered Himself wholly on their behalf in reparation to the Father. The Church is called to be true to this way of Love, and each of her members must be ready to sacrifice self for others. It is the Church's duty to show forth the Lord's death to the Father as their only ground of

reconciliation with Him, and to show it forth before an unbelieving world as the way by which men may become at one. In consequence sacrifice and priesthood are essential to the Church if that Church is really to represent the Christ of Calvary to the world. The Mass becomes the necessary centre of worship, for it celebrates the central fact of at-one-ment, and communion with our Lord and one another is the pledge of that unity which our Lord died that we might enjoy.

This perhaps is sufficient and we need not go on to speak of the Bishop's views on Sacraments, Church authority and the Papacy, for in these last chapters he deals with technical points. It is sufficient to make clear that anyone thinking along these lines could have nothing to do with the proposals made at Kikuyu. It also shows that Frank's attitude was not so much due to any specific doctrines or practices of Nonconformists, but to their separation. When they called themselves Independents and gloried in being Free Churchmen, it seemed to him that they were opposed to the whole Gospel of Redemption. They had something to contribute and were refusing it to the common stock. In consequence at the end of his book he writes as follows; and I quote the passage in his own words in order that I may show how natural it was that his position was often misunderstood.

A man may retain his personal union with Christ, while altogether refusing to recognise his relation with the members of the Body. That is to say, he may take all Jesus gives directly, but on his side refuse to meet all the claims that Jesus in the mystical Body makes upon him. He may reject in fact the second mode of our relation with Christ, the mode of relation with Him, in and through the whole Body. In which case his union with Christ is maintained directly by Christ's mercy, apart from the full activity of the movement towards atonement. Such a man takes with both hands what Christ brings, but will not join with Christ in the inner life of the brotherhood. He is a member who draws upon the common source of life, but does not move at the order of the common mind,

nor admit his duty of co-operation with the other members.

And the Catholic Church justly refuses to receive such a man to a share in those of her actions that depend for their essential meaning upon the mutual inter-relation of all the members in Christ. The Nonconformist to-day is he who refuses to conform with that side of our relation with Christ upon which are based all the Church's sacramental actions ; and he has no right to claim a share in these actions until he accepts the underlying relation.

The Lord Christ, Who is Eternal Love, will give richly to the separated member, adding richer gifts in proportion to the man's personal innocence and good faith. But it is evident that, in respect of the mutual relationship which binds all the members to one another in Christ, the man can receive nothing peculiar to the relationship, since he will not assist in maintaining it. . . .

. . . Here, then, our discussion comes to its natural end, on a sad note of personal disagreement. Yet we turn from it in confidence, with certain hope of love's ultimate victory. Not always will our misunderstandings continue, not always will our memories of religious wrongs prevail. For imperfect as is our present state, and many as are our moral and intellectual limitations, we Christians all behold Jesus crowned in His Glory.

While I am at one with the general line of argument maintained in this book, I cannot help wishing that Frank had been endowed with a greater historic sense. I think also that in the concluding passage which I have quoted he is altogether unfair to Nonconformists. They certainly could not hold his theory of atonement without coming back to the Church from which they separated ; but, on their own lines, their religion has not been selfish, a mere taking without response. They have a noble record in the way of service and have done much to reconcile the world to Christ. That their pride in being Free Churchmen is inconsistent, I admit, but we are



none of us altogether logical. Frank would have admitted all this freely and at once when face to face with Free Churchmen. He was really large-hearted and generous in his appreciation of all evangelical work ; and it was only in his study that he worked out his problems and wrote as if formal logic ruled the world.

## XI

With the publication of *The Fulness of Christ*, the public controversy about Kikuyu may be said to have ended, but two years later the Bishop of Uganda invited Frank to attend the second Kikuyu Conference, and he went.

On receiving the invitation, he was far away on the mainland and there was no time to go via Zanzibar. He had no clothes to speak of, but Canon Pearse lent him an old military coat, and Archdeacon Birley provided him with pyjamas and shirts, and so in khaki shorts and a military coat he proceeded to Kikuyu.

The new Bishop of Mombasa had just arrived and Frank said he was charming. Bishop Willis of Uganda was there as chairman and they were old friends. Dr. Arthur, the head of the Presbyterian Mission, was hospitable and gave up his house to the three Bishops, but most of the delegates had to live in tents and endure the cold 'Scotch mist' of the morning as best they might.

There were over a hundred delegates present, Church of England, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Baptists, members of the Inland Mission, Seventh Day Adventists, Quakers, and stray representatives of American sectarianism. They joined together in prayer, and Frank conducted one of their prayer meetings ; they sat on hard benches without backs and listened to one another's long sermons ; and Frank preached one of them which was probably not the shortest. The Head of the Inland Mission expounded the Epistle to the Hebrews, and Frank liked that better than anything else, for it was Scriptural and showed great spiritual insight. And then there was the Conference and that impressed him not at all.

He was not very happy at Kikuyu, though he made

some friends, and his admiration for Presbyterian Missions was confirmed. He found the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa very kind, and he was attracted to the head of the Inland Mission, who objected to the Church of England, first because of the Romeward tendency of some, and still more that others were giving up their belief in our Lord's Divinity.

Frank talked over with these three his own proposals for the reunion of Christendom, and would have liked to explain his scheme to the Conference, but when the Bishop of Uganda proposed that he should do so, the Archdeacon of Mombasa declared that they could not waste their time by listening to the Bishop of Zanzibar's 'accidental and fortuitous remarks.' 'I do not know,' said Frank afterwards, 'whether my remarks would have been accidental and fortuitous, but I should certainly not have claimed for them the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost, as most of the speakers have done for their own utterances.'

Those same accidental and fortuitous remarks were reserved for the Lambeth Conference, and Frank took little part in the discussions at Kikuyu. He did once ask, when they had agreed to handing on their converts to one another: 'If I have a candidate for Confirmation or Baptism, how am I to hand him over to my brother Wesleyan in the one case, or to a Quaker in the other?' but to this question he could get no answer. One member of the Conference did suggest that the boundaries should be done away, and missionaries should minister to their own flocks, but this was the most unwelcome proposal made at the Conference, as the various religious bodies had only arrived at conditions of peace by a rigid delimitation of frontiers.

But the point that struck him most forcibly was the futility of the proceedings. Here were a hundred delegates belonging to many sects, and they had met together to plan the African Church of the future, and not a single African was present. Accustomed as he was to a Diocesan Synod, largely composed of Africans who spoke what was in their minds, it all seemed to him absurd.

Frank thought that his visit to Kikuyu was a failure, but he had done much to allay prejudice. The good Protestants had imagined that he was a gloomy bigot, with a soul enslaved to the superstitions of the Dark Ages ; and when they met him he surprised them. One said : ' He preached like Thomas à Kempis and not like a modern man ' ; and this was said quite kindly, for *The Imitation of Christ*, slightly expurgated, is a book which a Protestant may read.

Apart from his doctrine, Frank appealed to men's hearts and won them, even when he did not convince their minds. One missionary confessed : ' I prayed very earnestly that you might not come, and now I am glad that you came.' They had moved into an atmosphere of goodwill, where mutual understanding might grow and where alone truth can prevail. The resolutions passed at Kikuyu are not likely to have any permanent importance, but with even a little more charity the world is certain to be better.

On his return, Frank spent the Sunday at Nairobi, and preached three times—twice to soldiers and once to C.M.S. converts. On the Monday morning he had a great send-off. The C.M.S. clergy came to say good-bye, and raised a cheer as the train steamed out of the station.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE FIGHT WITH MODERNISM

#### I

PREACHING in 1911 at the anniversary sermon in St. John's, Red Lion Square, Frank had pleaded :

Save our converts in Africa from reading in books by Christians at home all those things which are calculated to make them doubt whether there be a God at all, and such a thing as a Catholic Revelation.

Perhaps his hearers opened their eyes and wondered what he meant by such an appeal. Did he mean that the untutored savage in the back of beyond was likely to read Dr. Latimer Jackson on *The Eschatology of Jesus* or Canon Henson on *The Creed in the Pulpit*? Certainly not, but both Frank and Canon Dale could none the less have answered the question.

In the streets of Zanzibar you can buy Arabic tracts emanating from Cairo, with information about the destructive criticism in Europe and with comments appropriate for Mohammedan readers. These tracts are read by the literate, they are read to the illiterate, they are discussed in the streets and they provide the weapons to resist missionary propaganda.

Imagine a Mohammedan speaking : ' We have always maintained that your Scriptures are corrupt and interpolated, and lo ! now your learned men tell you we are right. The Prophet told us that Jesus did not really die on the Cross and rise again, and your learned men agree that He only rose again in the imaginations of His disciples. We have been taught that Jesus was a Prophet and not God, and your learned men say the same.

We reject your doctrine of the Trinity and so do your learned men. The Prophet said that Jesus was born of a virgin and did many mighty works, but your learned men do not even believe that. They only need a little more reverence and faith before accepting our Prophet: and you, you should silence your learned men, before bringing your fraudulent Gospel to us.'

In face of objections such as these, it is not altogether surprising that Frank wrote in his *Open Letter* :

I do not hesitate to say that a Church which has two views in its highest ranks about the trustworthiness of the Bible, the authority of the Church, and the infallibility of the Christ has surrendered its chance of winning the Moslem ; for his dependence on his Book, his tradition and his Prophet will not be broken by a debating society, but by the living, speaking Church of the Infallible Word incarnate. So that the *Ecclesia Anglicana* needs at once to choose between the liberty of heresy and the duty of handing on the Faith as she received it. She cannot have the one while she fulfils the other. And the sooner she chooses the better for her, the heathen and the Moslem.

He believed that in Africa, Egypt, India and Japan there was no greater hindrance to the spread of the Gospel than books by ministers of religion which treated the fundamental articles of the Christian faith as open questions. No doubt, in an Oxford common room religion was an interesting subject for free discussion, but for him it was life. He had not sacrificed his career, home, country and friends because he 'somehow felt' that certain speculative opinions might be true. People with such nice feelings proceed to an English deanery, and not to a hut of sticks and mud in the wilds of Africa. For him our Lord's honour and the extension of His Kingdom were the only things in life that mattered ; and for him his creed was as certain as the multiplication table. He had thought deeply about its implications and found it coherent and consistent with itself ; he had worked it out in life and knew its fruits in experience. He was sure that this creed could alone save the African

race; and what paralysed him was the thought that the Church which had sent him to convert the heathen, was indifferent as to what was believed at home.

## II

Frank selected *Foundations* for his attack, not because it was extremely modernist, but because four out of the seven authors were examining chaplains to Bishops, one represented a fifth Bishop as head of his theological college, and all were engaged in teaching the young. It was true that they were not in perfect agreement, but Frank was surely justified in supposing 'that the book contains no theory or theological position which, in the judgment of the seven, is inconsistent with communion at the altar of the Church.' He was also justified in maintaining that the Bishops could not evade responsibility for those whom they commissioned to teach and examine in their names.

He chose the book also, because the book had a very wide circulation, whereas most modernist books appeal to a very few. The Press was booming the book as the greatest theological pronouncement for more than a generation, so that everyone was talking about it and everyone could understand Frank's challenge—Does the Church of England any longer believe in the historic Christ of the Catholic Creeds? Are the doctrines of the Virgin Birth and the Bodily Resurrection of our Lord to be included in the list of open questions?

In itself the book had only a temporary importance. It was not to be, like *Essays and Reviews*, *Lux Mundi*, and *Contentio Veritatis*, a landmark in the history of thought. It was the work of devout young men eager to accommodate their religion to what they had recently learnt in the Greats School at Oxford. They were ambitious to provide 'a statement of Christian belief in terms of modern thought'; and in their over-hasty work they gave the impression that modern thinking was very unsystematic and confused. Frank complained that in reading them you had constantly to change your viewpoint. For in the name of reason they discarded what

they disliked, but it was not by reasoning that they established such doctrines as they retained. So he concludes :

These experiments . . . neither start from faith nor finish in pure reason ; they are themselves the measures of individual readiness to sacrifice the past for the sake of the present ; whereas all that really matters is the future.

His own position as regards the Creed he made clear in a sermon which he preached on the Virgin Birth, in Westminster Abbey, soon after returning to England in February 1914.

Over against this self-assertion of the individual stands the corporate mind and experience of the whole Church. As members of God's family, the Church, we are, not unreasonably, expected to admit that other minds and other measures are more nearly right than ours. The Church suggests that we accept her Creed on her authority, and, having accepted it, we are sent, in prayer and meditation, to seek out its meaning and its value. She aids us with judgments upon doctrines, pronounced by her saints and teachers ; she bids us be patient with our present limitations ; she urges us to a more spiritual discernment of spiritual things ; and from her vast experience she whispers comfort and courage to us in the face of modern doubts ; but not for one moment will she approve of any the least claim to be to ourselves the ultimate measure of truth.

It is obvious that Frank and the Foundationers had not enough in common to make discussion possible, but it is well to note what Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Winchester, a man with a moderating mind, wrote in a pamphlet which he contributed to the controversy.

The arguments of authority in religion, and especially that authority which belongs to the judgment, instinct and discernment of the body of believers, enlightened by the Spirit of God . . . was

once dominant and exclusive. . . . but in our own day it is discredited largely by the fault of ' authority ' itself in its presumptuousness and aggression ; but also because what has been called the Seat of Authority in Religion has seemed to many hard to find.

The ground from which authority has been driven has been occupied with unbounded vigour by the forces of criticism, or, as I will venture to describe it, of purely inductive inference from existing historical material, expressing itself in the Categories of ordinary experience. . . .

I believe that this leads to treatment which is not really true to the Divine Way of revelation : that it departs from the simplicity and modesty, but also from the spiritual authority of that way. I believe that, taken alone, it is a method which is bound to arrive at conclusions disintegrating to Christian truth, and that it lacks something that is needed even to give coherence to its own material. . . .

I shall not, I hope, be taxed with disrespect for criticism. Criticism is essential to freedom and vitality ; it has brought us rich gains, and in no slight ways assisted our faith. But in matters of this kind, somewhat as in the balance and play of mechanical forces, an undue predominance of one element does harm, not only to other elements but to itself.

### III

What was most dangerous to the Faith in *Foundations* was, as Frank saw, the Adoptionist Christology, which was not stated and was perhaps unconsciously assumed. But what attracted most notice was a curious theory of Mr. Streeter about the Resurrection. It had not been heard of before and it is not likely to be heard of again. I am told by one of the Foundationers that it was only ' a tentative hypothesis.' Nobody has been found to adopt or defend it, but it was a theory which for a month or so excited the Man-in-the-Street.

It was not only the Man-in-the-Street who was excited : scholars like the then Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Gore, and



the present Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Strong, wrote pamphlets on the conservative side. The Lady Margaret Professor at Cambridge, Dr. Bethune-Baker, and the Lady Margaret Professor at Oxford, Dr. Sanday, hastened to the defence of the Liberals. Nothing pained Frank more than, what was to him unexpected, the defection of his old tutor from the ranks of orthodoxy. Like most others who had come in contact with Dr. Sanday, he looked upon him with affectionate veneration, and his change of front as regards miracles, especially the miracles of the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection, was quite unaccountable to one who had lived for years in Africa and not in England.

Yet the innate chivalry of Dr. Sanday had always led him to defend those who were attacked, whether they were Anglo-Catholics or Liberals. His large-hearted charity had always made him look for what might be true in the wildest theories and the most dubious propositions. No man of his experience had ever been more generous in appreciating the work of younger men, and he had in his old age retained a perfectly open mind, which some may think in an old man to be rather a vice than a virtue. His own personal faith in our Blessed Lord shines out clearly in this distressing pamphlet, in which he gives up the facts from which it was derived. He could not understand that the same faith could not be transmitted when you had destroyed the evidence out of which it grew. Frank, who had been teaching Africans for sixteen years, knew that God intended His Revelation for the poor, the simple and for children, and not merely for scholars and critics living in academic seclusion. So, in his sermon on the Virgin Birth, he said :

In religion a fact is of far more vital importance than an idea. Ideas are always liable to particular interpretations, and quickly change their colour, and alter their weight, as they are accepted by this man or that ; nor have they any permanence in their original shape. Whereas a fact is a concrete expression of an idea in time, and for all time ; and carries its own power of correcting whatever false ideas may be based

upon it. Therefore the Church has always chosen fact as the basis of her dogma ; just as the world prefers ideas as more likely to produce that foggy atmosphere in which each system may hide its defects.

## IV

When Convocation met in April, they were overwhelmed with petitions to safeguard the Faith. Frank had woken up the Church of England ! There was a great petition, signed by 45,000 people, for which the Dean of Canterbury, Sir Edward Clarke, and Prebendary Webb-Peploe were responsible, and another from 6087 communicants in the diocese of London. The Bishops of Worcester, Oxford, Truro, and Hereford also presented petitions, so did seventeen well-known members of Parliament. In the contrary sense, there were petitions from the Churchmen's Union and a petition presented by the Bishop of Southwark signed by thirty-seven well-known dons and headmasters. These last ventured to recall a dictum of Archbishop Temple's dating from the days of *Essays and Reviews* : ' If the conclusions are prescribed, the study is precluded.' Of course, no one wished to prescribe conclusions to any inquirer, but every inquirer had to face the possibility that he might arrive at conclusions which would be inconsistent with his continued membership in the Church of England. Newman had found this to be his fate, and so had Leslie Stephen. Even Dr. Rashdall, who was concerned in the petition of the Churchmen's Union, had admitted that a man had no right to maintain his ministry in the Church if he ceased to be a theist ; but Dr. Rashdall had not found that this limitation had precluded him from studying the grounds of theism, and luckily for the world he had been able to contribute a valuable defence of that belief. There was indeed no question that a Church must stand for something if it were to have any meaning at all, and the Bishops at Lambeth in 1908 had placed on record their conviction, ' that the historical facts stated in the Creeds are an essential part of the Faith of the Church.'

It was this resolution that the Bishop of London asked the Upper House of Convocation to reaffirm, adding a rider that the Bishops were 'anxious not to lay unnecessary burdens upon consciences nor unduly to limit freedom of thought and inquiry.'

The Bishop of Hereford proposed as an amendment that a vote of sympathy should be passed with the anxious petitioners, and that the Bishops should refuse to make any declaration whatever. He tried also to divert attention from the subject discussed by talking of the Bishop of Zanzibar as one of those notorious law-breakers, who were disloyal to the principles of the Blessed Reformation. Some other Bishops were doubtful about the policy which should be pursued, but only two of them voted for the shelving amendment, and then the Bishop of London's resolutions were carried unanimously.

So, after two days of talk in which the Bishops had testified to their personal and corporate belief in the necessity of maintaining the historic nature of the facts in the Creed, the Church of England was reassured—the *Ecclesia Anglicana* had declared its mind. But they reckoned without the Bishop of Hereford. He had suffered a rebuff in Convocation, but he waited a few months and then showed his contempt for his brethren by collating Mr. Streeter to a vacant stall in the Cathedral.

We have not to discuss Dr. Streeter's merits, or even how far he was then orthodox, we have only to remember that it was his essay which had raised the storm of protest, and had led to the Bishops' resolution. His promotion at such a time vindicated the sturdy independence of the Bishop of Hereford, and proved the futility of episcopal pronouncements. The Bishop of Hereford took the law from no one, although, as a great headmaster, he had spent most of his life in enforcing an iron discipline.

Of course, his brother Bishops took no notice. They were accustomed to one of their number making the Church look ridiculous, and going his own way after assenting to a united policy; but, in far-away Zanzibar, Frank did take notice, and on the door of his Cathedral

Church he published his decision. He and this diocese were no longer in communion with John, Bishop of Hereford and those who adhered to him.

## V

The copy which I possess of this document is among my most precious possessions. It is printed and set forth in a way which would do credit to His Majesty's Stationery Office, while in style it could scarcely be improved on by the most skilful draughtsman. In one formidable sentence, which rolls over two folio pages, he states the nature of his complaint, and the necessity of his decision. There is a dignity in the language which belongs to a greater age. He leaves the facts to tell their own tale, and he assumes his right and responsibility as a Catholic Bishop to act. If there is a tone of reproach, there is no word of denunciation. If there is a clearly perceived duty to himself and to his people, there is no claim to judge his brother Bishop. That Bishop may be within his rights, he is free to go his own ways, but Frank will not go with him, or have any communion with him in sacred things.

Dr. Percival was not angry. I am told that he was much amused; and he replied in no legal form, but in a letter which he published in *The Times*. He did not attempt to justify his conduct or to excuse it. He was very dignified. It was a good letter; it was even a kind letter; it was a letter of reproof written by an old man to a young one. It was such an answer as a headmaster might well deliver to a prefect who had questioned his decision.

Frank had written as Bishop to Bishop, as the Bishop of Hippo Regis might have written to the Pope of Alexandria; Dr. Percival replied as man to man, or rather as the Headmaster of Rugby might have replied to a schoolboy. It never for one moment entered his head that a Bishop of Hereford and a Bishop of Zanzibar were equals. It is true that those who believe in the divine origin and authority of the Catholic Church think of her orders as consisting of Bishops, priests and

deacons ; but it is also true that those who regard the Church as a human institution think more naturally of dignitaries, the beneficed and curates, while for them Missionary Bishops and priests are eccentrics, who have only a position by courtesy in their scale of social relationships.

As for the British public and the secular Press, they regarded the incident as an immense joke. Who would have thought that in the twentieth century any Bishop would take his office so seriously ? Who cared if the Bishop of Zanzibar and his ' niggers ' were or were not in communion with the See of Hereford ? Just fancy a man being such an execrable bigot as to object if a Canon of the comprehensive Church of England taught that Jesus Christ did not rise from the dead on the third day ! Were there not plenty of Free-thinkers to applaud his courage ?

Was Frank's action, then, a failure ? I think not. Had he written a letter of protest to *The Times*, the British public would have read it with the same tepid interest as they read a protest about hooters on motor-cars. Acting as he did he made his protest memorable. Men might laugh at him, but they did not forget. There was still a man left ready to do battle for the honour of the Lord Christ : there was a man who really believed in the authority of the Church and the responsibility of his office : a man who, so believing, was ready to offer himself as a laughing-stock to an unbelieving world.

## VI

It is harder, perhaps, for an historian to realise what happened ten years ago than what happened five hundred. Things have changed, but the persons are the same. They may have changed and so may your attitude towards them. But it is necessary to attempt this retrocession, if we would understand Frank's character and actions, and enter into what we felt and said at the time.

Frank knew a good deal about modern doubts and difficulties, and he was very sympathetic with those who consulted him about them ; but his toleration did not

extend to ministers of religion who were commissioned to preach a doctrine and publicly denied its truth. He was also intensely sympathetic with the persons whom he knew but did not agree with. He himself was so sensitive that he had only to meet people in order to understand them ; but he had very little power of realising people whom he did not know. He read their books or noted their actions and then labelled them. To Herbert Hensley Henson, Dean of Durham, he had affixed a large label, and on it the words, *Arch-heretic*.

Was he justified ? It seems to me that Dr. Henson believes that it is his vocation to make people think, and that English people will not think unless they are shocked ; I am not sure that he does not take an impish delight in shocking them. When at Westminster he liked talking about the very latest theories, and he liked showing old-fashioned people how insecure were some of the foundations on which they had built their faith. On the other hand, there was much constructive teaching in his sermons and it was by no means all of it in agreement with Liberal theology. You were sometimes left to infer how much he really believed, and you had singularly little evidence to go on, if you wished to prove that he had denied any article of the Creed. His manner, his fearlessness, his style and his reputation drew large numbers to his church, waiting with mouths open to be shocked. Newspaper men jotted down phrases, which, torn from their context, gave pain next day to pious people. His fame spread, so that even in Victoria Park, Christian Evidence speakers were reminded of 'the man at Westminster who criticises everything,' while in far-away Zanzibar was a Bishop who could not contain his wrath.

If there is such a thing as abstract hate, I think Frank felt it for Dr. Henson ; but I am glad to think also that the feeling did not survive the meeting of the two men at the Lambeth Conference. Afterwards there was criticism in plenty, but animosity had disappeared.

While he knew only *The Creed in the Pulpit*, I am not surprised at his bitterness. That book, as the Archbishop of Canterbury acknowledged, contained some

deplorable sayings. Frank regarded them as insults to his faith and to His Master: they hurt him as if he had received a blow: when Frank was himself hurt he suffered in silence; but when he thought that his Master's honour was in question, he hit out; and when Dr. Henson was promoted to the See of Hereford, he wrote *Christ and His Critics*.

The book was written in great haste at Zanzibar, while waiting for a boat to Lindi, and it presents to Catholics and Liberals clear issues. The argument is lucid, simple and direct, and there is the force of an ardent faith behind it; but the book is not persuasive. You almost feel that he did not wish to persuade, but to overwhelm and annihilate those with whom he disagreed. He had come to regard Liberalism as incompatible with Christianity, and ultimately I believe he was right. There are, however, many who adopt a Liberal attitude and remain essentially orthodox. Many Liberals also are moving towards orthodoxy, as many are moving further away. The former were not helped by a controversial method, however logical, which made agreement impossible. Frank pressed statements to logical conclusions, which those who made them did not admit. He seemed desirous to prove a general apostasy, whereas people were only hesitating and puzzled. He offered men a choice before they were ready to choose; he set up the barriers for a tournament to the death, when most of those whom he summoned to the *mêlée* had but an ill-informed interest on one side or the other, he seemed to be facing a disruption which most of us hope may yet be avoided. As far as his positive teaching goes, I am altogether on his side. Re-reading the book, I am struck once more by his clear-headed presentment of his case, but I have not his faith in polemical argument, and I have a faith in the Church of England which assures me that she will yet 'muddle through.'

I was opposed to Dr. Henson's consecration. I sympathised with Bishop Gore's protest, and I was convinced that he was right in withdrawing it. I never could see how the Archbishop could have acted otherwise than he did. In vain, I tried to make Frank understand

my point of view. He disposed of me and my position in an Appendix to his book. He left me entirely unconvinced, but he had the best of the argument. He always had. It seems, in consequence, almost unfair that I should have the last word.

*Note.*—Under the stress of controversy, it seems to me that Frank somewhat receded from the theological position maintained in *The One Christ*, and approximated more nearly to the views of St. Cyril of Alexandria which he had formerly criticised. There is, however, nothing in *Christ and His Critics* which justifies the Bishop of Manchester in saying in *Christus Veritas* (p. 62) that 'he was brought as near to an explicit adherence to the Monothelite heresy as a man could come without an avowed acceptance of it.' The Bishop of Manchester has been misled because he himself uses the word Will in a sense unknown to historic theology. Frank kept to the old terms. I suggest to the Bishop of Manchester that he should ponder the valuable note which Mr. Grensted contributed to his book (p. 151) and then the passages to which he alludes in *Christ and His Critics* 'Clearly there are in Christ two ἐνέργεια of which the human progressively expresses the divine. And as Will can only be defined intelligibly in terms of conation, the orthodox result follows. Any other definition of Will gives one or other of the great heresies, besides breaking down inherently.' Frank did define Will in terms of conation. Does Dr. Temple?



## CHAPTER X

### THE WAR

#### I

THE Mission had been in East Africa far longer than the Germans. The stations at Magila (Msalabani), Mkuzi, Masasi and Newala date back to the episcopate of Bishop Steere. Bishop Smythies had protested strongly against the agreement which handed over the long coastline and its hinterland to the Germans. Mission work was thereby complicated. There were custom duties to be paid on the stores coming from Zanzibar; there were endless regulations to be observed; and there was the quite natural demand that, if Africans were taught a foreign language, that language should be German and not English.

The Germans, however, were not opposed to Missions. They were a practical people, and welcomed all who would aid directly or indirectly in the development of their colony. So, in 1920, Frank wrote in *The Nineteenth Century* :

It is always pleasant to remember the German Government letter, in the name of a society of planters, inviting me to send an English priest to live on each German plantation in the Ruvuma district. The reason given was that our Christians were far better agricultural labourers than either the Moslems or the Pagans. The Germans wanted us to do on the plantations what we had done in the native villages, that is, to give a simple religious education to the people without disturbing their relation to their old village life. They hoped to create Christian villages

in the plantations. They rightly gauged the danger of separating Africans from home influence, from the corporate discipline of village life.

Neither were the Germans personally unfriendly. Frank had several friends among the higher officials, and was able at times to get justice for his Africans. But he abominated the system of government which was based on terrorism, the awful floggings, the ingenious and diabolical tortures, the cruelties practised on some plantations, and the horde of native officials who were encouraged in brutality and placed in authority over alien tribes.

After an early visit to the mainland in 1903, he wrote to me :

Lindi is a wonderful exhibition of German methods. Thus the repetition of the school is *The Laws governing the Action of Native Magistrates*. I heard small boys recite the laws dealing with the powers of the Majumbe, or village magistrates, and the master showed me the book itself. There were the powers of the Maakida, or district magistrates, and laws dealing with inheritance, slaves, etc., a most formidable volume which each boy must get by heart. Then on Wednesdays and Saturdays the school attends the Government court, listens to all the cases, witnesses the floggings, and is liable to be asked questions touching the law at the Governor's pleasure. What do you think of that? Can your school children distinguish between magistrates and County Court judges? Can you, accurately? Truly, the Germans have put the fear of the white man in all those who live in the country! But for what good? It doesn't make things pay.

This was an early impression, and reveals little more than German efficiency and common sense. Frank was at Kiungani during the Maji Maji rebellion, and he only heard by report how, after it was quelled, a hundred thousand natives perished through punitive expeditions and famine. It was between 1908 and 1914 that he accumulated the information which he at last made public in the tract called *The Black Slaves of Prussia*.

At the outbreak of war, his attitude was quite correct. He wrote in *Central Africa* :

So long as we work in German East Africa, honour binds us, priests and laymen alike, to preserve a strict neutrality at whatever cost to our feelings, and to sacrifice the expression of our patriotism to the Saviour of our converts, or else to leave that part of the Mission.

He was to learn on arriving in Africa, that the Germans were running no chances, but had interned his whole staff, and for that we could not blame them, if they had treated them aright. Frank was, therefore, free to speak his mind and he had no doubt about the justice of the English cause, as he had no doubt that the War was the inevitable result of Europe's sins. So he wrote in *Conquering and to Conquer* :

German theology had got rid of Christ. German philosophy had parted with the God of Christ. German ethics had rejected His teaching in favour of might. German science saw the world as made for the man able to take and use it ; it was no longer God's. German psychology justified lust, impurity, and shameful vice. German capital was cruel, as I can testify after years of eye-witness in this colony of hers : while German nationalism saw all her neighbours as slaves for her using.

In all this Germany was only representing Europe. In each nation you will find some or other of these sins ; she has them all, and glories in them. She is the most complete and thorough expression of the sins of all Europe. And she is Europe's punishment, made by Europe's own hands.

Does all this read like an echo from a time very far off ? So much has happened since the War, and the people who did not fight have done most of the talking. It is well, however, that we should at times re-read such words, that we may remember why our loved ones fought and died. For them at least the issues were quite clear.

It is true that you cannot draw up an indictment against a whole people, but there is no doubt that ' the glorious

Potsdam spirit ' did inspire the German masses. It was not only from the popular Press, but from professorial chairs that the people were taught—Might is right, and the Sovereign State is unaccountable to God or man.

Face to face with such teaching, acted on by others, England fought and overcame ; though perhaps we were unaware how far we were infected by the same spirit. Frank, at least, was under no illusions. If he wrote *The Black Slaves of Prussia*, he wrote also *The Serfs of Great Britain*; if he denounced the sins of Berlin in the Great War, in the day of peace he came to the Anglo-Catholic Conference to denounce the sins of London. But in 1915 and 1916 he was more concerned with the lack of morals in Zanzibar.

## II

Zanzibar has always been a very wicked place, but it became far worse when hundreds of slave women were thrown on the town, because the wise provisions made by Sir Arthur Hardinge for their gradual emancipation were overruled by sentimental theorists in England.

About this time, Frank wrote to me :

My long sojourn in Zanzibar, longer than ever before, has opened my eyes to many evils ; and I am busy thinking out the best and most tactful way of dealing with my people's morals. I tried a conference the other day, but no one helped us at all.

Zanzibar Christians are a very small, isolated body. They are shut off from the town population by the Cross, from fellow Christians—European and Goanese—by colour, and from us by social customs and education, or the want of it. They are ex-slaves and have no shame, such as mainland heathen feel at certain things. They depended on masters and early missionaries ; and they do not easily acquire the independence that our present methods and growth require of them. Many of them accepted Baptism because they lived with us and owed us their daily bread.

And Zanzibar is more and more immoral—Piccadilly, Sodom, and a public bar !

And our *best* people are more educated and less actively keen on moral standards than our *best* folk on the mainland. Even the African priests here are less keen on such things than young teachers up-country. In truth they are pessimistic, and follow lines of least resistance. It is no wonder !

I have been wallowing in local customs, etc., and one day met fourteen women of more or less unrestrained speech, with whom I discussed the most intimate affairs of their daughters, viewed as brides. They came to deceive me and get approval for their little games : I am thankful to say that they retired open-mouthed, having learned a few things which even they did not all know ! So the wallowing was not all lost work. The men are more reasonable and will help me a bit. I don't know that they are more moral, probably not.

This extract from a long letter about things in general might have been written by any active and intelligent welfare worker, and by no means represents the prophetic fervour with which Frank denounced the vices of Zanzibar. He even went to the Sultan, with whom he was on friendly terms, and asked him to get the Mohammedan teachers to speak on behalf of cleaner living, if only for the preservation of the Arab race. Shortly afterwards he discovered the long-continued immorality of two African priests, and the fact that the natives believed that he had connived at their sins. To this we have already referred in a previous chapter. But for the fact that he was then raising the Carrier Corps, he would probably have broken down. Never afterwards did he revisit Zanzibar with pleasure. I quote the conclusion of a Swahili sermon, which a lady took down at the time and has translated for me.

All of you now know the news of our padres, and now I go my way to the mainland and my heart is heavy. And you, my Christians, have increased my heaviness of heart because you have hidden these things. For seven years you have known them; and you have maligned your Bishop, saying : 'The

Bishop knows but he is favouring his friend.' Have you no intelligence? Why should I shorten my days by dwelling here, and then wink at sin? What profit would it be to me or others?

Then, I hear you laugh and say, 'The padre was exalted but now he has fallen!' But the Gospel for to-day says, *Judge not and ye shall not be judged.* We cannot measure the heart of man—certainly I cannot. I can only say, 'Because you have done such and such things, you are of no use for such and such work.' So far I have been forced to judge my own familiar friend, and the padre who was to me as a father. But of you, I ask, Who is able to throw stones at the padres? Who of you is thinking how all this affects Jesus, his Saviour; or is thinking of how the Church has been defiled?'

What remains to be done? Let us put away malice, hypocrisy and lying; let us lay again our foundations in repentance, purity and fair love. This war should serve to remind us of God's vengeance. Watch! ye know not what hour the Lord shall come! And now I go my way to the mainland. Fare ye well. Think of my words, my children! Our life is not a game!

### III

Besides this moral crusade which ended so cruelly for him, Frank had been as usual very active. On arriving at Zanzibar he had found himself cut off from the greater part of his diocese, and nobody knew what had become of his mainland staff. He threw himself into Red Cross work, took a lively interest in the affairs of the European community, and undertook most of the work in the Cathedral. He sang most of the Masses, said most of the Offices, heard most of the Confessions and preached continually. He also wrote *The Fulness of Christ* and *God with us*, and revised the service books of the diocese. His active mind and terrible energy had to be continually employed. It was through work alone that he rose above the anxieties of the time.

When the *Königsberg* destroyed the *Pegasus* in Zanzibar

harbour, he made elaborate preparations for the withdrawal of his staff and people to the other side of the Island should the Germans attempt to land. He meant himself to stay in the hospital with one or two nurses.

He took a great deal of interest in the survivors from the *Pegasus*, and in other naval crews which visited Zanzibar. Some *Pegasus* men were presented to him for Confirmation, and their chaplain found them the same afternoon in talk. One asked: 'Was that Bishop the man there was all the row about in the papers before the War?' 'Yes,' said the chaplain. 'Then,' said the bluejacket with immense emphasis, 'we think that he was right'! The lower deck had spoken, and were joyously eager to push in the face of anyone who questioned their decision.

To the men of the *Pegasus* and to the boys of the *Challenger* he gave an entertainment on Christmas Day. It concluded with a cinema and the film described life in England. The sailors were delighted, but when the same film was shown to Africans they were perplexed. Something, they protested, must be wrong, for in the pictures white men were working.

The following amusing incident I have received from a member of the Mission staff.

The Sultan of Zanzibar had declared war on Germany, and in due time we had our D.O.R.A. Among other things, we were forbidden to speak in a derogatory manner of the Government or of the naval and military forces. At the time we had an old deacon at Bububu. One morning he came to town by train (we have one railway in Zanzibar five miles long) and he happened to be the only passenger. So the guard, a Goanese, sat down by him and talked. He told him that when the British landed at Dar-es-Salaam they would all be blown up by land mines, that the British Navy were no good, and that the Germans would come and blow Zanzibar off the face of the sea. The old deacon, terribly frightened, hastened to tell the news to the Bishop.

That same evening the Bishop repeated the story in

the Club. It reached the ears of Authority, and the Goanese was ordered to be tried. When the day came, and the Judges and Consuls had taken their seats, it was discovered that no one had remembered to summon the accused, and the Court had to wait until he could be found. The Acting Attorney-General prosecuted and the Portuguese Consul defended. There was no corroborative evidence, for the Bishop could only repeat what his deacon had told him. He was asked if he had heard similar talk elsewhere, and replied—'Frequently in the English Club, when the members are feeling a little feverish.' The Portuguese Consul made a great speech, comparing the deacon to Judas Iscariot, and the deacon was once again frightened, for he was not sure whether he or the Goanese was being tried. Finally the Court fined the Goanese fifty rupees, which the Bishop paid for him.

## IV

D.O.R.A. was not the only terror of the natives in Zanzibar. As conscription became necessary in England and tribunals did not give universal satisfaction, so conscription of a sort became necessary in Zanzibar in order to provide porters. Porters had suffered terribly at the unsuccessful landing at Tanga, and afterwards they had died like flies on the expeditions inland. Without conscription it was thought impossible to fill their places, and when it was resorted to, native police were none too particular how the men were obtained. They were seized anywhere, they were pulled from their beds at night, they were taken down to the ports and locked up until the transports were ready. Panic seized the people. Men hid all day and slept in the trees at night.

Frank protested, but he was told that porters had to be found. Then he and the Roman Bishop forwarded a joint protest to the High Commissioner at Mombasa, but the necessary papers were lost in transit. Finally, he was challenged to find men himself, and undertook to do so if he were commissioned to command them.

Directly it was known that the Bishop was raising a



Carrier Corps, recruits flocked in. Christians, Moslems and heathen enlisted—the largest company of Moslems came and offered themselves at his own house. He drilled them himself every day on the recreation ground in Zanzibar. At first their marching was enlivened by the bugles of the Zanzibar Scouts, but after the first week he hired the Goanese Band, and the porters learnt to step out, proud of themselves and their order. It was a wonderful thing, wrote Frank, how quickly they learnt ; how a word or a whistle became potent enough to make 560 men silent. He taught them not only the elements of drill but practised them in lifting loads and piling them together. He practised them also in lifting sick men and taught how they were to be carried on litters. For the first week he did everything himself, he then had two subalterns, and gradually appointed non-commissioned officers. It was a great day when, with the Goanese Band before them, the whole Corps paraded the town. Frank might, to all appearances, have been soldiering all his life, but his new rôle surprised Zanzibar. The women seeing him in a flannel shirt and khaki shorts—they had never seen him on the mainland—said : ‘ Our Bishop is a poor man now, he has no clothes ’ ; but the men forgot the Bishop and swaggered about talking of ‘ Our Major.’

Frank was most careful about getting the names of his men properly enrolled, and seeing that maintenance was provided for their wives while away. He saw that each had his correct equipment, blankets, water-bottles and haversack. He even had postcards served out to those who could write, and they were used. Here is a letter written by one African to another. It was shown to a lady on the staff, who has kindly sent me a translation :

Truly is our Lord Bishop a great man ! Did he not call us and gather us all together ? Did he not drill us and go for marches with us every day ?

Truly, he is a great man ! For when after many days a ship came to take us to the mainland, he came down to the shore to take leave of us. Then we said to him, ‘ Bwana, we go not without you, for are

you not our father?' And he said unto us, 'Good, I will go with you.'

Truly, he is a great man, for he came over the sea with us, and when we reached the mainland, he marched with us, he slept with us, he ate with us, and when we laid down at night, did he not pray with us? And when we arose in the morning, did he not pray with us again? At the end did he not take us into camp.

Truly, he is a great man.

It is unnecessary to say that Frank had from the first undertaken to go with the Corps. He was longing to be in what he regarded as his own country, and to bring help and hope to his own people.

## V

Nearly 600 men went from Zanzibar to Tanga, but within a few days Frank was in command of twice that number. On the mainland he was generally able to find recruits.

The Corps arrived at Tanga, at night, two days after the evacuation of the town. No provision had been made, and the Germans had blown up the Custom House and sheds. So this new force landed on quays covered with sheets of corrugated iron twisted into every conceivable shape, and had to sleep as best they could amid the ruins of the buildings.

Their first few days were spent in tidying up Tanga, and then they were sent up to Handeni with food for the troops. Their journey lay through country Frank knew well. He halted at Muheza and Korogwe and saw many people who came forth to meet him with songs. But from Korogwe onwards it was not pleasant. Here is his own account of the Handeni road.

Never was a road like that Handeni road. I remember it as one of the show roads of the colony: broad, hard, and clean. We found about two feet of dust upon its surface: dust red as the reddest red bricks, dust that made of one colour all races of men,

and gave us all one common cough 'to the pits of all our stomachs,' as Kipling hath it ; dust which under the influence of motor or mule convoys created a splendid imitation of a London fog. And to the dust was added a stench which passes words : a stench now subtle and suggestive, now throttling and entirely disgusting ; a stench that attracted one's gaze only that it might be repelled by visions of a satiated jackal's half-eaten meal. For horses, oxen, mules have died by thousands during this campaign. They die by the roadside, just a few yards from the road they are left, perhaps shot, perhaps fallen dead. It was not until we were about to move southwards that it was possible to organise men to burn the carcasses. Even so, it was merely a choice of smells. Truly, war is hideous, even at its base.

The horror of the road was increased by the lack of water. Frank had indeed received an official list of watering places, but the man who had surveyed the route had done so during the rains. At the first halting place there was no water at all, and the weary men had to go on until night. On the second day, after a fifteen mile walk, the well was found, 'but an inquiring spirit was rewarded with a museum of dead frogs.' Another six miles had to be walked, and Frank writes :

The man who has not had to do extra miles beyond his promised halting place, under a tropical sun, has yet much to learn of what a broken spirit really means.

Notwithstanding the difficulties, Frank could write :

Our men did very well in this particular work. We made a record for the journey both in time and accuracy, that is, we got our loads there quicker than other porters and we got them *all* there. I gather this was not common.

After a few days rest they were suddenly ordered back to Tanga, and only two days were allowed them to get there. This involved two night marches, one of them being through pouring rain. Some of the men were

night blind, and had to be carried across the bridges, composed of sleepers placed far apart. Frank was everywhere during the brief rests, helping men to put up some sort of shelter and encouraging others to persevere. On the second night, having gone forward to decide on the route, the column found him in the centre of the path—standing asleep, leaning on a staff—and halted behind him. It was only for some ten minutes, but it led to some confusion in the rear as the column extended over a mile and a half. None the less the column entered Tanga at 7 A.M. according to orders, and what is more, entered Tanga singing. The men with their loads had marched fifty-two miles in sixty-two hours, and through one black night of pouring rain. Not a straggler was left behind.

The transport to Bagamoyo, a very smelly collier, did not start before evening, and then there was no cabin for the Bishop, who spent most of the night on deck, hearing complaints and settling disputes among his porters.

At Bagamoyo, Frank received another 1000 men, few of whom were Christians, and few had previously known him, but he had still only three Europeans to help him in his command. How hard their work was may best be learnt from his own account in *Central Africa*.

My orders were to produce in all 2500 porters within some thirty-six hours; to serve them out to various units, supply train, etc. The one drawback was that we had not got 2500 men! We found over a hundred sick in our own lot, and seek as we would we were a good many short when the time to start arrived.

It remained to commandeered all the ox-carts, push-carts, and pull-carts in the town. And a very odd column it was that finally left the place.

One regiment's kit was sent behind it in two-wheeled carts, with four or five men to a cart, and a dignified British officer in charge! What he really thought of me and my carts, he kindly never said. 'Supplies' we despatched with bullock wagons and a

few four-wheeled carts pulled by men. And at dark I myself got away last with seven four-wheeled carts, man propelled, filled with the kit of some British companies. It was somewhat of a circus, but the point was that we left the town within the time appointed. . . . We made a good start, with our small guard to keep us from Huns; and in spite of somewhat thick dust we made good progress for a couple of hours. It was then clear to me that I must do a night march to catch up the column before noon next day. So I halted at 9 P.M. to allow the men to cook and eat. At the village we selected as our kitchen, I managed to get thirty men to help us on our way, and at 11 P.M. we started refreshed and cheered. The dust got worse, but our new recruits helped us much. About 1 A.M. we found the dust much less, and were hoping for a fair road till dawn when suddenly we found ourselves held up by a camp, formed in the very middle of our path. I made my way through carts, tethered oxen, and sleeping porters, to the sleeping forms of 'supplies' and his staff. A question or two elicited from a newly-wakened sergeant the information that the oxen were wind-broken, the porters back-broken, and the staff heart-broken. I have had experience as a catechist. It was clear that the moment for further questioning was not yet. So with the request that the whole camp would be on the move at 4 o'clock, I went back to my little convoy. At 1.30 we were sound asleep on the path: and at 3 A.M. I was up looking for tea.

Thus there opened to me the day of my life!

'Supplies' had to be taken through at all costs, or the column would be rationless.

From 4 A.M. till 4.30 P.M. we moved the supply column, and having taken it as near as we could to the column's camp, I gave my men two hours' rest and then back we went to deal with our own carts.

About midnight, after a rest, we unloaded all the carts, did the kit up into 75-lb. loads, and, tired out as the men were, we marched once more. We staggered into the place whence we had gone back.

It was 5.45 A.M. One hour's sleep made our total two and a half for the forty-eight hours. We then learned that 'Supplies' had gone on, helped by the troops, for two or three miles. There he came across Mr. Johnstone (Frank's second in command) and his group of porters. They carried him through another night, overtaking Mr. Baker (one of the U.M.C.A. staff) and the advance porters. Baker saw the rations to the front.

For myself, it was a vast relief to find that 'Supplies' had gone. But a little later I realised that he had left much behind him. Only one day's food had gone on, and I had to leave my own loads and turn all my men to the carrying of food. But we managed to get the job done, and were able to send the ox-carts home, as the food was all distributed to its destined end.

The carriers, however, were not to find peace, for the naval three-pounder was found too much for the men assigned to it. The roads were too bad for wheeled traffic, let alone for a gun mounted on an extra heavy, locally constructed carriage. And the next two days Johnstone and I devoted ourselves to the gun besides attending to our own loads. It was a very cheerful and grateful crowd that entered Dar-es-Salaam at the double with the gun rattling over the roads. The very rattle was welcome, telling of sand left behind and mud passed. We had dragged it up hills, lowered it down precipice-like bits of road, dug it out of sands, guided it over log-bridges, and the joy of that firm road was great.

On one occasion, an African tells me that Frank fell while hanging on to the gun down a slope, but 'the Bishop refused to let go.'

For some fortnight the Corps was kept in Dar-es-Salaam unloading stores which arrived by ship, and in the work of clearing up the surrendered town. Frank established his camp outside, so that there would be no temptation to loot. 'He knew,' writes an African, 'the many shameful things porters may do in camps where their souls are not looked after'; and again, the same

African writes : ' The Lord Bishop loved the souls of his men and knew their weakness ; and so he was ever unwilling to camp very close to a town.'

But besides his Corps, during that fortnight Frank was very busy, helping officers with native languages and difficulties, visiting the hospitals, learning about his Christians on the mainland, and taking services for natives and Europeans.

After that Frank went on with porters by sea to Lindi and Mikindani, and then marched inland with supplies to Masasi, and rejoiced to find the Mission buildings uninjured and the great church of St. Bartholomew a hospital. He was next at Kilwa Kisiwani, and was engaged in taking porters to Rufiji when he was seized with a high fever. He had to be carried back in a stretcher and placed on board a boat leaving for Zanzibar. Having arrived there, he refused to land ; for, as he explained, he had to think of the relatives of his porters, and of the rumours which would spread, directly it was known that he had returned to Zanzibar without his men. So he went back in the ship to Dar-es-Salaam and there collected his Zanzibar porters. My African informant writes to me, that those who were not of Zanzibar ' cried for the Lord Bishop, so that in the camp there was great lamentation.'

On reaching Zanzibar, Frank separated those who had homes in the town from those who had not, and sent the latter to camp at Kiungani until they were paid. He had not finished demobilising his force until 12.30 at night, but the next morning he was first at the Government offices to see that each man was paid.

My African informant concludes his narrative by saying :

On the whole expedition, all the men obeyed every word of the Lord Bishop without question, not because they were afraid or because they were forced, but because the Lord Bishop treated them as a father does his children. There were troubles, but they were few in number, and they were not as in the camps and expeditions of other officers.

## VI

For over two months Frank had been in command, and at times of over 2000 men. He had carried out all the requirements to time and without a hitch. He had found in Mr. Johnstone, his second in command, 'a tower of strength,' and was lavish in praise of Mr. Baker and Mr. Richardson, laymen who belonged to the Mission staff. His non-commissioned officers were, for the most part, drawn from his own teachers, who understood him and his ways. In some ways it was a strange military force. Imagine the surprise of a Colonel in the Regular Army who, seeing the long column approaching, shouted to the leading files, 'Who are you?' and was answered by one of them in all innocence, 'John Baptist,' which happened to be his name.

His second in command writes :

The discipline he exercised, during our time on the mainland, was the most rigid I have known. When once he had decided that a thing was possible and could be done, he spared no one, himself included. One day a theft was proved against one of the porters, and the chastisement the man received was far greater than I should have imposed. I am sure, however, that he was right for such a thing never happened again.

His discipline was only equalled by his efficiency. So an officer serving with South Africans, after watching Frank strike camp and get his men into marching order, ran after him to say : 'I don't know who you are, Sir, but, if you want a job after the War, come to me ; and we shan't quarrel about terms.' He was a mining magnate from the Rand.

Britishers willing to relieve overloaded porters of such medical comforts as whisky found how inelastic was the clerical conscience, and officers with their own ideas about the way 'niggers' should be treated found that they were up against a very tough proposition when they attempted to interfere with the episcopal Major. At Korogwe he found transport officials who seemed to have no idea of



the physical capacity of an African, and at Bagamoyo there was almost a row, for all the loads weighed more than it was possible a man could carry any distance.

Frank, of course, had the advantage of knowing the country and the climate. He knew what a man could carry and for how long. He knew also what was absolutely necessary in the way of rest and food. He generally walked in the rear of his column to see that tired men were not beaten. He was quick to adjust burdens and vigilant to see that nothing was left behind.

Mr. Johnstone writes :

The impression that was instilled into my mind then and always remained, was that whatever line of life he had entered, he would surely have come right to the top. He knew so exactly how far and how much a man could go and do. While on the mainland the Bishop was a soldier and seemed almost to have ceased to be in the Church. This was really due to the whole-heartedness he put into whatever he did. I knew he hated it all, but I am sure he felt that by doing this work, he was setting a guide to others who were to follow. This I am sure he did.

The Medical Officer who examined the Zanzibar porters on their return writes to me :

It was very pleasant to see in what good condition they were. This was due to the great care that the Bishop had taken of his men. He had seen that they were properly treated, and this, I regret to say, was not always the case.

A year afterwards, in a friendly letter, General Smuts wrote to Frank :

May I thank you for your great services at the head of your Carrier Corps in G.E.A. The Archbishop of Canterbury was much interested in my picture of you marching with an enormous crucifix<sup>1</sup> at the head of your black column. I told him that, from my point of view, it was better service than Kikuyu controversies.

<sup>1</sup> The enormous crucifix was the Bishop's Pectoral Cross.

Frank had refused to be paid for his services or to be gazetted as Major, so he only held local rank ; and, though he was mentioned in despatches, he received a civilian's O.B.E., and it was only through the kind intervention of the Archbishop of Canterbury that he received his medals.

## VII

Frank's soldiering was not without religious results, for his Moslem followers were convinced that he was indeed a Holy Man. Here is the strange story of Swedi, told me by Archdeacon Swainson, and I hope he will pardon me for somewhat compressing his narrative.

Swedi was a Swahili Moslem who lived in Zanzibar. In 1916 he enlisted in the Bishop's Carrier Corps, and with the money he had earned as a porter bought a small plantation outside the town. He had become one of the Bishop's most devoted admirers, but he professed no interest in his religion, and never came near any missionaries.

It was not until early in 1922 that he came to see me, the Bishop being far away on the mainland. This was his story. He had been very ill, and his relatives had tried all the medicines of which they knew. In despair they decided to call in a medicine man, but Swedi begged them to wait until next day. Then, for the first time for some days, he fell asleep and dreamed. He saw someone coming towards him dressed in white. At first he thought it was Satan, but then he recognised the Bishop. After the customary salutations, the Bishop said : *Swedi, you are very ill, do you want to get better ?* Swedi answered : *I am very ill and I want to get better.* The Bishop said, *Will you promise to do what I want you to do ?* Swedi said *Yes.* Then, said the Bishop, *You will recover,* and the vision faded away. In the morning Swedi awoke quite well, and came to me with his story, adding—*The Bishop wants me to be a Christian, make me one.* His instruction began forthwith, and after eighteen months of preparation he was baptised in the Cathedral.

He then had to suffer persecution. His brothers beat him. His Mohammedan wife left him. He was unable to get work, but he persevered. Then the Bishop took him away to the mainland, and his mother followed him and was also in time converted. Swedi is now a prosperous overseer on a plantation.

### VIII

Soon after Frank returned to Zanzibar, the forty-two members of his staff who had been interned were set free. They had been for the most part—both men and women—very badly treated, and no respect had been shown for the conventions of Geneva. Missionaries had been set to do coolie work in order that they might be humiliated in the sight of natives, and every sort of insult had been heaped upon them. Two of them died in consequence of their sufferings, and one was invalided out of the Mission. But if missionaries had suffered much, their converts had suffered much more. Even Germans recognised that a day of reckoning might come for the way in which they treated Europeans, but they were under no such apprehensions in their conduct towards Africans. So the Christians of the English Mission were treated as enemies, they were forced to work without pay, were flogged, chained together and tortured. Fourteen teachers died of the chain-gang, and an African Canon, when set free, was deaf from the brutal manner in which he had been knocked about. All this happened before Smuts began to advance, and before any Africans of German East Africa enlisted as porters with the British forces. When asked to do so, they—heathen and Christian alike—joined readily. They were prepared to risk anything to be rid of their former masters.

The Peace party at home, however, with the altruism of those who sit safe and risk nothing, were agitating for a policy by which Germany should have her colonies restored to her after the war. This made Frank furious, and for the third time in his life he sat down and wrote an Open Letter—this time to General Smuts. He called it *The Black Slaves of Prussia*.

He piled up details about German tyranny, and emphasised the fact that England had employed the Africans to defeat Germany, and could not after that betray them into her hands. England had talked at large about a war for freedom, and could not, having secured her own safety, hand back the people who had trusted her to servitude.

His pamphlet had a very wide circulation, and its real purpose was fulfilled when Tanganyika Territory was constituted under British Rule.

But another danger soon appeared. Some thought that Indian susceptibilities might be conciliated if Tanganyika were given to them as a colony, for it would never become a white man's country. To this also Frank was bitterly opposed. He was at the time very angry at the way in which some Indians had profiteered, and at the extortions of some Indian money-lenders. So he wrote in the *East African Standard*:

The Africans have in their times of famine paid them almost their last pice, and pledged to them their hard-won crops for the right to live. Must they now hand over their country and freedom as a thankoffering to India? . . . There are many Indians who, if they would, could learn much from Africans about sanitation and cleanliness; while there are not very many who could be relied upon to teach Africans the virtue of truthfulness, or to rescue them from the vices of false-witness, bribery, and nepotism.

India was clamouring for home rule, and maintained from her housetops that India should be for the Indians; but if this is right, Africa should be for Africans. 'Home rule,' he remarked, 'was not the private perquisite of nations spelt with an I.' And why was complete home rule delayed in India? Was it not because 'we cannot yet trust one tribe of Indians to rule another tribe of Indians?' How much less could they be trusted in a foreign land to rule an altogether alien race. Among Europeans, differences of religion may be ignored, but in the East they are always fundamental. So he wrote:

The real truth is that no Eastern, who is sincerely religious, can be impartial towards all religions. His own religion is so wrapped up with his social and domestic life that he cannot for a moment escape from its peremptory claims. Impartiality in religion demands a social life common to all religions, apart from religious customs and sanctions. And this the East has not yet attained.

Personally, I advise her to keep her religion well mixed with her social life ; and to leave empire to us poor Westerns, who are hard put to it to keep religion in touch with life at all. Western Christians, sincere followers of our Lord, have proved themselves impartial. Without such impartiality no empire can do God's Will for the various races which go to make it. But in twenty years I have met no African or Indian, keen of faith, whom I would trust to govern men of a religion he did not himself profess. As I have said, I do not regret that I haven't met one. There are plenty of Westerns to do the actual job of ruling and judging. Let the Easterns fulfil as faithfully their own vocations, as useful, as honourable, and as meritorious.

With such views he made his claim that Africans in Tanganyika had the first claim to consideration. He wrote in *The Nineteenth Century* in 1920 :

Whoever has a just claim to the conquered territory, surely the Africans themselves have ! Not only have they a natural claim—they have an additional claim, the claim of war service rendered to Britain and her Allies. It is not too much to say that, without the Africans, we should never have driven the Germans from the colony. If only the British public knew the full tale of death and suffering bravely endured by Africans, it might perhaps be moved to sympathy with them. And the figures have not been published. They are terrible. And the least Great Britain can do is to protect these peoples during the many generations which must pass before they can rule themselves.

He was under no illusions and describes his Africans as 'very small children of the human race.' 'To me, personally,' he adds, 'they are very dear; but to pretend that they are within measurable distance of self-government is the highest folly.' He knew only too well that 'to an average African, an official position means only an occasion of acquiring money and wives, and for the *scoring-off* of his enemies.' He hoped for British administrators in Tanganyika who should 'foster tribal life, keep out foreign Africans from office in each tribe, and refuse to have Africans hurried.' He could imagine them growing up and developing a civilisation of their own, and he feared most of all educational and other cranks, who would try to mould Africans according to a Western pattern. Before he died he bore witness to the much good work which British officials had done.

## IX

It must be obvious from what has been written that Frank had no doubt about the righteousness of England's cause, or the duty of Englishmen to fight. He was, moreover, quite ready to justify the faith that was in him. In 1917 the S.P.C.K. asked him to write a small book on the Religious Attitude to War, and he sat down at once to compose a reasoned defence for the Christian soldier. He sent the first chapter to a lady on his staff for her criticism, but she replied that the argument seemed very difficult, and asked him to write something that would comfort sad hearts and could be grasped by weary brains. He at once consigned his chapter to the wastepaper basket, and in a few days produced *Conquering and to Conquer*, the simplest and most popular of his works.

Here, once again, he set forth his conception of Eternal Love. He repudiated Calvin's God, sitting afar off and punishing His disobedient people by famine, pestilence, and the sword. He repudiated also the easy-going Divinity who should make everybody comfortable. The War showed that the God, so many were prepared to worship, did not exist. He recalled men to the God

revealed in the Christ on Calvary. It was there they were to find the God of Love.

To ask why God permitted the War seemed to him as irrelevant as to ask why God created men with freedom of will and did not resume His gift. The War was the result of man's self-will, and God, as on Calvary, was man's victim. And yet Eternal Love, as on the Cross, was bringing good out of evil. Love was being triumphant through its capacity for sacrifice.

Such being the case, he could not understand how any could stand aside. In the War, he did not see the Will of God, but the inevitable consequences of man's sin. That sin had yet to be overcome and the world had still to be redeemed by blood and tears. Christ had not refused to enter into a sinful world and to endure the consequences of so doing, and those who were His could only follow Him. Freedom could only be retained, and redemption could only be won, if men were ready to fight on behalf of others and offer themselves in their defence.

Such was the background of *Conquering and to Conquer*, but most of the book was concerned with simple instructions on the Christian life, the need of penitence and the reality of consolation. Each section ended with prayers, which anyone could understand and use. We may regret the reasoned argument, but we should be grateful that, in the hours of stress, our Lord Christ was so evidently set forth as the Divine Lover, Who was suffering with His children, English and German, and yearning over His enemies, English and German, that they also might be won to His truth.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY AND STAFF

#### I

FRANK'S influence with the white community culminated during the War, and those who regard him merely as a missionary or a controversialist may be surprised to hear that he was popular in the Zanzibar Club. We like to attach labels to men, but no label is large enough to summarise Frank. He was too many-sided, and had plenty of little inconsistencies besides.

Naturally diffident and shy, he became without effort a social success, and this was due to the amazing personal interest which he took in his fellow creatures. His very sensitiveness made it impossible for him not to note and not to care.

Naturally appreciative of comfort and all the amenities of a well-ordered existence, conscience compelled him to sacrifice himself, and he sometimes practised a rigorous asceticism. Naturally inclined to view all things under the species of eternity, he was none the less, or perhaps in consequence, careful and precise about details. He was himself one of the humblest of men, but he had a nice perception of what was fitting for his position and the natural dignity which ensured its recognition, without any assertiveness on his own part.

I remember his taking as much interest in getting his episcopal clothes, his cross, ring, and other insignia as a happy bride in getting her *trousseau*. On the African mainland he might wear disreputable clothes, but no frequenter of the Athenæum could have found fault with his appearance in London or Zanzibar. In his Cathedral



he pontificated fully vested notwithstanding the heat, and notwithstanding the heat he attended the receptions of the Sultan in the dress-gown of an Oxford Doctor. In Zanzibar he lived in rooms which were almost bare, but he always smoked a high-priced mixture of tobacco. He denied himself many things, but he was not careful about money, and gave presents like a Prince. After a long time on the mainland, he would shut himself up in Zanzibar until he had new clothes in which to call on the European community. He thought that he despised the conventions of his class, but a friend who met him in London carrying an untidy parcel—it was not his own—realised how an early martyr looked. 'He was very inconsistent in little things,' writes one friend. 'It was just that which made him so lovable,' comments another. His greatness was none the less real because he had links with lesser folk.

## II

The Principal of Kiungani had been a recluse known to very few outside the pulpit. He had been entirely locked up in his work and his boys. The Bishop of Zanzibar never looked on himself as merely a Missionary Bishop. He had his see, and the white community belonged to his flock. He established at once a Church Council at the Cathedral to help him in arranging Church services for Europeans, he took trouble about improving their choir, and he appointed a chaplain to minister to them. He issued Lenten Pastorals, and wrote for them a pamphlet on marriage, contrasting the teaching of our Lord with the findings of the Royal Commission on Divorce.

But on becoming Bishop, he had to make friends. Frank could not really minister to people who were not his friends. He began by giving a tea-party in the hospital to the leading ladies in the town. He wrote a series of little notes, and then went out to buy an unnecessarily expensive tea service. He chose the cakes himself, and hovered over his preparations like a Martha entertaining for the first time. The tea-party was a great success.

Ladies always admired him, and perhaps the more because he was a little afraid of them.

In answer to an inquiry from myself, he wrote:

The Britishers here are very nice and quite friendly: very slack [this no doubt refers to church attendance]: quite taken up with games. The general tone is good.

He joined the Club, and refused to be an honorary member. He soon found himself at home there and liked to turn up to meetings, and threw himself into discussions about a new swimming bath or a change of rules.

Before the War he wrote to me :

I have helped to found a Debating Society here, with a judge and the German Consul. We have some ninety members of different races. We began with the 'woman' question : to-morrow I move that 'any change in the form of the Zanzibar Government would be welcome' ; and next time we are to discuss the proposition that 'true human progress requires the disappearance of nationality' ! It is a useful society in some ways, however much rot we talk.

His after-dinner speeches were looked forward to, quoted and remembered. They were delivered without any effort and there was no sense of preparation. Yet out came the telling phrase, the humorous illustration, and sometimes he engaged in playful banter of those present. St. Andrew's Day was for him a great occasion. It was then that he could demonstrate as a Scot. And yet, as a resident of Zanzibar writes, 'He was never afraid of expressing his views, whether they were popular or not, but I don't think he ever made an enemy.'

On one occasion—it was during the War and just before Lent—he gave a ball at Kiungani, which was then empty of boys, and collected all the European community together. It was a sudden inspiration on his part, for he only arrived in Zanzibar from the mainland on the Thursday, and the ball took place on the following Monday. A correspondent writes :

He set to work with terrific energy. He got out the invitations next day, inviting everyone who could

be reasonably considered European. Everything was run on a magnificent scale. The best caterers in Zanzibar provided the supper. He borrowed the dancing floor from the English Club, and put it down on the Kiungani tennis court, and then got a local carpenter to add to it until it was nearly as large again. He hired all the acetylene lights from the Indians to light up the grounds. He hired also all the public motor-cars and carriages . . . and he personally directed all the arrangements and decorations. The weather was uncertain, and Monday was an anxious day, for if it turned wet the floor had to be taken up and laid in the schoolroom. It threatened rain all day, and at 4 o'clock a thunderstorm passed close by! However, all went well and it was a great success. The Bishop went round and spoke to every guest during the evening, and it was voted the best party which had been held in Zanzibar for a long time. It was, perhaps, a little incongruous to go to Kiungani next day and to see the notices still on the walls—'To the Bar,' and 'To the Bridge Room.'

Whenever Frank undertook anything, he plunged into it with all the enthusiasm of an eager-hearted boy. It did not matter whether it was religion, war, politics, or a social entertainment.

### III

Frank, as we have seen, was only in Zanzibar for two or at most three months of the year before the War. During the War he was there for a good deal of his time. And after the War his visits became very rare. But he knew the people and they had become his friends, and he exercised considerable influence in official circles. Mr. Sinclair, late High Commissioner, writes to me :

It was not until he was made Bishop that I really saw much of him, but from that time onwards he made his voice heard on many matters affecting the country and particularly the native administration, and was frequently consulted by the Government as to the

effect of proposed new legislation. He possessed a wide knowledge of native mentality, and, although at one time I used to think that he was apt to repose rather too much trust in them, I came to know in time that he had a shrewd knowledge of their limitations; and he, like several others of the Universities' Mission, was of great help to us in framing measures for native government and welfare.

It was after the conquest of German East Africa and the establishment of the Tanganyika Territory that Frank's knowledge became especially valuable to the Government. For years he had travelled up and down the country, he knew what had been done, he knew the various tribes and the local conditions. He could tell what plans, admirable in themselves, were practically impossible. He could advise when asked to do so, but he was generally unwilling to interfere. He could get on with British officials, and for the British officials, even when he did not agree with them, he had the highest admiration.

But he was not only concerned for the official class, he was interested in the welfare of young men who were agents for trading firms or managers of plantations. He saw how necessary it was for them, and also for the natives among whom they dwelt, that they should be adequately paid. The 'poor white' in a tropical country was liable to become a poor creature. So he wrote in *The Nineteenth Century*:

Every young man ought to know that he will be in a position to marry within, say, a couple of years of reaching the colony. Many a man goes to pieces because he feels that he cannot hope to marry one of his own race. And in going to pieces, he not only betrays his own ideals; he does most serious disservice to his country and grievous harm to his African neighbours. In fact he becomes a failure all round. And, religion apart, I do not see what else we have to expect so long as Europeans are underpaid.

## IV

He lived on the happiest terms with members of other religious bodies. He never experienced the trouble which the C.M.S. have had with Roman Missions in Uganda. Very early in his episcopate he drew up agreements which prevented interference or overlapping on either side. He had friends among the Quaker missionaries, and sometimes found co-operation with them possible. Everyone knew where he stood and what he stood for, and there were in consequence none of those unpleasant misunderstandings which are bound to occur when it is not known how far a man will go with you, or on what principles he regulates his actions.

Many of the laity, who respected him as a Bishop, came also to regard him as a friend. One of them writes: 'He was a white man, a man's man, a genial companion and a sincere friend.' My correspondent goes on to speak of pleasant evenings when the Bishop puffed at his pipe and discussed the universe, or told tales about the mainland and brought out the humorous side of out-of-the-way adventures. He rarely talked about religion, but he was always ready to listen with sympathy when laymen broached the subject. They found him such good company, because he was so good a listener.

Some men with great spiritual experiences make other men feel small and mean, but Frank had the power of sending people away feeling that they themselves were better than they knew. Some very good people have no interest in the ordinary concerns of men, but Frank's intense belief in the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation had rendered all that affected human nature interesting. Some holy people are shunned by ordinary people, but no one felt any constraint in Frank's presence. He was so absolutely natural himself, and there was no cant or professional unction in his speech or manner.

Frank exerted great influence over individuals. He also received many confidences, but in some sense he remained a man apart. He, who was so sympathetic, could ask for no sympathy. He, to whom those in

trouble came, faced the world as if he had no troubles of his own ; and all the time he was so sensitive that he often suffered terribly. That he did not suffer more was due to his religion. If he found it hard to speak of himself to any but the most intimate of friends, he could pour out all the passion of his soul in prayer. It was not for him a duty but a solace. He had no doubt about our Lord's presence, he lived as in His sight, and he was haunted by the fear that any of his acts would cause our Lord pain.

For him religion meant a personal relationship, and in consequence I understand the story told me by a layman who more than once shared with him a ground-sheet on a night of many stars. The layman writes:

I began to talk of astronomy and was dilating on the wonder of spectrums and the tremendous advance which had been made of late years, when the Bishop asked me to stop as he could not bear to think about it.

The Arab camping in the waste desert, Kant, the sage of Königsberg, and many another have been led to worship and adoration by cosmic emotion, but Frank only felt appalled by immensity. As a theological thinker he knew that, when he had said 'God is infinite,' it was merely a matter of convenience whether God's world were measured in inches or in years of light. But for Frank religion meant communion, and life was concerned with personal relationships. The external world was for him only the background of the drama, and the background, he felt, should not be on a disproportionate scale. No one can be comfortable in a room too vast for his work and for his furniture; no one would choose to make love in the centre of a great open square; and there are many people who cannot say a prayer in St. Peter's at Rome unless they first close their eyes. Communion with God had only become possible for Frank because God had limited Himself and became man. If we understand this and his felt need for focusing his devotion, we shall understand also his attitude towards the Blessed Sacrament and Its Reservation in a tabernacle.

## V

Personal relationships meant so much to Frank, and he could never regard his staff as if they were merely agents. They were either his friends or he had no particular use for them. He never forgot his position as a Bishop, he claimed to the full his rights as a Father in God, but his rule was founded on affection. He thought for his staff, prayed for them, and was humorously interested in their idiosyncrasies.

Here is a characteristic letter which he wrote to a lady worker whom he perceived to be over-tired:

Dear Miss —, Upon receipt of this letter please begin to make arrangements to go into hospital. You must be there at latest at 8.45 P.M. ; and you will remain in bed until Monday morning *at the earliest*. You must not have any visitors at all, and must not talk to your nurse. You may read as much light literature as you like, and must sleep as much as you can. This is my prescription for you : and it is to be taken as a matter of simple obedience to your Father. So you must not come to talk about it, nor must you write a single line in answer to it.

*Just do it !*

He grew by degrees more and more tolerant of incompetence, though this was not natural to him. About one man he said : ' He thinks it is his vocation to be a missionary, and who knows if he be not right. At any rate I must not prevent his attempt to fulfil it.' He grew by degrees more and more humble, and this was the result of self-suppression. A visitor to the Zanzibar diocese tells me how in his later years he received a letter which would have made most men boil over with indignation ; and he only remarked, ' Well, we live in a funny world.' I remember on an earlier occasion when he was on furlough, he received an exceedingly rude letter, evidently written by a man in a temper. First, there was a blaze of resentment, and then there was real distress. Days passed and he could not forget it, although in the end he schooled himself to write a conciliatory reply.

He was very rarely angry, but his eyes could be very fierce ; and he looked terrible when he ceased to smile and his long upper lip became stiff. He had, however, great self-control, and, when angry, was usually silent. He would go away until he had conquered his resentment. If he had many naughty things which he wanted to say, he wrote them to some correspondent very far off, who could be sorry for him and not take his naughty sayings too seriously.

Once or twice during his episcopate, he felt that his discipline had to be drastic. He was then inexorable and implacable, but those who knew him best knew how he suffered, and how he could not mention the men or forget them.

Frank was not resentful because he was disappointed, and he readily forgave those who quarrelled with him. He was not angry with those who went home for what he thought were inadequate reasons ; and he was not even unpleasant to those who got engaged, although it meant their leaving a Mission, which cannot afford to be responsible for families, and has no buildings adapted for married life. A convinced celibate himself, he has been heard to regret that he had no married women working in his diocese, and one day there was a shock, when he said of a somewhat unpolished priest, ' All he wants is a wife.' It is true the gossips were sometimes amused by the way in which he tried to keep apart those whom he thought were attracted to one another, but on the announcement of an engagement, he wrote his congratulations and meant them. He was glad to get back into his diocese, as chaplains not on the Mission staff, Padres Hellier and Vickers after marriage, and he rejoiced in his little godson, Michael Vickers. He easily fitted into family life, he was very tidy, he gave no trouble and was always ready to help. Mrs. Vickers had a pet hare, and remembers how Frank commiserated her on having to tend a baby, a bunny, and a bishop.

It was this faculty of adapting himself to his surroundings which endeared him to his staff. A newcomer to the diocese reports that he was a little nervous when he knew that Frank was coming, and, after Frank came, he



never forgot that he was the Bishop, but he did forget that he had only known the Bishop for a few hours. The shy man of Stratford and Westminster, having become a Bishop, was able to give himself to others and establish immediate intimacies.

Very few have had a more loyal and devoted band of workers. His love for his staff met with a great response. In fact, they found it almost impossible to oppose him when he was present. Sometimes, indeed, they voted unanimously for his proposals, and then went away sorry for what they had done ; and even rebelled against rules which they had passed without protest. He was then surprised at their seeming disloyalty, because he never realised how compelling was his presence, and how he took temporary possession of those to whom he spoke.

He was quite an unconscious autocrat, and believed intensely in liberty and free discussion. He never approved the autocratic rule of some of his staff on their stations. He was always urging consultations, parish councils, and that Africans should be encouraged in criticism and initiative. Of course, he was right ; but it has to be remembered that he never experienced the inconveniences of the liberty he was so willing to grant. After free discussion he found that natives always agreed with him, but with lesser men it was not so. Many, with no magnetic influence, were still quite competent to command ; but they found that anarchy ensued when they abdicated.

Frank was a natural leader of men and a great administrator, but his administration would not have been successful if he had not inspired such whole-hearted devotion. He had that gift of vision which enabled him to plan largely ; and he knew what was and was not possible. His schemes were elaborated to the minutest details. But after setting to work, he would quite likely scrap everything in favour of some new project. He would sometimes suddenly take into his own hands work which he had definitely assigned to somebody else, and he had an irritating way of communicating his wishes and expecting immediate replies by cable. The sending of cables became almost a mania with him. During the

newspaper row about the telegram which he sent from the Anglo-Catholic Congress to the Pope, one of his staff remarked : ' They don't know the Bishop. If they did they would know that he cables to everyone. It's just his habit.' I remember once at a committee meeting in Dartmouth Street somebody asked, ' Where is the Bishop of Zanzibar ? ' ' I think,' replied the Secretary, ' he arrived in Zanzibar yesterday, for we had no cable yesterday, and have had four to-day.'

## VI

Frank's relations with Dartmouth Street, his home base, were friendly but sometimes difficult. It is hard for a Bishop in Africa to keep in touch with a committee in England. It seemed so obvious to him that they existed to support his work, and to supply at once his immediate needs. It was hard for the Committee to understand how imperative those needs were when they heard of them unexpectedly for the first time. Letters took so long and supplementary cables added to the confusion.

In the heat and isolation of Africa, the hesitations and delays of the Committee were sometimes irritating ; and an irritated Frank with a pen in his hand was apt to scratch someone or something pretty fiercely. The Secretary, who loved him, tells me that he received many fierce letters from Frank. They were not for publication, and he adds ' at any rate the sting was not in the tail, for they always concluded with "love and blessing."'

The Committee were convinced by experience that none of Frank's financial schemes would work ; and they never did. The schemes were admirable on paper but for one defect which marred them all. There was always a clause which reserved the Bishop's right to deal with exceptional cases ; and he always exercised it. On paper he was a first-rate economist, but economy is a heartless science, and the human Frank could resist no appeal that touched his heart.

He could not understand the difficulties of the Office

in raising money. He came to England and made platform appeals—the money flowed in. Why, he sometimes asked, should he have to do the work which the Committee should have done for him? Why, in his absence, could not the Committee raise like sums?

The result was he never had a holiday. A doctor in Zanzibar tells me that he always returned from furlough tired and run down. Meeting succeeded meeting; every Church which supported the Mission wanted him to preach; and ardent Anglo-Catholics could not resist the temptation of exploiting the Bishop of Zanzibar. His home was at Brighton, and he used to take a season ticket like a business man, but unlike a business man he generally returned by the last train.

But his visits home were nowhere more eagerly looked forward to than in the Office at Dartmouth Street. He came to conquer and be conquered. None could resist the charm of his smile or the sound of his voice: and then—when at home—he was so reasonable and so sympathetic with the troubles of the Office.

## VII

With all his many gifts and many manifestations, the wonder of Frank was his heart. He only lived to love and to be loved and, as he believed that God is love, he found in love the reason and explanation of all things. He was great-hearted, whole-hearted, and eager-hearted, and notwithstanding a life of sacrifice and many disappointments, he retained to the end the heart of a child. He had all the simplicity of a child. For him things were good or bad, true or false, right or wrong. He had all the directness and impetuosity of a child. He found it so hard to wait and so impossible to compromise. Though a socialist in creed, like a child he individualised everyone. He never thought of anyone as merely another man. And notwithstanding his sorrows and sufferings he never lost the power of enjoyment, the fount of joy which bubbles up in a child's face at an unexpected pleasure.

No child was afraid of him, and he could do what he

liked with them. When he met a child there was a mutual understanding. One little boy of eight, coming out of church, asked: 'Mummy, was that man really a Bishop. I don't think he can have been a real Bishop, for I understood everything that he said.' That little boy had lived in a cathedral close and heard many bishops, with the result that he connected the word Bishop with an unintelligible being in fine clothes.

Grown-up people sometimes looked on Frank with awe, but a little African boy at Kiungani wrote of him after his death :

If you see him you will know that he is a loving man, for his mouth is always opened ready for laughing, even in his photos you will see, for he is still laughing, and he will laugh for ever.

It is the same boy who concludes his essay :

Actually when he is preaching—oh ! you would have said there is a real angel preaching, for he spoke clearly and distinctly.

The small boy can have known very little of Frank, but it is not every Bishop who makes such an impression on visiting a school. If children took to him at once, he was happy with them. In his last days on earth, he liked to have the little sons of Raymond Adam playing about his house.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE

#### I

FRANK arrived in England on August 2, 1919, and during the following months spent his time rushing all over England, preaching and speaking. He left England on January 23, 1920, recalled to his diocese by the labour policy of the Government. By June 19 he was once more in England, ready for conflict on the subject of 'Forced Labour,' and while at home attended the first Anglo-Catholic Congress and the Lambeth Conference, playing a great part in formulating proposals for the reunion of Christendom. It was always Frank's fate to have two burning questions on hand at the same time, but they had for him a vital connexion. He had opposed the proposals at Kikuyu and denounced Modernism out of his zeal for the One Faith, so in 1920 he was an ardent advocate for the reunion of Christendom, and a passionate opponent of forced labour because he believed in the One God, Who is the Father of us all. In this chapter, however, we must confine ourselves to his ecclesiastical activities, and in the next we will deal with his defence of African liberties.

#### II

When Frank came to England in 1919, he was still much concerned with the consecration of Dr. Henson to the See of Hereford. He had sent home *Christ and His Critics* some months before, but it was not actually published until after his arrival, and met with scant approval even from his friends. He was not daunted.

A friend remembers him standing in the library of the Clergy House of Rest at West Malvern, facing the window that looks out upon the beautiful county of Hereford. There it lay, a land of woods and streams, of orchards and rich pastures, all bathed in the golden light of a summer afternoon ; but Frank, who had been asked to speak, was gazing into the distance without a thought for the view. Suddenly his hand shot out ; he pointed and said : ' I am going to speak to you of the man over there—Henson.' I don't know if down below in the valley, miles away, Dr. Henson's ears tingled, but those within hearing had to listen to much that Dr. Henson ought *not* to have said in *The Creed in the Pulpit*.

The consecration of Dr. Henson had embroiled Frank once more with the Archbishop of Canterbury, but in truth their correspondence never ceased on Kikuyu, the Colour-bar, ritual, and doctrine. The Archbishop probably never had a more troublesome and insistent subordinate. For him, Frank had a great admiration and a warm personal friendship, but he sometimes wrote to me about him as a naughty schoolboy writes about his much respected headmaster ; and I, being wicked, thoroughly enjoyed his letters, but did not take them seriously. To the Archbishop himself Frank was polite but pitilessly lucid, to Frank the Archbishop was patient, courteous and unmoved. Frank became depressed because the Archbishop was not impressed. He began to doubt if he could conscientiously enter the Lambeth Conference, or had any standing ground in the Church of England.

I have a long letter from him written in August, 1919, which revealed his deep depression. He began by discussing Benediction but went on : ' I am for the Creed and Gospels, first, last, and all the time.' It was because he was afraid that the Church of England no longer maintained its witness to Creed and Gospels, that he speculated on the possibility of renouncing allegiance to Canterbury and remaining an African Bishop unattached to any Province. This he saw was not practical politics and that the real question

was, Should he resign his See? But he went further, and wrote :

I will not hide from you that I sometimes suffer from a kind of institution-sickness. Rome and Church of England both seem so disloyal to the Master in respect to the real things of life. I feel sometimes, that to breathe Christ-air, I must drop out of institutions, and live the simple life in simple Africa, just taking communion where I may find an altar, at which I am accepted. Of this I may talk when we meet, but it is so deep down in me that I've not really given it a voice to anyone. I feel stifled. The Kikuyu Conference people made me feel it, real strong : the people on the mail have deepened the feeling : and I don't see or hear anything in England that lightens the pressure. The one restraint is, what I owe the diocese. I understand that it is kind enough to want me still, and I cannot play it false—one's feelings are bad guides where honour is at stake. You know, the Church of England and the Church of Rome do *not* represent the Christ truly. They are not revelations of His broken heart. They are as badly infected with *caste*, as Islam in Africa with witchcraft. The problem of to-day is *colour*, which follows on with *caste*: and I'm not sure that the Institutions we name the Church are not playing the traitor. Add to this the unreality of them all, and you may be able to guess dimly at the workings of my mind ! I sometimes feel inclined to resign and live my own life with my own children, as a fellow-Christian, communicating at their altar with them, or perhaps as an 'African' priest (so far as *£ s. d.* goes)—but, chiefly, I feel moved to the first state. For after all it is what we are and the ideal we follow that makes our real contribution to the world's redemption : not what we say, or write, or protest. Dear man—these are serious thoughts : they may startle you ; but I expect we all feel from time to time much that I feel. You may know what I mean quite well. You see, I've cried my witness aloud since 1913 ; and in such matters too

much repetition weakens the force of one's cry—while Travers tells me that they all say, my bark is worse than my bite. If then my witness is taken for granted and discounted as such, the real work before me may yet be a final cry, and a confirmation of its reality by my following the deep-down motion of my heart towards what I call extra-institutionalism. I guess that our Lord and His Apostles had some such relation with the Jewish Church : in it, yet not responsible for it in any way : in it, because it came from God : yet, not of it or responsible for it, because man had defaced its 'appearance.' I cannot cease to be in it : I have been baptised : I might conceivably cease to be a responsible officer in it, just because it is a defaced and marred 'appearance.' But as I say, if my diocese needs me, I am my diocese's ! . . . I sometimes feel deeply what I've told you. I feel that if our Lord were to reappear He might class me with the Pharisees, who clung to Moses' seat and Moses' Law, and failed to make men see Him Whom Moses spoke of. You will say the Church is Christ's Body, and her ministry must be carried on—I agree. But there are plenty to carry it on—whereas there are not many who see as I see ! You and I will not agree about the externals of the Church, her position in the world, her relation to the State and so on. You must allow for my peculiar views on these points. . . .

This letter was written no doubt in an hour of deep depression, but it represents an impulse which Frank felt intermittently all his life, an impulse which became more insistent as he grew older. We have seen how in his early years he had desired to enter the 'religious' life ; and, notwithstanding his ardent belief in a social Christianity, he found the organisation, which made it possible, irksome. In much the same spirit Gregory of Nazianzus had retired from the throne of Constantinople, Cuthbert had fled to the solitary island of Farne, and Celestine had deserted the chair of Peter to found the Order which goes by his name. The Church has raised all three to the altars as saints, though Dante has placed Celestine



in hell because he was the man of the great refusal. Ultimately, no such refusal was made by Frank, because, more than his soul, he loved his Africans and felt their claims upon his care.

In his speech to the first Anglo-Catholic Congress in 1920 he elaborated his ideal of the Church. It should be a family of free children with the Bishop as their Father. The authority of the Father and the subordination of the children could only be explained in the terms of love and its response, so there was no room for tyranny on the one side or servility on the other. All had their place and rights in the family, all were bound to co-operate for its welfare, and all were bound to assist and support one another. The family was a natural unit, and so was the Church. Both were created by God and not of human arrangement, both implied personal relationships which were independent of legislation. On the other hand, councils, committees, and other organisations were artificial—man-made expedients for special work, and their multiplication was to be deprecated. His hatred of what he called *Institutionalism* peeped out in sundry gibes at the Church Assembly which was then holding its first session. To him it seemed a body which by its very nature contradicted his ideal.

No doubt the Church of England to-day has far too much machinery and overrates its importance; but Frank went too far in his condemnation, and could not understand how inevitable it was that, after fifteen hundred years of very varied history, the Church should be inextricably entangled with the social and political life of the people, half of whom do not even nominally belong to her. Quite apart from the Establishment, which Frank detested, the Church Assembly was needed if Ecclesiastical Courts were to be restored, or the rules governing the Ecclesiastical Commission modified. No diocesan or provincial synod could hope to deal effectively with the education of children or the training of teachers and ordination candidates, pensions for the clergy, or dilapidations. Legislation was desired for the division of dioceses, for regulating patronage, and defining the parson's freehold. On most of these subjects the State

was bound to claim the final word, and most of them required fresh money which could only be found by co-operation with the laity.

Frank, because of his long years in Africa, was out of touch with the difficulties of the English Church ; but during his visits at home he was quick to learn and prompt to criticise. I remember expounding my views on the Life and Liberty Movement, the desire of its leaders for more and more bishops, and the parrot-like patter of their followers, saying ' Father in God, Father in God ' whenever a Bishop's position was discussed. Frank listened and then spoke much as follows :

It seems to me that these men have not thought out how a Father's relation with his children changes as they grow up. Happy is the young man of twenty-five who can go to his father for advice, encouragement, and help, but he no longer needs someone to hold his hand, to dress him in the morning or to put him to bed at night. My Africans, Christians of the first generation, are like little children, fit objects for a parent's constant supervision ; but you English Christians ought to be like grown-up children. Even in my diocese no priest-in-charge wants me continually on his station, and the English parish priest will not become effective if his Bishop is constantly on his doorstep. The English Bishop is still a Father in God, but he is as a father to a grown-up family. His authority will not be increased by his always interfering, and his priests will not be so efficient if they are never left alone. An English bishop, however, needs to remember that his priests are not his servants but his sons. He should not be a mere administrator, but rule in love over children who are born free, and whose progress, even in initiative, is his sufficient recompense.

### III

Frank was present at the Albert Hall throughout the first Anglo-Catholic Conference, but he did not play a great part in the proceedings. He preached at St. Matthew's, Westminster, at one of the opening services,

and *The Church Times* tells us that more than five hundred people failed to get into the church, including their own reporter. He made the speech to which we have just alluded, but it should have been a paper and was not one of his marked successes. It was the Bishop of Zululand who suggested the collection for Foreign Missions, and it was due to the pertinacity of Father Atlay that over forty thousand pounds was raised for that object.

But if Frank contributed little he received much. The Congress—a triumph of organisation—became conscious that it had a soul and expressed itself spontaneously. Nobody, who heard the way in which ‘Faith of our fathers’ was sung, could doubt for a moment the harmonious enthusiasm of the meeting. Fourteen thousand tickets were sold, and day after day there were some nine thousand people in the hall listening to papers; and the papers read did not appeal to ancient prejudices. The men reading them were not muttering some ‘mumpsimus’ of the past, they were interpreting the one Faith as a living message to the new age. There was little criticism of others and no denunciation. The meeting was concerned only with the proclamation and explanation and the possible extension of the Kingdom of God.

Frank was thrilled. He now knew that he was not a *vox clamantis in deserto*, but belonged to a mighty band. He now knew that the Modernists were not justified in their assumption that they had the monopoly of learning. The Anglo-Catholic Congress could produce scholars and thinkers of unimpeachable authority on their subjects. He now knew that he was wrong to be chilled by the indifference or icy hostility to real religion shown by the men-in-the-street, for such men accomplish nothing. Here, on the other hand, were hearts on fire with faith, surely sufficient to turn the world upside down.

Frank’s depression melted away like a cloud on a summer morning, and he went into the Lambeth Conference feeling that he was supported by many prayers, and confident that all things were possible—even the reunion of Christendom.

We may serve God like cherubim or like seraphim. Most men are called one way or the other, and no one can go both ways at the same time. Frank, in his spiritual history, alternated between a wish to renounce and a wish to conquer the world. At times he desired to devote himself to a life of contemplation and penance ; at times he was all for action. In love he sought the Master's feet, and then in love rushed forth to serve the Master's cause.

## IV

Frank entered the Lambeth Conference with a well-known name and an unknown personality. Some expected a wild and blatant man from the back of beyond, intolerant and intolerable. Some expected a thin-lipped dyspeptic who would pronounce anathemas with the grim satisfaction of an Inquisitor in melodrama. But the real Frank they found was different. The Bishop of Worcester writes to me :

I had expected a physique worn and shrivelled and racked with the ravages of an insidious climate and with the effects of prolonged apostolic labour ; but I found a well set-up Apollo—if you can conceive the god in a purple cassock, and wearing a considerable pectoral cross. I had expected an expression of some petulance, with signs of one who had little experience of bearing the yoke in his youth ; but the face, tanned indeed, but almost ruddy in its apparent health, had upon it a certain majesty of large-mindedness, which seemed to belie the possibility of his having railed against Kikuyu and all that Kikuyu implied.

He took his seat in the fourth row, almost opposite to the Archbishop, with the Bishop of Northern Rhodesia on one side of him and the then Bishop of Truro, Dr. Warman, on the other. His place was well chosen. It was not prominent, but he was admirably placed to hear everything, and could easily attract the attention of the Chair.

On the first day he spoke about Christianity and the League of Nations, pointing out the grave wrong which

might be done to Africans in mandated territories such as Tanganyika. On the second day he spoke about the Reunion of Christendom, and on the third day on missionary problems in connexion with marriage.

It was his speech on reunion which was memorable and established his reputation in the Conference. The new Bishop of Durham, Dr. Henson, had made a brilliant speech in defence of a truly National Church, had urged the necessity of Home Reunion, and attacked the doctrine of an Apostolic Succession which he supposed to stand in the way. Then Frank rose and by degrees passed from debating points to face the real issue: Why had the Episcopate failed in England and elsewhere! Because it had failed to represent the Fatherhood of God. He declared that he would like to scrap the agenda of the Conference, in order that they all might devote the time in learning from God how to reconcile the Episcopate with real paternal government. Each diocese should be a family, a real unit, and all dioceses should constitute a real unity. The unity we desire to see, he said, is one of organic life centred in an authority expressed in a College of Bishops, linked with the past and pointing to the future. Such a unity would be very different from the uniformity which England had tried and failed to maintain for four centuries, and very different from the federation of jealous and competing sects advocated by those who favoured Kikuyu. He did not desire, like Dr. Henson, a national Church (or where did he and his Africans come in?) but a Catholic Church to which all races might belong. He began to plead for his ideal with eagerness and spiritual passion. His vision was of One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church co-extensive with Christendom. Such was our Lord's Will. Even those who disagreed with his views or regarded them as chimerical were impressed. From his first speech on reunion, he had the ear of the Conference and never lost it. Again, to quote the Bishop of Worcester:

His voice when he addressed the full Conference was admirable in *timbre* and in a certain sonorousness

which I can still hear, and it would be an impertinence to praise his method of presenting his case : I think of it still with admiration and at the same time with all the disagreement which I felt at the moment.

## V

Frank spoke many times to the full Conference, but the main work was not done in full session, but in Committees. Even then the Committee on Reunion, consisting of seventy-four members, was inconveniently large. Groups soon formed themselves within it, and Frank was very busy, working not only with members of his own party, but with others who on this subject more or less shared his views. The full Committee met nearly every day for a fortnight, and necessitated many more private meetings at which ways out of difficult places might be found.

At first, every question concerning reunion seemed involved in a fog and no measure of agreement seemed possible. Light gradually dawned ; and it dawned, I am told, largely from the skill with which Frank was able to present and explain the Catholic position without giving offence. Members of the Conference were surprised that the Catholic representatives, who were so rigid on fundamental points, were so comprehensive in their range of thinking, and so ready to tolerate varieties of religious expression and varieties of religious organisation. They at least were not tied by Tudor and Stuart Acts of Uniformity, or any hide-bound conception of Anglicanism. 'Why,' asked Frank of the Bishop of Durham, 'am I obliged to take my view of the Church's teaching from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when the Church is 1,920 years old?'

He was determined that nothing should be done, if he could help it, which would compromise the Church of England, and make reunion with the great Church of the West more difficult than it is. He told the Conference : 'I know that I and my kind appear reactionary. If you could convince me that I am not doing our Lord's Will in this endeavour for union, I would resign my See

and pray for you. But I don't believe that my beliefs are outside our Lord's Will.' And so he held on. He made, however, a great distinction between what the Lambeth Conference might resolve and what an individual bishop might do. A resolution of the Conference would, he felt, compromise the Church; while the isolated action of a bishop would be at most a deplorable precedent. He recognised also that, if reunion were to take place, there would have to be a time when many anomalies and some irregularities would have to be winked at. He made great friends with the Bishop of Tinnevely (now Madras), who had belonged to the C.M.S.; and with the Indian Bishop of Dornakal. With the latter he had long confabulations at night, and ultimately agreed to his proposals, provided that the Lambeth Conference did not formally sanction what was irregular, and that satisfactory guarantees were given for the future. He told Bishop Azariah: 'If *you* are one of the Bishops of the South India United Church I shall be entirely satisfied.'

The Committee was impressed by his extraordinary skill in drafting resolutions. In this he found his equal in the Bishop of Durham, the greatest master of English in the Conference. Several have related to me their amusement at seeing the two side by side—the theological precisian and the English purist—collaborating in the formulation of a proposal that all could vote for.

The most important outcome of the Conference was the now famous Appeal to Christendom. It came before the full Conference on the morning of July 30, and noteworthy speeches were delivered in its defence by the Archbishop of York, and Bishops Brent and Rhinelander. Frank spoke immediately after the luncheon interval and pleaded for a unanimous acceptance. His speech was directed especially to his brother Bishops of the Catholic school. It was his crowning effort, the best speech he had made; he swept the Conference with him, and had a wonderful reception when he sat down. After him there were only two other speeches, one by an American Bishop and a second by the Archbishop of York. Then the Chairman summed up, and the Appeal was carried, only four bishops, it is said, voting against it.

Here is the description in *Lambeth and Reunion*, produced under the joint authorship of the Bishops of Peterborough, Zanzibar, and Hereford. The passage echoes Frank's feelings, but was as certainly not written by him.

There was a tense atmosphere in the great library when on the morning of Friday, July 30, the President called the Conference to prayer, and then announced that the Reunion Committee would present its Report. After he had himself spoken some solemn words of introduction, the Chairman of the Committee (the Archbishop of York), introduced the Report, including the Appeal, in a speech which was entirely worthy of so great a moment in the life of the Conference and of the Church at large. He put the case for the Appeal in a way which found entrance to the minds, and also to the hearts and consciences, of the whole assembly. The wind was blowing again. Other voices followed from every part of the world. There was no easy acceptance of the proposals. Men spoke of the cost, the risk, the almost inevitable misunderstandings, the unpredictable consequences of such a pronouncement. A veteran voice was heard—it was not quite alone—of definite, though of reluctant, disapproval. But the vision would not be denied. It struck home by the compulsion of its own beauty and truth. The President as usual, would not put the question of acceptance or rejection till the discussion was complete. But he put it at last. The majority in favour of acceptance was overwhelming. Then, instinctively, the Bishops stood in silent thanksgiving until, led by one of their number, they joined in the doxology, the doxology bequeathed to the Church by an Anglican Bishop. The moment had come. The decision was made. Many points, and important ones, were still to be discussed. But for the Appeal, with its fresh ideal and its new hope, practically the entire episcopate of the Anglican Communion had now made themselves definitely and separately responsible. For weal or for woe the Conference of 1920 had made the



contribution to the life of the Church by which mainly in after years it will be judged. The bishops had tried honestly, without prejudice, to discover, and to follow, the Will of God. The wind had been blowing, a rushing, mighty wind.

## VI

Perhaps we shall best appreciate the impression Frank made on the Conference, by noting the estimates of men who were not altogether in sympathy with his views.

The present Dean of Canterbury, who as Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, was present throughout, after emphasising the immense debt which the Reunion Committee owed to the Archbishop of York, writes :

There is no doubt whatever that the Bishop of Zanzibar's conciliatory spirit, large-heartedness, clear-mindedness and passionate desire for Reunion, together with a quite remarkable power of draftsmanship, were predominant forces in the whole working out of the Appeal and its attached Resolutions.

Dr. Watts-Ditchfield, then Bishop of Chelmsford, wrote to his diocese :

Of the unofficial members of the Congress the one who of all others impressed the Conference was the Bishop of Zanzibar. As is well known, I differ most profoundly with many of the opinions which he holds, but no bishop in the Conference impressed it more from a spiritual standard than the Bishop. His lofty tone and abandonment of mere 'party,' even when maintaining his own position, his deep devotion and loyalty to his Lord, which was manifested in every speech, made the whole Conference feel that, however much it might differ from him on many points, they were listening to one who truly lived near his Lord.

Dr. Henson, the Bishop of Durham, writes :

He was, in my belief, a very good unselfish Christian, with all a fanatic's sincerity and all a fanatic's injustice, but by nature entirely lovable. It was impossible

not to feel his charm even when one execrated his bigotry. On the whole, I think that represents my deliberate verdict. Something should be added about his practical sagacity, which I think was quite conspicuously great whenever his fanaticism did not influence his judgment : and something more should be said about his passionate love of souls, which lifted him above his fanatical obsessions and carried him into the company of the greater Saints. It was a cause of genuine sorrow to me that I never had an opportunity of getting past his ecclesiastical prejudices, and finding agreement with him in deeper things.

## VII

We may conclude, I think, that Frank achieved at Lambeth a personal triumph which he certainly did not seek ; but it may be asked, Was he so influenced by the atmosphere that he receded from the position which he had taken up at Kikuyu ?

To answer this question it is only necessary to review the proposals which were turned down at Kikuyu in 1918 and published in *Central Africa* six months before the Conference was held. Everyone has read the *Report of the Conference*, few have read *Central Africa*, but by comparing the documents we may see that rightly or wrongly it was Frank's policy which triumphed.

After a brief review of the Kikuyu controversy, he laid down his proposals for reunion.

(1) The existence of the Catholic Church of Christ, which He intended to be a universal brotherhood, must be acknowledged by all. . . . Some of us lay great stress upon the reality of Christ's glorious Humanity as the basis of the Church's organic life, while others lay the greater stress upon the Spirit as the Church's indwelling life. Some, again, believe that Christ founded and gave directions for His Church before His ascension ; others cannot say more than that the Church is the creation of His Spirit. Yet nearly all can agree that it is His brotherhood, in

which He wills all His faithful to be united, and through which all his children enter upon a supernatural life. I submit that on an agreement such as that it is not impossible to unite in the one society.

(2) The acceptance of Episcopacy, as the only form of ministry that can be historically justified without further definition, is a necessity. . . . It seems to me that when we have agreed to unite on the basis of a ministry that is from above as well as from below, continuous and extended down the ages, which in fact is episcopal, we can afford to differ on other points. . . . And once episcopacy is accepted, each 'communion' can be left free to reconcile its existing organisation with its newly acquired bishops. We do not want, for example, to abolish the Presbyterian forms of Church government. We want to perfect them.

(3) Is any one of us to declare that his own ordination is invalid and bad? . . . We will not inquire, 'Are my orders valid for the purpose for which I received them?' Rather, 'What is lacking to my orders, which I must receive before I may be invited to minister in other communities?' My desire in God's sight, whose ordained minister I believe myself to be, is to be in a position to minister everywhere. Therefore I am prepared to accept at the hands of each community that will unite with me, whatever it thinks it can add to me, provided that it will also receive from my community what we think we have to offer. . . .

(4) Next it will be necessary to accept the Holy Scriptures and the Catholic Creeds. . . . I suggest that, as a basis of agreement, we clearly separate Revelation from Interpretations of Revelation. The Creed sums up the facts about the Revealer, the Lord Christ, God and Man, Who lived as perfect Man among us, and now reigns as Man in glory. . . . There must be a wide liberty in criticism of documents and literary processes: there must be agreement in the authority of the Scripture message as interpreted within the Society whose book it is. . . . Frankly, I do not see my way here, until we can devise a basis of agreement that will reconcile the old and the new in

the statement of the authority of Holy Writ, and the truth of the Creed. . . . At Kikuyu, Modernist views were a far greater hindrance to reunion than mine. . . .

(5) We cannot unite until we are agreed that God uses sacramental means of grace. For myself, I do not want to know how men define the sacraments, unless they desire to teach under my authority. But I do desire to know that they have sufficient belief in sacramental grace to make them value Baptism, with the Laying-on of hands, and the Holy Communion in our Lord's Body and Blood ; and to cause them at least to acquiesce in other people's use of the rest of the sacraments. . . .

(6) And especially must the question of Absolution be fairly faced. . . . Admitting all of us, that Christ in His Church has authority on earth to reconcile the penitent sinner, and that the minister is His agent and the Church's in this task, we shall exercise mutual forbearance in all questions of method and detail.

(7) Lastly, we must all agree that the essential forms enshrining the corporate acts of the universal Church must be acceptable to all alike. The formula of Baptism and the method of baptising, the actual form of the consecration of our Lord's Body and Blood, and the other sacramental forms employed, must be definitely approved and fixed. Otherwise there can be no common participation in the sacraments. But for the rest of these sacramental rites no uniformity is necessary. Much less do we need uniform rites in non-sacramental services. I advocate complete freedom. Let the various communities uniting follow each its own mind. And let English Church congregations receive permission to share the liberty of their less enslaved brethren.

## VIII

Frank wrote a lengthy article in *The Church Times* for August 20, 1920, on the Lambeth Conference and the meaning of the Appeal to Christendom. Its outstanding

merit for him was that it showed a Catholic spirit and was far removed from the traditional stiffness and self-complacency of Anglicanism.

For myself (he wrote), I am thankful for the Bishops' utterance. It has lifted us to a new level. We are bidden, in effect, to exorcise the spirit of sectarianism from all our communities, to lift up our eyes to the vision of the universal Church, and to humble ourselves at one another's feet. Whatever comes of the Appeal, even though it fall on deaf ears, the bishops have at least purged their own consciences in God's sight. Anglicanism as a model is dead.

He explained the ideal of unity in diversity contemplated by the Appeal.

The visibility of the one organism would be due to an undivided College of Bishops, Ortho<sup>d</sup>ox, Roman, Anglican, with bishops from the Presbyterian and Free Church communions. Each communion so represented in the undivided College of Bishops would remain an individual group within the one visible body. It would retain its own customs, methods, and ways of worship, as far as is compatible with life in a universal fellowship that professes one faith, possesses one episcopal ministry, and uses sacraments common to all. Between these groups there would be inter-communion and all such acts of mutual fellowship.

Rome, he maintained, had already set the example by her Uniate Churches, and no other solution was possible. He felt, however, the difficulties which would be raised by Anglo-Catholics, and wrote in a somewhat menacing fashion :

If Anglo-Catholics spend their time picking holes in the language of the Appeal, rather than in thanking God for what He has done for us, they will be, indeed, blind leaders of the blind. They will further betray a singular unconsciousness of the dangers from which they have been preserved.

## IX

Criticism, however, is not so easily stifled. Old-fashioned Churchmen brought up in the Tractarian tradition were scared by the new point of view ; and the Extremists, whom Father Knox calls ' Ultramarines,' disliked proposals which were more likely to lead to an increase of Protestants in the Church of England than to reunion with the Holy See.

Wise men hesitated over resolutions, skilfully drafted though they were, to safeguard the catholicity of the Church of England, for they knew that provisos and restrictions are apt to be disregarded by enthusiasts intent on accomplishing their object. They foresaw what a plentiful crop of misunderstandings would grow out of resolutions, which had been so framed that men of contrary views had voted for them.

Frank and the Bishop of Nassau were especially attacked, and they arranged a meeting during September with the Federation of Catholic Priests in the Church Room of St. Matthew's, Westminster. On the appointed evening the number, who had arrived long before the advertised hour, was such that Father Atlay hurried across to the Church House and secured the Great Hall. The Bishop of Nassau took the chair, and Frank defended the Appeal and Resolutions. His temper on this occasion was admirable, and he conciliated if he did not convince a hostile audience. He pleaded that the Appeal had come out of an atmosphere of penitence, and was the result of concentrating on the many faults of the Anglican Communion since it broke away from the Roman obedience. He found a difficulty in justifying the scheme, because his hearers had not shared his experience. ' We,' he said, ' speak out of one state of mind : you judge us out of another state of mind.'

Dr. Darwell Stone and Father Puller provided learning for the attack and Mr. N. P. Williams dialectical fireworks. Bishop Gore was judicious. He recognised the value of the Appeal, he recognised the skill with which certain pitfalls had been avoided, but he pointed

out the dangers of misunderstanding, and the difficulties which would inevitably arise during the period of transition. Frank made in reply a good debating speech, and his critics were reassured about his loyalty to their principles, but not converted to his policy for their application.

A few months later in collaboration with Dr. F. T. Woods, then Bishop of Peterborough now of Winchester, and Dr. Linton-Smith, the present Bishop of Hereford, he published a little book on *Lambeth and Reunion*, which ought to be better known. It is useless to speculate which of the three bishops wrote any particular chapter, because it seems to me obvious that one, probably the Bishop of Peterborough, got the book into shape and has made it a continuous whole. It is noteworthy that Frank's last two proposals for reunion, which occur in his *Central Africa* article but are not alluded to in the Appeal, are explained and insisted on.

The Bishops say :

We desire to go all lengths to recover a ministry which is not denominational, but truly Catholic ; a ministry, that is, linked to the Apostles in the past, recognised by the whole Christian people in the present, bearing the commission of the whole Church, and bringing to the service of the world the very fulness of ministerial power.

They expounded their system of 'group episcopates'—the group preserving its own customs and autonomous—the episcopal head being the link which connected it with other groups and also with the territorial bishops. The scheme is the only one that has yet been adumbrated which would allow separated communions to reunite with the Catholic Church without losing their identity, and their special gifts, and without repudiating their old traditions. It was a vision of unity in diversity, very clear to those who proposed it—so clear that they hoped it would be soon realised ; but it has had at present very little attention, for most men have been looking in other directions.

## X

The results were indeed a great disappointment to Frank. Directly it was over, as a constitutional bishop, he submitted the proposals to his sacred synod. He signified his hope that he would not be asked to promulgate the resolutions which permitted women to preach under certain restrictions, that he might be helped to define quite strictly the sense in which he was to interpret the resolution, which dealt with the attitude of the Church towards ministers of separated communions pending the time of reunion ; and he asked the synod to ignore the resolution, framed to meet difficulties which had arisen in uniting various denominations in Southern India. On this last point it should be remembered that the Lambeth resolution only gave a general approval to the Committee's tentative recommendations, and that it could have no bearing on Church life in Zanzibar.

But if Frank acted as a constitutional bishop, and if the Appeal began by saying ' we greatly desire that the office of a bishop should be everywhere exercised in a representative and constitutional manner,' very few bishops showed any intention of translating that desire into action. Most of them preferred to continue as irresponsible autocrats, to go their own way and make their own pronouncements without any reference to a synod or even to a diocesan conference. Two bishops proceeded to Sweden to take part in the consecration of a bishop, which was strictly in accord with the twenty-fifth resolution of the Conference ; but they went without any authorisation, and Frank protested in the Press against this hasty and irregular action. He had opposed the resolutions on the Swedish Church, but he would have stood by them, had they been carried out in a constitutional manner.

He wrote on behalf of himself, and the Bishops of Zululand and Corea :

Fundamental to the scheme are the resolutions pledging the bishops to act only through Provincial



Synods, to restore constitutional government within each diocese, and to act in all matters of reunion on lines that are in general harmony with the principles underlying the Conference's appeal and resolutions.

A year later, on intelligence reaching him of the Bishop of Manchester having invited Nonconformist ministers to preach, he withdrew from all connexion with the Lambeth Conference. In principle he was right, but I believe in fact he was wrong. He had been misinformed about what the Bishop of Manchester had done. He had, he wrote to the Archbishop, been prepared for the possibility that 'two or three eccentric bishops would run a wild policy of their own,' but it now seemed to him that the provinces of York and Canterbury were ignoring the restrictions and provisos which governed the scheme.

In Lambeth, we bishops were able to arrive at an agreement to do nothing in regard to reunion that could not win the approval of the Anglican bishops as a whole. We agreed to show Christendom a united policy, and we dreamed a dream of a reunited East and West. In view of that dream we pledged ourselves to consider one another's consciences.

Frank never quite understood the Church of England. In England, bishops and priests of all parties, never consider the consciences of their brethren. They adventure boldly, and pursue the policy they think right, and excuse themselves by reflecting that 'Truth is great and prevails.' Many accused Frank of being inconsistent, but he himself said: 'I do not withdraw a single word of what I said in the Lambeth Conference, or outside it, in defence of the scheme.' It was in truth his scheme and he believed in it; but he had deceived himself as to how it would work, because he had naturally a legal mind. He saw the scheme as a whole, and he had great belief in the value of precise words. He could fairly agree to certain propositions so long as they were governed by the general principles set forth in the Appeal, and so long as the resolutions were not interpreted to mean more than they actually said. He was not prepared for those



1920.

*Photo, by Elliott & Fry.*

facing p. 240.

who would pick and choose what they liked, and give the widest possible application to particular statements removed from their context. He did not understand that the scheme was not like an Act of Parliament to be interpreted by judges, but a collection of numbered resolutions offered for popular approval.

## XI

Frank withdrew, and many beside him would say that the Appeal had failed. Only in the East has it had any result, and there are those who discount this by saying, that Easterns have political reasons for being polite to the Church of England.

Eminent Free Churchmen have been willing to sit in conference with Anglican divines, but their various denominations have made it clear that they represent no one but themselves. Nonconformists as a whole have not understood the appeal and have no desire for unity. They argue : ' You recognise our ministry and admire the fruits of our system. By your own showing we are all right, and if so why should we change ? ' They were cradled in individualism and have no conception of a Church.

There have been conversations at Malines, where eminent liberal Catholics, wrongly distrusted by their own Church, have met eminent Anglo-Catholics wrongly distrusted by ours, and we have yet to learn that they have reached any basis of agreement.

Is there no hope, and was the vision at Lambeth only a mirage ? I think not : the Vision was real enough, but it was a vision for many days. The mistake was, that it was so clear to those who saw it, that Frank and others set to work to elaborate a scheme by which it might be realised. It was in itself a good scheme, but those who assented to it had not thought out all its implications, and those to whom it was sent had not yet seen the vision.

## CHAPTER XIII

### FORCED LABOUR

#### I

FRANK had always been a champion of Africans. He wished them to enjoy their own land, to retain their tribal organisation, and to develop along their own lines. He knew that such development must be slow, and he did not wish that Africans should be Europeanised or hurried.

As he came to know them better, he believed more and more in the potentialities of the race, and also in the racial differences between Bantus and Englishmen. He was under no illusions. He knew that the Bantus were as children compared to us, and perhaps he loved them the more in consequence. He believed that in time they would grow up, but he had no belief in a forcing process. He knew that, while they were children, they had to be taken care of ; and it was very necessary to watch lest an elder race should take advantage of their weakness and ignorance, and exploit them for its own profit. Children, and child races, should be the hope of the world.

The child races of Africa, he saw, were faced by two great perils—Islam, which is the foe to all progress, and Commercialism, which first corrupts and then destroys a primitive people. Frank feared Islam not a little, but he feared Commercialism more. Islam was the declared enemy of Christianity, but Commercialism was its more deadly foe. He feared lest Englishmen, in greedy haste to realise the resources of their empire, might end in depopulating a rich country where Englishmen could never make their homes. The future of Africa depended on Africans being a healthy and progressive race. How

was this to be secured? By Englishmen becoming the guardians of the people, and regarding the interests of Africans as a trust.

While Frank acknowledged the present inferiority of Bantus, he refused to acknowledge that that inferiority was inherent; and he believed that as the race progressed it would have a very special contribution to make to the world's welfare. At present, Africans needed protection from the outside world and from one another. They wanted justice and they wanted freedom in order that they might have scope for development. They did not want the patronage of sloppy sentimentalists, or to be civilised in accordance with the ideals of lower middle-class cranks.

From the time when he published his first *Open Letter* soon after arriving in Zanzibar, he was consistent in his outlook; but he became, as he learnt more of native ways and mentality, more precise about what should or should not be done.

Before he became Bishop I remember his sending home an angry and trenchant criticism of some resolutions about natives which had been passed in the Mashonaland synod. He wanted his article to be published in *The Pilot*, but the editor, being a man who only very occasionally committed indiscretions, asked that he might retain the MS. for his own information and guidance, and regretted that he could not print so inflammatory a document.

During the early years of his episcopate, Frank was chiefly working in a German colony; and, being there only on sufferance, was debarred from any political action. He hated the German methods, as we have seen; but he was able to mitigate the severity of their rule to some extent through his personal influence with the higher class officials.

After the War he looked forward to very different conditions. He had great faith in British commissioners and in the justice of British rule. He was very optimistic about the League of Nations, and hoped that all the talk about our disinterested trusteeship on behalf of backward races would be translated at once into administrative

action. In this he was bitterly disappointed—the more disappointed because his hopes had been so high. It seemed to him that *The Black Slaves of Prussia* had only changed masters, and were in danger of becoming *The Serfs of Great Britain*. The danger arose from the haphazard way in which our empire grows.

## II

England has never had a policy of imperial expansion, but Englishmen have been great empire builders since the days of the Elizabethan buccaneers and slave dealers. The empire has grown quite naturally through the unfettered enterprise of individuals, and its success is largely due to the fact that Englishmen have remained English wherever they settled. The young Englishman may go forth in search of sport or adventure, or he may be driven out to seek his fortune by dire economic necessity, but, whether he settles on the Equator or near the Pole, he carries England with him in his heart. He wants to live as much as possible as he did at home, he wants to play his national games, he wants to marry a woman of his own race, he wants to bring up a family true to the island tradition. On the other hand, he has the defects of his qualities. He is generally uninterested in the people among whom he dwells ; and is immune from their influence, because he has never taken the trouble to understand them.

The young Englishman is not cruel to natives or intentionally oppressive. He makes himself respected and respects himself. He is honourable in his dealings, and if called upon to administer justice is careful and impartial, though the native cannot always understand the mysterious principles on which he acts. He is hurt if anyone says that he is exploiting the native for his own profit, for it seems so clear to him that he is a pioneer, bringing to the black men the blessings of British civilisation. Does he not maintain peace and order, does he not open up the country and develop its resources ? Is not the native raised nearer to the English standard, when clothed and otherwise furnished with goods from

Birmingham and Manchester? Is it not a good thing to make 'the lazy nigger' work, and how could he learn better than under an English master?

Englishmen are very public-spirited and self-sacrificing in the development of a colony. It is by no means true to say that they only care for gain. They are there for the work's sake, to replenish the earth and subdue it, and to gain dominion over the forces of Nature. They see clearly enough where a road should be made, a bridge should be built, where land should be cleared and planted; but they do not see so clearly that, in places where Englishmen cannot labour or form permanent settlements, the future of the Black race should be their first and most important consideration. They are in such a hurry to get desirable things done and to secure the material profits from doing them, that they tend to neglect the human factor, and come to regard men as though they were merely instruments of production. They forget that, where the population is sparse, fresh projects can only be undertaken as the birth-rate rises; and, where the bulk of the population belongs to a backward race, progress and order can only be secured by conserving and developing social life. The ultimate prosperity of a land depends on the character and efficiency of the permanent population. So in 1924 Frank wrote in *The Empire Review* :

It is no good service to the Empire to sacrifice the health and social life of the Africans to a few thousand Englishmen who find landowning cheaper in Africa than in England, and less exhausting than in Canada or Australia. Settlers are needed in Africa, but in small numbers and of picked character. To open Africa to all comers irrespective of the needs of the rest of the Empire is to shorten the Empire's existence.

This is quite true—a truth which may be commended to the Colonial Office at home—but a Colonial government and local administrators quite rightly restrict themselves to their own job, and that is to make their particular country a success. Kenya Colony has not to consider the superior claims of Canada or Australia, but

what it considers to be best for its own interests. It may go wrong, however, by being too ambitious and in too great a hurry. It may attract capital when it cannot attract labour, and so involve itself in difficulties, and frustrate its own object.

After the War there were ambitious schemes for colonising East Africa. New settlers were brought out, especially ex-soldiers who had distinguished themselves in the War. They were offered free land if they had sufficient capital to start work. The land was boomed, and its possibilities magnified. The land was good enough and would richly repay cultivation ; but the settlers found that from many places there were no means of transporting their crops when grown, and that in more places there was not sufficient labour to make cultivation possible. In consequence the Government was faced by a crowd of young men, who had ventured their all and must be ruined unless roads and railways were speedily built, and unless labour was somehow or other procured. In such circumstances it is not surprising that the Government forgot all their fine talk of holding Africa in trusteeship for the native races, and tried to save Colonials from ruin by a policy of forced labour.

### III

In Zanzibar also there had been a shortage of labour, and, by a decree of 1917, any native under fifty could be compelled to do any work which the Labour Board might order, at wages fixed by the Labour Board. By another decree in 1919 only those natives were exempt from forced labour, who could prove that they had worked for sixty days for the Government during the year in which they were called up. A native who missed a single day's work between January 1 and March 2 was thereby at the mercy of the Government, and there was no decreed limit to his labour, because no one knew how long the clove harvest would take. Bad as all this was in principle and practice, there was at least the excuse that the labour was for the public service, and the system did not lead to labour cantonments or the break up of African homes.



In Tanganyika territory there was no trouble. Arch-deacon Hallett was able to report :

The Government is wholly sympathetic with the native and alive to the duty, as well as the advantage, of developing native industry and conducting the government in the interests of the governed. Of course, it is not an easy task. There are conflicting interests. Ever since the War, companies, syndicates, agencies of all kinds have arrived in the country, anticipating, I suppose, a large inrush of Europeans as soon as the War was ended. Many of them, individually and corporately, are very articulate and are constantly pressing the Government to go ahead and develop the Colony for—the African? It would take a very strong pair of spectacles to read that into their representations. The Government, very wisely, are going slowly . . . but they have already embarked upon one very important development, and that is a comprehensive scheme of education.

The same authority refused to say much of Kenya of which he had no first hand knowledge ; but it was common knowledge.

Both the Government and the settlers, many of whom have probably been brought too hurriedly into the country, are in a very difficult position.

By a Circular issued in October 1919, the Governor of Kenya expressed a hope that ' by the insistent advocacy of the Government's wishes ' an increasing supply of labour might be obtained. District officers were to ' exercise every possible lawful influence,' and their future depended on their persuasiveness. Native chiefs were directed to ' advise and encourage ' their people to work on plantations, and those not successful in doing this, were to be reported to the Governor.

Such a circular worked very unequally and led to terrible scandals. In consequence the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda with Dr. Arthur of Kikuyu issued a Memorandum in which they pointed out that to the native mind the wish of the Governor was not

distinguished from an order. They went on to say that 'they would favour some form of compulsion, at any rate for work of national importance.' A law would fall on all, and men would know where they were and what they had to do. 'Encouraged' labour was most unjust to some, and it was nobody's business to define how much it entailed or for how long.

A few months later the Bishops were taken at their word by the Native Authority Amendment Ordinance in which compulsory labour for sixty days was decreed for the maintenance and construction of roads and railways 'wherever situated in the Protectorate, and for other work of a public nature whether of a like kind to the foregoing or not.' But no attention was paid to the Bishops' protest, and 'encouraged' labour for private plantations continued.

The Ordinance gave rise to a debate in the House of Lords, and Lord Milner issued a despatch in which he repudiated *compulsion* for the benefit of private employers, because 'it was absolutely opposed to the traditional policy of His Majesty's Government.' He permitted, however, compulsion for public services; and overruled the Commissioner for the mandated territory of Tanganyika who had forbidden recruiting from Kenya to take place there. This was to bring the evils of 'encouraged' labour into Frank's diocese and affected his own flock. Frank in consequence wrote *The Serfs of Great Britain* and pointed out the evils involved in the scheme. The following is extracted from that pamphlet:

1. *Forced labour is immoral.*

(a) Ethically, forced labour except in war-time is indefensible.

A community may rightly be expected to preserve its *local* roads, etc., and to supply its officials with carriers for *local* journeys. In all other respects hunger is the only natural task-master. The call of service to the human race is always valid; but it does not summon a man to work for the enrichment of a small band of commercial foreigners.

(b) Again, the doctrine that Europeans are justified

on commercial grounds in making serfs of the Africans is in itself immoral.

(c) Even were it true that Africans are idle, the remedy must not be one that is in itself immoral. In fact the African is not idle. Some tribes use women for work far more than men, especially war-like tribes. But in many tribes the men work with the women. And the average African has a hard task to get food for himself and his family.

### 2. *It results in social ills.*

(a) Africans who are removed from their villages for long periods of time, and acquire the habit of absence from home, rarely keep their households together.

The wives must be left at home to look after the fields, and are often unfaithful. The men are responsible for concubinage and prostitution wherever they are made to reside for long periods, with the result that homes are broken, venereal diseases are spread broadcast, the birth-rate is lowered, and a new type of African is created.

(b) There can be nothing worse for the country than the multiplication of cases of natives who have cast off all natural ties, and live vicious lives in commercial centres, or on European farms. Such men become a source of danger to the community. The separation of Africans from their village life is fraught with the greatest danger to themselves and to the race. And young men who know that they must go away to work every year will give up marriage.

(c) The supply of labour will be largely decreased through the fall in the birth-rate. This is not a matter of speculation ; it is a fact of experience.

In East Africa a wise Government would conserve the already very small number of potential labourers. It would not sacrifice the future to the present.

### 3. *It involves cruelty.*

(a) The pressing of men always involves cruelty.

(b) The herding of men together, their medical inspections, their feeding, etc., etc., are very rarely

carried out in a way that is justifiable. The Government has not a staff adequate to the task ; few Europeans really care for the natives ; and the overseers are almost always callous and selfish. And always the lash is used freely in such circumstances.

(c) Medical Officers are too few to carry out the vague promises made in Lord Milner's Despatch.

(d) In the War, when we had a large staff and unlimited funds, the treatment of the Government porters was scandalous. How can we trust the Government now, when officials are few, and funds cut down to the lowest possible sum ?

Personally, speaking from practical experience, I maintain that the Government *cannot* carry out these proposals without cruelty to the individuals. The number of subordinate officials who will take proper care of Africans, knowing their language and sympathising with their needs, is far too few.

#### 4. *It depends upon Headmen.*

(a) Headmen, seeking to stand well with the Governor will certainly exercise 'pressure.' Even the Bishops who support the Government say of this : ' He must and will, to the limits of his power, compel his people to go out to work ; technically there is no compulsion ; practically, compulsion could hardly take a stronger form.'

(b) An African does not distinguish between the 'desire' and the 'order' of the Government. If he does not want to go he will try to hide himself and be taken by force, in order to listen to the Headman's 'encouragement.'

(c) Bribes by Europeans will be frequent, in spite of the mild penalty enacted in the case of anyone who, by some miracle, shall be convicted of giving presents to a Headman.

## IV

Frank came to England in 1920 to conduct a campaign against Forced Labour. He had an interview with Lord Milner and it was not a success. The great

imperialist statesman met the great missionary bishop, but they did not understand one another. Both were irritated. Lord Milner was naturally sympathetic with the crying needs of the colonists, but no one could accuse him of being indifferent to the fate of native races, or to England's honour. Frank was the natural champion of Africans, but he sympathised with the new settlers and reserved his blame for the Colonial authorities who had plunged into a hasty scheme for opening up the country without considering the supply of labour. Lord Milner was irritated by Frank's vehemence, and Frank was irritated by Lord Milner's insistence on the fact that the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda were in favour of compulsion. Next day, in writing to Arthur Cripps, he said :

I saw Milner yesterday. It is no good. And how the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda have played traitors ! It is too horrible for words, and few people get red-hot against it. I am heart-sick with the Christian institutions—though you find Christ riding on such asses ! My inner mind is to cut myself off from the British, and throw in my lot entirely with the Bantu—one can at least bear one's own witness—to British and Bantu. But I do not see my way quite clearly yet. Of course, it would mean resigning my See. Hitherto I have thought it possible to help my flock, just because I had a See, but if one cannot save them from serfdom by one's position, one may as well suffer with them as an individual.

There is more to the same effect, and a hope that the Labour Party might help. Frank was seeing red when he wrote that letter and he was just as hot when a few days later he told a friend :

For many years I have been fighting against those who seem to me to deny our Lord doctrinally, but, if it comes to bishops of the Church of England denying Him in matters of conduct, I am going to quit.

Frank's was a righteous anger, but the angry are rarely quite just. That the Bishops had given the adversaries

a handle by which to introduce compulsion was deplorable, but it should not be forgotten that their Memorandum was a courageous exposure of abuses, and that they only regarded compulsion as a lesser evil than 'encouraged' labour. However wrong they may have been in expressing themselves, they had at least brought the whole subject before the public, and Frank really recognised this. In *The Serfs of Great Britain* he had argued that Lord Milner had no right to claim the Bishops' support, so long as he ignored what they had said about abuses. Lord Milner had, in fact, not ignored their criticisms ; but both Frank and the Bishops regarded his safeguards as illusory.

## V

I am glad when I think of Frank's generous indignation, and I am not even ashamed of the unjust things which he said and wrote in the bitterness of his soul. I imagine that Bishop Willis freely forgives his fury, because it was occasioned by interests which they both had at heart. Hot-headed and fiery-hearted men must speak out if wrongs are to be understood : more temperate men are also needed if wrongs are to be righted. Without the necessary heat nothing will be done at all, and without the cool brain nothing will be done successfully. At this time it was lucky for Frank and for his cause that he became associated with Mr. Oldham.

Mr. Oldham was quite as much opposed to the Circulars, Ordinance, and Lord Milner's Despatch as Frank, but he saw that it was impossible to make a frontal attack upon compulsion, because of words which could be quoted from the Memorandum of the Bishops. He disapproved, as Frank did, of that Memorandum, but he fully recognised the spirit in which it had been written. He knew that the past could not be undone, and that the future would not be better, if those who were alike zealous for justice to Africans quarrelled among themselves. In consequence, he persuaded Frank to meet his brother Bishops at Edinburgh House to discuss what should be done, and how they might co-operate. Other representative missionaries were added : a committee was

formed and a new Memorandum was drawn up for presentation to the Government, criticising what had been done, and asking for a Royal Commission to investigate the conditions and supply of labour in East Africa.

Frank was hot-headed but he was not pig-headed. He would have preferred a frontal attack, but he was susceptible to reason. He was not a man to run his head against a wall if he could get over it ; and if ready to die in the last ditch, he preferred a victory.

## VI

The new Memorandum was a very weighty document, written in dignified language. It is less provocative than *The Serfs of Great Britain*, from which quotations have been given, but it develops most of the points made by Frank, and adds some further arguments which he had overlooked in his tract. For instance, in criticising 'encouraged' labour, it says :

The use of the machinery of Government for recruiting labour for private employers places Government officials in a difficult and unfair position. It involves them in a conflict of duties. They are made responsible at the same time for giving effect to the declared wish of the Administration that labour should be provided—of which they are continually reminded by settlers who are in desperate straits to obtain labour—and for guarding against abuses of that pressure, by which alone the desired labour can be obtained. Their identification with efforts to recruit labour must weaken, if not destroy, their position in the eyes of the natives as impartial referees, and disturb the relationship, so vital to successful government, in which the natives look up to the Commissioners as their counsellors and friends. The policy creates an even greater difficulty for the native chiefs and headmen, for whom it is scarcely possible to reconcile the instructions to guard against abuses with the insistent demand that labour must be forthcoming.

Again, in discussing Lord Cromer's dictum that compulsory labour is justified 'for indispensable and recognised purposes of public utility,' the Memorandum argues that the purposes 'should be recognised by those who perform the labour as being for the good of the community.'

African natives, whose sense of the community is limited to their tribe, cannot be expected to regard labour which has to be performed outside the tribal area as having any social utility or to understand how it contributes to the general good. The motive which makes forced labour tolerable is lacking, and compulsion for Government is apt to evoke the same feelings of resentment and bitterness as are created by compulsion for private purposes. Because compulsion, where the social benefit is not recognised or understood, may thus, through the exasperation of native feeling, undermine the foundations of Government, which are set in the welfare and contentment of the masses. . . .

Compulsion to labour for Government purposes at a distance and pressure to work on European estates, even with the best safeguards, are not easily reconciled with the healthy growth of village life, the fostering of native agriculture and industries, and a continuous policy of native education. Without a clear, resolute, and continuous policy on the part of Governments directed to the fostering of native life and institutions there is grave danger that the pressing needs of European farms and plantations, together with the requirements of Government, may make such demands on native labour as to lead to the destruction of village life. No greater calamity could overtake the native population. To allow it to take place would be the negation of everything that is implied in the conception of trusteeship. On the other hand, nothing would do more to create a prosperous and contented people, who even from the economic standpoint are the chief wealth of the country, than by a wise policy of education and fostering of native industries to make



the natives feel that they have a real economic advantage from the taxation to which they are liable, and from the presence of white men in the country.

## VII

It having been decided to ask for a Royal Commission, and the Memorandum, setting forth the reasons for it, having been drafted, the next business was to get it signed. Frank was once more very active, interviewing members of the House of Lords and Commons and travelling about the country. I am told that he secured many of the most influential signatures. Mr. Oldham writes :

I have many times looked back with pleasure to the weeks in which I was associated with him. His untiring energy, his passionate desire that justice should be done to his beloved natives, and his complete indifference to what happened to himself, when an issue of right or wrong was at stake, left an impression on me which will not fade. I came to love and admire and to know what a big noble nature his was. I do not think that he was ever altogether at ease about the line that was taken. He was afraid all the time that there might be too much caution and moderation and compromise. None the less he accepted the fact that no other course was possible and gave the plan his loyal support.

The Memorandum was signed by the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, Armagh, and the Primus of Scotland, by the Presbyterian Moderators in Scotland, and by the Chairmen or Presidents of the various Free Churches. Thirty-one Missionary Societies gave it an official approval. Nine Peers of Cabinet rank signed it, including Lord Bryce, Lord Cave, and Lord Haldane. Eleven Members of the House of Commons (five Conservatives, four Labour, and two Liberals) signed it, including J. H. Thomas, E. F. L. Wood (Lord Irwin), and the present Speaker. There were also thirty-two other signatures

of notables, from whom we may select such different people as Sir Joseph Maclay, the shipping magnate, W. L. Hichens, a captain of industry, George Parkin, of the Rhodes Trust, and Dr. Ernest Barker, of the University of London.

Frank had gone back to Africa before the Archbishop of Canterbury, on December 14, 1920, introduced the private deputation to Lord Milner, who was most sympathetic, so that it was hoped the Royal Commission would be appointed. However, he went out of office. Mr. Winston Churchill was of another mind. He called home the Governors of Kenya and Uganda and after consultation with them issued a new despatch on September 5, 1921. In it he decreed :

1. Able-bodied men may be required to work in the making or maintaining of any water-course or other work constructed or to be constructed or maintained for the benefit of the community to which such able-bodied men belong, provided that no person shall be ordered or required to work in this way for more than six days in any quarter.

2. Government Officials will in future take no part in recruiting labour for private employment.

3. The Native Authority Amendment Ordinance, 1920, is to remain on the Statute Book, but except for the paid porters for Government Officials it is not to be put into force without the sanction of the Secretary of State.

4. Works of a public nature for which compulsion might be asked should be defined in an amending Ordinance.

This despatch was satisfactory. Frank was pleased, but he knew that difficulties with regard to labour were bound to recur, and that for many a long day those who cared for African welfare would have to exercise vigilance. It is not so much man's wickedness that we have to be afraid of, as man's unconsidered action. Again, it is so easy to persuade men that something is expedient and so hard to persuade them that something, which is not expedient, is just. When difficulties occur, compulsion

is such a simple remedy, and so tempting; but experience teaches the unwisdom of doing evil that good may come.

## APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XIII

I HAVE in my possession an unpublished Article by Frank dealing with the needs of Africans, and I think this is the place to make some extracts.

*Tribal System.*—The chief duty of Great Britain is to provide for the healthy development of the African tribes. . . . European officials must see to it that the tribal rulers recognise how deeply the modern spirit has entered the souls of young Africans and make allowance for it. There must be development on African lines.

Again, Africans must be encouraged to spend their lives with or near their own tribes for several generations yet. A policy that leads Africans into distant provinces in search of work is most harmful, and so plantations ought not to be opened irrespective of local labour. It is unsound commercially. A moving population in tropical Africa means a decreasing birth-rate and a Europeanising of the African.

*Tribal Rites.*—Missionaries must not be assisted by Government in breaking down tribal rites. A great deal of harm has come upon us through the haste and inexperience of missionaries, not to say through their prudery and sloppy sentiment. Missionaries ought to be content to endure difficulties until they can induce the tribal elders to substitute good customs. Rites are one thing, customs quite another. To break down rites is to inflict deadly wounds on a people. Of course, Government may see fit to forbid this custom or that within a tribe, but the general policy of sweeping away tribal rites is bad. It leaves the Elders with no chance of bringing their young people into the tribal life properly, and makes for Europeanisation. Missionaries must lean upon God Whom they preach, and must trust God to do for Africa what He has done elsewhere. In fact, all Europeans out here are in too great a hurry to mend the world, with the result that they only increase the ruin.

*Education* is in danger of killing Africans, soul and body. I view with great alarm the movement for 'educating Africans as quickly as possible.' It is a false movement, it is untrue to history, and it is poisonous in its effects. Education is the right

of Africa. My own Mission is doing its part ; but education as preached at present will be Africa's curse.

What is the object of education ? It is the application of reason to our relationships with God, man, and the universe. Every man is born in certain relationships : he is related to God, his family, his tribe, his country, the human race, and the world of things. His education must keep him within those relationships, raising him and them to higher levels of reason. Obviously, then, before we can educate a man at all we must know something about him, and understand what it is that is to be enlightened by reason. Otherwise we shall take him out of his true relations to God, to men, and to the universe : we shall make him an outcast from his own people, without any hope of finding him a home elsewhere.

How, then, does education work in Africa ? First, we decide that European civilisation, with its morality, is the highest known scheme of relationships : it is God's gift to the human race. Next, we choose some teachers of this civilisation who know little of the African, his language, and his mind, and give them full authority over African boys and girls to teach them what in England is regarded as useful. In spite of all our failures with English children, we feel sure that we shall do Africa good. And the result ? In the result we have young Africans with no religion, no moral standard of their own, no readiness for hard work, and no respect for their tribal elders—with a small smattering of knowledge and perhaps some skill at a trade. The fact that they are ashamed of their own tribes, and very sensitive to European contempt, is also to be recorded.

It is to me amazing that a Government like ours can believe in its system of education in tropical Africa. Its members must know that with all its schools and industrial institutions it is doing nothing to illuminate the Africans' own relations to God, to man, and the universe. It is, on the contrary, training them to stand outside those relations. Nor can it establish them in any new relations. No doubt it may increase the number of chairs and tables made in Africa ; it may enlarge the area under the cultivation of cotton ; but it is not helping the African to develop healthily on his own natural lines.

*Hurry.*—Everywhere we are bidden ' to get a move on.' That is to say, we are told to make men move before they see any good reason for moving ; and to force them to a goal which they have not in any way realised as possible or desirable. Psychologically this is a crime ; politically it is a blunder ; and practically it will lead to disaster.

In as far as it has any effect, it pushes young men of an undesirable Europeanised type into prominence, and relegates the elders,

with their wisdom and common sense, into the background of life. In short, it spoils Africa, without presenting any compensating advantages beyond larger returns to commercial men.

*Justice.*—The Indian penal code and the methods of British law courts are beyond the Africans' present development. They need something far simpler and more paternal in most of their cases.

The African method of hearing a case is admirable. It allows each to state his case without interruption. The cross-examination permits of further statements, as opposed to short and sharp questions and answers. The African elders make a good jury, where a jury is required; and African penalties are, with occasional modification, not opposed to equity.

Is it impossible to direct our local judges to work out an African system and code? And would it be impossible for cases to be heard in an open court, without doors or walls; and to allow all men free access to the magistrate, without 'fees' to clerks and boys? And might we have judges and magistrates who really know a vernacular? Africans are not quite ready for the post of interpreters on any large scale; and interpreters require careful watching.

At present we are not educating the African in equity and justice: we are merely astonishing him by what he regards as our folly.

*Health.*—Hook-worm, yaws, and leprosy all clamour for speedy treatment; and the Governments are not doing their duty. Certainly in Tanganyika Territory the people are sadly neglected.

The proportion of persons afflicted with hook-worm to the general population is very large indeed; and it seems a pity to spend so much money on departmental staffs, railways, and education while the main body of the population is in the grip of disease. It would not be difficult to stamp out hook-worm if the Government and the planters would co-operate with the Missions. But in all discussions about hook-worm we must always bear in mind that labour camps are the chief fields of mischief. Planters in Tanganyika carry a very grave responsibility in this matter, and while some do their very best, the effort is not general enough to be effective.

Unless the Governments concerned act quickly the African peoples will be physically ruined. Even on the ground of commercial prosperity it would pay both State and planter to act quickly and vigorously.

*Drink.*—I dislike prohibition as much as I dislike all oppression, and I do not venture to outline a policy. All I would urge is that, if possible, no one should be allowed to sell drink of any kind to Africans. Those that require it should make it at home or be

given it by their friends. Much harm comes through drink-shops licensed by the State

The Tanganyika Government has done wonders by forbidding the use of *tembo*, the coconut tree's produce. It has still to enforce its law thoroughly. But more can yet be done. Home-made beer should be limited in quantities as far as possible. This is necessary, not only for the sake of sobriety, but because of a possible shortage of food : so much grain is used for beer.

It has often occurred to me that the prohibition of all such beers would be good if the State would brew, or appoint some company to brew, a good light beer of the Lager-beer type and sell it to all inhabitants of the countries. The very fact that Europeans and Africans both used it would be much in its favour in many African minds.

The plan is quite feasible in town areas and within a reasonable distance of each administrative centre, and it would finally become possible in the new district areas.

*Agriculture.*—The Government must encourage Africans to remain on the land—that is, it must work out a policy of small farms, with the reservation that the soil remains common property.

This is the crux. It is here that the foreign settler has done so much harm to Africa. While bent on making the African till his farm for him, he holds up to the African in his personal habits the false ideal of a man whose only work is making others work on his behalf. He rightly aims at leading Africans to be industrious : yet, in the nature of the case, he shows him that the higher a man 'rises' the less manual work he does. Thus the African who thinks aims at being an overseer, or better still, a clerk or a teacher : manual labour is for those who are uneducated. Small holdings, as an ideal, do not enter into the African's mind.

Moreover, the African cannot yet understand the fluctuating market. If he grows cotton, to please his district officer, he expects a fair return, and if the second year's price be lower than the first he loses heart at once, and throws the blame on the Government, just like an English farmer.

We have need of authorised buying-agents, of trustworthy character, working in harmony with the Government, who will command the people's confidence. Indians have done much harm in this direction by profiteering, as also some white men.

*Officials.*—It is most necessary that local officials, who have begun to win confidence, be allowed to return to their own districts after furlough and be given an opportunity to fulfil their schemes. . . . Of course, sometimes we are glad when they are moved, for there are officials whose sense of personal dignity and ill temper unfit them to win the confidence and command the respect of the

Africans. But the large majority of the District Officers is of a sort that meets the need. All that is required is continuity of personal influence—the one thing that counts in Africa.

All these notes appear to me to be interesting, and some of them call for criticism. The note on education should especially be pondered to-day, but I wish Frank had been more positive and outlined the sort of subjects which should be taught and the sort of people who should teach them. It is evident that he had not really thought out the problem of drink; for, although he disliked prohibition, all his suggestions to some extent involved it. I imagine that in a country like Africa it would be almost impossible to prevent the private brewing of beer, and there are very good reasons against creating a monopoly. Lastly, while Frank was probably right in desiring Africans to remain on the land, we may doubt the expediency of insisting on communal ownership. It could only work if the Africans were tied to the soil like the villeins under our own manorial system. This involves a serfdom against which Frank would have been the first to protest.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE LATER EPISCOPATE

#### I

FRANK believed that God had made of one blood all the nations of men, that our Lord had come to be the servant of all, had died for all, and had commissioned His disciples to serve and suffer gladly, that all might be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth. He could not understand a missionary who adopted the attitude of a master with benevolent intentions; the missionary, he thought, should only be eager to serve. He complained that so many were trying to be very kind to Africans, and he compared them with certain slum workers at home who mean to be very kind to the poor. For the Africans and the poor he resented this patronage; for him there was only one way of service—it was the way of the Incarnation—a man must make himself one with those whom he wished to serve.

In *The East and the West* (January 1918) Mr. Keable, who had worked for two years in Zanzibar, and left the Mission for Basutoland, criticised native priests. He dwelt on their weakness in wishing to be treated as though they were Europeans, their touchy pride and their inefficiency in dealing with their own people. He alluded also to certain moral lapses which were well known. All Frank's chivalry was enlisted in defence of his native clergy, many of whom he revered and admired. He wrote a crushing reply. It was his best controversial article, full of irony and self-restraint, and he clearly convicted his opponent of expecting from African priests a standard of life which, as an Englishman, he had never proposed for himself.

Frank's sensitive heart throbbed in union with the



African's sensitiveness. He felt the pathos of the black man's question: 'Can we ever become white?' It was not that the black man was dissatisfied with his colour, it was that the black man found how impossible it was to surmount the colour-bar. A flippant missionary once said at dinner: 'I hope we shall, at least, find that they have become brown in heaven,' and the Bishop grimly replied: 'If we ever get there.'

Frank hated such talk, for the Africans were his children and his friends. I remember his anger after a missionary meeting, at which the deputation had kept his audience in a state of merriment by telling one funny story after another about his converts. He said: 'How dare he turn his children into ridicule, when he has gone to them with the message that the Lord Christ died on their behalf.'

Englishmen go to Africa and force on the natives their manufactured articles and then laugh at the incongruity of the natives using them. Englishmen insist on their own standard of life, and then find the native adaptation of it irresistibly comic. It never occurs to the Englishman how ridiculous he would look if the parts were reversed, and he were called on to play the African.

To an Englishman one 'nigger' is just like another, he cannot tell them apart. He has a generalised conception of niggerdom, and one manner towards all the race. But the African cannot distinguish between white men—the fine flower of Eton and Oxford and the less polished product from a slum in Shoreditch are all to him white men; and he does not always judge of the race by its best exponents.

When race cleavage is so complete that distinctions cannot be recognised, it is difficult to see how the gulf can ever be bridged. Frank saw a way and was bold enough to follow it. He found it 'necessary to adopt as far as possible African ways in order to help his African priests to feel at home in his own house.' In 1919 he sent a circular letter to his staff, saying that in future he intended to live as much as possible with natives, and must not be expected to pay long visits to European Mission stations.

## II

Frank believed in the Catholic Church, and that the Catholic Church was the means provided by our Lord for the world's redemption and therefore for the redemption of the African race. But just because it is the Catholic Church, every race within it must express itself naturally, and not in the terms, or according to the manners, of aliens. He did not think that it was his business to drill Africans until they became comic imitations of Anglican churchmen; it was his business to help Africans to build up the Church on their own lines. A certain version of Christianity 'in a neat Oxford frame,' he used to say, 'is very suitable for suburban congregations at home; but Africans could only understand a version of their own, and would frame it in a fashion of their own contrivance.'

Full of these ideas, during the War, he began to concentrate on training an African clergy. Far from the days of Mazizini, with his garnered experience, he planned to train them on the mainland in African surroundings, where with their own families they could live their normal lives.

In the summer of 1917 he chose his site on a little hill not far from Msalabani, which is known as Hegongo, or the Hog's Back. Here, before the War, had been the Girls' School in a great stone house. The detached school-room was converted into the Chapel of St. Athanasius, while the rest of the buildings were adapted for a resident warden and lecture rooms. Then he built seven four-roomed houses for his students and their families. A year later he built a house for himself. One who has visited it since his death writes:

What a palace! Just a mud-built [it is really of sun-dried bricks], straw-thatched, humble-looking building. First we went into the room which must have been study, dining-room and every other kind of room, except bedroom, combined. There were his books as he left them. Opposite was the little bedroom almost bare except for a rough wooden bed, such as would be relegated to the backyard by most people. . . . Only one other room remained—his private chapel.

What a palace ! No ! it had no courtyard, and Frank, if he had not been so particular about words, would have called it a palace right enough. As it was, he was content to have neatly printed on his note-paper—' Bishop's Lodge, Muheza, Tanga ' ; and it is characteristic that his stationery would not have disgraced Lambeth or Fulham.

The whole work, except his own house, was completed in a month. Frank was on the spot and Frank was in a hurry : so his 200 labourers and one overseer worked with a will. As they finished to time, Frank gave them an ox and two sacks of rice, and he enjoyed the glorious fire, the great roasting, and the consequent feast. Next day the Bishop, in cope and mitre, dedicated the Chapel and blessed the houses with correct ceremonial and some ecclesiastical pomp ; but at the rear of the procession came the labourers carrying before them the entrails and tail of the ox—this also was ritual and had a meaning for the African mind.

The seven students at once settled in ; and Frank, shut off from much of his diocese by the War, for the first year acted as Warden. The character of his students and the course of their study we may learn from his article in *The East and the West*, when he replied to Mr. Keable :

I have just come in from a walk of seventeen miles with a man whom I am preparing for the priesthood. . . . My companion of to-day I met first in 1898 at our teachers' college at Zanzibar. He was then a very small boy of about fourteen. It was my privilege to teach him, preparing him to be a teacher and catechist. He left me about 1905, returning to his own people in the Muheza country. He is a great evangelist and an admirable outdoor preacher, and does wonders by speaking at night in the villages. It is no exaggeration to say that some hundreds have asked for teaching after attending the lantern services in their villages. The lantern we provide. The oil is bought by those who invite him to bring it to their village.

At the word 'lantern' I can see Mr. Keable's face alive with reproof ! 'There you are, a magic lantern ! What is there African about that ?' But he does not depend on the lantern. And he is in every way as African as can be. He has a normal African home ; he is famous for his power and skill as a tiller of the soil ; he has no knowledge of European ways except what he gained as a small schoolboy from waiting on his schoolmaster, and from meeting us continually. His household is African : his food is African : his ways are African. The only thing which you will find in his *menu* which is not African is coffee locally grown, or perhaps tea, if coffee fails him. He got to like coffee through the kindness of his native guards at Tabora, who handed over to the prisoners their rations of coffee that they did not themselves care to use. He eats the native food, cooked in the native way, out of the same dish with his friends. So much for his attitude to his brethren of Africa.

Now for his theological training. He has received from me during the last ten months or so instruction on these lines.

1. A simple summary of the Christian religion in the form of lectures on dogma. He is already a skilful catechist, and can make simple people grasp necessary truths.

2. A 'bird's-eye' view of the growth of the Old Testament with such general explanation of the Law and the Prophets as seems necessary to one with African problems to face and Old Testament lections to read in Church ; obviously we could not deal with all the books.

3. A 'bird's-eye' view of the New Testament with analyses of the Gospels and paraphrases of the Epistles, simple, yet full enough to make his own reading intelligible, and his grasp of the history of the Apostolic age firm. Then he knows briefly what, for example, *Romans* is about ; what *Ephesians* means by the Church ; and what St. James was trying to say of Christian morals. He has heard nothing about authorship, text, or disputed meanings, except in a

very few cases of real importance. And again, we could not teach all the books.

4. A 'bird's-eye' view of the history of the Church that shows him why we, the Romans and the Lutherans, exist side by side ; why C.M.S. and U.M.C.A. don't agree, and what Kikuyu sprang from. That is, he has a very simple notion of what the Church was meant to be and will become ; what the Papacy stands for ; what the Reformation accomplished ; and how the English Church became 'comprehensive.' He knows the danger of leaning on the State, even on its weakest native official ; the peril of worldliness in churchmen ; the trouble that always follows schism ; and the sins of ecclesiastics. If he follows the worldly path, it will be his own fault.

5. He has had from two kind padres some careful lectures on 'Grace and Sacraments' and some detailed teaching on St. John's Gospel.

6. He has had from me detailed instruction on how to say Mass, how to behave in the confessional, with clear directions about absolution, penance, satisfaction, and questions adapted to his own surroundings ; and also how to live as an African priest among his own people. When he is ordained he will say Mass at the College until he is competent to perform the Liturgy.

7. He has been taught how to make mental prayer, and has practised it half an hour a day for all these months.

8. He has been given an Office Book containing morning, mid-day, evening, and night Offices, with the Psalter duly arranged ; and he has taken his turn in reading them.

9. He knows how to conduct the usual devotions of Christians outside Mass and Offices ; for he has shared their performance. As soon as he is a priest, he will conduct the necessary devotions.

This man is one of seven I am at present preparing for the priesthood. They all live African lives. They have adopted coats, it is true ; they possess a shirt or two, and they like knickers under their long African robes as did the Semite Moses. They also buy

Lipton's cheapest tea when it is at peace prices, and a little sugar. Their 'library lamp' is usually a hurricane lamp and their oil American. They eat what other natives eat, as other natives eat. Two of them have had a small experience of European ways at table now and again. The others have none at all.

So Frank trained Africans to be priests to Africans, and before he died the native clergy outnumbered the European missionaries.

### III

But if Frank was zealous in the work of providing an African ministry, he was equally keen that they should worship in African churches, built by Africans themselves on their own plan. In 1922 he reviewed his diocese with some satisfaction in *Central Africa* :

In the Ruvuma district I visited and ministered Sacraments in nineteen churches. Of these one is stone, Masasi. The rest are all mud and stick, eighteen in all. And the Mission helped to build only *three of these* . . . fifteen were built by Africans without any help from England. Of these several are very big indeed. In one, on Ash Wednesday, 300 people seemed to me to take up so little room as at first to disappoint me. . . . In Zigualand . . . Canon Limo has a church of sun-dried bricks. I allowed him a little money for cement work, and some second-hand corrugated iron : for the rest, the teachers and priests bought many sheets of iron for the roof, the people themselves making some 50,000 bricks and contributing to the cost of laying the same. I also helped a little with the wages of the bricklayers. In Zigualand Archdeaconry there are many small village churches all built by the people. The stone churches are Korogwe and the small chapel of Kwa Sigi. In the Shambala hills all the churches are of mud and stick. It is only in the Magila district that we have departed from this rule, and that for good reason. Msalabani, Misozwe, and Mkuzi have stone churches, built in the first days, as they have stone

houses. Africans in any case disapprove of a house of better material than the church. We have several mud churches built by the people. We have two churches in sun-dried brick, with stone pillars, partly built by the children of All Hallows, Gospel Oak, and partly by the local Christians' free labour; and we are building two churches on the same lines out of the Harrison Memorial Fund. . . . When Africans build for themselves without European supervision they build wide churches and the centre part is left empty. One of the most damaging influences of European missionaries upon African social customs is our habit of bringing the men and women near together, and insisting on women pressing close to the men on their way to the altar. I long for the day when our Sunday parochial Masses will be said at nave altars set against the north and south wall, so that men and women can sit well apart and the women go straight forward to communion without approaching the men.

In the same year he spoke of the development of corporate life in the African Church.

The village school is the centre of unity. There is a teacher who works in with two or more elected elders. These men are responsible for the local church, with the padre of the district. They are attached to a central church, which has its own council of elders, to whom all real difficulties can be referred. These elders are responsible for co-operating with the padre in settling cases of discipline, in maintaining the Christian standard, in keeping an eye on the building of schools and teachers' houses, and in collecting money for church expenses. From the local central church chosen representatives go to the Bishop's council in each archdeaconry. This council deals with the African expenses of the Church, pays the salaries of clergy and teachers, and advises the Bishop on all matters he may submit to it. It is responsible for trying to collect free-will offerings from the various churches in its area, and no money may be paid without its authority. . . .

These councils now exist everywhere in the diocese. Progress is slow ; but we have gained several important points. For example, Zigualand has realised the ideal of self-support. Korogwe gives me 500 rupees a year for the general fund, and has built for itself necessary accommodation for converts coming in from a distance for instruction, in addition to paying its own church expenses and sending help to poorer churches. Canon Limo's district gives me a tithe of its crops for the diocese. In other places the elders have tried planting crops to be sold for the Church. On all sides there are signs that the people, while almost without cash, are beginning to recognise the duty of doing what they can to help their church. All this is to the good : and we have no right to despair of self-support what time the country becomes flourishing. In any case self-support is before the people's minds, and we have an organisation ready to our hands. This is no small gain. . . .

Many people rarely see money these days : Indians buy their produce for cloth as much as possible ; and offerings to the church made in kind are very difficult to deal with. The elders are not at all willing to be responsible for an assortment of food-stuffs brought in on Sundays : it is difficult to store them, sometimes impossible ; and to sell them when food is plentiful is bad business. . . .

Another hindrance lies in the inability of church elders to keep accounts. They require help. And, on European stations, the danger is that they may be relieved of some of their responsibilities in order to save time and trouble. They are supposed themselves to keep the accounts, though a secretary does the writing for them ; and no money should be paid out, even for wine and wafers, without their authority.

So an autonomous Christian Church was being built up in Tanganyika Territory by slow degrees ; but one thing remained to be done. Long before, as we have seen, Bishop Hine had contemplated removing the training college for teachers from Kiungani to the mainland,



and on this Frank finally determined. He wanted the boys in the future not to be taken away from their natural surroundings and brought into contact with the life of a great city like Zanzibar, but to be brought up in the neighbourhood of those with whom they were to live and whom they were to serve. Kiungani in future was to be the high school for Zanzibar boys, but the teachers' college was to be in the country at Minaki,<sup>1</sup> some seventeen miles inland from Dar-es-Salaam. This change was only effected after his death, for there were many delays. In the last speech which he made in England, he said :

We have the site, but we cannot get any further, because first the Indian contractors want to build a place far more expensive than we intend to build, and in the second place the last Indian who went to examine the spot, with the view to making up a contract, was driven away by lions, and the lions are at present in possession.

#### IV

Some day there may be African Bishops of Masasi, Magila, and Korogwe, but for that the time has not come. As things were, Frank wanted to be a real father and not merely the alien ruler of his black children. In Zanzibar, Tanga, and Dar-es-Salaam he was first of all the European, but at Hegongo he lived among Africans as if he were one of them. His successor writes :

His home at Hegongo, so far as an African Bishop can be said to have a home, was a wonderful place—wonderful to us Europeans, and still more so to the Africans, who had never before found a European so accessible, and one who understood them so thoroughly and sympathetically. Within those walls at Hegongo there was no barrier between African and European such as is so often the case, even where aims and intentions are of the very best. It was all a beautiful

<sup>1</sup> The site chosen has not, however, proved a success. Though central in position, and therefore comparatively easy of access for both Yaos and Bondeis, Minaki is not really the home of either, while the coast influence of Dar-es-Salaam is said to be as bad as that of Zanzibar.

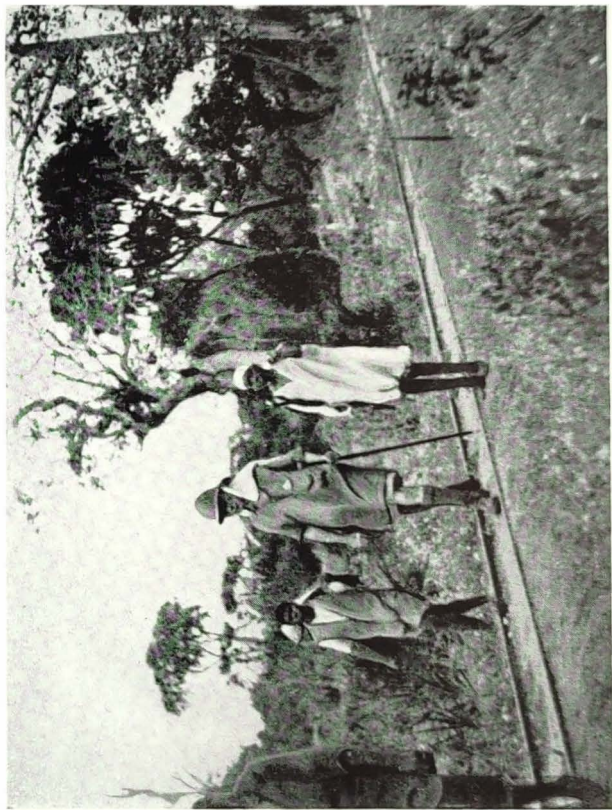
simple relationship of a father and his children . . . there he made himself to be as Bishop a real father to his African priests whom he had ordained ; there he proved himself a generous friend to every African—Christian, Mohammedan, or Pagan—who had a mind to get to him through its ever open door, and always found him, tired and worn out as he often was, ready to listen with a patience and simplicity which were a marvel to us all.

It was at Hegongo that he kept a cat named 'Simba' who followed him about, even into church, and would sit on his shoulders while he heard confessions. In the Middle Ages such a cat would have been regarded as his familiar spirit, and might have brought him to the stake ; but Africans have their own superstitions and do not share ours.

Throughout his episcopate he was getting more and more into personal touch with the people. Before the War he had intended to have a great mission in the Magila district, and had planned to send out his teachers to collect all the people together, hoping to arouse the lapsed and the indifferent by great services, sermons, and mass enthusiasm. After the War he preferred to go out himself into the little villages, and night after night he would preach to little groups of heathen and Christians in the open air, and deal with slackers and Christians under censure face to face.

He no longer restricted himself to serious cases of discipline reserved by parish priests for an episcopal decision. These cases, especially when on tour, still took up much of his time and tired him terribly. He was also ready to adjust domestic differences, where he could not speak with authority, and in which he could not always hope to be successful. A padre writes :

I remember a man and his wife who could not agree as to which of them had the duty of providing clothes for the children. They agreed to differ and the children went naked. These were two wild, shy little boys who did not go to school. They had reached an age when they were ashamed to appear in public.



ON THE ROAD TO MASASI,

facing p. 272.

The Bishop spent hours in bringing the parents to an agreement. He then went away, and I am afraid the agreement was not kept, for the last time I saw the children they still had no clothing.

He was very anxious about personal religion, and very afraid of his converts restricting themselves to a formal round of duties. He wrote to a priest in 1921:

Among our many weaknesses are (1) our inability to get time for young children, and (2) the amount of corporate acts of religion we have, perforce, to lay upon our people. Africans have gifts of prayer: more than we sometimes allow for. But we do nothing at all, that I can see, to develop them from the earliest days; and we fail to allow for the unspeakable influence upon their prayer of the atmosphere in which they have to live. Of course, I began my African life with isolated Africans, students for Orders and boys at Kiungani. I had the individuals away from the real atmosphere. And therefore I started with a brighter hope for Africans than many newcomers are able to keep alive. Some of my African friends know a great deal about prayer . . . but they are special cases. Two things the African lacks: (1) a steadfast will, proof against shocks, and (2) a power of detachment from his environment. But I've known these lacks supplied. . . . I have seen enough of African prayer-life to make me sure that, while *en masse* they appear very much content with attendance at corporate acts of worship, they 'have their thoughts' and can develop a very deep prayer-life.

It was this prayer-life which was so very precious to himself. It was this desire for prayer, meditation, and self-discipline which made him again and again wonder if he might not resign his See and live a simple life in an African fellowship. I have already quoted a letter which he wrote to me some time before the Lambeth Conference, and another which he wrote to Fr. Cripps in the midst of the struggle over Forced Labour. Here is a third, written to Canon Travers, the secretary at Dartmouth Street.

To me it sometimes seems quite clear that *the true*

path for me is to throw in my lot with Africa, and plunge into African conditions, bearing my witness to White and Black. But it seems at other times that I can serve my Africans better by holding my present office, and there is also my family here to consider. Yet our Lord did not lay much emphasis on ruling, did He ?

Again, Gore is quite clear that I must leave the diocese if I leave off ruling it. Here I do not agree : I don't think he understands the diocese, or my mind, quite. But it is conceivable that I am meant to do something *as* Bishop : and perhaps what I've already begun to do may prove to be the right beginning that will lead to the right goal. Only I get more and more sure that the normal life of ecclesiastical institutions is not the Christ life : and, feeling so sure, I can't avoid the further feeling that I ought to act clearly and show my faith in works ! Anyone can rule a diocese—at least many can—and many could do it more efficiently than I can : and twenty-one years have passed since I began to be active in Africa. But there are very few who are sufficiently attracted to, and at home with, Africans to feel a drawing to throw in one's lot with them.

## V

For nearly a year Frank remained at Hegongo, except for brief visits to Zanzibar and other places. Then, in 1918, came his visit to Kikuyu. A warden was appointed at the college, and from then onwards Frank only taught the students from time to time. His work of itinerating had begun once more. It was good for his health, for he had no love of exercise, and though he sometimes worked in his shamba with sickle or hoe, he more often sat indoors dealing with the difficulties of his many visitors. He never took a walk for its own sake, and when, rarely, he permitted himself some recreation he read novels.

In *Central Africa* he published a diary of a walk through Ziguiland and another of a visitation in the Ruvuma country ; but they are only moderately interesting, as Frank hated writing about himself and was very careful about what concerned others.

Miss D. Y. Mills revisited Africa after twenty years and travelled with the Bishop from Lindi to Masasi in 1922, and from her notes I extract what follows.

The first stage of the journey is by boat—a three hours' row up the river. The boatmen intended to start at 5 P.M., but the Bishop ordered them to be ready by 2 P.M. The men were much annoyed, and sullen, scowling faces greeted us when we set out. But one by one the scowls vanished, the faces brightened, and in a quarter of an hour they were smiling, singing, or chattering to the Bishop. How it all happened I don't know. He did it, and it was a transformation scene.

The next stage of the journey was by trolley, and the Bishop sat in a chair at the back among the men and the luggage. It was just after the rains, and the forest was beautiful with young greens and many flowers, and we had glorious glimpses between the trees of blue hills in the distance. But we went slowly enough, and then a thunderstorm came on and drenched the long grass which had overgrown the road. Suddenly the trolley stopped. There was something wrong with the wheel. Various appliances were used, and there was much talking and hammering, but all of no avail. The Bishop sat quite still reading his papers. Half an hour passed, the day was drawing in : and, as we were camping out, our tents had to be pitched by sundown. Then the Bishop stood up, and, cheering up the hot and tired men, took a hand himself. Finally, putting his shoulder to the wheel in the most literal way, there was a grunt and a squeak and then we were off again once more.

We pitched our tents in an open, sandy space between palm trees and mangoes, and dined in the open by the light of a young moon. Then the Bishop wished us good-night, saying, 'Breakfast will be at 5 and we shall start at 5.30.' I did not think much of it, knowing the dilatory ways of porters, and was still in bed when the Bishop called, 'Are you ready, for we want to pack your tent?' One does not wear

many clothes in Africa, and on a journey there is very little water to wash in, so I was soon dressed and found breakfast ready. All the tents but mine were packed, and the porters sat in a long row in front of their burdens while the bearers were waiting with the carrying chairs for Sister — and myself. We were about ten minutes over our meal, but there was no hurry. Then the Bishop stood up and gave the word. Immediately, every man shouldered his burden and strode off singing. The Bishop showed me his watch. It was exactly 5.30. The precision, quiet, and order of it all was marvellous.

After another tour in July 1922, Frank wrote to the Bishop of Hereford :

I've just done a tour of my diocese—eighteen months—I've walked 1,000 miles since December 15—not in a purple cassock like His Amplitude of —, the dear man, but in khaki shorts, with a red shirt hanging down outside them—truly episcopal—in the somewhat late *sub*-apostolic manner ! In the same six months I have had private or at least official interviews with over 700 persons, taken two retreats, and generally reconstructed a district spoiled by the War. Now we are, I hope, reconstructed as a diocese—but I'm very tired and feel several years older than when we met. Here, where I live, I'm near my Theological College, and when I'm not out on tour I am teaching moral theology to ordinands. We hope to make twelve deacons this year and four priests in February. I ordained three priests in May. Now you see the sort of job I have—I've also a charming Arab staying with me, who has now been six months a catechumen ; and at Pentecost we baptised a Moslem teacher from Zanzibar. So we are getting on !

In 1923 and 1924 Archdeacon Mackay went more than one long journey with him. Here is an extract from his notes.

We had in 1923 a long tramp to Misozwe and Kizara, and on to Korogwe from there. It was very wet and we got soaked. After a night at Misozwe

and another near Kizara, we spent one night at Kizara and the next at a small village at the bottom of the mountains. Frank said that I must go to bed, but he himself went out to talk to the local chief and did not return until 11 P.M., when he began saying his offices. None the less we were up at 5 and had a tremendous walk to Korogwe, arriving there at about 6 P.M. Frank had then to give an address, and next morning he had a big Confirmation before High Mass. He must often have had his big functions when he was terribly tired.

In 1924 he went a long prospecting tour from Masasi to Lumesule and thence to the borders of Nyasaland Diocese. He met with very heavy rains and came back in rags. His boots had given way, and he had had to take to old slippers, with the result that his feet were badly blistered. After resting for a few days he started again round the Masasi Archdeaconry, returning to take a retreat and ordination. Shortly afterwards he had a bad attack of influenza, and looked very ill when he reached Zanzibar during Holy Week, but he managed to get on to Tanga for Easter Day, and then returned to Hegongo, having promised his doctor in Zanzibar to take a month's holiday. He really enjoyed his rest, reading again most of Robert Louis Stevenson and making acquaintance with Conrad's novels—they fascinated him.

During these later journeys he loved to stay with African clergy and teachers. He stayed in their houses, ate their food, in African fashion, with his fingers out of a common dish. Each teacher's house has a little office or study attached to it, where he slept. He made himself at home in their families and found that he could adapt himself to their ways. Frank had become an African in Africa.

## VI

Many men who have lived long in the wilds with natives have deteriorated. This is not the fault of the natives, but their own. They have come to think that nothing matters, they have ceased to respect themselves, they miss the pressure of public opinion which had once



kept them decent. No such ill-results followed from Frank's association with Africans. It was just because he was unselfish and very sensitive that he observed the manners of his native hosts just as punctiliously as he conformed to the manners of an English drawing-room. He was, you may say, a thorough conventionalist. You are right, but I should prefer to say he was a gentleman. After all, eccentricity in clothes, food, manners, and talk is a sign of self-assertiveness, or at least shows indifference to the feelings of others. Frank was always thinking of others rather than himself, and that is why he could become an African to Africans and remain a European among his own people. He never became in the least decivilised, and when he died the Administrative Officer at Tanga wrote :

I think the Bishop, to all laymen like myself who knew him fairly well, was the very impersonation of our race, at the highest to which it can attain.

## CHAPTER XV

### RITES, CEREMONIES AND BELIEFS

#### I

BEFORE Frank went to Africa in 1898, he wrote on the flyleaf of my Bible :

Priests are called to be points of contact between God and the suffering world. Their hands stretched out to heal with soothing touch men's feverish souls, their hearts consecrated to be havens of refuge for the weary and fainting, must alike be pierced. If we can at best reproduce the Crucifix in miniature, let us at least be correct in the details.

Again and again has been noted Frank's insistence on our having fellowship in Christ's sufferings ; and this insistence on details is also characteristic. He was always a tidy man. Hegongo might be destitute of luxury, but everything was in its place. He hated disorder of any sort, and disorder can only be avoided by method and an attention to details. As worship is man's highest act, so it should be rendered with most care. Frank was a born ritualist and he took an unflagging interest in ceremonial. He was not particularly interested in its origin or history, he desired that it should be appropriate, dignified and at times splendid.

In 1903 he wrote to me while on a visit to the mainland :

Easter Day ! But not a nice Easter—For why ?

The paten was only the size of a big host, and I had to get forty-two wafers cut in half on to it ! That

nearly did for me. Then the chalice was far too small and I had to consecrate a second time—and our Mission is rich in chalices ! I did not mind a red vestment, no Easter hymn, no incense—I ain't a Protestant ceremonialist !—but I do bar unnecessary irreverence !

I do not know what he meant by a Protestant ceremonialist, but Frank, when he was home, was certainly no stickler for any particular use. He was ready to celebrate in churches of many types, and was scrupulous in conforming to their respective usages. One of his staff who travelled with him to Africa in 1920 tells me that there were several C.M.S. missionaries on board the ship. When Sunday came round they proposed that there should be two services, but Frank would not hear of it. He celebrated himself and in such a way that the most prejudiced C.M.S. clergyman was not shocked. He preached at the official service and attended the C.M.S. prayer meetings. Before the ship reached Mombasa, he and the C.M.S. missionaries were friends.

He could always get on with devout evangelicals, for he was so essentially evangelical himself. He looked forward to the time when the boundaries of his diocese and Mombasa should be rectified, and always maintained that he could quite easily manage the C.M.S. missionaries without disturbing or distressing them. On the Articles of the Faith he was as adamant, he was intolerant if you like ; but he had a sense of proportion. He was also ardent in defence of his own opinions, but he was long-suffering with those who differed from him, though sometimes puzzled by their not seeing what to him was obvious. In 1922 he wrote to the present Bishop of Hereford :

No ! We don't see eye to eye, but I believe we both look at the same Master and mean to follow Him. The odd thing is, He seems to expect loyalty from each of us to some different conception of His Will. At that we must leave it.

## II

The hard and simple life of self-denial was for him an ideal ; and he agreed with the sixteenth century reformers in the stress they laid on fasting ; but he had the sense to see how the conditions of life have changed in England, and how different they have always been in Africa. After his first Synod he issued directions both for Europeans and Africans, with maximum and minimum rules, about fasting. They were based on the Book of Common Prayer, but contained very liberal dispensations for Europeans. These rules, however, did not satisfy him. He wanted Europeans and Africans to share, as far as possible, a common religious life. He wanted also his rules to be obeyed, and not to be like those of the reformers, everywhere disregarded. In consequence he issued new directions, making few demands but requiring them to be observed. In 1919 he wrote to his mother :

We are trying to keep Lent this year by Fridays of prayer and fasting. We have ten fast days a year, with fasting from midnight to 3 p.m. and public praying—which if a man keep he is dispensed from the hundred and something days of the Church of England. We keep seven Fridays in Lent and three Wednesday Ember days outside Lent. So far they have approved themselves. I allow one drink during the fast, so it be not alcoholic, in case people can't get on without a cup of tea. I am keeping the fast as I write. It is odd how difficult it is to keep one's head clear on an empty stomach. However, we have at length reached the fasting which Europeans and Africans can do in common—which is great ! No man is forbidden to fast all Lent, except Europeans—rather, they are told that it is a good sacrifice to make : but I confess I am not keen on the forty days fast as Africans keep it—total fast till evening—for it is just the Moslem fast and they will make up for it at night unless carefully watched.

## III

Frank was not musical ; but he was keenly alive to the importance of music as an aid to worship. In 1906 he wrote to me :

Magila music is that of the tenth century : the setting to which the British Museum religion is performed in Dearmer-like churches. The small boys sing it : persons of years endure it : Father J. lives for it. Korogwe clings fast to Anglicans : or what they remember of Fr. K.'s Anglicans ; but he will soon be back to remind them of the truth. Bishop Hine (who wants everything to be quite African) is pledged to J.'s tenth century religion.

I smiled when I read this, and Bishop Hine may smile also, for Frank came round to his opinion. One of the last things he did was to write a preface to a music book containing a simple and easy form of a plainsong Mass printed in tonic sol fa notation. This he commended to all his priests and urged that it should be adopted as the common use of the diocese.

He tried very hard to learn the parts he had to sing. He had a MS. music book which he carried about on his travels. When he had also for a companion a musical priest, he would practise in camp at night, and the musical priest assures me that it was a sufficient protection against wild beasts. None the less, by unceasing efforts he managed to master his parts, although until the end he had his good and bad days, and continued to envy 'the knaves with tenor voices' and an aptitude for song.

## IV

Soon after becoming Bishop, Frank constituted a committee for a revision of the Swahili Hymn Book, in which introits and antiphons for special days were authorised. One of these antiphons, which had been in the book since the days of Bishop Richardson, seemed only to be consistent with the doctrine of the Immaculate

Conception. To it certain members of the staff objected, and Frank promised that it should be suppressed ; but he was constantly on journeys, while the printing-press remained stationary at Zanzibar. Through some misunderstanding, or more probably through his forgetfulness, the antiphon appeared, and Frank had a most unpleasant correspondence with a member of his staff.

Frank had a great devotion to our Lady, and both believed and taught that she was free from actual sin. Whether he believed also in the Immaculate Conception I cannot say, but he would certainly have claimed the right to hold the doctrine as a pious opinion. I remember that he was studying the subject during his first furlough and drawing up arguments for and against. He had not then arrived at a conclusion ; but from the way in which the arguments were drafted, I had little doubt what the conclusion was likely to be.

The long history of the controversy from the days of St. Bernard meant very little to Frank. He had not the historic sense and was very little interested in origins or development. He accepted the Catholic Faith as a coherent body of belief, he verified its value in experience, and it seemed to him that it covered and interpreted the facts of life. So, in examining a new doctrine, he had only to investigate its congruity with what he already believed ; was it in line with, and did it fit in with, the system he had accepted ? Coherence and congruity are very valuable tests of truth, too much neglected by many Anglican theologians ; but the history of how beliefs have originated and developed is also important, and it is necessary to confirm one's own experience by the wider experience of the Church. Otherwise a man is in danger of accepting facts for which there is no evidence, and of constructing a system of theology which is closed against new knowledge and cannot be brought into relation with new ways of thinking. It is from the divorce in the Church of Rome between theology and history that Modernism has arisen. Men claimed, as theologians, that they could have faith in facts which, as historians, they did not believe to have happened. Frank was fierce enough against Modernism, and he was fully aware of

the value of facts ; but he was naturally an abstract thinker : he had too great faith in logic, and perhaps too great an appreciation of the highly articulated system of Latin theology.

## V

It will be remembered that in the early days at Mazizini he had introduced Benediction into the Students' chapel, but had abandoned it on going to Kiungani because he was not sure about its theological justification. He of course retained the tabernacle and encouraged everyone to visit it.

But theologians at home whom he respected, like Dr. Gore and Professor Scott Holland, did not agree with him, and it was because of the controversy in England that he wrote *God with Us*.

The book was composed during the War, and, like all Frank's books, was written in a great hurry. It is not easy to read, and there is much in it at which a critic might cavil. On the other hand, it would be sufficient in itself to establish Frank's right to be regarded as an original thinker. Moreover it is not merely a defence, or a controversial pamphlet, but it is a constructive essay in theology, worthy of study by those who are not immediately concerned with devotions before the tabernacle.

The book is a study of the extension of the Incarnation, and Frank begins by distinguishing between the Christ Who is within us by the power of His Spirit uniting us with God, and the Christ without us on the throne of His Glory Who calls us to progress and is the object of our adoration. He insists on the necessity of maintaining the balance of these contrasted conceptions of His Presence. The Blessed Sacrament is where they meet. There we receive Christ within us, there we worship Christ above us, there through the Spirit we offer the Sacrifice of Christ to the Father, and there we realise the corporate significance of our faith through communion with all other members of Christ's mystical Body, the Church. This is possible because God became man and His manhood was sacrificed on our behalf. In His humanity, His Body and Blood, our

manhood is redeemed, the Church is constituted, and we can attain to God. But His humanity is not ubiquitous as Luther taught. It is in heaven at God's right hand, but He wills to make that Presence known to us in the Blessed Sacrament. It is the place where we who are limited to places can meet with God. But is this Presence only focused for us at the moment of communion, so that we may think of the consecration of the elements as conditional on our reception of them? This, Frank argues, is to destroy the balance of our thought about the Christ within us and without, and would lead to a purely subjective religion. The devout communicant, conscious of the grace that he has received, comes to the tabernacle that he may give thanks to the Giver, and our Lord from the throne of His Glory still condescends to be with men in the Sacrament. He disposed very easily of a theory which he ascribed to Bishop Gore; and which I, for my part, do not believe the Bishop holds. He showed equally clearly that he was in no danger of the many pitfalls pointed out by Professor Scott Holland. That Professor, however, could have replied: 'Yours is no real answer to my objections. I do not accuse you of the errors which I foresee may arise from the practices you commend. I am thinking of the misconceptions of ill-instructed people, and I know that in the past such misconceptions have arisen.' I do not know what answer Frank could have made to this, for he himself insisted on balanced thought, and unreservedly condemned the worship of the Sacrament, and the language of people who spoke of taking the Lord out of the church. Perhaps there was little or no difference between the theology of Frank and his distinguished opponents, only they were more conscious than he was of dangers which all would wish to avoid.

In 1916 he and his diocese agreed that, in view of the controversy at home, they should exercise for a time a self-denying ordinance and not introduce Benediction. A year later he saw his way to license 'Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament as opposed to Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament.'

It was not until 1919, when there was a chance of an



East African Province, that he concluded it would be better to license Benediction before that province was formed lest provincial action should for ever debar it. He, however, expressly forbade the devotion in any church without a licence in his own handwriting, and the licence detailed the occasions when it might take place, and forbade any hymns or devotions except those addressed to the Lord Himself.

First, it may be noted that Frank was quite unimpressed by those who argued that the Devotion was a novelty and purely Roman. He answered : ' Some new things may be good, and we owe many good things to the Roman Church.'

Secondly, it must be remembered that in his *Defence of the English Catholic*, 1923, he admitted that the introduction of Benediction into a Church demanded caution, though he added : ' In my own diocese we are accustomed to it. We do not find it dangerous, because our people are, on the whole, regular at Mass and Communion, and really believe in God.'

## VI

If Frank believed in the reality of our Lord's Presence in the Eucharist, he believed also in the manifestation of Christ through the members of His Body, and had a lively faith in the Communion of Saints. He could not understand the exclusiveness of some Anglicans who would restrict that communion to those living on the earth. For Frank the other world was as real as, perhaps more real than, this. For him heaven was no far away place above the bright blue sky, but this world was everywhere interpenetrated by spirit, and the holy souls were not far away. In communion with our Lord, he believed that he was also in communion with just men made perfect ; and he asked for the prayers of saints as he asked for the prayers of his friends. He asked for the prayers of the saints with more confidence, for they were nearer to the throne of God and in more perfect conformity with the Will of our Lord. He was scandalised when the late Bishop of St. Albans inhibited a

clergyman because he invoked saints, and, as we have seen, this act was one of the three reasons why he wrote his *Open Letter* asking, 'What does the *Ecclesia Anglicana* stand for?'

At the same time he was not unaware of past abuses in the cultus of Saints, but he thought they could be guarded against and would not recur. So he wrote in *God with Us* :

The wisest course for a missionary bishop is to steer clear of the evident pitfalls revealed in the past. He will teach his people, and lead them to practise just as much devotion to the saints as they can combine with a living sense of Christ indwelling the mystical Body, the Church. And he will forbid, and by all means prevent, such devotion as lays stress upon the personalities of the saints as against the dominant indwelling of the Christ within His holy ones.

This by itself is unsatisfactory, because we can only be inspired to love and confidence by personalities, and it is the distinction in their personalities which renders one saint or the other sympathetic to our needs, and therefore our natural advocate with God. But in his next paragraph Frank makes his meaning clearer when he speaks of the danger arising from individualism :

The individualist too often neglects Christ in the saints. Sometimes he forgets the saints altogether, and sometimes he exalts them, in his own interest, to the dishonour of Christ. Either way he is his own centre, worshipping the person who best serves his own advantage.

Frank would have nothing to do with invocation of the saints for the purpose of satisfying some temporal wish or avoiding some special danger. Saints are dishonoured when they are treated as genii or mascots. They are powerful intercessors because of their own victories over sin and their union with the Saviour, and they are helpful to Christian pilgrims because each of them in some unique way reflects or interprets the Jesus of the Gospels.

## VII

He was no doubt at one with the Western Church as to the lawfulness of images, but he did not care for the Crib at Christmas, perhaps for the reason stated by Papini—that it does not bring home to children the poverty of our Lord's estate. He did not favour the introduction of images into the churches, for he knew what an obstacle they were to the conversion of Mohammedans in Zanzibar. He knew also that images were used in the witchcraft of the mainland ; and perhaps he objected to them the more, because they represented beings of a European type, and were therefore unsuitable for an African Church.

He was never tired of reminding Europeans that they would have called the Syrian Christ a coloured man ; but he was not going to create a colour bar in the African's approach to Jesus. He was never anxious, like some silly people at home, to prove how Catholic he was. He was only intent through the Catholic Faith and Catholic Ordinances to win souls for the Lord. It was just because he so loved our Lord, and had such a solicitude for souls that he cared for each detail by which God's name might be hallowed, and men might be edified.

## VIII

He was distressed by the lack of uniformity in saying Mass, and this was the less excusable because there were no doctrinal differences in the diocese. Some freely farced the Liturgy in the Prayer Book, some omitted or substituted prayers. Some claimed the authority of the Western use, some quoted the dicta of the Alcuin Club, but all did what was right in their own eyes. Frank saw but one way out of the confusion and that was by introducing the use of Zanzibar. Such a use, having the authority of the Synod, would be obligatory upon all.

He wanted a ritual and ceremonial which could be taught and carefully explained to African ordinands. He wanted a Liturgy which should be one and the same

in every part of the diocese, so that he could shift priests easily from one place to another as necessity required, without disturbing congregations. He believed in the *jus liturgicum* of bishops.

While in Zanzibar during the War, he worked hard at his new Swahili Liturgy and Prayer Book ; and in 1917 he summoned his available clergy to Msalabani to discuss the result. Just before the meeting he wrote to his mother :

The clergy and I are not quite of one mind about the new Mass I want for the Africans, and for the abolition of the many ways of saying Mass which English priests bring out with them. Add to this the Archbishop is a little anxious ! However, if the clergy assemble this week we shall talk it all over. Some of them feel, quite naturally, that it is a big order for one bishop to adapt other liturgies and make one new one, and people at home have driven this into their heads. They all fail to see that, as they say Mass, they adapt two liturgies at least every day, one of which they say most quietly. Hardly anyone in the English Church says the Prayer Book only : they nearly all add some *private prayers*, and our school of thought take those prayers from other liturgies. All I have done is to print an adaptation of Prayer Book and older liturgies, very simple and easy, all to be said aloud, with no private additions by this man or that, and with ceremonies the same for everyone. It would be a priceless boon ! However, it may have to wait till I persuade some more bishops to join with me ; but in any case I hope to get one uniform use for us all—no difference between priest and priest.

The rest of the Prayer Book I've finished. It's revised according to our local needs : it is very nice indeed. Some day I'll get it out in English, but not yet.

When the clergy met, they were converted at once to his views of uniformity, but they did not approve of what he called 'My Mass.' He then submitted to their choice (a) his Mass, (b) the Book of Common Prayer,

(c) the 1549 Mass, (d) the Latin Mass translated, or (e) one of these Masses, altered and added to in accordance with African needs, by a liturgical committee chosen for the purpose. Whichever was selected was to be said without alterations or additions and was to be formally sanctioned and authorised by the Synod.

The clergy decided for the last of his suggestions and the committee got to work at once, so that some eighteen months later he was able to write to me :

Our new prayer book, into which much labour has gone, you will not be able to read ! (Poor dear, not to know the Bantu's babble !) The new Mass is in every way satisfying ; and it is an immeasurable gain to have the whole diocese endeavouring to observe the same rubrics ! It is 1549 adapted, with Rome supplying the priest's prayers : much as I suppose a ' Catholic ' in 1549 said the new service (tho' I spex he was called a papist or some such nasty term). The rest of the book is, I think, all right : tho' there is more Rome in it than Convocation (including your reverence) would approve.

On this Liturgy I cannot express an opinion, being still unacquainted with ' the Bantu's babble,' but I am told that it is very simple and straightforward, and very congregational. All of it is to be said aloud, and all who assist are required to take their part, even to the saying of the *Our Father* in the Canon.

It was accepted by the Synod, and the one place where it met with any opposition was in the Cathedral Church of Zanzibar. Therefore, before the change took place, Frank called the congregation together and explained the new service. A good many questions were asked, and some were inclined to heckle their Bishop, but Frank took it all in good part. Then, taking advantage of the Bishop's patience, one ex-teacher became rude and offensive. Frank immediately closed the meeting and walked out of the room. The priest-in-charge hastened after him full of apologies, but Frank only smiled, saying : ' Don't bother, I know Carlo. I taught him at Kiungani. It was the best thing that could have

happened. Now you will see that the congregation will ask me to introduce my changes at once'; and they did.

IX

Frank may or may not have been a liturgical scholar, but he had a liturgical sense and was neither an antiquarian nor a pedant. He neither wished to approximate as near as possible to the Western use, nor to revive the use which was in England before the Reformation. He was not prejudiced against the book of 1662, nor did he consider it incomparable. All he wanted to do was to provide his Africans, and the African Church of the future, with a prayer book that should be Catholic and at the same time adapted to the needs and comprehension of those who should use it. For the disputes about ritual that take place in England he had something that was nearly approaching to contempt. He thought no care was wasted that would ensure the proper and reverent rendering of the simplest ceremony. He hated what was slovenly and was irritated by confusion. In his own diocese he wanted an ordered uniformity, and he deprecated all chatter about what was, or was not, Catholic. In his last speech in England in 1923, he said :

[Some, I think, hang back [from joining the Mission] because they have a sort of idea that Zanzibar diocese is rather like (shall we say ?) the Society of SS. Peter and Paul's shop, or the Art and Book Company's shop. Ladies and gentlemen, Zanzibar diocese is more innocent of ecclesiastical talk than any place on the face of the earth. We have got a standard measure by which we measure priests who come into the diocese. We expect them to be Catholic-minded in the general sense of the word. They must be absolutely ready to carry out the instructions of the Bishop in Synod. We have our own ordered way of praying in Church ; but if you want 'Spikery,' don't come to Zanzibar. We are so much up against fundamentals that we have no time for silly talk. I want priests to

understand that Zanzibar diocese is quite human and quite healthy. I can guarantee that they will have a large amount of intellectual freedom within the limits of the Catholic Faith ; and if they are prepared quite loyally to conform with the Synod, and the Liturgy as given in Synod, and to sacrifice little personal opinions on the comparative value of the ceremonies of the old Sarum rite, and the ceremonies of the Western rite, and the ceremonies of the British Museum rite, I can guarantee them a really happy time.

## APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XV

Perhaps it would be most interesting to English readers to know about the simple services and daily round in little mud churches on the mainland, but it is just what is customary that no one describes. On the other hand, Miss D. Y. Mills has described a baptism at Korogwe and a midnight Mass at Masasi, while Archdeacon Swainson has given us full particulars about an Ordination.

### A BAPTISM AT KOROGWE, 1921

The baptisms were at 4.30. By 4 o'clock the men's side of the church was packed with grown men and youths—there is no boarding school. The women were arriving slowly, very many of them with babies on their backs and some with a small toddler clinging to their garments, all of them slipping into their places in orderly rows till their side also was fairly full.

The font, like a huge tank at the west end, was open and filled with water : on either side were ranged the candidates—fifteen women and thirty-three men, a dark mass clothed in dark garments, with a look of expectation on their faces.

The Bishop stood facing the altar with Padre Maddocks and the two African priests, Padres Arthur Mbezi and Benjamin Mwelondo, the cross-bearer and servers.

One by one, in perfect silence and with perfect reverence the candidates came forward with their witnesses, passed down the steps on the north side into the deep water and, kneeling down, plunged three times under it, received their new names and the sign of their redemption, and going up the steps on the opposite side passed through the south door to change their garments.

The voice of the Bishop, plainly audible as again and again he repeated the saving words, was the only sound that broke the great silence.

When the last candidate had been 'plunged' neath the saving tide,' the Bishop and his attendants moved to a small white-draped table half-way up the aisle and paused facing the west side. Then the white-robed throng poured in and stood in rows before him, while Padre Maddocks lighted the tapers from a candle on the table and passed them to the Bishop, who handed them one by one to the candidates, saying these words to each as they came forward to take them : 'Receive this candle as a symbol of the grace of your baptism : hold fast the commandments of God, that, when the Lord shall come, you will be accepted by Him and with all His saints enter His everlasting Kingdom.'

The church was getting dark, and as each candidate took his little torch, slowly, slowly the lights grew in number till the whole of the west end was lighted up. The beautiful symbolism of this part of the ceremony was very striking. Sparks from the Light of Life Who came to be a Light to lighten the Gentiles, may they each be a light shining through the darkness to lead others to that Light.

So the great ceremony came to an end, and the long white-robed procession, singing the hymn 'Glory be to Jesus' (one they all knew by heart), walked up the aisle and for the first time took their places among their Christian brothers and sisters.

The next morning they were all confirmed by the Bishop before the High Mass at which they were present.

#### A MIDNIGHT MASS AT MASASI ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1921

It was a pitch-dark night, and the rough road, awful hill and bridges were terrifying to me ! But with the help of three lanterns, a long pole and a friendly arm this appalling walk was safely accomplished and then—the whole of the lower part of the church was in darkness, but the high altar, snow-white in a very plain frontal, touched with gold, gleamed mystically among its many lights ; and each group of worshippers, as they stole noiselessly in, brought with them a hurricane lamp, till presently the floor was starred with light. I never in my life before saw so many hurricane lamps ! Then the long procession with lights and banners, singing hymn 56 *A. & M.*, wound slowly, slowly round the church, filling it with light and colour and the sweet fragrance of incense. Then the stately service began, sung throughout without any accompaniment.

There are some very sweet voices among the boys, and one man



had a beautiful bass like a great bell. I am no judge of music, but it seemed to me that there was a freedom and a ring in the singing which was very uplifting.

Mingling with the worship, the singing and the prayers, surging on one's memory came the thoughts of all that had gone before. The brilliant hopes, the disastrous failures, the heroic efforts and achievements, the lives given and the lives laid down for Him Whose Birthday we were gathered to celebrate, Who inspired it all and still inspires, Emmanuel, God with us. We know that though we are still a little flock in the midst of heathen darkness, it is the Father's good pleasure to give us the Kingdom.

#### AN ORDINATION AT MASASI, 1924

Sunday, March 23, was the Ordination day. The Bishop sang Pontifical High Mass from his throne. Archdeacon Mackay and Padre Kolumba were deacons of the throne; Archdeacon Lewin was assistant priest; Padre Obed, deacon; and Padre Silwano, sub-deacon, with Reader Petro Hamisi as M.C. The church was absolutely packed when the service started at 7.45. The Sacred Ministers were taken in procession to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where they met the Bishop and escorted him to his throne, which had been placed in the chancel on the north side of the high altar. The other priests had taken up their position on the south side. As soon as the Bishop was seated, the five psalms of preparation for Holy Communion were recited, during which the Bishop was vested in tunic, dalmatic and chasuble, and all the other garments which are required for such a ceremony. The vesting finished, the Bishop preached, explaining in quite simple language to the people the meaning of vocation to the Sacred Ministry. The service then proceeded as usual to the Epistle, after which Yusuf Machinga was presented by the Archdeacon of Ruvuma. After the usual questions he received the laying on of hands, a N.T. and a chalice, and was clothed in a cloth of gold dalmatic. At the singing of the *Veni Creator* all the priests had formed a semicircle round the Bishop, and as each deacon was ordained priest, each priest came forward in order of seniority and joined in the laying on of hands. The new priests received a Bible, a chalice and paten, and each was clothed in a chasuble. Just before the laying on of hands, so that all might see, the Bishop ordered those in the front to sit down, those in the middle to kneel, and those at the back to stand. After their ordination the two new priests, Padre Isaya Mpelumbe and Padre Harry Dennis, said the Canon of the Mass together with the Bishop. There were about 120 communicants.

After the Blessing the Bishop returned to his throne, and the newly ordained were brought before him to take the canonical oath of obedience, and to do obeisance to him by kissing his ring. This over, the unvesting of the Bishop took place during the saying of the Office of Thanksgiving, each vestment being placed on the high altar. Finally the Bishop was escorted back to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and the great service was over. It had lasted exactly two and a half hours. The servers were quite wonderful, and did their parts as though they were used to an ordination every Sunday. After the ordinations the new priests were kept busy for quite a considerable time giving their blessing to the people.

CHAPTER XVI  
THE SECOND ANGLO-CATHOLIC CONGRESS

I

IN January 1923 Frank received an invitation to act as chairman at the second Anglo-Catholic Congress, and wrote the following characteristic reply :

10/1/23.

My dear Wilson,

Your cable has just come. I read it to mean that you will have one and the same chairman for all sessions of the Congress. There I think you are wise. To choose me for the job is not what I call wisdom. But the decision rests with two of my priests who are fairly near at hand ; they will answer me to-morrow. Frankly, it is very difficult, because half the staff is going on furlough : but it is even more awkward as it means shifting an ordination. But I feel that the Congress has a claim on us all, and a claim that is not to be set aside unless other claims cannot be met in any way at all. So we'll leave it at that till the morning.

January 11th. Douglas and Palmer say that on the whole they think I ought to go. It remains to consult my Vicar General, and he is up in the hills. A runner is just off to him. So we wait perhaps thirty-six hours for his reply. He is concerned, for all my responsibility falls on him when I go.

Saturday, January 13th. Archdeacon Mackay says 'go.' So I am now cabling to say I will come and take the chair—a mighty long way !

More anon.

Yours affectionately,

He left Africa in the middle of May, and on arriving in England devoted himself at once to the work of preparation. I quote from *The Green Quarterly* of January 1925.

There was no doubt that he was at the helm. From the first he assumed these responsibilities almost unconsciously. He had exactly those qualities which make for leadership, an immense strength of resolution, fearlessness, a magnetic influence, a clear head, a mind for detail, and yet all the charm of an entirely spontaneous humility. One thinks of him, for example, on one of those stifling afternoons preceding the Congress, surrounded in the Congress office by a number of journalists who were seeking copy for their respective papers. A few of their questions were perhaps a little irritating, and some of them unnecessary, and, in any case, the combined interview was an ordeal, especially in that trying atmosphere. But the abiding impression of the incident is the Bishop's courtesy, his good humour, his willingness to answer every question which was put to him, whatever its nature. None who came in contact with him failed to realise that beneath his firmness of character and perfect self-composure, there were those tremendous depths of spiritual humility and grace. 'I may not kiss your ring, my lord,' said a Roman Catholic priest to him, as he rose to go, 'but there is one thing I should like far more to do : I should like to kiss the hem of your garment.'

Before the Congress took place he addressed a long letter to the Members urging them by prayer, repentance and communion to prepare for the meetings, and reminding them of the object such a Congress had in view. The following extracts reveal his mind.

We are to come together to listen to papers teaching us about our Lord, and to discover what it is our Lord desires us to do that His Kingdom may be more firmly and widely established, and our own souls more truly sanctified. We must not say 'Sirs, let us show you Jesus' : but 'Lord Jesus, show us Thyself.'

Secondly, it is necessary to bear in mind that, if God means to use our Congress, we must allow Him to dominate it. It is no sort of good trying to impose our methods on Him. We must be ready to accept His. Otherwise our Movement will cease to move onwards, we shall just drop out of the advance with Christ. . . .

Again, if we would prepare aright to be guided by God the Holy Spirit, we must put away all party spirit. It has taken us many years to escape from the spirit of party that is characteristic of British religion. We now stand for the Catholic Faith common to East and West. We are not concerned with the shibboleths of low Church, high Church, broad Church, liberal, modernist, or even the new 'non-party' party. We stand or fall with Christ's Church, catholic and apostolic. And we wait patiently till the Holy Father and the Orthodox Patriarchs recognise us as of their own stock. We are not a party : we are those in the Anglican Communion who refuse to be limited by party rules and party creeds. Our appeal is to the Catholic Creed, to Catholic worship and to Catholic practice. . . .

What we need is a large-hearted readiness to work with others for the common cause. Uniformity within the unity of the Church is not essential to Catholicism : in fact, it dates as an ideal from an age that was concerned to overcome schism by schismatic methods.

At the same time we Anglo-Catholics have need to stiffen our backs, lest, with an eye to an easy victory, we bow our heads in modern houses of Rimmon. We must not sacrifice Catholic truth to success. Nor must we lean on their patronage and sympathy who in their hearts are opposed to our ultimate aim. We are definitely called by God to end party spirit in the Anglican Communion and to lead British Christians to love the Catholic Church. We shall never do this by compromise of the truth ; brotherly charity does not require the betrayal of principle.

## II

Sixteen thousand tickets were sold for the Congress, and something like two-thirds of that number managed to be present in the Albert Hall at once. There were overflow meetings at the Kensington Town Hall and special meetings at the Queen's Hall intended primarily for young people. The weather was terribly hot, the atmosphere in the Albert Hall was at times stifling, but the enthusiasm never flagged.

The Congress opened on July 8 with the Mass of the Holy Ghost in St. Paul's Cathedral. There were many bishops in copes and mitres and an Eastern Patriarch with his diamond crown. The space beneath the dome was filled with robed priests, and the huge congregation filled every corner of the building. The precentor and two minor canons officiated, and the Bishop of Willesden pronounced the absolution and the benediction. The music was by Palestrina, and the Book of Common Prayer was used throughout without omissions. To some Anglo-Catholics the service was a revelation of what was possible in strict obedience to the Church of England.

The Bishop of London came to the opening session in the Albert Hall and delivered his presidential address. Afterwards Frank was in the chair at every session, except on one evening when he presided at the Queen's Hall.

A journalist remarked that he seemed at once to hold the vast audience in the hollow of his hand. He had but to rise and there was silence ; he could check applause by a movement ; when he smiled everybody laughed, when he prayed there was a tense hush. On the second morning he conducted a short meditation, standing before the crucifix. It was very simple, but it focused men's thoughts on the subjects of the papers. He pictured Jesus in His manhood and on the Cross, he called to mind the precious Blood of Jesus, and Jesus in His people, hurt by us to-day.

Another journalist remarked on how naturally Catholic formulæ came from his lips. Living out of England in

a diocese where all were of one mind, he had become accustomed to such language. Other speakers at the Congress used it also ; but they conveyed the impression of uttering party shibboleths, as if in defiance of Mr. Kensit and his myrmidons outside.

But what surprised many was his readiness, his tact and his humour. When the Bishop of London privately expressed disapproval of two hymns in the Congress book which were in honour of our Lady, Frank appealed to his audience not to ask for them. 'Let us who reverence our Lady Mary remember that she is the Queen of courtesy, and out of courtesy to our President let us deny ourselves the joy of singing these hymns.' In proposing a message of homage to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he concluded : 'You owe him more than you think. He is not bound to like the looks of you ; but he helps.' He introduced Bishop Gore as 'Our Prophet,' and no description could have been briefer and more apt. Bishop Gore has done more than anyone in our time to reveal the moral implications of dogma, and has been consistent in his witness to the Sovereignty of God and His unchanging laws of love and righteousness. But if Frank could characterise a bishop in a phrase, he knew also how to compliment lesser folk. At the Queen's Hall he told the audience that their singing was better than in the Albert Hall, 'but this,' he added, 'is due to the fact that we have here the choristers of All Saints, Margaret Street'—and the twenty little boys on whom he smiled blushed delightfully.

### III

The papers and speeches at the Congress were grouped under these headings : *God above us ; God with us ; God in us.* Some of them were learned, most of them were forcible, and the committee who selected speakers had made few mistakes. At the end, on Thursday evening, Frank spoke about what should be the outcome of such a presentment of the Faith.

First he called on his hearers to contemplate the Christ of Bethlehem, and said :

I want you to listen to Him as He leaps from the Father's throne across the gulf which separates Creator from creation, across the gulf which separates holiness from sin : to listen to Him as He leaps the gulf and appears in human form amongst us men : and listen to Him as He says to you, ' By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one for another.' . . . See if it be not the case that some of us are called by our Lord to take a leap, after the manner of His, a leap which will carry us out of that state in which we were born, or which we have made for ourselves, into a new kind of state, a state of life in which we can build up the fellowship of man with man in Christ. . . . We cannot simply sweep away all the social customs in which we have been born and bred—and God forbid that we should try. We cannot pretend to an equality of culture, of taste, of temperament, that in no case can be seen to exist ; but if God leaped a gulf for you, you can leap gulfs for God.

Secondly, he spoke of the Christ of Calvary, the naked Christ who was obedient unto death, and reminded Anglo-Catholics that if they were following the ancient path, they must yet beware. ' The path is Catholic, but do not boast about your path ! Fix your eyes upon Him, Who goes before you, Jesus, the naked Christ.' Is not He the condemnation of all luxury, self-pleasing and self-indulgence ?

He reminded priests that ' priesthood . . . implies a strictness and a sternness in the following of Christ that is sometimes sadly to seek.' He turned on the young men and asked them about their vocations. ' What would you sacrifice for the naked Christ ? ' He turned to parents and asked them, ' Can you give to Jesus some of the joy that He has given to you ? Dedicate your children.'

So he passed to the obedience of the Cross, and showed how the spirit of discipline was absent from the Church to-day.

Ideally, we move in an atmosphere of self-sacrificing obedience. Ideally, as I set out to go to the altar of



God, I step out in definite obedience to offer the sacrifice of Christ's obedience. I ask you, in the ordinary English parish church how much obedience is there ?

He asked the laity about their duties. Did they make their confessions ? Did they fast ?

There is, he said, a sort of air of softness—yet He calls you. What does it matter if you get a headache when you are representing Calvary before the Father ? Do you want to feel especially well and buoyant as you come from the contemplation of Christ on Calvary ? Brethren, you know you don't !

Thirdly, he spoke of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, and the necessity, as it seemed to him, of bringing home His presence, by emphasising devotion to Christ in the tabernacle. It seemed to him that 'the one thing England needs to learn is that Christ is in and amid matter, God in flesh, God in sacrament.' He went on :

But I say to you, and I say it with all the earnestness that I have, if you are prepared to fight for the right of adoring Jesus in His Blessed Sacrament, then, when you come out from before your tabernacles, you must walk with Christ, mystically present in you, through the streets of this country, and find the same Christ in the peoples of your cities and villages. You cannot claim to worship Jesus in the tabernacle if you do not pity Jesus in the slum. . . . It is folly, it is madness, to suppose that you can worship Jesus in the Sacrament and Jesus on the throne of glory, when you are sweating Him in the bodies and souls of His children. . . . You have your Mass, you have your altars, you have begun to get your tabernacles. Now go out into the highways and hedges, and look for Jesus in the ragged and the naked, in the oppressed and the sweated, in those who have lost hope, and in those who are struggling to make good. Look for Jesus in them ; and, when you have found Him, gird yourself with His towel of fellowship and wash His feet in the person of His brethren.

## IV

The speech was listened to with rapt attention. His splendid voice rang out through the great hall. There was a note of yearning in its tones, you could not escape from his insistent passion, his passionate love of God, his consuming pity for the sons of men. A great wave of emotion flooded the assembly, men were moved in spite of minor disagreements ; respectable dignitaries, afraid of compromising themselves, were swept away by the common enthusiasm. It was not only what he said, it was his character and its reality which dominated the crowd. He at least had the right to say such things and to make such an appeal. He had himself leaped the gulf which separated Europeans from Africans ; he had forsaken all to follow his Master. There was no doubt that he had found Jesus in the Sacrament of His Love, and there was no doubt that he had served Jesus in the persons of the poor and despised. Professor C. H. Turner, looking back upon that evening, said, after Frank's death, at a meeting in Hertford College Hall : ' I think the Bishop of Zanzibar was the greatest man I ever met : I know that he was the greatest orator I ever heard.'

## V

That is the note I should like to end on, but history forbids my doing so. The Congress had been a great success. The Faith had been expounded by first-rate scholars. The audience had been attentive and appreciative. Religion had been uplifted for a moment out of party ruts and ecclesiastical disputations. That is how it appeared to those who were present.

But how did it appear to the British public ? What did they know of it and its results ? As they opened their papers and scanned the headlines, what met their eyes ? *The Anglo-Catholic Congress sends a message to the Pope. The Bishop of Zanzibar tells the ritualistic clergy to fight for their tabernacles.* And then every pen was dipped in gall, and an acrid controversy ensued. Who was responsible for this but Frank himself ?

He desired peace so fervently, and was a man of war.

The '*Fight for your tabernacles*' slogan came of course from the speech epitomised above. The word *tabernacle* was itself a challenge, a provocation, and it set even Anglo-Catholics at variance.

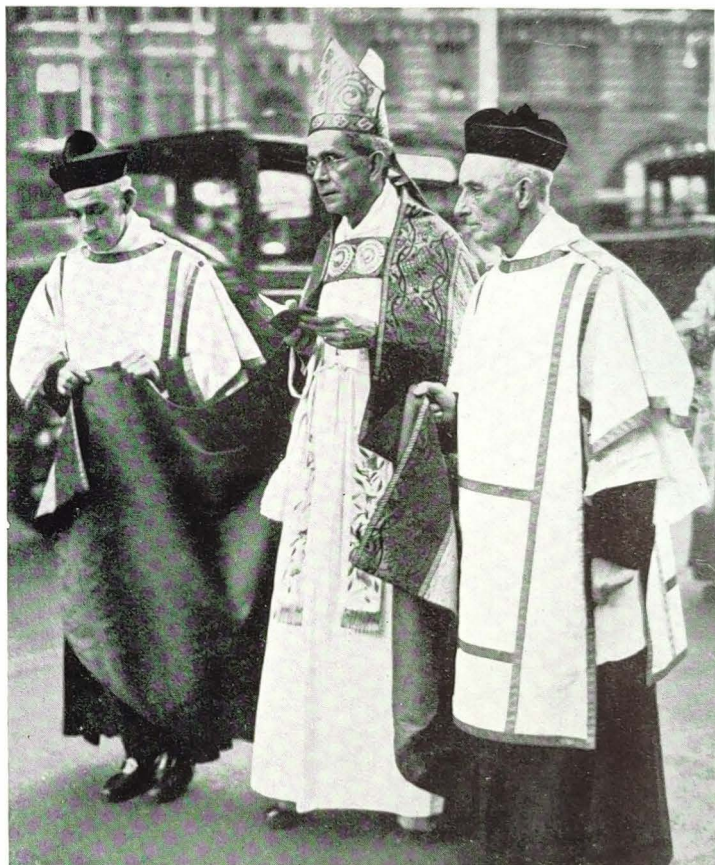
The message to the Pope was apparently unpremeditated. Frank had taken counsel with no one. Messages were being sent to the King, the Archbishop, and Eastern Patriarchs, and it occurred to Frank, 'Why no message to the Pope, the first Bishop in Christendom?' In a moment he had drafted it. Here it is :

16,000 Anglo-Catholics, in congress assembled, offer respectful greetings to the Holy Father, humbly praying that the day of peace may quickly break.

He read it to the Congress, and it was received with applause. There was at the moment no opposition and the message went. Two days afterwards Dr. Frere (now Bishop of Truro), who was not present when the message was proposed, made his protest at the end of his paper. 'Messages of this sort do more harm than good, because they are bound to be misunderstood both here and there.' The protest was met with shouts of 'No' and also by applause, from all parts of the hall. It was the only occasion throughout the Congress that any such divergence of opinion was shown. Frank at once rose, not to emphasise the fact that the original motion had been passed without a dissentient voice, but to take the whole responsibility upon himself.

## VI.

Frank was quite impenitent about tabernacles, and very indignant with me when I suggested that he had been carried away by the enthusiasm of his audience and said more than he had intended to say. He always believed that he had adhered strictly to the speech, written beforehand, which was afterwards printed. He may have done so ; but in the Albert Hall his words had an emphasis which I, at least, do not find in the printed



*Photo. by British Illustrations.*

THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

THE BISHOP ON HIS WAY TO ST. MARTINS IN THE FIELDS.

facing p. 304.

page. He denied that he had said anything about benediction or exposition, which he had always believed to require an episcopal licence. He had told Anglo-Catholics to fight for their tabernacles, and the language used was natural to him, but what did it mean? He meant that they must fight for reservation, and that he believed no bishop had the right to forbid.

Somebody told him that the bishops, in conclave at Lambeth, had decided to license aumbries, and that he, by his tabernacle speech, had queered their pitch. He replied, 'How was I to know that?' It did not much matter whether the Blessed Sacrament was reserved in a tabernacle or an aumbry, but aumbries could not be constructed in the mud walls of native churches. Whether Frank was rightly informed about Lambeth, or misunderstood his informer, I cannot say. After three years, we still await the episcopal decision; but there has been a conference at Farnham, and would that Frank had been alive to express his opinions on some of the pronouncements there made!

## VII

About the telegram, he wrote in his *Defence of the English Catholic* as follows:

Why did I suggest it?

Because it was, to my mind, an evidently right thing to do. In 1920 we bishops who met at Lambeth publicly called upon all Christian people to pray and work for reunion. We declared that reunion with Rome was our Lord's will. We pointed out how especially close were our ties with Rome and the Orthodox East. And we publicly expressed our determination to submit ourselves to the conscience of the Roman Church in the matter of orders should terms of reunion be in other respects settled. I was, therefore, strictly within my rights in assuming that in all parishes, more especially in Anglo-Catholic parishes, the bishops' words had been read, explained and emphasised; and that for the last three years

English church people had been stirred up to desire, and pray for, reunion with the Roman and Orthodox Churches. On the platform of the Congress was an Orthodox Archbishop, in whose person we did honour to the Orthodox Patriarchs. It was only fitting, then, that we should pay such honour as was possible to the Pope of Rome. Hence my proposal that we should respectfully greet him, and call to his mind the fact that we are humbly praying for the day of peace. It seemed so obviously right ! And in spite of many bitter, angry letters and press articles, it still seems to me obviously right, courteous and Christian. For were the Pope our enemy, Christ would still bid us love him ! And as for asking for an affront to the English Church, even if this were as true as in fact it is false, we are not excused from acting Christianly by fear for our own dignity. No ! the action of the bishops in the Lambeth Conference of 1920 is a sound precedent for the despatch of the telegram. And, if I am denied this precedent, I fall back confidently upon our Lord's own teaching. I remain impenitent about the telegram.

Of course, I feel sympathy with priests whose flocks are affrighted : I know how easily English people shy at mention of the Pope. But I humbly submit, as a member of the Lambeth Conference of 1920, that the priests were then given a glorious opportunity, by some 250 English Bishops, of accustoming their flocks to a vision of a reunited Christendom, with the Pope as the central figure ; and they appear to have missed it ! May I, as humbly, suggest that before the telegram be quite forgotten, the Lambeth Appeal, in its relation to reunion with Rome, be explained to the people concerned ?

### VIII

This is not an apology but a justification, and lest it should be misunderstood, it is necessary to say a few words about Frank's general attitude towards the Roman Church. He earnestly desired reunion with Rome, but never felt the least inclination to make an individual sub-

mission to the see of Peter. He was fully convinced of his own priesthood and of the validity of the Sacraments which he ministered. To deny those Sacraments meant for him a denial of the Lord Who gave them. It would be equivalent to saying, with St. Peter, 'I do not know the man.'

In his *The Fulness of Christ*, he had attacked the Papal system and Vatican decrees from a theological point of view, and thereby incurred the enmity of the Roman press in England, though I am not aware that anyone has answered his argument.

Yet he went on hoping that the day would come when Rome would acknowledge our Orders and Sacraments, and when Rome would give an authoritative interpretation of infallibility which would make it possible to reconcile that doctrine with the facts of history and theological truth.

Surely he was right to hope and pray that the day may be at hand, though to some of us it seems very far off. At present reunion is not desired either at Rome or in England, except by a very few ; and until the desire is much more general, nothing is likely to happen. Rome does not recognise us as an existing body, and is therefore only concerned in proselytising individuals. Englishmen are aware that Rome, vaunting its catholicity, is none the less at present an Italian Church. Jesuits only study our history to discover what may be said against us, and the ordinary Englishman only remembers what he learnt in school histories about Papal scandals and Jesuit intrigues. No desire for reunion is likely to arise while each side specialises, for controversial purposes, on what is evil in the other.

## IX

Our candid historians do not help, nor do Anglo-Catholics who ape Roman manners and are for ever apologising for the Church of England. It has become a fashion to drape the Church of England in the white sheet of a penitent, and there are some 'advanced' young men who think they prove their catholicity by treating with contempt their spiritual Mother.

There was just that amount of justification for the Bishop of Durham's letters in *The Morning Post* in *Defence of the Church of England*. He had not been present at the Congress, he could not, when he wrote, have read the papers, but he does know what Anglo-Catholics stand for, and, because of his own very different standpoint, he charged them with disloyalty to the Church of England.

Frank replied in two trenchant articles, and made out a good case for Anglo-Catholics within the Church of England.

Every one, except the Bishop of Durham, knows that the English standards are purposely drawn up to include as many as possible of the English people. There are limits, but they are wide. As I see it, the essential points of Catholic theology are insisted on, and the essential points of Church organisation. But, since different minds lay stress on different doctrines, only the essentials are required of all alike.

This arrangement may be faulty ; it is, however, historically the fact. Cardinal Bourne may not approve of it. The Bishop of Durham denies it. But it exists, despite them both. And in God's providence it is helping towards the return of England to the Catholic Faith of Christendom.

His arguments are forcible and his plea for the Anglo-Catholic party is a just one, but it will be noted that in controversy he has gone back on the letter he addressed to the members of the Congress. He writes as the leader of a party, he claims for that party its rights, he denies that his party wishes to dominate, but demands that it shall have adequate recognition. Frank, in the unity which prevailed in Zanzibar, could condemn unreservedly the party spirit in England. Frank, amid the controversies of England, found he had to take a side and contend for it manfully. But he could none the less fairly say that Anglo-Catholics 'believe, of course, that if their message be given a fair chance it will one day triumph ; but they have no wish to interfere . . . with those in the Church of England who differ from them.'



## X

In the weeks after the Congress he was very active. He was at Nottingham, at Liverpool and other places. The Anglo-Catholic committee were anxious that he should resign his see and devote himself to propaganda in England. This he refused to do. His real work was in Africa for Africans, to Africa he had given his life, and he was going back there to die.

On the last night he was in England, August 28, 1923, he dined with me at my club, and I realised how he was ageing and how tired he was. After dinner, we drove down to the Church House for his farewell meeting. The doors had been opened at 7 o'clock, and before the half-hour they had to be closed for the great hall would hold no more. When we arrived at five minutes to eight, five or six hundred disappointed people were still waiting in Dean's Yard. Frank went to address them, while Bishop Gore opened the meeting and Father Douglas spoke until he could arrive.

On reaching the platform all sign of weariness vanished. While he spoke he seemed ten years younger. The Anglo-Catholic Congress and its controversies were forgotten. He was going back to Africa and he relied on our support at home. He was full of the needs of his diocese, but for the moment he was speaking to us and he remembered that we not only had pockets but had also souls.

You people in England cannot really undertake the task of driving the Devil out of Africa, unless you are really and truly in the matter of your Mission work within the heart of our Lord. . . . Lift up then, into the heart of Christ, all your thoughts about Missions, all your thoughts and your prayers and your subscriptions. See Africa from the heart. Set to work on this great task of fellowship, and, jointly with us, let us move back into the simpler and sterner life marked by the Cross of Jesus Christ. Now I wish you all from my heart, good-bye.

Then we all stood up and, at Bishop Gore's suggestion, said ' Good-bye, Bishop, God bless you ' ; and received for the last time his blessing.

May the Spirit of Jesus always guide you, the Passion of Jesus draw you, and the Love of Jesus enfold you ; and the Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you always. Amen.

Outside in Great Smith Street was an excited crowd. Traffic was stopped and the Bishop was mobbed by his admirers. He dodged behind an omnibus, and, once free of the pressure, ran all the way up Great Peter Street to the clergy house of St. Matthew's, Westminster. It was only from his admirers that Frank ever ran away.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE END

#### I

' I AM very tired,' said Frank on Victoria platform as he said good-bye to me for the last time. He had been just nine weeks in England, and had had only three days rest—two of them he had spent in seeing Sussex win a cricket match.

First, there had been the strain of the Congress, with its crowd of people who wished for a few words during the luncheon and other intervals. Then he had to deal with hundreds of letters about the telegram to the Pope and the speech on tabernacles. All the time he was moving about the country; and as a specimen day I may note that he left Liverpool early one morning, worked at Dartmouth Street on diocesan business up to the last minute, then caught the train to Brighton and spoke for over an hour in Hove Town Hall. This sort of activity went on day by day, and he had to decline no less than 300 invitations to preach. No wonder he was a tired man after such a holiday. He looked forward to some peace on his voyage, and wrote at the end of it that he was rested, though he was far from well when he reached Zanzibar.

His doctor writes :

The Bishop was very highly strung and I never looked on him as a strong man, and advised him to go slow, but his answer was always—The work has to be done.

The work went on. In June 1924 he wrote to Mr. F. B. Palmer, the Treasurer of the Mission :

The Ruvuma country will, D.V., soon have about twenty priests, white and black; and my necessary tour

is at least five hundred miles. This comes rather hard, when each day there are countless matters to be settled and 'words' to be heard. However! If and when I 'go out,' please see that the diocese is divided—it will be far better.

He was tired, but he was still writing cheerfully, much interested in the Labour Party and hoping great things from it, and not much interested in 'Copec,' from which he expected nothing but talk. At the end of September he was at Kizara with his old friend, Canon Pearse, and wrote:

We did a lot of climbing in very beautiful hills, but frankly I am not good at climbing, and only like it when I get to the top.

On October 15 he was already suffering from the carbuncle which was to cause his death, but he said nothing about it in a letter to his mother, though the following extract proves that he was tired.

It is odd to find oneself in the seventeenth year of episcopate, but so it is! I sometimes wonder how much longer the diocese will find it can endure me. Young men come along, and I guess that after twenty-six years one has cranks, which the tropical climate is said to develop. But on the other hand one can understand in a minute matters which a new bishop could not understand at all. So there are two sides to it.

The worst of it is that I have now to re-shoulder work that Spanton has done for me, and done amazingly well, for years. I can, however, get workers to help me here. There are days when the brain is too tired to do more than look on at the world! And even looking on is wearying! Then there are days when one can go on all day and not be too tired. Old age and the tropics! My boys laugh when I tell them that in London I am looked on as quite a young bishop!!!

On my way back from Kizara . . . I picked up jiggers in my toes somewhere, and they developed to

a great size before I recognised their presence. The result was that I could not wear a boot on my right foot on Tuesday afternoon for some hours, and my foot swelled a bit, which made walking troublesome all the way home. I rested the foot on Thursday, preached to ordinands Friday and Saturday, and am all right to-day.

I have now completed a tour of the diocese, and it has taken a year to do it, without hurry, and allowing for some extra attention to particular parts. It now remains to do it all over again—Selah!! What a life it is!

## II

He was off again on the Monday morning to Korogwe, and I cannot do better than quote Fr. Douglas' letter to Archdeacon Mackay about his last days.

The Bishop had been at Korogwe from October 18–22. He came back to Hegongo on the 22nd in the same train as the Kiungani *safari*. Fr. Cyril and I were at Muheza and walked back to Hegongo with him. He seemed quite well. That was on Wednesday. The following Saturday, October 25, he went to Kwa Mlingote in order to do some preaching there and in the neighbouring villages, a sort of 'Mission.' He was to return the next Tuesday, October 28, so I went along the Misozwe Road to meet him that evening. He looked very tired and poorly, and he told me he had been suffering much pain from a large boil on his back. He said that he had sent for some *dawa*, and that Martin had been attending to it all right, and he hoped that it would soon drain itself out. He also told me that he thought he had fever on him. He spoke very happily of the work he had been able to do at Mlingote during the days he had been there, in spite of the pain he had been in, and said the people had all been very nice and responsive. The next afternoon, Wednesday, October 29, I went in to see him. He was lying on his bed, in great pain from the boil. He said it was

agonising pain, but that he believed it was going on all right, and that Martin was dressing it for him satisfactorily. He was quite himself and discussed various things: the coming Conference of Bishops of East Africa in Zanzibar; a letter he had had from India inviting him to go and talk about brotherhood to Indians. He said that he would really like to do this, if it could be arranged some time: it would be such a first-rate holiday for him. He said he had not had a proper holiday for five years, and evidently was conscious that he needed one. I left him that Wednesday evening, feeling very sorry for the pain he was suffering, but having no anxiety in my mind whatsoever as to his recovery. I did not go to see him again till the Saturday. I knew that he had sent for the Reverend Mother on the Thursday morning, and that she and Sister Mary were looking after his back, and I thought he would probably sooner not see people till he was better. I heard in the course of those two days that the boil was not a boil, but a very bad and large carbuncle, and that it might be a very considerable time before he recovered. I saw Sister Mary on the Friday afternoon, and she told me she and the Mother were worried about his condition, and that they had sent and tried to get a doctor from Tanga, but that the doctor was away. Also she told me that they had tried to persuade the Bishop to be brought down to Msalabani to be nursed there; but that he had refused, saying he would rather stay in his own house. Hearing that he had become so bad, I went over to see him on Saturday morning. The Mother was there then, so I could not go in. But I went across again about 11.30, and had a great shock when I saw him. He was sitting up in bed, breathing very badly, and looking ghastly. He was very deaf, from the quinine he had been taking, I suppose, and I found some difficulty in making him hear. But he spoke to me normally, and said that he had been reading some stories I had sent him over, and asked me to send him some more, if they were very light reading. I have forgotten to mention these things.

On the Wednesday morning he had managed to walk across to Hegongo chapel for a confirmation of some Msalabani Christians ; and on the Friday, when he must have been very ill indeed, he persisted in getting out of bed and confirming two women whom Mrs. Hellier brought up from Tanga. The Reverend Mother had tried to persuade him to put Mrs. Hellier off, but he said she had better bring the women up as arranged and he would manage to confirm them somehow. It is obvious, I think, that he ought never to have attempted these two confirmations. His temperature was very high at the time he confirmed the two on Friday—104 or 105. Well, I left him on Saturday at midday (All SS.) realising that he was very bad, but from the way that he was able to talk to me I did *not* realise how bad. Saturday afternoon, I went down as usual to help with shrifts at Msalabani, and when I had done I met Sister Mary in the quad about 4.30 P.M. She told me she did not like the Bishop's condition at all : she said she thought he was very ill indeed, and that it was most unfortunate no doctor could be procured. She said they had arranged that the Reverend Mother should be with him that night, as he must not be left. Shortly after getting back to Hegongo, I got a message to say that they had sent a man to Tongwe to ask Beal to go down to Tanga early on Sunday morning on his motor-bike, and to try to get a doctor by hook or by crook. At midnight, or shortly afterwards, I was called up to go over, as his condition had become much worse. I took the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oil and went across. I saw at once he was dying. He was apparently unconscious, but I did what I could. He was able to consume the Host, and I anointed him. I can't tell if he understood at all or not. About 2 A.M. we went for Sister Mary, as the Reverend Mother wanted another Sister to be with him. We also sent for Raymond and John. The Bishop was quite unconscious now, so I took Martin and Raymond and John into the Oratory, and said some prayers with them. We then lay down

for a bit, as the Mother did not know how long it would last. She said that the Bishop, being such a strong man, might live a good many hours yet. However, at 4.30 the change came. We went into the room and I said the prayers for the dying, and the end came at once, on Sunday, November 2, at 4.30. I left the Mother and Sister Mary to vest him in alb and stole and chasuble, with his pectoral cross and ring. I came home and wrote the necessary letters to Birley, Sehoza, Cyril, and the others. At day-break I think it was generally known. We sent a man to stop Beal on the road from going down to Tanga.

### III

The following is an account of the funeral translated from a Swahili article by the Deacon, Raymond Adam, and published in *Mambo Leo*, the native paper for Tanganyika Territory, published under Government auspices at Dar-es-Salaam.

*The Burial of the Lord Bishop of Zanzibar.*—When we had finished making him ready it was Sunday morning. Letters and telegrams were sent to Europe, and many prayers were said for his soul. I and others prayed by his body there in his house. We did not go to the prayers of the family [the Parish Mass]. From 9–11 crowds of people, Christians and those not Christians, from Magila, Tongwe, Misozwe, Bwembwera, Mkuzi—they all crowded up that they might see the face of their father for the last time. Although the Europeans tried to restrain the people that they should not cry, there arose an exceeding great lamentation—it was a wonder! Men as well as women wept for him, as for us, say nothing about it, anyone who knows me and the Bishop, he will believe what I say.

At 2 o'clock we fastened the body up that it might be carried to the church, for all that morning he lay clothed in his vestments. Now we fastened him up ready for burial. At 3 o'clock we carried him to the



church at Msalabani, and he was taken into the church, and the Christians crowded in, and we prayed for him.

At 5 o'clock Padre Samwil Mwinyipembe caused all to pray Vespers of the Dead. When he had finished, Archdeacon Birley of Korogwe began the Burial Service, and then in the middle, when we went out to take the body to the grave, Padre Canon Samwil Sehoza finished the prayers. Everyone you looked at, he was crying.

At the end of the prayers, the body was covered up. Ah! alas! the lamentation which arose was very great. People cried very much. Then we returned to the house at a quarter-past six to thank the God Who had given us a good father, and now had carried him to a place of greater peace that he might rest from the troubles of the world. God grant him eternal rest and let light perpetual shine upon him.

#### IV

Frank was an apostle to Africans: he devoted his life to them, and therefore the judgment of Africans upon him is more important than any other. I will quote first of all the letter which Roman Catholic natives in Zanzibar wrote to Archdeacon Hallett, and then the words of Raymond Adam in the article mentioned above.

We, the native Catholic Christians, members of the congregation of the Vicariate Apostolic of Zanzibar: we write with great sorrow this letter as our message of condolence on the death of the Rt. Rev. Frank Weston, Lord Bishop of Zanzibar. We give our sincere sympathy to you, Archdeacon, and to all the Archdeacons, Canons, Priests and laity of the Zanzibar diocese. With deepest sorrow we say that we have lost a good Bishop, friend and helper in the light of Christianity, in Central Africa.

This we say: this Bishop was not a Bishop to the Christians of his own diocese only; but he was the Bishop to love and aid all sides, and therefore he

was a great helper to Christians of both sides during our needs and troubles. We could rely upon him in all cases. During his wonderful tours of Mission work he acted with friendship and kindness towards our four bishops of the East Coast of Africa. That is to say, he was good and kind to our four bishops, and to the Fathers and Christians belonging to the Vicariates Apostolic of Zanzibar, Bagamoyo, Dar-es-Salaam and Kilimanjaro.

Another of his valuable works was particularly to stand for liberty in opposition to any form of compulsion in the control over native Christians and non-Christians. Therefore we hope and are sure that his Lordship's valuable works and his life's deeds will not be forgotten in our hearts at all. Also, because of his holy life, we are sure, through our Mighty God and our Lord Jesus Christ, his Lordship's soul is at rest in peace before the Holy Trinity in heaven. 'Exoramus pro [anima] famuli tui Frank Weston. Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei ; Requiescat in pace.'

Now we hope the Venerable Archdeacon of Zanzibar will kindly write to us on the next memorial service for the late Bishop Weston, or on his anniversary day, so that we can attend the service in the Cathedral.

We give our sympathy to you, Archdeacon, and to all Bishop Weston's relations and brethren, members of U.M.C.A. We hope God will give our friends of the Zanzibar diocese a good shepherd and kind bishop very soon.

Your very sincere children in Christ,

THE NATIVE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHRISTIANS  
OF ZANZIBAR.

Now let us hear the deacon Raymond Adam, who belonged to the little group of men who composed what Frank called his family.

Who does not remember his goodness ? Who did not get an opportunity to talk with him when he passed them in the villages ? Many saw his long journeys

and how, when he went on them, he met with many people and held sweet counsel with them.

Many loved him and rejoiced in him, for he was an hospitable man and generous, a helper to every one who came to him in need. He talked with them, and was a Father of good counsel to all who came to him open-handed—and his door was never shut. He despised no man. He carried every man as a father does his children. He was a great leader of the flock which God gave into his charge. He loved black people unto death.

Bassi ! he, who did not know his face, heard of him. He who heard not of him was indeed very far from this mainland, bassi, let such a one hear of him to-day—this was what the Bishop of Zanzibar was like.

I think there was no European who knew black people better than he did, their characters and customs, their hardships and their longings. I think there was no European who did more to range himself on the side of black people, and who was so desirous that they should advance. Who is there that has talked with the Bishop of Zanzibar and would not assert that the things which I have said are the truth ?

So Raymond tried to commend his beloved Bishop to the Swahili-speaking people of East Africa ; but when he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop Gore, the Chairman of the Mission, he dealt chiefly with the holiness of his life. As a holy man he was revered by Moslems, Arabs, and Indians who knew little of the Christian religion ; but to the poor and out-cast who came in contact with him he was simply the man with the big heart.

In England men thought chiefly of his abilities. They thought of him as a man of many gifts, a dominating will, and a somewhat surprising outlook upon life—a good man but a disturbing personality. In Africa they thought of him as the holy man with the big heart.

We need not further discuss his merits or their reward, but leave them with the Great God Whom he had the courage to obey.

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