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in October, and that though the clouds undoubtedly come from the west originally, they often pass eastwards without rain falling, and then come up again from the south-east and east, and break in a heavy storm with thunder, lightning, very heavy rain, and sometimes huge hailstones.

In October 1918, such a storm occurred, when much damage was done by the torrential rain and hail.

Entre Nous.

Black and White.

'"If I went to heaven," he was wont to affirm, "and God said, 'Aggrey, I am going to send you back, would you like to go as a white man?' I should reply, 'No, send me back as a black man, yes, completely black.' And if God should ask, 'Why?' I would reply, 'Because I have a work to do as a black man that no white man can do. Please send me back as black as you can make me.'"'

James Emman Kwegyir Aggrey was born at Anamabu, Gold Coast, in 1875. His father, Kodwo Kwegyir, was a Councillor of the Fanti tribe, his mother was a princess in her own right. The family had some Christian connexion apparently, as Aggrey was baptized. Aggrey's life from the time that he entered the Methodist school at Cape Coast when he was about eight years old is one long romance. From a pupil he became a teacher, and then at the age of twenty-two, for reasons that are not very clear, he left Africa and went to America. There he studied at the Negro College at Salisbury, and after graduating became himself a Professor of Livingstone College. Later he took both the M.A. and Ph.D. degrees at Columbia University. He married in 1905 an educated negress. Aggrey 'regularly read the Odes and Epistles of Horace (in the original) with her before the birth of Abna. Again, when the second child was expected, he taught her French, and when the third was coming he engaged a music teacher to give his wife lessons. He was convinced that this education was effective. At the time of writing this biography, Abna is studying for her B.A. at Shaw University, Kwegyir (who strikingly resembles his father) is working for a degree at Oberlin College, and Rosebud is at Hampton Institute.' While still Professor at Livingstone College, Aggrey was chosen as a member of the Phelps Stokes Commission to make a survey of education in Africa—the only member of that Commission who was not white—and so, after twenty years, he returned to his native Africa. 'Africa—my Africa,' the words occur again and again in this biography—*Aggrey of Africa*. For Aggrey himself always looked upon his time in America as preparation. 'I have a work to do,' he said again and again. It was the preaching of the gospel of co-operation; and though it was begun in America, it was to Africa that his heart always turned, and in it that he felt most driven to give his message. To complete this brief account of his life—he visited Africa again on the Second Phelps Stokes Commission, and shortly after was appointed Assistant Vice-Principal of the Prince of Wales College at Achimota—a College erected by Government at a cost of £600,000. Two years later came his sudden death. '"Irreparable," "irreplaceable" are the words on everybody's lips; and to all human seeming no other words suffice.' So said the Rev. C. Kingsley Williams in his Memorial Address. 'Thank God for the passionate purity of his life,' he went on, 'for his passionate energy. His house was next to mine. I know the life he lived. Up early, reading and writing through half the night, eating at the longest intervals, eating almost nothing even then, always working, never resting, constantly interrupted, he filled his crowded days with labour. And four times a month he would be away on long journeys to distant places, where two or three days would be spent with every moment between exhausting speeches given to listening to more exhausting talk.

'"One other master passion dominated his life: a passion for friendliness, for fellowship, for co-operation. He knew the love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn. He never despaired. And for despair he had more reason than any white man can ever understand, or any African who has never left West Africa. He suffered because he was an African, he had seen others suffer because they were Africans.

'"I myself once heard him tell a crowd of many hundred British students how once he crossed a continent twice within three days, to be present at a conference with two white friends; and on both journeys had to sit up all night in the 'Jim-crow' car (as they infelicitously call it) because he was an African; how . . . I myself saw those hundreds of men and women, a crowd as great as

that which fills this hall to-day, begin to burn with rage and shame, the easy rage and shame of the untempted, perhaps—and then

> Happy as a lover and attired
> In sudden brightness like a man inspired,

he had us laughing with him at the folly of it all, lifting race and colour out of tragedy into comedy, and proving that by laughter and the grace of God the greatest menace to our modern world may yet become our greatest triumph." '

When Aggrey was asked for a practical way out for interracial animosities, he said, 'As against Marcus Garvey's hostility, I teach the doctrine of love and work; as against Gandhi's Indian policy of non-co-operation, I proclaim all the time co-operation.' Aggrey sympathized with Marcus Garvey. '"We ought not to be surprised at a man taking his line," said he. "When a man is kicked about . . . he gets fierce unless he has the grace of God very firmly in his life." But for Marcus Garvey's programme, "Africa for the Africans," to be wrought out by brute force, Aggrey had no particle of sympathy, but out-and-out hostility.' He was also opposed to the school of American Negroes who looked to amalgamation of the races for a solution of the problem. Not amalgamation, not conflict, but co-operation was Aggrey's ideal. He expressed this in his parable of the Keys of the Piano. 'You can play a tune of sorts on the white keys, and you can play a tune of sorts on the black keys, but for harmony you must use both the black and the white.' He stood for love and work and co-operation. 'Every insult cut him to the quick; but he attained such self-mastery that he could smile when other men would curse. Whenever he was about to undertake a journey on which he would be subject to slights and sneers, he retired into solitude to prepare his spirit to meet them. "Keep your temper and smile," he would say, "that's what Jesus meant when He told men to turn the other cheek." ' And to the blacks he preached the doctrine of work: to stop talking and go and do something: to be not only consumers, but producers. 'His skin may be black,' said a Transkeian headman who had listened to Aggrey's address to the Bunga at Umtata, 'but he has a heart like a white man; he could talk of nothing but work, work, work!' To the whites he said, 'Give us a full-rounded chance. The sea of difference between you and us should be no more. The sea of our failure to bring any contribution to the Kingdom of God shall be no more. You white folks may bring your gold, your great banks and your big buildings, your sanitation and other marvellous achievements to the manger, but that will not be enough. Let the Chinese and the Japanese and the Indians bring their frankincense of ceremony, but that will not be enough. We black people must step in with our myrrh of childlike faith. We do not worry about the immaculate conception, and all these technical details of criticism. We look for a Christ who loves all men, who came to die for the salvation of the whole world; we believe in God as a child believes. If you take our childlikeness, our love for God, our belief in humanity, our belief in God, and our love for you, whether you hate us or not, then the gifts will be complete—the gold and frankincense and myrrh.'

But to get any real idea of the attractiveness of Dr. Aggrey's life, and the far-sightedness and persuasiveness of his teaching, his biography should be read from beginning to end. It has been most competently and sympathetically written by Mr. Edwin W. Smith (S.C.M.; 7s. 6d. net).

'I shall be all that I have dreamed.'

We must quote a poem which we have just come across. It is by the late Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy—'Woodbine Willie'—who died on March 8th, at the early age of forty-six, worn out by incessant work and strain under which he laboured, for 'the King's business' demanded haste.

I WILL NOT TELL THE WORLD.

I will not tell the world my woes—
  It has full measure of its own.
Deep with its tears the time-stream flows:
  For man must reap what man has sown.

I will not tell the world my woes,
  Nor wear my heart upon my sleeve.
There is a God who loves and knows
  A heart that grieves with all who grieve.

And I will trust Him and be still,
  Keeping the secret of my soul,
Knowing that as I do His will
  I shall appear before Him whole.

A man complete, from sin redeemed,
  The struggle o'er, the sorrow passed,
I shall be all that I have dreamed.
  God keeps His good wine to the last.

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works, and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street, Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.