POOLS ON THE GLOWING SAND

H. Karr W. Krumm

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The Story of Karl Kumm

By IRENE V. CLEVERDON

WITH FOREWORD BY

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"And the glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty ground, springs of water."

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To the memory of Lucy,
daughter of
Karl and Gertrude

Note

The true biography would have to be written by the hand of God. Even an autobiography has its conscious reticences and its unconscious reservations and is handicapped by an ultimate lack of self-knowledge. There is always that unexplored region of "the heart's heart, whose immured plot" is closed to all but One.

"Its keys are at the cincture hung of God."

This little book does not aspire to the dignity of biographical literature. It is rather an attempted survey of the life of a man of distinction who read much, thought much, travelled much, suffered much, who conferred with eminent men of his day, and in addition to establishing the Sudan United Mission, made valuable contributions to the geographical and missionary knowledge of the world. But mainly, it is hoped that the man himself will be glimpsed—a man who looked into his own heart and found in old-fashioned—but none the less poignant phrase, his "need of a Saviour," who looked around on the wide world and saw as in a vision "the ocean of love flow over the ocean of sin and death" (to use the words of George Fox, whose flaming spirit he so much admired).

For Karl Kumm had two spiritual passions—the evangelisation of the world—and the peace of the world. And these two are one—the passion of God Himself, when He sent forth His Son, with glad tidings of peace on earth, goodwill to men.

—I. V. C.

INTRODUCTION

THE subject of this interesting biographical tribute belongs to the goodly fellowship of missionary pioneers in the period that preceded the Edinburgh Conference and in a day when the unoccupied areas of the world held the attention and gripped the heart of the Church more than they do at present. Dr. Karl Kumm personified the idea of missionary expansion and grew eloquent when he spoke of the regions beyond the present achievements of the church.

He had the qualifications and limitations of the explorer-class to which he belonged and who by vision, faith, prayer and dauntless effort extended the bounds of Christian empire. He himself tells us that as a boy in the Harz mountains of Hanover he had three ambitions: "To ride well on horseback, swim well and shoot well." History and mathematics were his favourite subjects at school, but natural history was his delight. His forest-born physique neither malaria nor dysentery were able to break down on his long journeys in Central Africa. He had a natural gift for languages and most of all those qualities of adventure and of leadership that enabled him to persuade others to follow the trails he had blazed.

His own books of travel, especially *From Hausaland to Egypt* and *The Lands of Ethiopia* reveal the intrepid adventurer and the bold missionary explorer. Although of German birth and education, he became almost British and American through long residence and marriage, for Dr. Kumm was essentially an international. As the

author of this life sketch points out he was cosmopolitan and super-national in his devotion to world-peace and by his life-long contacts with missionaries from many lands and in the border-marches of Africa.

Once captivated by the idea of winning the vast and then yet unoccupied Sudan for Christ, it became a spiritual obsession. Those who heard him pray at the Edinburgh World Conference for these vast provinces —laying all the detail of their geographical areas, their spiritual destitution and the urgency of the hour before the Throne—can never forget the reality of such pleading. The unknown always attracted him. Obstacles allured him. Difficulties only knit his moral fibre and strengthened his life purpose. Ceaseless in advocating the establishment of stations across the whole vast Sudan from the Niger to the Nile, he founded missions, started prayer-groups and wrote many books and magazine articles. Sometimes the chosen policy of diffusion and the lack of due concentration gave cause for criticism or awakened doubts as to the wisdom of some of his plans. Of course they were not faultless nor was he; and he himself was well aware of these limitations. Nevertheless, his faith and zeal triumphed. He saw the reward of his toil. Others have entered into his labours and the Sudan United Mission is his enduring monument, worthy of all his efforts.

"And the world has its heroes of lace and gold braid,
That are honoured and wined for the waste they have made;
But the world little knows of the debt that it owes
To the Hewer, the Blazer of Trails."

In reading the brief story of this life with its hopes deferred, and plans frustrated, with its domestic anxieties

and felicities, its constant agonies of separation and loneliness, one is also reminded of the words of Dr. P. T. Forsyth: "The missionary suffers from a strange, inverted home-sickness so that he longs for another land and loves another people more than his own." It is this constant tension, this agony of love that adds to the glory of the task and the joy of the crown; even though it is at times misunderstood.

When I was asked to write a foreword to the story of this life, I tried to recall when and where I had first met Dr. Kumm. We were first drawn into friendship some twenty-five years ago by our mutual recognition of Islam, whether passive or militant, as the standing menace to missions in pagan Africa. He realised the strength of this religion and understood the strategy of forestalling its entrance into Central Africa. In our correspondence and on the rare occasions when I heard him speak or when our tracks crossed in Egypt, Great Britain and America, this was the burden we shared mutually. He had clear vision of the importance of North Africa and its great hinterland—the battlefield of rival faiths. His gifts as a scholar, geographer and missionary leader are evident as one reads these pages, but the supreme gift was his desire to tell the Old Story to those who had never heard it and win others to do it also. God used his glowing speech, his vivid imagination, his ringing convictions, his sweeping generalisations as a trumpet-call to service on the platforms of many a missionary gathering. He knew how to enlist recruits. May this book contribute to the same end and so help forward the evangelisation of all Africa.

S. M. ZWEMER.

Princeton, New Jersey.
July 22, 1936.

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CHAPTER I

"TO BEGIN WITH"

1874 AND BEFORE

"Enrich him with the joys of the boy
'Whom the rain and the wind purgeth
Whom the dawn and the daystar urgeth.'
Open his ears to the pæan which sounds through the forest
When 'the grand old harper smites his thunder harp of pines.'
Open his soul not only to the influence of Nature but also to
The influence of Nature's interpreters, the poets."

—S. BLOW.

AT Meadway, the pleasant Melbourne home of Gertrude Kumm, you may see two photographs. The first, in its silver frame, is of an old-fashioned girl, frilled and furbelowed, with sweet earnest face, unlined and innocent. It is a picture of Wilhelmina, the girl who married Wilhelm Kumm—taken about the time of her marriage.

The second photograph is of an old lady, small black lace cap on her white head, black lace scarf round her black-garbed shoulders. There is little resemblance between the two. Nevertheless they are pictures of the same person, in youth and in old age.

How much fairer is the first picture! And yet—and yet —one lingers longer at the likeness of the older woman.

There is, after all, so little to read on that young face, but on the older face, life has been writing deeply. The youthful contours have been obliterated and the innocent wonder; but patience, endurance, service and trust have taken their place. Both faces are attractive—

but, with a difference; and for many of us, as we gaze, the advantage is with the years:

"Like a white candle
In a holy place
So is the beauty
Of an aged face."

So we take brief glances, and see the untried girlish Wilhelmina, and with the passing years, the steadfast Grossmutter Kumm.

This was the mother of Karl Kumm.

Karl's wife did not see his mother, till the latter was old and lined, and the waves and billows of the Great War had gone over her head.

"She was so sweet," said Gertrude, reminiscing one day. She knew no English and her daughter-in-law's German was most meagre, but they smiled at one another, they signed—they understood. When they could make no headway in a common language of the tongue, they resorted to the commoner language of the heart—and as they communed, there was the light of love and comprehension in their eyes. They may have misunderstood a little idiom. ("Have you had enough to eat?" asked the hospitable mother-in-law after the first meal together. "No, thank you," answered her son's wife in her best German. Distress showed on the kind face and was only dissipated when interpreters rushed to the rescue with the information that Gertrude thought she had been asked "Will you have any more to eat?")

But in the big things of life, they could not misunderstand each other, these two.

Osterode was the home town of the Kumms. Both husband and wife came from the land, their forebears cultivating their own fields in the province of Hanover. Mathilde the youngest sister of Karl Kumm writes:

"Our dear mother liked to tell us of her childness" (the quaint charm of this cultured German lady's English is preserved) "in Horsum; of the fertile meadows on the banks of the river, on which grazed their flocks of brown cows, of the beautiful home rebuilt after a great fire. She told of her grandfather Johann Georg Warnecke, whose old hog's leather family Bible with his inscription, was still honoured in our house. He was mayor before he got twenty years old and he kept this place so long as he lived.

"In the year of Napoleon when foreign troops roamed through the country, he hid the women in the caves and with the men he went into the woods." (Thus avoiding all contributions and quarrels!) "He was a wise fatherly counsellor and a true Christian. Still when he had grown old, he was riding his horse. He had a special manner of clothing—velvet breeches reaching to the knees and a gown with silver buttons. His only daughter was our grandmother and her eldest child was our dear mother—an admirable woman."

Wilhelmina married her Wilhelm on August 22nd, 1861. The young husband belonged to the regiment of the Guards in the army of the blind King George the Fifth of Hanover.

"He was introduced to the King," writes Mathilde, "and during the presentation, the blind King fingered the tall strong man and rejoiced at the wonderful growth of this light-coloured Saxon. Always he recognised him by feeling. The parents have kept the love of their King and his family for ever."

"When the war of 1866 began, Mina was twenty-three years old and she had three little children. Alfred was six weeks old. She heard the valedictory sermon of the clergyman (1st Cor. 16: 13). She kept cheerful, and often

a little song helped her to overwhelm the hardnesses of life."

Gallant Wilhelmina! Concerning what follows history records:

"The Hanoverians did not surrender their country . . . unresistingly . . . The blind King, George, in order to effect a junction with the Bavarians at Coburg, sought to lead his troops between General Mantouffel, who was approaching from the North and Vogel von Falckenstein who was hastening up from the East. But when the line from Eisenach to Erfurt was occupied by the troops of Prussia and Saxe Coburg, which barred the way to the Hanoverians, their negotiations for a capitulation were opened. They were not successful and the Hanoverian general, Arentschild therefore decided to force his way through. The vanguard of the Mantouffel-Falckenstein army attempted to frustrate this plan. Thus on June 27th a battle was fought at Langensalza where the Prussians suffered defeat from the superior numbers of the enemy. Great valour was displayed on both sides and countless victims fell in this useless fight. Two days later, the brave Hanoverians, surrounded by the Prussians and deserted by the Bavarians, had to lay down their arms. Their regiments were disbanded and the country was occupied by Prussian troops. King George escaped to Austria."

This battle closed Wilhelm Kumm's military career. His family always told how "he went out with a sword and came back with a walking stick." Henceforward he was a man of peace—an upright citizen "rendering to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's" a little wistful perhaps of the lost prestige of Hanover, always dutiful and faithful and submissive but never superlatively enthusiastic concerning the pride and pomp of Prussia.

Eight years after that "unhappy brother-war" which made the father give up his career, on the 19th of October another child was born—Herman Karl William Kumm.

In Osterode then, there lived, happily and worthily Wilhelm Kumm and his wife Mina, and round them grew up their family—Amanda and Pauline, Alfred, Karl and Mathilde.

One would very much like to pause and gather up those countless little incidents which are veritable bricks in the citadel of family life, to collect some of those trifling but treasured sayings, which Jane Carlyle always called "family-circle dialect"—but with only one member is this narrative concerned, the one known to so many throughout the world and remembered always lovingly—as Karl Kumm, the man of the missionary heart.

There was little weak indulgence of the children in that good Osterode home, close by the wild romantic forests, which clothed the Harz Mountains. The parents themselves had cultivated minds and took it as a matter of course that their children should develop intellectually. Karl was high-spirited and gifted, but his brilliance in some directions did not blind his father to his faults. On the contrary, perhaps! He remembered that soldierly father of his saying many times in fits of exasperation at his boyish thoughtlessness—"Will this boy ever amount to anything?" and his mother always serenely replying: "Have patience, father, he too will grow up."

A most illuminating chapter in a family history could be written by means of a verbatim report of a conversation at a reunion of a family after some years of

dispersion. "Do you remember this?" "Do you remember that?" One can detect those strands in the cords of love and sympathy wrought by the sharing of sorrows, and sharing of jokes, and one can discover where the cords weakened as some small injustice, some slight misunderstanding is hinted at—the little symptoms of severance. Much is revealed when the heart-leaves are turned back. There is one chapter to follow, culled from letters containing the memories of sisters, but alas! for that loving family circle, no earthly foregathering is possible, for now only one remains; all the rest are reunited, where fullest joys are shared.

There was one day, however, when, in their home in California, the golden sunshine streamed over land and sea, and Karl Kumm and his wife sat together at leisure. With smiling eyes, he brought before his wife some of his early recollections.

His was a happy childhood, which even his memories of schoolmasters' "spankings" could not mar. There was the thrill of entering new realms of knowledge, there were the adventurous ramblings in the forest—and always, in the background that wise, patient, believing mother, and that noble gentleman, his father.

He recalled a blow to his egotism which he received the very first day he began to learn English. On one of the virgin pages of his English note-book, he wrote: "Works by H. K. W. Kumm"—leaving plenty of space for the titles of these unbegotten children of his mind. This was seen by a schoolfellow who broadcasted the joke and involved the poor little would-be author in a perfect storm of teasing, in which masters and mates alike took part. We can but be thankful that this gale of laughter did not extinguish the literary spark which eventually resulted in such a goodly row of volumes.

Mathematics he revelled in and found "more of a recreation than a task," and without much effort remained at the head of his class in that subject. "I was therefore, more than surprised" he told his wife "when later, at college, while working at spherical trigonometry, I found myself way behind my fellow-students. One of them, especially, had an uncanny feeling for figures. I could not understand how he could multiply six or seven figures by almost as many, without the aid of paper and pencil. He said he saw the figures before him as clearly as on a blackboard. He must have had a wonderful figure memory.

"Speaking of memory, though we did not know the word mnemo-technique, we continually used it in trigonometry and to this day the logarithm of 11.3971499 is still in my mind as a result of it. The figure to us meant

Three new sieves one for ninety-nine pennies."
3 9 7 1 4 99

Once started on these mathematical reminiscences, he multiplied them, almost as rapidly as his young friend had multiplied figures; but let us who are not mathematically-minded turn to another memory on the literary side of his education.

"The only serious trouble I ever got myself into at school," he went on, "was in connection with English when I appropriated certain suitable pages I found in the notebook of my brother who was nine years older than I and had left school. Unfortunately for me. these pages were extracts my brother had admiringly preserved from the essay of a famous English writer and when I incorporated them in my childish composition, they evidently stood out very conspicuously.

I was accused of plagiarism and was asked if I had copied them from the book of the author. Quite truthfully I replied 'No'—and then the fat was in the fire. Although I produced my brother's notebook I was in serious disgrace but I learned very decidedly from this incident the importance of using inverted commas."

In that reminiscent mood, he dwelt on boyish pranks and that usual outlet for school-boy humour, practical jokes. From that he talked of the woods:

"The Chemistry master was a hunter. One day a friend and I saw him go off on a still hunt after deer. We therefore chased off into the woods ahead of him and made a great racket, driving away any game there may have been. Alas! after we had given over, we ran across him at the edge of the woods and as we came out of the bushes, we almost stepped on him." (The payment was in good old-fashioned coin—sharp and speedy!)

"Our school was in a mountain valley, surrounded by woods where we knew the game trails, watched the wild deer and roebuck and learned how to stalk them. On Saturday afternoons when there was no school, several of us were in the habit of going long walks which ended at some charcoal burner's hut or rocky hillcrest, and again at the ruins of some deserted village or other. There were several of these, which had been destroyed in the Thirty Years' War. All that remained of them were the ruins of the church tower in which hawks had built their nests. We had many an exciting time going after hawks' eggs.

"At sunset, we would build camp fires and then in the gathering darkness, sit round and weave romances of all that we should do in the days that were to be."

There was always a thrill in his voice, on those occasions when he spoke of the beauty of that homeland

of his boyhood, and we could almost see those tree-clad slopes and glimpse, like sparks of fire, the wild berries daffing the undergrowth. We could hear the forest music and shudder with delicious fear at the thought of that spectre of the Wild Huntsman of the Harz.

So Karl Kumm the boy grew into youth, Christian precept and example in his home, linked with that Nature-teaching in the outer world, turning his thoughts to the transcendent God, "who covers Himself with light as with a garment" and back again to the intimate Christ who deigns to redeem and guide each single life.

. . . . .

In his Californian home he talked thus and sank into silence, as the glory of the West bathed the hillside.

And as he mused did his mind leap from the camp-fire dreams in Europe, to camp-fire dreams in Africa?

As he saw once more in memory, the blue smoke curl up above the woods of his boyhood, did his thoughts turn to that vision of "the smoke of a thousand villages" in Africa, which so inflamed his manhood?

He looked back and saw all the way that the Lord, His God had led him, and gave thanks.

CHAPTER II

A GLANCE BACKWARD

"Autumn will come again, dear friends
His spirit touch shall be
With gold upon the harvest field,
With crimson on the tree: . . .
Oh! rich and liberal and wise and provident is he!
He taketh to his Garner-house, the things that ripened be;
He gathereth his store from earth, and silently—
And he will gather me, my friends, he will gather me."

—DORA GREENWELL.

JUST a few months ago, in the autumn of her days, Karl Kumm's oldest sister, Amanda, went home. Before she left, with a sense of "change" strong upon her, she wrote to her sister-in-law, Karl Kumm's widow, who, within a twelvemonth had said goodbye to her only daughter, Lucy, just fourteen years old, and to her beloved father.

Amanda's letter breathed tenderest sympathy and understanding. She herself had been racked by partings and even as she wrote this sweetest of letters, its very writing was rendered mentally more difficult because the recent loss of her brother Alfred had made it necessary to write in English for the first time, without his capable aid.

"God will be your comfort, Sisterheart," she writes, "and make your heart still and strong in your deep grief. My arms are around you with much love. Dearest sister, please excuse my bad letter: it will not more be so good, for dear Alfred cannot more help me in my

writing. Long weeks I have been also ill in the Summer time and I would like now to journey to Osterode to visit dear Alfred's tombhill."

And then she goes back and plucks a flower from memory, here and there. The big sister remembers the early care of the tiny brother Karl and writes in her quaint natural English:

"He was a lovely little boy, so very nice. The first two years, milk of goat was all his nourishment: and I suppose, he was such a strong man, long years in his live, because he likes to drink so very much the milk of goat in his childhood. In the morning the little boy said: 'Good morning, dearest Mama, I like to drink a glass of goat milk, but *creamy*.' He was also very obedient and kindly to his mother. If she desired the footstool, he said: 'Dearest Mama, with great pleasure' and liked to bring it quickly. I cannot say you, dearest sister, all the fascinations of this little boy with his golden hairs, and his nice face."

Folded within this last letter is a little cluster of pressed flowers—green fern, yellow mignonette, scarlet geranium, the colours as vivid as those little blossoms she had just plucked from the garden of remembrance.

Of the three sisters, the Amanda of this letter was the oldest—homekeeping, childloving, kindly, the stay of her mother, the companion of Alfred her brother. Pauline the second of the family was intellectual and independent. An ardent evangelist, she went as a missionary to China where she was called upon to endure with courage the tribulation of the Boxer riots. Mathilde, the only one of the family now living, is the youngest. She is dignfied and cultured, serene and wise in her gracious motherhood.

Mathilde remembers:

"Karl was a tall, beautiful strong boy, a sunshine for his parents. Endowed with rich gifts in spirit and mind, he absorbed school learning without any difficulties.

"An illness (diphtheria) interrupted once his studies. His parents were afraid of his life, but God made him recover. Tired from his illness and for himself still unable for sport, he pursued with his eyes, the boys in their gay play on the ice.

"Suddenly he saw at a distant spot a break—and a boy—Georg Habenicht—vanish under the ice. Karl cried 'Help! Help!' but there was nobody to help. Then he saved the little Georg, taking together all his will and the last strength, risking his own life.

"At home he did not speak about the event. Only by the father of little Georg we learned what had passed."

Mathilde goes on:

"His professor—Steinberg—was the son of a missionary in Africa. He made valuable and interesting the dark continent to his pupils. And beside that, men like Nachtigal, Wissmann, Karl Peters, and Emin Pasha were mentioned in all discussions of their explorations and undertakings—in which the young people took part.

"If you will deign and understand psychologically Karl's development, you must know the explorer faculties which already lived in the boy.

"The woods and the fields were his home. He knew the tunings of the birds and their eggs. He knew every kind of butterfly and beetle, plant and mineral. His collections still existed twenty years later.

"Besides that, he made physical and chemical experiments. His narrow room became a laboratorium. Our good mother got ruined plates and towels. He used

the books to learn that which he could not learn otherwise but he liked most to learn by studying Nature. His teachers knew that the young explorer could not be limited by banal things. Karl wrote his own orthography. Therefore all orthographical faults got the nickname 'Kummianer.'

"Everybody liked Karl and he had many friends. Already in the last years in school, he was known as a boy with much oratorical endowment. Often when the pupils had a conference about something during the pause (recreation) Karl had to be their speaker. Then he made one of his inspiring speeches, which were finished by raving applause.

"In 1894 he passed the matriculation examination in Osterode. Then he went as a volunteer into the army as usual, for one year . . . . later he visited friends of his sister Pauline in England who had been a teacher there and had gone later as a missionary to China.

"In this time, his life got a new direction. He became conscious that God claimed the whole life for His service. Later on he went to universities, Heidelberg, Jena, and Freiburg. In Freiburg he made his Doctor of Philosophy."

Before we pass from this sister's memories, let us turn back to her recollections of that mother of hers, with her frequent "little song, amid the hardnesses of life."

"When her daughter Pauline went to China as a missionary Mother wrote her nothing of her parting pain, but she began her first letter with a little folk song:

" 'Wem Gott will rechte Gunst erweisen, den schickt er in die weite Welt.' [*Those to whom God will show real favour, He sends out into the wide world.*]

"And when she had dismissed with hard pain, Karl, who went to Central Africa—some minutes later, she met a woman whom she encouraged and comforted, so that her own parting pain was put into the background by new duties.

"She became eighty-one years old. The centrum of her life was love and providence for others. She went home with bold faith of God."

These letters reveal to us something of the richness of early contacts. The wise and pious father, the devout and cultured sisters,—straight and shadowy in the background the steady ever-to-be-relied-on brother Alfred—that schoolmaster kindling a fire of enthusiasm for Africa —and the gallant little mother, who "turned pain into a testimony."

So, from this Autumn harvest, we gather a rich berry and a golden leaf or two.

CHAPTER III

"BENT ON THE RIDING"

APPROXIMATELY 1896 TO 1899

"The road is through dolour and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal or entice us;
What odds? We are Knights, and our souls are bent on the riding!

We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the storm wind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil;
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that follow."

—LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

PAULINE was the pioneer of the Kumm family, in missionary work. In the mystery and the discipline of Divine guidance, God first enlarged her heart and freed it from racial and national prejudice before He sent her to China. As one step on the way, Pauline served a simple apprenticeship in separation and in loneliness, in England, first of all—and this sojourn had its bearing on the destiny of her brother Karl.

There was in England a returned missionary of the China Inland Mission—Rev. C. G. Moore, for some time acting-Editor of the "Life of Faith." In his young manhood, with all his ambition set, and his studies shaped, towards a medical career, he had suddenly heard the call of God, to forsake all—and follow! Accordingly, he took the "leap into the infinite dark," which was not darkness to the One who had called—and became a missionary in China.

For a period of years subsequently, his work lay in England, and his home was in New Southgate, Middlesex. Thither came Pauline Kumm, from Osterode of the Harz mountains, to be governess to the three Moore children.

"She was," as one of them recalls, "a keen Christian, full of the missionary spirit, which later led her to devote her life to mission work in China."

When, after three years, Pauline returned to Osterode, she took with her one of her pupils, Stanley—then a boy of ten—that he might have the advantage his father very much desired for him, of a few months at a German school.

He stayed with the Kumms at Osterode, and recalls his childish impressions of the family. The father seemed very "old" to this little lad, and very "taciturn," as he remembers him silently pacing up and down the parlour in dressing-gown and smoking-cap—thinking, thinking. A child would be over-awed, one can well imagine, and would turn with affection to the more approachable parent, whom he describes "as a sweet and loving woman." The one he recalls most vividly, however, is that handsome, well-built boy—Karl William. He was known to all as "Willie" at this stage. Later on, probably in the romantic years when euphonious sounds are so grateful to the ear, and another young life touched his most intimately, he became known generally as "Karl."

"Willie was a senior scholar in the school to which I was sent," writes Mr. Moore, "and though there was a great difference in age between us, he adopted me as his special protege. We used to go into the Harz range together bird-nesting, and he awakened in me a keen interest in birds and entomology. He also taught me

the use of a pistol and how to shoot with bow and arrow."

The English boy went home at the appointed time, but Karl Kumm and he kept up an intermittent correspondence. Each pursued his studies in his own land, Karl fitting in the required period of military service—and then, after several years, they met again.

This time, Karl came as guest to the English home. He was always good to look at. At this time, when his youth had just blossomed into manhood, he might have stood as a model of knighthood. His height, his clear-cut features, his mobile sensitive mouth and nobility of expression, marked him out above his fellows. Indeed, a photograph of that time, has caught something of "uplift" which makes it strangely reminiscent of the "Christus" of Valerius. In later life, his appearance was even more striking; to goodliness had been added knowledge, and the softening of sorrow. His smile, always charming, had much of compassion in it, as though he were like his Master, touched with the feeling of all human infirmities. In the hair which swept from his forehead, there was one band of pure white, which accentuated his distinction.

The young man from Hanover readily adapted himself to the home life of his English friends, and participated in their interests, which were supremely Christian.

Close by the Moore home was an undenominational Mission Hall, financed by a Committee of business men, who used to secure the services of well-known missionaries and evangelists. Thither, one night, went Karl Kumm and young Stanley Moore, to hear a Missionary from North Africa. The speaker was a Mr. Glenny, superintendent of the Nth. Africa Mission. He was a builder, in a large way, in a suburb on the Thames.

East of London, but, one judges that, like Carey, his real business was to evangelise—and the building trade was carried on to pay expenses. Once a year, he would go out to North Africa to visit the mission stations. At that time, there were outposts in Egypt, though now the activities of the mission function in Tunis, Tripoli, Algeria and Morocco.

"One loving heart sets another on fire." That is how the Kingdom spreads; and as that plain man spoke that night, the fire in his heart, fanned by the Holy Ghost, kindled answering fire within the breast of Karl Kumm. He knew that Christ claimed him, with his strong but undefined ambitions, with his latent abilities, with his strength and his weakness. And the man, who was then but a young lad, at his side, remembers how, as the challenge was thrown out—Karl Kumm "made the double response" of giving his heart to God, and his life to Africa.

It was characteristic of him, that having decided that this thing must be done, he must do it *forthwith*. He had not completed his philosophical course, but neither that consideration nor any other which had personal advancement as its motive, must stand in the way. Eventually, he had to come back to the place where he realised that this extra equipment was in his Lord's purpose, and had to be achieved under more difficult conditions — but at this stage, his impetuous nature, caught up with the sense of a marvellous quest, could realise nothing save that he was a Knight of God, and his soul must be "bent on the riding."

There is little record of his life at this time. Almost immediately he went into training, and was certainly at Harley House under Dr. Grattan Guinness, for a brief period. (Did that indefatigable recruiting agent

for his Lord point a meaning finger towards the Sudan, even then, one wonders?) And then, speedily—he was "in the work."

It is probable that that eventful night for Karl Kumm, was not without its significance for the young friend who sat beside him, and who supplied these memories, after nearly forty years. Perhaps even then, forces were at work, which shaped his future. Of himself he has written:

"To be a missionary, I frankly confess, was the reverse of what I had planned; I should have been depressed or horrified by the idea, at one time. It was my ambition to be a journalist by profession, aiming ultimately at increased leisure for indulging in outdoor sports and pastimes. Yet by a strange mutation of circumstances, I found myself at the age of twenty-eight, a pioneer missionary in the Rocky Mountains. The translation from my own chosen sphere to this unpromising field of duty even astonished and alarmed me. Yet the call had come clearly, and the Voice that called, spoke also peace to my heart."

Instead of that leisure for "out-door sports and pastimes," Mr. Moore has leisure of a different kind—for, for the last sixteen years he has been confined to bed, with heart-disease—a "fallen warrior" who wields a pen for Christ, now that his hand can no longer hold a sword.

Karl Kumm went to Egypt, and for two-and-a-half years, worked among the Moslems, studying Arabic and itinerating in the Delta, and in the oases of Fayoom, Charga, Dachla and Beris. It was while he worked there, that the Sudan was laid on his heart. With an

insight into the Mohammedan faith, with the knowledge that there were so many tribes utterly unevangelised in Central Africa, with the fear that Islam might anticipate Christ, the quest that God had marked for him, gradually became clear before him.

He carried with him a photograph of a Sudanese Bischareen—which haunted him, and became symbolic:—

"Only a dark-eyed Bischareen, an untaught desert ranger, lithe, sinewy, half savage, proud, bold, free. With his wild crop of matted hair, done in the style of the Sphinx and the old Pharaohs, gripping his well-worn stick in both his hands, he sits there leaning forward, searching us with unfathomable eyes — unfathomable thoughts silent behind them, unfathomable issues, sunk in a deeper silence. . . . .

"As we look, we seem to see in and through the photograph, the dark-skinned people of the whole Sudan. The eyes that look out at us from that one silent face are innumerable, hopeless eyes of slaves; anguished eyes of tortured women; keen eyes of clever traders and the proud glance of chieftains; others, dull, bewildered, shadowed by life's miseries, unlit by any of heaven's rays. The face with its grave question stood for the face of thousands, faces of slave-drivers, of fanatic Imans, rich Emirs, lazy princes, half-starved naked Nile savages, wild Dinkas, Shillooks, Nuers, and a hundred other tribes. Their lands came up before the mind, stretching from Abyssinia across to the Atlantic—free kingdoms, ancient empires, cities and schools and mosques, forts, caravan routes, rivers, mountains, lakes, empty wadis, desert and green oases, palm-fringed villages and wells. Like a dream they swept before us.

"Was there for all these people no Christ of God? No Jesus? Was there for them no new life, set free

from sin and fear? The vast Sudan—3,000 miles across . . . . 100 lands, 100 languages—all, all non-Christian to this hour. . . . . .

"We cannot escape these eyes. Walk away, they follow. Meet them, they are watching you. Turn from them, they watch you still. Ignore them, neglect them, busy yourself with other things—still their haunting question pursues . . . ."

So the needs of the Sudan obsessed Karl Kumm. The very fact that this field had so far had such little attention from the Church of Christ, was an added attraction to him. All his life, he liked to do things which no one else had done—to get off the beaten track—to attempt "something different." He recognised the magnificent work being done in the North of Africa by the C.M.S., by the North Africa Mission, by Presbyterian Missions, by the Egypt General Mission.

But for him, the Sudan was inescapable.

CHAPTER IV

"BRIGHTNESS-UPON-THE-WAY"
To 1900

"Her name, Lucy, is as pleasing as in English, when transliterated into the Chinese language . . . . . 'Lu-Hsi'—it runs: and it means, very aptly Brightness-upon-the-way. What could be more suitable for one so starry, so candid, so lovely—whose life has been spent in carrying 'the Light'?"

—LADY HOSIE, writing of another Lucy—her mother, Lucy Soothill.

ONE of the outstanding names in the religious (and indeed in the secular) history of Australia, is that of Henry Reed. Associated with the early days of Tasmania, and the very beginning of settlement in Victoria "he showed remarkable aptitude for business and his rapid rise to great wealth is a romance of fortune." But, "religion was the supreme passion of his life." In England and Australia alike, he was known as an ardent preacher, the friend of all evangelical endeavour.

By munificent gifts, by preaching, by prayer, by personal work, he laboured in the Gospel. "Amongst many others, he led the quaint and famous preacher, Peter Mackenzie, into the fellowship of Christ" writes Rev. Irving Benson. "He was closely associated with General Booth in the establishment of the Salvation Army. After his death, the old general wrote of him a simple and sincere tribute:—

"Henry Reed . . . . . was a man of unswerving integrity, great courage, inflexible will, and tireless energy. Mr. Reed rendered me generous assistance at the commencement of the Salvation Army, for which I shall be

everlastingly grateful. He did not see eye to eye with me in every method employed in those days, but on the main principles of the Salvation war, he was with me heart and soul."

In St. John Ervine's magnificent volumes on General Booth ("God's Soldier"), William Booth and Henry Reed are met in conjunction, and we realise that here indeed were *two* "inflexible wills." It was the greatest proof of the essential Christianity of both, that these two, each a "general" by nature, by ability and in practice,—quite sharply opposed at times—could still appreciate and abet the work of the other, for Christ's sake.

Mrs. Henry Reed was no less outstanding than her husband. An aristocrat and an autocrat, she combined English elegance with evangelical zeal, and when her husband died in 1880, she continued to make generous gifts to those causes she delighted to honour.

Though her home was in Tasmania, her sojourns with her family in England were many and prolonged. Among intimate missionary friends in England, were Dr. Grattan Guinness and his wife and family. Brought up in the same traditions, the young people of each household were all very friendly together—one outcome of this family friendship being the marriage of Miss Annie Reed to Dr. Harry Guinness, a union which meant a great deal for missionary enterprise.

Returning to Australia on one occasion, Mrs. Reed brought with her two of the Guinnesses — Whitfield (later to accomplish much Christlike work as a medical missionary in Honan, China) — and Lucy. For two years they became like her very own.

The Reed home, "Mount Pleasant," is in Tasmania, perfectly situated above the Northern town of Launceston. The great house itself looks down over the

pleasant valley of the Esk and up to the range of blue mountains of which Ben Lomond is chief. In the spacious grounds, and riding far over the lovely vales and hills, the young people passed many joyous hours.

The venturesome Reeds, accustomed to horses and to the ardours of station life almost from infancy, found Whitfield apt in country pursuits, and Lucy very timid. When a herd of domestic cows advanced across a paddock in which they chanced to be riding, Lucy would strain at her bridle and implore the others to encircle her "never worrying as to whether we might be gored or not" laughs one who remembers.

Lucy Guinness and Mary Reed, well into their 'teens, were despatched across the Strait to a boarding school in Melbourne—the Presbyterian Ladies' College. They shared a room and there exchanged confidences—squabbled, competed, burned with girlish jealousies, and loved one another all the time.

Mary Reed (Mrs. Fysh), now living a somewhat secluded life, owing to ill-health, recalls her companion vividly:

"Lucy was always a personality. At school, she was hopeless at arithmetic (we called her 'Cipher,' and did all her sums for her), but in English and composition, she eclipsed us all. And she was a brilliant musician" (here spoke one who was a first-class performer herself). "Of course that was inherited. Old Dr. Guinness's mother was a daughter of Cramer, the composer, the first pianist of his day.

"Lucy won the Senior Pianoforte Scholarship at the P. L. C. This included the presentation of a gold

watch by Lady Lock, the wife of the Governor of Victoria. At a concert held in the 'Athenæum' in December, 1884, the musical critic of the 'Age' waxed enthusiastic over Lucy's talent. The school sang a part-song —Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break," set to music by Lucy and this critic declared that this piece and the young composer's playing of the accompaniment, presaged for her a future in the front rank of musicians."

"Miss Guinness's tempo was at times a little faulty," concluded Mrs. Fysh, reading from an old cutting—regarding Lucy's rendering of classical music—"no doubt owing to nervousness in the young performer."

("But," interposed her daughter, Miss Geraldine, "I thought you told me, Mother, that Lucy was never nervous."

"Nor was she," answered her mother. "The critic *THOUGHT* she was. Lucy's *tempo* was often faulty, but it was just because she preferred her own *tempo* to that of the composer.")

"About this time, too, a great violinist, Remenyi, paid a visit to the college at the invitation of the musical director, Mr. Plumpton, and heard the various pupils. He was astonished at Lucy's playing, and pronounced her to be on the very 'threshold of the inner temple of classical music'."

"Was she pretty?" someone asked of Mrs. Fysh.

"No—she was more than pretty, she was interesting to the last degree! She was small and dark with clear pale face, and with something vivid about her. She had a way of getting herself up in the evening—a rose in her hair—a scrap of lace, maybe—and the result would be charming. She was deeply religious. In the cold dark wintry dawn, she would be huddled up in rugs with

her Bible, keeping the Morning Watch. But that did not prevent her breaking any rule she considered useless. And she could carry things off in a way that no one else could do.

"There was one stupid rule which had been introduced (so we girls understood) in consequence of some high-spirited pranks originated by a previous student—Nellie Mitchell—later to be known as Madam Melba, all over the world. In the morning, after breakfast, every girl must bring from dormitories everything that would be required for the day, and no one must on any account go upstairs until after five o'clock in the evening.

"Lucy simply ignored this, and ascended and descended at her own sweet will. One day, en route for her bedroom, she encountered the lady superintendent on the stairs. With perfect calm, she engaged her in conversation, so interesting, so vital, that the lady was simply held and fascinated. At its conclusion they parted pleasantly, Lucy coolly continuing her way on forbidden ground. The rule was never mentioned."

The Guinnesses returned to England in due time and Lucy increased in wisdom (though not in stature) and in favour with God and man.

By this time, there were two missionary institutions presided over by Dr. Grattan Guinness and his able wife —Harley House, a big old-fashioned place with a wonderful garden, facing on the Bow Road in East London, and Cliff House in Derbyshire, a beautiful residence above the river Derwent,—both used as training centres for missionary workers.

Little need be said, where so much has already been recorded, regarding the work of Dr. and Mrs. Guinness. "There were giants in those days" and in evangelistic

fervour, and missionary zeal, none were more powerful than those two.

It is difficult sometimes to estimate the exact stature of the great Victorian Christians, because there was a tendency in their generation to present them to us, draped in such substantial white linen that we could not discern the living, moving, forms beneath. The reaction to that attitude has been the deplorable practice of "debunking." The Bible presents to us the perfect method—not whitewashing, not camouflaging, not ignoring, not scandalising—simply stating. Hence we have no baulking at the fact that Paul and Barnabas had sharp contention—and no gloating over it. We have Paul stating unequivocally, quite impenitently, but without bitterness that he "withstood Peter to the face because he was to be blamed"—and he makes no attempt to "hush up" the fact that Euodias and Sintyche did not get on too well together.

So far as the Guinness family were concerned, however, there seems to have been little that could make for detraction. The children were brought up by devoted parents in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and in harmony with one another. They all evinced a deep love and unalloyed reverence for those consecrated parents of theirs, and, that Dr. and Mrs. Guinness could make such a signal success of parenthood and raise from their own home such a band of warriors for the Lord, at the same time that they themselves did such high exploits for the Kingdom, is surely a superlative achievement.

There was no domain in need of Christ which escaped the eagle missionary eye of Dr. Guinness, and the great Sudan was well in his line of vision. As far back as 1888, he was trying to arouse the attention of the

Christian public to the claims of the Sudan, but at the time the Sudan was closed to Europeans, so he had to possess his soul in patience. But the hour was to come. . . . . .

Lucy was soon in the thick of zealous Christian labour. All the fires of her early years had been fed with missionary fuel, her eager sensitive gaze had been trained to see oppression, her heart trained to meet it, and in seeking and succouring, her young womanhood was passed.

"This is my Prayer Book," she said to a group of girls, very little younger than herself, as she led them in a meeting out on the hillside above the lake, during a Keswick week. She opened a small atlas and turning the pages showed the habitations of all the nations of the earth. Even then, her prayers were as high as heaven, and as wide as the world.

Her gift of leadership, her speech, her music, her literary ability all contributed to her success. Young students fell in love with her and she paired them off with suitable Christian girls. She found spheres of service for those who were too diffident to find them for themselves.

There were conferences at Cliff, conventions at Keswick, but always she found time to use pen and tongue for the lowly and the needy. She wrote on the needs of South America "The Neglected Continent." Frail as she was, she went and worked as a factory girl in the East end that she might know the conditions of life there, at first hand. Then she wrote a book about her experiences "which stirred many hearts to sympathy and led to the establishment of a home for these girls under the devoted care of Miss Meredith Brown, daughter of Professor Brown of Aberdeen."

In 1898 her mother died, and Lucy and her father went travelling in the East. . . . . The needs of India gripped her and she wrote her book "Across India."

And the time drew near when the great business of her life began.

. . . . . .

Dr. Guinness and Lucy had been in Palestine for three months, and surely no one ever travelled in that land, with more sacred feelings than she!

"A whole three months in Palestine," she writes, "lavishly, luxuriously embraced for twelve bright weeks or more within its precincts. If you come and go in a sandstorm like the Kaiser, whirling through a sirocco and grudgingly bestowing the blink of a dusty eye on the Shrine of the universe, you needn't expect to enjoy Palestine," and then tells of her enrichment as she "caught the Vision, saw the Unseen a little, moved amid the memories of the Chosen Land."

On May 12th, she writes to her home-folk:—

"Beloved Ones,

"In a quiet evening light, we are travelling south through Egypt once more, Father and I together. We left Alexandria this morning after a very busy week there, and are going (D.V.) for a few days to see "the Garden of Egypt," an oasis called Fayoom, on the edge of the Sahara. Mr. Kumm, one of the North African Mission workers is with us. He is the only one of their men in Egypt who has worked in the Fayoom and comes as guide and interpreter and general protector.

"We are flying down the Delta, in a quiet dreamy light, half grey, half green, half misty blue; the sky lies all around us, for in this level land, one scarcely

sees the country unless one looks for it out of a railway window. Dark clusters of fine trees, palms, figs and other Easterns, stand out against the sky here and there."

In this letter with its first reference to "Mr. Kumm," we notice that the meticulous Miss Guinness speaks of three "halves," and we may attribute it to her defective mathematics, or to the dawn of love, which transcends all mathematics.

For down in Egypt's garden, love was born. This small, dark, gifted woman, sentient, devout, thrilling to the spell of natural scenery, adjusting herself to life after the shock of a broken love-affair which had absorbed her, saw a handsome young giant, lately surrendered to her Lord, and looked on him with interest. He was some years younger than she, charming, learned in the wisdom of the Egyptians. He loved music, and his musical speaking voice was only surpassed by his singing voice. He had a passionate love of travel and exploration. Quite frankly, he admired her from the first, her music, her atmosphere of poetry, her deeper knowledge of that which he was but learning. He reverenced her and was gripped by that "interestingness" which all felt.

His abilities, some in bud and some in full bloom, and his aptitude, appealed to the born teacher in her. Moreover there was to the end of his life something naive and child-like in Karl Kumm, to which her strong instinct of motherhood made answer. But with it all, there was his masterfulness.

Lucy was completely, irrevocably in love.

. . . . .

They moved on, spent a Sunday at Senuris, where Dr. Guinness and Karl both spoke at the Church for

Protestant Copts, and Lucy sat among the women and took care of a black baby, so the mother could listen.

And all the time, she was being captured for Africa.

Dr. Grattan Guinness had, years before, been moved by the need and neglect of the Sudan and now, with political conditions pointing to an open door, a younger man had arisen and he was to see a work initiated which should extend beyond his dreams—for Karl Kumm had come to feel the needs of the Sudan as a burden laid on him by God. In the years to come he was to be the means of opening many blind eyes to the sad sights among "the child races of the dark Continent," to quicken many dull minds into recognition of Islam's black menace, and to the duty of Christ's followers in opposing it, but he won his greatest ally in those first days of his young enthusiasm, when beneath the palm trees in Egypt's garden, he showed Lucy Guinness what was in his heart.

This new friend escorted Dr. Guinness and his daughter back to Cairo, where, by the way, they stayed at the same hotel as Lord Kitchener, and from a nearby table, observed the Sirdar with observant, interested eyes. From Alexandria, Karl saw them off to Venice. But they had arranged to meet in Luxor in the first month of the new century.

For the next eight months, Karl Kumm was pioneering in the Nile valley, with Dr. Krusius. He travelled in the oases of Charga, Dachla and Beris. He traversed as the first white man, the Southern caravan route between Charga and Dachla, and tried to discover an old caravan route from Dachla to Lake Chad. Down in these oases he collected Roman coins and at Æris, discovered an ancient temple on whose walls were Greek

inscriptions, which were of such historic interest that a professor at Heidelberg had them published.

Returning from this expedition, the Arab guide lost his way and for two or three hours, it looked as if the little caravan might disappear in the Sahara as many another caravan has done. The howling of a dog in an Arab encampment led him back across some difficult sandhills to the first village in the oasis of Dachla.

Christmas of 1899 was spent in these oases and on the first of January, a start was made for the return journey. In the company were Arab slave raiders who had been several times to the Sudan for slaves, and quite freely related some of their experiences. It was discovered afterwards that they were smugglers of hashish, though they had no hashish with them at that particular time.

So in the first month of the new century, from the oases, across the mountains, past the tombs of the kings, Karl Kumm came to Luxor and found Lucy Guinness awaiting him.

For much that transpired at this period and afterwards, we are indebted to Lucy's letters. She wrote at length and with charm and facility, for the Guinnesses had the gift of expression.

Somewhere, in one of his books, Professor Phelps speaks of the still, suppressed women in the writings of Joseph Conrad and wonders where Conrad encountered these inarticulate ones who endured so greatly and so speechlessly. He adds in parenthesis that all the women he has known have talked more and suffered less! And certainly expression eases mental suffering in some measure, as the prick of a lancet eases a boil.

The Guinness sisters with tremendous capacity for deep feeling, had at any rate the relief of being articulate. They could say what was in their hearts, and say it lucidly. Which of us has not been grateful for this gift of tongue and pen in Geraldine Guinness (Mrs. Howard Taylor), whereby we have been enabled to share so much of her knowledge of the heroes and martyrs of the China Inland Mission?

And Lucy had these gifts in abundant measure.

Miss Douglas, an old friend in Ireland, once described what happened when Lucy Guinness sat with guests. She would be chatting interestedly with one and another—and then, gradually the little groups would find their heads turning from one another and towards her, wherever she might be, listening. That faculty of being "interesting" drew them all—"held children from their play and old men from the chimney-corner."

And she could write. The most moving of these letters could never be published. They were read with reluctance, but with reverence. Passages were skipped altogether, as a voice seemed tapping at one's brain: "Tread softly, tread softly—because you tread on my dreams." Some of these letters, written in the white heat of a pure and grateful passion, are poetry.

In the biography of Douglas Thornton, a love-letter of his to his bride-to-be makes a profound impression:

"I want this letter to be from my heart," he wrote. "I want you secretly, before your Maker, to make a firm resolve to help me always to be true to my convictions wrought out on my knees in the presence of Christ. I must be true to God and conscience all my life and never let the world dazzle me—a preacher—prophet all the time. Are you willing to bear separation if the Lord shall cause it? If I have to work

night and day, you will not think me selfish? There will be very little 'drawing-room time' in my life. I must work while it is called to-day."

No letters from Karl Kumm at this period have been preserved, but there is this in one of Lucy's, which breathes the same rare air of devotion, as that of Douglas Thornton:

"There may come times of difficulty, pressure, hindrance, tests of faith, slow fruit and much labour, trial linked to our joy. But never can His word fail—nor He fail: 'He must reign.' In our life together, in our deepest union, in our joy unspeakable, with all that it may bring; in every hour and moment . . . . in each place—*He* must reign—*He* must reign."

At Assouan took place a formal betrothal, when as she afterwards wrote "on that dear beautiful day by the Nile, over the two dark hands, our two hands were joined. We stood in Africa. We stood for Christ in Africa. What can we do for Him in Africa?"

The "dark hands" belonged to two Sudanese Bischareen from whom Karl had been learning the language and working on Bischareen grammar and vocabulary.

Then the three went down to Cairo where Dr. Watson assisted by Dr. Guinness, married them. Douglas Thornton was there and "that nice boy Gairdner who played the beautiful church hymns." They celebrated the wedding with a tea to two or three hundred soldiers—(to whom Karl had been acting-Chaplain for a brief period some time before).

Their honeymoon was "in the work" at Assouan. Their home was on one of Cook's discarded Nile steamers, Lucy having "learned to cook potatoes splendidly, and to make the most delicious soups (out of tins)."

And both of them knew that for Africa they had been chosen and ordained.

CHAPTER V

"ABOVE THE DEEP INTENT"
1900 TO 1904

"I have served Him by frequent travelling, amid dangers in the desert, dangers by sea . . . . . with labour and toil, with many a sleepless night. . . . . And besides other things, which I pass over, there is that which presses on me daily—my anxiety for all the churches."

—ST. PAUL (Weymouth).

MORE and more, Africa, and especially the Sudan, was laid on both their hearts. Above all other bonds and interests "Christ for the Sudan" was their common passion, and to establish a Mission which should stand for the Cross against the Crescent, was now their "deep intent." Their eyes opened to the terrible need and to the golden opportunity, they conceived a great endeavour, in which Christians should unite to bring the glorious, liberating news of Jesus Christ to the pagan tribes, before they could be threatened by the thraldom of Islam.

It would be a pioneering mission. Their first name for it, while as yet it was without form, was the Sudan Pioneer Mission. They dreamed of it and talked of it as they honeymooned "in the work" at Assouan. But it must be really launched from the homelands. Therefore, after a few months, they moved back towards Europe.

They were in Jerusalem for a few days, and it was there that they held their first meeting in the interests

of the Sudan, and received the first gifts for the work, a hat being passed round and returned full of silver and gold. They journeyed on—paused at Venice, where they met Dr. Barnardo, who told them that "he owed much, if not all his spiritual life to Dr. Guinness."

That first summer they had happy times with the Kumms at Osterode, and Karl spoke at innumerable meetings in Germany, breaking up the soil, preparing. At student gatherings he was always particularly successful, and at Eisenach that year, the German Sudan Pioneer Mission was definitely commenced.

Lucy, always delicate, and now grown frailer for a time as the prospect of motherhood dawned, spent quiet weeks at Davos while her husband began and continued his crusade for the Sudan. He was in England, speaking at Keswick, when she wrote:

"Now I know you understood, when first we talked of working hand in hand and I told you I never would hinder but always set you free to serve. . . . . If, in the relinquishing of anything we love, we may extend the Kingdom in Africa, what a glad privilege!"

And later, still patiently alone, she writes of her own spiritual life even more than of the strangeness of the new and wonderful experience awaiting her, sharing with him her findings:

"An hour alone with God each day . . . . a time to hear His voice and speak to Him; when this is stinted, thank God, the hungry soul cries out. One *can't* have meetings and do good in them, one *can't* help others in personal talks, one *can't* do justice to the work, if one is soul-starved."

By the end of that year, they were together for a little while, and at the close of February 1901, their first little son, Henry, was born. When he was little

more than a month old, his father was off to Africa again, at Wady Halfa, beyond Assouan, acquiring facts, acquiring language, evangelising, working for their Mission. They had joined hands for Africa, but almost all through their marriage, their hands had to reach across the sea, for (as Karl later estimated) after six years of married life, less than twelve months had been spent together. With minds and hearts united, separation was the price they had to pay for their devotion to their King.

When Karl rejoined his wife and child at Wiesbaden, he was very ill, having had an attack of appendicitis in the Mediterranean. Lucy nursed him back to life, but before he was wholly recovered, this man, avid for knowledge, avid for the best for Africa and God, decided that he must make a further study of Oriental languages, of Astronomy and such subjects as would advance their ultimate work.

Lucy with her babe went back to Cliff in England, to be with her father, and nominally, "to rest and regain her strength,"—in reality to work for the Sudan with hand and heart and brain, in the midst of a scene she loved.

In Germany, Karl had a strenuous time. He was studying and propagating knowledge of Africa at the same time. He worked early and late, visiting fifteen universities that winter, in the intervals of close study.

His health was poor and Lucy frequently urged him in letters to venture on that comparatively new adventure in surgery, the removal of the appendix. She spoke to her cousin, "Willy Eccles," about it, he having removed numerous appendices, with great success. It could, of course, be done in Germany, but she points out that not only is Dr. Eccles a distinguished surgeon,

but he had offered to do the operation gratuitously! (If one is not mistaken, this cousin of Lucy's is Mr. McAdam Eccles, prominent in the B.M.A. to-day, and a very staunch pillar of righteousness.) But Karl would not pause for the operation, and the offended appendix retired sulkily from the attack, only to lie in wait for a more inconvenient season.

Meanwhile at Cliff, changes were brewing. Dr. Grattan Guinness felt he could no longer carry on. Dr. Harry Guinness, his son, with whom was associated Rev. F. B. Meyer, had their hands quite full at Harley House, with all its activities and obligations, and desired to withdraw from any responsibility for the Derbyshire institution.

What was to be the future of Cliff? Suddenly Dr. Guinness became alarmed. There were rumours that the Jesuits were wanting it. Those who have read anything of Dr. Guinness's writings will know in what abhorrence he held Rome and all her works. He did not share Bunyan's belief that Giant Pope: "though he be yet alive, is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so stiff in his joints that he can now do little more than sit in the cave's mouth, grinning at the Pilgrims as they go by and biting his nails because he cannot come at them." Nor did Dr. Guinness act like Christian who "held his peace, and set a good face on it, and so went by and catched no hurt."

To avert the catastrophe of Cliff, his joy and pride, the centre whence he had propagated his most cherished beliefs, getting into the clutches of the Scarlet Woman, Dr. Guinness conceived the plan of Karl and Lucy taking over the whole property, to carry on and develop for Africa, as a Mission centre of organisation and a

Training College. He had an idea that it might become also a publishing centre for Bibles, and for all missionary and religious literature.

Karl, one gathers (though the only letters on the subject are Lucy's), is very dubious. Such institutions have to be financed, and their plans were but in the making. Moreover, it might involve his continued residence at Cliff, and God might require his whole life for Africa! He also knew quite well that his wander-lust had not yet been satisfied, that he would never rest until Africa had yielded to him more of her heart; and he believed that this desire was of God's planting, even as He had planted it in the breast of David Livingstone, his hero.

Then there was that powerful personality, Dr. Guinness. Cliff had been his throne. Would he really abdicate, or would Karl and Lucy be expected to act under a benevolent autocracy? Karl Kumm knew that such a regime would be impossible. He prayed and he hesitated. . . . . It was big, and he loved big things but . . . .

To Lucy the project was most alluring. Her vivid imagination saw that great centre a stronghold of God, garrisoning His soldiers, sending them out to the fight, clad in the whole armour. She loved Cliff. "This exquisite place," she called it. And yet:

"The Lord has, long before our time on earth, surely planned our life-service," she writes. "We only need to live so close to Him that we can follow fully; only need not to miss His way, His design. I think we have not missed it yet, you and I, my own dear love."

Though she is longing for Cliff, and he is already planning his next journey to Africa, each is willing for the way of the Lord. . . . . .

Months passed, in intensive work for the Sudan, with a small band of the faithful, supporting them. There are wonderful little gleams of everlasting gold in Lucy's letters (as for instance when she writes: "£9/10/- from dear Ramabai of India. It is wonderful, with all her girls to care for and support. £5 from dear Lord Radstock").

Then they were in England discussing it all just before little Karl their second son was born. They would take over Cliff, tentatively, they decided, esteeming that to be God's will for the time, but still feeling they saw only one step before them. In the meantime, Karl felt he must sever his connection wtih the German Sudan Pioneer Mission, as his headquarters would now be in England, and at Sheffield on 13th November, 1902, the first tangible form was given to the scheme which was then known as the Sudan Pioneer Mission.

Dr. Guinness breathed freely when this decision was reached, but it was a tremendous undertaking for the young people with practically no organisation behind them, and little money. Moreover, in order to complete his course and sit for his examinations, Karl had to go back to Germany. He studied at Jena and in July, 1903, took out his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Freiburg.

At Cliff, Lucy prayed and worked and wrote for the Sudan. Every fine young man she saw she coveted for Africa. She writes of a Mr. S——, said to be "the finest man in Sheffield." "He has a Bible Class of 1,000 men every Sunday. Let us pray for him for the Sudan. Baby can walk six steps alone." (One is glad the Sudan did not crowd baby out of the picture.) The claims of the work pressed hard. They were working with so little backing, just themselves and those few self-sacrificing

friends, and with no established organisation. The Mission had been conceived but it was not born, and Cliff was an enormous responsibility.

Then came the sign that this sojourn at Cliff was but a step on the way. The Wesleyans wanted the property. With what a sigh of relief and what an ejaculation of thanksgiving must Dr. Guinness have heard the news! The Wesleyans were—well, perhaps not quite sound on prophecy, but compared with the Jesuits they were angels of light.

So Karl and Lucy found a pretty home at Castleton, not far from Sheffield, and her dreams for Cliff came true in God's own way, for Cliff sent, and still sends its Crusaders out through the cities and villages of England, over the waters to the continents and uttermost islands of the sea, to proclaim the message which was more than life to her.

In June 1903, her sister Geraldine (Mrs. Howard Taylor) wrote from Switzerland:

"How gracious it is of the Lord to have led to the happy settlement of the Cliff question, in which we are all rejoicing. We heard the good news first, from your letter which reached us at Damascus. . . . I know how perplexing the question seems about Father's future home. We cannot fully see how the needs are to be met."

There was really no need to worry about this problem. Dr. Guinness settled this "perplexing question" for himself by marrying a competent young wife and becoming engrossed in the two stalwart young sons of the marriage.

Settled at Mountview, Castleton, now the headquarters of the embryo mission, a round of meetings followed. Karl spoke powerfully again at Keswick. He went to

Ireland and to Scotland, and to many towns in England. A host of enthusiastic friendships for the Mission were formed, and Lucy's letters followed him about, telling of men offering, money subscribed, and giving homely details about the two dear babes. In one letter she has just discovered that she can procure—"a light contrivance, which costs about 2/6 and has 1,000 charges. It is quite a little thing. You can carry it about in your hands and it has no outside battery connection or wires. You press a button and it shows a bright electric light, which appears as long as you keep the button pressed down and when you want to put it out, you raise your finger. I have so wished for one of these, as it would be an immense help with little Bab at nights. One need not strike a match or fumble with a candle, but one can just put a light weight on the button of the box and instantly have light enough to attend to him."

Perhaps we had not realised that there could be all this to-do about a rather crude little electric torch in 1903—when to-day almost every child possesses a super-torch!

The very next day, Lucy is writing with many exclamations in Latin and in English of "Praise God!"—for an anonymous giver has sent £500, and has notified that there will be £500 a year available for five years, in order that this unnamed person may be represented on the field, preferably by Dr. Karl Kumm. Whoever he or she may have been, one hopes that the gift brought the same abounding joy to the giver that it brought to the receivers.

Among the letters, there is one of the few of Karl Kumm's preserved at this period. It is written from Tripoli, whither he had gone, chiefly to study the Hausa language (a most necessary part of equipment for the

Sudan) but also on a journey of investigation "in the mountains which no Christian interested in Missionary work had visited for over a thousand years, where the ruins of marble palaces, colleges and churches are monuments of a golden age, which has passed away under the stagnating influence of Moslem rule in the Turkish provinces." He visited a number of Mohammedan Senussi sauvijas in the interior of Tripoli. "The natives were exceptionally fanatical, and once or twice I was threatened and once actually shot at without having given any provocation whatever," he wrote of this journey later.

The letter here preserved is dated March, 1904, from "the mountains of Tripoli," describing the olive groves, the fig and pear trees, the vines and dates of the valleys and then goes on:

"The people here are Troglodytes as their fathers have been for 2,000 years. All over the country you see great earth-mounds, in the centre of which one finds a large square opening with walls descending over 20 feet to a large open courtyard, round which are a number of rooms, cut out of clay, whitewashed and, according to native idea, nicely furnished. The rooms have no light except for a door which leads to the courtyard. . . . . Pray for them and for us."

Lucy not only prayed, but in answer to his letter admonished her husband to "be sure and give them all Bibles—that is, if not forbidden to do so by the Turks."

On the same day that he wrote from Tripoli, his wife wrote from England that, after his impassioned speaking and her impassioned writing:

"The Lord is opening the way for the Sudan in England, in a way beyond our prayers and hopes. He is giving us at once, I think, all the Free Churches. Dr.

Robert Horton, who is very ill just now, and blind in one eye, having like Mr. Meyer, recently lost his sight, is elected President for next year of the Free Church Council—and he wants the Council to adopt the Sudan as its own sphere of service. I am to see Mr. Meyer, if the Lord will, early to-morrow, and the Council on the 17th must consider the whole question. If it is arranged, we shall need constant prayer and watching that the Mission be kept on believing lines."

And then, for her, began the time of greatest travail for the cause. She drafted a letter to be sent from the Sudan Council to the Free Church Council, putting clearly the needs of the Sudan, the reasons for this appeal to the Council—the possible objections and the convincing answer to each. She sent a copy to her husband: "I know you would sign it with all your heart."

There were meetings and interviews, this thing on her heart, as the "care of the churches" was on the Apostle Paul's.

On March 14, she is writing to Karl "in a dingy corner of Exeter Hall"—"Miss Douglas having kindly gone to Castleton to take care of the children":

"I saw Dr. Horton again yesterday about the Sudan and Mr. Meyer this morning. Dr. Horton has time to think now, lying quietly there, and is heart and soul in sympathy with the work. Mr. Meyer (who looks so aged and worn and thin) sees nothing at present, but the difficulty of getting another 'society' floated in England while all the others are in need of funds and crying out for money. Darling, does not everything depend now on our continued prayer and abiding in the Lord?"

And then, after a few sentences for him only, breathing her unchanging love she goes on:

"I have seen all the Missionary Society Secretaries again to-day. All but the Baptists are in hearty sympathy. The latter, being £28,000 in arrears, shrink from helping on the proposal to form a new society in the Free Churches."

Her hopes rose and fell. On March 20th, she wrote:

"Mr. Broomhall who knows the life of the Free Churches intimately, thinks there is very little hope that the Sudan scheme will be adopted, and certainly Mr. Meyer was not hopeful. . . . . Dr. Horton is full of hope and purpose and all the Missionary secretaries most kind."

Dr. Kumm returned from Tripoli in May. As he had prepared the way for outgoing Missionaries, she had paved the way for effective organisation at home.

What actually eventuated is stated clearly in the following report:

"To counteract *THE MOHAMMEDAN ADVANCE* in the largest unevangelised Mission Field, leading men of the various denominations came together in London, the Cities of the Midlands, Scotland and Ireland, to consider what could be done to meet the crisis, and prevent the pagan tribes of Central Africa from being carried into the faith of the false prophet.

Various Evangelical Foreign Missionary Societies were approached and asked whether they would be able to occupy the Sudan, but without exception they expressed their inability. Claims in other parts of the world as well as lack of funds, prevented their meeting the grave situation, though they all clearly stated their hope that something might be done and that a United Missionary effort might be placed on foot in which all those churches who were doing nothing for the Sudan, could co-operate."

The following resolution placed this on record:

"In view of the present crisis in the West Central Sudan, where unless the Gospel of Christ be brought within the next few years to Northern Nigeria, the million numbered pagan peoples of that new British Protectorate (a country as large as one-third of India) will go over to Islam, and in view of the fact, that none of the Missionary Societies of the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, or Presbyterian Churches of Great Britain or Ireland, feels itself at present able to do anything for the evangelisation of the Sudan, we should rejoice if the Lord should enable the Free Churches of this country to join in a united Sudan Mission; and while we do not pledge our societies or churches to the support of such a Mission, we should be glad to see it taken up by all the Churches which are at present doing nothing for the evangelisation of the Sudan."

(Sgd.)
W. H. FINDLAY
MARSHALL HARTLEY
WILLIAM PERKINS
R. WARDLAW THOMPSON
GEORGE COUSINS
ALEXANDER CONNEL
WILLIAM DALE
GEORGE PACKER
JAMES PICKETT
HENRY CHAPMAN
J. H. SHAKESPEARE
JOHN WILSON

Thus the Sudan United Mission came into existence. On the 15th June, 1904, in the Session Room of the Free St. George's Church in Edinburgh, Dr. Alexander

Whyte proposed that the new effort should be known under the name—

SUDAN UNITED MISSION

Lovers of the Sudan United Mission will always be glad that it was Dr. Alexander Whyte who gave the name to that spiritual child of the faith and prayers of Karl and Lucy Kumm—Dr. Alexander Whyte of whom Sir James Barrie said: "He came to announce his discoveries with a greater joy on his face than I think I have ever seen on the face of any other man. The fervour of his face, the beneficence of it, will shine on like a lamp. . . ." We think of it still turned, glorified, to shine on the dark Sudan.

Of Dr. and Mrs. Kumm, Dr. R. F. Horton wrote—

"He was the pioneer who visited and surveyed the land; she was the prophetess of the venture."

CHAPTER VI

PATIENCE AND PARTING
1904-1905

"Give me the patience Thou alone canst give
Grant me to learn Thy secret of content.
I want no gift but what Thy hand hath sent,
No life but what Thou callest me to live;
Teach me to wait. My hasty heart forgive,
Forbid that its impatience should prevent
The perfecting of Thy divine intent.
Beat out my chaff, forever, in Thy sieve.

Thine is the Kingdom, Who and what are we?
Thine is the glory: Thine alone the power,
Thine, then, be all our being—every hour,
Each breath, each heartbeat.
Grant us constancy
Till proved worthy of Thy greatest dower
Till 'in due season' satisfied by Thee."

—LUCY KUMM.

SO the Sudan United Mission was born and was dedicated and the laborious task of nurture began. For Karl and Lucy it meant another parting for "on the 27th of June 1904 at the first meeting of the London Council of the new Sudan United Mission, it was proposed by Dr. R. F. Horton that an expedition of investigation should be sent by the S. U. M. to the Upper Benue river and to the Bauchi Hill country. Thus the first expedition of the Sudan United Mission left Liverpool for Northern Nigeria on the 23rd of July, 1904. This expedition consisted of Dr. Bateman, Mr. J. L. Maxwell, Mr. J. G. Burt and Dr. H. Karl W. Kumm."

Lucy saw them off at Liverpool, her heart riven, but her soul triumphing.

Dr. Kumm wrote:

"When the last note of Auld Lang Syne had been drowned in the whirling of the rushing screw, and the last flutter of the white handkerchiefs was changed for the white wings of the hovering seagulls—we went down into our cabins and on our knees together—then rose to join hands for better for worse and to remain one through weal and woe for the kingdom of Christ in the Sudan. . . . . There were a good number of gold diggers on board bound for the Gold Coast . . . . . The first afternoon as we were leaving the mouth of the Mersey, I was walking on deck, when one of these gold diggers came up to me and said 'We hear you are missionaries.' I said, 'Yes.' 'I want you to have a service for us to-morrow morning in the Saloon.' 'Well,' I said, 'We are quite willing to have a service but if your friends should object, I am afraid they could give us a very disagreeable morning.' 'You leave that to me,' he answered. 'I have not been to service for many years and I want one.' Going over to his companions, who were drinking and gambling on the other side of the deck, he said, 'Halloa you chaps, we are going to have a service to-morrow and you had better all turn up.' They evidently knew who and what he was for they did not object.

"I went to the captain and asked for permission to hold the service in the saloon. He expressed astonishment that the men should have asked for it. He had sailed along the coast for many years, but had never heard anything like that. He said 'They need it very badly; by all means have a service. I will have the saloon ready, and the stewards shall attend.'

"So we had a service, and everybody was there. As they were all very attentive I ventured to suggest that

we might have a sing-song service in the evening. The ship's bugler played for us, and everyone chose the favourite hymn of his childhood. Again all appeared, and we had some very hearty singing. . . . . These men going to the West Coast of Africa, the white man's grave, chose for their hymns those powerful old songs, 'When I survey the wondrous cross,' 'Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.'

When we came to the end of our singing, someone suggested 'Jesu Lover of my soul.' As they sang this hymn some of their faces were turned to the wall, and when they looked back there were glistening cheeks. God was present.

"The week passed; we quietly waited and prayed. The next Sunday came. Two more services. Monday passed. On Tuesday morning we should reach the Gold Coast. As I passed late on Monday through the Saloon, I saw all the men sitting round the central table. One of them called out: 'Come and have a drink with us.'

"I hesitated a moment, and then the man sitting opposite the one who had spoken said to him: 'You leave that man alone; he is a better man than you are.'

" 'Oh!' I said, 'I don't know anything about that, I'll sit down with you and I'll have a soda water.'

"There was a lull in the conversation as I sat down. Then the man who had suggested that I should be left alone, asked me for a pencil and a piece of paper, and wrote: 'This is the last strong drink I shall touch. Can you tell me how to be saved?'

"He pushed the paper over to me. I looked at it and called the writer away with me to my cabin. There we went on our knees. He was a man of fine physique, occupying a responsible position in charge of a mine.

"After a while I left him with one of the missionaries and went back to the table. Putting my hand on the shoulder of another fellow there, I asked: 'What about you?'

" 'I also would like to find the truth,' was the answer.

" 'Come away'—and I led him to another cabin. Back I went to the table, and by that time the glasses of whisky and beer, some full, some half-full, some almost empty, had been pushed to the centre of the table, and around it the men were waiting.

"We had no sleep that night, but when the day broke the men were rejoicing in Christ their Saviour. Bibles were in great demand. . . . . I have since heard of them testifying for their Master.

"Was this God's seal to the expedition?"

From a report we read:

"The deputy high commissioner of Northern Nigeria, who sailed on the same vessel, the 'Akabo,' was interested in the Mission, and invited Dr. Kumm to travel up to Zungeru as his guest. Sir Frederick Lugard, at the Capital gave a cordial reception to Dr. Kumm, and to the proposals of the Sudan United Mission, to all of which, as far as lay in his power, he acceded, expressing his approval of the Mission and its aims advising that the work should be begun at the foot of the Murchison Range, North of Ibi, arranging a grant of land there for the start of the Mission, and also that the Sudan United Mission missionaries should travel at considerable reduction by government steamers on the Niger and Benue. He further promised to write to the Home Secretary with a view to securing for the S. U. M. the privilege of bringing in all their goods and appliances free of custom house duty.

"On the 17th of September the walled town of Wase was reached and near that town at the foot of the mighty Rock, the missionaries built the first mission station in that region."

This Rock, "a wonderful monolith probably the centre cone of an ancient volcano," towers to a height of over one thousand feet above the flat country. Beyond it lay a fertile plain and away in the distance they could see the blue peaks of the Murchison Mountains.

So, with their own hands, helped by a little company of black folk, they built their first mission house "in the shadow of a great rock." And as they built near the walls of Wase, did they ever think of Xavier dying outside that exclusive walled kingdom of China and crying "O Rock, Rock—when wilt thou open to my Master?"

There was strain and stress and many a test of faith as the work began. Dr. Kumm tells of one ocasion when all three of his companions fell ill—two of them almost unto death. He tended them as best he could, but there came an extreme moment when he could only cast himself utterly on God. He prayed something like this: "O God, Thou hast brought us here to this land. We have not come here at our own choice. . . Have pity on these, my brethren. . . How can the crisis be met, if these die? From a human standpoint hope and healing seem impossible. Wilt Thou not work a miracle?" "I arose from my knees and went back to the hut. I could scarcely trust my eyes—Burt's temperature down to 102.2 and he quietly going to sleep—Bateman asleep already, and when on tip-toe, going to the house where Maxwell was lying I found him also at rest, I pulled a deck chair into the opening of the door and sitting

there all through the small hours of the morning my heart just welled up with thankfulness to my Father."

Karl Kumm's account of this time conveys his joy. The long tedious preparation was past, with the anxiety of launching the new scheme. The work had begun. He was jubilant:

"Happy days they were, Days of pioneering, of laying the foundations, of sowing the first seed, looking towards the time when the great harvest will be gathered in, when the Temple of God shall have been built in the land of darkness—built of living stones with the hearts of men. I deem it one of the greatest privileges to have been allowed by the Lord to spend those quiet months in foundation-laying, in the very heart of the Sudan."

And when this first Mission was established he went on and on for months, collecting information, seeing "things as they are"—all of which he has recorded in those African books of his.

. . . . .

Meanwhile Lucy was hard at work in England. Dr. R. F. Horton has pictured her before the Sudan United Mission was formed: "I can never forget her first visit to me, to open my eyes to the Sudan. I was laid aside. As she left, she said: 'You are resting. How I wish I could rest!' She could not rest, for the call of those Christless millions."

Still less could she rest now that a start with the work had actually been made. She was at Castleton and round her the work revolved. She was writing, writing, writing. Articles and hymns flowed from her pen, hymns which were not mere rhymes in pious phrases but *hymns* —some martial and dignified like a royal band, others deeply devotional. "Give ye them to eat," is one of these:

"Give them to eat." Nay, Lord, it cannot be.
Let them go home, o'er darkening Galilee.
We need our little loaves and fishes small.
These multitudes? We cannot feed them all.

"Give them to eat." Still, Lord, this ancient word?
Nay we could wish its mandate were unheard.
Our Churches, Lord, have such wide work to do:
Their loaves are scanty, and their fishes few.

Let us escape the burden of this care.
Gladly we gather to Thy house of prayer,
Gladly we would the nations to Thee call:
But—ask us not, Lord, to feed them all.

"Give them to eat." Yea, we are generous, Lord:
Have offered much, obedient to Thy word,
True, millions still with thirst and hunger faint,
But we would fain ignore their soul-complaint.

Give us soft raiment, comfort, affluence, ease:
Give us fair Churches, prayers, and creeds that please.
What if the people die for lack of bread?
It is enough, O Lord, that WE *are fed.*

Speakest thou thus—thou for whom Christ hath died?
Wilt thou leave Him and His unsatisfied?
Kneel at His feet, His pardon to implore:
Rise, yield thine all, Christ Jesus gives thee more."

In addition to editing the "Lightbearer," the organ of the Mission, and writing, she was doing deputation work—adding to the Councils of the S. U. M. She was tending her two tiny sons, and writing love-letters to

the husband she adored, and losing no opportunity to make new friends for the Mission.

In her letters, numberless friends are mentioned for their kindness and help. "Helene," the stenographer, for instance, is commended over and over again for her indomitable work, and Rev. John Bailey who had had training as an accountant and who was Financial Secretary of the Mission for many years. When new neighbours come to Goose Hill Hall the husband, being a chartered accountant and a man of experienced judgment, is marked down at once to help the Mission. His wife is much liked as "a bright pretty creature with a little girl about the age of Baby." But one dare not pause to list the honoured names of all those so gallant helpers.

In one letter to her husband, she tells of a strange vivid dream which a psycho-analyst would have gloated over—compounded of horror and brightness, fear and love, and beneath it a wife's tense anxiety for her best-beloved. Then the dream is dismissed and the letter turns to a plea for the sustenance of the soul life. She herself, with all her business, never neglected this.

On September 30th, 1904, there is a letter giving him full details of the monthly missionary letter she has just issued and then suddenly goes on:

"Autumn weather has come to-day. The beautiful Indian summmer has gone and the rains have broken. The birds flew South last night. They have been collecting evening by evening in the trees, making a great chattering and noise, in apparent disputation as to when and how they should start, and last night they all went off—a great cloud of them, while the little ones watched through the nursery window and I longed to go too—to you, to you—in the far South."

Every now and then there is a letter wherein the fact of life's brevity strikes her anew. In an October letter, the children have enticed her into the churchyard, where they play happily, and she writes on, till—

"In the still grey evening the hands of the clock in the Church tower point towards five and another day is almost gone. Sitting here, one realises that our day too must vanish. Such a beautiful day of life you have made mine . . . so full of unutterable beauty, wealth and joy."

There is another letter written on the anniversary of their wedding day. Death has been busy with their friends—

"John Elliott's pretty wife has died; and dear Miss Cross. Frau Ziemendorff . . . how brief life is!—one feels it more and more! How one hungers to be, and to continue in God's plan and filled with His power."

And all the time the work presses:

"Away three weeks, meetings in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Rutherglen. . . As you know, when one has one's mind, not only on the speaking at such gatherings, but the practical results in view—the organisation one is trying to build up—it does mean a good deal of spiritual and physical spending of strength."

She is still hoping that eventually the Free Church Council will adopt the Mission as their own—hopes, and fears—trembles lest some of their leaders be "too far gone in rationalism and on 'higher' critical lines to wisely guide such a Mission."

"Perhaps we shall find that the Lord leads us to a wider organisation which may include the Free Churches and also the Established. One can but hope that they may all be led out unitedly in work for the Sudan, for their own sakes as well as for the sake of Africa."

"If but we could be used of God to help all these Free Churches! It seems to me the more I look into things, that, though we had not anticipated it, indeed, never thought of it this is the central fact;—the fact that they all need helping spiritually: the fact that the money is there and the men and women are there, the machinery and possibilities all there, and that the consecration very largely *isn't!* That if only a new spirit of faith and love could come in, the Missions would come of themselves—that, in a word, the Sudan is only a symptom . . if we can but get among the churches—all of them—and get consecration meetings following missionary meetings and series of these in special places, night after night, for a week at least in every town, how much, how much might be done."

There are pages in this strain. If this should come to pass she would be ready to sing the "Nunc Dimittis"—though it will be but the beginning, not the end.

In one letter she writes:

"One cannot but love the Free Churches with all their faults" (adding in kindly parenthesis—"Which of us is not full of faults and sins and failures?") —"and we want all the Churches in this. . . . You will think that I write of nothing else than these things, but they are in my mind, day and night, indoors and out-of-doors, all the time, and everywhere."

Lucy was made like that. She could not rest, however weary. Dr. Horton has called her a prophetess—and always a prophet had a "burden."

In a different sense from St. Paul's, Lucy had "the care of all the churches."

She reports on the Welsh revival:

"Evan Roberts, the young miner, who is the human instrument the Holy Spirit is using, for the work, has

been lately in Liverpool; . . . He is very tired physically and obliged to take a fortnight's rest. Lucky fellow! I envy him and hope for quiet days in the Blessed Beyond."

Through all this strenuous time, music, her delight, has had practically to be abandoned, but once it appears briefly as she dwells on Karl's possible homecoming:

"In the dim faint hope that possibly you may appear with the American brethren, I am actually beginning to practise a piece of Chopin (his Ballade No. 3) which appeals to my mind at present. Always at special seasons of life, there come to me special pieces of music, musical expressions of the thoughts of the time. The present one is very beautiful . . ." (And for once, as though the music has loosened her up, there follows a solitary morsel of gossip) : "Mr. Carnegie's niece has distinguished herself by marrying a coachman and he has said that he prefers a coachman for a nephew-in-law to a duke—a 'worthless duke'—I think he said! He is the rich Carnegie, the library-giver, as you know. His speech is horrifying aristocrats."

Her letters are devoid of grumbling and one is almost relieved when she confesses how completely one particular person has got on her nerves:

"Oh, darling, you know what she is. There are times when I feel I cannot endure her another moment, and just take refuge in silence." (We have all done that in similar circumstances, Lucy, and have had the dour satisfaction of knowing we were annoying the other person, almost more than she was annoying us.)

"I should be perfectly happy here, were it not for your absence and her presence."

One wonders why there should be that petty sense of relief at discovering one small human weakness in

a saintly life. Is it that this holiness "doth all our lusts condemn" and when we discover a tiny lack, we breathe more freely? Is that why "they" crucified our Lord? Because there was no sin in Him, which could make its existence in other hearts more comfortable? "Cain hated his brother because his own works were evil and his brother's righteous." It sets up a melancholy train of thought.

But she had little margin to think of her own feelings, for ways and means had to be considered in prosecuting the work. One day she writes:

"I spend hours calculating ways and means to meet expenses and am thereby prevented attending to other and more important things." And—"I am now thinking out a set of lantern slides and have sketched out a plan for sixty, this afternoon—just the best things we know. Three or four hymns too, have occurred to me, and I am pressed in heart and mind, trying to do everything at once. If I were only twenty people instead of one, I could compass what I want to do . . . . . and oh, where are you to-night? I think of you as the moon rises here, in some African scene of weird, wild beauty. The Lord—the Lord—the Lord is with thee there."

And then she goes on:

"Just now (the children and I) study prophecy in bed in the morning. I tell them stories out of Daniel and they have already got (at least Henry has) the Great Image and the Four Beasts off by heart. He knows all about Nebuchadnezzar and the stone cut out without hands, the mixing of the clay and the iron in the toes of the image, the four heads and the wings of the leopard, and so on. I do hope they will both be later on expounders of 'the more sure word of prophecy' and I want them to know it well from early days. . . . . When

we have prayers and are reading these passages, I ask them questions about them, and you would like to have seen Henry this morning showing (with both his little arms in their red jersey, lifted dramatically) how the stone grew to be a great mountain and filled the whole earth."

Poor babies! One smiles at the picture of those two precious infants acquiring those details so early—and then,—the breath is caught, and the smile turns to a sigh. Rich babies! with so lovely and devout a mother —cradled in prayer and nurtured on the Word.

There is a break in Lucy's letters after this, for in May, 1905, Karl returned from Africa. He placed the following facts before the various Councils of the Sudan United Mission:

"The crisis is if anything more acute. . . . . Tribes which were only conquered by the British last year have been taken possession of, already, by Moslem missionaries.

"I stayed for three days in the capital of the Burrum tribe . . . in a place called Kanna. This tribe was only conquered last year, and this year is witnessing the building of a large mosque at Kanna, and sees the king and his courtiers bow their knees to Allah Mohammed. The giant king of the Ankwe at Shendam was, with his people, a pagan only a short while ago. He is to-day followed everywhere by his Mohammedan Mallam (Teacher) . . . . . In the capital of the Jukun tribe there is already quite a Mohammedan colony . . . NOT ONE OF THESE TRIBES WOULD HAVE LET A MOHAMMEDAN TRADER INTO THEIR COUNTRIES BEFORE BRITISH ARMS CONQUERED THEM.

"Christian friends, these facts are serious. The Lord will hold the Churches of our generation responsible for this state of affairs, which ought to be—may I say, by the grace of God—SHALL be altered.

"There is hardly time to go further into details, but one's heart is full, so many facts remain in memory, which go to strengthen one's conviction, that the Church of Christ is playing fast and loose with one of the most glorious opportunities of winning nations to Christ that has ever been presented to her."

"During the Autumn of 1905 the following declaration was signed by several hundred Free Church ministers and delegates gathered in conferences at Cheltenham, Lowestoft, Sunderland and London:—

" 'We, the members and delegates of the Free Churches gathered in conference, desire to join hands in a United Mission to the peoples of the Sudan, to whom Christ is not named.

" 'In view of the present crisis in the West Central Sudan, where unless the Gospel of Christ be brought within the next few years to Northern Nigeria, the million-numbered pagan peoples of that new British Protectorate . . . . will go over to Islam; and in view of the fact that none of the Missionary societies of the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist or Presbyterian Churches of Great Britain or Ireland feels itself at present able to do anything for the evangelisation of the Sudan we earnestly desire to do what the Lord enables us to do, to help to bring His light to the Sudan.' "

"The time had now come for the Sudan United Mission to be established on a solid permanent basis in Great Britain.

"After due deliberation it was decided that the control of the Sudan United Mission should be vested in the future in a Council of Directors.

"The following formed the first Council:—Rev. J. Monro Gibson, M.A., L.L.D.; Rev. R. F. Horton, M.A., D.D.; Rev. J. Gregory Mantle, M.A.; Rev. Samuel Prenter, D.D.; The Very Rev. J. C. Russell, D.D.; The Very Rev. The Dean W. Riddall; Rev. Prebendary Webb-Peploe, M.A.; Rev. J. Wolfenden, D.D.; Jas. Andrew, Esq.; J. M. Falconer, Esq.; H. K. W. Kumm, Ph.D., F.R.G.S.; W. B. Redmayne, Esq.; W. J. W. Roome, Esq.; Captain Wade Thompson; T. Logan White, Esq."

. . . . .

Lucy met her husband at Liverpool on his return from Africa and there followed the inevitable round of important meetings, after which they both took the little boys on a visit to their German grandparents. There was a happy week in the Harz mountains and Lucy threw off a great deal of her weariness in the sunshine of her husband's company. He, himself interspersed home joys with meetings for German students on behalf of the Sudan.

When they were back at Castleton, he toured the towns of England, Ireland and Scotland. . .

Father, mother and boys spent a blissful Christmas at Castleton—"the people in the village coming to rejoice with us under the Christmas tree."

CHAPTER VII

FAREWELL TO LUCY

"Tell them also what a happy end she made and whither she is gone."

—JOHN BUNYAN.

THE life to which they had pledged themselves precluded ordinary domestic happiness for Karl and Lucy Kumm.

Over in America, little groups had gathered together to discuss this crisis in the Sudan, and now there came a request from them that Dr. Kumm, the General Secretary of the Mission and its chief advocate, should come to visit them.

Lucy, dreading the parting, yet thrilled at the new development, dwells on the joy he will have in seeing some of those choice souls she holds in such high honour —Dr. Robert Speer, Dr. Mabie and many others.

He sailed in March, 1906, taking with him an apostolic document from England commending him to the American brethren:

"WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, depute and herewith, send our brother, Dr. Karl Kumm, to you, Bishops, Presbyters, Pastors, Elders and Deacons of the Master's Churches in the United States, to put before you the God-given, wonderful, present openings and opportunities in a region of Central Africa, from which the coloured population of the United States was largely drawn in the days of slavery. The NIGER TERRITORIES, especially those of Northern Nigeria (otherwise called Hausaland) are in great danger of being lost to Christianity in our generation and handed over to the advancing hosts of Islam.

"The field before us in this great region is more than twice as large as Great Britain. Peopled by fifteen to twenty-five millions, it is accessible by steam communication, and under British rule is controlled by a Government friendly to missionary work among the heathen. The climate is similar to that of India. The pagan tribes welcome missionaries and are asking for Christian teachers.

"Thus far, many of them in their mountain fastnesses have held their own against Moslem conquerors and slave raiders. But the tribes have been brought into subjection lately by the British Government; and Moslem traders and Missionaries are able now to pass through their towns and villages. The Mohammedans settle among them, and as a result, tribe after tribe is going over to Islam.

"We ask you as servants of the one Lord of the Harvest to join hands with us in trying to meet this present crisis in a great country inhabited by one of the most promising races of Central Africa, for which, if we should lose it, the Master will hold His Church responsible.

"Your fellow-workers,
"In the Master's service,
" (Sgd.)
"J. MONRO GIBSON,
"ROBERT F. HORTON,
"J. SCOTT LIDGETT,
"F. WILSON,
"W. H. FINDLAY,
"R. CATHCART DOBBS,
"SAMUEL PRENTER,
"R. WADE THOMPSON (Hon. Sec.),
"JOSEPH KING GARRATT (Hon. Treas.),
"R. MIDDLETON PERRY,
"H. WALLER."

So once again, Lucy waved good-bye and went back to Castleton to throw her arms round her boys for a moment and then to "hold the ropes" in her frail, competent hands.

Every day she wrote to her love across the sea, to tell of the work and of the children. While he is on the water she writes:

"Henry prayed in detail to-night that the Lord would please let you have the moon all night to show the way across the sea. 'And please give him the stars too. And keep him from the icebergs.' This was a special point."

She herself, had it been in her power, would have given him the sun, as well as the moon and the stars, and never have suffered the cold icebergs of life to appear on his distant horizon.

Away in America, the prayers of the brethren were abundantly answered for Dr. Kumm's work.

"Within a few months," reads the report, "the Lord in His great goodness, built up a considerable branch of the Sudan United Mission in that great new world."

Karl wrote to Lucy, asking her to bring the boys and join him in America, and May found them all together, with warm-hearted friends in Germantown, Lucy revelling in the beauty of "the wild romantic valley of the 'Wussi hikkin,' a native name for one of the beautiful dales in the States."

Leaving the boys with kind folk in Philadelphia, they journeyed on. . . . . At Northfield they had happy days with Dr. Mabie (Secretary American Baptist Missionary Union), whom Lucy had always loved and revered.

Then they took a little cottage in the neighbourhood, and were joined by the children, for Karl was due

shortly in England and it seemed well that his wife and children should stay on for a little while in the healthful quiet country.

In a letter to the "Lightbearer" at this period, Lucy wrote:

"It is evident that the Lord has opened to the Sudan Mission in the United States 'a great door and effectual' . . . . . Friends in the Mission here have suggested my remaining for a time to help in meetings; and if you can spare me (as I think you easily can) I should be glad to give some months at least to work for the Sudan in America, if Dr. Kumm goes to the Niger again."

To her sister she wrote a few weeks later:

"Here at Northfield that you know so well, in the midst of a beautiful forest, with fir trees, birches and sycamores around us on three sides, and a lovely view of distant country stretching away from our hillside in front, we are living in a pretty little cottage or bungalow —an earthly paradise.

"As I write the boys are playing steam-engine, running and calling to each other round and round the house. They tremendously enjoy their free, open-air life up here.

"Our cottage is only one sittingroom and three bedrooms beside kitchen and bathroom; just a tiny spot of a place, one storey high, with a wide verandah in front, leading straight out to the woods and hillside. We are at Northfield Highlands, close to the Auditorium, but out of sight of visitors and meetings. . . . .

"Karl sails to-morrow from New York. . . He is leaving now, in order to speak at Keswick, and may return in August, although I don't think he will, for his heart's desire is to return to Africa this Autumn and if the way opens, to cross the great Sudan. . . . . He has had it

in his heart so long that I think he may be intended for that journey. Do pray with us that he may be kept and guided all the time. . . . He would like to go in by the Niger and come out by the Uganda Railway, having crossed from the Niger to the Nile.

"Our time over here has been most interesting, and his work very useful I think, the attention of the leaders of the Churches having been called to the Sudan as never before. An American branch of the Mission has been organised—a house rented and furnished in Germantown for headquarters, two travelling secretaries arranged for in the U.S. and Canada, half a dozen good men found, tested and accepted by the Council and a number of friends so interested that they have undertaken the support of those who are going out. This is a good beginning, for which the Lord be praised. But how much it might be multiplied! . . . . . .

"Just now we are having summer holidays—at least in a fashion. I have a great deal of writing on hand, as usual; Alice, our good nurse, is busy with the house; the chicks are having a lovely time; and we take what rest we can. . . . . I do not know when we shall come back to England again. Perhaps not for twelve months. . . . . Mr. Bailey, our valued secretary at Castleton, is very competent . . . . and if Karl goes to Africa, it does not much matter where we are for a time. . . . .

"I have heard to-day of the death of ——, and have been so much impressed with the brevity of life and of our chance of service. . . . . Oh, how one longs to work in such a way as to use to the very utmost the precious opportunities we have of serving here . . . . . ."

That "great deal of writing" which she had on hand, included a book, urged upon her by that great capacity

for suffering with the oppressed, which was Lucy's portion in life. She became burdened for the Congo, "anguished" for the natives under their weight of Belgian slavery. It was "the strongest thing ever written on the subject . . . . some parts so terrible, so realistic, that they could not have been published."

She continued the book, writing desperately, after the day when she and the wee boys went a little way into the woods, and said good-bye to Karl. Perhaps some of that anguish of parting crept into her book, and certainly some foreshadowing of what was to come, seemed to be upon her spirit.

For Lucy was ill. There was internal trouble, and much pain. The doctors advised an operation, but she had her task, she felt, and "how was she straitened until it be accomplished!" . . . . When it was finished and she submitted to the operation, it was too late, peritonitis had set in.

Before she became unconscious, she set her house in order—wrote a long detailed letter to her sister Geraldine, commending the boys to her tender care, wrote to her husband who was as ever "the light and joy and glory" of her life; and when she could no longer hold a pen, dictated her last farewell to her little ones: "I am leaving you . . . I am waiting for you, with Jesus. You both belong to Him. Good-bye, heart's darlings. I am waiting for you—there."

Twice they heard her murmur—"I know that my Redeemer liveth" . . . . . Before long, that which she had always known by faith, was verified in blissful sight.

. . . . . .

These notes were penned in a little retreat, where, on the table Bougereau's loveliest "Madonna and Child"

holds pride of place. Unconsciously the face of Lucy became curiously blended with the face of the mother Mary. It was therefore almost startling to discover at the very end, a letter of Lucy's hitherto unseen, and to learn that everything she wrote at Cliff, was composed under the shadow of that self-same picture—her frequent gaze at that serene Madonna, helping to keep her spirit pure and holy.

One has felt privileged to live in her sweet company for a little while . . . . But, one wonders how she could possibly have breasted life much longer, with her terrible intensity. She was no "tiny saintlet," serving in jerks and relaxing at will. For her, life must be lived with powers full out. There was no provision made for relaxation in her life.

And, in all her letters, there is revealed no sense of humour, and little sense of fun. This lack is no defect in character—though, strangely enough, even in this psychological age, we are apt to regard any implication of humourlessness in us, with more resentment than an accusation of dishonesty. To lack a sense of humour is merely to suffer a minor disability, such as colour-blindness; and indeed, it is not unlike colour-blindness, insomuch as it robs life of certain qualities of hue and variety, dimming it, paling it.

So, though Lucy's eyes were wide open to the most important things—to God, to Eternity, to Beauty and to Love, they seemed almost closed to all the little mirth-provoking things. She could describe a sunset over the Egyptian desert, a storm breaking over the Derbyshire hills, but she saw no ludicrous incident in a Sheffield street.

"When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured suns,
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones,
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then
He made the comical ones, in case the minds of men
Should stiffen . . . . . ."

No one ever praised God more truly for the beauty of stars and sun, or for the perfect symmetry of tiny things, than Lucy, but His comical creations were wasted on her. It is possible of course, that this may not have applied to her conversation—though one imagines it to be shot through with brightness and animation, rather than with whimsicality and wit.

Sometimes, in writing of her babies, there is a hint of playfulness, as when she writes:

"Bab is so sweet and funny. This morning, lying in bed, I was having little jokes with him, and asked: 'Who is this in Mummy's bed? A horsey?' 'No,' he solemnly replied in his deep voice. 'A moo-cow?' I asked. 'A chick-chick?' 'No.' 'Is it a fish?' 'A doggie?' To everything he answered 'No,' till I asked, 'What is it then?' and the tiny atom answered 'A MAN.' "

At once, the playfulness passes and the sense of wonder and the awful responsibility of parenthood, take its place.

And she could not have been happy, had not her nearest and dearest shared her unrelenting earnestness. Her husband was her hero, and a hero he must remain. She had constructed a pedestal for him and never for a moment must he leave it. Even St. Simeon Stylites (if

we are to believe Tennyson) found it trying, always to be "taken for a saint":

"O Lord, Thou knowest what a man I am
A sinful man . . . Am I to blame for this?"

But for Lucy's peace of mind, the hero she had laurelled must remain on his pillar to receive her offerings. And, though, never to the day of his death did Karl Kumm say one word which was not of utter admiration and love for Lucy, his wife, one wonders if any man could have lived up to the exacting ideals of this "tremendous lover."

She craved perfection and only in the Heavenly Bridegroom could that be found. All life's meaning was in Him. When the child she longed for was at hand, she wrote:

"Is there some deep relation between the spiritual and the natural here too? Why did the Lord so suffer to bring us to God? Why was our life only possible by His going down to death for us? What mysteries and marvels surround us had we but eyes to see!"

Oh, she drew sweet music from life but it was always on "the harp with the solemn sound." So one feels that only on the day when, with a great wrench, she parted from her darlings, did she really find true rapture. She could only reach it face to face with God.

As Catherine Booth was Mother of the Salvation Army, so Lucy Kumm was Mother of the Sudan United Mission.

Lucy—"Lu-Hsi—Brightness-upon-the-way."

She was a burning and a shining light. Like Henry Martyn, she burned out for God.

. . . .

THE PILLAR OF CLOUD

"Thou whom I wait for, and have never seen,
Thou whom perchance on earth I may not see,
Questionest thou, too, whether God doth mean
Hunger and hope our only lot to be?
Or if we ever, standing face to face,
Shall know our expectation was not vain:
Know, as with wondering awe His plan we trace
Rapture the end and recompense of pain?

So do we stand as ancient Israel stood
The sea before us and the foe behind:
Forced to advance into the whelming flood
Trusting the unseen Hand the waves to bind:
Led through the darkness by His staff and rod,
A cloud before us, and within it—God."

—LUCY KUMM.

CHAPTER VIII

"SOLEMNEST OF INDUSTRIES"
1906-1908

"The bustle in a house
The morning after death
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon Earth—

The sweeping up the heart
And putting love away,
We shall not want to use again
Until Eternity."

—EMILY DICKINSON.

"YOU may see people droning through a vegetable existence; they dress, they call, they dine, they play bridge, they splutter in life's shallows, with only two anxieties—to keep their pleasures from palling, and to keep the undertaker from the door." So writes Professor David Christie . . . "You live when you forget time and lose yourself in deeds, and 'panting time toils after you in vain.' "

But when after a short day of toil, Lucy came in sight of that "light upon the shining sea," there was deep, deep shadow for her loved ones.

For Karl, then at Castleton, there had come as first indication of trouble, a letter stating that Lucy was not well and was having a doctor's advice. Then, after a swift interchange of cables, two of which were reassuring as they came from Lucy herself—there arrived the final message.

Notifying the friends of the Mission, her stricken sister, Mrs. Howard Taylor wrote:

"You will know what it is to our hearts that none of us were near her. But, surely, surely she was 'not alone.' In her experience too was fulfilled the message she gave me and marked in my Bible when I first left home for China long ago: 'Underneath are the Everlasting Arms.'

"Dr. Kumm will be unable to reply to the kind letters of sympathy that reach him. He sailed to-day for America. . . In the meanwhile, the Rev. John Bailey and the central committee of the Mission at Sheffield are carrying on the work."

On his arrival in America Dr. Kumm went straight to Northfield. The friends there had planned with love and wisdom the last sacred rites, in the absence of Lucy's 'very own.' Dr. Mabie wrote to Mrs. Taylor:

". . . . . We had a brief service at the cottage in which Dr. Torrey read the Scriptures and Dr. Campbell Morgan offered prayer, and I had general oversight, and directed the service and the escort of the precious casket down the hillside through the trees on the winding path to the hearse which awaited us on the roadside. The bearers were my son Harry, the Moody brothers and cousin, Mr. Kurtzhalz, Mr. Hill (a Harley House man), Mr. Witte and one other, a neighbour. We provided flowers which were very beautiful and abundant, Mrs. Will Moody sending a very beautiful tribute. . . . . .

"Thus we made our way in carriages down to the receiving vault opposite to the railway station, and deposited the precious casket to await the arrival of the stricken husband. When ten days later, Dr. Kumm arrived, we had, just at sunset, the simple service of the interment. . . . . ."

So all that was mortal of Lucy was laid away "in a portion of the special family lot of the Moodys', in the village cemetery at Northfield." And in Karl Kumm's papers there is found a record, written by that lonely grave, of his gratitude for her outpoured love and of his sense of richness in having shared with her "deep fellowship and soul communion."

Then he brought the children home. Dr. Howard Taylor (surely one of the most courtly and kindly gentlemen that ever lived) and his wife (Lucy's warmhearted sister Geraldine) were at Liverpool to meet them:

"Never shall I forget," wrote Mrs. Taylor, "Karl's face as he came down the long flight of steps by which they had to cross from the vessel to the landing stage, carrying the little one in his arms and leading Henry by the hand. The children were tired with being up so late and looked almost as pale and wan as he did and their whole dress and appearance so pitifully told the lack of a mother's care. It was an unspeakable comfort to see the wistful little faces brighten, and dear Karl's loneliness in some measure lightened as we brought them home to Claughton where Mrs. Irvine was waiting to welcome us."

Lavishing on these two children, the love which would have been the portion of those who have remained forever "dream-children" in their lives, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor went on to Castleton and shared with Dr. Kumm "the solemnest of industries."

There were all Lucy's personal belongings to be tenderly dealt with—adjustments to be made in the work of the Mission—her numberless duties allocated to others. Karl worked assiduously.

"I have learned to know him and love him as never before," wrote Mrs. Taylor, "and to see something of

the power and sweetness of his character. He is unusually gifted and loving. He will be able, yes, even single-handed, if the Lord sustain and guide him, to carry on the work. . . . He is devoting himself to the children and finds his chief comfort in them. They love him and cling to him in a most beautiful way and it is a great comfort to see how thoroughly he understands and how well he can manage them."

When Dr. and Mrs. Taylor reluctantly left Castleton to continue their own pressing work, Karl's sister, Amanda Kumm, came over from Germany to take charge of the children. It was a big undertaking for one who was not very strong herself, a stranger in a strange land, and who felt one-half of her heart tugging to return to the mother who needed her almost as much as these motherless children. For the father so honoured and loved in the Kumm household had died some time before, and his wife was sore stricken.

On October 1st Dr. Kumm wrote:

"Amanda has arrived and is taking charge of the home. She is going to spoil the children altogether. She simply lets them have their own sweet will in everything. Her lack of English, I am afraid, is making her lonely at times, though she is beginning to feel at home."

His gratitude to Amanda was intense, but his sense of the emptiness of the home without "the soul of it" was conveyed in this letter as it closes:

"The work is developing: yet only half my heart seems to be in it now. Pray much for me that the work may wholly absorb me."

As his own part in answering that prayer he wrote "The Sudan"—a most interesting and comprehensive

volume containing general and particular information about the Sudan, the whole book constituting a powerful challenge. This was published early in 1907.

In the month it was published, he had to face another crisis in his domestic life.

"The Lord is still visiting me with sorrow," he wrote. "Someone has called it—'a vote of confidence given to us by the Lord' . . . Mother is seriously ill. Amanda has been telegraphed for, and has had to return at once to Hanover."

Karl was distressed for his mother and distressed for the children. He was due for a big campaign of meetings in America for some of which he had to cable off postponements. Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were in Switzerland and they offered to have the boys with them there.

In consequence of this, Mountview was closed and the headquarters of the Mission transferred from Castleton, which had been its home since its inception—to New Bridge Street, London (later to the present office, Falcon Court, Fleet Street).

This year, 1907, marked too a considerable advance in the organisation of the work. At a meeting of the Council of Directors held at Exeter Hall, London, the Principles and Constitution of the Mission were adopted. It was not only incorporated at this period, but put on a sound business basis—"those who have had the privilege of joining in this work feeling it to be an honour, and endeavouring as far as they were able to take up all the routine and general details of the Mission in a thorough and organised manner."

And now, interest in this adventurous enterprise had sprung up in South Africa, just as it had done in America. Spontaneously, the South African General

Council of the Sudan United Mission had come into existence under the leadership of that great South African saint, Dr. Andrew Murray and through the "indefatigable efforts of Dr. Fallon." On January 1st, 1907, Dr. Kumm left for South Africa to speak about the crisis in the Sudan in the various cities, towns, and villages of Cape Colony. Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm.

When he had delivered this series of addresses for the South African Council, making many friends and carrying with him an evergreen memory and an almost filial love of Andrew Murray, he continued his journey by way of Delagoa Bay, Beira, Mozambique, German East Africa, Zanzibar: then went up from Mombasa, through British East Africa by way of Nairobe to Lake Victoria and Uganda (the very recital of the names stirs something nomadic in one's being!) He attended a wonderful missionary conference at Kajabe, the central station of the African Inland Mission, where some thirty-five missionaries of the C.M.S., the Presbyterians, the Friends, and the African Inland Mission had gathered. . . . . .

Once again he was home in England, telling of his findings. To say that Dr. Kumm's meetings were inspiring, is to speak all too mildly. Elsewhere, his talents will be dealt with in some detail, but here let it be said, he had that quality as a speaker, which enabled him to hold his audience in the hollow of his hand and to turn it whither he would. The Sudan was becoming significant in the eyes of the world. In the hearts of Christians, its needs were becoming a part of conscience.

And then, in 1908, he set out with one of the largest teams of missionaries ever sent to the West coast of Africa.

The Sudan party included Tom, a freed slave from Lake Chad, who had been brought to England for education by Dr. Kumm. Arrived in Africa, one of their first tasks was to establish what had been conceived as a beautiful memorial of the late Mrs. Kumm—a sanctuary for freed slaves, to be known as the Lucy Memorial Freed Slaves' Home. This was at Rumasha, about forty miles from Lokoja. One significant incident over which Lucy would have glowed was associated with this. Tom, himself a freed slave, while assisting with the buildings connected with the Home began to think very deeply. He loved the Lord Jesus and one day as he worked he asked like another of his race, the Ethiopian of old—"What doth hinder me to be baptized?" His Christian character and conduct were so exemplary that Dr. Kumm and the other brethren felt it right to recognise his loyalty to Christ by the formal act. On the banks of the Benue near the site of this Home, the missionaries gathered for a quiet simple service. . .

One hopes that Lucy knew. It was a memorial after her own heart and she would be so glad that Tom, whom she in her busy life had often paused to help, had been sealed as one of Christ's own, destined to be "the first born among many brethren."

. . . . .

Thereafter, Dr. Kumm set out on that journey which had "been in his heart for so long"—the crossing of Africa, from the Niger to the Nile—following as far as possible, the border line between Islam and Paganism.

It was his loneliest journey.

FREED SLAVES' HOME

[NOTE.—The Lucy Memorial Freed Slaves' Home was brought to an end in 1925. It began work in 1909, when some hundred and seventy to hundred and eighty freed slave children were taken

over from the Government. This number was added to year after year for a time, but as slavery was gradually abolished, and the buying and selling of kidnapped children was suppressed, the number of children available for the Home naturally decreased, and when the children in the Home had nearly all reached an age at which they could fend for themselves, the Home of course came to an end. The Home was at Umaisha (or Rumasha) from 1909 to 1917 and was then removed to Wukari, as the earlier site was infested with the tsetse fly, causing a number of cases of sleeping sickness. Umaisha was on the banks of the river Benue, about forty miles from Lokoja, where the Benue joins the Niger River. Wukari was on higher ground, south of Ibi, about two hundred miles further up the Benue.—MR. GILBERT DAWSON.]

CHAPTER IX

INVESTIGATING FOR GOD
1908-1910

"Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God; Christ is stretching out His hands to Ethiopia, to His little ones; and we as followers of Christ, may either join or separate, may either raise or repulse. For the first time in the history of Central Africa, we may put the out-stretched hands of the sons of midnight, out-stretched from the heart of the Dark Continent, into the out-stretched hands of the Christ, the Light of the World."

—KARL KUMM ("Khont-Hon-Nofer").

"THERE seems to be no reason why the spiritual life of a man should suffer in the lonely wilds of tropical Central Africa. Jesus Christ used to go into the wilderness by Himself to pray, and His favourite time for prayer was the night. In darkness and loneliness He had communion with the Father. In practising the presence of God, we are independent of our fellow-men. So far from being a hindrance to the development of spiritual life, the lonely wilderness should be the very training ground for it."

"Why, then, is it that Professor Drummond, when out in British Central Africa, asked his companion to separate from him, as he did not desire to lose his friendship, and he realised his shortening temper and lack of spirituality would eventually result in his falling out with his friend? This is the common experience of most devoted missionaries and Christian people in Central Africa. It seems pitiful that it should be so, but it is advisable to recognise the fact at the outset. I

therefore determined, to attempt the crossing of the Continent from the Niger to the Nile, alone, and while taking first one of my fellow-labourers as far as German Adamawa and then German and French officials over part of the road, the most dangerous districts I traversed alone."—KARL KUMM wrote, in—"Khont-Hon-Nofer."

One is tempted to dwell on that wilderness journey—its long treks—its marches through the mountains—the big-game hunting in the lands of leopards and lions and giraffes. One would like to tell of the Sara-Kabba women with their beak faces, of the bridging of the Kotto River, of the meeting with Sultan Sinnussi—but are not all these records contained in the traveller's own books "Khont-Hon-Nofer" (The Lands of Ethiopia) and "From Hausa Land to Eyypt"?

But perhaps we may pause just long enough to go with him on a brief hunting expedition—and that, in the pursuit of elephants:

"The second day of my elephant hunt was a red-letter day. Starting at six o'clock, fifteen natives and myself went about three miles up the Shari, and crossed the river close to a little fishing village. The ground was very wet after yesterday's heavy shower. My horse kept slipping continually, and once fell heavily on sloping ground. The travelling became so bad that I felt like giving up. Still, there might be elephants close by, and if it was hard going for us, it must be considerably harder for the elephants, and there seemed a hope that they might curtail their morning constitutional which usually takes them over thirty or forty miles of ground. At 8.30 a.m. we came upon fresh spoor, only about two hours old. A herd of forty or fifty had been slowly meandering through the forest and left behind them, wonderfully-evident marks of their playfulness, in the

shape of pulled-down branches, rooted-up trees and holes two feet deep dug by their tusks. They had broken a new road through the bush, and we were not slow in availing ourselves of the inviting prospect of coming up with them. Once a swamp blocked our way which the elephants had passed, but which our horses could not ford, and we had to make a circuit of several miles, taking up the spoor again on the further side.

"Mile after mile we followed, and it seemed to become no fresher. At 10.30 we had just passed a little *fadama* (meadow) in the forest when we caught the 'once-heard-never-forgotten' grumblings of the elephants. The wind was most favourable. In an instant we were off our horses and, sending the carriers, natives, and animals back, the four of us—that is, a native hunter, my interpreter, Osman, my head boy Dangana and myself (I had with me two .405 Winchesters and two French army rifles)—proceeded carefully to investigate the position of the game.

"Nearer and nearer came the magnificent gurgling and grunting, sometimes sounding like low organ notes. There is no word in the English language describing the music the elephant indulged in. One might call it 'organing,' from the German 'Orgeln'—the red deer's call in the mating season. Another fifty yards and through the bushes loomed the giant slaty-coloured bodies of the beasts. Unconsciously I stopped, but the hunter went on and motioned me to advance also. Where he could go, of course, I could go. We were fifty yards from the nearest animal. Quietly they continued munching the grass and leaves. Forty yards—we could see the little pigs' eyes twinkling, see the ears flap, and tails whisk. Thirty yards—how far was that hunter going? Was he to creep right amongst them? I noticed several large

beasts coming towards us from the right. The hunter saw them too and stooped. Close by my side he kneeled behind a bush. There were no trees which an elephant could not break or root up in an instant—nothing but scrub brushwood, grass and a few small shea trees. If the elephants charged there was no running away from them, no tree to climb, no hole to hide in. But why think of running? I held in my hand a Winchester, loaded with five hard-nosed bullets that would go through anything in the elephant-skin—flesh and bone.

"Silently we watched the great beasts in front of us: they were evidently unconscious of our presence, and continued quietly feeding. The hunter touched my arm and pointed to the tusks of the mighty head on the left, another in front of us, and two or three on the right. There were before us altogether about ten full-grown elephants, and thirty young ones aging from one year to twenty years.

"All these observations take some time to recount, but less than one minute had elapsed since we got the first glimpse of the elephants, when I fired my first shot just in front of the ear of the largest animal. Another shot followed into the next beast's head, with no result. By this time the heads of all the younger animals were high in the air. The large ears spread out like sails of ships before the wind. The trunks stretched forward, snake-like, sniffing the air. This way and that way surged the living mass of bodies, not knowing in which direction to turn, crushing trees and bushes like match-wood. We lay flat on the ground hardly daring to breathe. Mothers, anxious for their young, roared: the little ones screeched and the older ones grunted and trumpeted. Now the leader had found a way to the left; he moved, and, closely pressed together, about

twenty followed. A sigh of relief rose from our hearts. We were safely through. None had charged us.

"Safe? No! The worst was to come. Suddenly before us on our right loomed up the heads of six of the largest elephants bearing straight down upon us. They were 30 yards away—20 yards! With feverish haste I raised my rifle and fired one, two, three shots. Still they were coming, and now my nerves gave way and I ran like a hare. My boys had already disappeared. The whole world seemed full of elephants. Before me rose a small ant-hill. If one were only an ant and could creep into it! In an instant I was flat on the ground behind it, and beside me thundered the charge of the behemoths. I had hardly reached the ground when I let fly at the neck of the nearest as he passed within a few yards, and then lay still for a minute. This was the first time that I trembled before game in Africa, but the earth seemed to shake and to be filled with roaring, trumpeting giants. I know I ought to be ashamed of getting frightened, but I am not. There was no protection in my rifle, against six charging elephants. If there had only been one it might have been different: and there was no safety anywhere else. During the following night I suffered from the after-effects of this charge. I woke up with a cry of alarm, soaked in perspiration, trembling as if the elephants were on top of me. I had been fighting about with my arms, and pulled down my mosquito net.

"But let us return to the chase—one might well be in doubt as to who was the chased. All became still. Osman and the hunter had gone after the herd, and Dangana lay about twenty yards behind in the middle of a thorn bush. He had been with me to hunt buffaloes and had not been afraid. He had been several times within a few yards of lions and had not shown the

white feather. He had walked with me right up to the elephants and exhibited no fear: but now his pluck was gone, and when a few minutes afterwards he fell into an elephant trap (a hole some twelve feet deep, covered over with grass) he had had enough of elephant-hunting, and begged to be excused from accompanying me the next day.

"I am continually digressing from the consecutive course of events during the hunt. Our encounter with the elephants had only lasted above five minutes, but much had happened in that time. I rose to look for the dead elephants, and felt pretty sure that I had killed three or four, having hit four of them in the head at such short distance that it was absolutely impossible to miss. I walked all over the ground where the elephants had stood and found—nothing!

"I looked at Dangana and he looked at me.

"Where are all the elephants?

"There was a certain amount of blood. One or two seemed to have fallen and got up again, ... I knew not what to think or say.

"A few yards further on I came upon a full grown bull. He stood sideways to us forty yards off. I knelt down and gave him a bullet through the ear. He turned and looked mischievously in our direction, but evidently did not see us. I gave him another ball in the shoulder. He charged, but a third ball through the head brought him to the ground. With a roar and a crash he fell. One tusk was buried deeply into the damp earth, and his body firmly wedged between two small trees.

"This was my first elephant."

The terror of an encounter with elephants is illustrated by a graphic incident recounted in Mr. Lawrence Green's recent book, "Great African Mysteries." Major Pretorius, a great hunter, was accompanied on an expedition by a Brigadier-General Ravenshaw:—

"The General set out by himself one day in pursuit of a leopard, and the chase led him deep into the wilderness of the Addo Bush. Suddenly he found himself in the midst of elephants. His beaters fled. General Ravenshaw was found dead—untouched. Heart failure had caused his tragic end; for there is no more terrifying experience in the world than to be alone, without an elephant gun, among an infuriated mob."

No wonder then that Dr. Kumm, all his life was subject to a repetition of that nightmare to which he referred. When he would wake after a series of impotent groans and futile beating of arms, his wife always received the same explanation—"those elephants!"

. . . . .

On his return to England, to his surprise, Karl Kumm found himself famous. A reporter from Reuter's met him at Dover and gave him not one free moment from question and from racing pen till they reached London, where he was welcomed by friends and taken at once to a special meeting of the Sudan United Mission Council in the board room of the Mission house.

Next morning, when columns regarding his adventures appeared on the front pages of the newspapers, reporters and photographers besieged the office. Rev. J. Bailey acted as doorkeeper to turn away as many as possible of these over-friendly visitors and Dr. Thompson of the L.M.S. bade the hero: "Cheer up! This seven-day wonder business is soon over and unless you do

something foolish, you'll soon be relieved of this newspaper attention." Nevertheless the *Star* and the *Evening News* of that date had large head-lines on the front page —"*Kumm Has Come Back.*" Burroughs and Wellcome, who had supplied the medical outfit for the trans-African journey, asked to have one of his saddle-bags with remains of medicines for their museum. Constable, the publisher, asked for a book. The Royal Geographical Society, of which he had been a fellow for some years, and later a life member, requested pictures, an article and a lecture. The Geographical Society of Scotland and the Geographical Society of Brussels also asked for lectures. A representative of the British Museum came to see him about securing his botanical and zoological collections.

There were then presented what must have been quite definite allurements to Karl Kumm. He was innately ambitious, and that ambition of his had been harnessed to the Will of God. He had gifts of leadership, which are almost inseparable from love of power. Big enterprises appealed to him—unusual schemes. He was the soul of generosity. If he had been wealthy, he probably could not have remained so, for he loved giving and he liked his giving to be princely and lavish. To "dole out" was abhorrent—to "distribute largesse" would have been bliss. To have financed great schemes for the poor and oppressed, to have poured money out for the evangelisation of those needy tribes whose names were written on his heart, would have been a tremendous joy to him. The first scheme propounded to him came from the City mining folk, anxious to develop the gold and copper mines of Africa, and eager to secure his expert knowledge of the country. The second was that of an experimental plantation colony, behind which a

company of sound and substantial business men were prepared to stand.

("Now at the farther side of that plain, was a little hill called LUCRE and in that hill a Silver Mine, which some of them that had formerly gone that way, because of the rarity of it, had turned aside to see . . . . .")

Would he give up the Sudan Mission which he was labouring to establish? Could he retain an interest in business and the Mission too? It seemed to him to be a choice between God and Mammon. "For," he said, "the making of money and the development of a great religious enterprise do not go well together." So the Sudan won, and perhaps that was the reason that in the meetings at which he spoke in the days which followed, his words were fraught with peculiar power.

"From Hausaland to Egypt" was written in the quiet of Adelboden in Switzerland. While there, Karl was suddenly called to the bedside of Dr. Guinness, Lucy's father . . . . . Then he was in Edinburgh giving his Geographical lecture, with nearly 3,000 people listening. He told them adventures with big game, of trophies of the hunt, of scientific discoveries. But what those who heard his lecture remembered significantly in after years, was his saying that never in all his journeys had he fired on a human being, and never would he do so! That whole audience cheered to the echo, believing with him, most likely, that the barbarisms of war, were past. That was in 1910.

Here are some of Dr. Kumm's informal accounts of incidents which occurred about this period of his life:

"In the beginning of June, I was in London preparing for the Annual Meeting of the S.U.M. I had written to Dr. Sam Zwemer in the U.S.A., asking him to come and speak at this meeting and he had promised. Dr.

Zwemer is the leading missionary to the Moslem world, the editor of a quarterly called 'The Moslem World,' a writer of valuable books and lecturer at the University in Cairo. . . . . The second speaker was to be C. T. Studd. I still needed a chairman and on going through likely names hit on Lord Radstock—got my hat and promptly went to see him. On being shown in to his lordship, I got to the point at once: 'I want you to take the chair at the Annual Meeting of the S.U.M. on the 9th of June.'

" 'I am sorry I cannot do that. I have promised to go to the Edinburgh Conference, and have taken my ticket for the 9th to go to Edinburgh.'

" 'But I think you are the one to go to our meeting.'

" 'Much as I should like to help you, I shall have to say "NO." '

" 'But I think you will have to.' (To make a long story short, he did take the chair.)

"Now dear father Radstock was nearly eighty years old and of a very determined mind—one who never hesitated to express his views, even in the Privy Council, before the King.

"The Annual Meeting began. Prebendary Webb-Peploe prayed, then Charlie was turned on, and seasoned his address with an exceptional dose of cricket slang, keeping the audience laughing and crying in turns. He sat down exhausted.

"Then Lord Radstock rose, evidently seriously disturbed in mind, and said to the audience:

" 'Let us bow our heads and pray that what Mr. Studd has said, may do no harm.'

"I bowed my head . . . . . then turned on Dr. Zwemer as quickly as possible, and—good boy that he is—he had

the attention of the audience riveted on the far-off Moslem world, in less time than it takes to tell.

"With a call from Central Africa I closed the meeting, but, ah me! there was too much electricity and the people went out discussing Charlie and Radstock, rather than the Sudan.

"When I was with the speakers in the dressing-room, his lordship turned to Studd and said: 'Charlie, I hope you did not feel too badly about the remark I was forced to make.' But Studd was thoroughly unhappy, and turned on father Radstock: 'How dare you talk the way you did? Do you not know yet, that I would not say a word if I did not think it right to say it, and felt it to be a message from God to the people? You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' "

One would like to have seen those two together, Lord Radstock and C. T.—both so valiant-for-truth, each so sure he had been right and so sure the other had been wrong, each given to speak his mind, regardless of consequences. There is no record of how the dialogue ended, but one can almost see Lord Radstock shaking hands with a "Tut! Tut!" and C. T. returning the pressure, still murmuring "You ought to be ashamed," but with all the rancour gone. They were like that.

To resume, from Dr. Kumm's notes:

"During the meeting, two telegrams had been put into my hands—one of them with the intimation that I would give the first address of the Edinburgh Conference at 10 o'clock next morning.

"Lord Radstock looked at the telegrams questioningly, and I showed them to him with the words—'I do not think I ought to go. It will be little but China, India and Japan at that Conference and Africa and African

problems will be put into one corner.' Lord Radstock said: 'Then you must take them out of the corner and this is your chance to do so. You MADE me come and take the chair at this meeting and I am going to MAKE you go to Edinburgh with me.' And he did.

"Catching the night train from Scotland, I reached Edinburgh in the early morning, drove to the house of my friend, George Mackie, washed, breakfasted and went off to speak at that remarkable Conference.

"Parallel meetings were going on all the time for a week in the two largest halls in Edinburgh. The addresses in the main hall were to last seven minutes only, I spoke for 6½ minutes, but managed by quoting the names of some thirty or more tribes I had seen in the Sudan, tribes which have no Christian missionaries among them, to convey the thought of the size of the field, and by giving a few facts about the Moslem advance, drive home the point that we had to deal at the beginning of this Conference, with the predestiny of a Continent."

One who remembers the address to-day, recalls the tense atmosphere, as that man spoke, fresh from his long lonely trek across Africa; recalls the striking figure, the noble bearing, and the great audience hanging on his words, as he went on, relentlessly pronouncing those tribal names—'with unhurrying chase and unperturbed pace'—till black faces seemed to throng the hall, mutely beseeching. The newspapers averred that whatever of the Conference passed into oblivion, that speech would never be forgotten.

From stray sheets of Dr. Kumm's random notes, one or two more details of this Conference are gathered:

"Bishop Gore, the brilliant leader of the High Church party of the Church of England, was wrestling with his

last sentence when the bell rang, and he was the only man at the Conference who was given the extension of one minute. . . . . A memorable address which was really a sermon, was delivered in a large building, packed from floor to ceiling, and with people at windows and doors. The speaker was a layman—Bryan of America, the 'silver-tongued orator'. He spoke on the fruits of the Tree of Life. He said he would give us a taste of twelve different kinds. His sermon had twelve heads, and twelve pithy stories were well-told and applied. . . . . .

"The most impressive scene I remember at that Conference (though perhaps my personal feeling made it more impressive to me) was when the chairman announced that H. Grattan Guinness had just died, and the whole conference rose and stood in silence to honour the memory of one of the great pioneers of foreign missionary enterprise. A few hours later I left the Conference to attend his funeral at Bath."

Meanwhile, Dr. Kumm's two small sons were growing up in the kind care of Dr. and Mrs. Taylor. Mrs. Taylor tells one little incident of this period. The children were watched over with scrupulous care, and had a competent governess. One day, they were actually permitted to take a short bus-ride alone. A loving aunt put them into the care of the conductor at one end and they were collected by the governess at the other.

During the journey, a friendly woman seeing the little boys unattended asked:

"Where is your home, little boys?"

"We haven't got a home."

"Why—where is your mother?"

"We haven't got a mother. She's gone to heaven."

"Then—where is your father?"

"In Central Africa."

It must have been a great relief to a motherly heart to find that never were motherless children more dearly loved than those who appeared so very bereft.

A little bundle of their childish letters to their father at this time is preserved. In 1910 they were in America with their uncle and aunt and Henry reports "several lovely rides in Mr. Coleman's beautiful automobile," and a thanksgiving dinner at the same Mr. Coleman's—"a turkey and ice cream." This also was "lovely." On January 3rd, 1910, Henry wrote with no preliminary:

"I will tell you what Christmas presents we got. I had a new engine. Then I had a top on which you can put coloured paper rings, and when one touches them, they change. Another present was a lot of blocks that go in one another to build the lines on which we want to make mountain railways. Besides that I have got many more things. Daydie (small Karl) got a boat that worked by clockwork. It is a very pretty one. Another of Daydie's things was a signal which has little lamps that can be lighted up. He got a gun too, and some plasticine which I gave him. How are you dear Father? I think a great deal of you and hope you are very well."

Little Karl's letters show signs of a painstaking guardian's insistence on recopying, for the spelling is perfectly correct and orthodox—while all who knew him at this stage, were aware that, left to himself, Karl's method of spelling was both complicated and unique.

The children were growing and their father was seeing little of them. In travels, in organising, in writing, and lecturing, the years passed.

CHAPTER X

SOME CONTACTS

"I loved well those cities—loved well the stately and rapid river,
The men and women I saw . . . . ."

—WALT WHITMAN.

"As for my friends, they are not lost;
The several vessels of Thy fleet,
Though parted now, by tempests tost,
Shall safely in the haven meet."

—RICHARD BAXTER.

IF only Karl Kumm had been a diary addict, what interesting stories of his contacts we should have! As it is, there is but a hint in a letter, here and there, a few almost illegible notes, a little story remembered and recorded by his wife. We should so much like to have heard his impressions of Dr. John Mott, Dr. Robert Speer, Dr. Barnardo—to know what first made him love Dr. Andrew Murray, what gave him that warm sense of kinship with Bishop Tuttle—and so on.

Of all the men he met, he regarded C. T. Studd as perhaps the most interesting. There was something about "C. T." which appealed to him strongly and when a letter arrived from the heart of Africa in "Charlie's" characteristic writing, with its fervour clothed in his characteristic phraseology, Karl's whole face would light up with joy.

To some extent they were complementary characters, some of the hills in Dr. Kumm's character could have exactly fitted into the valleys in Mr. Studd's, but in other respects they were alike, vales and mountains parallel. And their lives had contact at the opening

of what his biographer calls "the last and greatest era of Mr. Studd's life." He writes of it:

"We are now coming to the last and greatest era of Mr. Studd's life—China, then India, and now the heart of Africa. The call came very suddenly, while he was still contemplating returning to India. He was in Liverpool in 1908, and saw such a strangely-worded notice that it immediately caught both his attention and his sense of humour. 'Cannibals want missionaries.' 'Why, sure they do, for more reasons than one,' said he to himself. 'I will go inside and see who could have put up such a notice as that.' As he thought, it was a foreigner, Dr. Karl Kumm. But God was in that chance impulse, for in that meeting He called C. T. to the great work of his life.

" 'Karl Kumm has walked across Africa,' writes C. T., 'and was telling his experiences. He said that in the middle of the Continent there were numbers of tribes who had never heard the story of Jesus Christ. He told us that explorers had been to those regions, and big-game hunters, Arabs, and traders, European officials and scientists, but no Christian had ever gone to tell of Jesus.' *'The shame sank deep into one's soul.'* I said 'Why have no Christians gone?' God replied, 'Why don't you go?' 'The doctors won't permit it,' I said. The answer came, 'Am I not the Good Physician? Can I not take you through? Can I not keep you there?' There were no excuses, it had to be done."

But how set about it? He had no money. At fifty years of age, after fifteen years of ill-health, how could he face tropical Africa? Karl Kumm's first suggestion was that they should cross Africa together from the Niger side, and this was agreed to; but as C. T. afterwards said to Dr. Wilkinson, "This was the only time

that God agreed with the doctors; for, when I was, against doctor's orders, due to go, the Lord put me to bed with malaria, and plainly said 'No!' "

Dr. Kumm loved to recall his first introduction to Mr. Studd. It was at the close of the meeting, referred to by Mr. Grubb. Scarcely had he sat down, when a man climbed up to the platform and said: "I want to go to Africa and I want to talk to you." "All right," said the doctor, "come and see me to-morrow."

But that was not Studd's way at all. "No, I want to speak to you at once—to-night, and at length, and I want you to come with me to the house where I am staying."

"What is your name?"

"C. T. Studd." In the meantime, another man had come and stood behind the impetuous Studd. "This is Sir William Crossley, with whom I am staying," said Studd. "I want you to come with us to his house, *now*." As soon as Dr. Kumm had spoken to others who were waiting, he went off with his new friends and they talked till 3 a.m. Mr. Studd's repute as a brilliant cricketer and his remarkable career as a missionary, had made him a hero, in two very different spheres. One can imagine how quickly those hours passed, hours fraught with such tremendous consequences for God and for Africa.

"A few days later," Karl Kumm wrote, "Studd and his wife came to see me off when I sailed for West Africa. We could hardly get him off the steamer, so anxious was he to go along. . . On my return from the Dark Continent Charlie was one of the first to come and see me. 'You cannot keep me back from Africa; I have done my work in China, in India, in England, and now I am going to Africa.'

"Eventually a small committee was formed to stand behind him. They insisted that he should first pass the doctor and one of them maintained that he should take his wife (as wonderful in character and competence and independence of thought as her husband). She was in very indifferent health and Charlie said simply: 'Don't be silly. I am not going to take Scilla out there.' "

Mr. Grubb tells how the committee felt they dare not risk this good man's life in such circumstances and withdrew their support.

"Penniless, turned down by the doctor, dropped by the committee, yet told by God to go, what was he to do? . . . Once more he staked all on obedience to God. As a young man he staked his career, in China he staked his fortune, now he staked his life. A gambler for God! He joined the ranks of the great gamblers of faith. . . . His answer to the committee was this, 'Gentlemen, God has called me to go, and I will go, I will blaze the trail, though my grave may only become a stepping stone that younger men may follow.' "

Karl Kumm's little comment on the decision of the committee and Studd's reaction is: "Charlie went up in the air—'Your money perish with you!' he said (and we can imagine that this could very easily have preluded his more formal comment!) Karl adds that he promptly went out and sold the cricket bat with which he had played in the victorious game against Australia and thus secured the first ammunition for the crusade which was to last to his life's end and to affect the whole of the unevangelised world.

. . . . . .

Cecil Rhodes, his career and his personality always fascinated Dr. Kumm. Once in South Africa he occupied Cecil Rhodes' apartments in a hotel in Kimberley,

and an old intimate of Rhodes talked to him of "Rhodes as I knew him" from the early hours of the evening till the early hours of the morning giving him many details of the great Empire Builder's closing years. Some notes of this are preserved, and though they make interesting reading, are somewhat lengthy for insertion here.

On this same tour, other notable contacts were made.

"On the afternoon of my arrival at Capetown, city officials, government men and mission people had arranged for a reception in the town hall and that evening I spoke to a crowded audience on my recent travels in the North Central African watershed. During my two months' stay in South Africa, I made some ninety public addresses. . . . In Pretoria, I stayed in the house Lord Roberts occupied after he took the capital of the Transvaal and we had our meals at the table on which the peace was signed. General Smuts, who was at that time in charge of South African affairs asked me to confer with him after the reception. . . . Later General Smuts introduced me to General De Wet. Not having Hollandish at my disposal, I naturally expressed myself in English. He shook hands cordially but replied in Dutch. Though he was perfectly familiar with English, he would not use it.

"A similar thing happened to me some time before this in Capetown when Rev. Staetler (the man who was known as the Pope of South Africa) was in the chair at a meeting at which I spoke on the Mahommedan advance in Africa. At the beginning of the meeting he refused to converse with me in English.

"I thereupon began the address by saying that I might speak to them in French, in German or in English, but

that I would use English as most of them knew it and I could not speak in Dutch.

"I then explained to them how much I had admired their enterprise from childhood and that the future of Africa depended very largely on what they, the white South Africans, descendants of some of the strongest stock of Europe-Dutch, French Hugenots, Germans, Scots and English would make of it.

"What I had to say met with the approval of the audience, and to my surprise the chairman got up and spoke in most eloquent English. He added that my remarks had made him feel as if 'ice water were running down his back' . . . . 'The Dutch Reformed Hall in Capetown has been closed to English speech, but when you return from your visit to the North, we want you to speak in that hall in English,' he said, 'and I shall feel honoured if I may take the chair again.' Sure enough, when I returned to Capetown, Pope Staetler arranged for a farewell meeting in the Dutch Reformed Hall and duly took the chair."

At this meeting, Dr. Kumm took the few Dutch phrases he had acquired and used them so adroitly, as a Christian statesman, that barriers of national enmity were still further broken down, and the audience, mostly Boers, rose as one man, at the end, and cheered to the echo.

. . . . . .

One contact which was always a tremendous inspiration to him, Dr. Kumm describes in his book on "African Heroes and Heroines":—

"Under Bishop Tucker's guidance, the Anglican Church in Uganda grew from a membership in 1890, in such a phenomenal way, that that same Church in 1907 supported over three thousand native clergy, teachers and missionaries.

"It was in 1907 that the writer, on a journey round Africa, coming up the East Coast, left the steamer at Mombassa, and by rail journey through British East Africa (the grandest game garden in the world) to Victoria Nyanza, and crossed it to Uganda. From Entebbe, on the lake, relays of runners took him in a rickshaw along a beautiful road of something over twenty miles, to Mengo, the capital.

"The Bishop of Uganda showed him the sights. He took him to the hospital, where two brothers (Drs. Cook) were fighting the demon of Central Africa—the sleeping sickness: took him to see the school for the sons of chiefs (there is a school in Uganda, where only the sons of chiefs are educated—chiefs of the surrounding countries); and took him up the royal hill of Mengo to the king's house, a modern bungalow, where the king who is quite keen on games, such as tennis and cricket, made him sign his name in the visitors' book. The young king was only a boy then, and when told by the Bishop that the writer was interested in the Sudan, said he knew something about the Sudan and how much missions were needed there. After an hour's interesting conversation Bishop Tucker and the writer wended their way down the hill by a narrow lane, when the Bishop laid hold of his arm and said: 'Do you remember the stories of David Livingstone and Stanley—how Stanley not only found Livingstone, but found Livingstone's God and the message Livingstone was carrying to Central Africa; and how, wherever Stanley afterwards journeyed he was in the habit of speaking to the chiefs about the God of David Livingstone, and the Gospel?'

" 'Yes, I remember.'

" 'Well, when Stanley got here to Uganda, he spoke to the chief about these things and the chief liked the

message so well that he said to Stanley: 'You stay here with me and teach me and all my people about these things.' But Stanley replied that this was impossible. He would have to go on with the work for which he was sent to Africa, but if the chief so desired it, he would write a letter to the white man's country, asking them to send a teacher to Uganda. So the famous letter was written to the editor of the "Daily Telegraph" asking the British people to send missionaries to Uganda. The Church Missionary Society of England acted in response to this call and sent out a party, and as a member of this party a Scottish engineer by the name of Mackay arrived here in 1877.

" 'Now Mackay was not much of a preacher,' went on the Bishop, 'but he was a man who could live a Christian life and to live a Christian life is much more difficult than to preach. A number of young fellows were drawn to Mackay (true Christian manliness always attracts) and through Mackay's influence, they became Christians. Then the old king died and his son Mwanga became the ruler. Now, Mwanga was a scoundrel. One night they had a great feast, and after drinking much millet beer (called "busa" in Central Africa) one of the sub-chiefs of the tribe, sitting next to the king, said, "Chief, you think you are the big man in all this country?"

" 'Yes,' said the chief, 'I am.'

" 'You think everybody obeys you?'

" 'Yes,' said the chief, 'everybody obeys me.' And everybody did, for disobedience meant quick or slow death.

" 'Well, they don't,' said the sub-chief.

" 'Who does not?' asked the king.

" 'Over there on the Campala Hill, where the white man lives, those young fellows who go every day to the white man—they don't belong to you any more. They belong to the white man now.' . . . . .

" 'Bring them here and we'll see.'

"The young men were sent for. It was late at night when they reached the hall of feasting. They were pushed forward before the king, who looked at them and said: 'Who are you?'

" 'We are your slaves.'

" 'Who is your chief?'

" 'You are our chief, mighty one.'

" 'Oh, I am your chief, am I? And who is your God?' (Many of the native chiefs of Central Africa like the Roman emperors, demanded divine worship.)

"A moment of hesitancy and then the answer came from the leader of the boys 'Jehovah Jesus.'

" 'Who is your God?'

" 'Jehovah Jesus.'

" 'Take them down into the valley and burn them all.' And by the same path which you and I have just come down, the young boys were driven into the valley near a swamp, tied to trees and stakes, and brushwood was heaped around them. After they had been cruelly tortured, the torches were applied, and then out of the flames, came the old song of the martyrs—

" 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!'
" 'Christ is our Life! Death is our gain!'

"The flames rose higher and there was silence.

" 'Come along now, Doctor, continued the Bishop, and we went down past the martyr's monument, up the next hill, and on the brow, came to a great building.

"'I suppose this is your cathedral,' said the writer.

"'Yes.' The Bishop clapped his hands and a boy came running. He was sent for the key, and while we were waiting, the writer said:

"'Bishop, why do you not leave the door of your cathedral open, so that people can come and meditate and pray in the cool shade of this magnificent building?'

"Said the Bishop: 'Doctor, that would not work here. My difficulty is not getting people into church, but getting them out of it. If I did not lock the door of the cathedral sometimes, I'd never get the people out.' . . . . . .

"By that time the boy had come with the key. The door was unlocked and into the lofty building—that seated over 3,000 people—the Bishop and the writer went alone up to the altar for prayer. . . . .

"'Bishop, how much money did the missionary society spend on this cathedral?'

"'Nothing.'

"'But how was it built?'

"'The princes of the royal blood, the princesses, and all the people came and worked, and together we built the house of God.'

"That cathedral was burnt down, but a new one has been built since, which seats over 5,000 people. There were no pews or forms, but only grass mats, and a few stools on which the people sat during the service.

"'Bishop, you must have a number of native workers. How much does the missionary society spend on them?'

"There came a most startling answer . . . 'The Missionary Society does not spend a penny on the native workers. We have three thousand clergy, teachers and missionaries supported by the native church of Uganda.'

" 'And how long is it, Bishop, since Mackay arrived here?'

" 'Thirty years.'

"This is the miracle of modern missions!"

. . . . .

This chapter closes on that contact—for it gave Karl Kumm a fresh dream of that which might be accomplished in the name of God. "The Sudan another Uganda!"

Pools on the glowing sands—water in the wilderness—streams in the desert!

CHAPTER XI

GERTRUDE
1911-1912

"Trusty dusky, vivid, true
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew
Steel-true and blade-straight
The Great Artificer
Made my mate."

—R. L. S.

THROUGH the years, interest in the African crisis spread and grew. A nucleus of warm-hearted Christians were quietly praying and unostentatiously giving to the cause in Australia. It was decided in 1911 that Dr. Kumm should tour South Africa and then go on to New Zealand in the interests of the Mission, and return to England by America, visiting the well-established Councils there.

We find an old letter, written from Tasmania, which gives some news of this tour:

"I have safely reached Tasmania," writes Dr. Kumm, "after the longest sea-distance any liners take without sighting land—from Cape Town to Hobart, over 5,800 miles, almost twice the width of the Atlantic. I was not disappointed in my anticipation that the voyage would be rough. Strong gales, hail and snow storms, rolling and pitching, were the order of the day. Once or twice, the Aurora Australis illuminated the southern sky at night—otherwise our time was spent in the very uninteresting way of doing nothing.

"To-day I am going to luncheon with the Governor, here in Hobart. To-morrow there will be a dinner arranged for by the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and in the evening I am to speak in the Town Hall—then I go on to Launceston. . . . . .

"This Tasmania is indeed the land of the Antipodes, of all wonderful lands, the most wonderful. On the slopes of Mt. Wellington behind the town, grow the giant Eucalyptus gum trees. . . . . Beyond, the impenetrable scrub covers the hillsides and in it live the Tasmanian Devils (these are not people!—but little black carnivorous marsupials!) . . . . In former days, this land was the Prison-house of Britain. Dreadful stories one hears on every side (have you read—'For the Term of His Natural Life'?) and yet to-day Tasmania is a land with less prisoners in it than any other country."

It is a tremendous pity that this explorer did not see what lay "beyond the mountains"—those other ranges, unscaled,—glimpse that wild and exquisite country, unexplored,—the magnificent gorges, the great metal-rich mountains, the "horizontal"—the dense "myrtle" forests, the perfection of the Gordon River.

The letter continues:

"I have not so far been able to tell you much about my last experiences in South Africa. Two things, I am sure, you would like to hear about. One was my visit of a few hours to the Victoria Falls, and the other, the General Board Meeting of the Sudan United Mission at Capetown.

"The Falls are surely the most marvellous sight on earth. There are other waterfalls in our vast world, but there is only one Victoria. The Rhine Fall, one admires,—the Niagara frightens one—but at the Victoria Falls—one stands in solemn silence. . . . .

" 'The snow-fog rises from the broiling cauldron
" 'Eternal thunder roars from the roaring deep,
" 'Unutterable abandonment leaps gigantically solemn into Nature's groaning abyss,
" 'Black basalt scintillating steam and foam and fury,
" 'Show in cyclopean chaos one of Pluto's workshops,
" 'While silver sunshine wreathes round the crags,— the Rainbow—
" 'Life-giving water wed to ghastly death.' "

"Above the Falls' deep water, innumerable isles, hidden rocky shallows, pleasant bays, profound pools—herds of hippos, flocks of water-fowl, shoals of fishes, swift canoes—a superabundance of happy life, seems unconsciously to approach the knife-edge barrier to the brink.

"One can go quite close to the edge of the Falls, and all around them. The only really dangerous place is the Devil's Cataract. At all the other places the suction of the falling river is little felt. The stream is 2,000 feet wide at the Falls, and yet this whole vast volume of water goes up in the steam when in the ghastly deep of 400 feet, the torrents dash themselves against the gloomy cliffs. The River has disappeared and yet, unseen from above the waters, gathers together again, and out of the boiling pot past the Palm Grove, under the Rain Forest, the deep, swelling black waves slowly roll underneath the Railway Bridge until forty miles beyond the Gorge they emerge into the pleasant plains of the new wide valley.

"The week before I visited the Falls, two boys had quarrelled in a canoe, when the current of the Devil's Cataract caught hold of it. One jumped, and swimming and scrambling over the rocks, saved himself, but the other was carried over the edge and never seen again.

When emerging from the Palm, close to the boiling pot at a place rarely visited by the foot of man, I suppose, I came on the last remnants of that boat; a small piece of its backbone, the centre of the keel.

"Words fail utterly to describe the unforgettable glory, the awesome sight, the Aurora Victorialis, the mist-clouds, the wide unbridled fury of the frothy falls, the River Rainbow and the sun.

"The few hours I spent on the Zambesi seemed too short to adequately assimilate the marvels before me, but the final Conference with the students at Stellenbosh, and the Board meeting necessitated my speedy return to Cape Colony.

"The Board Meeting was presided over by Dr. Andrew Murray. Some fifty delegates had come to represent thirty-five local Committees in the various centres of South Africa. The Board meeting commenced at 9 o'clock in the morning, Dr. Murray taking the devotional exercises. Afterwards, a new, wider constitution was framed and in the afternoon the officials were appointed. Among the secretaries there is a new editorial secretary—Rev. Brandt, who was formerly president or secretary (I am not quite sure which) of the Student Christian Movement of Holland. . . . . A new Executive Committee was also appointed, local and ladies' auxiliaries arranged for—and a new enthusiasm spread visibly among the delegates.

"In the evening, in the Metropolitan Church, Dr. Andrew Murray presided, when a large number of ministers of all denominations were present—among them the Bishop of Capetown, who was on the platform. Dr. Murray, the father of the Dutch Reformed Church of South African Missions, gave to the gathering God's

message—'Say to the children of Israel that they go *forward.*' One could not but realise that dynamic spiritual energies are at work in and for the Continent of Africa.

"I was asked to give a final message to those who were present and drew their attention to the following facts:

"The last ten years have seen the railways carried from the west coast, to Timbuctoo, from Lagos to Kano, from the Mediterranean to Khartoum, from the Indian Ocean to Uganda, and from the Cape to the Congo, the land where Livingstone laboured and the place where he breathed out his life in prayer for Africa. New nerve lines have been driven into this mighty sleeping giant of Africa. South Africa has a new dominion, the last strong stalwart of the Anglo-Saxon family. The last parts of North Africa have come, more or less, under European control. Gold and diamonds, tin and ostrich feathers, copper, coal and cotton, have drawn the attention of great financial combinations, who have begun their exploitation. The last ten years have seen the end of the African war of half a millennium between Mohammed in North Africa and the warlike pagan tribes of the Central African iron stone plateau. They have seen the commencement of the final fray, between the Crescent and the Cross in Africa.

"What will the next ten years show us in this Continent? Without being a prophet, one is probably quite safe in promising that the North will be linked with the South, and the East with the West, with railway lines. Rivers, and roads, the veins and arteries of civilised nations will be opened in Africa. The wealth of the white people of the sub-Continent will be vastly increased, the murderous epidemics of Central Africa successfully combated, and the problems of the future solved for the child-races of this continent—the Negroes.

The next ten years will either see a great advance of the anti-Christian religion of the Crescent or it will see the Christian religion given to the native tribes of Africa. . . .

"The benediction was pronounced by the Bishop of Capetown and a memorable meeting came to a close.

"Long after we got back to our homes, the words of the South African saint, Andrew Murray, kept ringing in our ears—

"*'Go forward—Go forward—Go forward.'*"

. . . . .

From Tasmania, Dr. Kumm came on to Melbourne, where he at once "captured the citadel." Immediately the Prime Minister (Hon. Alfred Deakin—always to be remembered as one of Australia's greatest statesmen) came to call on him, and they had a long talk on world affairs. He addressed immense meetings, and was feted and honoured, arousing interest everywhere he went. Arriving at Adelaide next, he was met at the station by the Chief Justice, Sir Samuel Way, who presided at his lecture on "The Destiny of the Negro Race." In the churches, among students and all classes of society he worked.

The "Bulletin" of Sydney then proclaimed in its own peculiar "Bulletinese"—"Dr. Kumm, who is to discourse on the inner recesses of heathen hearts and other coffee-coloured topics, connected with the Soudanese in their native sand-banks will strike this hamlet in the latter end of next week."

Dr. Kumm's whole tour of Australia was a triumphal progress. In New Zealand it was the same. "Sir Joseph Ward, the Premier, cabled an official welcome to Dr. Kumm and the Railway Board of the country presented him with a free pass that he might travel as he wished, on behalf of his work."

With the students of Australia and New Zealand, he was particularly successful, many displaying the keenest interest in the cause of Christ and in the far-off Sudan.

As a result of his tour, Australian and New Zealand branches of the S.U.M. were formed and the work has grown in strength and richness with the years, always attracting sane, wise and devoted Christians to its service, at home and abroad.

In the dawn of 1912, here and there, over the wide world, were dotted little light-houses, lit with the purpose of sending beams of living light to the dark Sudan.

. . . . .

But while much of importance to his beloved Africa was happening in Australia, something of infinite importance to the man, Karl Kumm, was being enacted—amid a host of engagements.

One of the laymen to be captivated by the story of the crisis in Africa, was Mr. F. J. Cato, a prosperous merchant of Melbourne, well known as a great philanthropist, a prominent member of the Methodist Church, and a friend of Missions. He said to Dr. Kumm: "Come and stay with us for a few days—it will be a change from hotel life."

One late afternoon, accordingly, Mr. Cato called in his car, and brought Dr. Kumm out to his beautiful home—Kawarau. Australian sunshine flooded the garden and illuminated the flowers and the sweeping green lawns, as they drove up to the house.

In a few minutes, Dr. Kumm was greeting Mrs. Cato—that most gracious and beautiful among women. And then—Gertrude, the eldest daughter, came into the hall to meet the guest. She had been concocting some dainties over a gas-stove, which had been installed in the old

nursery, so that members of the family might experiment in cookery, without hindering the maids. She had hastily removed her apron, but quite omitted to remove the wee daub of flour which ornamented her dainty nose. She was small and dark and animated, eminently attractive—with less sheer beauty than her mother, but with all the older lady's charm.

But, what that tall distinguished stranger saw in her face was—home.

For the last six years he had been a veritable pilgrim, and for the six years before that, there had only been a few weeks here and there, which could by any stretch of the imagination be termed home-life—and before that there had been roving in the deserts of North Africa—and before that sojourning as a stranger in England. Why, since he was a boy he had had no home!

And Gertrude was the true home-maker. This does not necessarily—(or merely)—imply an expert housekeeper. It means that with such a one, a booth in the wilderness would become a home,—with her beneath its leafy roof. For she had kindness and understanding, a wise faith, sweetness and intelligence. She stood for the hearth-fires of life—"love and the smiling face of her."

Quite recently someone said that Karl Kumm swept Gertrude Cato off her feet. That is not what really happened. She came rather sweeping into *his* heart, like a warm sweet breeze, which never chilled and never lost its fragrance.

That was his side of it. On her part, she, rather diffidently, gave him at first a girlish love and reverence, which deepened into strong, wifely devotion, as she realised his deep need of her.

For in the days to come, though his was a strong, dominating personality, she was his earthly refuge and strength, until of her he could have used Francis Thompson's words:

"For this was even that Lady and none other,
The man in me calls 'Love,' the child calls 'Mother.'"

It was a brief wooing. It began at Kawarau, continued down on one of Mr. Cato's properties in Gippsland (a farm-house, set in a green world of giant gums, and towering tree-ferns, wooded hills and entrancing gullies) and ended with an engagement announced from their seaside home—Wonoona.

Only a fortnight later, the marriage took place at Kawarau. The great drawing-room was banked with hydrangeas, mauve and pink and blue, and at one end, now become an altar, the little ivory-white bride stood amid the people who loved her best, and gave herself to this man, who but a few months before, had been entirely unknown to her. She always treasured in her heart the words he spoke at the marriage feast on that day of days, but still more has she treasured his mature, considered, definition of true marriage: "Marriage is—a man and a woman joining hands for the service of the world."

They went off together "out of that sheltered garden" and the new life began.

Her name was Gertrude, but he contracted it to "True" and that was his name for her, elect and unerring—in all the years that followed.

CHAPTER XII

HOME
1912-1913

"She's sailed east, she's sailed west,
She sailed all across the sea,
But when she came to fair England,
The bells were ringing merrilie."

—BALLAD.

NO woman who has anything of pettiness in her nature, should venture into marriage with a man who is a widower. Nothing can destroy the fact that there was a period in his life, in which another woman held her honoured place. This fact must be faced and accepted, without envy, without jealousy, with no smallest reserve of meanness or malice.

If there are children of the first marriage, the woman who married their father, must become their true mother by adoption, and love them for his sake and for the sake of their dead mother, until she loves them for their own sakes. This is no easy task to weak human nature, and the Grace of God lies behind its successful accomplishment.

Therefore there is no doubt at all, but that Karl Kumm's guardian angel attended him that day, when he drove through the Kawarau garden, while the flowers trumpeted a perfect fanfare of colour, and, crossing the threshold, found himself face to face with Gertrude Cato.

Immediately after the marriage, Karl and Gertrude left for America, where enthusiastic meetings were held and everyone fell in love with the little bride.

It was while they were in America that the first letters came from the boys, and one can see their own happy natures, and detect the loving spirit of a wise aunt and uncle behind them, the unselfish planning of those two, loved of Lucy—for a happy home life, which would mean for them relinquishment of their throne in the lives of the boys.

Here is Henry's letter:

"My dear new Mother,

"I hope you had a very nice wedding. We had a lovely wedding tea—lots of cake and jam and Devonshire cream; flowers and bouquets for each of us, and all of us made speeches in honour of the occasion. I am thinking of you now in Honolulu, and I hope you will have a very enjoyable journey to America. But please don't stay in America too long, because we are longing to welcome you home to England.

"Please give dear Father a kiss and tell him we are so glad. I send you both much love, from your little son,

"Henry.

"Sunday.

"We are having honey for tea to-night in a beautiful piece of honeycomb, because it is your honeymoon, you know."

And Karl's reads:

"My very dear Mother,

"Henry and I are so glad you are leaving America for England next week. We are longing to see you and dear Father. I have just had a little holiday. Several of the boys had sore throats. I was one. So Auntie took me away to the seaside. It was lovely. There were miles and miles of sand and splendid rocks with pools among them, in which I sailed my ship. Uncle

Howard came down next day. We all came home yesterday. . . . Very, very much love to you and Father.

"Your own loving little son, Karl."

And again Henry:

"My dear Father,

"I am now looking at a little picture we have of Mother. She does look nice! I wish we had a good proper one of her as this is only one sent to us out of a Melbourne newspaper. I can quite believe that she is very much like an angel and that she makes your loneliness go away. That was the piece I liked best in your letter—that part too about how you thought she was like our own Mother come back from heaven. I long with all my heart to see her and you again.

"I am wondering so much what sort of things you are bringing home, and if there is anything for my birthday."

. . . . .

The dear, human child! The birthday was well remembered.

The letters make a beautiful comment on the character of Lucy's sister Geraldine, who had made a home for the boys for so long and who now so sweetly acquiesced in their going out to shelter under another wing, and who so selflessly welcomed this new, close influence in their lives.

From the moment she had their letters, Gertrude took both the lads to her heart, and there they have remained ever since, secure in that friendly fortress.

The American tour was marred by an attack of appendicitis. Dr. Kumm's appendix, which had been so slighted, in the days when such an operation would have been an event, chose this particular time to demand removal—"in one of the few places on the earth" as

he remarked "where neither of them knew anyone." This was in Los Angeles, where later they were destined to be the friends of many.

In consequence of this illness, a number of meetings had to be cancelled, and during convalescence, they enjoyed a first taste of housekeeping together in a tiny "portable" house at Huntingdon Beach, while the Doctor recuperated.

They were in Chicago when they heard the news of the wreck of the Titanic. . . . . Then there were meetings, and wonderful times with such treasured friends as the Quaker Dr. Rhoades, and his family . . . . and at length they sailed for England.

"And when they came to fair England
The bells were ringing merrilie."

For Geraldine received Gertrude as a sister, and when the boys and Gertrude looked into one another's eyes, an unwritten covenant was sealed between them for ever.

In the intervals of office and deputation work, which immediately followed their arrival in England, Karl and Gertrude looked for a settled home. They decided at last on Barden Park House, a charming old home, just out of Tonbridge in Kent—right on the pleasant Medway River. It was comparatively near to London, quiet enough for office work, for study, and for literary pursuits. It was roomy enough to entertain the endless procession of folk, to whom it was their joy to minister —the tired, the needy, the missionaries, those interested in missions, strangers and friends, and "their ain folk."

Moreover, the boys were now at St. Lawrence School, Ramsgate, and they were anxious to keep them under

its estimable Head Master, and yet have them within easy access of home.

So at Barden Park, they settled. Dr. Kumm's books lined the study, and his wife gathered round her her "lares and penates," most of which had dear associations with friends of girlhood, and with that warm inner circle of her family, away in the far South land.

With hearth-and-home as a warm background, Karl went on with his work. He was absent from home quite often, and his constant letters (nearly all alas! dateless and many of them placeless) breathe a deep content, and a great reliance on his wife's prayers for his work.

From a missionary conference, he writes:

"The Duke of Devonshire made the first speech last night, and he spoke very well—considering. Then the Lord Chairman did not so well. Then Colonel Kenyon who took Victor Buxton's place and who has just returned from a visit to Uganda, gave an ex tempore address. . . . Your husband read what he had prepared and I think he did wisely. It may not set the world on fire, but I am sure of what I said, and so are the people for they got my manuscript. . . . . Sir Andrew Wingate was in the Chair this afternoon and without doubt, he has thus far been the best Chairman of the Conference."

Anon he was pleading for the Sudan in Wales. He writes from the home of a coal-miner who was his host, and whose friendship he much enjoyed, and then continues his letter:

"At Swansea, I stayed in the home of an old Church elder. He is 75 years old, smokes incessantly and has no one in the house but an old housekeeper. Oh, I forgot, he has 150,000 bees in his courtyard and about 20,000

in a box in his dining-room. The box is covered with glass and the bees fly in and out of the window, but they never hurt anybody."

At Aberystwyth, special trains were run to bring folk to the meetings, and at one meeting the enthusiasm waxed so great, and the crowded hall grew so close, that many people fainted, and at half-time, the lecturer had to close down and continue the next night.

Dr. Kumm loved the fervour of the Welsh, and revelled in their singing of hymns, which someone has described thus—

"The tunes were glorious and familiar—full of wind and sea and hilly places—and the voices, singing in parts, fitted the tunes and loved them so, that it seemed they could not bear to leave them, lingering tenderly on the last verse, repeating it with rapture, again and again."

He loved the Scots folk too, but found them, especially far North "a granite people," very different from the Welsh:

"One would practically have to drill holes in them before dynamiting them."

But he had dear friends in Scotland. He stayed in the home of the Boyds, after the Mother went: "This house seems strangely empty since Mrs. Boyd left it. She was such a saint." Mrs. Falconer's death affected him deeply. And even as these notes are being penned, comes news of another passing—"dear Mrs. Colville of Motherwell."

Then he was in Ireland, joying in old friends, making new ones, consolidating the work.

His whole soul was engrossed in his work. More and more he had absorbed the spirit of David Livingstone, and he longed and prayed that in the year which celebrated the Centenary of his hero's birth, there should

be inaugurated such a forward movement in Missionary enterprise that Christianity should sweep the continent for which Livingstone gave his life.

The report of the Mission in 1913 contains the following paragraphs:

"Speaking from the chair, Sir Andrew Wingate referred with satisfaction to the excellent relations which had been established and maintained with the Government officials, holding that they and the missionaries ought to be, and frequently were, true yoke-fellows. At the same time a critical point has been reached, in the region with which the Mission is specially concerned. Great changes are taking place in lands where Mohammedanism rules, and there are evidences that its power is crumbling away; but Islam is spreading rapidly among the tribes of Africa. The prospect is that the population of the Sudan will increase enormously, and unless it be a Christian population, the future of the region must be dark indeed."

"Dr. Karl Kumm (General Secretary) rejoiced in an increase, in the missionary staff, of sixteen members. . . In heart-searching words, the circumstances were recalled under which the Lord pointed out the way for the undertaking of the work. . . . In most serious terms Dr. Kumm referred to the gravity of the Moslem menace in Africa, especially the Sudan, and voiced an urgent call to go forward in the name and strength of our Lord Jesus Christ, facing the problem of Africa, ere it be too late."

"A new open letter, commemorating the centenary of Dr. Livingstone's birthday, has been sent out, calling upon Christian people interested in Missions, to celebrate the hundredth birthday of the great African Missionary pioneer, by sending the Gospel of Jesus Christ

to all those tribes in Central Africa, not yet reached by Christian Missions, and who, for lack of Christian teachers, are now going over to Mohammedanism."

"The new Australian and New Zealand Branch has sent out its first four Missionaries to the Sudan, while the new Danish branch has sent out its first three. The South African Branch has also appreciably grown. . . . ."

"Jesus began. . ." "Fear not, doubt not; because He ever lives to accomplish that which He has undertaken, That which He hath begun He will complete.

"Jesus began." No more than this. He meant it so; intended just to begin and go away. And then through the weak, the foolish, the base, the despised, to complete.

"What, then, is this our weakness? This our lack of wisdom?

"This is our qualification to be His instruments. He Himself all the days is with us. Here, to-day, amid the ordinary commonplace routine; just here He is ready, through the dynamos of the Spirit, to achieve, to succeed, even through us.

"Jesus began." Shall He, through us, continue?"

But the Prince of this World was even then planning a red reaping, sowing in the hearts of men, seeds of mistrust and enmity—an aftermath of which is seen in Ethiopia in this very day.

Never dreaming of what was to come, the Kumms worked and planned. There was domestic happiness, there was pleasant fellowship with such local friends as Mr. and Mrs. Chapman of the Vicarage, Lady Tankerville, General Owen Hay, Mrs. Welldon and a score of others and there was the constant coming and going of that cosmopolitan company who stood for their international friendships.

CHAPTER XIII

"ROSES IN DECEMBER"

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

1913-1914

ENGLAND

(By an Australian on her first visit to the Motherland)

"I thought that when my stranger-eyes
Beheld this dreamed-of treasure trove
With primrose-haunted memories
With proud and daffodilling love
I'd laugh and bare my head to English rains,
Run singing through the green of English lanes
And stooping by a hedge, kiss the sweet earth
That gave my fathers birth.

But there's no laughter on my lips
Nor yet a song, but like a bird
Stumbling on beauty's soul, there slips
Into my mouth a sobbing word—
England! Her fields are furrowed in my heart,
Her rivers are the little tears that start—
As to some shadow-quiet place I creep
Like a shy child—to weep."

—P. T. in the "Morning Post."

I DO not know anything about the writer of the poem which heralds this chapter. But I do know that countless Australians must have blessed her, for expressing something of their emotion at first seeing England, and for communicating something of its almost "incommunicable magic."

The first glimpse of the English countryside, on a perfect day in May, with the sunshine on the buttercups! The first entrancing "wander"—all alone, in the

streets of London, recognising names and places which have figured in one's reading, since earliest childhood, St. Paul's, Paternoster Row, "the traffic toiling up Ludgate Hill," Fleet St., Charing Cross—Westminster and the river! Buying marsh-marigolds from a flower girl in Piccadilly Circus and placing them in a green bowl in a dingy London apartment! I catch my breath as I see again those marigolds, their chalices of liquid gold, resting on the green banks of the bowl. "What a little thing, to remember for years—to remember with tears."

"God gave us memories that we might have roses in December." Some of my choicest roses are fragrant with recollections of rare months spent with Dr. and Mrs. Kumm in Kent, and with a loved sister of my own, whose two engaging little sons initiated me into the secrets of innumerable wild flowers as we went roaming over the downs, and through the lanes and woods of Dorset.

Dr. and Mrs. Kumm were living in a charming old home on the river Medway, just out of Tonbridge, and they themselves enhanced the charm of the home, by their unostentatious hospitality, and by their Christian life and culture.

They sympathised with the thrills of overseas' guests, and with their knowledge of the history and legend, attached to their surroundings, contributed to the romance of a visit to their home. . . . Barden Park itself, had still in courtyard and basement, parts of an ancient dwelling in which Ann Boleyn is said to have passed some of her girlhood days.

During my first week in England, a delightful girl from Scotland (Miss Elma Boyd) was another guest. With the Kumm household she enthusiastically joined in prescribing new experiences. Her pet project was

that I should hear a nightingale, and to this end, she would punctuate the evening hours by little sorties towards the copse by the river, to listen.

One lovely night, our last talk before retiring, was of Ann, young and lovely, amid the flowers. As I pulled up my blind before getting into bed, the park was flooded with moonshine. I fell asleep. . . . I woke to see a white figure with long unbraided hair, silently approaching my bed in the pale light. Before my fluttering heart had brought the words "Ann Boleyn" to my lips, a quiet voice with the music of the north in it said "Listen!"

Through the moonlight came the song of the nightingale. I could not lie and listen. I had to rise and stand by the window. So, side by side with (what was to all intents and purposes) the ghost of Ann Boleyn, looking down on an old English garden, words learned in old No. 9 classroom in a girls' school in Melbourne, came to life. Words, drenched in beauty, even then, were woven into experience, as that song from the unseen singer came floating:

"Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways . . .
. . . Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home—
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

A night to be remembered!

. . . . .

It was a happy household in which to sojourn. Recollections come crowding so fast, that to keep within the limits of a single chapter, one must just be seized

here and there as they scurry past, and fastened securely with pen and ink to paper.

It was the anniversary of their wedding—a snowy day in January. Dr. Kumm had to go up to London, and Mrs. Kumm was going with him, so that when his business was done, they might dine together and make a little festival of it.

("And on your twentieth anniversary may you still go off with as much delight in each other's company" we called—and till the separation of death came, they did —each year. On this occasion they started the celebration when they got to London, in a characteristic way. They went along the Embankment, speaking a cheery word to those who lingered there, and giving each derelict they met the price of a hot meal.)

The boys who were home for the Christmas holidays, were to have a festive day too. Within the bounds of reason, they were to do exactly as they liked, and for all meals, their favourite "eats" had been ordered. Miss Coleman, (Dr. Kumm's secretary) and I decided to be as unostentatious as possible, and to co-operate in their enjoyment of the day.

I do not remember how the earlier hours of the day were passed, except that the boys took advantage, as all boys of that age, would, of the lack of "olympian" interference, to eat large quantities of food with unwashen hands, Karl consistently appearing at each meal with the same smudge on his face and the same hole in his stocking, though by evening the borders of each were enlarged considerably.

Karl and Henry were both happy souls, but neither was hilarious. We ought to have known, even then, that Karl would be a clergyman and Henry a scientist—for Karl had the face and the mind of the potential

mystic, and Henry had a way of sifting one's statements, and taking nothing for granted. You simply couldn't "bluff" Karl, because it would have been a crime to impose on such crystal confidence—and you couldn't "bluff" Henry—well, simply because you couldn't!

When the four of us met for tea, the short day over, Miss Coleman enquired their free-lance plans for the few hours before bedtime. Karl's eyes looked so heavenly over the smudge that I quite thought he might be deciding to read "Paradise Lost" by the fire. But Henry calmly said they had decided we were *all* to play hide-and-seek all over the house—in the dark—and in our "stocking soles."

Having made the one stipulation that the study and the kitchen regions were to be out-of-bounds, Miss Coleman and I reluctantly removed the shoes from off our feet, and turned out the lights.

The boys never knew how they wore us out that night —the prowlings, the proddings, the wild dashes for "home" in the darkness. One of the females was usually "he." And we:

"Seeked 'em in the rafter room, an' cubby hole and press
An' seeked 'em up the chimbley flue, an' everywheres I guess."

When at long last, they were satisfied and had condescended to go to bed, Karl called me in to have a last few words, which he prolonged after the manner of all young things anxious to evade "the silver sand of dreaming." He bade me try to guess the reason of his affection for me. He negatived the obvious "because I played hide-and-seek," as he negatived every attempted solution on my part. When I gave in and refused to wait

another minute, he produced the astounding ground of his love—

"Because you smell of incense!"

. . . . .

Dr. Krusius came from the Sudan on furlough, and he also for a few weeks shared the intimacies of the Barden Park home. Wise and learned, a remarkable linguist, yet withal a simple Christian gentleman, we found him delightfully "homey" and ready to participate in all the quiet happiness.

One morning, just before leaving for a series of meetings, far away, he asked Mrs. Kumm to be gracious enough, when next she was sending to the town, to see that a pair of riding boots of his (of most exclusive manufacture) should be mended. He had left them beside a parcel of clothing, which was to be given away.

Mrs. Kumm gave the bundle of clothing to George, the gardener, at the same time as she sent him with the boots, to the bootmaker.

Now the Kumms always had the peculiar quality of being ruled by heart rather than head, and they had chosen George to be their henchman, not because of his skill as a gardener, or by reason of his mental ability—but just "because they were sorry for him."

As the time drew near for Dr. Krusius to return, Mrs. Kumm asked George to call for the boots so they would be ready for him. George looked at her in blank despair. He had thought the boots were a gift to himself, and had sold them to a painter for fifteen pence! Moreover, it transpired that they could not be redeemed, as the painter had promptly removed the spurs, and put the boots on, to pursue his avocation. They were now a picture!

Mrs. Kumm told Miss Coleman and me her plight, as we enjoyed a cup of tea in the secretary's little room.

"This is a clear case for the 'British Weekly,' laughed Miss Coleman. At that time, the British Weekly had as a regular feature "Problems of Conduct." A problem was stated and a prize offered for the best suggestion as to a course of action.

With many chuckles we wrote our problem, Dr. Krusius becoming "Colonel Collier" in the process and his hostess becoming "Mrs. Cosmo Taylor."

In due time, Dr. Krusius arrived, and so did the "British Weekly"—with the prize solution, advising that Mrs. Cosmo Taylor should not trouble about the matter at all. "Colonel Collier had no business to burden his hostess with such a commission and deserved to lose the boots."

We gave the "British Weekly" to Dr. Krusius to read, and the fate of his boots was revealed to him, in a parable, as it were. He burst into hearty laughter, and bade his hostess grieve no more "over the unreturning" boots.

George for all his simplicity, having learned through the episode something of the value of the boots, took the first opportunity to extort an extra shilling from the painter.

All very trifling maybe. But this was one of those little memories which preceded the big ones of 1914, when we were glad to remember every little thing which might

"Serve us for a jest, when jests were few."

. . . . .

So many small things we laughed over! There was small Karl's music, in the term when he "ran wild" for health's sake. Although he sang charmingly, Karl

showed no talent for the piano at this period. Mrs. Kumm and I endeavoured to coach him along scholastic lines each morning, and Miss Coleman, after a stray remark of his father's, undertook to be musical director. Karl's idea of practice was to sit for half an hour repeating a simple rendering of "Rousseau's Dream." One day Dr. Kumm suddenly ceased hearing Africa calling and heard his son playing. "Why, the boy's been playing that ever since he was four," he said. Immediately a unanimous vote was taken, to expunge that item from Karl's repertoire. That left him nothing. So Miss Coleman entered the breach, and gave him a choice of simple melodies to replace the lost "dream." Karl chose "Life let us cherish" and for the rest of the term we heard him cherishing it each day, to a faltering treble and a most profane bass.

Henry came back for the next holidays, with whooping-cough still lingering from a school epidemic. As it was felt that Karl ought not to risk contagion, a small cottage was taken outside the Barden Park grounds, sufficient furniture for two people installed in it, and a very happy Australian, settled in with Henry and joyously addressed her letters from the little back garden which sloped direct to the river—

"Little cottage
Sunny Day
Bells ringing
River flowing
England."

The obliging doctor had said that the two young colts, Henry and Karl, might run together in the same fields, but not venture on the closer atmosphere indoors. So the cottage was empty most of the day. This was in July, 1913.

That summer Dr. Kumm invited the outgoing missionaries and students to a camp at Barden Park. Looking back, one feels privileged to have had fellowship (albeit on the fringes) of such a conference and one is glad to see in an old diary that the visitors had tea at the little cottage and permitted its temporary mistress to cook a joint or two, and called at the foot of the garden with a boat and took nurse and patient out on the pleasant river. For that company included the Pioneer party for the Sudan from Australia and New Zealand. There was a night when round the camp fire, Dr. Du Plessis and Dr. Kumm gave to us out of their treasures of African knowledge and prayer and praise, rose up in the cool starlit night. And one has lived to see the prayers offered on their behalf abundantly answered, and such names as Trudinger, McDiarmid, Mills, Arnold, and many others inscribed in letters of gold on the Sudan's roll of honour.

. . . . .

An Australian's first experience of a cold Christmas was under perfect conditions, for Christmas was the season, Karl Kumm especially loved. For days before Christmas, he kept the door of the drawing-room locked, and made it his domain.

Christmas Eve came. . . We all put on our prettiest frocks for dinner—(Mrs. Kumm wore her wedding-dress, I remember), and we fared most sumptuously. At a quarter to eight, the drawing-room door was opened and we went in. A glamorous tree, ("O Tannenbaum" we cried)—stood in the middle, with coloured candles hung on every branch. The room was decorated with holly and mistletoe, and little tables stood all round, each of which bore silvered oranges, almonds and raisins, a box of chocolates, and a bunch of violets. For every

member of the household (mistress, maids, guests, children) there was a table prepared and these central furnishings were Dr. Kumm's gifts to us. For days past, as the postman arrived, he had been waylaid, and anyone carrying parcels had been challenged, by Dr. Kumm, and now all that had been held up, was found on its own destined table—and there was a great reaping and shedding of tissue paper, and exclaiming and comparing, and rejoicing.

After that we sang carols, the old English ones and "Stille Nacht" and "Tannenbaum"—and pulled crackers and played games. All so simple, and so happy, and unclouded.

One remembers it all the more vividly because Christmases were to follow, when "great death made England holy with sorrow" and hands trembled as they wreathed the holly—"its berries were too red." So we were glad that we heard the carol-singers that night and "locked in our hearts their song,"—that evermore we may recall—

". . . . . the spiced scent
Of leaves where no winds stir,
When gold and frankincense are spent
And nothing's left but myrrh."

. . . . .

Dr. Kumm spent the greater part of the day in his cheerful book-filled study. He was, however, often absent on deputation work, often in London. His hobby was gardening; his sweet peas were a glory, his conservatory a joy. (He even experimented in growing passion-fruit therein!)

Immediately after breakfast the whole household assembled in the dining-room for prayers, which Dr. Kumm conducted. This family worship was always simple and

uplifting, and usually brief. But there were times when something deep in the Word spoke irresistibly unto something deep in Dr. Kumm's own soul, and he expounded it. He made it luminant. He brought a candle here, and a candle there from other portions of the Word, and placed them appositely, until we saw before us something of the bright pattern of God's good and acceptable and perfect will. After such seasons, the prayer he offered seemed to come from one heart and one mind. He as priest, spoke for us all.

The Kumms were incurably hospitable. Their guest rooms were rarely vacant, and the meal table usually included welcome visitors. From England, Scotland, Ireland they came; Australians and New Zealanders and South Africans casually appeared, to say nothing of Asiatics, Africans and Americans.

It was quite usual to come in for lunch and find oneself opposite a visitor of another race and colour. I remember one evening at dinner, when there were present—a Chinese, a coal black African, an Indian, an Englishman, a German, an Irishman, an Irish lady, and two Australians. And never have I seen Karl Kumm happier. For he was an internationalist before the perils of blind, acquisitive patriotism had really been dragged out and exposed. There was something on his face, which made one think of what we shall see on that One Face, when, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, they shall come into the Kingdom.

Sometimes in the evening, he would come out of his study, and open up for us some rich mine of literature. There was one evening, when, in the fire-lit hall he introduced us (an introduction which to most of us there, developed into a life-long friendship) to Francis

Thompson, by means of "The Hound of Heaven." He read the whole of it, his manner of reading, his own love and comprehension of the poem, conveying far more of its meaning, than any first reading of our own could have done. Then he went back and guided us through it, stopping to elucidate a phrase, pausing to take a word and deal with it etymologically, extracting from it every shade of meaning, turning it to catch every ray of light, till the word itself became a poem within a poem.

We went up the shadowy staircase to our rooms, murmuring:

"Halts by me that footfall?
Is my gloom after all
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?"

. . . . .

Every Sunday at Barden Park was closed by singing "The day Thou gavest, Lord is ended." What thoughts, what prayers accompanied the words—

"As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day" . . . .!

The little dark-eyed wife was back in thought with the dear ones waking beneath an Australian sky, and the heart of her husband was in Africa once more, with the growing band of missionaries—at the newly-opened stations. He could see, faintly gleaming, those pools in the dry sands—here one—and there another, fresh with Living Water.

CHAPTER XIV

WAR
1914

WAR

"Noon strikes on England,
Noon on Oxford Town,
Beauty she was statue-cold—
There's blood upon her gown."

—J. E. FLECKER.

EARLY in their married life Karl Kumm wrote to Gertrude:

"By nature I am a most optimistic person and so far from discouraging my optimism, I cultivate it—for in optimism, I see one of the strongest roots of success."

Perhaps, one of the strongest roots of disappointment also! He was pouring out to her his high hopes of what should follow for Africa, after 1913:

"If we make adequate use of the Livingstone Centenary, we shall build and build and build. . . . . I am telling the people we must aim at sending the Gospel next year to all the tribes of Africa who have not yet heard of Jesus."

The Mission and his happy home-life were causes of constant thanksgiving.

"Darling, you do not know what it means to me to be anchored and to have love and happiness and rest to look forward to, when I return tired. . . . . I *know* you will never fail me when I have to do my duty in

my calling"; and in the same letter: "How are the seeds in the green house coming on? Who is looking after them? How is the croquet-lawn looking?"

He loved "green things growing." While he was in Australia, he was immensely interested in the passion fruit. Its flower appealed to him; for there was always something child-like in Karl Kumm, and many of us remember how the passion flower seemed sacred from the moment our mothers showed us the secret hidden in its heart—the fish and the loaves, the Saviour and the disciples and the multitude! Besides, the unusual flavour of the fruit intrigued him—so rich and pleasant and elusive. Amid the plants in his green house were passion fruit seeds, which he tried in vain to grow in England. But his optimism was not quenched by his failure. He vowed he would grow passion fruit some day.

In May, 1914, Gertrude had the joy of a visit from her own family from Australia. Mr. and Mrs. Cato, their two sons, Alec and Edwin, their daughter Dora, (just developing into attractive young womanhood, with a pretty wit and a flair for perfect dressing)—and Una, the youngest—a lovable school girl. Una was despatched to "The Farringtons" to school and the others proceeded to enjoy England with Barden Park as headquarters.

Here is a letter, of this period, from small Karl (whose spelling had greatly simplified during the past year. Until then he had always practised a most difficult method. For instance, a young woman they knew whose name was "Rene" always had her name spelt "Wrine" by Karl.) Even in this letter one notices how he economically drops the "e" from *gone* and *before* while he prodigally expands to-morrow into "to-morough":—

"My own dearest Mother,

"It is the last Sonday befor seeing you. I will soon be counting the munites. There are 74 hours befor I see you or about that.

"I am arfully sorry I have not writen befor. I thought of writing in the week but I had not time. I went up after tea to Mrs. Sherwood's and had a long talk. Henry has no more paper so I had to get this paper, will you bring some next week. Coryton's mother is going away tomorough so this is his last day with her.

"Pleaze give Grandmother my love, Una has gon to school of course. I will see if I can't write to her soon.

"I must stop now darling Mumilie. With oceans of love till we see each other again to you and Father from your little son, Karl."

And then slowly, surely—came August 1914. And Karl Kumm had been born in Germany. But—a great missionary becomes automatically a great internationalist! He loved Africa, he loved America, he loved England, he loved Germany. He came of military stock, yet when he followed Pauline, the pathfinder of his clan in missionary daring, he conceived a loathing of militarism. It was from England he went out to investigate for Christ, and his reaction from militarism and his love of England had led him to become a naturalised Englishman. Through Africa he had carried the Union Jack. But though he had broken away from the military tradition of Germany, he had never broken away from love of home and family.

What he felt for England had been expressed years before when he wrote in "Khont-hon-nofer":

"God has entrusted the Britons with more of the youthful peoples of this earth than any other white race. We are trustees, appointed by God, to shield the

little ones, to teach them and to mother them until they have grown up into independence.

"The two or three hundred different heathen clans amongst whom we are to-day administering justice in Central Africa, are in our hands as little children whose fate and future we may make or mar. If we prove ourselves unworthy trustees we shall be charged with the issues of our stewardship. Justice, truthfulness, honesty and liberty are valued more highly in Britain than any other state on earth; and it is on this account that God has seen fit to give us charge of the development of many of the native races of Central Africa, Asia, America, and Australia.

" 'He Who made us mighty
" 'Make us mightier yet'!"

in righteousness and godlikeness."

We took so little notice of what internationalists said before the war. At a dinner table in London in 1916 someone quoted: "Patriotism is after all one of the greatest curses the world has ever seen and is but another name for selfishness. . . . . Supposing all nationality were swept from the world to-day, what would follow? Disarmament and peace!" Immediately there was a howl—"That's just Bernard Shaw!" But it wasn't. It was Dr. Campbell Morgan speaking in Westminster Chapel (without apparently exciting attention) in the peaceful early years of the century.

So, few remembered, and few would have believed that Karl Kumm had no rancour of any kind in his heart, toward any nation.

And the war was an unspeakable sorrow. Ironically enough, the house the Kumms had chosen for very love of the English country, was the point of suspicion

with ardent patriots. It was close to Tonbridge, on the direct line from London to Dover—a most suitable spot for espionage!

One cannot altogether blame these victims of atmospheric suspicion—for we were all under the influence, more or less, of war hysteria and one of war's natural brood is mistrust. Many will remember speeches made by normally admirable people, in the grip of this phobia. One recalls such instances as the following:

In Hampstead one day just after a ghastly daylight air-raid when bombs had fallen on a school just out of London and killed little children at their tasks, a good woman said with bitterness: "And not long afterwards I saw that German woman and her brat in the street, and I wished with all my heart that a bomb would fall and kill them both before my very eyes." So very pitiful! As though that wretched woman and her ostracised child had planned the horror!

There was a night when we sat in the darkness during another air-raid while the machine guns rip-p-p-ped the air, "Big Hannah" barked from her stance in the Park, and now and again a great bomb dropped to the earth with a terrific crash. A ghoul-like old woman kept flicking her torch at each of us in turn to see if we looked frightened (which of course we did!)—while she discoursed on what she would do with "Asquith and Haldane, those pro-Germans!" She would put them out to sea in a leaky boat—no, she herself would row them out in a strong boat, put them overboard and hold them under with her own two hands while they drowned. Then, as a bomb fell, "Who says there's a God of love anyway?" In the morning light she was quite a kindly person, but with war in the air, she became utterly reasonless and sadistic, not to say blasphemous. "And

men cursed God, because of the great plague of the hail."

Again, we were taken to see one of the finest of London hospitals one evening, our escort being a young Quaker friend, who was an orderly there. He came of a long line of Friends who would succour the wounded, but would not fight.

We went all over the hospital and finally reached the top floor. One of us was not very well and had a faint turn at that stage and it was deemed advisable to call a taxi and get home as soon as possible. We were near the lift and our friend rang. The lift duly arrived, worked by a pleasant and efficient girl. She threw open the door and we made to enter. Then she saw who was our escort. The kindliness died out of her face, and with a malevolent glare, she slammed the door in our faces and the lift shot down without us.

"I am sorry," said the boy, "you have to suffer for friendship with me."

Most of us lost our perspective in those unnatural days. On Karl Kumm, and the work he planned to do, in England and in Africa, the door slammed.

. . . . .

It closed on his work as General Secretary of the Sudan United Mission in England and finalised one other most important movement for effective missionary work in the Sudan. For up in London at Harley House, Dr. Krusius, one of the Sudan Missionaries, a Doctor of Philosophy and an M.A. of Halle University, who was an authority on things African, had been holding classes for outgoing missionaries. He was initiating them into the mysteries of Arabic and Hausa and giving them an insight into the mind of the African, familiarising them with habits and customs, preparing

them for constructive work and saving them from endless mistakes. He was teaching them to approach tribal sanctities with respect and wisdom, and to attempt no merely wanton interference, but to walk with comprehending love. That valuable work came to an abrupt end, for Dr. Krusius was German, and the situation was impossible. Dr. Krusius went to America where he became pastor of a Lutheran Church in the Mountains.

Gertrude was away in London with friends she had known in New Zealand, recovering from a slight indisposition, soon after war broke out. Her heart was torn for her husband, knowing his absolute integrity, and how loathsome, intrigue of any sort was to his crystal nature. She was to him a strong tower.

"The Lord bless you very richly," he wrote, "for the love you give to me. You are quite right, trouble draws us nearer to our Father in Heaven and to one another than happiness. . . . With all my heart, I want to learn the lessons the Lord is teaching His people at this time and I know you do. . . . . I am sorry I have not brought more happiness into your life, but you know how I love you."

It was continually with him, that the name he had given her had brought this first great shadow into her serene young life.

They had a wise counsellor in Mr. Cato, Gertrude's father. He advised Karl to go to America, where his work for the Sudan might still be continued. Gertrude with their help would do all the necessary settling up in England and join him as soon as possible. And if they stayed in America, the boys could follow.

Thus it was arranged. And another life chapter closed.

CHAPTER XV

"NEW OCCASIONS MAKE NEW DUTIES" 1915-1920

"By your prayer, you will supply the oxygen for the fire, while I put some more sticks on."

—KARL KUMM, letter to his wife, June 1915.

ALMOST as soon as he reached America, Dr. Kumm started on his work as General Secretary for the American branch of the Sudan United Mission. Gradually there stole over him a hope that the war was not the end of all things for his beloved Sudan. During the few weeks that elapsed before his wife joined him, he was able to formulate plans, and wrote to her:

"God is very good to us. The future still lies bright before us, and in this great country, we have new duties." And again: "Darling, I believe the Master has given me a great work to do in this great land."

He was with Friends, Dr. Edward Rhoads and Mr. William Warren of Germantown, Philadelphia (friends in every sense of the word) and he told these Quaker saints "This fearful shadow which has fallen over the world must of necessity mean a great light behind the clouds—the stronger the light, the blacker the shadow. Presently we shall see that the night is far spent and the day is at hand."

Then came the joy of his wife's arrival and after several months of travel together on deputation work, they were directed by their friend Dr. Frost (Director of

the C.I.M. in America) to consider Summit in New Jersey as a possible place of residence.

It was in the Springtime that they saw Summit of the Woodlands, and fell in love with it. The folk who planned this town had more than a touch of poetry in their architectural visions. They came "not to destroy but to fulfil." So when they found at the top of a hill, a beautiful forest,—oak and ash, maple and elm, whitewood and linden, sycamore, larch and pine, beech and hemlock "all growing just as they grew in the days when the Red Man followed the trail"—they set themselves to build a town amid them—not upon their ruins. So no tree was razed which could possibly be spared—with the consequence that the charming homes are set among these shady woods, the winding avenues have their green awnings of nature's own planting—and the children in the homes hear the songs of the birds, see bright-eyed squirrels flourishing proud tails as they live undisturbed, on excellent terms with their human neighhours.

There is a strange consolation in beauty, and the Kumms were drawn to this lovely spot, after their homelife by the little English river had been so abruptly terminated.

When the boys joined them they were established in Summit and eventually bought a house on Pine Grove Avenue, surrounding themselves with a host of congenial friends.

The Summit folk took them to their hearts and lifelong friendships were formed. To this day when a letter comes to Melbourne from "dear Christina Irving" telling of all the old friends, Gertrude feels her heart "strangely warmed," as she remembers Benjamin and Lillian Fleuchaus, the Robertsons, Knowles, Austins,

Whytes, and dear Cousin Bess (Mrs. Brodnax). Those who are remembered for their friendliness are too many to mention but not too numerous to be thought of always with love.

Miss Coleman, the secretary of Barden Park days, joined them here and continued to do Dr. Kumm's clerical work for several years.

Dr. Kumm was abroad through the land a large part of his time, and his regular date-less, address-less letters flowed in. Let us peep at a random sentence here and there to see how he fares and discover where he is, if possible. While his wife is in Toronto holidaying, he is evidently in Pittsburgh, lecturing.

"Please thank the friendly cousins for me for taking good care of you and give them my cordial greetings, regards and respects. But keep you my love for yourself." Then he is in Ohio and writes mentioning kind friends like the Browns of Cleveland and the Matthews and the Symons of Glendale. From Glendale he writes:

"The Seminary I was in this morning is interesting as Beecher Stowe was its first president and Harriet Beecher Stowe his daughter, here wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' the book that did so much to set the slaves free in this country. The scenes from Uncle Tom's Cabin were taken from this neighbourhood. The famous underground road of the slaves ran through Cincinnatti. Runaway slaves used to swim or boat across the Ohio River and a well known Quaker farmer whose house I saw yesterday sent them on to Oberlin, from whence, across the lake, they used to escape into Canada."

Then he is in a charming spot called Silver Bay and at a conference there, is enjoying with the young people a new plan for impressing the minds of the delegates:

"We are going to make a one hundred foot map of pebbles on the meadow: white pebbles for the outline and rivers, red pebbles for the Protestant mission districts, yellow pebbles for R.C. districts and green for the border line of Mohammedanism across Africa."

From a nameless place he writes: "The fire is not yet out: It has been kept flickering and with judicious use of the bellows, something may be accomplished."

From St. Louis he writes; with "the Word upon him to deliver":

"Yesterday I was God's voice. In deep humility I say it. A terrible message came to me. I was trembling all over as I passed it on. It was the old story of the siege of Samaria and the lepers. . . . I know now a little of what the apostles must have felt. . . . "Later in this letter he is deeply touched as he reports: "This morning I spoke in a Sunday school where the poorest of poor children have collected in a great stone peach ten dollars for the children at the Freed Slaves' Home."

There was a day when he wrote:

"I have been well nourished on disappointments." And again—when hope rose: "There are so many things I want to tell you. How much I feel encouraged! It will be hard work for many months but oh, how I love work, work that will be of some use in the world. . . . Steadily day by day, I am making friends for Africa."

Occasionally there is a caustic sentence as:

"At the morning service Dr. —— gave an address on China. There was a good deal of information about pigs, ducks, chickens and fishes" and "They were liberal with promises to help evangelise the tribes. If all the promises were fulfilled, there would not be enough tribes to go round."

In every letter there is one request—"Your prayers—your prayers—your prayers." "I am counting on your prayers." "Many here have the Sudan in their hearts. Pray for me that there may be results from my visit to this town."

Always the war shadowed them, shadowed them perhaps more than others. Karl had his own dear ones in Germany, and no news came as to how they fared. His mother, growing frailer and frailer since his father's death in 1905—how was it with her? And Gertrude's brothers were with the Australian forces, one in the air force and the other a medical officer.

When America came into the war, there was in the States inevitably that same "nation consciousness" which had swept England. Pulpits became recruiting platforms, the call to arms was sounded and one could go to church and doubt if the worshippers had so much as heard of a Prince of Peace.

When at last the war was over Mrs. Kumm went on a brief visit to her own people in Australia, and Dr. Kumm was able to report to her with joy:

"Yesterday, I received a very precious letter from Amanda in Germany. Mother is still alive and so are our other dear ones. They have suffered grievously. Mother has not tasted meat for three years. Yet the whole letter is full of gratitude to God and there is not a word of resentment in it. God is very good to me."

And Gertrude, happy in the luxury of reunion in her father's house, pouring out auntly love on her sister Dora's baby, Mary—gave an extra thanksgiving that for her man too, the channels of family intercourse were once more opened.

During the following year Dr. Kumm was able to visit his own people. He was in London en route and wrote on May 24th, 1920:

"This is the evening of the day of Pentecost. The city is as silent as a field of ruins . . . . but oh, the crowds in Hyde Park this afternoon! There were religious enthusiasts speaking to a few, and international socialists and labour unionists speaking to their thousands. One of the religious I could not help heckling a little, when up came three brawny youths and said, 'Surely this is Dr. Kumm. We are Africanders. I took the chair for you in Stellenbosch." "And I heard you in Pretoria and Capetown and wanted to hear you in Princetown, when you did not come because of your appendicitis in California.' 'And I sat at your feet in Wooster when you were staying in my father's house.' Well now was not that a joyful meeting? . . . . . After that we talked and talked and talked. . . . . Yesterday and the day before I have wandered round London. On Friday I was at the yearly meeting of the Society of Friends where I found Joseph Elkington and his wife, of Philadelphia. . . . Then I met Dr. Hodgkin, ... Oliver of Syria and a number of other friends. I had such a happy time with them. Yesterday I was again at the S.U.M. office."

The next day he writes: "This morning the Rev. Joubert, one of the young South Africans who spoke to me on Sunday in the Park, came to the hotel for a confab. He is the secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society for South Africa and seems to have travelled extensively in that continent. Among other things he is arranging to have the life of Andrew Murray published. The book was written by Du Plessis and they want me to read it through. To-morrow I shall

probably spend at the British and Foreign Bible Society with the manuscript."

He went on to Germany and there wrote:

"I am at home with mother. . . . Dear mother, she cried and wept in my arms. It was last Saturday evening at 7.30 that my train reached Hanover, and Alfred was on the platform waiting for me. He looked thin (his clothes hung on him like bags) but oh, so happy. . . . . Amanda was waiting for us at the street corner and trembled like a weak child. Mother, who has not been out of her room for some time, stood at the door, with tears in her eyes. Dear little mother! She is nearly eighty, bent and a little deaf, but her face is as sweet as ever. They do seem so glad to have me. Our parcels of food have been a Godsend to them. They have food enough in this country, but it has little nourishment. The bread is brown and tastes like sawdust mixed with clay. Every patch of ground on which food can be grown is cultivated . . . . and the crops look promising. Unless the threatened revolution comes food should be plentiful shortly."

A few days later, he wrote from the Harz Mountains, where he had been visiting his father's grave, (the father who had been to him "only next to the Lord Christ.") He thinks how his life has changed since as a boy he clambered about the surrounding hills and dreamed his dreams. "Not only," he says, "have the castles built in the air fallen, but the castles that seemed to have been built for eternity."

But here he was wrong, and that last sentence does but go to show—"He builded better than he knew."

. . . . .

Before returning to America there was a happy meeting with members of the Sudan United Mission Board

in London, where friendships were renewed which the war had interrupted but not destroyed. His letters speak with affection of Sir Andrew Wingate and Messrs. Redmayne, Falconer, Bradshaw, Topping and Dawson.

But, though tasks were resumed and the work still went forward, Dr. Kumm was never quite the same after the war—never the same unqualified optimist.

The biographer of Mary Slessor has pointed out that her last days were saddened and her great spirit subdued by the incidence of the Great War. Karl Kumm himself in writing of her in one of his books says:

"The men-murdering world war with its flood of horror reached the far seclusion of Odore Ikpe and caused acute suffering to the little grey-haired lady there, more suffering than her worn-out body was able to sustain. And there she breathed her last on earth, surrounded by the children whose lives she had saved."

He understood exactly how she felt, for he too had spiritual children in Africa's forests and he thought often of the pools of Living Water he had visioned on her burning sands and wondered how many souls would go thirsty because blinded men had turned aside to hew out broken cisterns.

. . . . .

Miss Bonniwell (now of Tasmania) who was in Summit about this period records her impressions of the family life of the Kumms in a recent letter:

"I went to America in 1920 under an engagement to do deputation work for the American branch for six months, and stayed nearly a year. (I had previously done 'deputating' in Australia and also in New Zealand for over three years for the S.U.M.)

"I shall never forget the welcome I received from Dr. and Mrs. Kumm. Their home was my headquarters all

the time I was in the States and their kindness to me whenever I returned to New Jersey after my various trips round the land, will always be one of the sweetest of memories. Dr. Kumm was a man with a gracious and lovable disposition. Although of international repute, he lived the simplest of lives in the home. Generous to a fault, I have seen him leave the table to take his own meal to some wayfarer who asked an alms. I never knew Dr. or Mrs. Kumm to refuse to help any one—indeed I have heard the Doctor say more than once that he felt convinced the house was marked as one where a meal was sure. (One tramp told them quite frankly that this was the case.)

"There is no need for me to attempt to speak of Dr. Kumm as a public speaker. His message and his magnetic personality could always hold his audience enthralled. He it was who planned my tours and provided me with the necessary equipment, letters of introduction, etc., and yet with one public meeting he could get a financial response that would take me months to even approximate. He was the general secretary of the American board at that time and had a very fine committee at the back of him. They, however, lived such distances apart that it was difficult to call them together and most of the work was done by Dr. Kumm. He was always thinking out some new scheme for the betterment of the Mission and I believe paid a visit to the Field shortly after I left.

"He knew how much my American trip meant to me and he arranged for me to meet Dr. Zwemer and other notables in mission work. . . . It was these little gracious acts one found so charming. I shall always feel it such a privilege to have been allowed for a short time to share their simple, happy home life."

That love of sharing of which Miss Bonniwell speaks was always much in evidence at Christmas, and arrangements were made well ahead, so that lonely and needy ones should share the Christmas fare. But there was one Christmas in Summit, when through illness and other opposing circumstances, no plans had been made.

Consequently, the goose was cooked with its accompanying vegetables, sauces and seasonings, the great pudding boiled and decorated—and only the family sat down. Over and over again, they regretted as they ate, that no one shared the feast. Just as they were finishing, out of the snow, to their very door, came an old man.

"The Lord has sent him," they said. In the warmth a table was spread before him, and he ate a sumptuous Christmas meal. Then Dr. Kumm must needs give him a pair of strong boots and *his own* warm overcoat, with the price of a bed for that bitter wintry night.

A minister's wife in Melbourne tells how she and her husband, on a visit to America, arrived at Summit and hailed a taxi: "Where to?" asked the negro driver. "25 Pine Grove Avenue."

"Why," said the man, "that's Dr. Kumm's house. He's the best man in New Jersey."

CHAPTER XVI

CHILDREN
1920-1925

"For Birth hath in itself the germ of Death,
But Death hath in itself the germ of Birth."
—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

GERTRUDE KUMM had mothered the two boys for nearly nine years when there came to her a long-deferred joy. She held her own little baby daughter in her arms. And she called her name Lucy, after that other Lucy, the mother of the boys. What more need be said of the essential Gertrude?

Lucy was a beautiful brown-eyed child. Though Gertrude was only to keep her for fourteen brief years, she never had any, save

"Grateful tears
That she was with me all those happy years."

Lucy arrived when the home-folk from Australia were paying a visit to America and they, with the big brothers Henry and Karl gave her a hearty welcome. Henry and Karl were both strenuously at work now equipping themselves for the future—Henry laying the foundations of a medical career, which has brought him to the forefront in research regarding tropical disease, and Karl preparing to become a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Lucy was baptized on December 2nd, 1920, and in the midst of a rejoicing company of near and dear Summit friends there were the Australian grandparents, Mr.

and Mrs. Cato, who were also godparents. A godmother "in absentia" was Mrs. Howard Taylor (sister of the first Lucy) who was, with her husband, somewhere about this period undergoing the tremendous adventure of capture by bandits in China. There were also present Una Cato the proud young aunt and a New Zealand great-aunt, Miss Bethune.

Karl was as usual pursuing his peripatetic way, in the interests of the Sudan. He was also much in demand for lectures, holding classes at various universities on geographical and economic subjects, a task for which he was so well equipped. He wrote to his wife almost every day—not lengthy epistles—little human natural bulletins, giving sidelights on the meetings he attended, rather than any account of them. As usual, also, there was the same timeless, placeless element. Often they were written in pencil, sometimes obviously with a stub, for he evidently had difficulty with pens. He begins one letter with pride:

"Here is the pen I bought for a dollar. It is better than a pencil and I must try and keep it until it gets old and grey. I stand in fear though, my dear, it will be appropriated from my writing table after I return home."

He was attending a certain conference and wrote ("in the woods"):

"In the afternoon, Jane Addams came to the camp. I had an interesting little talk with her. The chairman of the conference, Jane, and your humble servant, were on the platform in the afternoon. I led in the opening prayer and Miss Addams gave us a magnificent address. The hall was packed and she held the people from beginning to end. I'll tell you more about it when I see you."

If only he had told her about it then and there, with that brand new pen of his, we too might be sharing Jane's words of wisdom now!

At one port of call, he has been to dinner with a very select company and writes:

"The 'piece de resistance' was when, after dinner, the daughter of ——, a girl about seventeen, with a friend of hers, arrived to provide some music. Their hair was dressed in the latest style, their skirts up to show their knees, their faces enamelled and their songs the songs of houris. This certainly is Rome, Rome decadent with a vengeance. I am certain I never saw girls like it when I was younger. . . . . If you bring up that girl of ours to that fashion, I shall go back for good to Central Africa. But perhaps they are becoming 'civilised' in Central Africa too! I have to preach to-morrow in the largest church here. Maybe I'll explode!"

Again he writes of hearty eulogistic meetings and yet of so little result for Christ and Africa.

"Chief Lucifer is alive, all right. . . . . Thank you for your letter with good news of you and Specimen. Mrs. Minot Morgan suggests that we leave our Pickle with her and go off to Bermuda or somewhere else together. We could, I suppose, if we would, but we can't, because we won't!"

Taking the same small "Pickle" with them, they with Henry and Karl did, however, accomplish a trip to Germany the next summer, and then it was that Karl's wife met Karl's mother for the first time, and their hearts were knit in love.

It must have been somewhere at this period that a great desire was born in Dr. Kumm's mind to establish a Medical School in Africa. It was a good scheme and

some day it may be accepted as one great branch of the work of the Mission. Karl Kumm was ever something of the seer. When, years before, with spiritual gaze he looked over the Sudan and saw living water where as yet there was none, he had to wait long and work long before that dream materialised.

And this child of his far-sighted spirit was premature. . . . . Because, when Karl Kumm cared about a thing, he cared for it supremely—he did all he could to sustain life in this new project. But it was not to develop in his day. As Gertrude held Lucy, to be cherished for a little while and then given up, so this frail child of his spirit was in the end to be surrendered.

But though he was probably quite mistaken as to the fulness of the times for this venture, we know how completely altruistic was his dream and that "he did well in that it was in his heart."

. . . . .

Three years after Lucy's arrival, little John came to gladden the home of the Kumms; and Karl, the grown-up brother, wrote a letter of welcome:

"Dear little Brother,

"I am terrifically happy to hear of your arrival. We have been expecting you and praying for you and everyone thinks that you are going to be the finest, manliest kind of a little brother that ever was.

"You know about three years ago, I used to be 'little brother' in our family so now it is my special privilege to welcome you to the high office. You must serve Lucy as I used to serve Henry, especially so, because she is big sister and you will find out that she will be a sure strength in trouble as Henry was. Also you will find that however much you squabble in private, when you get out into the world you will keep together.

"This is such learned advice that you won't understand a word of it. However I can assure you that the more interesting problems of rattles and bath-tub ducks are not entirely unknown to me. I shall bring you presents when I return: meanwhile possess your little soul in patience.

"Sleep is a balm for every evil that may attack you. Don't forget that the highest honour in the home is being accorded to you when you recline on daddy's study couch and so you must never cry there.

"Mother is generally a pretty good scout; you will find that she will treat you quite decently. Her heart is made of pure gold and sweetest love, so just at present you had better keep close to it.

"So I charge you, sweet wee brother, to be worthy of your name; it comes from a really fine grandfather and a big, big daddy.

"Kiss mum from me and believe me ever,

"Your very mostest affectionate brother Karl."

These two older brothers were John's godfathers, and Una Cato, the young aunt was his godmother.

As soon as Gertrude was strong enough to travel she with Lucy and John set off on a pilgrimage to the Australian home—to the hands which were always outstretched and the hearts which were always open. For Karl was bound for Africa to make new friends, to hail old friends once more, and to say his last farewell.

There are a few notes extant regarding this journey. From S.S. Abinsi he wrote on October 20th:

"The train ran alongside the 'Abinsi' at Liverpool. New faces were added to the train-set as we boarded the boat. Three black Liberians are travelling first class: one of them is the Liberian Consul at Liverpool. Then there are ten missionaries, lacking the somewhat

tarnished polish of the other travellers. But in their unassuming, though determined way, they present a type fundamentally different from the missionaries of the Far East or the other parts of the world. They are far from being failures. They are not ending in West Africa after seeking their fortunes elsewhere and having failed, drifted to the White Man's grave. There are as many women as men among the missionaries. Of the 250 passengers on the 'Abinsi' only 25 are women and five of these are missionaries.

"The name of this ship spells romance 'Abinsi'—the name of a Munchi town on the Benue—means *food.* The ships of East Africa went under the name of 'perambulating beer shops.' This West African boat is called 'Food.' It was at Abinsi that, years ago, before the Munchis would submit to British control I offered to a proud native a five shilling piece for a hand-knife worth about sixpence; he turned his back on me—what did he care for the white man or the white man's money? It was at the same town of Abinsi that the Munchis raided the Niger company's stores a year later and carried off the corrugated iron and building material for the first S.U.M. station among the Yergum. I suppose iron seemed to them useful material for the manufacture of hand knives. When the Government sent a punitive expedition into their country it was received with such a shower of poisoned arrows, that it was forced back. This was the third and last time that the Munchis fought the white man: they have in West African parlance 'never been broken.' They have been gently persuaded by Resident Gordon of H.M.G. to let him live with them, and have responded to friendliness and kindness.

"Near Abinsi the first railway bridge is being built across the Benue 'mother of waters,' even as the first

railway bridge spanned the 'father of waters,' the Mississippi at St. Louis.

And this steamship on which we travel is the Abinsi, carrying men of romance as sacrificial food for the voracious climate of West Africa. She will bring back from the Canaries bananas to England—for Sir Alfred Jones, of the Elder Dempster lines made these vessels the banana boats of Britain. Therefore—the 'Abinsi'—*food.*"

Later he writes:

"Twenty-five years ago at this time, I lived among Arabs in the Libyan desert. There was then not a single missionary in the Sudan, only at Lokoja, the gate of Northern Nigeria, one solitary C.M.S. man (the last of the earlier efforts to get into the Sudan under Wilmot Brooke and Bishop Hill) stood as the watchman of the dark heart of the Dark Continent.

Twenty years ago Eugene Stock, corresponding secretary of the C.M.S., asked at Keswick for the help of the Non-conformists to reach the tribes of the Sudan with the message of the Christ and the preliminary meeting of the S.U.M. was held in* T. A. Denny's house in London, if I remember rightly. Plans were made for a forward move to Tripoli in January 1904. It was in that month that the first number of the "Lightbearer" appeared.

"Ten years ago an S.U.M. conference was held at Swanwick. The Danish branch began its very promising work in the Yola province and Australia went into the Eastern Sudan. It looked as if three years more would see the whole Sudan occupied by our fellow-workers. Then —— 1914 ——!

"To-day we stand in our Mission, somewhat more entrenched in the Sudan than in 1914, with some changes

*This is the only reference to this meeting.

LUCY

Born at Summit, U.S.A., October 18th, 1920;
Died at Melbourne, Australia, December 20th, 1934.

but with few additions to our working force. The Danish and Australian branches of the Mission have grown. The South African branch has divided into the Dutch and the rest, and has gone slowly ahead, as has the American branch. A new Canadian branch is now being formed.

"The S.U.M. enters upon a third decade of its existence. Certain encouragements make it possible to look forward with hope to the days that lie ahead. If the thoughts about a medical school can be brought to fruition, much good shall result.

"In the evenings I either play chess with my fellow-workers or walk the deck with the Rev. C. W. Guinter, giving my Hausa an airing. Slowly the language, whatever there is left of it, is being dragged back out of the attic into the living room and after some polishing may still be useful. It is a struggle though, for the hinges are rusty and the joints are loose."

There were moments of tense emotion during this tour, when natives he had won to Christ many years before, brought to him their Christian sons;—'my spiritual grandchildren' he called them, and his heart was full, as he gave them his blessing.

"The old chief of Lakushi almost embraced me. We had gone hunting hippos together, nineteen years ago, and I had stayed in his house several times in the early days. . . When I asked him for news of other chiefs . . . . his face became sad. 'Madugu,' he said, calling me by my old name: 'They are all dead. Sirikin Kudu is dead, so is Sirikin Shemankar, Shendam, Yellowa, Wase, Dempar, all dead but you and I. We are the only ones left.' He almost wept.

"The greatest impression I have thus far received on this visit to the Mission stations came to me among

the Yergum, at Langtang. (With the results here recorded, he frequently spoke of the work of those wonderful missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper.) "Nineteen years ago, when I was at Rock Station, the Yergum had just been palavered (broken) by the Government, because in their fight with the Hausas, they had given way to their cannibalistic tendencies and made meals of a number of Hausas. . . . When I first set eyes on them, they ran like deer, hiding among the rocks. They were hungry and frightened out of their wits. I was able to make friends with a few of them, by giving them a large baboon I had shot and which my own Hausas would not eat."

"On my second visit to their country in 1908, a missionary station of the S.U.M. had been built by Langtang. When I approached their outlying villages, some of them still ran, but a few cowered down by the side of the road, looking at me with fearful eyes.

"But, on this visit when I came to the first village, the whole population ran out to meet me; with smiling faces, bright eyes looked into mine and a chorus of 'Kang Kang' welcomed me. 'Kang Kang' is the word of salutation and greeting. Village after village gave me the same reception. I did not see a frowning or frightened face among the Yergum. At the central mission station, the chief and a whole multitude came to greet me. By the wayside, I saw old men and old women, innocent of clothing except two bunches of leaves each, sitting industriously reading, or learning to read.

"On Sunday morning, the church at Langtang which seats 300 people was crowded to the doors and the windows were blocked with people who could not get in.

The Yergum Christians have already put together enough money to build a larger church and the old church will be used as a school house. There are seven churches to-day in Yergum land, and the whole tribe is rapidly becoming Christian. They have no church bells—the old war drums are now being used as peace-drums to call the people to worship. . . Almost every hut is a school-house, where natives who have learned to read teach others. Their lack of clothing does not impress one at all as indecent; their black colour and their innocence are their garments. It is wonderful to see how the oldest are as keen to learn as the youngest. . . There was no begging in the tribe. They loved to give. One present, I had the greatest difficulty in tactfully receiving (?)—was a ram. I had to respectfully explain that as I was travelling some distance, I could not take the sheep with me, but if they would be good enough to keep it, I should certainly receive it, if I came back to the district."

Dr. Kumm tells too how some of these young Christians of the Yergum tribe, had already become imbued with the missionary spirit, and had gone out to work among neighbouring tribes, who still secretly practised cannibalism.

From this tour of inspection, he returned with rejoicing that so many of the tribes for which his heart had bled, were being changed and renewed and sanctified by the Gospel of Christ. But side by side with joy, was his horror at discovering the dire effects of Islam at work. "Wherever Mohammedanism has gone, lying and stealing and sexual diseases have spread, until certain pagan places which were clean fifteen years ago, have become syphilitic cesspools."

He stressed too the need of the Medical School. . . .

His letters close with brief references to continued attacks of dysentery—the aftermath of which, eventually closed his life.

Before he embarked for America, he was the guest of Sir Gordon Guggisberg at Government House, Accra, in the Gold Coast, and his visit synchronised with the laying of the foundation stone of the Achimota College, so closely associated with Dr. Agrey of Africa. Quoting from "Agrey of Africa," we read:

"They chose a magnificent site on a waterless, uncultivated hill covered with long grass, eight miles from Accra, the capital. Its name was Achimota, meaning 'Do not mention the name.' It was a place of ill omen (the name is said to have arisen from the fact that escaped slaves hid in this waste place and passers-by who saw them were considered ill-conditioned if they gave them away. Later when the school was built, the word acquired a new significance.)

"The estimates for 1923 and 1924 submitted to the Legislative Council included the sum of £210,000 for the new school. In March, 1924, the foundation stone was laid by Sir Gordon Guggisberg. . . . . Achimota, it was decided, should include a school and a college, the former to consist of a kindergarten and a lower primary school for girls and the college to consist of a boy's upper primary school, a secondary school and a university college for advanced education."

Dr. Kumm was tremendously interested in this enterprise and describes the scene of that foundation laying which he attended with Sir Gordon. "The chiefs, all dressed up in their ornamental robes with staffs and state umbrellas, hundreds of school boys, troops, officials,

decorative people, a bishop, and a few of us plain muftiites. A threatening thunder storm added to the interest." . . . . .

And then at last the family were all in Summit again. Dr. Kumm often chuckled over the manner in which his household had changed in a few years from a male domain to a female. When first they came to America Mrs. Kumm looked after "her three men" who often with male guests multiplied to six. When Lucy was born Mrs. Smiley came as housekeeper with her little daughter Adelaide. The older boys were now at college. At this stage, Una came from Australia to stay, and Tilda, Karl's young niece from Germany, both of whom were so dear to them. So it was just as well that John had arrived to even things up a little and make "six women in the house" seem less formidable.

There came then the first indication that the life of their cherished little daughter must always be in jeopardy, for she developed diabetes. From henceforth, insulin, diet and constant care were to be the portion of this original, vivacious, and beautiful child.

Gertrude's health too began to cause anxiety. She had a persistent little bronchial cough. Both the children were croupy. The doctor (their good friend Dr. Walter Reiter) advocated a removal to a warmer climate. Karl's present work had Summit as its headquarters. His desire for that work now was centred on the hope of a Medical School for the training of African doctors to minister to their own people.

He had written to his wife:

"It has got to go. And won't it be a satisfaction when I can say of it, as I can say of the establishment of the Mission: 'It is finished.' "

And yet, the scheme met with such small response. He, who could inspire, seemed unable to move men to see this need as he saw it. Even his wife did not seem fully persuaded that the fulness of the time had come for its founding. Yet, if he went on with the mission work, he must hold hard to the Medical School as his object. Perhaps his work *was* done. Perhaps after all someone else must build this temple which he had planned.

. . . . .

One snowy day he looked across at his wife—so weary, and ailing.

"Suppose we pull up stakes and go off into the sunshine?"

And she, who had never for one moment hindered him in what he conceived to be his duty, very gladly seconded the motion. Until he saw for himself that the establishment of this Medical School was outside God's plan for him, chill winters and weakened body could be ignored. But if his work was done—then, she could let her eyes dwell on a sunny prospect, where balmy air would bring health and vigour to her children.

They began to pack up.

"There is an endless merit," says Carlyle, "in a man's knowing when to have done."

CHAPTER XVII

ESTIMATE

"What is man that Thou should'st magnify him and that Thou should'st set Thy heart upon him?
And that Thou should'st visit him every morning and try him every moment?"

—JOB.

"It is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment yea, I judge not mine own self. For I know nothing by myself, yet am I not hereby justified: but He that judgeth me is the Lord."

—ST. PAUL.

A STAINED and battered scrap of paper fell from the pocket-book which had been on the person of Karl Kumm as he journeyed through Africa on his most momentous journeys. In his own hand-writing are these words:

"It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things and vindicate himself under God's Heaven, as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that and the dullest day-drudge kindles into a hero.

"Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death—are the allurements that act on the heart of man."—Carlyle.

In the peaceful days of 1913, a group of us sat in the twilight at Barden Park and discussed the books we had been reading, and the things we should like to do. It seemed probable then, that many more African journeys lay before Dr. Kumm. And his wife, who sat with us that evening, meant to go with him, as far as she could. Much of their lives, they fondly imagined (having no suspicion that a cataclysm was approaching which

should alter their plans and the plans of a whole world) would be spent *IN* Africa, as well as *FOR* Africa.

Someone present likened Dr. Kumm to Sir Richard Burton, whose travels and adventures we had all read.

"Do you remember how, when he felt the urge to go on somewhere else, he just set out, then and there, seeing that one goal—making for it, waiting for nothing?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Kumm, "and how it was the lot of Isabel, his wonderful wife, to "pay, pack and follow." Those words became a kind of slogan with her. Yes, Karl is a little like Sir Richard Burton in that "this-one-thing-I-do" aspect, and in the fact that he is a born explorer."

"But the likeness ends there. Sir Richard had a curious disregard for human life, and Karl has a passionate regard for it. (You remember that priceless story of Sir Richard recounting at a dinner how he had had to kill a man in order to escape detection when, disguised as an Arab, he made a pilgrimage to Mecca—and how a doctor who was present asked: 'And how do you feel, Burton, after you have killed a man?' Burton with his ready wit, and perfect *'sang froid'* replied, 'Quite well, thank you, doctor, how do you?' ")

"I think the saddest part of his life story, really comes after his death (to be Irish)," said another, "when Isabel, who loved him so devotedly destroyed the writings he had entrusted to her. She was a devout Catholic and she could not publish such very carnal—even immoral—stories from the East. So, because she loved God, and loved Richard's honour, she burned what he trusted her to use. She was a great soul, was Isabel. It was a strange partnership, she with all her intrepidity, so pious and so strict, and he, until the eleventh hour, just a cheerful pagan."

The gist of this conversation has been recalled, by the fact, that in looking through certain reviews of his books "Khont-Hon-Nofer" and "From Hausaland to Egypt," one sees the sentence "Dr. Kumm has both a pagan and a Christian element in him." Well, in one sense, which of us has not? The flesh is eternally lusting against the spirit—but surely, the writer of the review meant "primitive" or "nomadic" rather than "pagan." Sir Richard Burton had more than a spice of the pagan in him, but Dr. Karl Kumm was wholly Christian, even in the great test of lonely treks through Africa. His words, his letters, his spiritual gains all show it. That virile word of Carlyle worn above his heart, that virile Word of God worn within his heart, both prove it. And against that infinitely pathetic picture of Isabel, Lady Burton, reading with agonised emotion, those papers she must keep at all costs from avid, unsanctified eyes, is the picture of Gertrude Kumm, with her sure memories of a strong man, fastidious as a Galahad in his ideals of purity. At the root of things, Karl Kumm had little in common with Sir Richard Burton, and that which drew him to the pagan, was the bond of loving-kindness.

As two of his books have just been mentioned, it might be well to pause and attempt to estimate Dr. Kumm's writing gifts.

The critiques on his books make interesting reading, because they are so opposite in sentiment. Of "Hausaland," the "English Review" says "The story of the venture is told with the simplicity and directness of a man of action, yet is by no means devoid of thrill and humour." The "Field" praises the book for its sense of change and movement. "The Literary World" congratulates Dr. Kumm on his book of "valuable information" and its "readable character."

One reviewer speaks of his books as "strange and moving," while another deplores the "ponderous style." One complains of the photographs which are "of no great merit," while another singles out the same photographs, for special praise. One reviewer remarks that "Dr. Kumm wields a dashing pen, and gets as much as possible of the romance of adventure and of brilliant local colour into his narrative." Another simply votes his writing "dull." So, where are we?

Dr. Kumm himself, did not consider he had any great ability as a writer. In a letter to his wife on his last journey to Africa, he writes:

"I covet greatly the gift of expression . . . . and a facile pen. I seem to handle a broomstick as I try to put my thoughts into permanent form . . . . yet some day this power may even come to me."

It must be remembered that English was not his native tongue, and a Joseph Conrad who can enter a strange kingdom and there win a lasting crown, is a most unusual person. Again, being married to Lucy (Lucy, with her pen always fluently charged—Lucy, who wrote with ease, with verve—Lucy, who could be so explicit and lavish with words) might tend to cramp style. Still, let us look at his manner of writing for ourselves. Here is "Khont-Hon-Nofer," and we open it at random; ah, a tornado!

"Black loom the storm-clouds in the East. Like the mighty billows of an ocean, the tornado comes rolling down the valley of the Benue. A small army of snow-flaked clouds, resembling a flock of seagulls before the hurricane, are the vanguard of the slatey, steel-coloured cumuli that turn blacker every moment. The hills, the river-banks, the trees and bushes are blotted out and a solid bank of inky blackness hides the horizon.

Before us lies not a pocketful of wind, but a whole world of wind . . . . ."

We certainly get the idea of an oncoming tornado, do we not? Here is his book "The Sudan." The book opens at a chapter called "The Open Sore of Africa." What is this? "The Via Dolorosa of the Negro":—

"Do you see those narrow paths through sand and rock? They have been worn by naked feet. Countless summer suns have burnt these bare mountain roads since first the black man was driven past here, who from the earliest dawn of time has borne the curse of Ham. That rock-path was not worked out by bare feet in a hundred years. Many a century must have gone to create it. Millenniums have seen its use and abuse. Pharaoh of old opened the way; Greek and Roman followed; nominal Christians took up the chains; and the Moslem succeeded at last.

"What are those sand mounds on the wayside? The remains of starved slaves. What is that white sand under foot, what those snowy stones on the paths, stones so differing in colour from all the others round?

"Stones? Nay, they are no stones—bones—bleached human bones. We tread on them, they crumble under foot. These from the time of the Pharaohs, those from the Romans, these fell in the 'Christian' ages, those under the Moslem rule; all alike as far as the eye can reach. Bones, bones, bones, of slaves and camels, a bleached and silent track of death, away to the horizon, and back to the other horizon, and away and away again beyond —fifteen hundred miles long, a highway paved with whitened bones—the Via Dolorosa of the Slaves."

We shall remember that Via Dolorosa, shall we not?

But when all is said, his writings do not reveal the man himself. In every letter Lucy wrote, in every

article, in every poem, we seem to see herself—ardent, loving, saintly. But Karl Kumm was only really made known in personal contacts. He was a "person." He did not want a pedestal, nor did he grace one, and that was one reason, Gertrude fitted into his life so perfectly. She has always had the ability to accept her "dear ones" as they are and make no demands of perfection. She might wish a friend were less exasperating, but she would love her just the same. And she accepted the man she had married, with his brilliant flashes, with his nobleness, with his limitations, on his sparkling days, and on his dull days—when he soared up on wings as an eagle—and when he plodded along like any other wayfarer. But the flights were the more frequent, and life with Karl Kumm could never be ordinary. There were times, when, watching him, one has thought of Simeon of Cambridge and what the old landlady said of him:—"He looks proud, he walks proud—and he *IS* proud." There were times, when with compassion on his face, he ministered grace to the lowly, one was struck with his ineffable humility. Of him as also of Simeon, could be said: "He was a man always vivid, often quaintly humorous—often domineering, but with touching gentlenesses."

From his books, one gathers little of that vast store of knowledge which made his fire-side chat so interesting. New light, for instance, shone on any current events, because he delved so surely into remote origins. To him, history was the emergence of a world. He "saw life steadily and saw it whole," and to those of us to whom history still meant "1066 and all that," it was a revelation to find that to mention any date or any period, called up to his mind all that was then happening throughout the world, all that was being fulfilled from past portents, much that lay in embryo. Perhaps

it was this element which made his Bible expositions so vital and so significant.

When God laid hands on Karl Kumm, and turned his gaze to Africa, He used his powers for the Kingdom. And those powers were for launching and inspiring, rather than for quietly navigating on charted seas, or for keeping small fires aglow. He knew an almost boyish exultation when his dream of a Mission to the Sudan was realised, and he went out with that gallant pioneer party, to build that first station by the mighty Rock. But, when the station was established, he was not the one to stay there patiently knocking, knocking, knocking; he like Xavier, must pass on, compass sea and land, prepare new ground for the planting of the Cross.

But, above all Karl Kumm's gifts as scholar, as geographer, as missionary, stood out his supreme gift—one, inseparable from his personality—one which God has given to His prophets.

For his lips had been touched with the live coal—and he was a "forth-teller." When Dr. Horton contributed a foreword to "The Sudan" he said: "How I wish that his voice could be heard by all who read the book! The written word seems cold in comparison with his glowing speech, his ringing conviction, his trumpet-call to service and to sacrifice."

It would be futile to attempt to analyse the power of his words. Those who heard him listened, scarcely knowing whether they were in the body or out of the body. They became those who

> *"Forgetful stand of home and land*
> *Desiring fair Jerusalem"—*

and desiring it for every last, least and lowest of the sons of men. If the tense feeling his addresses engendered had been *MERE* emotion, one would not waste

a paragraph upon it. But his royal rank was revealed in the fact that his words begot action. Men enrolled and worked for the Kingdom, in consequence of his message. The surface reaction would be to want to go to Africa, but the deeper reaction was to "go, for God," whether Africa called or a humdrum suburb, or a noisome slum.

All the loving hands of his home-folk and all the wisdom of physicians could not keep back from Africa, C. T. Studd, that glorious spirit, when the word of God came to him through Karl Kumm. To C. W. Guinter and his wife, listening to him in America, he became for ever "the man of vision through whom God spoke to us and led us forth to Africa." D. N. McDiarmid heard him in New Zealand, and knew that God had marked him for the Sudan, and—but, to go on naming names is invidious, for who can number the faithful soldiers of the Cross, on the frontiers and at the home base, who first heard the call through this servant of the most high God?

A few weeks ago, some ministers in an Australian city were recalling landmarks in their life. One of them said: "Dr. Kumm once came to Cliff when I was a young student in England, under Mr. Chadwick. Never, never, have I heard words so fraught with power. I wanted to go to Africa at once, but the door was closed. Ever since, wherever I have been, I have done all I can for the Sudan. That was twenty-five years ago, but his words are with me still—and still, if I could, I would go to Africa to-morrow."

And out in Indiana, where at an American University, hearts were kindled, a girl wrote:

"He sees, where none of us can penetrate
Far into that dark land across the sea
To us, it is a map, mere curves and lines,
To him—it is the land that is to be.

He sees its sin, its darkness and its pain
His 'boys' with childlike trust, and groping hands;
He fears the spread of cruel Islam's reign
In Africa; fears—for he understands.

He knows the mind of that child-continent
He knows the simple soul, for he is wise.
He is the world-man who is sent
To us, to open our poor clouded eyes.

His travels measure not in miles alone
So far, have many travelled o'er this sphere—
But there are few to whom the world has shown
Its secret, or have heard what he can hear.

For him to live is Christ—for him can be
No boundaries of nation, time or race—
He is the world-man, and his King is He
Who knows his soul, and rules o'er worlds and space."

(—Miss Hoffman.)

CHAPTER XVIII

GOLDEN EVENING
1926-1930

"The God of Bounds
Who sets to seas a shore—
Came to me on His fatal rounds
And said: 'No more!'"

—EMERSON.

IT was the health of Gertrude and the children which first pointed to the advisability of a change of climate—but this did but anticipate what would have been a necessity, almost immediately, for the sake of Dr. Kumm's own health. For the African fevers, and particularly the long bout of persistent dysentery, during his last journeys, had played havoc with his constitution —resulting in a "heart-block."

A sharp attack was the alarm-signal, and a chronically slow pulse, which was its sequel, was to regulate his going-out, and his coming-in, from that time forth. He must live his life, quietly, on one level; no more long journeys, no more hill-climbing, no more adventuring. His days must be passed within certain well-defined and narrowing limits.

Though he was yet in the prime of life, a premature command had come "to take in sail." "The God of Bounds" had spoken.

He was a man of action. What was he to do? They would go to California, enjoy the mild climate, secure the right altitude for their home. And what then?

He would turn his hobby into his calling. He could always grow things. His hand held something of the magic of Orpheus with his lute:—

"To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprang; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring."

His thoughts turned to the passion fruit he had tried to grow in England, and again in Summit. He would do it this time, for he was sure it could be done in that voluptuous climate. He wrote to Luther Burbank, to discover just the best location for his passion-fruit grove. . . .

Ere long, the Kumms had their home at Pacific Beach, near San Diego, and they called it "Passiflora." The family consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Kumm, Lucy and John—for Henry and Karl were now out in the wide world, carving out careers, each in his own particular sphere. As was inevitable, given the right climate—with his natural affinity with the soil, with his trained, scientific mind, with his zest for an enterprise—the passion fruit flourished. In great rows its vines and tendrils spread; reaching to great heights, it flowered profusely and brought forth abundantly.

But it meant much labour, brain work as well as brawn work, for experiments had to be made, quite definite research done, in soils, in fertilisation and propagation of new species. And Dr. Kumm, according to the nature of the man, encroached again and again, on that small reserve of his strength.

Una Cato, Gertrude's little sister, whom Karl had always specially loved (as seeing her at intervals, he had marked her development from the tiny bridesmaid into the poised and gracious young woman) writes:

"Karl's desire to do something that had never been done before, continued with him in his Californian days. Passion fruit, he had discovered as something very delectable in Australia, and yet it had not been grown or marketed in America. *THEREFORE,* it was a thing for him to do.

"He was always a great gardener—one born so—who cultivated the soil with a loving tenderness which made plants come into being, and flourish for him, where only half-results might be obtained by other people. His scientific and geographic interests were also stimulated by this hobby, and he corresponded with people in many a far-flung corner of the earth where passion fruit, in any of its many forms might be growing. He had a number of ornamental varieties, and gigantic fruits as well as the 'edulis,' and he hoped by crossing the various kinds, to produce a larger fruit with fewer seeds, but the same delicious flavour. He was disappointed when the American public failed to appreciate his experiment. They were suspicious of any fruit with seeds —cause enough for appendicitis! Or—they were too modest by nature to ask for the fruit by name! There was practically no sale at all for it at first, but he had great delight in showing it to his friends and teaching them to eat it, and also presenting them with pots of jelly from the fruit."

He worked in co-operation with the Smithsonian Institution and Department of Agriculture at Washington, in this Passion Fruit culture. Though he did not see all the results he desired, in his lifetime, he safely launched the industry, and there is a large acreage of passion fruit vines in the San Diego county to-day.

It was a beautiful spot in which to work. As he moved about, there was the blue sea before him rimmed

with shining sand. The house had a blue roof—"to match the sea," and in the garden in front, blue flowers predominated in the beds which were bordered with sea-lavender ("And pray, wear a blue dress when you walk there," he often requested his wife.) At the back of the house was the rose garden. Flowering gums grew round about, flaunting their brilliant crests, and as he worked amid the vines, there sounded the industrious hum of the bees, as they aided and abetted his task. Many a time, he sensed the presence of the Lord God, as he walked in that garden in the cool of the day.

Gertrude and the children shed all "chestiness" under that benign sky. There was a diabetic clinic for Lucy at La Jolla, a few miles away. Those were busy days for Gertrude—in fact for all concerned. Passion fruit don't "just happen" nor do the delicate conserves and jellies, by means of which the taste of the public was to be educated. All that household "gave every flying moment something to keep in store" (as our morning hymn at school used to put it.) But there was much happiness and sweet family life too—though always that slow pulse of Karl's and that diabetic condition of Lucy's gave Gertrude constant thought and care.

And sometimes there was the break of a brief holiday at Mission Inn at Riverside, where they met many congenial and internationally-minded people, chief among them Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Richardson of the Inn—who themselves stood four-square for peace.

It was so difficult both for the little girl and the big husband to realise that certain exploits were beyond their powers. There was, for instance, one Fourth of July celebration, when Karl organised a huge Flower Show (which lasted four or five days) on the Crystal Pier. It was a festival of beauty, but Gertrude had to

watch and pray continually, knowing how such a feat was straining his strength to the utmost. Incidentally on this busy 4th July he performed one of his characteristic acts of hospitality. Nine boys (of the Riverside Glider Club) arrived and could get no accommodation owing to holiday crowds. He brought the whole nine home to his wife, to house and to feed—to have and to hold till the festivity was over!

Here at Passiflora too, were formed dear friendships—Dr. Bonsall Porter and his family from Montreal, his friend and Attorney Henry Gardiner, the Bains, the Dunns, Mrs. Opdyke and many another.

And "his connection with the University Club at San Diego, brought him into weekly contact with men of all professions and of broad outlook, and he had much happiness through association with this group."

Dr. Kumm, one imagines, could not have gone on living, had he had no touch, directly or indirectly with the great world of adventure—so the Boy Gliders and a troop of Boy Scouts came to be in the circle of his firm young friends. The "Anne Lindbergh Gliders" (girls) he founded on the porch at Passiflora. As President of the Associated Glider Clubs he would be called out, often late at night, to time a glider record. He timed Colonel Lindbergh when he got his Glider's Certificate.

Una writes:

"His love of young people resulted in members of the Gliding Clubs looking upon Passiflora as a second home, a place for jolly gatherings and 'good eats,' a place where they could come and seek an older man's advice, and catch something of his vision for the future, and go away inspired.

"Always the most enchanting story-teller, he could hold the attention of young or old for hours, when he spoke of Africa or Germany. Probably the missing of his two elder boys was sublimated by the great and generous giving of his charming personality to these younger lives who now came within his orbit."

His interest in young people extended too, to the Bible Class of young women, it was the privilege of his wife to lead. Periodically she would invite "her girls" along to dine and in the evening, while they sewed for the sick and the poor, they would lay before him their problems, and he, in his own understanding way, would set them on the road to a real solution.

Day by day, his own two younglings chattered and worked and basked in his company. Their friend and governess "Auntie" Mohr, was in charge of them, but there were hours when left to do their own will, they did it in the company of their wonderful father. John, manly and independent, from the day he could walk, trailed round after him, being really helpful—Lucy, with her handicap in health, and with so much of her father's originality, and with a curiously similar outlook on life, ever putting out firmer tendrils of love to twine round his heart.

In this last year both his grown sons, paid a visit to California. Dr. Henry Kumm returned from Lagos —(his first appointment under the Rockefeller Institute for specialised study in Tropical diseases) —bringing with him his English wife, and spent a holiday with Dr. and Mrs. Kumm at Passiflora. Mrs. Henry Kumm was Miss Joyce Beale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Beale of Bournemouth. It was tremendous happiness for Dr. Kumm to have his son come home, fresh from his African experiences.

There was a visit too from Rev. Karl Kumm and his bride. Karl married an American girl—Elason Robinson, who gave up her responsible and remunerative post as Sub-Editor of a Banking Magazine, to become the happy wife of a clergyman. Both girls were a joy to Dr. Kumm.

He found time to dream, and read, and write about the peace of the world. During the last year of the war, he had made maps of African territories, for the Versailles Peace Conference, and powerful articles from his pen, appeared from time to time in various journals, pointing out with passionate and Christ-like logic "the better way." Among his papers are writings with headings like this—"The Missionary Outlook in the Light of the War"—"Plans for Insuring Permanent Peace Among the Nations." While his hands were busy among the passion vines, his mind was busy with plans for peace, and who knows but that even then his prayers may have been aiding the enlargement of the Kingdom of God—"whose fortress is a faithful heart, whose pride is suffering—whose ways are ways of gentleness and all whose paths are peace"?

So the afternoon of life brightened into golden evening.

. . . . .

When the "post" came to Karl Kumm, there was no token, such as Bunyan speaks of, no sign of the "almond tree" or of "darkened windows"—no withering of old age. It was rather "the arrow sharpened with love, let easily into the heart, which by degrees worked so effectually that at the time appointed"—he must be gone.

Let his son Karl, tell the rest. Writing to friends, he says:

"You must not think that Father's last illness was either painful or prolonged. He was in a convalescent

hospital, a place in the hills, surrounded by a large garden and with a view of the sea. He found everybody most kind. Indeed, they feel his going as a personal loss and say they have never been more privileged than in having Father with them.

"Mother was in to see him every day, sometimes more than once. The doctors gave the very best attention. They were not expecting any serious outcome—indeed he went there for a rest when he was not so well after he came back from the clinic in La Jolla, and to be under Dr. Redeling's care and supervision. He himself had a strange premonition that he was not far from another Home, during the last two days. On the Wednesday afternoon he was dressed and lying out-of-doors—making plans for the future, and yet, the following day when Mother saw him, he seemed decidedly worse. In fact, he told her where he would like to be buried if he did not get well. Mother was quite concerned and called the Doctor, who maintained there was no greater cause for alarm than there had been four years before.

"It seemed like God's guidance that Mother was led to bring the two dear children, Lucy and John, to his bedside on Friday afternoon, They came earlier than usual, at 1.30, and that too was providential. When Mother went in he seemed surprised to see her and told her that he had been sending his love to her. He asked after the children, and a wonderful light of joy came into his face when Mother brought them in. They knelt beside him, and he put his hands on their heads and blessed them both and his last words to them were a charge to be noble—to be truthful—then he paused for a moment and added—'happy.' And then he put his arm around Mother and gave her his blessing also

and to her his words were—'And for my wife . . . I ask comfort.'

"Mother took the children out to the car, and speaking to some of the nurses, his own nurse in particular, she asked if there was any special reason for alarm. They said just what they had said before—that they felt his sickness was nervous rather than physical. Yet Mother went back again and tried to rally his spirits, telling him that we needed him. He said to her 'They are funny children here; they will not let me go to the land of Nod.' Then he said: 'The children will be lonely out there,' and he asked her to take them for a drive. Before she left him she kissed him, and then turned to the door, and then came back again and kissed him once more, and so she left him.

"He must have passed away only a few minutes after she had gone. He was still in full command of his faculties. They brought him a cup of coffee and he talked cheerfully to the nurse. To her, he explained that his life had been one of exploration—that he had travelled in five continents—and then he added: 'And I think now, I am going to explore a sixth." Then he spoke of Mother and her faithfulness and said that she had been the truest wife that any man ever had, and to himself he was singing a sweet folk-song:

" 'My true love hath my heart and I have hers,
" 'By just exchange, each to the other given' . . . .

"After a moment, he said to his attendant:

" 'I send my love to my friends, I send my love to my family. I send my love to all the world.'

"His head went back on the pillow and the nurse, who was holding his pulse felt the slow heart beat stop.

"We are quite sure these details are accurate, for I have seen the special nurse, who was with him to the last.

"The news came as a great shock to us in the East. Henry was away in South Carolina and could not be reached for several hours. I managed to get away the same day and was with Mother by Wednesday morning.

"Father was buried on Thursday, the 29th August, 1930, The Chapel was decorated with the most beautiful array of flowers. There were wreaths from the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, the University Club, the Glider Clubs of La Jolla, San Diego and Pacific Beach, and from many other organisations, but the most touching of all was the fact that almost everybody brought a little bunch of flowers, many of them the poor and simple people who had loved him.

"The service was introduced by very lovely organ music, and then the simple ritual of the Church of England Burial Service, with all its calm assurance of a life beyond. Dr. Barnes, Dean of the district of San Diego, took that part of the service, and Mr. McCoy, the minister of the little Union Church out here, gave the very simple and touching prayer. Then the hymn that Father loved, the one that was sung at his first wedding and at my own Mother's funeral, 'O Love that wilt not let me go,' was sung to an organ accompaniment. After the benediction, the girls of the Anne Lindbergh Glider Club filed by and each laid a last tribute, of a beautiful Passion Flower above the casket.

"The boys who were members of the Pacific Beach Glider Club, were pall bearers and there were eight prominent friends of Father's who were there as honorary pall-bearers. Words fail to express the spirit of the service. . . . The flowers and the simple service were

without one single note of hopelessness, and the fulness of the beauty and loving kindness which were his, were the keynotes.

"The interment itself was in a vault in Greenwood Cemetery, as he had expressed the wish that it should be. He asked that he might lie where the sunshine of dawn and the last rays of the setting sun would always be around him. I took this part of the service. There were only a few there, but I wanted to say Good-bye to Father in that way. . . . His life had been a glorious thing, and we commend it all to God."

CONCLUSION

DAILY LIGHT

"Out of the cloud that smites, beneficent rivers of rain."

—R. L. S.

"For in uncorrupted souls, the effect of a great sorrow is to let loose unsuspected resources, and this full measure, pressed down, running over. This indeed, is our apprehension of the lovely phrase—the River of God, with its banks of trees, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

—DR. JOHN HUTTON.

FROM all over the world came messages of love and sympathy. A friend then in Canada wrote:

"Dr. Kumm was truly a citizen of the world, and isn't it a joy when such a one is as truly a citizen of Heaven? I can almost imagine the welcome he has received from Bishop Tuttle. Does it seem childish to dwell on earthly friendships in such a connection? They are to me a symbol of the much greater welcome which we can hardly picture."

A friend who had received Dr. Kumm's comfort in sorrow of her own remembered the first time she saw him—seated on a couch, with arms outstretched along its back, his face lit up with his tender smile, and was reminded of Christ Himself saying: "Come unto Me" to the heavy-laden—and she had proved how divine Karl Kumm's compassion could be.

"Surely the kindest man that ever lived." "The friend we loved." "That wonderful man." The tributes poured in.

From a Melbourne architect came these words:

"I shall never forget the happy days I spent with you and your loved ones—and the long talk I had with Karl till 3 o'clock in the morning . . . . when we realised that we were indeed brothers in Christ."

The Rector of a Glendale church, Ohio, wrote: "Another of my heroes goes marching on."

From Africa, from Germany, from England, from Australia, from all over America, the letters arrived—letters from Presidents of Universities, from Professors, from Chambers of Commerce, from Missionaries, from the Royal Geographical Society, of which he had been a Life-member—all uniting in sympathy, in praise and in appreciation.

. . . . .

Now, for many years, Gertrude Kumm has used a little devotional book, with topical quotations from the Bible—portions for every morning and evening of the year, and selections for special occasions. It is of course, the well-known "Daily Light." Most of us, have perhaps heard condemnations of such abridged collections. Indeed, ministers have sometimes paused in the midst of a discourse, to fulminate against the use of an assembly of Scripture texts, strung together without relation to their context — forgetting that in the spiritual realm, as in the physical, there are times when a "snack," right out of the context of a meal, so to speak, will revive, where the entire meal might overtax a delicate organism.

So far as the little book in question is concerned, those who have experienced the amazing appositeness of its arrangement, in desperate or exalted moments, can only regard it as a divinely-guided compilation, which has mediated to them the authentic Word of God.

Gertrude Kumm's copy bears the record of the deep happenings of her life, with the accompanying "Word" underlined. A few of these holy treasures, she has consented, with diffidence, yet with liberality, to share.

There is the great day when the friendship was formed which was to be a life-companionship—and below is marked: *"Consolation in Christ, comfort in love, fellowship of the Spirit."*

There is the day when they first read the little book together—their marriage day. Her husband has written at the top of the page—"Karl and True," and the words which are emphasised read—*"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."*

When her little girl died, the Word ran—*"We should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead."*

On the day her Beloved went from her and she read the evening portion alone, she wrote his name and underlined three words which stood out, immediately below:—*"Largeness of Heart."*

Surely, *there* lies the final word to be spoken of Karl Kumm: *"God gave him . . . . largeness of heart."*

And Gertrude, though the curtain of the night fell early on her day of love, still has—*daily light.*

A POSTSCRIPT ON PROGRESS

"There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains: the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon."
—Ps. 72.

MR. REDMAYNE, unquenchable enthusiast for the Sudan, has given a brief reminiscence of his first meeting with Dr. Kumm—and an account of a journey he took through that beloved land (in company with Mr. Gilbert Dawson) just 30 years after that memorable introduction.

It reads:—

I first became acquainted with Dr. Kumm during a Conference of Free Church Council delegates in Sunderland, England, under the presidency of the late Dr. R. F. Horton; that was in 1905 or 1906.

During the interval between some of the discussions Dr. Horton suggested we might have an afternoon walk by the seaside and about half way he stopped and in quite an informal way introduced Dr. Karl Kumm, who was then trying to interest the Free Churches to start a mission to the unevangelised tribes of the Sudan. He had just returned from his first tour of investigating the prospects of such a work in Nigeria.

I remember how in the most homely but convincing way he stood there with our little group gathered round and looking across the sea to the Regions beyond, he stated two or three facts which riveted themselves in my mind.

First of all he referred to the fact that Britain had just a few years before taken over the sovereignty of Northern Nigeria and so was responsible for its Government and welfare. Secondly that this was one of the most densely populated regions in Africa. That at that time roughly speaking about half the population were supposed to be Pagan and half Mohammedan and that the Pagans were rapidly going over to Mohammedanism for the lack of Christian teachers.

There was no effort of oratory in his statement but those facts laid hold of me.

I couldn't bring myself to believe, if the facts were known, that the British Christians would allow these Pagan tribes to go over to Mohammedanism, the only anti-Christian religion in the world. I decided to do my part in helping to prevent it. I approached Dr. Kumm and asked him if he would come and address public meetings if they were organised in Cumberland, where I lived. He agreed to do so. That was the beginning of my interest in the Sudan United Mission of which Dr. Karl Kumm and his wife were the founders. Soon after he asked me to join the central Committee and later on become Honorary Secretary.

"Despise Not The Day Of Small Things"

Dr. Kumm had gone out with the first party of three pioneer missionaries of the Sudan United Mission. There were a few other pioneers of the Sudan Interior Mission including the present General Director, Dr. Bingham, who was invalided home; but all told there would not be more than ten or a dozen Christian missionaries in the whole Sudan. To-day there are probably seven hundred, and many of these belong to separate missions which were originally influenced to start work in the

Sudan by the propaganda work of Dr. and Mrs. Kumm; their aim was to establish a chain of stations right across the widest part of Africa to stem the Moslem invasion coming in like a flood from the North. A few years later, in 1908, Dr. Kumm asked me to accompany him on a tour of investigation from the Niger to the Nile. I felt then that I was needed more at home so he bravely went alone.

Last year (1935) I accompanied Mr. Gilbert Dawson, General Secretary of the Sudan United Mission, on a tour of investigation from the Nile to the Niger Rivers. What a change has taken place! Retrospect is necessary to see what progress has been made. We started by visiting all the Mission Stations in the A.E. Sudan. None of these were in existence in those early days but largely through Dr. Kumm's appeals in Australia and New Zealand, a Branch of the Mission was formed there to evangelise this part of the Sudan. They have a fine band of workers. It has been a most difficult field, but gradually prejudice and suspicion are being broken down and they are getting into touch with the peoples.

It was most encouraging to find how helpful the Government officials are to the work, doing all they can to help it forward. The leading educational official out there stated at a Conference of the Staff: "We are proud of these tribes of the Upper Nile and the Nuba Mountains and believe they are worthy of the very best we can give them, and we believe that the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ as set forth in the lives and teaching of His people is the best."

Sir Reginald Wingate, an ex-Governor of the A.E. Sudan, in a recent letter to our Scottish Secretary writes: "What you can tell of the state of affairs in the Nuba Mountains is bound to be of the greatest interest. That

country is to my mind almost the most interesting part of the vast Sudan; the people are particularly attractive and I should say receptive to Mission work."

The Government is helping in Educational grants and in all kinds of friendly acts to the missionaries. What a change to those early days when the missionaries were not wanted and were discouraged.

The seed sown in the pioneer work has taken firm root. While we were there it was decided to make an appeal for more new workers both in Australia, New Zealand, and Britain and I'm glad to say there has been a good response; and so the work goes on.

From the A.E. Sudan we proceeded across the Continent on a motor lorry into French Equatorial Africa.

Here we came across most encouraging results, the outcome of Dr. Kumm's early efforts—the Mid-African Mission near Fort Archambault and an out-station at Koumra—both south of Lake Chad almost in the centre of the widest part of Africa are doing splendid work, and recently there has been quite a revival.

A new church to seat six hundred to seven hundred was nearly complete. The Gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke have been translated into the Santo language and the whole of the New Testament is now being printed by the Bible Society and the people are eagerly waiting to purchase their first copies.

We next proceeded to the Canadian Branch of the Sudan United Mission at Beladja in French Equatorial. Here again is a live church. We attended Communion Service on Sunday evening and out of a total membership of one hundred and seven, one hundred were present and the rest all accounted for, some at out-stations and some ill.

These people were primitive pagans steeped in superstition just a few years ago and to-day are members of the body of Christ. In the afternoon six or seven classes, numbering some hundreds, were sitting under shady trees in the Mission Compound learning texts of Scripture.

Still going West we came to the Lutheran Brethren whose missionaries first went out under the auspices of the Sudan United Mission. We called at several mission stations of other Societies finally arrived in Nigeria, where there are a large number of stations under the Sudan United Mission.

We first called at our Danish Stations in the Valley of the River Benue doing a fine work. On to the Dutch Reformed Mission formerly part of the S.U.M., the result of Dr. Kumm's visit to S. Africa. There is still a S. African Branch apart from this, also the result of his visit to that Dominion.

We visited several other stations in and South of the Benue Valley and then North on the great Bauchi Plateau, where one cannot speak too highly of the fine work going on in Hospital, School and Church on the various stations. As one looks back and sees how the Desert is beginning to blossom as the rose one can only stand in amazement and cry: "What miracles and wonders God hath wrought."

Dr. Kumm was a great personality, and he dealt personally with men. He was instrumental in calling men and women into this great task that others would have failed to influence. Many, if not most of those who have carried on the work testify to this. The work must still go on. There is much land to be possessed. There is a great field in French Equatorial with no witness for Christ. There is the great Moslem Field in the Darfur

Province of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan; with some six hundred thousand we were told; and no Christian missionary. At present this is a closed sphere, but some day, somehow, it must be reached, for the Gospel message must go "To All People."

How well I remember the final appeals in Dr. Kumm's lectures. Those wonderful lantern slides of Christ's agony in the garden—as he prayed; and the final slide TO ALL PEOPLE—

"Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?"

. . . . . .

Mr. Gilbert Dawson, General Secretary of the S.U.M. for Great Britain, has supplied the following facts showing the growth of the work:—

The number of missionaries in 1904 was three, that being the size of the party who sailed with Dr. Kumm in July of that year for Nigeria. The first party to sail for the Field itself consisted of Dr. Bateman, Mr. J. Lowry Maxwell, and Mr. J. G. Burt. Dr. Bateman was unfortunately invalided home within a few months, Mr. Burt continued with the Mission until 1909, while Mr. Maxwell has only just resigned; he is now Vicar of a Church in the South of England.

At the present date the number of missionaries on our Roll is one hundred and forty-two, with seven others, who have been on the Field, engaged in Home Service for the Mission. This, of course, includes missionaries of all Branches of the Mission.

Regarding income, the 1904 Balance-sheet covered a period of eighteen months, the total income being £1,843. The income for all Branches of the Mission for 1934 might be reckoned as about £38,000.

In 1904 there was only one Mission Station, outside Wase, in Nigeria. (This was afterwards abandoned as

it was found unsuitable.) At present there are thirty Mission Stations in Northern Nigeria, besides two Boarding Schools on different sites; three Stations in French Cameroons, two in French Equatorial Africa, and eight Stations in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

Perhaps one of the most notable features in the matter of progress is the fact that so much of the work is now being done by African Christians, who are giving voluntary service as evangelists, not only amongst the peoples of their own tribes, but also amongst those of other tribes, speaking a different language from their own. That is, the African Churches have for some years been sending out missionaries to other tribes. Besides the number of baptised Christians shown in the Field reports, there are, of course, many hundreds who are in training as catechumens or enquirers.

So far as the growth of missionary staff is concerned, it may be noted that every year since the first party sailed, new missionaries have been sent to the Field. The Committee of the British Branch have in hand at present a Forward Movement under which they hope to send out another thirty missionaries as soon as suitable candidates can be found, in order to enter unoccupied territory in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, French Cameroons and French Equatorial Africa, as well as to strengthen the work in Nigeria. When that number has been secured, there will be need for still further reinforcements, for the task has not been completed by any means as yet.