



DOM BERNARD WITH HIS AFRICAN STUDENTS

Dom Bernard Clements
in Africa

by

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the Diocese
of
Accra*

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G. E. F. LAING.

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Introduction: Dom Bernard in Kumasi

You propose to give up everything for God. Be sure, then, to include yourself among the things to be given up.

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

THIS little book is about Dom Bernard Clements, O.S.B. It is an attempt by one of his African students to put into writing his impressions of the life and example of one of the great lovers of God and of the black race.

For five years I worked, prayed, talked with him and learnt at his feet when he was Rector of St. Augustine's Theological College, Kumasi, from 1926 to 1931. He has been the greatest influence in my life and in the lives of the other students, and I want others to know that portion of the life and influence of Bernard that only I, as an African student and son of his, can describe.

One rainy day, and in the evening, as a student stood by one of the windows of St. Augustine's College, looking outside towards the steps that lead to St. Gregory's Monastery, there suddenly appeared a huge monk climbing up the steps. The student rushed to the dormitory and told the others. No sooner had he narrated the story than footsteps were heard at the college gate announcing the approach of the gigantic stranger. The Acting Rector accompanied him and introduced him to us. After we had returned greetings, shaking hands with the stranger, welcoming him, they left us.

Our chief conversation that night was, "If this man is a bad man, he will be very formidable, but if he is good, then we will not fear to approach him." Not long after, when the Acting Rector left on furlough, Dom Bernard became our Rector. He very easily won the hearts of the students. He was simple and friendly, and above all we found in him a

trustworthy confessor. He told the students that he was born on a Tuesday and he would like to be given an African name. A student born on a Tuesday gave him the name Kobina, and from that time he called the student "uncle."

When we heard of his reputation in England as a preacher, and also of his position in the home monastery as prior, we were surprised. His humility impressed us greatly. Between the rector and students there developed a natural love. We noticed that he was a holy man and one with the right attitude towards the Africans he had come to help. He was, of course, very natural and, as Moses, "wist not that his face shone." His missionary spirit was not substitutionary, not self-centred, but sound and apostolic.

Nothing gave him greater joy than when his first six students were ordained to the diaconate and then to the priesthood. He remembered them very often on his knees and at the altar. He loved to speak of the college as a power house from which power, generated by prayer from the resident students, went out to the old students in the field. It is without exaggeration that many a night each hour saw a student on his knees in the college chapel.

Another happy time he had was when the college houses were built and the Bishop came to bless them.

The college was planned after the style of a native village. Coming from the town you see first the chapel, a simple concrete building with open verandahs at the sides. The altar is made of wood, and behind it hangs a large and beautiful crucifix. Behind the altar and on the walls of the sanctuary is a plain reredos. Half-way down the church, towards the Gospel side, is the beautiful statue of our Lady and the Child, made of iron and painted. Farther down towards the west end, where there are two exits, and by the one on the Epistle side, is a gold and brightly painted bas-relief of the fourteenth picture of the stations of the Cross. A really big lectern stands in the middle, and the seats and short desks are arranged

against the right, left and back walls; the Gospel side of the sanctuary is the only part without seats. On great feast days when we had many visitors we arranged seats in the middle space. The verandah on the Gospel side leads to the vestry. In here, behind a small altar, is another bas-relief of the crucifixion. The tops of this and the other buildings are black, roofed with timber covered with felt and tarred.

A few yards from the chapel, to the left, is the rector's house. It has two rooms and a hall, with verandah in front and behind. The first room is the bedroom, then the hall and then the office. Neat simplicity is the tone of this house. It is dear to all the students, because it is where Dom Bernard lived. Many loads of worries and anxieties were removed here. The Fr. Rector always stood up and met you at the door of the hall with "Come in, my dear. What can I do for you?"

From the Rector's block you overlook the college farm, with yams, cassava, pineapple, mangoes and other vegetables. Opposite the Rector's house is the lecture and library block, with a room for guests, and a drive around it. On the other side of this are the two dormitories, with a bathroom and a tank between them. To the east of the middle block are the kitchen and boys' rooms. Half-way between the church and the Rector's house is a beautiful avenue, named after Bernard by the students.

St. Augustine's College occupies the highest prominence in Kumasi. All the buildings are one-storeyed or low houses. On the south of the college is a road which leads to the town of Kumasi.

We return to the story of the blessing of the college.

That day Fr. Bernard looked like a boy in his teens. He was active and full of joy. In the college grounds our giant Rector, in his Palm-Beach habit with his broad cincture and in his new size-thirteen black shoes sent to him by his dear mother, moved around showing the college to the delegates from all over the diocese.

When the Rector returned from England on leave he brought many vestments for the college. Among these were a gold chasuble—the most beautiful in the diocese—and red and green copes. At one of the celebrations of the Feast of St. Augustine these were used, and after the services a photograph was taken of them.

Although the Rector had come for the Africans, he was not unmindful of his fellow countrymen. He succeeded in getting a good number of Europeans to attend the college Eucharist on Sunday mornings. He managed to get the Chief of Zongo, a staunch Mohammedan, to attend services twice or thrice at the college. It was a unique occasion when, on our grand procession round the college grounds on one of our feast days, this Mohammedan chief joined us.

At times he invited the Chief Commissioners of Ashanti (of those days) to dine with the college students, and at times they invited the students to the Ridge and entertained them. He was often the guest at the late Nana Prempeh's table. His contact with his fellow workers of Christ was wide. He was at home with the Roman Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, and all the others, both black and white.

I remember when a colonial doctor was charged with murder and was in custody he would see no other minister but "that tall and stout man who used to be a naval chaplain."

At one time he entertained at the same time to dinner a superintendent of police, a West Indian, a black doctor from Sierra Leone, and a student. He had just met them casually in the streets, but they seemed very much at home.

Fr. Rector often had his white friends also to dine at his own table and play bridge. He did not keep a cook, for he enjoyed cooking his food himself. Of course, he taught his senior houseboy how to cook "whiteman's chop," and he often went to the kitchen himself to teach the lad how to prepare a new dish or assist him with the usual ones.

Dom Bernard was a lover of music. Very often he would

come and sit quietly in the chapel when the students were practising hymns. He always sang heartily himself. He did not like the small harmonium commonly used out here. He said, "They rather spoil the voices of the people by the funny music they produce. We must have a good organ or sing unaccompanied."

He was a great lover of Gregorian chant and he could play the piano very well. The singing of the college rose to a high level, so much so that passers-by stopped on the road by the college and remained standing there when the students were singing offices in the chapel, until it was over. These passers-by consisted of women carrying loads on their heads and children on their backs, and men carrying firewood, and even people on bicycles who dismounted and stood to listen. A large number of Europeans who came to worship with us were impressed by our singing. We used the *English Hymnal* and the *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. We had a good number and variety of plain-chant books.

Dom Bernard was a great lover of nature. How proud he was when he got some English lilies-of-the-valley he had brought with him to flower. He tried to tame and train some of the wild flowers, and also sent an order for rose-cuttings and bulbs and seeds from Suttons. I remember how at one time we travelled to Ejura and stayed at the Rest House, which is built on a hill. Every morning he woke up early and watched the kisses of the sun on the hills far away. The sun threw its rays on this hill and that—heaven and earth playing love. At another time we enjoyed the sight of Lake Busumtwi, lying some miles down the hills like a sheet of solid silver.

He used to play tennis with us, and when the Rev. A. G. Fraser was our guest in the college he brought him to play with us. We cannot forget the wonderful addresses the Achimota Principal gave us in the chapel during his visit.

He taught us football, too, and it was a great pleasure to see Kofi, a young man of twenty years, play against "old man"

(Dom Bernard) who was nearing his two-score years and ten. We had great fun.

At another time he held sports and gave prizes of college blazers and money. His dear mother sent two silver cups to the college, and these were competed for.

He loved to stay in the houses of his old students in the mission field whenever he visited the places where they were working. It is not common for a European to stay with an African out here. In his own words, "I had the greatest pleasure in staying with my dear African children." He took them in a car to the beach, and spent a whole day with them playing in the sand, as children do. He loved to sit on the rocks and sing and eat. Dom Bernard's "children" had two puppies, and he named one "Bernard." Then in the morning he went to the kitchen and begged the daughter to allow him to cook the breakfast. He did all these things so naturally, and it was a very big surprise to the other inmates of the house, who had never seen a white man cooking before.

It will surprise many a European to know the highest tribute we pay to the white who is looked upon as a genuine friend. We say, "He looks white on the skin but his heart is that of a black man." Bernard had a "black heart."

On the 8th February, 1929, he wrote to one of his students on his way home on leave to England on s.s. *Biafra*:

"It is three weeks today since I left Kumasi. It seems like a year. I do wish I was back there again, but I expect the time will soon go by, and perhaps there is work for Africa which I have got to do in England. . . . My very dear, do pray for me often that our Lord Jesus will keep fresh and alive in me the ideals He has set before me. It will be so easy to forget, and I have learnt things in Africa which I don't want to forget. I have been able to help two people on board a little nearer to the Sacred Heart—please thank Him for that. . . . Perhaps with all its faults and laziness the voyage is not quite wasted."

Many a missionary has gone to the heathen lands giving up everything for God, but how many among them have included themselves among the things to be given up?

Many missionaries go and work for the heathen, but fail to love him as Christ would do.

Love for the African

A missionary's zeal is kindled when he thinks of people who could mean so much more to the world for God if only they knew of "the truth as it is in Jesus."

HENRY COOK.

IN Dom Bernard Clements' heart were love and hope for the African. He was very sad when he was recalled to England, because, as he used to put it, "the labourers in the African harvest are few." His love for the African grew deeper as he stayed longer. He liked the African dress. Every afternoon saw him in his native kente cloth and sandals. When he had to cross from his house to ours in the hot sun he wore his big helmet. The students used to tell him, "You look like a bush cocoa-broker."

He was extraordinarily kind to sick students, so much so that we wished somebody was sick every day. He would bring the sick man biscuits, milk, grapes, and would give him any food he fancied. He would always leave his sandals outside the sick-room so as not to disturb the person who might be sleeping. He would at every visit leave the sick saying, "You will be well soon, my dear."

It was not his duty to pay the fares of the students when they were going on vacation, but he always assisted us. Every student on his birthday received a gift, and Fr. Bernard often gave new hats and other things to any he discovered using too old a garment. On his own birthday the college had "a jolly good treat." When he discovered a student without pocket money he gave him help. He was poor—a monk—yet he made others rich.

In *his* day students loved to walk barefooted in the college, while in former days even to wear sandals was detested. We

had all got used to wearing shoes. He walked barefooted, too, and even in England he tried to do so—I think privately. He wrote: "The *English* sun burned all the skin off my legs and feet when I went barefooted in Norfolk for one day, a week or ten days ago. They have been very painful, but now are better. What fun it all is."

His love for the African was the key to their hearts. Many Africans—students, teachers, clerks, and even chiefs—found it natural to open their hearts to him. He, like his Master, knew what good was in the African heart, because he first loved them. His sermon on "The Merchantman in Africa" is the secret of his approach to Africa. He saw a pearl of great price in the African heart, and he would have loved to work and die in Africa. I am quoting from some of his letters to his dear ones in Africa: "On Sunday, August 2, at 6.30 p.m. (5.30 p.m. Gold Coast Time) I am to preach in Westminster Abbey. And on Sunday, August 23, at 10.30 a.m. (9.30 a.m. Gold Coast Time) in St. Paul's Cathedral. I will remember that God wants me there and has work for me to do in these places, but I *wish* He wanted me in Africa."

"I often walk in my inmost soul in and out of your house, and have supper with you, and sleep in that bedroom on the corner by the verandah, so I haven't really gone. If you have a new house I want a plan of it, so that I can decide which is my room. And one day I'll come and stay in it, if God will let me. On my table, as I sit, there is your photograph and my mother's and Benjamin's, and the farewell address from Kofi and my other brothers, and my crucifix. And I wear always next my body the gold crucifix the old students gave me. On the table are the photo of you and me and D. taken at W. and the picture of our Lady and the Child—the Host in a little gold frame you gave me once. It used to stand at Kumasi on the same table as the gramophone. On the wall nearby projects the 'dog' who growled so at C. when I stayed there. He holds my tooth-brush and some other toilet affairs.

"On the mantelpiece is a group of St. Augustine's College, and in other parts of the room are the illuminated addresses from the Diocese and from old students. On the floor in their case are my 'pipes,' which I smoke usually on Sunday afternoons when I am here.

"So I live really in a little bit of Africa, dears—and often you and I come and sit here and you talk to me and I show you all sorts of things, and I love it very much."

"One day perhaps God will let me come and preach at W. again. Do you think He will? I beg Him to do that, every day and every night. I remember arriving at W. in the night and being hustled by 'Papa' into the Bishop's seat in the church, and the service going on, and me preaching—poor white man, only with my heart fuller of love that night than ever before almost—and then my dear 'Papa' giving me his blessing, and walking home barefooted, and that wonderful evening supper you made, and serving 'Papa's' mass in the morning, and the deer-hunting and deer-catching, and the photo in the verandah, and the gramophone breaking, and—O my dears, I know every minute of that visit to your house."

"I had a very happy week-end over Sexagesima with L. and A. from Accra. They came and spent the week-end with me at Nashdom, and will come again after Easter. A. returns to West Africa in July; L. stays in England two and a half more years. I am going to tea with them in London one day soon—I saw a lot of them and we have begun, I hope, to get over the white-man palaver. They have stopped calling me *Sir*, thank God."

"I am going off on trek for three and a half weeks in one hour's time, so I am really supposed to be packing my things. The wind is from the north and blowing all the clouds towards Africa. I wish I could hop up on one and sail to see you."

"I am trying to make some sort of club at S.P.G. headquarters for our Church members who come to London. We are meeting on April 7 to discuss it: Canon Waddy (Secretary

of S.P.G.) and myself and some West Africans, and, if possible, some East Africans and some Japanese students."

"So I gave a palm to an African yesterday morning after all. A. came to Palm Sunday High Mass here."

"On Sunday night I returned to London, and on Monday I had lunch at Lambeth Palace with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and after lunch I had very nearly an hour all alone with him in his study. He was very kind and helped me a great deal in many ways about my sadness in leaving Africa, and gave me his blessing and we said some prayers together. He wanted to know such a lot about you all, and I told him a good deal. . . ."

"Today I am lunching in an hour's time with Mr. Sidney Dark, Editor of the *Church Times*, and this evening I go to a big C.B.S. meeting at Church House, Westminster. I am to be allowed to ask for chalices for 'our seven new priests' in September. Tomorrow I lunch with Mr. Newlands at his club, and in the afternoon I drive down with him by car to show him Nashdom. The Rev. A. G. Fraser will be with us also, I think. It's all very nice, but I wish I was catching deer at Winneba." "Deer-catching day is a day edged in gold in my memory," he wrote another time.

"It was very wonderful the other day when I presented one African to the Archbishop of Canterbury for confirmation in Lambeth Palace Chapel. The Archbishop was so kind, and he has since written to the newly confirmed African and sent him his blessing."

Another letter says: "The other day I took twelve Africans to tea with the Archbishop of Canterbury, including three African ladies. The Archbishop was charming, and gave us a lovely tea in his big state drawing-room."

"I have a crusade against all the saints' statues being made to look as if they were all Englishmen. Anyway, 'Sancte Georgi, ora pro Africa' will reach you soon."

"The Governor has written to thank me for how I am trying

to get to know young Africans in London. I am lunching next Saturday at their lodgings with L. and K. and A. A. They have been coming to church each Sunday morning to Christ Church, Lancaster Gate."

"Please pray for the writer of the enclosed letter. He is a young African (from the Gold Coast) whom I am trying to help along as you and I would have him go, nearer and nearer to Jesus. Since he wrote that letter he has spent a week-end with me here at Nashdom with a friend of his, Mr. A., and last Saturday I had tea with them both and with Mr. A. A. and Mr. K. I will try to help them all as you and Papa would want me to, and as Jesus tells me. I love them so much. They have come to soothe my loneliness from you all whom I love."

At another time he wrote: "I don't see any chance of coming to my African home again yet. I wonder when God will arrange it. I long so much—'past all' (not past Him, but past all else)."

In a letter written in 1932 from SS. Mary and John Vicarage, Cowley Road, Oxford, he wrote: "I am just going to entertain to tea two new African friends, undergraduates here. I met them yesterday morning, when I was entertained to breakfast by the Student Christian Movement—about 200 were present—and I spoke for fifty minutes about West Africa."

"My African friends L., A.A., and A. came to the Accra Diocesan Association meeting at Church House, Westminster. They were most efficient and successful stewards, and wore large golden rosettes. I introduced them all three to Lord Halifax."

"I am here (St. Saviour's, St. Albans, Herts) for two days to talk about the Accra Diocesan Association this afternoon. You are all very much in my mind today. Please go on praying that one day God will send me back to my African home."

The Jovial Monk

Man is the merriest, the most joyous, of all the species of creation—above and below him all are serious.

ADDISON.

THESE words of Addison are true, but yet there are degrees of merriment among men. Dom Bernard Clements was a jovial monk. His sense of humour he carried with him everywhere. At the college, in the houses of commissioners and chiefs, the poor and the rich, he gave to all the great tonic of laughter. In the next world, one believes, the very first words to those he knew would be such as to make them roll with laughter. His jokes were not at the expense of another, but such as everyone enjoyed.*

At one time he wrote: "I went to the new Zoo, at Whipnade (big hills in the bush) with Mr. Newlands just before he left. It was great fun. The bisons came and blew in our faces through the bars—I think from my vast size they thought they had found a brother."

In a letter to one of his African brothers he wrote: "I hear you are getting stouter. So am I. G. and Bernard no longer will be able to shake hands, facing each other, owing to stoutness. They will in future have to shake hands sideways."

He carried his humour into the pulpit also. We used to laugh and cry when he preached to us, and especially when he conducted our retreats. There is a great truth in the words of Mutchmore: "Next to a good soul-stirring prayer is a good laugh, when it is promoted by what is pure in itself and in its grotesque application."

He always said he was not good at preaching to children. But he loved them greatly and always amused them. I have often seen him take the children's hats and place them "high up" on his head, bringing down his eye-glasses to the tip of

his nose and dancing. The children would always laugh heartily, and they never forgot him.

"Your glorious news about the child God gave us three reached me safely," he wrote to an old student, "and I cabled my congratulations and love and I thanked God at the altar, and I do thank Him continuously. When may I have a photograph of my niece?"

"If you have never seen an elephant dance, you might have seen it in my office when your letter came, and I am so happy about it. Please kiss the child's forehead for me. I can picture it all so well."

When Dom Bernard's room was visited by robbers who carried his beautiful watch and shoes away he said: "I suppose the thief is going to *saal* in those shoes—they will be too big for anything else."

A good number of the students were men with families, and while in the college they were not without their domestic troubles and anxieties, but the Rector's tonic of laughter was to them more than "aspirin and bromide." We may rightly put into the mouth of our Rector and friend these words of Sterne: "I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill-health and other evils of life by mirth. I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life."

And again:

"I am venturing to enclose a small dog, who I hope will make a cheerful contribution to the melody of your household. If he is burst on the voyage, please let me know at once, and I will replace him. If he is not burst, then remove the rubber stopper from his tail, and make G. blow up his tail (*not* too plenty, or he'll burst on arrival instead of on the voyage!). You then put rubber stopper in again, and he will cry when you pinch his *head* (but not when you pinch his body)."

"It is not sitting," writes St. Francis, "when one is in God's

service to have a gloomy face. Always show a face shining with holy joy." Bernard's face always shone with holy joy.

At the end of a short but delightful letter he wrote these beautiful words:

"Just see your face is cheerful and smiling before you leave your mirror in the morning. You may not see it again, but other people will have to."

I will end this chapter with the notes of a sermon preached by Bernard on the occasion of the wedding of one of his students at St. Cyprian's Church, Kumasi, on 5th April, 1930. He gave these notes, written on the back of an official envelope, to the couple as a wedding present.

"Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water" (John ii. v. 7).

"Don't think that the wedding feast ends today. In the Holy Sacrament of matrimony you have begun a feast which will last, please God, as you said just now, 'Till death do us part.' And even then only the marriage tie will be broken—the love will grow deeper.

"This lifelong feast. With so many the joy fades. You see them, it may be, living apart—miserable and unhappy—all the joy gone from the feast—the wine all drunk—weary and tired of each other. Beloved, it will not be so with you.

"All your lives keep in mind this wedding feast at Cana of Galilee. The wine began to fail. The wine the bridegroom had provided. They had drunk the good wine, and now they would have to come to that which was worse.

"Fill the waterpots. The perfectly ordinary things of everyday life. Do all quite thoroughly and well—fill them up to the brim. Never let yourselves begin to get slack.

"Let it be for you the Holy House of Nazareth. Live as if round any corner you might meet her, Mary the mother—or Joseph—or Jesus.

"Bring up your children as you would bring up the child Jesus.

"Fill the waterpots with water. And when you go to draw from them you will find that the water of these daily tasks is turned to the richest wine.

"Others will see it, and marvel. They will see your love and your happiness deepen from year to year. They will not know the secret. But you will know.

"The servant which drew the water knew. Yes, you will know. 'This beginning of miracles did Jesus.'"

Rector and Student

The best teacher is the one who suggests rather than dogmatizes, and inspires his listener with the wish to teach himself.

FATHER RECTOR came to us as our teacher. At lectures we drank deep from his knowledge. He made all subjects interesting and easily understandable. He would make us laugh one minute and not very long afterwards carry us to another world; and when he brought us back into this one you could hear every student sigh. His knowledge of Latin was thorough. He would go to either his hall or to the college library and bring a volume of Moral Theology in Latin, and would read it to us as if reading an English version.

His favourite subject was Ascetic Theology. This subject was as easy to him as it was delightful to us, because we saw in the life of the teacher the practical expression of that branch of theology. I would suggest that my readers read his notes on prayer given to us and published in *Phillip Cometh to Andrew*.¹ He has since made the subject easier still in his book *When Ye Pray*.²

When we came to the portion of Moral Theology which deals with sexual matters he would shut his eyes and speak as he often did when he soared high in his preaching.

After each lecture he would go out, not failing to say "Thank you."

As a teacher he impressed us greatly, but he impressed us more as a student. We did not know that he was learning anything at all from the African. He was so simple and natural a student. He was initiated as a student, and you can read what he says about it in his book, *A Monk in Margaret Street*.³

¹ Mowbrays (now out of print).

² S.C.M. Press.

³ Mowbrays.

After his initiation he asked the senior student to give him some work to do in the college. The cleaning of the lecture-room was entrusted to him. On Saturdays he was found with his broom and duster, with the front of his scapular thrown back or taken off and hanging on the door as he did his work. We used to tease him with these words, "Poor white man at work." And he would reply, "It is good for him."

When the time of inspection came he, with the senior student, went round the college houses and compound. When they reached the lecture-room he took off his sandals and stood with his hands behind him, and the senior student inspected his work. I remember once he was asked to sweep the room again. He thoroughly enjoyed this little work he was allowed to do.

So went Dom Bernard, the tutor and student, about his work. "Since I began to ask God's blessing on my studies," writes Payson, "I have done more in one week than I have done in a whole year before." In his five years spent on that hill of St. Augustine's, Bernard was able to learn more than many white missionaries, traders and officials who have had the privilege of staying longer in Africa. He inspired us to open our hearts and minds to him. These were his text-books.

It will be interesting to quote here from the Diocesan Magazine an account of the celebration of the fifteenth centenary of St. Augustine kept in the college by Bernard and his children:

"On our hill above Kumasi we kept the fifteenth centenary of our Patron with some dignity and with an enormous amount of enjoyment. On Tuesday, 26th August, old students began to arrive, and early on Wednesday the 27th we abandoned any further attempt at lectures until after the feast. There are fourteen students now in residence, including Father John Prempeh (son of Nana Prempeh), who has just come to his native country from the Diocese of Mauritius, where he has been working. Sleeping accommodation over the feast would

not have conformed to the latest scientific requirements, but we were very happy, with dormitories full up, and three old students in the Father Rector's guest-room and one sharing his bedroom.

"Solemn Evensong was sung on the eve at 6.30 p.m., followed by Sermon and Benediction. A very simple and moving little sermon was preached by the Rev. G. E. F. Laing, until recently senior student of the Collage, on Hebrews i. 7: 'His ministers a flame of fire.' There were older men present who would like to thank him for what he said. The Fr. Rector (Dom Bernard Clements, O.S.B.) sang Evensong and gave Benediction.

"Compline could not take place owing to heavy rain, the chapel being rather open on such occasions to the winds of heaven. It is designed in the interests of coolness on hot days, and in a high wind the rain sweeps horizontally across all but the sanctuary!

"Masses at the two college altars began at 5.30 a.m. on the Feast and finished with the great High Mass at 7.30 a.m. Wonderfully quiet and still the chapel was at the Father Rector's Mass at 5.30 a.m., the lights of Kumasi still dotted about here and there in the valley, and above the High Altar the great red and gold crucifix which Mr. Martin Travers made for us beginning to glow as the daylight came up.

"At the High Mass the celebrant was Father B. T. Quartey, also once senior student of the college, the deacon was the Rev. G. E. F. Laing, and one of the present students acted as sub-deacon. The celebrant wore the beautiful cloth of gold chasuble given to the college a year ago by six ladies of London—an attempt to show in the mission field a vestment at least as beautiful as any used in Divine worship in London. If they know the joy it gives, their hearts would be very happy. Present in choir in copes were the Ven. Archdeacon Sugget, M.C., Vicar-General (representing the Lord Bishop of Accra, who was in England), the Father Rector of the college, Father

A. M. Asare, Father William Yalley, Father S. A. C. Lutterodt (old students) and Father John Prempeh. The Mass was preceded by procession round the college grounds. The Proper of the Mass was sung by two cantors in copes.

"At 11.30 a.m. there arrived His Honour H. S. Newlands, Chief Commissioner of Ashanti, together with the Deputy Chief Commissioner, the Commissioner of the Eastern Province and the Chief Commissioner's Secretary. Various other guests had by this time arrived, and the college library listened to the Chief Commissioner delivering one of the finest speeches—it was on the future of Africa, and her vocation as the ages pass—that one has heard for a long time. It would be difficult to summarise the speeches—they went on for an hour. The Father Rector replied to the Chief Commissioner's toast of the college. The Vicar-General replied to the toast of the Diocese. The Town Clerk and the Rev. C. W. Armstrong, Principal of Wesley College, Kumasi, replied for the guests to a toast proposed by Father John Prempeh. Mr. Armstrong made an extraordinarily witty speech. He has always been a great friend of ours, as indeed have been the whole staff of Wesley College. And of course the senior student proposed the health of the old students, and Father Quartey replied as old students do, with a good deal of amusing back-chat about their successors.

"The Father Rector and students then ate an enormous meal together, and one at least of the party slept awhile. At 4 p.m. Evensong was sung in choir, and followed by fierce tennis matches between past and present, the old men's extra weight proving in most instances too much for them.

"After more food at 7.30 p.m. Compline was sung at 9.45 p.m., followed by Benediction, which was given by the Rev. S. A. C. Lutterodt. The Monstrance belonging to the college is of great beauty and of considerable age. It bears a plaque affixed to it in 1749, when certain ornaments appear to have been added to it. In its original form it is obviously consider-

ably older than that. It was given to the college a year ago by a lady who is known to us here by the name 'A lover of Jesus.' Over the initiation ceremonies of new students by the old ones after lunch it is best to draw a merciful veil, but the appetite of neither party seemed to be affected—nor their powers of singing or prayer. A happy day. So we thank God for it and turn to our work again, and try not to waste our time wishing for it all over again—like a small child whining on the pavement outside the cinema because the show's over and he can't go in and have it again! Brethren, pray for us. We do so want to become as our Lord would have us be."

Farewell to Bernard

The following are extracts from the Diocesan Magazine

A FAREWELL dinner to Father Bernard was given at St. Augustine's College, Kumasi, on Friday, 17th April, 1931, the Lord Bishop having given dispensation from abstinence for that evening in view of the difficulty of arranging another day for the function.

The dinner was held in the lecture-room of the college, and was presided over by the Rev. K. P. Sakyiama, senior student, supported by His Honour the Chief Commissioner of Ashanti (H. S. Newlands, Esq.) on his right, and Father Bernard on his left. Other guests were the Rev. C. W. Armstrong, Principal of Wesley College, Kumasi, the Rev. Fathers Horsfield and Yalley, of English Church Mission, Kumasi, and Mr. J. W. Biney, Headmaster of English Church Mission Junior School.

After an excellent dinner (all the expenses of which were met by a friend of the college at present in England), His Honour, on the request of the Rev. K. P. Sakyiama, rose to propose the health of Father Bernard. It is not possible, owing to consideration of space, to quote here the whole of his very fine speech. He spoke very feelingly of the years during which he had known Father Bernard, and of how he met him first in company with Sir Gordon Guggisberg, that great man who has gone to his rest. He went on to speak of the influence of Father Bernard in the Colony as a whole, and spoke with pleasure of the new and different spirit between the Missions as evidenced by the presence that evening of the Rev. C. W. Armstrong of Wesley College, Father Bernard's close personal friend. The Chief Commissioner added that he considered Father Bernard to be one of two men of outstanding influence whom he had met during the years he had worked here, and

with great pleasure he asked those present to drink his health.

The following illuminated address was then read by the senior student :

"A Farewell Address delivered by the students of Saint Augustine's Theological College, Kumasi (Diocese of Accra), to the Rev. Dom Bernard Clements, O.S.B., Rector, on the occasion of his final departure from the Diocese:

We the undersigned present students of St. Augustine's Theological College, Kumasi, Ashanti, West Africa, desire to express our heartfelt gratitude and thanks to you, who for the past five years have laboured as Rector of this our Alma Mater.

Your love and sympathy have shown forth the ideal spiritual leader not only to us, but to most classes of people around us.

During your term of office you have tried to understand the African mind, and in that way you have achieved between us, to a very great extent, mutual co-operation and friendship.

Indeed, your departing from us is a very great sorrow, but, much as we regret it, we believe your recall to the monastery is for the greater glory of God.

We wish you great success and happiness.

We assure you of our constant prayers, and we desire that we be remembered by you as your loving children scattered over all parts of this country.

Father dear—farewell; and may the Lord be with you. Should we never meet on earth again, we hope to meet together in heaven.

We are,

Your children in Christ,

*[Here follow the signatures of all the students
at present in residence at the College]*

Dated at Saint Augustine's Theological College, this seven-

teenth day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one."

There followed the presentation to Father Bernard, by the junior student on behalf of the college, of two Ashanti pipes of great length and beauty in a well-made case. Father Bernard replied suitably and with much feeling. Subsequently the Rev. J. A. Okwabi proposed the health of the guests, and Father Yalley and all the other guests each spoke in reply. The remainder of the evening was spent very pleasantly in the college library, the Chief Commissioner remaining with us until after 11 p.m.

After High Mass at Saint Cyprian's on Sunday, 19th April, Father Bernard was the recipient of another address and a most beautiful gold crucifix and chain from the congregation of St. Cyprian's on behalf of the whole English Church Mission, Ashanti. He had also received previously a fine gold ring from the Vernacular Singing Band of St. Cyprian's, which he was requested to convey to his sister on his arrival in England. Bernard's old students also gave him a gold crucifix and an illuminated address.

Bernard's Farewell Letter

Saint Augustine's College,

Kumasi,

21st April, 1931.

My dears,

Many, many people have written to me—some whom I know intimately, and some whom I have never even seen, but who have known and loved the priests who have gone out from this college and who, as is quite right, have felt truly that they were my friends because of that. Many of your most kind and touching letters I cannot possibly answer, and they have moved

me more than I can possibly say. I thank you for them from the bottom of my heart, and I pray that God's blessing may rest upon each of you all the days of your life.

I think God sent me to Africa five years ago so that I might learn from you some lessons of humility and love and service which my hard and rough heart didn't learn in Europe. And you Africans whom God has used as tutors to teach me these things I thank very much, because even when I have been very foolish and said, sometimes, hateful and stupid things to you, you have still gone on in great patience, giving me your love and friendship and letting me share in your joys and sorrows in a way that no merits of mine could possibly have entitled me to do. And so perhaps in the end I have learned some of the things which God set you to teach me. And now He calls me to work elsewhere—it may be for always, or it may be, as I pray, that He will one day let me come to you again (that is His business, and you and I mustn't fuss or worry about it)—and I do ask Him very sincerely that in the work, whatever it is, which He has in view for me, I may do credit to you who have been my teachers for these five years, and that I may not forget altogether what you have taught me.

And if in God's great goodness He has allowed me also to teach you something—as in these last few days many of you keep saying in speeches and addresses—then I thank Him very much that He has used me for that, because the love between you and me is very great, and I should be sad if I went away feeling that I had been able to do nothing in return for all you have taught me and done for me and given me.

And now we are not to be sad, because we are all living parts, you and I, of the wonderful Body of Christ of which we have often thought together in these past five years, and if He chooses to use one of His Hands—which is me—in Europe, at the same time that He is using another of His Hands—which is you—in Africa, there is nothing in that to be sad about, any more than a man need be sad because one of his hands is

holding a piece of bread and butter while his other hand is doing the totally different work of trying to open a door!

God bless you, my dears.

Your servant in Jesus,

BERNARD, O.S.B.,

Rector of St. Augustine's College, Kumasi.

VI

Generosity and Appreciation

Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother

DEUT. XV. II.

THE love of our dear Rector was an active one. His generosity is almost proverbial to the Gold Coast Africans who have met him in England. In the college, as I have already said, he was very kind to us all. There is not a single priest trained by him who does not possess among his books some given to him by Fr. Rector.

On two occasions he bore almost all the marriage expenses of his students who married when they were in the college. His love and generosity were extended to the friends and relations of the students. One day it happened that a student's mother was sent to the debtors' prison because she had stood as surety for another person. When the Rector heard of this he said to the student, "Our mother will not spend the night in that prison. I am going to get one of my friends in the town to pay that debt and I will get a friend in England to replace it." Off he went in his car, and after three hours came back and said, "Our mother is back—go and see her and make her happy."

While in England, and even when he was the Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street, London, he often sent gifts of money and vestments to his old students, apart from his activities in the Accra Diocesan Association.

"Your white vestments are finished, and tonight I have got them here," he writes, "at this Retreat House, where I am taking a Retreat for women, and tomorrow morning I shall bless them, and I am going to borrow them from you to say Mass in tomorrow morning before they go back to Mowbray's for them to send off to you by next mail. I shall send you £2 to cover the duty on them. I hope you don't mind me borrow-

ing them, but I wanted to say Mass in my beloved brother's vestments. I shall say a Mass of the Holy Name of Jesus."

When one of our churches got burnt, with all the belongings of the priests, he wrote to another friend, "I am trying to get some people to replace some of the things K. P. lost in the fire." He also paid some long-standing bills on wafers and other things for his friends when their churches were too poor to meet those bills.

A curious incident took place one day:

A priest was building a mission house and he had spent all the available money he had that day. Later in the evening he could not get money to buy kerosene for his lamp nor did he have money for food. A friend suddenly dropped in to see why there was no light in the mission house and brought some kerosene and food. That night he and his family prayed that God might provide them with bread for the coming day. Very providentially, before it was time to go to the market, the priest received a letter from the bank telling him that "Dom Bernard Clements has sent £7 10s. to you by cable, with this message, 'With my best love and prayers, God bless you both.'" He wrote later: "See, like Veronica, I try to wipe your face with my £7 10s. (sent by cable two days ago), so that you get a moment's refreshment and courage for your journey."

He was as appreciative as he was generous. He never forgot to say "Thank you" for any and everything one did for him. After Mass he would always say "Thank you." Out here, when he received gifts from a chief or any person, he would always go personally to say, "*Mida sio ah oyefe*"—"I thank you: it is nice."

While in England an old student and his wife sent him two leather cushions, and he wrote back to say: "Thank you very much more than I can say for the most beautiful leather cushions, which came a few days ago. I think they are far and away the most beautiful I have seen. I am having them

filled with kapok, and they will shortly be in regular use in my study. One day I hope God will let you come and lean against them."

When he was just entering into the surf-boat—leaving Accra finally—an old student of his picked up a stone on the shore and gave it to him. Later from England he wrote: "The small stone travels in my tobacco pouch, until I can hand it to you again in person."

His hands were always opened wide to give, and when he was given anything he was very grateful. In 1932 he wrote: "I spoke of your love for me in the pulpit during Holy Week, and said what joy it gave a poor thing like me to know that there is someone who *loves* me, and I urged them to bring that joy to the sacred Heart of Him on the Cross by loving Him." •

In 1934, when two of his students sent a cable congratulating him on his twenty-fifth anniversary in the priesthood, he wrote: "Your cable and B.'s brought me very great joy. Thank you so much more than I can say. Only Jesus knows what your love means to me."

VII

Humility

To be humble to superiors, is duty; to equals, is courtesy; to inferiors, is nobleness; and to all, safety; it being a virtue that, for all its lowliness, commandeth those it stoops to.

SIR T. MORE.

Strive to be little and truly humble and meek, not only in outward works, but in the depth of your hearts.

B. ANGELA OF FOLIGNO.

WE were asked by the Fr. Rector to write a sermon to suit Holy Week. A student wrote on the humility of our Lord. In the course of the sermon he wrote that "it would be better for the Kingdom of God if all His ministers were prepared to wash the feet of those to whom He sent them." After a day or two Father Bernard called the student into his room, showed that portion of his sermon to him, and said, "You wrote these words, and I thank you for writing them. Would you allow me then to wash your feet?" With great reluctance the student agreed. Bernard then fetched water and soap and his own white towel, and stooped down and washed the feet of the student—and kissed them. He washed the feet of the majority of his students, yet he never lost the respect of us all. We respected him all the more for his humility.

In 1936 he wrote about an African friend of his who was leaving England. "He spent his last week-end in England with Bernard, and on the night before he left our Lord allowed Bernard to wash his feet. I was so happy about this. Please thank Him for me."

When on his first leave to England from Africa he was preaching in Canterbury Cathedral, he said: "I think there is only one reason why I may come, and that is to tell you that our

debt—yours and mine—to West Africa is not yet paid, and that to West Africa, more than to any other part of the mission field, we have reparation to make.”

He wrote to me once: “I pray that our Lord may always remind me that I am the slave of Africa.”

Whenever the Bishop came to be our guest Father Rector was meticulous in his arrangements. His respect and love for the Bishop were great.

About his appointment as the Vicar of All Saints he wrote: “You will have heard from B. T. that I have been lent by the Community to the Bishop of London to become Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street. I refused to decide myself either for or against, but told the Community I would do under obedience whatever they decided with the Bishop. So that is that. I want all your prayers, please.” He also sent the letter written by the Archbishop of Canterbury about his appointment, pleading that he should accept it, to one of his African brothers to read.

His children in Africa were surprised that some people thought that because he was a monk he should not have been sent to All Saints. We were proud that we knew him better, and we knew that his people would love him dearly. After all, All Saints borrowed him permanently, and we were not wrong in wishing him a great success there.

He once said, when at Nashdom: “I love to be a small man in this quiet corner of the world.”

If you desire the love of God and man, be humble, for the proud heart, as it loves none but itself, is beloved of none but itself. Humility enforces where neither virtue, nor strength, nor reason can prevail.

VIII

Penance and Reparation

My Jesus, I can only offer my life in reparation. Take it all.

FATHER WILLIAM DOYLE.

IN conversation with the Father Rector one night he told me that it was the book on the life of Father William Doyle that made him long to suffer with Christ. He would not like me to reveal his ascetism to anybody else. Those only who had the privilege of assisting him in this vocation of his know to what extent he went.

Although he buffeted his body he did not despise it. He took great care of "the vehicle of his soul," as he loved to call it. He knew it to be the Temple of the Holy Spirit—"and, of course," he would add, "one which needed constant scrubbing." The scrubbing was not comfortable at all. Apart from this subjection, he did all he could to keep his body healthy and strong.

In 1936 he wrote: "For a long time I got very lazy and careless with my prayer. I seemed to be always immersed in some business or other connected with the church or the diocese or the S.P.G., or any one of so many things, and always prayer-time was getting omitted. So during Easter week I thought I would try and do differently for Jesus in future, and by His help and goodness I have gone back to making my meditation and saying my office regularly, and sometimes to suffering pain and going without things for Him. And I have put myself under the charge of one of my assistant priests here to see that I keep to this, and to deal with me if I don't. Dear beloved ones, pray for Bernard; that I may go on and become stronger in Jesus, so that I may be of help to all the souls who come to me in this most important work to which God has called me for the time being."

In another letter from Nashdom he wrote: "It is a busy life, but I shall get back here later for a bit. Here I have now permission to wear sandals except in chapel and at meals, and I have a wooden bed to lie on always, so those bits of me are still in Africa."

Dom Bernard wore his hair very short, and when I asked him the reason why he said with a smile, "In England only prisoners wear their hair short. I am a prisoner and slave of Christ. At least I try to be."

In 1936 he wrote: "Since Easter I have been trying to live by a much stricter rule—I have been fasting a little, and sleeping on the floor two or three nights a week, and I get up usually at 5.30 a.m. to do some prayer. Will you pray, please, that I may go on doing this. I had been getting soft and slack with the '*dæmoni meridiano*' that the Psalmist talks about—the slackness which spoils priests in middle age. I don't ever want to fall into it again, if our dear Lord will help me. I go to my Confessions now to one of my own assistant priests, and he helps me up to the mark as you used to at St. Augustine's. So I think there is some hope now that these better things may continue."

In 1937 he wrote: "Ever since last February I had for many months one small sickness after another, and was able to do only parts of my work, and even that with difficulty and with no enjoyment. The doctor said that only a really long holiday would get me strong again, and it did not seem to me at that time that it was possible for me to take more than a few days away from my work. However, in June, I was stopped by the doctor from all work for a fortnight, and I got a little stronger, and went on with my work for another week or so. Then at the end of July I developed a most irritating rash of some sort all over the top and middle of my body. Then the doctor and the Father Abbot and my senior assistant priest between them put their feet down, and I was sent away and told to stop away for *at least* seven weeks. I went off to Scotland, to Aberdeen,

where I arrived, very much worse, saw a doctor there the day I arrived, and was sent into a nursing-home (sort of private hospital) that evening. I stayed there nearly three weeks, and then went to a house there, where within two days the rash all came back again.

"However, I got better of that, and it has returned only once since then, much more mildly. It is now practically well, and I go back to work in a week's time. I have been for three weeks in the extreme north of Scotland, and since then have stayed in one or two places in the south of England. I am now staying with Lord Halifax till I return to Margaret Street next week. It has been a long and trying time, and Bernard has not been at all brave about it, while everybody else has been very kind to Bernard."

His broadcast talks were a great joy to listen to. The first time one of his African friends heard his voice on the radio he embraced his loud-speaker and kissed it.

At one time he wrote to say that he hardly had sufficient time in which to prepare his sermons and addresses. He went to bed at 2.30 a.m., and at 5 a.m. he was up again at work. Yet in the midst of all this he made time to write to his friends and children in Africa.

In 1933 he wrote: "I have just returned from the mission to Cambridge University, where prayers from Africa led many English students to Jesus. A week ago I preached two sermons about West Africa at Southampton for S.P.G. (and spoke to 1,000 people at Southampton and 300 at Winchester on the Monday afternoon and evening)—a busy life your slave leads in England."

He wrote to a priest at Sekondi: "I have travelled as you have done.

"I got back to the monastery on Easter Tuesday, and stayed there nearly a fortnight, except on April 7, when I went to London to tea at S.P.G. head office with some Africans. On Monday, April 11, I lunched at the Student Christian Move-

ment headquarters in North London, at Golders Green (I am going to their camp at Swanwick in July). That same evening I began to conduct a Retreat for priests at the A.P.R. (Association for Promoting Retreats) Retreat House at Chiswick, in West London.

"On Saturday, April 16, I finished the Retreat, had lunch with Mrs. Faber, and returned here for the week-end. On Monday, April 18, I went to Yorkshire to stay a week with Lord Halifax. I said Mass each day in the private chapel in his house, except on Sunday the 24th, when I said Mass and preached in the little village church there. On one of the days I was there I motored to Mirfield, and had tea with the Mirfield fainers (Community of the Resurrection), and on Saturday, April 23, Mr. E. A. Taylor (sometime Acting C.C.A.) came in his car from London and stayed the week-end with us, motoring me back to London on Monday the 25th. We had a delightful drive to London, stopping for beer at a place called Stamford and for lunch at Stevenage.

"On Tuesday, April 26, I spoke to about 100 clergy in London on 'Why people don't go to church.'

"On Wednesday, April 27, I attended the big S.P.G. High Mass in St. Paul's Cathedral, and spoke at their meeting in the afternoon. The Archbishop of Canterbury was the celebrant. He wore a very glorious cope of deep blue mixed with very glittering and bright cloth of gold. The Bishop of London was deacon and the Bishop of Salisbury sub-deacon. The huge choir of the cathedral was entirely filled with clergy, and the General Secretary of C.M.S. preached the sermon. It was all very glorious. I got tickets for N. C. L. and K. A. (both Africans), and they were at the service.

"On Thursday, April 28, I preached at a Sung Mass at Grosvenor Chapel for a society that does rescue work among prostitute women, and in the afternoon I came to Nashdom for a chapter meeting, returning to London in the evening.

"On Friday, April 29, I lunched again at the S.C.M. head-

quarters, and met a delightful American negro, Warren Scott, who is one of their secretaries. In the afternoon I attended a meeting of the African Group of the International Missionary Council at Edinburgh House, London, and afterwards a sub-committee on polygamy and Christianity, and in the evening I sat on the platform at the big S.P.G. demonstration at the Albert Hall.

"On Saturday, April 30, I had a private interview with the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth, and in the afternoon went to Godalming to stay the week-end with Sir Ransford and Lady Slater. Lady Slater met me at the station with her car, and I had a delightful week-end, preaching at their church in the evening. On Monday I returned to London, and got back here in the monastery on Tuesday, May 3, for the feast of the Ascension.

"On Friday, May 6, I went to London again for a sale of all sorts of things in aid of Nashdom. The sale was at the Church House, and was opened at noon by Princess Marie Louise and Lord Lloyd. I went to an African tea-party at S.P.G., slept in London, and on Saturday, May 7, went to Winchester, where I stayed the week-end with the Dean (Selwyn, who edits *Theology*), and preached in Winchester Cathedral on Sunday after Ascension (May 8, my birthday), in the evening.

"Since then I have been taking a retreat for women at All Saints House, Margaret Street, which finished yesterday morning, when I returned here. There were 28 women in the retreat, and at the collection for Nashdom yesterday morning they put up £45 between them. Pretty good, I thought."

In another letter to the same priest he wrote: "I have just been told by the Bishop of London that I am to take his ordination Retreat before his ordination on Trinity Sunday, and that I am to preach the ordination sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral—I have preached in the Cathedral twice before, but I have never taken an ordination Retreat since the one when you were made deacon and G. was made a priest. I am

wondering whether I shall preach to your younger English brothers the same sermon I preached to you. I don't know. I am very happy if our Lord can use me."

He writes from All Saints: "Big crowds have come to Margaret Street these last two Sunday mornings to hear your brother preach.

"I am busy travelling about in wild Wales, which is a part of this civilized island where the old 'vernacular' is still very largely spoken, and where even cathedrals have often two Sunday morning services — one in English and the other in Welsh. I preached for three-quarters of an hour last night at a place called Rhayader, away in the 'bush'—the train wandered with me here this morning through beautiful mountain and river country. This evening I have 30 ladies coming into retreat in the Cathedral here till Friday. I wish my African Sister was 'among.'

"Please pray for my sermon at Canterbury Cathedral on Sunday, September 24, at 6.30 p.m."

Many people who never heard him preach it, I am sure, have read his powerful sermon on the Good Shepherd preached in Canterbury Cathedral on the evening of the third Sunday after Easter, 1929. It was published in his first book, *Philip Cometh to Andrew*.¹ These words, written by one of his students during his retreat, did impress him and move him, and it was fresh in his mind when he preached that sermon.

MY AFRICA

Africa, Africa, my native land,
Africa, Africa, my pride!
Why should I boast of Africa?
Is it because I am of its soil?

¹ Mowbrays (now out of print).

Is it because of its riches?
Let these be far from my pride.
Your persecution is my boast,
And your contempt is my pride,
Because JESUS, who is my Standard,
Suffered crucifixion and rejection.
O my land of the bright sun,
Can you not become
The "Land of the Light of the World"?
We have something here to remind us
Of Christ's effect on a faithful soul,
On souls who will always bask in
The sunshine which is JESUS our Saviour—
Because we are so close to the sun,
The effect of its rays on us is so great;
If we were nearer to the "Light of the World"
Greater would be the effect on our souls.
The more you bask in the sun
The darker your body becomes;
But the more you bask in the sun which is JESUS
The whiter your soul becomes.
Europe has helped to give us JESUS;
We must return help to them
By sending them saints from our land
To help them in their declining state.
The African heart leaps and the blood warms
At the sound of
"Ethiopia shall rise."
Shall it rise in the power of the world,
Or in the spiritual power?
Which do we desire most, my fellow Africa?
Would that Ethiopia may rise
In the Lord JESUS.
I could hear my dear land saying,

“And I, Africa, if I be lifted up
Shall draw all nations to JESUS.
I who possess the brighter sunshine
Shall one day also possess the brighter
Light of the World.”

This is the voice of our Dear Land
Brother Africa; what shall we do?
The sun is a God-sent gift to our land,
But the Light of the World is a God-asked thing.
Brother Africa, what are we to do?
Let us, as members of this land,
Light in our hearts
The love of JESUS.
For until we are burning
Our dear land's boast cannot be justified.
Ethiopia must suffer with JESUS.
Ethiopia must die with JESUS.
Ethiopia must rise with JESUS.
When this is accomplished,
Our baser mind of
Returning evil for evil
Shall be turned to
Returning good for evil,
And this shall amaze our persecutors.

IX

A Spiritual Adviser

If the rarity of a thing maketh its value, nothing in the Church is more precious, nothing more desirable than a good and useful Pastor. This is a rare bird.

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

DOM BERNARD was the spiritual adviser of hundreds of people, both black and white. I will give in this chapter some of his spiritual directions given to some of his children.

The Sufferings of a Priest

(1)

"Dr. Albert Schweitzer, in his great book, *The Mysticism of St. Paul*, says of St. Paul: 'This man, maltreated, sick, going in constant danger of his life, had this in addition to an excessive burden of mental and spiritual troubles to endure. *But he understood the meaning of that suffering.* It is because he alone dares to speak out the full truth about the significance of the Cross that he has to suffer the greatest persecution.' He was flogged first time by his own native courts, and three times by the European authorities. His own Christian people said that he talked big in his letters, but sang very small when he came to speak face to face with them (II Cor. x, 10); they said he didn't visit his outstations because he was afraid to. (This is implied in II Cor. i, specially verse 23); they said they couldn't believe his words (II Cor i, 17); that he is fond of boasting about himself (II Cor. iii, 1); and that he is really become rather a fool (II Cor. xi, 1, 11, 16; xii, 11)—(we know all these things, because he has to defend himself against them in these verses I have referred you to). Where Paul went you can follow one or two steps of the way. Jesus knows these, and that is why He asks you to follow a little way—further along the path one day, who knows? . . ."

(2)

"You see, some of us have to *make* ways of suffering to suffer with Jesus, but Jesus provides others with them. We are 'amateurs'; these are professionals. We are like children making little cakes for fun with small pieces mother leaves over from her baking; these bake bread for a living (the bread of suffering). We are children playing at storekeeping; these keep a store. . . . Go bravely on. . . . Don't fear, because Jesus calls you a little way along the way of the Cross. God bless you and lead you ever nearer to Jesus: *nothing else* matters one little bit really. . . . One day you will win and you will see His beautiful Face, and many, many of your people with you."

Meditation

"When meditation is difficult, and you feel uneasy when you sit quietly to meditate, this may be caused by tiredness or weakness of body or worry and anxiety—or it may be that your spiritual state is different and so you need another method.

"Try what is called 'meditative reading.' In doing that, take some book of spiritual reading (e.g. *The Imitation of Christ*, or the Gospel of St. John, or St. Augustine's *Confessions*. I think a book you are familiar with is better than a new one for this particular purpose). Go with this book to the place of meditation (church or bush, or somewhere), and then say for about two minutes your introductory prayers for meditation. Then begin reading that book (any part of it will do, or you can read it straight through if you wish), and when you wish to think, stop reading and think; and when your thoughts come to an end (it may be in half a minute or it may be in half an hour, it doesn't matter), then go on reading until you wish to think again. If you don't wish to think at all, read straight on; but if after two or three days you still do not wish to think, then get some book which interests you more, and start with that

one. It doesn't matter whether you read altogether two lines in a day, or two chapters, or half a book. All you use it for is to start thoughts. Try that, and let me know how it works after a bit. . . ."

The Body

"You are to take care of your body as you would take care of a car, *so that it* may do more work for our Lord. (That is why it must be sometimes cared for and sometimes punished painfully—both are for the same purpose. You may give a child Bemax to strengthen him for his school work, and at the same time flog him because he is lazy.) . . .

"But above and beyond all this, remember that our Lord knows exactly how much load of worry and nerves and ill-health you may be carrying at any time, and *He* does not judge your prayer—or your work—by the amount you seem to succeed, but by 'how hard you try.' Just try a bit harder to be regular with your meditative reading (or your meditation on any special day when you feel He wants that), and leave it to Him then. . . .

"He will know all and understand all and take all into account. You needn't explain to Him unless you want to. You can just go and be quiet with Him. He knows."

Penance

"When you are so crowded up and no privacy at all, you are not to worry about this, except that on Friday, as early as possible in the day, you will practise some one *quite small* act of bodily penance just as a very little sign (a sacrament) that *when and if* opportunity ever comes again you will *try* to give Him more. But with all your hard parish work and out-stations you need not necessarily do so much as a student at a college. You learned *how* to do it there. *Now* you will *know* how to do it when it is necessary. Sometimes it is good for

winning souls whom you can win in no other way. (To inflict penance on *yourself*, I mean, not on the other sinner!) But if it is so difficult to get privacy, I don't think our Lord wishes you to do it."

Love and Humility

"This is what really matters, and it fills my heart with happiness that you play with children and animals and young and old of all sorts. Oh, God bless you. What a joy you bring to me. Tears of joy filled my eyes when I read this.

"I love to remember that night after I had preached and you gave me your blessing. You let me walk barefooted with you. Always, it may be, on the sole of my feet is impressed the street of W. in which for Jesus' sake you work to win hard hearts by love. Go on helping men and women, and yourself remaining poor and simple. . . . Pray that I may not be too proud to beg even when I am in the right or when those I love are right, instead of arguing fiercely."

Failures

"I know there are failures often on the surface of one's life, but we must rejoice if our life in Jesus is still sound at heart. *Laus Deo.*"

Comfort

"When you comfort any mother you are St. John at the foot of the Cross. He (Jesus) committed all men's mothers to your care then, and our own dear mother at A. among them."

Quiet Time

"Go on not forgetting all that Jesus showed you before He made you a priest. And keep your quiet times alone with Jesus. Sometimes in church or in bush—even if it is only a little time.

"I don't know whether you could keep the Holy Hour once in the month on a Thursday night? If it is very difficult indeed, perhaps that would be costing you more, and so it would be of more worth to the sheep (difficult sheep) whom He has sent you to feed. For Jesus it was so difficult that His sweat was as it were great drops of blood."

Laying Foundations

"Laying foundations is always heavy work, and it doesn't show much, but that is what you are doing now, and the church won't stand long without foundations. You could have built it quicker (the church in men's hearts, I mean), but then you wouldn't have built it well. 'Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid'—Jesus."

The Growing Heart

"Yes, your heart is small, but it is growing. A seed is small, but if you throw it into the ground it grows into something very much larger. You have thrown your small heart into the ground of your parish, and already I can see that it is growing a little. Don't fear, dear. Your body didn't grow big all at once. It was very small once, but it is grown large since you left school. Your heart grows, too. Feed it on Him who gives you Himself all day and every day in so many ways."

Confession

"If your fairly regular Communicants make their Confessions four times a year, that is quite all right. Many will never come much more often than that. Some, as they get nearer to love Jesus, will come more often. (Encourage them to come at any time if they fall into mortal sin—as a man who has fallen over into the mud takes a bath at once without waiting till his usual bathing-time! They might die while you

were away at an outstation, and then they would be wishing they had been to Confession when they had opportunity.) I am glad they come sometimes at night. Once at Kumasi a student came to my bedroom window and woke me to hear his confession, and it brought me great joy. I shall never forget it that our Lord woke me from sleep to give the comfort of His forgiveness to a soul that needed Him."

Other Missions

"And please help other Missions, like you did Zion, whenever you can. Only you mustn't preach in their chapels, I think, unless you first obtain the Bishop's permission. And don't ever pretend that differences don't exist. Myself I think that if we all became white-hot with love of Jesus our differences would in some way disappear, as you can join two separate pieces of iron together in a very hot flame."

Desire for Change of Station

"I think you must not leave your parish at present, but I will pray and think about it, and I will write again about it. I know how hard it is to carry your cross along a way of sorrows: I think that through the grave and gate of death you will pass to your joyful resurrection. They thought John Vianney was mad when he first went as Curé of Ars. Only our dear Lord knows the courage you have needed to stay where you are. Stay a little longer, unless at any time He shows you clearly that *He* needs you to move.

"Oh, God give you a flame of love in your heart that shall burn up everything else."

Some Bernardgraphs

"May the Holy Child who came on that wonderful night at Bethlehem fill your heart and mine with His glorious light, so that it shines out through us to the men and women He came to save."

"At the midnight Mass I shall stand with you at your altar and you will stand with me at mine, and D. will hold our hands up with her prayers."

"Do pray for me, my father, that I may not be a castaway in the end. So we will pray, and perhaps sometimes suffer, for each other, so that Jesus may have our hard hearts one day to become soft under His love as He would have them be, and He still rides on stupid and sinful asses like the two of us into the Jerusalem of people's hearts, so that we know He still loves us, despite what asses we are. And one day, if only we will try hard to serve Him, His love will make us altogether His.

'In every thought and deed and word
To be for ever His.'

God give you all the choicest blessings He has in store for His loved ones and all the sufferings He trusts His loved ones to share with Him."

"May the light of Jesus lift you up and completely enfold you."

"If some day I come, I beg you do not let me forget that I come as slave to our Lord's African children."

"Myself, I wish you were in a place where you could work more happily, but then our Lord may wish you to suffer with Him. He wasn't very successful in His earthly ministry, you will remember. So apparent failure doesn't *prove* that you are in the wrong.

"Anyway, nobody can take Jesus from you, and you can give Him to countless people, and He will never grow less in you or leave you."

X

The Death of Dom Bernard

THE news of the sudden death of Dom Bernard Clements came to us in Africa as "thunder from the blue." Our Bishop expresses our feelings better than I can put it: "Fr. Bernard's death is a great shock; he was always so full of life and of the joy of living that it seems almost impossible to realise that he has gone."

No student will ever forget these words of his which he told us when his mother died while he was yet with us in Africa. "She is now nearer to me and to you all than ever before." This faith did not prevent him from shedding tears, and it has not prevented us from doing so over his death.

Very curiously we in the separate districts and parishes in the diocese have felt his presence nearer than ever before. In fact, spiritually and mentally he was not far away from his children in Africa. He would write such words as these: "I know you weren't able to come, beloved ones, but here are your tickets, and I crept into church just a little while before the great business started last night, and set up three candles to our Lady—one for 'Papa,' one for 'Sister,' and one for Bernard."

In Africa there can be no fitter memorial, no memorial that he himself would like better, writes a European friend, "than that his work through you and your fellow Africans should continue." This is very true. It is equally true that he desires that his friends continue to support the work he loved so much.

I will conclude my not very complete pen-picture of the life and death of Bernard our rector, father, friend, brother and slave, with these words of the great patron saint of the college: "God forbid that in a higher state of existence (he) should cease to think of me, to long to comfort me, (he) who loved me more than words can tell." (I have substituted "he" for "she." St. Augustine wrote these words of his mother St.

Monica after her death.) To this I would add Bernard's own words: "I love you all more than ever, and not even death can separate us now, because we have learned to be together though our bodies are far apart. Oh, my dear, God keep you and me and 'Sister' for many happy years in this new chapter of our love and friendship."

This is indeed the third chapter. The fourth one will be to us as it is with his sons and friends whom he has now met in the next world, when, "close to de great white throne, we shall strike glad hands."

For the meanwhile, these words of his, written in a book given to a son in 1928, are most important to us in the church militant. He wrote in the book: "To my dear friend and fellow servant, G., so that when he studies the sacred Scriptures he may sometimes remember the giver—and especially afterwards, when he stands at the altar as a priest, and I have gone to my account."

XI

Epilogue

BERNARD CLEMENTS, formerly known as William Dudley Clements, was born on 8th May, 1880. I will quote from a letter from his sister to us after Bernard's death.

"I thought you would like a letter from me, as you will, of course, have heard of the death of dear Will—my brother, and yours, too. It is ten years, I think, since he was recalled from Africa, but as everyone knows, his heart he left with you all. Those five years he spent in Kumasi were, I believe, the happiest years of his life. He has worked hard since he came back, both at All Saints Church and broadcasting, and he has had his happy times, but this last year of war had made him very tired.

"He had been waiting rather too long for this holiday. He had a fortnight with his friend Father Foster in Cornwall, and then was taken suddenly ill. They operated for appendicitis, but he died two days later, on Sunday, 13th September, at about 9.30 p.m.

"I travelled down to him on the Saturday, and so was with him all that Sunday. I am sure you will be glad for him that he did not have a long illness. There was a beautiful Requiem Service for him at All Saints on Thursday, 17th, with his body present, and the funeral at Nashdom the next day. That was very lovely, too. First in the chapel, and then in procession, all with candles alight, through the garden under big trees, to the little cemetery. I had been there once before, because Will had taken me and said, 'This is where they'll put me some day.'

"I don't know whether you have heard much from him of late years, but if not, it is because of lack of time. There was always so much writing to be done, so many letters to be answered; so many people wanting to see him, and he would never refuse or hurry anyone.

"But, George, I think you know what a special place you had in his heart. You were a son as well as a brother to him."

For Bernard I have found it difficult to pray, "May he rest in peace" because I know that he will burn with the desire to continue to work for the Master he loved "past all," and to care for his African children he loved so dearly.

Fill every part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be and weak.

