

BIHÉ AND GARENGANZE.

By
F.S. Amot.

A
Record
of
four
years'
work and
journeying
in
Africa.



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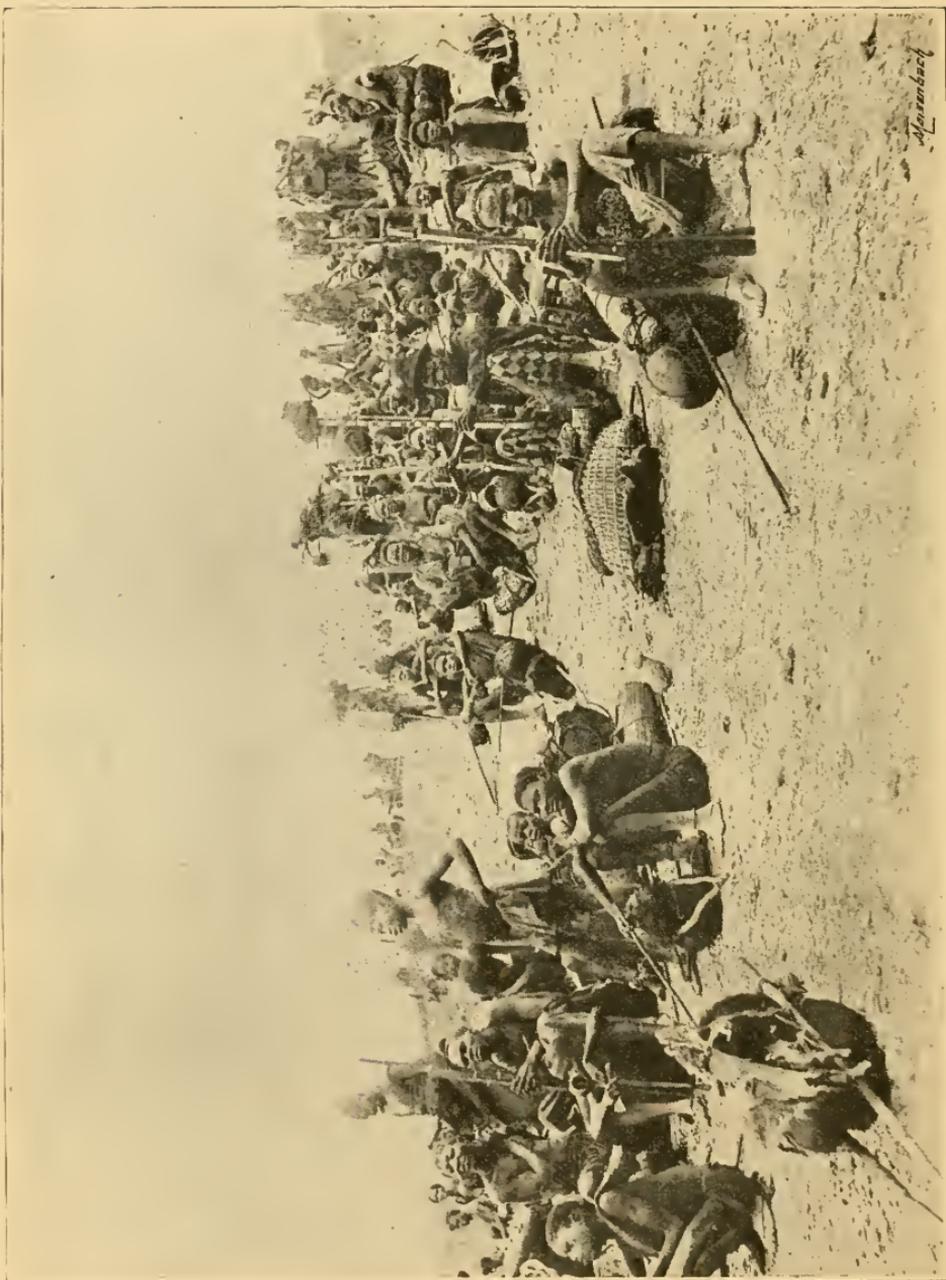
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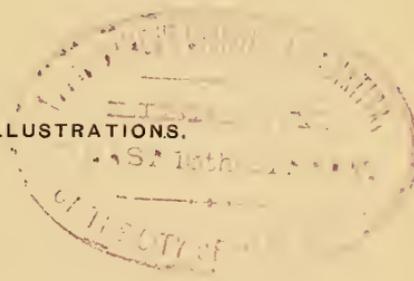
IN

CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY

✓
FRED. S. ARNOT.

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



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PREFACE.

THOSE who are acquainted with Mr. Arnot's previous volume entitled *Garenganze* will remember that the very extensive kingdom bearing that name, founded by the late king Msidi, was peculiarly one of mushroom growth, and its future was therefore a matter of concern, especially to those who watched the patient effort made by Mr. Arnot and his companions to take the gospel there. Since the publication of that volume, in 1889, there has been a growing interest in the Lord's work in that portion of Central Africa, and many will be glad to know how things have progressed there, and in other places lying on the route to Garenganze, the capital of which is about half way across the continent, and some ten degrees south of the equator.

Many letters containing information from this part of the Dark Continent have been published in a small periodical called *Echoes of Service*, but these have come so irregularly, and often at such long intervals, as to make it difficult to gather from them a connected idea of the work. With the object of furnishing this, Mr. Arnot, who is again in England for health's sake, has sought to put together some of the interesting letters and diaries of his fellow-labourers, adding also his own observations. He has refrained from saying much about his share in the work, but this has been valuable in many ways, and not least from his care to preserve the simplicity with which his service was begun.

At present this field, from Benguella to the centre, is unoccupied by others, except at Bailundu and Bihé, where American missionaries were at work before Mr. Arnot went there. It was with no desire to enter upon their labours that a station was established in the Bihé district; but the very serious transport

difficulties made it necessary to form a base there, so as to bring up goods from the coast and forward them to the interior when opportunity offered. At Kwanjulula an unoccupied sphere was found with free scope for the gospel. The line of country between Bihé and Garenganze, however, is that which Mr. Arnot and his fellow-labourers especially have in view, and of which these pages chiefly tell.

Our little part in the preparation of this volume has been to supply African letters from amongst the large number we receive from many parts of the world, and to give some help in editing, so as to relieve Mr. Arnot, as anything more than light work is likely to frustrate the object for which he is now in England. He expects to set out very shortly for Canada and the United States with Mr. Faulknor, whose marvellous recovery, after three years of very sore suffering in Garenganze, is a cause for much thankfulness.

We need scarcely add that Mr. Arnot's heart is still in Africa, and as soon as his medical advisers consent to his return he hopes to take up again the work to which he has devoted his life. It was through reading Dr. Livingstone's account that he was first led to Africa, and the tidings he and his companions have been able to furnish have induced a good many others to set out in small parties on the same errand of love. Though three have fallen on the field the deaths have been fewer in comparison than in many other parts of Africa, and on the whole the plateau on which the three widely-separated stations—Bihé, Nana Kandundu, and Garenganze—are situated may be considered healthy. As we hear of tribe after tribe who are yet without the gospel, we hope that the Christian reader will bear in mind the Lord's command, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that HE will send forth labourers into His harvest."

J. L. MACLEAN, M.D., *Bath.*

W. H. BENNET, *Yeovil.*

March, 1893.

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MAPS.

(In connection with the Narratives attention is specially directed to these.)

I. PART OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

THIS has been prepared in order to show the position of various tribes, the chief places on the route between Benguella and Garenganze, and also Mr. Swan's journey from Bunkeya, *viâ* Lusambo, to the mouth of the Congo.

II. PART OF THE TERRITORY OF THE KATANGA COMPANY.

When this volume was nearly ready this excellent map appeared in the *Geographical Journal* for March, 1893, and we thankfully reproduce it, by kind permission of the Royal Geographical Society. Though the cartographer, Mr. Ravenstein, says it must merely be accepted provisionally, to show the progress of recent explorations, it gives a better idea of Garenganze and the surrounding country than we have hitherto been able to form. At a glance, the abundance of lakes and rivers is evident, though countless small rivers could not be shewn. The comparative heights of different parts of this region also at once strike the eye, the uncoloured part denoting a level below 3000 feet, and the three shades of brown indicating higher levels—up to 4500 feet, 6000 feet, and the still more elevated mountain tops.

The routes of many travellers show how much interest has been bestowed, especially of late, on this part of Central Africa. The earlier explorers were Livingstone, Commander Cameron, Herr Reichard, Messrs. Capello and Ivens (Portuguese), and Lieutenant Giraud (French). The journeys of some more recent explorers will, however, be especially referred to.

Within the Congo Free State, which occupies much of the centre of Africa, several large commercial companies are at work. To one of these—the *Katanga Company*, consisting chiefly of Belgian and British shareholders—the King of the Belgians, who also rules over the Congo State, gave, in 1891, a vast concession, estimated at 250,000 square miles, the sphere of which is shown in the small map in the corner of Mr. Ravenstein's larger one. To take possession and develop the resources of this country—which includes the kingdom of the late chief Msidi—four expeditions were formed, with instructions to traverse the country and meet at Msidi's capital, Bunkeya. A little to the south of this lies Katanga, the copper mines of which have been celebrated for ages. Three of these expeditions proceeded from the north, and one from the east, and their routes will be found on the map. Accounts of the journeys of these caravans would doubtless form large and interesting volumes, but as yet only slight outlines have been published in *Le Mouvement Géographique*.

From these, supplemented by other available information, Mr. Ravenstein has compiled the map which appears at the end of this volume, adding a very brief narrative, of which we avail ourselves.

Of the three expeditions from the north, two started from Lusambo. One of these, under M. Le Marinel (which was, strictly speaking, a State expedition), followed at first the course of the river Lubi. Captain Bia, starting from the same point, followed the Lubilash. M. Delcommune, leaving Gongga Lutete on the Lomami, took a line much further to the east. The three routes from the north were thus widely separated. The fourth expedition, under Captain Stairs, started from Zanzibar, and crossing Lake Tanganyika pursued a south-west course. That which would most interest us is the condition of the people mentioned by the different travellers, but as yet little can be gathered concerning them.

1. M. Le Marinel left his station, Lusambo, December 23rd, 1890, with a well-armed State force, and followed the Lubi river for 100 miles, passing through a densely-populated country hitherto unreached by the slave-raiding Arabs, and abundantly supplied with the produce of the ground and live stock. At Chikunga he left the Lubi and entered Kanioka, the country which lies between it and the Lubilash. The Balunga who inhabit this part also live in comparative comfort. The Kalendwe live on the east side of the Lubilash, a numerous tribe, distinguished by their well-kept roads. South of them are the Babondo, who occupy stockaded villages, and are at constant war with each other. The Samba country, of which we have often heard, is still further south, and contains several small lakes, with much game. Beyond the Lubudi and Lualaba rivers, the Bena Kalamba were found, inhabiting stockaded villages, and in time of danger they retire to caverns in the Kanke mountains, which attain a height of 5400 feet. Having reached Bunkeya, April 18th, 1891, in a little less than four months, M. Le Marinel established his companion, Lieut. Legat, in a fort on the Lufoi river, and took his return journey, of which particulars will be found in Mr. Swan's Diary. (See Chap. x.)

2. M. Delcommune started from Gongga Lutete on the Lomami. He mentions the Luba "Street Villages," one of which had a length of five miles. From Kilemba Museya's he made a detour to the Samba country, after his return proceeding to Lake Kasali, and in skirting it passed through Kikonja, where one of his officers, Lieut. Hakansson, and twelve of his men were killed by the Ba-luba. Pursuing his way to the east of the Lufira M. Delcommune reached Bunkeya October 6th, 1891, having been nearly five months on the journey. In November he proceeded to survey the country to the south of Bunkeya, Katanga proper, where the copper mines are situated. Thence he went on to Ntenke's, to which place Messrs. Thompson and Crawford were about to proceed when we last heard from them. M. Delcommune then crossed over to the Lualaba, at a place called Musima, where he built boats with the thought of descending the river; but at the Nzilo falls, where the river pours down a narrow gorge 1000 feet deep, he was obliged, as mentioned by Mr. Crawford, to give up the attempt to follow the river, and again returned to Bunkeya, June 8th, 1892. He then proceeded northwards and reached Lake Tanganyika, from which he descended the river Lukuga, thus proving that it joined the Lualaba at Lake Lanji. Accounts have just been received of his having reached Stanley Pool in safety.

3. Captain Stairs started from Bagamoyo July 4th, 1891, with his large caravan of Zanzibaris, for Lake Tanganyika, and having crossed it he left Mrumbi October 31st, journeying by Cifuntwe's (the old chief, whose death Mr. Crawford mentions) to Bunkeya, where he arrived December 14th. The narrative of his brief stay at the capital, and of Msidi's being shot by Captain Bodson, who was himself immediately killed, will be found in these pages. The coming of Captain Bia's party enabled Captain Stairs to leave February 8th with his much-reduced caravan. Though he had safely passed through the trying vicissitudes of Stanley's last expedition, fever now seized upon him, and, as already known, he only lived to reach the mouth of the Zambesi.

4. Captain Bia started from Lusambo after Mr. Swan had reached that place. His course was an intermediate one between those of M. Le Marinel and M. Delcommune. In the first part of his journey the country was found to be laid waste by Arab slave hunters; but further south the Ba-luba occupied large unstockaded villages, and cultivated the ground. At Moïna Mpafu's Captain Bia established a "garrison" of three men, and all the villages to the south were found defended by stockades against the Arabs and neighbours. A pastoral plateau 4000 feet high, abounding in wooded ravines and stockaded villages, separates the Luembe from the Lomami. The country then becomes low and swampy, and further east is said to be a wooded savannah, the villages being stockaded and hidden among trees. The natives use bows, poisoned arrows, and javelins. Lake Kabele adjoins the Lualaba below Lake Upemba, not far above the hot springs, which Captain Bia visited. Thence he reached Bunkeya, much by the same route that M. Le Marinel and Mr. Swan took, crossing the lofty hills where bamboo forests abound. Recent tidings mention the death of Captain Bia on the way to Chitambo's, south of Lake Bangweolo, but Lieut. Franqui, one of his officers, proceeded there, having with him the memorial plate recording the death of Livingstone, which Mr. Arnot had taken as far as Nana Kandundu, and then handed to Mr. Thompson.

The information gained by these various expeditions has not been without serious loss of life, not only to the Europeans who accompanied them, but also to very many of the natives, who succumbed in large numbers, owing to want of sufficient food, disease, and hardships.

Space only allows us to add a few general remarks, connected more especially with the question of transport. All hopes of communication with Garenganze by means of the Congo have to be given up, navigation on the large rivers—Lubilash, Lufira, Lualaba, and Luapula—being impeded by shallows, rapids, or cataracts. Communication from the West Coast is, as we know, very tedious. To the east of Bunkeya the Kundelungu range presents a serious obstacle, and the only other available routes appear to be to the south of Lake Bangweolo by the Zambesi or Lake Nyassa, but even these would not be without difficulties. Strenuous efforts are being made, we understand, to establish communication in this direction. Meanwhile, to reach the country is still an exceedingly toilsome process.

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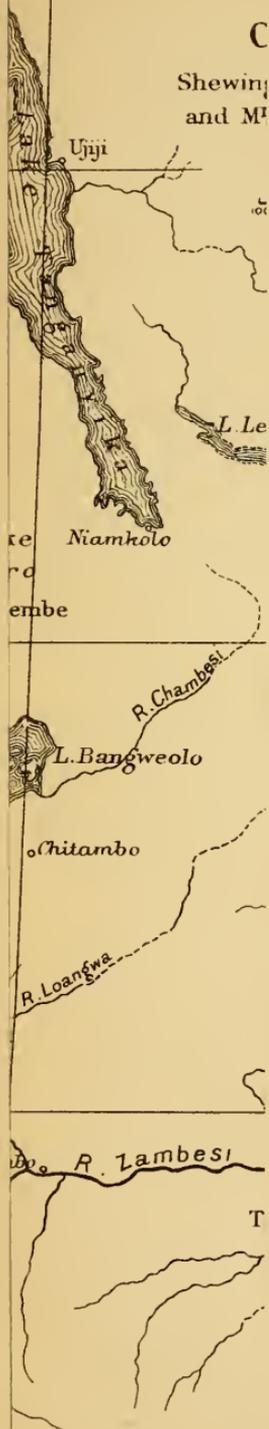
L. Bangweolo

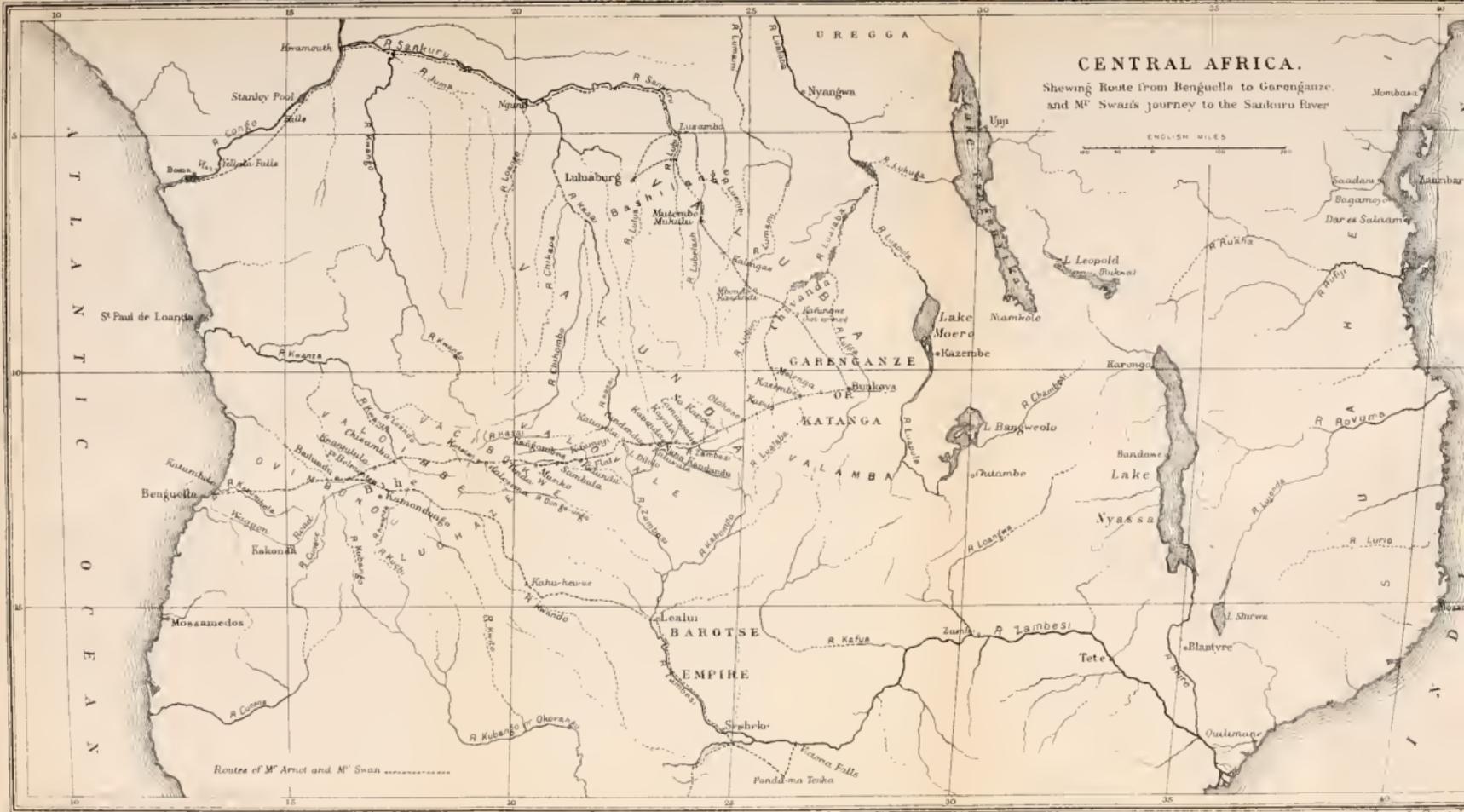
Chitambo

R. Loangwa

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CENTRAL AFRICA.

Showing Route from Benguela to Garengeze, and Mr Swazi's journey to the Saldou River

ENGLISH MILES
0 20 40 60 80 100

ATLANTIC OCEAN

INDIAN OCEAN

Routes of Mr Arnot and Mr Swan -----

BIHÉ AND GARENGANZE;

OR,

FOUR YEARS' FURTHER WORK IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

Response to the Call from Africa.

THE central region of the African continent, so long regarded as hopelessly savage, inaccessible, and pestiferous, has in recent years become the object of lively interest to many; and the scripture, "He will destroy . . . the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations," is being in measure fulfilled. Since Dr. Livingstone's first great journey in 1854 scarcely a year has passed without bringing to light some new part of the interior of this vast continent, and it has been abundantly made manifest that the Church of God in Great Britain and America has had the spiritual destitution of Africa laid heavily upon its conscience by the Holy Ghost.

It is not now "a man of Macedonia" calling an apostle to "come over" from Asia to the help of the benighted continent of Europe, but it is the mute appeal of a man of Africa on behalf of his dark and long-neglected country that has weighed as a burden on the spirit of many of God's faithful ones. Some of these, "assuredly gathering" God's mind, not from "vision," but from reported facts concerning the misery and sore need, have left their home, with its happy ministries and fellowship, and have gone forth in obedience to the call of the Spirit of God; while

others, equally persuaded of their responsibility, have sought to sustain them in their service. That the faith of those who have thus helped as well as of those who have gone forth has been and is tried, often to severest tension and from causes strange and unprecedented, only demonstrates that God's thoughts and ways are as unfathomable as our faith is shallow.

FAREWELL MEETING IN LONDON.

The little company who were commended to God at a farewell meeting held at Exeter Hall, London, on the 19th of March, 1889, and left England on the 22nd for service in Central Africa, experienced their full share of perplexity, anxiety, and sorrow ; but the survivors have also had much proof of God's watchful care and delivering mercy. Some of these varied experiences it is the object of the following pages to set forth, but it may be well first to recall the words of cheer and encouragement given to us by our brethren at the meeting on the eve of our departure.

Dr. Neatby reminded us that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself," and that Christ had "committed unto us the word of reconciliation." "It behoved Christ to *suffer*"—if He would unfold that heart of eternal love—"and to rise from the dead the third day ; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." This was the message we had to take to the poor savages of Africa.

The late Mr. Henry Groves added :

In Hebrews x. 36 we read, "For ye have need of *patience*, that after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promise." Let us begin with patience, and go on with it, and not expect to receive the promise until we have done the will of God. "He that shall come will come." Christ will not loiter on the way, and let us not look back. Looking back is the beginning of going back. The eleventh chapter tells us of faith as a substance, and the twelfth exhorts us to run with patience, "looking unto Jesus." It is blessed to notice the way in which *faith* is brought in between the hope of the Lord's coming and the present time of service. Faith also brings us nearer to one another in spirit as day by day passes and the coming of the Son of God draws nigh.

There is a peculiar interest in the fact that Africa is now absorbing

so much interest in the political, commercial, and religious world, because Africa is coming in last. It has to be included, that the blessed Lord Jesus may yet gather out of Africa those who shall be to the praise of the glory of His grace in the ages to come. Let us expect great things from God as we draw near the consummation of the ages, and let our faith be a reality. Our Lord said, "When the Son of man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?" and it is solemn to think there is nothing the Church lacks so much now as faith in God. People often say, "I believe in God; I believe in the Holy Ghost." I often ask myself the question, "*Do I believe in God?*"

God blows upon a great deal that is done, because it is done in the energy of the flesh and not in the power of God. If God were in our work, a very little would go a long way. The Church of God is left here as a witness to the reality of the presence and power of the living God, but there is nothing in which the Church has so much failed as in manifesting the presence of the living God in her midst. But, oh, for patient waiting for the Advent! May the Lord breathe patience into these impatient hearts of ours, whether as toilers in Africa, or in our daily work in this land, and may the hope of the Advent bring patience into all our labour.

Faith in God will accomplish mighty realities for us, if we lay hold on the omnipotence of God. God wants our faith to be a "substance." People say sometimes, "What are you going to depend upon?" "Upon the living God" ought to be the answer. If you have Him you have everything; if not, you have nothing. We need to learn that money is not almighty. What the Church has to learn is that God does not need money. He wants trust in the living God. You may be asked, "Who gives you your salary? Where is your pay to come from?" The answer again must be, "I get my pay from God; God sends the pay." When God sent Elijah, He sent him to the brook Cherith, and fed him by means of ravens. "But are you going to trust to ravens?" If God gives the ravens food for His servant they will bring every bit of it, because God sends them. Remember this, however, not to go to the brook Cherith unless God sends you.

When Elijah was about to offer his sacrifice on Mount Carmel he cried to God for fire from heaven, but what did he do first? He got four barrels of water, and the people at his bidding poured them over the sacrifice, not once, nor twice, but three times. Elijah knew what he was doing, and we need to have the fire of nature's enthusiasm extinguished in us, so that when all is gone, and not a spark is left, then the fire from heaven may come. A little discouragement of any one now may save him much trouble and sorrow afterwards. Yet,

let us take care what we do ; let us not quench the Spirit of God in any one. But we do need fire *from heaven*. It may be we want something to do. But God may wish us to sit down first, and do nothing. It took forty years to teach Moses that he was nobody. When *we* learn that, God can use us. God wants a nobody to do His work. The reason why many of us are set aside is because we want to be somebody.

Some years ago I saw a picture in a friend's house, having an ox with an altar on one side and a plough on the other, and these words underneath, "Ready for either." Are you ready for either? If you are not ready for the altar as well as for the plough, do not go with the gospel to Africa, or any other land. The three Hebrews were prepared to go into the furnace. They knew God *could* deliver them ; but if He did not, they were still prepared to take the consequences. But we have a higher example—"looking unto Jesus . . . who *endured the cross*." He is our perfect pattern. The blessed Jesus never looked at the cost. He never told Peter how much it would cost his Lord to redeem him ; and whenever we begin to bargain as to the cost, we have got upon the lines of Judas Iscariot. Christ looked to the joy that was set before Him, and He is now seated at the right hand of God. Those who are about to go forth for Christ will meet with disappointments and discouragements, and the devil will seek in every way to hinder them, but let them trust in the living God and He will never fail them nor forsake them.

CHAPTER II.

Voyage to Benguella and scarcity of Carriers.

(MARCH TO AUGUST, 1889.)

THE difficulty previously experienced by missionaries on arriving at Benguella in procuring means of transport inland from the coast, made it advisable that the outgoing company should be divided into two parties. The first was composed of the following :

- Mr. Daniel Crawford, formerly lawyer's clerk, from Greenock ;
- Mr. George Fisher, for many years assistant to a medical practitioner at Swansea ;
- Mr. Frederick Lane, previously employed in the office at Scotland Yard ;
- Mr. Archibald Munnoch, formerly a miner, from Falkirkshire, who was commended as one suited to be a helper of others in transport and other service ;
- My wife and myself.

Each servant of Christ, in a very real sense, went forth on his own responsibility to his Master, though not independently of fellow-Christians with whom he had been associated at home, and who gave their fellowship and counsel. As workers we were bound together in serving one common Master ; not because this was in *our* judgment the wisest way or the happiest way ; but simply because it was the only scriptural way which we could discover ; and I believe *that* must ever be the happiest and surest path, although I acknowledge that all its joy and safety hangs upon the very fine point of individual spirituality and subjection to the will of Christ.

Mr. Lane wrote thus *en route* to Benguella :

We had a fair passage to Lisbon, which we reached on the 30th March, and where we were well cared for at a moderate cost at the

Hotel Durand. During the time we were there we distributed many copies of the tract, *Safety, Certainty, and Enjoyment*, printed in Portuguese. We left Lisbon April 6th, and for two days had very rough weather and much sea sickness. But by the time we reached Madeira, on the evening of the 8th, the sea had considerably calmed down. There we were met by Mr. Smart, who has charge of the Sailors' Rest. Our arrival having been announced to two or three Christians in the neighbourhood, they came together and warmly commended us to God. One of them gave us the following scriptures, "All things are delivered unto Me of My Father"; "All power is given unto Me," etc. Our next port was St. Vincent. There we were entertained by a brother named Everleigh, who is toiling on almost alone, having many difficulties to contend with. The next day we arrived at Santiago (another of the Cape Verd Islands), quite an inviting little spot, which I would bring under the prayerful notice of Christians. There are about 3000 inhabitants, mostly coloured. We are now approaching the island of Principe, eight or nine days from the last stopping-place, so we have had more time for letter writing, etc. The time slips away very quickly, being fully occupied with Bible study, Portuguese lessons, and various other things. I wish much that I could speak Portuguese, as such good opportunities present themselves for conversation. However, as we are unable to do this, I do trust that our actions may speak, that Christ may be seen in us, and that He may be glorified in us. To live thus incurs reproach now, but we think of the joy of *that day*. His "Well done!" will far more than repay us for all sufferings down here. The joyous prospect of that day makes it comparatively easy to leave home with all its loving surroundings, and increases one's desire to reach the land in which I believe the Lord has called me to labour. I pray that God may give me a tender and sympathetic heart towards the poor Africans, that in all love I may bear the tidings of salvation to them. How precious is that promise, "My God shall supply *all* your need *according to His riches* in glory by Christ Jesus."

"Is the wilderness before thee,
 " Desert lands where drought abides?
 Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
 Fresh from God's exhaustless tides."

Mr. D. Crawford's brief account was :

You cannot know how happy we all are together. Our day has two divisions, namely, Bible reading and language studying. Last Lord's-day about 50 in the fore-castle gathered round us to hear Mr. Arnot speak, and listened very quietly and with a seeming appreciation. As we plough onward day by day to that place whither He has called

us, we can only plead for His equipment and the manifestation of that victorious Presence in our work. We would in the fear of God tread the path of simplicity and integrity, and to this end please pray for us.

DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING CARRIERS.

At Loanda I received a letter from Mr. Sanders, of the American Mission at Benguella, saying that carriers were very scarce, and consequently they had for a long time been unable to supply their own stations at Bailundu and Bihé with necessary provisions.

We arrived safely at Benguella on May 9th. The following remarks, taken from a letter written by me at the time, describe the situation :

Mr. Sanders had gone inland three weeks previously in search of carriers for us as well as for their own transport, as the American missionaries have very many loads here awaiting carriers. Dr. Webster died of fever, at Benguella, five days before our arrival, and we found Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Webster alone, and in very poor health. Dick was waiting for us on the little iron jetty, and glad I was to see the dear lad, who had made his way to the coast from Garenganze to meet me. He had brought no carriers with him. A letter from Mr. Currie, Chisambo, said that no carriers were procurable ; he could not even get a man to take him over to their annual mission meeting. Mr. Fay, of Bihé, writes, "*No carriers,*" after doing his utmost for months. Every man able to leave home has gone to the rubber trade. Mr. Sanders, writing from Bailundu, says he has visited the chief, and has no prospect of any carriers from there for several months. Yesterday I went to Catumbella, where I met quite a number of old friends from up country, but saw there was little prospect of getting men ; indeed some of the wealthier native traders have had to store a lot of their stuff in Catumbella for lack of carriers.

Thus the way does seem not only difficult, but shut against us, and our only course will be to look about for some suitable pack animals—oxen, mules, or donkeys—to take our goods as far, at least, as Bihé. Oxen are difficult to train, and fret themselves in the narrow native paths. Donkeys can be had in Benguella, but not trained to carry. We propose to train a few, but they would not suffice ; so, after much consideration, we have decided to send to Teneriffe or Santiago for a supply of *mules*, say twelve, each of which would carry at least three men's loads. The difficulty in the meantime is very great. If prospects do not greatly improve I would advise any in the next party whose health might be endangered by a few months' stay at Benguella to go on to Mossamedes,

Fortunately the Eastern Telegraph Company had just finished laying a cable along the West Coast of Africa, and the first paid message from Benguella was one from me informing the second party of the state of matters. As things seemed to grow worse instead of better I sent two other telegraphic messages, in order to make sure that they should not set forth blindly on a path beset with so many obstacles. An order was also sent to the island of Santiago for twelve pack mules, in the hope that the second party might bring the animals with them to Benguella.

Mr. Sanders returned from Bailundu, having hastened down on account of Dr. Webster's death. He brought no carriers, and held out no prospect of any being found for us. So with the help of six men, a horse, a donkey, and the loan of Mr. Sanders' mule, Messrs. Lane and Munnoch, my wife and I, started for Bailundu, leaving Messrs. G. Fisher and Crawford at the coast to await the arrival of the second party.

Late in the evening we left Catumbella, a trading town which has a small white population of rather more than one hundred, and camped for the night among the barren limestone hills that gird the coast. Next day we reached the Shupwa Pass about midday. Mr. Lane seemed to be exhausted with the journey, and ere night he was down with an attack of fever and dysentery. I sent back to Catumbella for help at once. The following day we all rested, nursing Lane. Mr. Munnoch returned with him to Benguella, and my wife and I pushed on to Bailundu to do our utmost to procure carriers.

Travelling through the passes leading to Chisanje we had to walk most of the way. In clambering over huge boulders the horse fell once or twice and got badly cut, and the donkey was very obstinate. At last late one afternoon we struggled into our camping place, my wife having fainted twice from the heat and exertion. Next day we were able to ride most of the way.

The few men we had were only engaged to go as far as the Chivula country, which we safely reached on the 6th of July, after eleven days' journey from the coast. Here we remained for a few days, while I sent my lad Dick on to King Ekwikwi's war camp to ask him for carriers to take us to Bailundu. He sent nineteen, so my wife was able to enjoy the luxury of riding in

a *tipoa*, which is the Portuguese name for a canvas hammock hung upon a long palm pole, and carried on the shoulders of two men.

Three days' travelling brought us to Ekwikwi's camp, where the king welcomed us, providing a large grass hut for our accommodation. It was with very great difficulty I got permission to go on to Bailundu to collect carriers in his villages, as he said all his people were preparing to join him in his "war"; but he allowed me to collect men, if I could, in the Chivanda country and along the west bank of the Keve river.

My wife had fever for a few days in this camp, and I was thankful when I was able to procure a further relay of men to take her on to the American Mission station in Bailundu.

From August the 4th I was alone in the Chivanda country, where for several weeks I toiled about from village to village on my poor horse, sometimes covering 60 miles a day, collecting or *trying* to collect carriers. One night would find me lying curled up by a fire in a corner of a native hut, with seven or eight long black fellows stretched out all around me, and the next night perhaps making the most of some deserted camp in the bush. At last, little by little, hope began to rise; but even when promises were given, second and third visits had to be made. Then came the final assurance, "Yes; let me see, to-day my wife has gone to the field barn for corn" (and down goes the little finger of the left hand, artfully kept in its place by the forefinger and thumb of the right); "to-morrow she will soak and hull it" (the second finger is pulled down); "on the third day she will pound it into meal; on the fourth day she will dry it and put it into a skin bag—why, on the fifth day I will be ready." "And what about your two brothers you promised to bring with you?" "Oh, they have gone to a spirit dance at our mother's village." This one *definite* promise, however, gives me something to work upon. I start off several paid agents to scour the country and call at all the villages visited by me with the final announcement: "After *four* days Monare will form a camp at the meeting of the *three paths* by the *two rivers* in the Ohumbe district of Chivanda." I post off for a good-bye visit to my wife in Bailundu, and am ready waiting at the appointed place on the fifth day.

The delay of a few more days was still required, with a little humouring of the first batch or two of men who had joined me. One day I bought them a goat, another day we went off and fired a stretch of reeds by the river, and shot some water-bucks as they escaped; and so I kept the men happy until all who were coming with us had joined the camp. Then came a talk over the recognised rules and bye-laws of "the road." A crier was appointed to call out each evening instructions as to the next day's march, and a start was made in regular order for the coast.



EKWIKWI,
KING OF BAILUNDU.

CHAPTER III.

Heavy Sorrows in connection with the Second Party.

(JUNE TO OCTOBER, 1889.)

I MUST now turn to the movements of the second party, made up of the following :

Dr. Walter Fisher, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., London ;

Mr. R. B. Gall, from Highgate, an experienced gardener ;

Mr. Thos. Morris, of Walthamstow, London, and his wife ; besides attending to his duties as a city merchant, Mr. Morris had carried on for some years a successful gospel work in Walthamstow, where many can still testify to the fact that the Lord was pleased to use him to their conversion ;

Mr. R. J. Johnston, commended from the north of Ireland, where he had been labouring as an evangelist, and was beloved by many ;

Mr. H. B. Thompson, also from the north of Ireland, where he had been sub-editor of a newspaper.

Miss Gilchrist, of Hamilton, and Miss Davies, of Bristol, completed the party.

They left London June 22nd, 1889, and their progress is described in the following extracts from Mr. R. J. Johnston's journal :

June 26th, 1889. Near Lisbon.—We got on board the *Gibraltar* about seven on Saturday morning, and left the docks about eight. There was a good number of Christians at the place to see our ship steam out. Amidst many sobs they were able to sing the first verse of "God be with you till we meet again," but could get no further. There they stood until we were out of sight, waving hats and handkerchiefs. When we got away we turned our attention to what we

could see down the Thames, but our hearts were with the friends we had left behind. Dear Mr. Morris, who had left his four young children behind him, said to me, "I thought my heart would have gone in two when I was parting with the children, but it's for His sake and the gospel's." The day was splendid, and we enjoyed it, passing the cliffs of Dover with their chalk rocks; and the beautiful spray from every wave was something grand.

We went to bed about ten o'clock, after singing a few hymns together on deck; but in the morning, when I awoke after a good night's sleep, the ship was rocking like a cork on the waves, and I found the mighty roll of the Atlantic was not like the smooth waters of the Thames.

Every morning we have a Bible-reading on deck, and are reading in Joshua and Mark. We were noticing how many men of God in the Scriptures are said to have *wept*, and you know the verse which says, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." God keeps a bottle for the tears. How very few of mine go into it!

I was reading this morning Psalm lvii. The Psalmist cried unto God, who, he said, performed all things for him. Oh, to let Him perform all things for us! He would be sure to do the right. All our party are pretty well to-day, although the sea is very heavy, and we are getting a tremendous rolling, but it's grand, now that our sickness is over. We are persuaded that the living God holds the water—all the sea—in the hollow of His hand. What a powerful hand that must be! We are sure to be in it now, as we are on the water, which is in His hand. We hope to land in Lisbon to-morrow morning, and will be there for more than a week; but this time won't be lost, as we shall be able to study the Portuguese language.

July 11th. Near St. Vincent.—After nine days' stay at Lisbon we sailed off on Saturday, 6th July, on board the *Ambaca*, a fine new steamer on her first voyage.

July 27th.—Yesterday evening we sighted the coast of Africa, and anchored off Kabinda about 4 p.m. . . . I cannot describe the feeling I had when first I saw the shore of the dark Continent. I was glad at first, as it was the place on my heart, and then when I thought of its multitudes of poor, dark, benighted souls, could not keep from weeping. I could not but feel sad at the thought of the multitude of souls that people this vast country without the knowledge of God or of His Son. And the thought came up in my mind, When will the people of God at home be stirred up to their responsibility, and acknowledge, as Paul did in Romans i. 14, "I am a debtor."

July 31st.—We reached Loanda about 8 p.m. It is the most important place on this part of the West Coast of Africa. At Loanda we first set foot on African soil.

DEATH OF MR. JOHNSTON.

At Loanda our dear brother seemed to have caught a chill. He complained that evening to the ship's doctor, who at once pronounced his case serious, and gave him every care and attention. He was carefully watched over by the members of the party, who sat with him by turn. In spite of all that could be done he gradually sank, and fell asleep in Jesus shortly after the *Ambaca* cast anchor at Benguella, on Wednesday, the 7th of August. His testimony during his illness was full of confidence in the Lord, even as it had previously been clear and decided to those around him on the vessel who could understand English. A coffin was ordered from the shore, and on Thursday the body was buried by his sorrowing companions in the cemetery at Benguella. He had been the first to catch sight of the African coast, and joyfully looked forward to service in the gospel in that land. But though his hope in this respect was not fulfilled, we may say—

“Think not in vain his life was given;
 No sacrifice for Christ is vain!
 A savour sweet it rose to heaven;
 His seeming loss—eternal gain!”

He is “with Christ,” and the mortal body will be raised at His coming, with many other servants of Christ whose lives have been given in that land for the gospel's sake.

The meeting at Benguella of the members of the first and second parties was thus a very solemn one; but there was much to be done to prepare for the inland journey, the quantity of baggage being considerable.

Through the uniting of the two parties the number at Benguella now awaiting my return from the interior with carriers was increased to eleven. They all succeeded in accommodating themselves in the small three-roomed house that we had been able to hire from the Portuguese two months before. Being old, it was in rather a tumble-down condition; in many places the tiles were broken, and some had fallen off. The dry season, too, was just over, and one or two showers of rain would soon have thrown all into confusion, as both health and goods would have suffered. On the whole, however, they had enjoyed fairly good health, and had spent many happy days in this little mud cottage, hard by the Roman Catholic chapel.

I reached Benguella safely about the 1st of September with 180 men. At first sight this seems to be a large supply of carriers, but if we consider the number of Europeans for whom everything needful for a stay in the interior had to be taken, it will be evident that the caravan was far too limited, especially as tipoia bearers had to be deducted. On the men's shoulders all needful supplies had to be borne, including bulky cloth currency, tents and bedding for cold nights on the hills, cooking utensils, supplies of food to take us over long stretches of barren country where no provisions could be bought, changes of clothing, tools for building houses or rather huts, medicine, &c., &c. Some of the party so cut down their loads that they only asked for three or four carriers, thus giving up part of their share to the ladies. The goods for Messrs. Swan and Faulknor, then alone in the Garenganze, claimed a first place in our arrangements, and though Mr. Crawford had gone inland with an American missionary caravan to Bailundu, where my wife also was, he had not taken any boxes or supplies with him. All at Benguella, however, were anxious to get away from the coast, as the unhealthy season was coming on, so with common consent a start was made.

The three sisters were to travel in tipoias, and the brethren were to walk and ride by turns, as they were able, but the riding animals we had at our disposal were somewhat disappointing. Of two riding oxen one seemed too unmanageable for some to mount, and the other, which was too weak to carry any one, soon died of some dire disease; my poor horse, reduced to a mere walking skeleton by having been ridden so much in the dry season, was of little service. Of the twelve pack mules which I ordered at the island of Santiago (near St. Vincent) only two were forthcoming. These were brought on by the second party, but one of them died on the voyage, and the surviving one was rather free in the use of her heels. Gradually she was broken in, and became of more use towards the end of the journey; but at first she caused more labour than rest, and succeeded at times in throwing her rider. I made the following notes by the way:

Near Chisanje, Sept. 9th, 1889.—All have got thus far, and on the whole in fair condition. Two of the brethren were rather knocked

up. Mr. and Mrs. Morris stand the travelling well, and the sisters quite eclipse us all in activity. The long stay of the first party at the coast was not favourable for them, and their ignorance of either Portuguese or Umbundu was a great hindrance. Although our carriers come from four different countries they have been most orderly and quiet. Amongst ourselves there is not the slightest jarring, which is an unspeakable mercy. There will be abundant room for many more helpers, and I would gladly welcome them, but it is a serious matter to counsel such. They ought to be men of *positive* qualities, who have learned to overcome difficulties at home ; and it would be well to prove their capability of acquiring languages by mastering Portuguese. Men are needed of whose fitness there is no question.

Bailundu, Sept. 22nd.—We crossed the Keve river and got into the Bailundu country yesterday, and when all were in camp, close by one of the villages occupied by the carriers, Dr. Fisher and I rode on to Chilume, where we found my dear wife in good health and spirits. We join the others on the 24th, when arrangements will be made for continuing our journey to Bihé.

DEATH OF MESSRS. MORRIS AND GALL.

On reaching the Utalama camp from Chilume Miss Davies and Miss Gilchrist were both down with slight attacks of fever, and our carriers, finding that we were not prepared to continue the journey on the day appointed, became demoralised. Indeed many of them refused to go to Bihé, and fresh men had to be obtained to take their places. At last, after three weeks' waiting, we were just on the point of completing arrangements for a start, when our dear brother Morris was suddenly taken ill. He had been along the banks of the Keve river the day before with Mr. Lane, hoping to get a goose or wild duck for supper, and, after wading through several lagoons, returned much exhausted from the heat of the sun, which had been intense. Upon the first symptoms of fever Dr. W. Fisher gave him the usual medicinal treatment, which seemed to check the disease, and he got up from his bed, and was preparing for the journey to Bihé. Just then the shed used as his kitchen took fire, and in a short time his tent was riddled with holes by the shower of sparks from the flames, and but for the efforts of all present the whole camp would have been destroyed. The excitement and exertion proved too much for Mr. Morris in his weak state, and he had a relapse,

and gradually grew weaker. On the day after the fire Mr. Gall, who had strained himself to the utmost to save the camp, complained of headache, and Dr. Walter Fisher had him carried into his own tent. For several days he was delirious, and then sank rapidly. Mr. G. Fisher came over from the American station at Chilume on the Thursday to help to nurse the sick. Two days later, Saturday, October 19th, after barely a fortnight's illness, Mr. Morris passed away, and Mr. Gall, after a still shorter illness, died a few hours later.

The American missionaries at Chilume kindly made two coffins, and early on Monday morning a procession was formed, and the remains of our two brethren were carried to their last resting-place on the shoulders of dark-skinned Africans, for whose sake they had left home and friends. We read together in the Umbundu from John xii. : "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone. . . . He that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. . . . If any man serve Me, let him follow Me, and where I am there shall also My servant be." Thus we sought to direct the minds of all in the large, solemn crowd of natives who stood around the open grave to the One who died, and was buried, and rose again.

RETURN OF MRS. MORRIS, MISS DAVIES, AND MR. G. FISHER.

Mrs. Morris, the broken-hearted widow, had ere this been taken to Chilume, where kind hearts sought to minister comfort in her sorrow. She decided to return to her four fatherless children in England, taking Miss Davies with her. Mr. G. Fisher also decided to accompany them home.

And now, with staggering, bewildered steps, we had to turn to the duties of the day and gather our scattered caravan. Messrs. Thompson and Lane, Miss Gilchrist and my wife, started with me for Bihé, while Messrs. Walter Fisher and A. Munnoch remained at Utalama waiting for carriers, in order to return with them to Benguella.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival at Bihé.—Difficulties with the King and with the Portuguese.

(OCTOBER, 1889, TO NOVEMBER, 1890.)

IN moving to the large district of Bihé, it became important to decide where it would be advisable for us to direct our steps, for it seemed a necessity to establish a depôt for the various articles required by those already labouring in the far interior, and by others who might follow. Hitherto I had made use of Senhor Porto's village at Belmonte, where I had a small house placed at my disposal, while Messrs. Swan and Faulknor had availed themselves of the recently established American mission station at Kamondongo. It was impossible, however, to think of imposing our large party upon our American brethren. This would have been yet more inconsiderate because we should have been under the necessity of collecting carriers from the same district, and thus should have added to their and our own difficulties in the matter of transport, seeing that carriers were very scarce. Similar considerations made it unadvisable for us to camp near to Senhor Porto's village, so I sent a message to him as Capitão Mor of the district under the Portuguese government, asking his consent to our going to Kwanjulula. In reply, Senhor Porto gave us permission, but added that he feared we might find the natives of that district suspicious and troublesome.

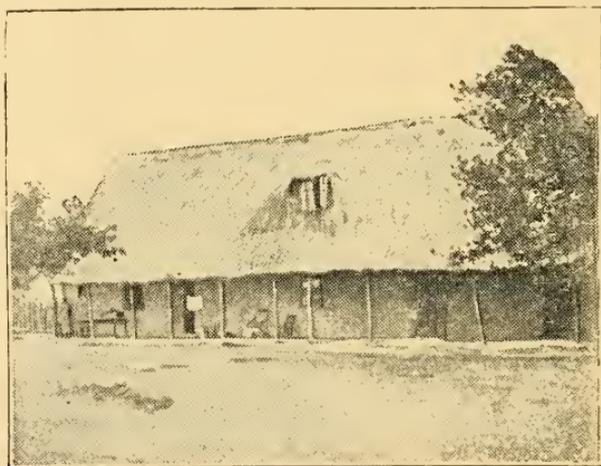
To Kwanjulula accordingly we directed our steps, and a few days' journey from Bailundu brought us there in safety. We pitched our camp on an old village site, marked by a lovely patch of greensward, and surrounded by a thick forest. A group of native villages lay in a semicircle to the south, and three miles to the east was the capital of the chief Chinguangua, of Utulumba, whose permission we found it was necessary to

obtain, as well as that of the chief of Bihé, before beginning to build. After some trying delays their consent was given.

Meanwhile, a Bihé "headman" with a company of porters had been sent down to Bailundu, to take Mrs. Morris and party to the coast, and a mulatto trader named Chifeka was sent on to the Garenganze to succour our two brethren, Swan and Faulkner, with as many loads as he was able to provide carriers for.

HOUSE BUILDING AT KWANJULULA.

All our energies were now devoted to house or hut building, and the men of a neighbouring village came over and built us a strong storehouse, without seeking any pay in return, by way of showing their good feeling towards us. The structures we put up in Africa can hardly be called houses, being really nothing more than improved native huts. The principle of construction



MR. ARNOT'S HOUSE AT KWANJULULA, BIHÉ.

is simplicity itself. A certain number of stout poles are cut in the forest, leaving a natural fork at the end, which is intended to support a horizontal pole, forming the roof-plate. The latter is well secured with wooden pins, and braced horizontally so as to agree exactly with the ground plan of the house. The proper spaces are then marked off for windows and doors, more upright poles are sunk into the ground and nailed to the plate, wattle sticks are tied on crosswise a few inches apart, both inside and out, and the whole is plastered with common clay mortar. As

the clay dries and cracks, a second and even a third coat of mud is required to render the wall smooth and solid.

During this period Messrs. Thompson and Lane suffered a good deal from fever. Mr. Crawford, who had gone on ahead of us to Bihé joined us at Kwanjulula, and our hope was that after Dr. W. Fisher's return we should be able to leave him with the ladies at Kwanjulula, and push on to the Garenganze to the relief of Messrs. Swan and Faulknor.

Towards the end of December, Dr. Fisher and Mr. Munnoch arrived from the coast with the long-looked-for mules, which had come at last, and which they had succeeded in lading chiefly with salt, one of the valuable commodities of Africa.

A NATIVE ARMY SENT TO DRIVE US BACK.

A dark cloud now arose on the political horizon of Bihé. The king, Chindunduma, declared himself suspicious of so many white people coming to his country, and blamed Senhor Porto for inviting the "Englese" to Bihé. He also sent a letter to Kwanjulula commanding us to withdraw forthwith. This it was impossible for us to do without throwing away all we had with us, and, what was more serious still, leaving Swan and Faulknor unprovided for in Garenganze, for the king would not allow us to go toward the interior in our flight. We spread the letter before the Lord, and committed ourselves to His protection and disposal. Next morning Senhor Porto arrived at our camp in a very excited state, saying that an "army" was coming to plunder us and drive us out of Bihé, and with undoubted kindness he had come over to do what he could to prevent bloodshed. In a short time the "army" came, consisting of a company of the king's "young men" in charge of three captains, two of whom I knew well—Kaindo and Ukuesela. The former, when in charge of a trading caravan from the interior, was attacked and plundered by a section of the Lovale tribe, and I found him detained as a prisoner in the village of the chief, who had robbed him of everything. I was able at that time to help him with a small gift of cloth, so that he obtained his release and returned to Bihé, professing himself under life-long obligations to me.

I told Senhor Porto that we had nothing to fear, and going forward I greeted Kaindo, who replied with a downcast look,

and after consulting his companions said, with all the authority he was able to command, "We have been sent by the king to enforce his letter ordering you all to leave Bihé at once." I replied, "The king has sent the wrong men. Had he intended doing us any harm he would have sent strangers, and not friends. The king has only sent you to talk over the matter with us. Kaindo," I added, "you are responsible for the conduct of the warriors you have brought with you. You had better order them to sit down together there (pointing to a corner in our yard), and I will have some food brought for them while we talk matters over." Kaindo did what he was told, and three goats were handed over to the "young men," while I prepared some food hastily for the three captains in a hut close by, and, with the Gospel of John in my hand, replied to the king's letter.

Those African braves—like a wild beast missing the prey in his first spring—had no longer any heart for plundering our camp, as their first intention clearly had been. Kaindo pleaded with his fellows against doing so, saying that he was sure the king had had his ears filled with lies against us. A compromise was at last come to. I gave them a handsome present of trade calico for the king, and presented each of the warrior band with four yards of check shirting. Then, with tents and such like improvised accommodation, we made them all comfortable for the night, and next morning they departed in good order without having robbed us of even the value of a pin.

As soon as the king's young men had taken their leave a number of smaller chiefs in our immediate neighbourhood took the opportunity of making a demonstration in our favour. No less than five appeared with their followers, armed to the teeth, dancing and shouting, and declaring that the king of Bihé had openly insulted them all by sending his warriors into their province, &c. Finally a big palaver was held, and two chiefs were appointed by the others to go to the capital to contradict the lies spoken against their white men.

The day after Kaindo had returned to the king a messenger came to our camp calling me to the capital. I, with my wife and Dr. Fisher, called on Senhor Porto, who kindly accompanied us to the king's town, where we were received with "white chalk," meaning acquittal, and not with "red chalk,"

which would have meant guilt. - After quite a formal palaver the king presented us with an ox for food as a token of good feeling, giving Messrs. Thompson, Lane, Crawford, and myself an open road to the Garenganze, and permission to collect carriers for the journey. This trouble seemed to be thus well got over, and we went on with our preparations for the journey to the interior when rumours of fresh political disturbances reached us.

DIFFICULTIES WITH THE PORTUGUESE.

About this time a Portuguese expedition under Captain Couceiro arrived in Bihé, bound for the Okovango river. The King of Bihé refused to give Captain Couceiro and the 150 soldiers who accompanied him permission to pass through his country, declaring that an understanding existed between him and the Portuguese Government to the effect that no black soldiers were ever to be quartered in Bihé, and that he only welcomed white strangers to his country. Senhor Porto did his utmost to allay his fears, but without avail; and seeing nothing but trouble before himself and his countrymen he settled up his affairs, spread thirteen kegs of gunpowder on the floor of his house, and, opening one keg and lying at full length on the other twelve, he struck a match and deliberately ignited the powder. The explosion threw him a great height into the air, through the roof of his house. Dr. Walter Fisher was at once sent for, but the poor old man died after twenty-four hours. By this time Chindunduma was collecting his forces and threatening the Portuguese encampment. Captain Couceiro withdrew, his camp was ransacked by Chindunduma, and the Portuguese settlements of Belmonte and Boavista were plundered and destroyed.

A SUMMONS TO BENGUELLA.

It can be easily understood that the Portuguese became suspicious of us, seeing we were "English missionaries," and had been allowed to remain safely in Bihé while their own subjects had been driven from the country. When we remember that at this particular time they were in open conflict with the British South Africa Company touching their East African territory, we must be thankful for the thoroughness with which they ultimately enquired into the matter, and for the justice shown to us. I received an official letter from the Captain General of Bihé and

Bailundu, advising us to withdraw from Bihé, and after a little while a second letter came, more strongly worded, saying that if we remained in Bihé we did so at our own peril. Later still a third official letter was sent, in which this Captain General clearly stated that the Portuguese officials at the coast were in possession of evidence sufficient to convict me of being in league with Chindunduma, the rebel chief of Bihé.

By this time Messrs. Thomson, Lane, and Crawford had gone into camp at Kalusia, and several *sekulos*, or headmen, were out collecting carriers to accompany them to Garenganze. We felt the parting with our three brethren much, yet longed to see them finally off to the relief of Messrs. Swan and Faulknor, and were thankful that they had learned sufficient of the Umbundu language to enable them to collect and manage the carriers *en route*.

Dr. Walter Fisher remained in charge of our mud and wattle compound at Kwanjulula while I returned in company with Mr. Munnoch to Benguella. At Bailundu I was told by the American missionaries that a warrant was out for my arrest. It was so ordered that the very day I reached Benguella the Governor-General of Angola arrived there from Loanda to talk over Bihé matters with the Governor of Benguella, and both gladly listened to my story, and acquitted me of all the charges brought against me. I was asked to protect the children of Senhor Porto and other Portuguese subjects still in Bihé, and was informed that a well-armed force had left Mossamedes to chastise the king of Bihé, and that the officer in charge—Captain Paiva—was commissioned to make full enquiries into the cause of the revolt.

I got back to Bihé as quickly as possible, leaving Mr. Munnoch in Bailundu, and found all well, though anxious for my return, as they had been disturbed during my absence with rumours of war and of the coming of the force under Captain Paiva.

In the midst of all this outward confusion and anxiety we had the joy of baptising a young woman, whose heart we had reason to believe the Lord had changed, and also of receiving cheering reports from our three brethren on their inland journey.

ARRIVAL OF THE PORTUGUESE AND BOER FORCE AT BIHÉ.

The 4th of November brought Captain Paiva with his army, composed chiefly of Transvaal Boers, from the colony established

near Mossamedes. He attacked the town of Chindunduma, who made a very feeble resistance, and soon took to flight. Many of the natives were shot down by the mounted Boers, and so long as the chief was at large Captain Paiva scattered fire and sword throughout the country.

On November 6th Mr. Sanders, of Kamondongo, succeeded in procuring a few days' truce by forwarding to the Portuguese camp a promise from several chiefs that Chindunduma would be delivered up to the Portuguese. They failed, however, in persuading the fugitive king to deliver himself up. The days of truce expired, and the burning of villages and shooting of the flying people began again. I made an imploring appeal to the chiefs over the northern district of Bihé to combine in some way to save their country, for every moment was of value. In twelve hours' time over twenty chiefs had collected in our yard at Kwanjulula to discuss the matter. I wrote to Captain Paiva their request for an eight days' truce, accompanied with their promise to do their utmost to capture and deliver up Chindunduma. The captain in his reply thanked me for anything we were able to do to prevent further bloodshed, and promised the assembled chiefs nine days' truce. In six days the native force, twelve hundred strong, returned with the runaway king. Peace was at once declared, and arrangements made for the permanent occupation of Bihé by a Portuguese military force.

When the king's town was taken Captain Paiva seized his papers. These Ovimbundu chiefs, being unable to write, employ as a rule some Portuguese mulatto as secretary. In his official report to the Portuguese Government, a copy of which I saw at Loanda, Captain Paiva had copied verbatim several letters that he found written by me to Chindunduma, in order to show how harmless they were. One referred to a present of cloth that he had asked of me, and another was a refusal to send him a present of gunpowder. At the same time, sufficient evidence was found to incriminate a Portuguese trader and rum distiller, who, it seems, had been sending presents of rum to the king of Bihé; and it was thus evident that it was not we but he who had sought to stop the Portuguese advance towards the interior, evidently fearing lest his own business at the coast should suffer if fresh centres and channels of trade were opened up.

CHAPTER V.

From Bihé to Nana Kandundu.

(AUGUST TO OCTOBER, 1890.)

IT is not easy to connect together events occurring during the course of three or four years at places so distant from one another as Bihé and Garenganze. In a previous volume my journey from Benguella to Garenganze was very briefly traced, and also the return journey to England, after Messrs. Swan and Faulknor had relieved my lonely stay in Msidi's kingdom from February, 1886, to February, 1888. In their turn these two brethren were experiencing for even a longer period the trial of lack of any communication with Christian friends or with the civilized world, and we were most desirous that they too should have the joy of welcoming fellow-labourers with long-expected letters and much-needed supplies. During the lull at Bihé, between the difficulty with the king and the subsequent one with the Portuguese, Messrs. Thompson, Lane, and Crawford had made a start for Garenganze, as already mentioned, after many delays in obtaining a sufficient number of carriers. Our small party of five Europeans remained at Kwanjulula in order to try and solve the serious perplexities connected with the transport of goods from the coast to the far interior. We also felt the need of making known the gospel to those natives in our part of the large district of Bihé who were out of the reach of the American missionaries. It was likewise in our thoughts to receive and help on their way any fresh workers from our own land.

We must now, however, drop any mention of Bihé, and follow the steps of the three brethren who had left us for Garenganze. Previous accounts of this journey have been rather bare, and the fuller description that follows, chiefly from the pen of

Mr. Daniel Crawford, will give in many respects a better idea of it.

From Chisamba, the farthest outpost of the American missionaries, Mr. Crawford writes, referring first, in figurative language, to the farewell at Kwanjulula and the extortionate demands of the natives :

August 2nd, 1890.—To tell you of all the Lord's goodness to us since we parted from you is quite beyond my power. It was a real parting *on the shore*, as much so as Paul's Ephesian one ; only our shore was that of the ocean of His love, and we launched out to find the expanse boundless and non-traversable. Perhaps the exterior view of our last eight weeks' life may have looked like that of men overboard combating with sharks ; but, be that as it may, my soul doth boast of a clear sky overhead and songs of joy.

Before you left, the news doubtless reached you of our having re-crossed the Kuito, which we did only to find a long detention in camp awaiting us ; and when at length it became apparent that Saviye's district had been completely drained of men we moved across here to Filisiberto's old camp, behind Mr. Currie's, in the hope that the Kapoko and Chisamba districts would supply the remaining number of carriers. It was not long before your old friend, the present chief of Kapoko, swooped down upon us for a contribution to his revenue. "Tribute *again?*" Oh, no ! it wasn't that, only a recognition that his child Sesoka was going off on a long journey with a crowd of "his children." Two visits to the old man somewhat lessened his demand, and the conclusion of the whole matter was a gift of 16 yds. white cloth, 18 yds. blue, and 12 handkerchiefs.

CROSSING THE KWANZA.

August the 16th will ever remain a memorable day among my African dates. *We crossed the Kwanza!* An *ombala* rests upon the top of the rather steep slope which leads down to the sandy beach crowded with canoes, and this village is so much the key to the crossing that you must enter by its front gate, pass through the village, and make your exit at the back ere the shore can be reached. We did not stand long ere there filed down to the beach a huge trading caravan, and this with ours made a fine babel of noise in the bidding for canoes. Brethren Lane and Thompson crossed over to receive the loads while I remained behind to direct the crossing. While so doing the old chief came down, and we sat together for over an hour. Poor old man, so withered and frail, with one foot almost in his grave ! He questioned me about our

going to the Garenganze in quite a wondering way, and of course could scarcely take in the fact that we were not traders. His kind face, if nothing else, made one tell him with tenderness of God's wondrous purposes of love towards this poor world. He was interested, I can truly say that; but you could see that to him, with his bunch of charms round his neck, it was all so bewilderingly new! Ah! drop with me a tear for the poor old men and women of Africa who hug their fetishes, and whose hearts are the habitations of blackest darkness.

The canoes at this part of the Kwanza vary in size from 10 to 12 feet. Of course, no thought of clinker build ever entered into their primitive notions of boat building. The tall tree growing near by is felled, barked, and laboriously dug out until it assumes shape, a simple and solitary paddle being all that is used as a means of propulsion. But to see the men cross four at a time in their canoes is perhaps the most ticklish affair one could wish to see. Often not even a head pops up, all the occupants lying flat on their faces in the bottom of the canoe for very dread.

August 17th.—Since crossing the Kwanza we have been among the *Valoimbe* tribe, which talks a dialect of its own, and in very many other respects is different from the *Ovimbundu*. Alas! there is a painful scantiness of clothing—tall, full-grown men wearing only a skin or two around their waist, the women, I regret to say, having the same meagre covering. It is evident, however, that there is a great deal of rivalry amongst themselves in the fantastic head-dresses which they wear. These, without doubt, far surpass the same article as seen in *Bihé*; and often, from a native standard, you would even call them pretty. Our bold *Bihéans* have a very lordly and patronising way of talking about these *Valoimbe* people, and are fond of disparaging everything they have. The meal, they say, is miserable, and thereupon proceed to extol their own milk-white production at home. But while the corn-meal complaint is true, there is far more real and industrious talent at work here than in *Bihé*. Fancy these people with simple native looms weaving a rough but withal stout-textured cloth, which has moreover a most orderly pattern in three colours, and would grace any table at home. Then there are a multitude of beautiful little nick-nacks, earrings, &c., which, if journeying homeward instead of inland, one would be tempted to buy. At this place we rested two days, meal buying. On paying the old chief a visit with our tribute of 16 yards of cloth, he chided us for not bringing guns and powder, but we deemed it our duty to tell him we were messengers of peace, yea, with our stammering tongue to tell him of the love of God and *His* message of peace,

Mr. Lane's words here supply a break in Mr. Crawford's diary of the journey :

August 18th.—Sandombe. The chief here gave us an ox as a present, and we gave him cloth in return. When told the object of our coming to this country, he urged us to stay with him, and he would feed us well with oxen, etc.

19th.—The first thing I was told this morning was that two of my men had fled during the night, and one of Br. Crawford's. Only yesterday we gave the men each four yards of cloth, to ration them for about twelve or thirteen days. I am glad to say that the three loads were immediately taken by other men. The ox was cut up and distributed amongst our men this morning. Their greed manifested itself, and some of the headmen were compelled to take sticks to keep back the men, who, like dogs, were ready to pounce upon the beast and tear it to pieces. This evening the chief returned our present of twenty-four yards of cloth, although he had originally told us he did not wish a large one, and he now asked for a blanket and a coat in addition. We sent him the coat, but he would not accept it without the blanket ; so we agreed to see him in the morning.

20th.—Our carriers knowing there was a dispute with the chief were afraid to start, so we went up with our headmen, who feared to go alone. After waiting some time the chief appeared. Sitting all around us were his headmen, who had come to hear the case. Mr. Crawford explained that we could not give the blanket. Powder was again demanded. This was refused. Then another sixteen yards of cloth was asked for. We could ill afford this, but they would take no excuse. We sat for fully an hour discussing this matter ; but they said their word was one, and if they slept to-night, to-morrow, and the next night, they would rise with the same word. Seeing we should be kept some time, and that probably our carriers would desert, we thought it better to give in and get away. Our men were simply trembling at Br. Crawford's remarks.

21st.—Kasombo. Our men seem to find great difficulty in procuring meal. Poor fellows, they are contented with such miserable fare that I feel much for them when they are unable to buy meal. They say there is food here, and want to stay over to-morrow, in order to fill their bags, as when we leave the Valoimbe we travel for ten or twelve days through an unpeopled region and enter the Chibokwe country. The blessed Lord is graciously supplying our needs daily ; His mercies are new every morning ; great is His faithfulness.

22nd.—I visited a village to-day and saw a sad, sad sight—men and

women alike reeling drunk. Ocimbombo (native beer) abounds. Groups of men and women might be seen, each group with a calabash of beer in the centre. The natives assert that it is their food, yet one can see very plainly what an awful evil Satan has made of the too free use of it. Whilst at the village I saw a man weaving a handsome garment of various colours with the utmost ease and rapidity. As to his loom, it was a rude structure, which speaks all the more for his work.

23rd.—Still at Kasombo. Letters have just been brought to our camp by a Bihéan trader, from our dear brethren at Garenganze. We forward the letters to Bihé, and leave here to-morrow.

24th.—*Chinge*. The carriers maintain that this country is infested with robbers. There was an outcry a night or two ago that a thief was in camp, but there seemed to be no foundation for the alarm. The Chibokwe do not build mud and wattle huts as the Biheans do. Their huts are made of grass, very neatly thatched. They are very small; indeed, I do not think I could stand upright in one of them. I suppose they are intended for sleeping purposes only. Our camp of to-day is absolutely swarming with chigoes.

The narrative is now resumed in Mr. Crawford's words :

25th.—To-day we entered the great *Chibokwe* country, out of which Livingstone had such grave doubts of ever getting in 1854. Early in the day we passed a solitary village in a huge forest. To the passer-by there might seem no difference between this and any of the preceding Valoimbe villages, but a closer inspection revealed huts built differently, with tall conical roofs, and one or two quite spiral in their simple way. Camped at Ndandula.

A LARGE SLAVE CARAVAN.

26th.—To-day we made great strides through this "*hungry country*," the carriers being eight hours on the road. Not long after our start we crossed the Uhemba river, flowing N.E. There was much hard travelling to-day, owing to the irregular features of the country—long pure white sandy slopes being often encountered, which were not a little trying. Although I write this entry with the setting sun I have still vividly before me a sad, heart-revolting sight which I saw to-day—*a slave caravan on the march!* A monster in size it was, perhaps 800, all told, drawing near the close of its long journey from the far-off Luba country. This travelling mass of humanity had been months on the road, and was just emerging from the long ten days' hungry march. An hour ago I could not have trusted myself to write of the harrowing sights! There were aged men and women whose poor shrivelled

forms told of a welcome release soon for them from the mortal coil, mothers with babies on their backs (one just born that morning), and tall, strong-looking young women and girls, some of them with fine features, carrying heavy loads. One of these had fallen behind, seemingly quite helpless, with no more strength left for her load. I just appeared on the scene to see her inhuman owner beat the poor girl unmercifully on the head with a club, yelling out a threat with every stroke. Saddest sight of all were the scores of little children crawling along naked, many of them not above four years of age. Smile to them assuringly as one might, these dear little ones would only dart into the brushwood fear-stricken. Ah! and no wonder, for after all it is the white man who buys the slaves. Camped at Lialowa.

27th.—A long day's journey, commenced in the cold morning in order to escape as much as possible the scorching sun, which towards noon gets simply unbearable. If yesterday was toilsome, to-day was doubly so. The country was of the rough, hilly order, with the hills so huddled together that the descent of one meant facing the immediate ascent of another, and this repeated all day! Some of these hills were densely wooded, and it was wonderfully fine to get buried in the cool depths of the wild tangled woods, the path often scarcely discernible among the overhanging bushes, which, as we broke our way through, would rebound and make our faces smart. To-day I must note the change in the style of the ant-hills, which are now pretty generally in the form of a parallelogram, roofed, with overhanging eaves. Camped at Munyangué.

28th.—Still journeying through this wilderness—beautiful, but dreary. I have not a jot to add by way of variety in scenery. One wonders how a country so beautiful is so deserted. To-day encountered a homeward-bound caravan hurrying through it. Camped at Kotete.

29th.—Heat more excessive than before. Camped at Sacanga, where were two little villages, each made up of about a dozen huts. Mr. Lane and I crossed with our headmen to greet the chief, and give him a few yards of cloth. It was a wonderfully interesting sight to see these people, all alone in their primitive environment, cut off for the most part in this wilderness from even their own tribe. The huts had the same spiral roofs mentioned previously, but walls not mudded, the substitute being a tight, neat thatching. Walking among the simple villagers, we saw them pounding corn for meal in mortars; but most interesting of all was the glimpse we got into the *rubber* manufacture. The root lines our path all day long, and often its little green shoot is the only thing growing in the white sand. This root is dug out and soaked in the *ver*, after which the bark is laboriously pounded in a mortar.

I endeavoured through the headmen to tell the wherefore of our coming. The name of God they knew not. This Chibokwe country is the great home of honey, and though the season had not come yet, a number of young men went off to the woods to procure some for us. The chief (Sambesi) we did not meet, but we left with the luxury of a fowl, and a large quantity of *ombowe*, an article of food about which I have not yet informed you. It is that which I most enjoy of all the native foods. Some cannot bear the smell of it, much less the taste, but Mr. Currie and I, in his little Chisamba cabin, used to consume it in quantities. To me it has the far-off taste of bread and cheese, and quite artlessly I eat away at it with this idea in my head. Actually, it is the manioc soaked for four days in the brook until it is soft and pulpy—if you like, decomposed.

30th.—A good five hours' march over country far more hilly than any yet encountered. The climbing of steep slopes was rendered harder work by the unbearably strong sun. As already noted, by far the most disadvantageous feature of our journey is the uneven surface of the country. Every morning we (the white men) march out of camp about six, and take a morning walk of an hour or more. The sight of the long serpent-looking line of carriers marching Indian file down to the river is a very fine one, and then, when they file past, each man has his morning greeting to give, followed with some droll remark. One perhaps will start a song, and the whole line will take up the howling chorus; this is especially so when near the end of a long, fagging journey. Camped at *Kalosema*.*

SCARCITY OF FOOD.

31st.—To-day we started with serious thoughts of reaching Peho, but our poor hunger-stricken caravan would not venture that distance, so we camped contentedly an easy day's journey from that place. Often we have compunction in taking our own meals, frugal indeed though these are, with just the knowledge that our men are feeling

* *Kalosema* means *meal*, but now nothing is to be found there but grass and water. The Chibokwe villages at one time were thick all along this road, for on every hand there are remains of them, with large tracts of country that must have been cultivated in the past. But where are the people now? These West African tribes never wage wars of extermination against one another; but this country is practically uninhabited, though beautiful and well watered. The native explanation of the matter is that "*A king's curse rests upon it.*" They think that the spirit of some long departed king would molest and injure anyone settling there, and very few have dared to make the attempt. In this way we may account for the Chibokwe "hungry country," which causes such sore difficulty to passing caravans. In other regions similar desolation has doubtless been due to unmerciful wars.—F. S. A.

the bitings of hunger. Only fancy, every man commences his heavy day's work without a morsel of food, and journeys under a burning sun, not tasting anything until sunset, when perhaps ten of them gather round one pot, not by any means abnormally large. Camped at Tenda.

September 1st.—An easy day's journey, void of any hard climbing. Where we were not squeezing our way through a tangled wood we were travelling agreeably in the open. When about midway to camp we emerged from a thick forest, and after a slight descent found ourselves at the very source of the far-flowing Lunesa river, which from this point, after a brief turn northward, takes an easterly bend and flows on in that direction till the western border of the Kifumadji Flat is reached, where it changes its course to almost due south until joined by the Luena river running east, when they conjointly empty themselves further south into the Zambesi. Our route ran parallel with this river in its infant state for fully an hour, until abruptly turning due east we lost sight of it. By the way we greeted a little party of travellers going west, who had a very doleful story to tell. They had been trading in the interior, and on returning were attacked in the Luvale country, all their goods being taken from them, and a number of their people stolen. They were able to sell us a little ombowe, which we thanked God for, as all our meal is done, and this morning we had to start without any. Reached the spot accredited on the map of Africa with the name of *Peho*, and that too in Roman letters. The infamous Samikilenge, who so bothered Mr. Arnot, was not at his little group of hamlets, having gone two days north to hunt, and it was hinted, and we even dared to hope, that by some means we might avoid this dreaded man; but latest reports assure us that if not to-night then to-morrow on the road he will meet us. Our camp is built on a steep slope, at the bottom of which flows the Salena river.

2nd.—Last night we bundled up our tribute of thirty-two yards of assorted cloth, and early this morning crossed the Salena, prepared to meet the chief of Peho, upon whom we had prayed God to put His fear. Now the marvel of the day was that his lordship did not put in an appearance, and to-morrow, when he arrives at our old camp, it will be to find the birds flown. To-day we met large companies of his hunting-party, who informed us of their chief's coming on the morrow. After a good day's travel, for the most part through thick forests, we emerged on a flat green, where were the only two villages about here. It does look so strange to see these villages built by the wayside, with no attempt made at a stockade, the grass hut and corn bin being the two conspicuous features—both built alike, the latter being almost as big as the former. A sharp turn east

brought into full view the Luena river, looking at this point in its long career as though it were made up of numerous little ponds linked together. We journeyed along its north bank for fully four miles, keeping at no greater distance than 100 yards from the river, on the opposite bank of which we saw little groups of women and children, who looked up in a wondering way from their occupation of rubber boiling, and set up that strange, long-sustained, shrill cooing noise which is the greeting of the women in the Chibokwe country. Camping in a beautiful forest we sent back our little gift of cloth (6 yards) to the chief of this district, who received it most kindly, and sent in return a large fowl and basket of meal. Ah! the good Lord knew that these last two days had seen an empty meal bag, so to-night He gave us a song to sing over this gift. From this point onward we shall encounter numbers of people, and an increasing quantity of food. Camped at Ono-yaluena.

3rd.—Spent the whole day coursing along the bare north bank of the Luena, watching its windings and eastward flow. Often it assumed a lovely, waving, ribbon-like form, with only now and then spare vegetation lining its banks in the form of short stubby bushes of brightest green. Brought the day's journey to a close by crossing the Luena, where it is only waist deep, climbing the slope which rises from the valley of the river, and resting in a fine large camp beautifully thatched. Sent eight handkerchiefs to the chief, and received in return a fine goat and supply of meal. Camp—Olohanga.

FORESTS BY DAY AND MINSTRELS BY NIGHT.

4th.—We passed the greater part of the day traversing large virgin forests with little breaks of bare, grassy country between. These forests are densely thick, and quite impenetrable beyond ten yards or so from the path. Great monster creepers abound, now coiling themselves around trees, and anon reaching across to others which they hug in their tenacious grasp; these the while being crossed and re-crossed by others. It would be impossible to conjecture all the forms of life, animal and vegetable, of which such forests are the home. Yes, real wild jungles they are, and one most naturally likes to have his gun-carrier hard by when passing through. *En route* we found a part of the road strewn with slave shackles and sticks, which had been ruthlessly torn from the loads. This was the scene of a big plunder which happened quite lately, when a large Bihéan caravan was robbed by the natives of these parts who had lain in ambush along the path. When you think that I have timed one of these caravans as having taken two hours to pass, you will at once see how easy it is for an enemy in any number to cut off what is often a straggling rear from the main body of the caravan. On this account

I brought up the extreme rear yesterday and to-day with the headmen, and endeavoured, amid their loud talk of what they would do if attacked, to expound the blessed principles of our errand of peace. When scarcely 1000 yards from camp we encountered the lovely Usimoi river flowing eastward across our path, at our crossing point perhaps forty feet wide. Camped on a height overlooking the chief's village at *Musiko*, to whom we sent twenty-four yards of cloth. In response he has intimated the coming of a present on the morrow, but will preface it by sending to-night a band of native minstrels to dance and sing in our encampment. Our beseechings to the contrary are all in vain; to repel them is to be repulsive to a chief who in former days dealt fairly with Mr. Arnot, and is now making overtures of friendship to us. May I sleep to-night!

5th.—All night long, commencing about eight p.m., until breakfast time the minstrels made their noise, dancing and singing around a huge fire to the accompaniment of two large drums. The chief came up to see us with a crowd of followers, and brought a nice fat sheep as a present. He is a quiet man and reasonable. To-day we spent in camp rationing our men, which event came off very quietly, each man receiving two yards of cloth and one small tinful of beads.

6th.—We left our camp this morning, feeling so much better for our day's rest, and had not gone a mile when the Usimoi again barred our path. This crossed, we kept all day along the north bank, close to the margin of the river, and I am sure none were so favoured as we this September morn in the choice of a walk. Here was the river all day long rushing down in a silvery sheet, often breaking into white spray where the rapids were reached, and varying in width as it flowed along—here squeezing its course through a narrow gully with steep banks, and further on expanding into a beautiful broad sheet, centred with pretty little islets loaded with vegetation. Camped at *Boma*, on the Usimoi river, and sent the chief thirty-two yards of cloth, to which, after beseechings and demands on his part, we added a small quantity of powder and salt. This is the first time we have given powder by way of tribute, and it was only with the guarantee that it should be used for hunting purposes. Thus far we have been plagued with requests for powder, and have refrained from giving any, notwithstanding its big market value in food, because of its having already proved such a mighty scourge to this vast continent. However, the subject has another aspect. In the light of the wildness of these countries, and in view of the fact that there are big game, which are proof to a great extent against bow and arrow, there is some warrant, I think, for giving powder in small quantities for hunting.

7th.—All night long on the other bank of the Usimoi a dancing party serenaded us, and this morning the chief crossed with his

present of a nice goat and two baskets of meal. He had much more the look of a chieftain than Musiko, and wore a most imposing head-dress. The further east we go the more fantastic these head-dresses become. At Musiko, and again here, the natives seem to vie with each other in marking their bodies with great red and white splashes of colour, which gives them a fierce, hideous look. To-day's journey was grievously short, only a few hours along the Usimoi, from which we parted company a mile or two from camp, and took a forest tramp, into which our path led us. As we emerged, the shrill cooing of women denoted villages near by, alongside which was our camp. Our lovely friend the Usimoi seems to have left us now. At this camp—*Sakuita*—we have the odd experience of having to deal with two chiefs, each of whom claims tribute. The greater of the two has built his village on the other bank, the lesser has his place hard by our camp, but why there should be a lesser when there is a greater, is to us a mystery. The former received twenty-five yards of cloth, the latter twenty; in return we received two fine pigs, one fowl, four large baskets of meal.

A BIHÉAN CARAVAN; FURTHER NEWS FROM GARENGANZE.

Sth.—It was a glorious morning, and as there was nothing between us and the Ndala Kavala but 100 yards or so of green heath, we had that fine river in full view on our left the greater part of the morning, until a slight variation north took it from sight. We had not left it long, however, when we found our old friend the Luena crossing our path in a southward flow, on the outskirts of a long, bare plain. The Ndala Kavala flows into it. To-day, by a strange coincidence, we stumbled across a large Bihéan caravan homeward bound, bearing letters from our brethren in the Garenganze. This caravan was a strangely mixed up crowd indeed. Its leader I knew. Antonio, Mr. Arnot's old interpreter, was there, a low, cheating fellow. Then there was the strange phenomenon in these parts of two wandering *Zanzibaris*, who had crossed over with an Arab caravan from Zanzibar, taking five months to do the journey, and who were bent on seeing the other side of the continent. They wore the little skull caps and long blouses of the Arabs. Another little detachment was led by one of the counsellors of the king of Bihé, who had been all the way to Nana Kandundu, discussing a law suit with the queen there, and the last important person was a messenger of Msidi's to Benguella. All these westward-going individuals of course reminded us of the hungry Chibokwe country ahead, and how acceptable a small present would be. In such a meeting on the road between two caravans, the interior-bound one generally fares badly. The polygamic nature of the Bihéan family circle gives the ordinary Ocimundu a number of relatives, and

if he meets one of these in a strange country he is compelled, in honour bound, to help him, and, of course, this being (so I am told) a solemn understanding amongst them, he in turn one day shares in the privilege of receiving. The large slave caravan which passed us (August 26th) proved a very effectual drain on some of our men. I asked one man where his shirt was, and the only reply was an indignant query, "Are they not my relatives?" "Who?" I asked, and he thereupon explained to me that he had met some friends that day, etc., etc.

We turned aside from the path and camped opposite the town of *Sumbula*, a man who amongst Bihéans is the reputed friend of Monare. There was no camp, so the men had to set to and build, which they did with a will. Why, the bitterest complaint probably that a British working man can make is that he returned home from work to find wife not there and fire out, which he had to kindle and then cook his meal; but what think ye of these men? This morning, according to custom, they rose up with *nothing* by way



AN AFRICAN CAMP.

of breakfast, shouldered their loads and marched, journeying on for hours, until a fine wooded bit of country was reached, and this they were told was *camp*. Soon the forest all around was ringing with hatchets at work and the sound of falling trees; and later the frame-work of our good-sized village was standing awaiting a covering of leafy boughs. By dusk all had been finished, beds built, etc., and then pots mounted the fires, and the mush was cooked. Now, behold the contrast! The worthy Briton eating his evening meal in his house ready built for him, and growling because he had to cook it: the Ocimbundu squatting on the ground perhaps, eating his only meal (that the other might call fit for dogs); but after finishing his day's work of *carrying*—a

hard day's work too—he had to *build his house*, and only then bethought himself of preparing an evening meal; all this (and this is the point) being gone through in a matter-of-fact, good-natured way!

9th.—Sumbula visited us this morning in camp. He used many expressions of friendship towards us, and was quite beseeching in his request that we should take an ox; but we stoutly refused, knowing what work it meant in the cutting up and dividing of the same; we suggested a pig as an acceptable return present for our thirty-two yards, which came duly to hand. I was struck with the old man's kindly smile, which had all the look of reality about it that one could wish for.*

10th.—A very short journey in the fresh morning along a flat path, which for the first hour skirted two of those already mentioned impenetrable forests, and then led out into the open. By the wayside in the vicinity of some villages we had the interesting sight of native blacksmiths at work. Built upon a flat mound they have their earthen fireplace and anvil, which are roofed over with thatch, and there, with two little boys blowing the bellows, the smith goes to work with scarcely less primitive tools than Tubal-cain had. The result attained, as far as hatchets are concerned, is splendid, and personally I wish for nothing better in house-building than a good native hatchet. The blade is V-shaped, and at the edge not any broader than an inch chisel. It is reversible, and can be used as an adze. Camped at "Onoya Chonga" (the spring of the Chonga river) in a huge camp, which, five minutes after our arrival, was filled with a seething mass of natives.

THE LOVALE PEOPLE.

September 11th.—On the march by six. Crowds of villagers came out to "coo" us off, and when we lost sight of their pleasant faces, and villages not less so, it was to enter upon a forest tramp, which ended in our being ushered into a great flat plain, on the other side of which lay our camp in the midst of a number of villages. To record a march of only two hours is a very trying thing to do, with memories of our Chibokwe marches, but there is a grim necessity for this snail's space on our part. To-day we left the Chibokwe country

* On my first visit to Sumbula's town he begged me to receive the gift of an ox. I refused it, pleading my inability to give a return present—this being no breach of etiquette in Africa. If one were "greedy" enough to accept a gift without having the wherewithal to give the expected return present, he would be considered very mean indeed. Sumbula, however, gave me the ox with a legal acquittal, by breaking a dry twig in two and throwing half over each of his shoulders.—F. S. A.

behind, and after traversing such flat plains were not surprised, but rather quite prepared, for the intimation that we were among "the people of the Flats" or Va-lovale. Unfortunately we were not able to make Kangombe's capital to-day owing to the fact (a strange enough one too!) that here, right on the western border of the Lovale country, he has set down his nephew Kasenga with power to demand tribute from travellers. Kangombe himself (as his son has just finished telling me) has gone to Lake Dilolo to build another *ombala* there, not forgetting to leave, in his *ombala* near by, his wife, armed with full tribute-demanding powers. On enquiring from our headmen the exact state of this country in regard to its monarchy, I find it is here as in the Chibokwe, that while petty chiefs abound, just dressed in sufficient "brief authority" to be able to very much inconvenience the traveller, yet they all own the supremacy of one chief who is really king of the country. This supreme individual in the Lovale, I am told, is not Kangombe, but one Kakenge, or Chinyama, whose capital is to the south somewhere. Nana Kandundu and Kangombe are both his "children," and tributary to him. A very encouraging fact to any who might think of settling here is, that in these parts many speak fluent Umbundu; and to-day I had the wondrous joy of explaining to an elderly well-dressed *sekulo*, seemingly of some importance in the country, God's way to life and glory. To a number of his young men who accompanied him he would ever and anon turn and rehearse what I was saying. Oh, may God send soon to these parts (which long ere now dear Morris and Gall had thought to occupy) a waterer of the seed and a reaper thereof for His glory's sake! Oh, these thronging Kangombe crowds!

Later (by the camp fire).—We have had not a little trouble with the chief over the tribute question, and finally after having given him thirty yards of cloth, one merino vest, and quantities of salt and powder, we received nothing in return. Thank God! our larder was not dependent upon him for its stock, and even though it had been low, "*it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.*" However *our* King made us glad by the coming to us at nightfall of a small chief who, having heard of our arrival, had come a long distance to greet us, bringing with him a fine goat and a large supply of meal as white as driven snow. The last event which I have to record, of what turned out to be a busy day, is the sorrowful item of the death of one of our men. I was called in to see his lifeless body, yet warm; it was that of an elderly *sekulo*, who had only been complaining for a few days. It is to us a great comfort that all along the journey he was the bearer of the lightest load in the caravan, and that on that part of the journey

where the greatest strain was brought upon the men, he only carried our meal-bag which was, to start with, under-weight, and daily became lighter. His companions with much unfeigned grief buried him secretly in his hut at midnight, lest the news should reach the ears of the natives who, if they heard it, would make great use of the occasion in delaying our caravan *for weeks* perhaps, and extorting all sorts of things *by way of a fine!*

12th.—Struck camp at six a.m. with a mutual understanding that, if at all possible, we would get past the *ombala* of Kangombe by simply handing in our tribute to the chiefess. On these long flats one can almost see the end of the journey at the beginning; it was so to-day, alas! for on coming up to the tall *ombala* sycamores, which we had seen ahead for an hour, towering so beautifully above everything else, we were surrounded by the chief's counsellors, who would not hear of our passing *that day*; these were soon joined by the chiefess herself, whose voice in the matter quite determined our stay. So here we are pitched, with about 200 yards or so of soft boggy ground between us and the *ombala* of Kangombe. Food about here is abundant. Salt can buy almost anything that is for sale, although there is quite a clamour for tobacco. Bananas and tomatoes are fairly plentiful, also sweet potatoes, the first seen since we crossed the Kwanza. Speaking as calmly as possible—with these thronging crowds of people all around—oh, one cannot but plead for the occupying of this part of the country by a herald of the cross! It is only a one hour and three-quarter's journey from our last camp to here; and what thousands of souls in that small compass are wrapped in the darkness of death! Our tribute was thirty-two yards assorted cloth and salt.

13th. On the march at seven a.m. for *Ekovongo*. Re-crossed the marsh which separated us from the *ombala*, and were met on the other side by crowds of people who had come down to the wayside for a last look at us. All the journey we had this marshy belt on our right, which here and there had scattered over its surface ponds of water a few feet deep, making it pretty certain that the natives have difficulty in the rainy season in keeping the marsh from becoming a good-sized lake. Stretching across it at intervals are light wicker fences standing two or three feet high, which we were informed the natives had built to catch fish. Though not always visible, all along this route there are numbers of villages on either side, their existence being declared by little groups of villagers standing on the side path leading down from their village, or by the cooing of people hidden from our view among the trees and thick brushwood. When we were just in the act of turning off from the main path to our camp we spied the green-banked Chonga

on the right, at whose source we camped on the 10th, now a river flowing due east.

14th.—In the glorious early Sunday morn we joined the beautiful Chonga, and more or less kept company with it all day. One spot in the march had a peculiarly lovely look about it to me, and that was where for about a mile the prevailing flatness disappeared, and the scenery bore all the wooded, rocky marks of the Scottish highlands. Camped at *Nalingombe*, with the Chonga near by, winding through a wavy plain, so bare that for miles ahead we can see its eastward flow. Across the stream there stands a lovely village, while further beyond is the *ombala*, encircled by a belt of stately sycamores. Tribute, sixteen yards check cloth and quantities of salt and powder.

“POWERS THAT BE.”

15th.—Being awakened this morning by the general noise of excited speaking, I was informed that during the night a carrier had been robbed of a bale of cloth, one barrel of powder, a blanket, bag of meal, and gun. To show the man our sympathy with him we declared a halt that day, in order that a searching enquiry should be prosecuted as to the whereabouts of the thief. Whether fortunately or not I shall not say, the goods belonged to the man himself. The chiefess crossed with her husband, bringing a small present of two fowls and supply of meal. She waited a long time, and expressed her sorrow for the theft, deprecating at the same time her inability to trace out the thief. Divining was suggested as the only true means of bringing home the charge to the right man, but the local diviner's fees amounted to something like forty yards of cloth, which the now poor trader could not afford.

16th.—On the march with the Chonga still on our right. We had just been on the road an hour when there sallied out from a tiny little group of hamlets to the roadside a well-dressed native, in company with a small crowd of young men and boys. He beckoned us to stop, and we were soon listening to his assertion that he was a chief, and that we must not pass his place that day. He pointed, moreover, to an elevation where, through the trees, we saw the ruins of an old burnt camp, and there we were ordered to camp. Our poor frightened lot of Bihéans gave in at once, and we were soon in the burnt camp, our road-blocking friend accompanying us. Calling our leading man, who was cowering in the background, I asked him to interpret our words truthfully to the chief, which were to the effect that we had resolved to make Kalundu to-day, and, God willing, we would. We besought him to think of coming rains, and our long journey ahead, of yesterday lost over the theft business, etc. The good Lord graciously gave us the victory. Permission was

given to advance, on condition that tribute was paid, which we did to the extent of twelve yards and salt. I merely note this incident to show how possible it is for many such blocks to be strewn across the path of travellers going east. And yet, after all, difficulties reckoned and duly debited, what a sublime position is ours! Here we are thrown hard back upon our God, who is able to go before and make for His heralds a way of peace right on to the desired haven. For the moment, a supreme feeling of contempt (alas, that I must write it!) comes over one when confronted by these petty road-blockers. To think that our caravan—with many men possessing their own weapons, and often outnumbering all the muster one such petty chief could make—must stop for a day, was hard; but, oh! all such thinking is only carnal and fleshly, aye, and when fully developed would end in bloodshed. Wondrous thought—“There is *no* power but of God.” Further, “the power” is His ordinance; *ergo* the resistance of “the power” is the resistance of “the ordinance of God.” Desire to arrive in good time is laudable enough, but joy in these *ordinances of God* supersedes all. Moreover, the thought of one’s real pilgrimage *homeward*, and that our coming One may intercept us *en route*, has a wonderful adjusting and balancing power in one’s soul.

(Mr. Crawford has touched here but briefly on the secret source of strength for patience and submission. My experience has often been that the *certain* hope of our Lord’s return and of deliverance and victory then, in answer to present day prayer, has given songs in the night, and wonderfully lightened one’s steps.)

A SMALL AFRICAN LAKE.

Restarting, we continued the traversing of the same flat country, the lovely river near us robbing the scenery of sameness, until we sighted the *ombala* sycamores of *Kalundu*. It is built at the south-west corner of Lake Kalundu. We camped about three-quarters of a mile from the west side of the lake. The Bihéans had much to tell us about crocodiles making this lake their own, and it was only after hearing several emphatic statements by the people of the country to the contrary, that we felt warranted in plunging into it for a swim. This is the first African lake I have yet encountered, and of course it was intensely interesting to stand on a rock and watch the waves come in as of yore in Scotland. Roughly measured I would judge it to be three good miles long by one and a half wide. We had the whole area in sight, most of it being bounded by thick waving grass. Bihéans as a rule cannot swim, the exceptions being those who can keep themselves afloat after the dog fashion. I

omitted to state that the Lungenda river flows into this lake. That strip of water, with its *ombala* at the farthest corner, two large villages on the left along the shore, and numbers more such on the north side, was a sight not to be forgotten, because deeply pathetic, when viewed in the light of Calvary. Tribute, twenty-four yards of cloth and salt.

17th.—To-day we were just about an hour and a half on the march when we reached the *ombala* of *Kalunga Kameya*, running close to which is the broad and beautiful Lumesa river flowing south, last seen September 1st, then an infant, now a large river almost as broad as the Kwanza. There being no camp, we called at the *ombala* and asked the chief to direct us where to build, which he did at a spot on the other side of the river. Here we rest to-morrow in order to ration our men. Tribute, thirty-two yards of cloth and a quantity of salt.

18th.—Had to rise at midnight and clear the encampment of a company of musicians who, despite entreaties to go home, had broken through our stockade and commenced their brawling in the centre of the camp. They professed to have come from the chief to do us all-night honour, but we had resolved not to tolerate any such thing longer, as in a country like this, infested with robbers, their noise affords a fine cloak for such to easily remove the thatch of a hut, all unheard by its occupant, and steal anything or everything within. The musicians, not to be frustrated, lighted a huge fire as near the stockade as possible, and danced and sang around it till morning. To watch their mad antics and their strange hideous-looking faces is almost as smile-provoking as it is sad.

19th.—This morning a very pressing message came across from the chief, begging us to remain with him another day, as he wanted to give us a large goat and part upon terms of "okasendo" or blood friendship, but we begged to decline the honour, knowing that it meant on our part a further present of cloth, *i.e.*, that his "blood friendship" idea was none other than one of "bleeding" us. Notwithstanding our refusal we parted on good terms, our friend sending with us a messenger to the next camp, requesting the chief of that place to treat us kindly as his friends. Leaving the beautiful Lumesa behind us we entered upon a nice wooded country, the denseness of which, however, after two hours, began to disappear, trees giving place to short bushes, and these to grass tufts on bare sand. A sharp turn brought into full view the long-looked-for Kifumadji Flat stretching away on our left, a great barren waste. Camped at Na Kawesa. Our first choice of a camping place was most unfortunate, being (all unknown to us) in close proximity to

the burial-place of the chiefs ; so rather than be a cause of annoyance to the natives we moved to the north, nearer the villages. As heralds of the cross of Christ to-day we three were grievously pained to see at noon in our encampment a slave shackled to the ground, his master having gone to the woods to cut trees for hut building. He was a poor, frail, middle-aged man, who had been bought at the last camp for an old gun. Oh, to think how helpless we are in all this hellish trafficking in human flesh ! Our carriers stare at us vacantly when we charge them with the injustice and wrong done to every soul bought by them. It is the law of the country, we are told, and are further asked, "Do not the white men buy slaves?"

THE KIFUMADJI FLAT.

20th.—In old maps, I believe, the Kifumadji Flat is called a sea, and sure enough (though this is a misnomer), looking out from our camp in the cold grey morning on the far-stretching expanse of desert lying at our feet, it seemed very like a scene at sea—we, as it were, camped on the beach, and stretching along it for some distance there were several large marshy ponds where fish of some kind abound, while beyond lay the great ocean of sand, shorn by the wind of anything that ever grew upon it, save dry, withered grass. Away on the horizon, like ships, you might see, if you looked long enough, the faint outline of one or two palm-like trees. For five hours we journeyed on through this waste, and although the path was as level as could be, the sinking sand made it very toilsome work.* Towards the close of the journey, wells, which had been dug by former native travellers, began to appear, and these were anxiously peered down into for water ; but all were dried up. At last our fagged-out men would no longer be beguiled on by hopes of finding water in these old wells, and declared they would dig for it. This they did right nobly, under a broiling sun. After an hour or so of digging, one man's head would peep up above the top of the old well and send forth an exultant shout, which had all the force and equivalent of the Greek discoverer's "Eureka" long ago. At first what we drank had the appearance of the dirtiest gutter-water that could be seen at home, but early visitors to the wells in the morning found all the sediment settled, and a little fairly clear water. Those who did not go in for well-digging went long distances in search of

* The Kifumadji Flat is a veritable sea of water during the rainy season. From it the waters flow southward to the Zambezi and northward to the Congo basins. The plain forms a unique watershed. It would be difficult for a surveyor to define the dividing line.

firewood, and one after another of these came back reporting a lake to be seen away on the southern horizon. The oldest Bihéans with us stoutly refused to believe it, and the discussion which followed was finally brought to a point by my offering to accompany the headman to see for ourselves. Off we started due south and journeyed for over two hours, long past where the men had reported the lake, but no water was to be seen. Once or twice I got hold of the same mirage, and insisted that the men were right, for there *was* a lake, but the elderly man at my side with a sort of patronising look said it was only the white sand. He was right; for when I shut my eyes for a moment, and then opened them again, it was quite evident no lake was there. The Bihéans declare that journeying due south for ten days nothing would be found but this same sandy waste, so that if their statement is true the Kifumadji Flat on the map of Africa should be much enlarged. But until this part is explored the question of dimension remains an open one. We returned to camp after sundown, having seen only two living things—a jackal and a gnu. Camped at Olotieño.

21st.—Slept last night under canvas, there being nothing worth calling a tree for miles around. Our caravan scattered itself in groups over the surrounding Flat, camping on the top of those large ant-mounds which are a real feature in this desert. Their present dry-season appearance is that of little sandy circular plateaus, which, the men inform me, become islets “when the floods burst.” To-day we spent over five hours “out on the ocean sailing” (*i.e.* the flat), with nothing new for a diary jotting. Tired and exhausted the men set to the laborious task of well-digging, and being an interested person I most naturally took a look round among the diggers to see what progress was being made; but, oh! the first man I approached looked up at me aghast, and with the sweat of honest toil on his brow begged me to go away, else my boots would drive away the water! “Boots,” quoth he, “are not for desert sands.” This evening we remembered our *absent* yet sweetly realized *present* Jesus after the manner of His own appointment. We were glad when we saw the Lord. Hallelujah!

“God hath His deserts broad and brown,
A solitude—a sea of sand,
On which He lets heaven’s curtain down,
Unknit by His Almighty hand!”

22nd.—To-day, after two hours’ good travelling, we sighted the luxuriant vegetation of the Kifumadji river, about a mile and a half on our left, and journeyed on for three hours longer, all the while keeping that welcome sight in view. Camped not far from its banks, and in the evening walked down to the river for a shot at a crocodile,

but only one was seen, and that by a carrier, who threw in a wild fruit, which brought his head above water. Of all the river sights I have yet looked at in Africa none presented such a glorious tropical appearance as this. The banks of the river were so densely lined with thick, rich foliage that it was only within a radius of a mile or so that one could find an opening through which to get a glimpse of the beautiful river, lying as still as any lake, with no perceptible flow at all. The sight was altogether pencil-baffling—water lilies by the thousand, and hosts of other lovely water flowers.

23rd.—Our route to-day lay alongside the river for four hours, and finally crossed it at a point where it was shallow and narrow. Judge our agreeable surprise to see a few fishermen coming up to our path with fresh fish for sale. They were poor hunted-down Va-lunda, who live a very frugal and hand-to-mouth existence in tiny little huts built by the river's bank. About one hour and a half after leaving camp we arrived at Anyaha or Cross-roads; the one, F. S. Arnot's old route to Baho, the taking of which meant two more days well-digging; the other kept along the Kifumadji river for some distance, and then turned almost due north up to Lake Dilolo. Despite the fact of a fair water supply, this route has the supreme disadvantage of leading us to the feet of the great Kangombe, who, doubtless, would make us pay up sweetly. The question of which to take was settled by one of our party going on before by the latter route, not knowing the existence of cross-roads. Taking this route, therefore, we camped at *Olohuku*.

KANGOMBE AND HIS COUNSELLORS.

24th.—To-day we lost sight of the Kifumadji river, and journeyed due north over flat grassy plains to Dilolo. Here to our surprise (for it was sooner than expected) we found Kangombe in his *ombala* near to our camp. In the evening we accompanied our headmen to greet him, and hand our present. We found the chief sitting on a skin (true Lovale style) on the ground, under a fine spreading tree. Encircling him in good circumference were a number of his old counsellors, talking in confidential tones with their chief. I saw one of these join the group, which he did by approaching the chief at a respectful distance, and falling on his knees; this done, the loyal courtier stooped to the ground and picked up some sand, which he rubbed on his breast, and thereupon proceeded to clap his hands about a dozen times chiefwards; then having received a most gracious response, the new-comer turned to the company generally with the same profuse hand-clapping. The Kangombe, who was the centre of all this, was no tall giant with kingly bearing, but the most diminutive-looking of individuals. One of his eyes had an approach to a squint, and the whole face told of cunning and tact blended in one. Clearly,

therefore, this man's power seems to rest not in his muscles, but in his shrewd politic tact, as witnesses that benign smile which diffuses itself over his face when talking to his confidants, so persuasive to these poor sycophants! And, further, he has parcelled out the country, garrisoning every little district with some relative of his, armed with full tribute-extorting powers, whereby he keeps their hearts "white" (as Bihéans say) towards him. Our small present of sixteen yards of cloth and a coat was very quietly returned before our eyes, and a larger demand made. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter! We gave our friend forty yards and a white vest, leaving at sunset on good terms of friendship, which, of course, was a shallow affair, owing to the purchase price thereof. When we (through our headmen) told him of all we had paid others previously at his former haunts, his only reply was that he had authorized their receiving tribute. Kangombe also informed us that he had cut off Katema's head (Livingstone's old friend), and placed in his stead one of his children.

25th.—Remained in camp to-day, really at the command of the chief, for nothing but a definite edict would keep us. We offered eight yards of cloth to buy his permission to start that day, but he would not hear of our going, and that for two reasons; first, he desired our men to go to his *ombala* and fire a salute in his honour, and then he would pay a return visit. The salute firing was the men's affair, not ours, and I believe there was only a muster of some bold ten. Kangombe afterwards came down in his *tipoa* with a large crowd of his people to make one more request, and that was a cover for his *tipoa*, for which he offered us a slave. Later on in the day one other local gentleman turned up, and rather daringly (with Kangombe hard by) presented his claims for tribute, but a stout defence soon put him *hors de combat*.

LAKE DILOLO.

26th.—Off at daybreak, but not too early for the villagers who crowded out to see us start. Kangombe showed his greatness by sending us a tiny fowl as a *present* by the hand of his oldest counsellor! Our path led us past a number of little villages, having all the marks of recent origin, then through a fine wooded tract, which ushered us into full view of the north end of *Lake Dilolo*, lying before us at a distance of two miles. The rising sun was glistening upon the huge sheet of water as we bore down upon it, which made the sight a golden one. A nearer approach revealed, nearly all around the visible margin, tall, waving grass, and abundance of wild fowl. The opposite side might have been five or six miles off from its hazy appearance. For over one hour we journeyed along the west margin, until a broad lagoon was reached at the north end of the lake, which the men crossed in a pretty little canoe: though neat it was not without the

“coggley” element, and I was glad enough for the excuse to swim across. In another hour we had our last glimpse of the lake, and another hour gave us our first of the Lutembwa river, overlooking which we camped. I omitted to say previously, that to-day in all probability we crossed Dr. Livingstone’s route when he went north-west from the Barotsi valley to Loanda. Touching, indeed, it was to think of that old warrior trudging along these parts, coming up from the south about February 23rd to 25th, 1854.

27th.—In the early morning we descended to cross the Lutembwa. A grassy plain lay between us and the course of the river. At the edge of this plain rose a great clump of tall, stately trees, each standing as erect as any pine. On entering this it was to find it flooded, like a mangrove swamp. All around and above were sights of bewitching beauty—long hanging mosses drooping down from nearly every tree, icicle fashion, and most lovely delicate ferns thriving in an atmosphere that would kill the strongest man. The water, of course, makes its way to the furthest off nooks, wending through the strange gnarled and twisted tree roots. Reached New Katema to-day, and found a tall young Lovale chief named *Katombolo* in possession. Katema sure enough is killed, and his old *ombala* has become an “elunda” or deserted village. The new chief is building his *ombala* out on a promontory, which rises from the grassy plain. Bihéan caravans have had a big traffic for the last ten months in the Katema slaves. Tribute, twenty-four yards; one fowl in return.

28th.—The chief was waiting for us by the roadside when we passed, surrounded with a group of his young men. He seemed very inclined to part on good terms, despite the fact of a slightly “breezy” time I had with him over the tribute last evening, but the breezy element was all on his part. To-day what surprised us was the tall trees and otherwise thick vegetation all around, especially as we are still (according to the map) in the Kifumadji Flat! Camped beside the Lufuwa river at Kuendende. Sixteen yards tribute was taken gladly by a kindly-looking old man, who came down to see us with two fowls and two large baskets of meal. In the afternoon I was surprised to see a man rushing in a frightened way towards us, and begging me to kill a snake which was coiled in his hut. I found a good thick stick able to do all the killing necessary, though the reptile was of the deadly kind, and about three feet long.

29th.—Crossed the Lufuwa river this morning, finding the same mangrove swamp features about the crossing as those at the Lutembwa. Marched for five hours to *Candenda*, camping by the Loamba river. Here the chiefess surprised us by coming first with her gift of two long hampers of fish and meal.

30th.—Remained in camp to-day over a difference with the chiefess

on the tribute matter, but eight yards finally settled it. To-day we heard sundry growls from the men which seem to indicate a storm at Nana Kandundu. Some, if not all, want to receive their pay there, so we are quite prepared for a general break-up of the caravan at that place.

October 1st.—Marched to-day for five hours through a lovely country, passing *en route* a small group of villages looking wonderfully pretty, almost buried among the trees. Bananas were growing out in the fields with the manioc, the bright emerald-green leaves of the former contrasting nicely with the latter. One striking feature of a Lovale village is the hut, which is the picture of neatness. The walls, though thatched, are made trim and neat by the skilful manner in which the grass is tied with bark string in diamond shape. Crossed the deep Luluzi river, and camped at Ombela ya Kaiya. While writing the above entry, my boy, who was sitting by the doorway bartering with a raw Lovale native, called my attention to a remark that the native had just made. He was earnestly asserting the quality of a certain fowl he was selling, and stooping to the ground he picked up some sand and rubbed it on his tongue, saying, "It is true, as God (*Njambi*) sees me." Whether this is a prevalent custom or not amongst these people I know not; but assuming that it is, how much does it reveal? The knowledge of a God, and His all-seeing eye looking down upon them and their heathen orgies! Ah! yes, these heathen tribes know more than we at first hearing believe.

2nd.—A short journey over a nicely wooded country brought us to *Kaluwali*, where we found a group of villages governed by a chiefess, who as such had no existence when Mr. Arnot first went in, but who since then has been seated by Queen Nana Kandundu near by. Tribute, twenty yards of cloth. To such hitherto unheard of individuals one feels a little dubious about tribute paying, but on evidences of their authority doubts disappear. Besides, this chiefess is not unsupported; and an old Bihéan, who does not speak much (marvel of his tribe!) said to me, "A turtle does not climb up on the top of a tree stump; somebody put him there"; which proverb understood has a healthful influence over the hearer.

3rd.—Traversed a fine grassy plain, which had here and there scattered over it small clumps of dense tropical vegetation, into the bosom of which the light of the sun never penetrates. In one of these we got our first sight of three lordly palms. These tropical clumps look so odd in the midst of what is ordinary temperate zone scenery. Marched past the small district of Fela, where F. S. Arnot camped on his interior journey; then crossed the good-sized Lufuwa river, an hour's journey beyond which lay our camp at *Samativi's* villages, a son of Nana Kandundu, who since 1885 has gathered

round him quite a number of people. Not long after our arrival a present of a large goat and lots of meal came in charge of the chief's head-wife. Mr. Thompson and I paid him a visit with twenty-four yards of cloth, which was gladly received by H.R.H., who had donned a fine pair of boots for the occasion. His *ombala* is quite a sight for neatness, and has round about it what I have not yet seen at any Lovale village—a stockade after the Bihéan style. The chief was bent on selling his ivory to us, and seemed rather disappointed, if not amused, at our statements regarding the object of our journey. Although there is so much water all around, yet we had to return to desert style to-day and drink from wells, preparing to enter Nana Kandundu to-morrow.

An extract of a letter from Mr. Thompson, dated October 10th, will conclude this chapter :

Journeying agrees well with me, and this confirms me in the belief that in Africa exercise, if not excessive, is beneficial. The sun has been shining very strongly, and we had no rain on our journeys, though we had to pass through many marshes. The route across the Kifumadji Flat, which is one vast plain, was remarkable. There was no water for the first two days save what the men dug for, neither were there trees with which to build huts. But the district generally through which our route has lain is not the arid country many people think, as there is found a constant succession of brooks and rivers, some of the latter broad and deep. The men are very cautious in drawing water from those in which crocodiles are to be found. There has been a great supply of fish since September 19th. There is no Indian corn in the Lovale country, but manioc meal is used instead. It is a glutinous substance somewhat like pounded sago, and with honey, which is abundant, is a most satisfying and sustaining food. I do not think Kangombe would be so good a place to live in as Binga, a little to the west of it.

I am thankful for the privilege of being here, and am desirous of fulfilling the object for which I have come. But where to begin, it is sometimes difficult to know. Pay, food, and fun seem to be the uppermost thoughts in the minds of these people. There are a great many ant-hills from fifteen to twenty feet high in this district, with trees usually growing on the sides of them. There is a little insect here like a silkworm, that spins cotton, which the natives collect and spin into thread. I have watched some of our men doing this, and one of them, with two small sticks like matches, knitted very neatly a girdle like a watch-chain.

CHAPTER VI.

From Nana Kandundu to Garenganze.

(OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1890.)

NANA KANDUNDU, as the Bihé traders call the chiefess of the north-eastern section of the Va-lovale tribe, is a typical woman of her class, there being many female chiefs in the Lovale country. In 1885 she stored for me thirteen loads, which I was unable, from lack of carriers, to take on to the Garenganze, and on two separate occasions she sent some of those loads after me, a three weeks' journey, by her own men, and I received them at Msidi's. Two years later, when Mr. Swan was on his way to the Garenganze, he also ran short of carriers at this point, and the chiefess came to his help with thirteen men. Nana Kandundu was thus not only a friend, but a helper both of myself and Mr. Swan, when on the same route as the brethren who had now reached her capital.

The African's proneness to beg, and love of receiving presents, has often been considered incompatible with friendliness, but cases differ. I do not doubt Nana Kandundu's regard for us, though she suffers from this common African weakness. We are very apt to think that the proper thing to do is to rebuke such importunity with some degree of sharpness; but our three brethren bore with the old lady, and gave her, with many apologies, a present in keeping with their poverty, thus leaving behind them a "white trail."

MR. CRAWFORD'S DIARY CONTINUED.

October 4th.—After four hours' journey we marched into Nana Kandundu. The approach for about an hour was very dense with villages, which here line the path. We found all the camps occupied by large companies of Bihéans on the home journey, who

are waiting for their numbers to be swelled by others of their tribe coming out. These Bihéans are far too shrewd to venture out on the road save in great companies, fearing plunder by the way. Here we rest several days.

5th.—We had our three huts built away from the babel of the camp in a beautiful secluded part of the forest, and there was a sweetness inexpressible about the peaceful quiet all around us, on awakening this morning. We visited the queen with our tribute of forty-eight yards of assorted cloth. The shady *ombala* trees were reached after a steep ascent, and we had not long to wait ere the chiefess walked into the enclosure where we were sitting, with a stately air, and seated herself some ten yards off. Our interview was very short, but extremely satisfactory, and we left with good impressions of the trim and neat lady who looked, every inch of her, mistress of the country—dressed, if I remember rightly, after the manner of the head women generally, *i.e.*, with matted hair, numbers of anklets, armllets, and bangles on the feet and arms, and almost every finger covered with brass and copper rings.

11th.—This morning we got off rather late on the last stage of our long journey. We marched through the *ombala*, and then entered upon a lovely country with dozens of villages all around. It will be doubtless upon the east side of the *ombala* that any station will be built by those following. Crossing a flat, grassy plain to-day we saw, quite near by, the hills on the other side of the Zambesi river. Camped at *Kayamba's*, a son of the queen. For thirty-two yards' tribute received a nice pig and meal. Rain came down in sheets all the afternoon.

12th.—We had a lovely journey to-day through a thickly-wooded country, and camped at *Kapenda's*, where there is a colony of real Lunda-speaking people, who, however, are tributary to Nana Kandundu. To look at one of Livingstone's maps and see the great expanse of country covered by the name of "Muete Yanvo," king of the Lundas, and then to look for the equivalent to that name in Central Africa to-day, is to be filled with wonder and surprise. Kangombe has for the present completely shattered the old-time power of the Lunda tribe, Muete Yanvo's head having been cut off! His son, I hear, has gone to Loanda to learn the wisdom of the whites, and one day he is coming back again to re-take the old Lunda dominions, and drive out Lovale intruders. Do I, a pilgrim journeying through, seek to know the "wherefore" of these things? Then doth my King make answer from His throne: "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it . . . until He come whose right it is." (Ezekiel xxi. 27.) Know, therefore, O kings of the earth, that God "putteth down one, and setteth up another." (Psalm

lxxv. 7.) "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" Tribute, twelve yards; return gift, two fowls and meal.

13th.—Crossed the good-sized stream at the bottom of the slope, upon which our camp was built, and marched through the chief's village, where he was waiting for us. Their good-bye was very thorough, the parting salutation being something not unlike our own, only each finger-tip met the other, then a prolonged hand-clapping ensued.

15th.—Rain came down all night in torrents, which made the ground quite soft for marching this morning. To-day we sighted, away to the south, the Zambesi hills in faint outline; and about mid-day crossed the Luachi river, which empties itself into the Zambesi. Towards the close of the journey the country presented somewhat undulating features. Without doubt, as has been already remarked, these Va-lunda are a *religious* folk. Neatly built little spirit huts, carefully thatched, and containing a cooking-pot and seat within, are often met in a day's march; the other evidences being numerous clearings by the wayside, several feet wide, which form avenues leading up to either a spirit hut, large tree, or ant hill, upon the pinnacle of which latter the spirit is presumed to perch. Alas! all such things are only heart-saddening to God's witness passing by, and are only so many "requests for prayer," built by the way for him. Oh! saints at home, how long will ye take to learn the truth, that the night is dark, dark, and dreary out here? Camped at Kayala. Six yards tribute.

16th.—A grand march to-day, under a sky black with clouds, the obscured sun making the atmosphere beautifully cool. Towards noon it is steaming hot, and our garb on reaching camp is usually of the airiest order, *i.e.*, flannel shirt and trousers. Started to day with the same ridge of hills far to the south, and after two hours' good travelling reached the broad Lutikina river. There was no bridge, so that it had to be forded hard by the rapids. You would have applauded the army of little youngsters struggling through the rushing water, with load on head, now and then making a clutch at some big brother, when the flow threatened to carry them off. Passed two little Va-lunda colonies to-day, both being as yet just the beginning of things. The chief of the second, though he permitted our tipoias to pass, summoned up courage enough to stop the headmen bringing up the rear, and ask for tribute. Camped at *Camangala*. The chief had a fine bearing, and comes of the Muate-Yanvo stock. He told a sad, sad tale of Kangombe's late doings, and how he had been stripped of all he formerly had. Eight yards tribute, and in return the chief asked us to take a poor man's present of a large fowl and a hamper of manioc.

17th.—The new moon brought, as faithfully predicted by the old sekulos, good weather, and to-day, under a summer sky, we had a glorious journey. Camped at *Caneka-ca-Lunda*. Tribute four yards, really payment for camp lodgings.

THE ZAMBESI RIVER.

18th.—To-day we had a characteristically short journey of two hours, before starting on our long strides through the remaining part of the Lunda country. Our early arrival in camp afforded an opportunity for Mr. Lane and me to start on a short expedition to the Zambesi river, some 10 miles or so off. We steered due south, and struck the great river at a spot where it was broad and broke into falls. On either bank grew great lordly trees, thick with foliage, spreading their drooping branches over the river, and at some parts, where these are absent, tall waving grass abounds. We walked along the bank for some distance below the falls, and here and there, at breaks in the dense foliage, got some lovely glimpses of the river lying perfectly still. Returning to the rapids, we spied on the opposite bank one or two black heads, peering through the long grass, which very promptly disappeared the moment one of our men shouted out a greeting. These black heads, however, with many more soon appeared on the scene, and ventured out into the open; and as no talking could be carried on over the rushing water, some of our men crossed to assure the natives that we had not come to seize them, but only to see their big river. They were assured, and came over one by one in a wary sort of way, old and young men leading the way, women and young children following. Food soon made its appearance, and the men set to fire-lighting, and roasting *ombowe* for us. We were able to purchase some manioc, a young wild hog, killed that day, and two fowls; then a bath, of a kind, in the famous waters, brought our happy little Saturday afternoon pic-nic to a close. We bade our Lunda friends “good-bye,” after having tried, through our men, to tell them of the love of God. We are probably the first white men who ever stood on that particular spot on the banks of the Zambesi river.

A touchingly pathetic incident came under our notice to-day, which shows that at least amongst these wild Lundas the family bond is loved dearly. During our stay at Nana Kandundu, our blackguard Bihéans were carrying on in secret their infamous traffic in slaves, and among the purchases was one pretty young girl about ten years of age. Poor little soul! I used to watch her brooding over her ill-fortune, with as touchingly sad an expression on her face as it was possible for face to assume. Her history, hitherto unknown to her owner, came to light to-day. It appears that in the Lovale raids she

had been carried off from her home, which is somewhere on the other side of the Zambesi, near where we visited. At our last camp one of the Lunda visitors recognized in her the daughter of his friend, and he at once bore the news to her father, who crossed the Zambesi to-day, and redeemed her with two slaves, twelve fowls, and a gun. He was only a poor man, but the shrewd Bihéan had no mercy on him. While the redemption price was being struck, the girl hugged her father, sobbing, and the father caressed her assuringly, saying, "Never mind, my child, although I have to borrow, I will have you home with me to-day." Camp, *Caneka C'ovitula*.

19th.—A long day's journey—alas! too long for some of the little ones who, towards the close, are simply pushed along from behind, they, the while, setting up a plaintive crying. It is, to me, the greatest marvel how the limbs of the army of youngsters hold out. Caravan pace is generally a swinging one, with the result that the younger members of it have got to pretty nigh run all the time, for drop behind they dare not, nor do they feel inclined to, after the frightful stories with which their minds are imbued by their seniors. Camp, Na Kapoño.

20th.—A day of hard travelling through a very thick country; quite a number of good-sized streams crossed our path, flowing Zambesiwards. Lining the path for many miles were trees of wild fruit, real edible fruit. We had three different varieties, all, I fancy, of the plum family, and very delicious they were to hungry men. Camp, *Valima*.

21st.—Remained in camp to-day on account of one of the carriers, who had a very bad leg, and was unable to move. He accuses some unknown carrier of having bewitched him, and asserts most seriously that it is because the evil spirit is in his leg that it is swollen. Went off to-day with Mr. Thompson on a brief visit to the Zambesi again, which has been running parallel with our path since the 18th. Found the river only about half its width thirty-five miles or so further up. We found two little villages on the north bank, and on going into the smaller of the two were surprised to see the wife of one of our headmen sitting with a group of villagers round her, seemingly on intimate terms. She told us touchingly that this was her native village, and with tears in her eyes said, pointing to a nice-looking old woman, "And there is my mother." Long ago she had been bought as a slave and taken to Bihé, where she became one of the wives of her owner, but these years had not erased home memories, nor, I am sure, made her kinsfolk less dear. Returned in the afternoon with a good supply of wild honey, which abounds in the woods; all the natives have to do to get it is to listen for the cry of the honeybird and make for the tree it leads them to. We have in our caravan an old sekulo, who

wears an old tile hat that has seen the gloss of better days, and who fulfils the office of camp crier. It is only on important occasions that his wonderful vocal powers are brought into requisition, but when he does rise and give his preliminary roar to summon attention, the great babel of a noise going on instantly ceases, and a respectful silence reigns. Last night he orated for a long time on the bewitching business, and finally exhorted each one to help and not to kill his fellow by witchcraft. When an edict goes forth to the caravan it is through his lips.

22nd.—Marched to-day for *Olohose*, which bears the formidable name of "The Lions," and slept within a thick stockade, the work of much labour by our men. The Bihéans made the old assertions, recorded in page 165 of *Garenganze*, about natives being seized while asleep and carried off by lions. We laughed, and the sleep which followed was undisturbed by roaring forest monarchs in the distance. I saw to-day numbers of ordinary *earth-worms* crawling across our path after the rains. I have not Professor Drummond's book beside me, but can almost trust myself in the statement that therein he says that in Central Africa there are no *earth-worms*, ants being the substitute. Be it known that both the latter and *former* are to be found, as testify these eyes of mine.

23rd.—To-day after being only half-an-hour on the march we crossed the track of a large elephant, and a little further on encountered the fresh spoor of a troop of buffaloes. I measured one footprint of the former in the soft sand with my stick, and found it to be from the round toe marks to the heel about 2 ft. 3 ins. Of course, make deductions for the soft sand. Swam across the Lukoleshe river, owing to the fine bridge being broken. The flow was north, which tells the tale that we have left the last feeders of the Zambesi behind. Camp, *Yafwa*.

IN THE UPPER CONGO BASIN.

24th.—A long journey to-day through a lovely country. Crossed three good-sized streams flowing north. The country gets thicker and more tropical-looking the further we travel east. Camped some six miles from the Luwuri river; and had not been long in camp, when we were joined by a company of Msidi's young men going back to their country.

25th.—After an hour's good marching reached the Luwuri river, which we found a fine broad stream, fairly deep, and flowing north. I swam across. Although some of these streams flow at a rate so rapid as to forbid the strongest of men stemming them, yet it is a very easy matter, walking up the bank a bit and breaking a way through the brushwood, to make the other side, but one is carried down pretty considerably by the flow. Two hours' journey brought us to *Kapa*, a

small place as far as people and villages are concerned, but immensely important as a junction. The traveller is confronted with two ordinary little paths, a foot wide, and has to choose between the one going north-east to the great Samba and Luba countries, and that going east to the Garenganze. It is a standing marvel how the most ordinary of Bihéans can manage his way through these strange countries. Often one finds himself at a standstill before perhaps four different paths, and in such a dilemma the safe rule is not to pose as the officious white man, but humbly to plead guilty to not having the bump of locality and follow the Bihéan—he can smell his way!

26th and 27th.—Two days of rest in camp. We are now in the Samba country. Large companies of finely-built men marched through our camp, and waited awhile *en route*, as war is going on up country. Each man wore a red feather on his head, and was armed with a surprisingly good flint-lock gun; others (in the minority), not so fortunate, had the more primitive bow with a quiver of arrows. At this place one or two of our men gave in, and refused to go on. One of these, a reckless, cruel fellow, had a tiny little baby girl slave, whom he bought at Nana Kandundu—such a pretty little thing! She was only a baby, and of course could not walk, which latterly made her a drag on him; and so the fate looming ahead for that poor harmless little soul seemed in every probability to be a cruel death at the hands of her owner. An ugly clubbing of the head, a pitch into the bush, and she would be left for dead! Yes, Bihéans can boast of doing these things. Rescue her, I realized I *must*, and the only means open to me was her redemption, which was effected for some thirty-two yards; and here I was, before I quite realized it, with a little child under my care to instruct “in the way” that she should go. May God guide her feet into the “way of peace!”

28th.—A long day's journey of eight hours on the road. One hour's good marching down a gentle decline brought us to the broad Lufupa river, along the banks of which we saw some lovely palm trees. The bridge was broken, and we were compelled to fritter away two good hours renovating it. This crossed, we journeyed on for over three hours till we reached the Luluwa river, not many yards beyond which we camped.

29th.—Towards the close of to-day's journey we entered upon the traversing of the two bare arid flats, known as the “Zebra plains” (*Eyana liolongolo*). The latter of the two (upon the east border of which we camped) proved indeed that the title was no misnomer, for there, sporting in the sunshine, was a large troop of the lovely stripe-backed creatures, just outside of rifle range, which made the sight all the more tantalizing.

30th.—To-day's journey was a most toilsome affair, the old sandy

path often disappearing before one of sharp stones. Passed within stone-throw of the great Miambo copper mines, the first of which rises on the right, a huge, long-stretching, mass of rock, riddled on all sides with the marks of the excavations which have been carried on by natives for years. This mass looks like a lot of irregular boulders all huddled together, and there is many a counterpart of such to be found among the weather-beaten crags of the west coast of Scotland, excepting, of course, the greenish colour of the stone, that sure indication of copper. About half-an-hour beyond this first mine a long, high ridge of rock, similar in nature and appearance, rose almost at the side of our path, and ran on in that direction for a long distance. Strange enough, there are no villages in the vicinity, and natives, I am told, come long distances to dig for the metal, which they carry to their villages for smelting.* Camp, *Miambo*.

THE LUALABA RIVER.

November 1st.—The path from our camp this morning was a gentle slope upwards for about an hour, then along a level hill-top, upon which grew the sharp cactus. We had not been on the easy descent many minutes when the trees, which hedged in our path on all sides, disappeared, and we were ushered into full view of the beautiful Lualaba valley, stretching away before us for miles, until met by the great range of mountains rising up on the Garenganze side of the river in faint outline of blue against the sky. It made one's heart beat faster, and one's joy brim over, just to behold that long looked-for sight! On reaching the glorious-looking river, bounded on all sides with lovely vegetation, we made at once for the ferry, all hoping that a crossing would be effected to-day, but we found a crusty old gentleman there, who would not hear of it. "No, no, you must camp on this side to-day," said he; and this we were compelled to do, despite the fact that no food could be bought, and our caravan was well-nigh dropping with hunger. In the evening Mr. Thompson and I went down with our guns to the river's bank, in the hope of getting a shot; and we must have strolled along it several miles without seeing anything. Retracing our steps to camp, we had only left the river's bank some hundred yards or so behind when a great roar in the river, succeeded by a noise of

* The Central African copper smelters that inhabit these parts belong to a section of the great Luba tribe. They cast the copper when smelted in the form of the St. Andrew's cross, and it is of so good a quality that it can be drawn into wire as fine as horse hair. They preserve great secrecy in the working of their craft, and mining operations are only performed at certain seasons of the year.—F.S.A.

splashing, not unlike what a big paddle steamer makes, turned us back. Unfortunately there was no moon, and it took us all our time to see in the thick darkness the huge hippopotamus that had been the cause of all this noise. The river was very broad, and the hippopotamus, doubtless scared by the noise of our feet breaking the dry grass, crossed to the other side, and although we lay in wait for him fully an hour, return he did not.

2nd.—Early this morning we marched down to *Kazembe's* village, which has been very suggestively removed to *this* side of the river, and had a long, trying time with a young man who is the present Kazembe. Crossing the Lualaba was a long day's business, and dreary, soul-withering work.

3rd to 6th.—These four days were spent covering the ground between the Lualaba river and *Molenga's*. On the 4th we reached *Moela's*, and, contrary to expectations, found no people there. We gave to each carrier at that place one yard of cloth. On the 5th we camped at Ongongo, and from that place sent on to Molenga's a herald of our approach, bearing our present of 24 yards of cloth to the chief. There are numbers of villages all around Molenga's, and the supply of food is abundant. We rested there two days, during which we had a visit from the young chief; indeed, he is only a boy, and as yet is not the bearer of very much "*ulamba*" (majesty). He was very importunate in his request for a European rig-out—hat, shoes, jacket, and trousers, and it took a long time to please his wandering fancy. To be brief, I do not think this lad is at all fit to *rule*, and "*Ichabod*" may be written over the *ombala* of Molenga.

GARENGANZE REACHED.

7th and 8th.—Passed the first of these days in the woods, where we heard that Mr. Swan was waiting for us at to-morrow's camp. (I omitted to state that we dispatched a messenger to our brethren immediately on crossing the Lualaba river, bearing all letters, etc.; hence Mr. Swan's coming to meet us.) On the 8th we crossed the Lukurwe river, and camped at *Kanikili*, a village garrisoned by a number of the king's wives. Here we found, not Mr. Swan, but a letter of his telling us that he had come there yesterday to welcome us to the country in the Lord's name, but that while awaiting our arrival he had received an urgent call from Msidi, asking him to come back at once, as a white man had arrived from the east coast, and was firing bullets in his villages. Mr. Swan further asked me to come right on to the village the next day to arrange about paying the men, etc., the other brethren remaining with the caravan at Candenda that night. Accordingly I made an early start, and after a good long day's journey a turn in the path revealed—thrice golden sight!—

the little village of God's witnesses in this dark land! "*Don't you see it?*" queried my Bihéans quite excitedly, and indeed I scarcely did for tears, blinding tears, at the thought of God's goodness in guiding us *so* far, *so* tenderly and *so* well. When about half a mile from the village I fired the pre-arranged signal of five guns. A nearer approach revealed a Union Jack fluttering in the breeze, and I had not reached the bottom of the hill, upon which the village is built, when my tipoia was surrounded by a crowd of excited young men and boys, several of whom were frantic with delight, firing salute after salute with blank cartridges. Then, deep, deep joy! Br. Swan came down in a tipoia, and met me coming up the hill, Glorious recompense that—to meet a child of God, hitherto unknown. in these dark habitations of cruelty! Arriving at the village I met dear Br. Faulknor, looking so ghastly pale, and quite lame on one of his feet. He was really just emerging from what must have been a long, painful illness. Then I turned to the right to behold a most important personage, bedecked with lots of calico, and sitting in state in a little green tent. Yes, it was the much-heard-of MSIDI—really he! He received me most graciously and kindly, and after handshakes were over he asked me to sit on his right hand. The old man can speak in a wonderfully kind tone, so much so that you could scarcely believe he could (as alas! alas! he often does), when roused, order in cruel tones the death of one or more of his subjects for light offences. Then came queries about my other two brethren, and when he was told that they were at Candenda, not far off, he turned to one of his men, "Son of the dust, go and bring them!" It was not long before they put in an appearance, to receive an equally hearty welcome. I need hardly say that on the old principle of "Where the king is there is the court," there was a large crowd of his people with him, which gave the little village a busy appearance. Then, when all were gone, and the evening had come, we had the first of those long talks all together, made up pretty much of question answering and interesting note comparing. Then what notes of praise were ours, mutually extolling the goodness of the Lord! And as, hand in hand, we surrounded the throne of grace, how we could just tell our King with truth that, "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side . . . if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, then had they swallowed us up quick. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us a prey to their teeth." "And let all the people" (those known to us at home) "say Amen!"

The next important event linked with our arrival was our visit to the chief. Of course we were well dressed (starched collars, be it known!) and bore a handsome present to his Majesty. We found him in the village of Mahanga (*alias* Queen Chitompa, the chief's

favourite wife), but, oh! what a sickening feeling came over one to see nearly every stick that formed that large stockade topped with a human skull! And not only so, but there were several high tables of a rude sort built here and there for no other purpose than to be receptacles for heaps of skulls. The very trees, too, had the same ghastly decoration, hung up like hats on pegs, on every available arm! Going into this huge village at the main entrance, we were still more disgusted to see, not a bleached white skull, but a human head, which must have been cut off only a few days, and which was sending forth an abominable stench—ugh! the sight was revolting. We found the chief sitting under the verandah of the queen's large house, and on his right sat two Arabs, busy at work, writing their strange hieroglyphics. The verandah was raised, and on the ground, seated closely together, was a huge crowd of men, before whom, however, were seated side by side, Msidi's three chief executioners, with their professional hatchets, awaiting orders. After a little talking we retired into the house, at Msidi's request, to give our present, and robe him in a most costly Indian silk robe and silk turban. The old man was immensely pleased; several of his chief men being called in to admire the garment, but the chief refused to show himself to the crowd generally. We sang numbers of hymns to their great enjoyment, after which food was brought us. After having spent several hours with him, we returned with strangely mixed feelings of the man who could be so kind to us, and yet so harsh and cruel to his subjects. He will scarcely tolerate the word of the Lord spoken to him, and yet in the light of eternal realities looming ahead, spoken it must be. To do this, grace, *sterling* grace, is necessary. Oh for that holy grit and tenacity of purpose which shall unswervingly *do* the will of God! "Be wise as serpents, yet harmless as doves"—how necessary! Yet this weak, cringing *flesh*, how desirous it is to be *all* tact, and *all* diplomacy, and how recalcitrant it is against bold, fearless testimony in the Spirit!

Since that first visit I have been down with Br. Swan several times to see the chief; he is quite a bird of passage, and the last time I saw him was a good distance off at Munema. There was a great gathering that day of wives and warriors to go through the ceremony of doing homage to the departed spirit of Molenga. The late Molenga's principal chattels, consisting of old weapons (spears, poisoned arrows, old percussion-cap gun, etc., etc.), were placed on the ground, around which gathered Msidi's young Molenga, and a number of the former's wives, Mr. Msidi, of course, in the chair. Beer was brought, and the young Molenga, as his father's successor, rose, filled a mug with beer, and having taken a huge mouthful he approached Msidi, and solemnly squirted the contents of his

mouth full on that monarch's face. This he did several times, the wives also receiving a good share ; then Msidi retaliated, and no doubt the old man's squirting powers are good ! Mahanga did likewise ; and the deceased's weapons of war having received a good share of the beer the ceremony was in a way closed, although to the outer ring it was really just beginning, and the beer drinking was proceeded with. During all this squirting business there was not a little merriment going on. *Solemnity* there was none ; perhaps the chief had a demeanour the nearest approach to solemn of any present. Of course, his dignity did not admit much of a laugh with the others.

And now let me close with a few concluding notes. First, the backward look one takes over the past journey is in many respects blessed, *deeply* blessed. Oh, the favour granted from the Lord on high ! Think of the measure of health granted unto us ! Personally, perhaps three slight touches of fever were all I was troubled with the whole journey, and these I noticed followed the drinking of bad water. Then, how much have we to praise for, when we reflect on the favour granted us in the sight of all the chiefs *en route* ? We were poor, you know, and therefore could not be lavish with our presents, and yet we have left behind us a "white path" (as our men say) which we could traverse to-morrow again.

AFRICAN DESPOTS.

Mr. Crawford's interesting diary thus closes with the safe arrival of Messrs. H. Thompson, Lane, and himself in Garenganze, and their joyful welcome by Messrs. Swan and Faulknor, with whom they were housed in the little mission station at Bunkeya, under the sway of the great chief of that country. The trials of the long journey were now over, but they were confronted with fresh difficulties, which might be summed up in one word—*Msidi*.

African despots, such as Msidi of the Garenganze, Lobengula of the Matebele, Liwanika of the Barotsi, have no ancient hereditary claims to their extensive empires ; but their power has to be retained by the same brute force by which they or their immediate predecessors obtained it. And, so far as I can find out, these empires had their beginnings about the time of the introduction of guns and powder into Africa. Any chiefs who were able in those days to get a monopoly of the trade in arms could carve out for themselves enormous kingdoms. Lobengula is perhaps an exception to this rule, his father, Mosilikatse, having conquered the Makalaka and Mashona tribes with the spear. But in Central Africa, so long as the spear and bow were the only

weapons, the balance of power seems to have been fairly well maintained between the small tribal chiefs.

Now that the power of these African despots is being curtailed by European rule, it is well to remember that they have indirectly played an important part in the opening up of the interior of Africa.

Dr. Livingstone was led to undertake his journey to the Zambesi through hearing that Sebituane with his Makololo followers had marched northwards from the Batlaping country (now part of Cape Colony), and had established himself in the Barotsi Valley. Sebituane soon brought the tribes all around under his sway, and by the aid of this great chief Dr. Livingstone was able to obtain boats to ascend the Zambesi. He also provided carriers, and ivory for the purchase of goods; and Livingstone was encouraged to make his first great journey from the Zambesi river to St. Paul de Loanda in 1854.

The great African chiefs have generally invited and welcomed missionaries into their countries, perhaps with the idea of making friends with the white man, from whom powder and guns might be obtained, but they have jealously watched against any possibility of their own influence being weakened by that of the missionary. For forty years missionaries laboured in the Matebele country without apparent fruit, simply because Lobengula quickly called to his capital Gubulowayo (*i.e.* "the killing place"), and disposed of, any of his people who seemed to come under the influence of the missionaries' teaching.

In the Garenganze, Msidi from the beginning protected and befriended us, so that while we laboured at the language of the people, and then went about from village to village telling our story for the first time, our lives were "quiet and peaceable." Mr. Swan and I were, however, repeatedly apprised of this, that though Msidi allowed *us* a measure of liberty, he had no intention of giving his people one inch of it. And he seemed to take pleasure in proving to us that our presence in his country put him under no restraint. In order to rule over so many tribes, he had to make his name a terror, and perhaps only by comparing him with other African despots are we able to discover his virtues. I would give my testimony as to his having an uncommonly kind side to his cruel heart, and that with all his rapacity and greed he was at times lavishly generous.

CHAPTER VII.

Three Years in Garenganze—1888 to 1891.

WE must now go back to February, 1888, when, after three months of their company, I left Messrs. Swan and Faulknor at Msidi's capital for a visit to England for health's sake, giving them the promise of my return to Africa after six months. The story of their sojourn in Garenganze must be briefly told.

Mr. Swan applied himself to the task of mastering the Luba language, which is the vernacular of the "common people," while Mr. Faulknor took charge of the little family of waifs and outcasts that had been gathered into our village. Several of those children were suffering from a loathsome disease called *munono*, and Mr. Faulknor dressed their sores daily. At an unguarded moment, through some cut or jigger sore, he became inoculated with the poison of this disease. He had got down in health owing to the heavy journey from Nana Kandundu, and after a while he was covered with sores, literally "from the sole of the foot even unto the head." Mr. Swan was compelled to become nurse to his afflicted brother, in addition to toiling at his Luba vocabulary, providing food for the eight children, conducting a daily school, and visiting the villages around the capital. Occasionally the scarcity of provisions compelled him to take his gun and go off for some days in search of game, in order to replenish their larder, and during these enterprises he was preserved in the midst of many dangers.

Under date of May 17th, 1889, Mr. Swan writes :

Twenty months have passed since we last heard from or of the civilized world. What a treat it will be to hear from loved ones and of the Lord's work ! I have read all the old copies of *Echoes of Service*, many of them two and three times. When sitting reading of the good work in Spain, Italy, Russia, India, and other places,

my heart has been greatly rejoiced, and I have almost imagined myself present with the Lord's people. May He grant that we may soon have the joy of seeing "fruit" in the Garenganze. The sowing time is often very trying, and I find myself sowing in tears. Oh, to be content to go joyfully on, even if the Lord does not show us much result from our labours! The glorious time is coming when "he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together."

Some time ago I had a quiet talk with one of the children about his soul, and my heart rejoiced greatly to hear him say he was trusting in Jesus. I have long noticed little changes in his ways which led me to think the Lord was dealing with him. May the Lord make it clearly manifest.

We are very much troubled with snakes and scorpions just now. One of our boys was stung by one of the latter a week ago. One night last month, about two a.m., I heard something fall at my side, and, on striking a light, found a snake, between three and four feet long, which had fallen from the roof. I killed it with a stick. On the 10th inst. Br. Faulknor called me early to come and kill another. I ran out at once, and soon had pinned it to the ground with a spear. It was about the thickness of a man's arm. On the same day, having got through my outside work, I was sitting reading in Br. Arnot's room, with one of the boys cooking beans at the fire, when he suddenly leaped up and ran out crying "*Ngana*" ("Sir"). I looked round to see the cause of his fright, and saw the tail of a snake hanging down between the ceiling (of mats) and the wall. I tried to spear it, but failed. It then made its way up the rafters to the top of the house, and I lost sight of it. Going into the next room, which is not ceiled, I caught sight of it again, and, calling for my gun, sent a ball through its body about three feet from the tail. It dropped on the mats, and I fired again, cutting it nearly in two at the middle. We then pulled down the mats, and when it fell, yet alive, I speared it. It was about nine feet long.

The children continue to make good progress in the school, and encourage us much by their attention at the meetings. I have begun morning prayer with them, and often experience a sweet sense of the Lord's presence. I have attempted two simple hymns in the Luba dialect, and the children delight to sing them. It is very precious at times to hear them, when alone, singing gospel truths; and I have great faith that, if they once become fully acquainted with the words and tunes, they will never forget them.

Br. Faulknor is still sick with *munono*, but the sores are now principally confined to his feet; he keeps very weak and helpless. With the exception of a slight fever now and then, I continue to enjoy fair health.

FRIENDLINESS OF MSIDI.

Msidi, you will be glad to hear, has, up to the present, been very friendly towards us. On the 7th of April a messenger arrived in great haste, saying that the chief was on the road up to visit his white men. About twenty minutes afterwards he came with five of his wives and about forty attendants. For long he had been saying he intended to visit us, and, the night before, having dreamed he was at our village, he thought that was a sign he ought to come. We made them as comfortable as we possibly could, and entertained them according to our ability. After partaking of a good meal I was not a little surprised when he intimated that he would like to stay all night. Of course I could not say no, so I set about making arrangements at once. I gave up my bed and bedroom to him; four wives slept in the store-room, and five of his young men and myself slept in the kitchen. The children's house was also filled, and many slept outside under the verandah. I need scarcely say there was very little sleep for me; I was afraid his people might feel inclined to help themselves to some of our little stock, but having committed the matter to the Lord, I lay down to *try* and get a little rest. Glad was I when the morning came and I was able to get the house emptied. Msidi enjoyed a good breakfast of chicken and mush, and about 10 a.m. called for his *tipoia* and returned to his village. Br. Faulknor being unable to give me a helping hand with this large family, the entertaining of them was left to me, and, as the result, for some time afterwards I was left with a racking headache.

Our stock of medicines took Msidi's eye at once. When he saw the bottles he exclaimed "*Kapali vale okufa!*" ("No more death.") They have great faith in our medicines, and, as I have often said, a qualified medical man would find a grand field for labour here. May God grant that this good feeling may be continued, and that we may have grace to make the best of the opportunity to gather souls to Himself by making known His truth.

The chief still continues his ghastly work of putting his people to death. I am sick at heart hearing of this one or the other being executed, some charged with witchcraft, others with interfering with his wives. Only a few days ago two were tied up, charged with the latter crime; one was put to death, and the other mutilated in a shocking way. I might mention scores upon scores of cases; every few days these executions take place, but it would not be to your profit to read about them, neither is it good for me to dwell upon them. A formal execution I have never seen, but one of the chief's young men explained to me the whole affair. However, I refrain, as it is most sickening to hear of men being guilty of such barbarism.

Msidi has been sick for some time, and I have twice been called at night to visit him. To-day I hear that five men have been tied up, charged with causing his sickness. Things are rather unsettled in the country just now, and we plead for your prayers that peace may be maintained. Some time ago a young girl was brought to this country, and Msidi said she should become his wife, and sent her to Kagoma's village until she was older. About a month ago he sent for her, and ever since he has been ill. He says this girl has caused his sickness, and as she is too young to know anything about *fetish*, Kagoma must have taught her. Having assembled his head-men, he proposed that Kagoma should immediately be put to death; but fortunately for Kagoma, who is quite a big man in the country, no one agreed to this. The head-men's refusal to have Kagoma killed has led Msidi to doubt their faithfulness, for he sent me word a few days ago that should any of them come to me for medicine I must refuse to give it, as they wish to kill him. He also states that he cannot take any more of our medicine until he first sees his mulatto wife, her *kalama* (page), and myself partake of it. Why he should have become suspicious of our giving him anything injurious, or supplying his people with anything to hurt him, I cannot say. It is just another proof that the African missionary must not make too much of the seeming favourableness of chiefs, but trust in the Living God, and then there will be no disappointment. Brethren, pray for us.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. SWAN'S DIARY.

May 28th, 1889.—I am thankful to note a marked improvement in Mr. Faulknor's health. He seems much stronger and is gaining flesh.

31st.—At last I have finished my house. As I have no window frames nor glass I must cover the openings with cloth. I return heartfelt thanks to the Lord, who in His great mercy has granted me health and strength while others have been laid aside.

June 1st.—Having got men I had Br. Faulknor carried down to the chief's. Msidi was very pleased to see him, and requested me to send more medicine.

5th.—Two days ago one of our boys ran away, and yesterday I found him at one of the villages. On questioning him as to his reason for going off, I was grieved to hear that he had been using bad language to his fellows, and as they threatened to tell me, he ran away. Instead of punishing him I called the children together and sought to show how hateful such conduct was in the sight of God, who had heard all and knew their hearts.

Walked down to see the chief. While with him the traders from Loanda brought their goods, and I was much cast down at seeing the large supplies of guns, powder, etc. What a terrible

responsibility rests upon the owners of trading houses at the coast, who supply the necessaries for poor Africans to kill one another !

6th.—Yesterday these traders informed the chief that during the night thieves entered their camp, and carried off two bales of cloth. Msidi has called diviners to find the guilty persons, and declares he will put them to death. To-day I visited him ; he is down again with another sick bout. This time he seems very weak and helpless. He has asked me to take him medicine, and says his wife lied when she told me he would not take it.

NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS.

7th.—Found the chief a little brighter. He was sitting, and two of his wives (Mahanga and Nakuruwa), in the midst of a mass of charms such as I have never seen before—gourds, baskets, curious gongs made from lions' skins, spears, idols of various shapes and sizes, sundry wires with pieces of human skin or scalp stuck on them, stools, etc., etc. One of these wires with its ghastly ornaments, he informed me, was given him by his father, Kalasa, when he (Msidi) left his native country beyond Tanganyika, to come to these parts. In the midst of all these I was requested to take a seat by his side. Native beer was brought and spurted over the charms, himself, and his wives. He then requested me to take some into my mouth and spurt over them that they might have the white man's blessing ; but as these charms represented the spirits of the departed, I refused. They next brought a goat as an offering to the spirits. It was laid on a heap of leaves, and its throat was cut. Its inwards were then taken out and carefully examined, the lungs inflated, etc., but all was found perfectly in order, and they seemed very well pleased. (Had anything unusual been noticed it would have been counted an ill omen.) The chief's brother, Likuku, then took some of the blood, and sprinkled it on the chief's forehead and breast. Rings were cut out of the skin, and placed on the fingers of the chief's left-hand, after which the flesh was cut up and divided among those present. In reply to his question, "What do you think of these things?" I answered, "It is all nonsense, for when people die their spirits go to God, who gave them, and do not return." "Ah!" said he, "that is your wisdom ; this is ours." It is strange that with such a great ado about fetishes, whenever he finds himself a little better, he invariably tells his people that *our* medicine has done it. Yesterday I took hold of different parts of his body, asking him if he felt any pain, and to-day he declares that God used those touches to make him feel a little better, so that he was able to take a good night's rest !

10th.—Visited the chief again, and was surprised to find him sitting outside, dressed in European clothes. He explained that during the night he had dreamed he was in Portugal, England, and a few other places, so on rising he had dressed up in European fashion, and told his people he had just returned from the white man's country. All who went to see him, young and old, had to come and shake hands, and bid him welcome back again. When I left he presented me with a large native pot of honey (as much as one man could carry), a tin each of tea, butter, and pig's tongue, which he told me were left here by Ivens and Capello, the Portuguese travellers. He says he feels better, but so far as I can see there is not much improvement.

Our little sick boy is no better. I had a chicken killed to try to tempt him to eat this morning, but he had only taken a few mouthfuls when he vomited it all again. To-night he was able to eat a little. Poor little fellow! There is a great change in him. He is usually so full of life and even cheeky with the other boys. But this is all past, and he is quite subdued.

10th.—To-day two of the chief's daughters were married, and a third was sent to Kazembe on the Luapula river. These girls have been kept in confinement for about ten days, during which time dancing has been carried on almost continuously at the village. To-day they were dressed up in fancy cloth and paraded through the village on women's shoulders. This over, they sat down alongside their future husbands, the latter as well as the former on women's knees. Two or three speeches were then made, after which Msidi gave them a little fatherly advice, specially charging them not to fall into the habit of smoking. (The women smoke tobacco and hasheesh through water, drawing the smoke into the lungs.) To finish up the proceedings the men went through the dance called *Kutomboka*.

TWO YEARS' LETTERS.

In October, 1889, Mr. Swan thus expresses the joy of himself and his suffering companion on the receipt of letters :

On the 22nd the many prayers of Br. Faulknor and myself were at last answered by the safe arrival of our mail. It is utterly impossible for us to write and thank the many friends who have written us such encouraging letters. The Lord will fully repay them for all their hearty fellowship, and it gives us much joy to remember them continually before the "throne of grace."

I am continuing to make fair progress in the languages, and can now speak freely and make our message known to the people. May the Lord keep my heart beating warmly towards Himself; then the people will not be neglected.

Let me now add some words regarding Mataya and her son, who were saved from death by our opportune arrival here, an account of which I see on page 225 of *Garenganze*. It will not only add to your knowledge of the superstitions and cruel ways of the chief and people of this country, but also draw forth fresh prayer and sympathy on their behalf.

MSIDI'S TREATMENT OF AN EMBASSY.

When Molenga died, Mataya and her son were charged with being implicated in his death, and were both executed (speared), I hear, by Msidi's orders; so the deliverance we rejoiced in did not last long. Mataya had three sons; they were not Msidi's children, but were born before she became his wife. One of these sons was shot in one of the chief's wars, another was put to death with his mother, so one still remained. Mataya's people (the *Va-lukaluka*, whose country is near Garenganze proper) soon heard of her death, and determined to make Msidi pay. Accordingly they sent off a party to the Luapula to plunder the outlying villages of Msidi's domains, and succeeded in killing and capturing a number of people, and threatened to come to the capital. Msidi, for some reason known only to himself (I think it was fear, as he was very short of powder at the time), sent off Mataya's remaining son and some of his men with a present of three large tusks, a coat and vest (which he begged from us) and two or three small trinkets, to the *Va-lukaluka*, who then professed to be satisfied, and said their quarrel with Msidi was at an end. Since then, sad to say, west-coast traders have brought large supplies of powder, which, I think, accounts for his change of tactics. But to proceed. The men who carried Msidi's present requested the *Va-luka* to send a deputation to speak with their chief face to face; so three men and a youth were sent off, and arrived here a few days ago.

Last Sunday, after Br. Faulknor and I had remembered the Lord in the breaking of bread, and before I gathered the children together, the morning being comparatively cool, I thought I would walk down as far as the chief's. On arriving at the village I found a great many people, and knew there was going to be a great court day. The chief sent a messenger to call the Zanzibari traders, and another to bring the *Va-luka*. When they arrived Msidi asked the Arabs if they were in any way connected with the *Va-luka*, to which they replied that they had come to trade, and knew nothing of them or their quarrel with the chief. Msidi then made a long speech, during which three of his executioners appeared on the scene, by appointment, for they were painted up for work. While the chief was speaking, these executioners advanced two

or three times toward the Va-luka messengers, saying to Msidi, *Tuke tudia* ("Give us to eat"; meaning, "Give us liberty to kill them"). The chief, on finishing, gave orders for the Va-luka to be put to death. Instantly thirty or forty men rushed towards them, threw them down, tore off their cloths, and would soon have carried out the chief's orders, had not Likuku, his elder brother, asked that they might be simply bound and beaten for the present.

What could I do? I felt inclined to rush into their midst to try and save these poor men who were surrounded and torn by beings more savage than beasts; but I also felt that my knowledge of the case would not justify me in interfering. So I had to sit and watch these poor creatures carried off in the midst of this yelling crowd. As they were dragged along the ground by their legs, arms, ears, and hair, I could not but think of the treatment received by poor Bishop Hannington. I soon left with a heavy heart, the cries of these ill-used creatures still ringing in my ears. Having made enquiries, I learned that they had come at Msidi's request to talk over the dispute between them. The chief's injustice lay heavily upon my heart, and I cried to the Lord for these poor sufferers. In the children's meeting I told them all that had happened, and said we would ask God to save the lives of these men. At night Br. Faulknor and I also prayed most earnestly for them, and I determined to go down next morning to ask that they might be spared, and also to tell Msidi to his face what we thought of his injustice. The Lord, as is often the case, answered our prayers far beyond our expectation. On reaching the village I saw the three men and the three executioners sitting outside a hut. What a sight! The poor men were cut and bruised from head to foot, and the eldest of the three had a severe spear-wound on the left side of his neck besides others on his body. I asked the executioners how it was they had been loosed. They said Msidi had sent word about midnight for them to be taken out of the ropes.

When we left the chief's I again visited the men, told them how I sympathized with them, also that we were not here to trade, but had come to teach the word of God, and would do all we could to ease their pain. Since then I have visited them again, and they were brought up to our village. The head man's knee and elbow joints had been so mercilessly beaten with clubs, etc., that it caused him much suffering when I stretched them out to bandage them. His continual "*Baba wani, Baba wani*" ("My father, my father") told how thankful he was for the little kindness we showed him, and fully repays me for all I did. May the Lord grant that the day may soon come when the poor fellow and his companions will be able to look

up to Him who gave His Son to die for them, and say *Baba wani*, "My Father."

It is impossible for me to say how thankful I feel that labourers are being provided for the spiritual work that needs to be done in these countries. The next important thing is to see that we rightly divide our forces. I trust that the brethren who accompany our brother Arnot will see their way clear to form at least *two* stations between here and Bihé.

A LION'S POWER.

We again turn to Mr. Swan's diary, the first entry in which reminds us of the constant peril caused by the presence of wild beasts.

December 8th, 1889.—This afternoon my attention was arrested by the cries of natives on a little hill some distance off. I ran to the place with my gun, and going up the hillside I came across the body of a young man with all his left side torn away. The natives were shouting higher up the hill, and I ran on and found that, a moment before I reached the spot, they had bravely killed a full-grown lion, but not before he had seized two men, who died immediately, and had given a third a severe wound on his right foot with his paw, when he was seeking safety up a tree. The two men who were killed were gathering firewood, and the elder of them saw in the grass what he thought was a small animal and made towards it. The lion sprang upon him, seized him by the head, and killed him instantly. The other cried out with fear, and the lion left the dead man and caught him by the side, tearing the flesh and ribs away with his powerful jaws. A woman escaped and gave the alarm, and the natives were soon on the spot with their spears and guns, and manfully rid themselves of the dangerous brute. They dragged its body up to our village, and left it for the night.

9th.—This morning I dressed the wounded man's foot. All lions killed are taken to the chief, and I had this one carried down by a gang of men. After they had gone through some superstitious ceremonies, spitting meal and water, dancing the "kutomboka," standing on the lion, etc., it was skinned and cut up for fetish purposes. Msidi gave me the claws to send to England. The lion measured 9 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. This will give some idea of the daring of these animals—two men killed and one wounded within a few hundred yards of villages in broad daylight.

22nd.—To-day all our meetings have been very encouraging. We had about thirty Ovimbundu at the gospel meeting in the afternoon. At the close, one of them asked, "Who killed Jesus? were they black

or white people?" To my shame I had to confess that they were whites, and the wise people of those days. But this gave me another opportunity of witnessing to the truth of Acts xvii. 26—"God hath made of one blood all nations of men," and I was able to convince them that as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man, that if the Lord Jesus had come into their midst He would have received no better treatment at their hands. They seemed deeply interested in what they heard, and on leaving one of them spoke up and said, "To-day the white man has spoken indeed." Oh, that they might hear God's voice, and receive *His word!*

January 9th, 1890.—Br. Faulknor is in a very bad state; complains of great pain in the chest, coughs and spits a great deal night and day.

14th.—He has now considerably improved in health. Up to December he gave help in teaching the children their letters; but since then I have taken them altogether off his hands, which confines me to the village. Though the school consists only of eight, yet, with manual labour, meetings, learning of languages, etc., I find my time fully employed, and often feel the need of more quiet moments for meditation. But the Lord knows all, and will give the needed grace and strength to go on until our brethren arrive. Then, I doubt not, we shall have a large school. The children come about our village more than they did.

February 5th.—After much thought and prayer we have decided to send out a native named Siku and four or five men with letters, hoping they will meet some of our brethren. Siku is an elderly Bihéan, who has been living near us ever since Mr. Arnot left, and I have found him fairly trustworthy. Our special object is to inform the brethren that it is impossible for me to leave Br. Faulknor alone.

9th.—Our attempt to communicate with our brethren has proved a failure. The men crossed the Lualaba all right, but coming to forked roads they were at a loss which to take, owing to the long grass. They finally took the *right*, which in this case proved to be the *wrong* one. Later on they reached a village, and the natives pounced upon them and took all they had, even stripping them of the cloth they wore.

May 3rd.—About midnight I was surprised by hearing the report of a gun near the window of my bedroom. Running out I found that Br. Faulknor had shot a leopard. A young lad who was sitting by the fire heard the leopard trying to get at the chickens. He awoke Br. F., who quietly opened the door and got a good shot, the ball passing through its stomach. When I went out it raised itself upon its fore legs and showed its teeth, but a second shot from my gun killed it.

SOME DIFFICULTIES IN AFRICAN WORK.

In a letter to the late Mr. Henry Groves, written in 1890, Mr. Swan mentions some of the difficulties of imparting the truths of the word of God to Africans :

I suppose you can scarcely understand the strange kind of feeling that comes over me at times, when I look round and see the numbers of people in these parts who so sadly need the word of God. It is now nearly three years since we came here, and how very little seems to have been done ! If we add the two years that Br. Arnot was here, it makes *five* years. What a length of time to have been living in the country, and yet many of the natives scarcely know our object in living among them ! It is true, and we thank God for it, that those who are in the habit of coming to our meetings are beginning to understand more clearly what we are here for, but the great majority seem to think we have some personal interest in living among them.

A few days ago a man who had heard something about the white man's country said, "You must have committed crimes at home, or you would not live here." Some might think that all that is necessary is to tell them you have come to "teach people the words of God," and they would understand at once. But is it so? Far from it. You must first tell them who *God* is, where His *word* comes from, how it is that *we* are so interested in them that we come to live with them. When you remember that before any of these things can be told them, it is necessary to learn a language altogether different from your own, without the aid of vocabulary or grammar, you *begin* to understand to some extent how so much time passes away without any or with very few results to show. Even after you fairly master the language, and tell them distinctly that you are here to teach them about God and His precious word, you are sometimes greeted with "*buvela*" or "*buramba*," the Yeke and Luba words meaning "nonsense, untruthfulness," etc.

Again, you sit down with a man and try to teach him something about right and wrong, and after you have finished he goes away without feeling his responsibility to do what you tell him is right and leave off doing that which you have sought to show him is wrong. Perhaps the conclusion he comes to is that their superstitions are far better than ours. He looks round and sees Va-yeke, Va-lamba, Va-luba, Va-lunda, Va-sanga, and a host of others, with their peculiar beliefs of right and wrong, and when he hears us he looks upon us as one more among the rest, and cannot at all see that he is responsible to take heed to what *we* say. Of course we tell him that the word of God is for all people, but to *tell* him is not to *convince* him. We

should be utterly discouraged did we not know that the Spirit of God is *in the world*, yea, is *with us*, and it is His work to “convince the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.”

A JOYFUL MEETING.

The arrival of the three brethren, so long expected, is thus described :

October 4th.—To-day one of the children ran in saying, “A man with letters.” To our great joy we learned that at last, after many, many months’ delay, God had graciously answered our prayers, and three brethren—Messrs. Lane, Thompson, and Crawford—had reached the Lualaba river in safety. God saw me write the words, “I am sad at heart,” and has sent this good news to cheer me, and also Br. Faulknor. Our prayer now is that they may come in the “fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ,” proving a great blessing to ourselves, the children, and the people. To-morrow I start with one of the chief’s right-hand men, Kasanda, and his son, Mafinge, to meet them on the way. When I went down to the chief’s he was greatly pleased, and said, “You will be white at heart now.” I answered, “I am white at heart because our friends are coming, but black at heart because of what you have done in killing your wives.” His only reply was to smack his lips and say, “Oh, they have proved a fetish to bring the white men !” This gives some idea of the depths of his wickedness.

5th.—Early this morning I started off with the object of meeting the brethren at a village about twenty miles off—Kanikili. About 10 p.m., when we were all asleep, I heard voices outside my hut door—“A letter for Swana.” I found the messenger had brought a letter from Br. Faulknor, written at the chief’s request, informing me of the arrival of another Englishman, Mr. Alfred Sharpe, from Nyassa. Mr. Faulknor said nothing about the object of his visit, but the messenger brought word that the chief was anxious for me to return at once and tell him if I knew the white man.

6th.—I waited until past mid-day, and as I saw no signs of the brethren coming I returned home, my men almost dragging me through water for about three miles at the end of the journey.

7th.—Visited Mr. Sharpe, and found he had come from Nyassa, and is sent by the British South Africa Company. His object in visiting these parts is to establish friendly relations with the chiefs and peoples, to ascertain what prospects of trade exist, what minerals, and to make commercial treaties. I need scarcely say how pleased we were to see him, and trust that his stay here, though probably short, may be a pleasant one. I stated his business to the chief, after

which Mr. Sharpe gave him a very good present, and the old man was very well pleased.*

9th.—To our almost unspeakable joy, Brn. Thompson, Lane, and Crawford arrived about 12.30 to-day. The chief, some Zanzibaris, Bihéans, and crowds of people came to our village to welcome them. Their reception was such an one as must have given great joy to their hearts. The old chief was delighted beyond measure. I find on inquiry from the brethren that to-day is the 11th and not the 9th.

We now reach the point at which the previous chapter left off—the meeting of the five brethren in October, 1890. The three newcomers were glad to rest their weary feet after the long three months' journey from Bihé; while the two who had been so long isolated were cheered and refreshed by their brethren's society. They were also able to hold happy meetings daily, in which the gospel was preached in both the Luba and Umbundu languages.

For many reasons, especially on account of the great scarcity of water, it was thought desirable by both the chief Msidi and the missionaries to remove the Garenganze capital from the dry Unkeya valley, and, with the consent of all, Mr. Swan made an excursion to the east of the Lufira river in search of a site. His diary runs as follow :

IN SEARCH OF A SITE FOR THE CAPITAL.

November 24th, 1890.—Left our village at 6.45 a.m. with three boys, a man, and two girls. One of the girls is Sesia, the wife of my boy, Muyembe; the other is Mwepo, who wished to accompany Sesia. Msidi wanted to send quite a crowd of his young men, but they steal so much from the poor villagers that I refused to have them. To-day Sesia would not eat the food because it was cooked on the fire of a relative of Muyembe. Strange superstitions exist in this country in connection with the marriage tie. If a young man marries, it is considered a great insult for him to go near or speak to his father-in-law or mother-in-law. A continual lookout is kept, and the moment either of these appears on the scene the young people make off in great fear. Again, the father and mother are supposed to be responsible for the conduct of the girl after marriage; and if she is found unfaithful, the young man makes a great row with the parents. It is not uncommon for the young man to burn down the house of the girl's parents. A short time ago I heard the report of a gun across the

* Msidi afterwards turned against Mr. Sharpe, partly owing to *fetish* ideas as to his having come from an unfavourable quarter (the East), and all attempts at negotiation came to an end.—F. S. A.

valley, and angry voices proceeding from that direction. I found that a young man named Mukuto had fired his gun at his mother-in-law, because she had taken her daughter into the presence of Msidi, and he, taking a fancy to the girl, said she must remain and become his wife.

26th.—*Mupanda's*. Remaining to gather food. The hut I slept in last night is as full as it can be of chigoes, fleas, bugs, etc. Have had it cleaned out to-day, but these occupants defy all our efforts. I much prefer sleeping outside, but one cannot do so in the rainy season.

THE LUFIRA RIVER.

27th.—About an hour and a quarter brought us to the Lufira river, now very much swollen, the water being on a level with the banks, and in some places overflowing. At such times great numbers of fish are speared on the flats, some of them very large, but they are mostly of the cat-fish species. Mupanda himself ferried us across the river in a bark boat, the gunwale of which was not an inch above the water when two of us had entered. He said we would find a good road at the end of the pumpkin gardens, but we could find none, and were compelled to attempt the journey across the flats through the long grass, sometimes reaching far above our heads, and with the heat of the burning sun one felt like being suffocated. A large snake, about the thickness of the calf of a man's leg, suddenly sprang out of the grass at a boy's neck, with its mouth open. One of the girls was between me and the boy, and in attempting to run away she fell down. I stood over her with my gun to shoot the snake, but it immediately disappeared in the long grass.

We struggled on through the grass for about two hours, and after emerging had to wade through water, sometimes above our waists, for about two hours more. After this, heavy rain began to fall, and being unable to make a shelter we pushed on. Now, instead of the stifling heat, the cold was intense, and right glad were we all when we came across a little band of fishermen, and found they had a fire. We had a little food, the fishermen furnishing us with "sauce." Started again; shot an antelope (*nsevula*), and reached Chipasia's about 7 p.m. It was then dark. The journey which, under ordinary circumstances, would not have been a specially heavy one, took us thirteen hours, including the short rest at the fishermen's huts and the time spent in cutting up the antelope.

28th.—*Chipasia's*. Rested to-day; needed it much after yesterday. Not at all surprised to find myself all aches and pains, and suffering from diarrhœa. Sang a few hymns outside our hut in the evening.

29th.—*Mwemena's*. Three and a half hours brought us from Chipasia's. The walk was through thickly-wooded country, but it was pleasant and shady, and I would have enjoyed it had I felt better. Mwemena I have met before. He is a tall, pleasant-looking fellow, and

has a good many people about him. Natives very kind, bringing meal etc. The country at the bottom of the mountains seems very fertile.

January 1st, 1891.—Entering upon the New Year I pray for grace to speak boldly for my Redeemer at all times. God's words to young Jeremiah (chap. i. 5-10) bring me much joy. In verse 5 God makes known to him His desire that he should enter on a special work. For my part I can never doubt that God brought me to Africa to work among these people. In verse 6 we see the realization of his utter inability to say anything—"I cannot speak"—or to do anything to the glory of God. He felt he had no more strength than a child—"I am a child." In verse 7 God says, "Thou shalt go . . . thou shalt speak." None but sent ones can speak for God. (Rom. x. 15.) Nothing is so calculated to help us in our testimony as an ever-present conviction that we have been divinely commissioned. And with such a word as verse 8, "I am with thee to deliver thee," how can we have any fear of man? The Lord's "I am with you always" is a mighty support in service.

How beautiful to notice the divine and the human—God's words; Jeremiah's mouth. God needs our mouths, and we need His words. But our mouths must be sanctified before we can speak even His words acceptably.

2nd.—Chipuna's. Yesterday morning I sent the boys off ten or twelve miles to Msidi's wives who live on the top of the mountains, but are now cultivating at the bottom, to ask them to send guides to take us up. Yesterday afternoon I shot a hippopotamus, and most of the day has been occupied in cutting up and bringing the meat to the village. The natives were so terribly meat-hungry that I was compelled to stand over them to keep order while they did their work.

3rd.—The boys returned with Ina-Matorero, Msidi's wife, and two slave wives, and we hope to start to-morrow. There is only one small stream near Chipuna's, and very little water can be found in it during the dry season. The young men and women have been dancing nearly every night since we came, and I have had some difficulty in keeping our boys and girls away.

4th.—Ina-Matorero strongly advised us not to attempt to climb the mountains by the road near Chipuna's, as it is very heavy. We came on here to her village, and arrived about 5 p.m. Were caught in the rain, but able to make a little shelter. Crossed the Kampemba, a swift mountain torrent, with some difficulty. Passed several small villages on the road—*Diuru's, Mumba's, Mashika's.* At Mumba's we saw a man who had had his nose bitten off by a hyena. Just before reaching Ina-Matorero's we crossed a stream of good water, which runs dry in the summer, but the Mwana river, a little beyond the village, flows all the year round.

5th.—Went only a short distance to *Mafule's*; crossed the Lukafu river, a perennial stream. We are now close to the mountains, and in one day will reach the top. Here I was shown two miserable huts, filthy with vermin, etc., but declined them, and said I would build a hut for myself in the woods. This put the people in a great fright. What would Msidi say when he heard that his white man had slept in the woods? We did not try to calm their fears, but the boys and I built a hut, and were fortunate to have it finished before the rain fell.

6th.—Climbed the mountains; a very hard job, but not so difficult as I expected from native reports. Camped on the top; had a grand view of the country for miles round. The mountains at the capital were distinctly seen, and I half wished myself back again in our own comfortable little village, having been wetted to the skin so many times during this journey. The Katuba Mwenda, a small river just at the bottom of the mountains, fails in the hot season, while the Makanga, on the upper region, has a constant supply of water.

MESSRS. FAULKNER AND THOMPSON LEAVE FOR BIHÉ.

Mr. Swan did not succeed in discovering any site suitable for Msidi. On his return to the capital he found Mr. Thompson invalided with an injured eye. Mr. Lane, when buying eggs from a native, struck one smartly with the handle of a table-knife, in order to test the condition of its contents. The egg, being rotten, exploded, and a splinter from the shell struck Mr. Thompson's eye, which became inflamed and exceedingly painful. Losing the sight of this eye for some time, and fearing lest his sight might be permanently injured, he resolved to return to Bihé for medical aid in company with Mr. Faulkner, who had decided to return to Canada, as he felt himself, owing to his very prolonged illness, disabled from active service.

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the five months' trying journey from Garenganze, throughout most of the distance of which the two travellers were obliged to be carried in *tipoias*, they both improved much in health. On arriving at Bihé Mr. Thompson was so much better that he decided to return at once to the Interior, and many of the carriers who had accompanied him to Bihé were willing to go back again with him.

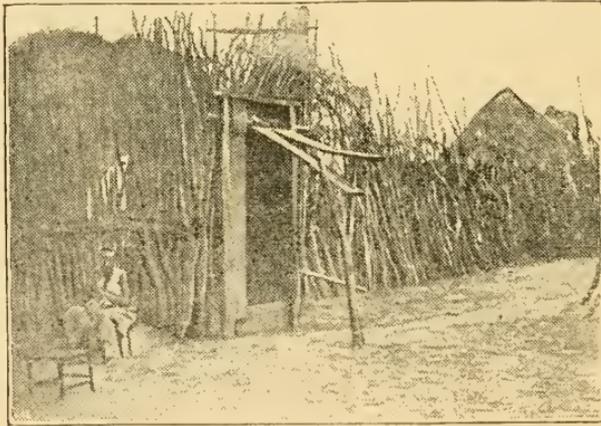
Mr. Faulkner was at once taken in hand by Dr. W. Fisher, the only medical man of our party, and under his treatment our brother soon recovered so far as to be able to dispense with his crutches, and for the time abandoned his intention of returning to Canada.

CHAPTER VIII.

Reinforcement from Different Lands.

(MAY AND JUNE, 1891.)

DURING the twelve months that intervened between the setting out of the three brethren for Garenganze and the return, in July, 1891, of Messrs. Thompson and Faulknor, our little party at Kwanjulula, Bihé, found no lack of occupation. After the Portuguese war had ended there was the usual local work in connection with buildings and enclosures, and an effort was made to provide food by very primitive farming.



A GATEWAY AND FENCE OF VILLAGE AT KWANJULULA.

The difficulties of obtaining calico and goods from the coast for our own use and for the brethren at Garenganze had to be overcome. The gospel was gradually made known in the neighbourhood, the study of Umbundu was prosecuted, and sick ones were cared for.

Meanwhile friends at home had not forgotten the little band "toiling on" in the great African field. Early in the year, 1891, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Bird, who crossed from Canada to England *en route* for Africa, were joined in England by Miss Anna Darling from Ireland, and inasmuch as these two ladies were certificated and experienced nurses, they promised to be no small acquisition to the work. Mr. Joseph Lynn and Mr. Schindler (a Swiss) had preceded them, the latter to Lisbon, and the former to Madeira, with the desire to learn something of the Portuguese language, and expecting to join the outgoing party at these respective ports. Mr. Lynn, however, having heard that a Mr. and Mrs. Murrain, two coloured people, were being sent over to our help by an assembly of Christians at Georgetown, Demerara, decided to await their arrival at Madeira, and assist them in completing their journey thence to Benguella.

As soon as the news reached us in Bihé that these various parties were on their way to join us we immediately addressed ourselves to the arduous task of collecting a sufficient company of carriers. Dr. Fisher, who took charge of this business, started for the coast with over seventy porters to meet the incoming party, and greeted them at Benguella on the 21st of May.

On the 24th of May, Mr. Bird wrote on the way inland :

We are here safe, well, and happy, and our hearts are very full of gratitude to our God for helping us to get away from the coast so soon. We left Catumbella yesterday afternoon, and arrived here early this forenoon, after a somewhat trying march. The path ascended from the very door of the house at Catumbella. The carriers had begun to grumble terribly at the protracted delay ; some were getting sick, and all were getting thinner, for the interior natives invariably suffer if they remain at the coast more than three or four days. The men we left behind are now contented, as they see we are honest in our determination to get all away at the earliest possible date. It seems a rather extreme experiment to leave sixty or seventy men with Br. Schindler, but one of his headmen can speak Portuguese, and Dr. W. Fisher thinks they will get along all right. Anyway, we judged it better to start, as it was costing nearly £3 per day to keep all the men at the coast.

It would be hard to give an idea of our journey, as everything has been so utterly strange. During the first few miles we passed a number of graves of carriers. They put a heap of stones over the place, raise a pole, with the poor man's piece of cloth attached to it,

and then break his calabash and leave it on the heap. There were many fresh graves, as numbers have died of late from small-pox. By climbing one hill after another, we at last reached the crest of the range, and were told that this was the last point from which we could see the sea.

Soon afterwards we came to a terrible place, where the path descended amongst rocks and thorn shrubs, and I would have dismounted had not Dr. Fisher persuaded me to remain in the saddle. The mules, however, never slip, and after a while we were able to breathe more freely. We passed great numbers of natives in large caravans going into Benguella to trade in rubber, ivory, and gum. They told us that a party of soldiers on their way to Bihé were encamped at the Supwa Pass (where we are to-night). I am sorry for this, as they will frighten the natives, being one day ahead of us, and drive them from the villages, making it difficult for us to buy food for our men. We reached our first halting-place long after dark.

It being the "Ekonga" or desert, we had brought water with us, and after lighting a fire were able to make a meal of tea, biscuit, and roast beef, which we brought from Catumbella. The tent was put up for the ladies, and Dr. Fisher and I lay down in our blankets under the open sky. It was very warm, and as there was no dew we did not suffer. Next morning we were up at three, and after a cup of cocoa and a plate of oatmeal porridge started off at four, and by half-past seven saw the river. We crossed and encamped soon after eight. To-morrow we commence the climb again up the Supwa. We are beginning to learn how to rough it, as almost our entire outfit has been left behind at the coast. As regards provisions, however, we are able to secure a fair supply, and do not suffer. We have only one camp cot for the whole party. Miss Darling had a capital bed made by one of her tipoiá men. Four forked sticks are put into the ground; two poles are then laid across, and little light sticks placed transversely, over them being a pile of soft leaves. All the natives are fast asleep, as it is now 7.30, and has been dark an hour. To-day when it was cool we had dinner, and afterwards remembered the Lord's death together. Some of the Ovimbundu came around when we sang and asked what it meant, so Dr. Fisher explained it to them. We afterwards gathered more of them together, and some of the boys from near Kwanjulula sang several hymns in Umbundu to familiar tunes. It was very touching to hear them sing in their own tongue about the Lord Jesus, and they seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

After we reach Bihé we shall have a native grass hut to sleep in, and shall be quite comfortable. We are perfectly well, and in good hands. I must wind up for the night. My back aches from sitting in an awkward position, and my candle is beginning to attract the

mosquitoes, and if they find us out we shall be at their mercy, as all our curtains are in Benguela.

Dr. Fisher was giving us lessons in Umbundu in our hut to-day, as it was the coolest place. The two sisters have a decided advantage, as they are shut up to the conversation of their tipoia-bearers on the journey, and Miss Darling serenely sticks to her Umbundu notes and her note-book whilst being carried up and down most precipitous places.

We had hoped to go further to-day, but when we learned there was no water we remained here, as there are big holes dug in the sand under a stone, in which a small quantity of water gathers. We got some muddy stuff, but, thirsty as I was when I arrived in camp, it looked so bad that I had not the slightest inclination to drink it until it was boiled, and the mud disguised in tea or soup. We greatly enjoy our dessicated soup. The scenery around us here is exceedingly romantic and fine. There are beautiful hills on either side with rich tropical foliage.

Thus onward the little party advanced, up and over the rugged mountainous ascent, till they gained the rim of the undulating and elevated interior plateau. After speaking of the crossing of the Keve River on the 3rd of June, Mr. Bird continues :

Another hour brought us in sight of the village of Utalama, the place of sorrowful memories, and by making a round of the hill to the left instead of going to the right by the regular road we soon came to a spot in the woods, just a little square about 14 feet each way with a neat fence around it. Dismounting, we leaned over the paling and gazed on the place where all that was of this earth of our beloved departed brethren Morris and Gall was resting. It was a sorrowful moment and a solemn one to us all, as we were thus reminded of the reality of what it meant to give up *all* for the sake of Africa, even life itself, and to be ready at any moment to go if it should be the will of Him that sent us. I could only afresh yield myself and all that I have in full surrender to Him, to be used to fill up in a little measure the gaps made in the ranks of Central African service, and to try and compensate as well as I am able for Africa's heavy loss. My memory went back to the night when I received *Echoes* with the terrible news, and how it went to my heart, sending me to my knees to see if I were ready even for this. It really seems as if we were to be privileged to take dear brother Morris's place out here, as I believe it was quite his intention to take up work at Nana Kandundu, and, as far as we can see at present, that appears to be the place marked out by the Lord for us. The day after we left Utalama we arrived in Chilume, the station of the American mission.

They were all exceedingly kind and hospitable, and the luxury of a quiet bed in a comfortable house was unutterable.

Chilume was only four days from Kwanjulula—our destination ; but to reach it in that time meant pretty long marches. Our carriers, however, were determined to accomplish it, and accordingly three days later found us camping only about three hours' march from Kwanjulula. The only event worth recording was the crossing of the Buluvulu plain, which is a regular prairie about twelve miles across, and we were about six hours getting over ; it was exceedingly hot. It was amusing to hear the carriers all rejoicing at the nearness of home, and shouting on all sides, "*Ko Kwanjulula hena,*" i.e. "At Kwanjulula to-morrow." I was in charge of the caravan, with a very temporary authority, as Dr. Fisher had pushed on to arrive a day before us.

Next morning we made an early start, in spite of the remonstrances of our carriers, who kept pointing up to the sky, where the sun would be at ten o'clock, and saying we should reach Kwanjulula then. As soon as we were fairly on the road it seemed like the march of a conquering army returning home. Our men were in the highest spirits, and sang lustily all the way. After leaving the prairie we were in Bihé territory, and the natives were looking for us. As soon as the people of the first village we passed heard the singing, they all turned out to welcome us, dancing and singing and clapping their hands, and running alongside of the carriers to get a good look at the white ladies. I could hardly retain my seat in the saddle, as the mule was dancing about, almost like one of the natives, in the excitement. The same scene was repeated at almost every village with more or less intensity, until we accepted it as a matter of course.

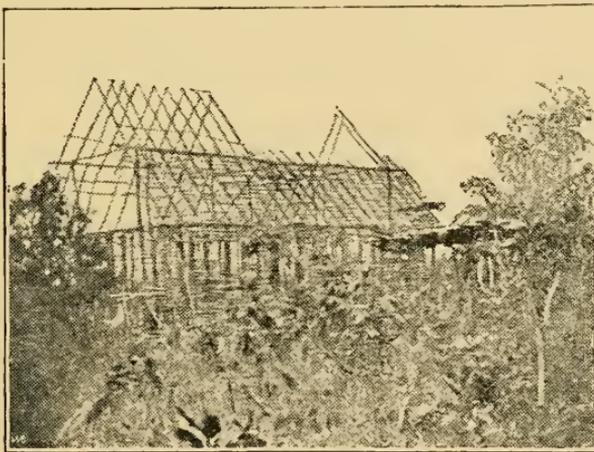
While we were looking out for the station flag, thinking we must be getting near, I suddenly observed a little man running along the path with several children at his heels, dancing with glee. I said, "Are you Dick?" "Yes." We gave each other a grip, and then away he danced to the tipoiias just behind. After a shake-hands there, off went the shot gun he carried, and away he went at full speed. Coming round the bend of the path we saw the school-house and flag, and knew it was Kwanjulula at last. Here the road had been levelled up in real home style, and, with both tipoiias abreast and the mule alongside, we marched up to the gate of the compound, outside which all the dear friends we had so longed to meet were standing in a line to receive us. There were Mr. and Mrs. Arnot, Miss Gilchrist, Mr. Munnoch, and Dr. Fisher, together with Dick and Delunga, Susi's sister and several others. With hearts overflowing with praise and gratitude to God for his wonderful care of us all, we were led into the house.

We soon learned that it was on Mr. Arnot's mind to make an early start for Nana Kandundu, and every day fresh head-men were arriving with their gangs of men to get loads. Quite a number have been given out already, all of which are for the brethren in Garenganze. Mr. Arnot has decided, if possible, to take us on, as he knows Queen Nana, and promised to bring in some white teachers to her country. His going may save a great deal of palaver, and possibly a bale or so of cloth, in getting a suitable site for the station.

Dr. Fisher left Mr. Schindler at Benguella in charge of the remainder of the caravan, to bring on the residue of the baggage of Mr. and Mrs. Bird and Miss Darling, as soon as it could be got through the Custom House, a certain number of porters being set apart for the use of Dr. Johnston, of Jamaica, who arrived with six Jamaica men in the same steamer as Messrs. Bird and Schindler, and had asked us to procure carriers.

Mr. Schindler had thus a rather singular experience in having to take entire charge of about sixty porters, to whom he was unable to speak a word in their own language; all, however, arrived safely in Bihé.

While we were commencing preparations for the departure of the party going into the interior Messrs. Faulknor and Thompson arrived from the Garenganze, so we had the benefit of their counsel and help.



SKELETON OF HOUSE AT KWANJULULA, WHICH AFTERWARDS COLLAPSED.

CHAPTER IX.

Commencing at Nana Kandundu ; Encouragement in Bihé.

(AUGUST, 1891, TO APRIL, 1892.)

MAKING a start from Bihé is always tedious work. The villages where the men whom we hire as porters reside are widely scattered, and their friends expect them to give a visit all round, and to drink beer with them before leaving home. No ship-master in the olden days could have had greater trouble, or required more patience in getting his crew together on the eve of a voyage, than we have in collecting our men for a final start.

Our party consisted of Mr. H. B. Thompson, (who was returning to the Garenganze,) Mr. and Mrs. Bird, Miss Gilchrist, Mr. Schindler, and myself. We crossed the Kwanza in canoes, August 31st, 1891, taking the route described in Mr. Crawford's diary, but had not the same difficulties. Since the military occupation of Bihé by the Portuguese the natives everywhere were found more easy to deal with, and although we exchanged presents with the chiefs, they no longer plagued us with peremptory demands for tribute at every camp.

On the way we sought to bring the gospel before the many carriers from different parts of the Bihé district, who composed our caravan. In a home letter Mr. Bird gave a graphic account of our evening assembly on one occasion :

Kasombo, Sept. 4th.—We have all just returned from the regular evening meeting in the camp. It is really a most interesting sight and most soul-inspiring. Shortly after sunset, when the men have all eaten their mush and beans, the whistle is blown for "*Tanga*," and taking our folding chairs and a lantern we wind in and out among the huts of our immense camp—far larger than many a native village. As we thread our way past one after another of the many camp fires, with its little circle round it, going over all the events of the day, we

almost invariably get the native greeting, "*Kalunga!*" which affords an opportunity of an invitation, and we say, "*Enju ko tanga*" (Come to meeting). Right in the middle of the camp Dick and Mr. Arnot's boys have kindled an immense bonfire, round which many are already gathered. We sit down in the circle, and soon the familiar strains of the old tune, "Rescue the Perishing," are floating over the camp with Umbundu words. By the time the chorus of the last verse is reached the audience is more than doubled, and many a dark-skinned son of Ham is singing lustily, as loud as he can, "*Kolela Yesu! Kolela Yesu! Eye o tena oko ku yovolo*" (Trust Jesus! Trust Jesus! He is able to redeem you). When the hymn is over Mr. Arnot takes up the Gospel of John, and as the old but ever new story of the love of God to sinners is being unfolded it is fine to watch the rows of shining black faces around the big camp fire. The old *Pomberos* on their little stools, leaning their chins on their hands, listen most attentively, whilst their well-greased faces shine, not with the joy of God inside, but plenty of palm oil outside. The inner circle is mostly composed of children, and back further and further in the darkness—until you can see nothing but two shining eyes and a row of just as shining white teeth below them—stand all the men who have gathered round. After the Word is preached Dick prays, and the meeting is finished; but, could one only hear it, around many a camp fire all through the camp, that little address is gone over word for word, and with far more emphasis, gesture, and eloquence than the original; and were you to go to the huts, in many of them you would hear one telling "all the words of God that Monare said." They have a wonderful way of letting one do all the talking, and say all he has to say, while they sit in perfect silence. When he says "*Kalunga!*" all respond "*Kalunga!*" and then they make comments and criticise all that has been said; but no church audience or legal court could yield more respectful attention to the one "who has the floor" than they do. Thus God's precious Word spreads and spreads, and will *not* return unto Him void. Who shall say that the seed sown to-night will not bear fruit in eternity? Do tell the Christians at home to *pray, pray, pray!* The responsibility of our position is awfully solemn, and how can we fulfil it but by God's grace? These people are just like those at home. There are many things they like when they hear them, but when told that they are black sinners, and that God, who knows everything, knows it well, they soon rebel against it and seek to justify themselves. Nothing but the almighty power of God can do anything for them, and this power we want to live out in our lives.

When we arrived at Kangombe's capital in the Lovale country I learned that an embassy had been up from the Barotsi, and on

making enquiry I found that the Lovale people, from Kangombe's to Nana's, considered themselves tributary to the Barotsi through the paramount Lovale capital of Kakenge, which is at the junction of the river Luena with the Zambesi. Kakenge is the old hereditary capital of the Va-luena or Va-lovale, but it is kept up merely for the sake of tribal rites and ceremonies. Kakenge had long since died, and Nana had recently placed her nephew (Kalipa) in the gap; but neither she nor her son Chinyama, nor Kangombe, own tributary allegiance to him: he has not a tenth of their power. The Chibokwe have no paramount chief.

We reached Nana's on October 15th—only six months after Mr. and Mrs. Bird had left London. The absence of delays at the coast and at Bihé allowed of this exceptionally quick journey; but it had its disadvantages, for they found themselves in the centre of Africa, comparatively strangers to the language, the people, and their customs.

Nana was from home when we arrived, but the preparation of a caravan for Garenganze had to be set about at once. In ten days Mr. Thompson left. Two days later Nana arrived. She seemed very doubtful as to our real intentions, and was fearful of losing her position as chiefess. After several visits to our camp, however, she became more assured, and came down one evening with an ox and a number of her most important people. She said that if I would kill this ox there and then, with her hand resting on one of my shoulders, and her husband's hand on the other, all her fears would be dispelled, and she and the whites would be friends for ever. We gladly agreed to her proposal, and I took my gun and went out to the bush with Mr. Bird, and the ceremony of shooting the ox was gone through, greatly to the satisfaction of Nana and her people. Next day we sent her a handsome present of calico (96 yards), and arrangements were at once made by Mr. Bird for getting a house built, for which we went in search of rafter poles. Three more happy days of fellowship closed my stay at Nana's. The altitude of Nana Kandundu above the sea we found, by boiling point thermometer, to be 3690 feet, nearly 3700.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird went to Nana's just at the right time. Had they been there a few years earlier they would have had

a great trial of patience, but now the natives are in a different frame of mind. Mrs. Bird soon got some of the women to wear more clothing, and her husband showed the men how to do a day's work without shirking. A good start was thus made in a promising field by suited workers. Mr. Schindler was uncertain about remaining at Nana's, but stayed to help for a time. Miss Gilchrist was very well and cheerful, and I was thankful to leave with her a little girl about ten years old called *Nama*. When I was going home from Garenganze, in 1888, the chief at Boma beset us to pay a fine of a slave. I, of course, would not do so, and we remained in camp in a state of siege for two days. On the evening of the second day Cinyama sent over a woman slave without my knowledge, and she was afterwards exchanged for a little girl, the property of one Kabenga. On coming in this time I got the child back from Boma, and handed her over to Miss Gilchrist's care. It would be a pleasure to her to teach and train this child, who was exceedingly bright and healthy.

The story of the rescue, on this journey, of a little boy named *Ngoi* is also full of interest, giving, as it does, a glimpse into the horrors of Central African slavery. Sacitota, a well-known Bihé trader, had gone to the Luba country to obtain slaves, and while engaged in his nefarious traffic was killed by a company of Congo Free State soldiers.* The remnant of Sacitota's large caravan arrived at Nana Kandundu in charge of his brother, having managed to escape with a number of slaves. One man had carried a little boy on his shoulder for over a week—not from kindness to the boy, but hoping to exchange him at Nana Kandundu for a goat or pig. He had cut the throats of the rest of his slaves, he said, but this child escaped a similar fate because he was light and easily carried. This man had hawked the child round the Lovale villages for some time before I heard of him, but no purchaser was found, and I gladly gave the man the price of a goat for him. Little more than skin and bone, *Ngoi* was unable to stand upright from sheer weakness, and because of a twist in his back from being carried so long over the man's shoulder, but I did not despair of pulling him through. He rode behind me on the mule

* This is elsewhere referred to.

all the way to Bihé, clinging with his sinewy little arms to my back, much as he had done to his mother's, only a few months before.

As the child gained strength and confidence he told his touching story with great pathos. He was given by his friends as security until a certain debt they had incurred was paid. Meanwhile the native traders from Bihé came along, with their guns and many-coloured calico, and the temptation was too great to the man who held Ngoi as security, so he sold him to these "Ishmaelites" of West Central Africa. After long months of waiting in camp, where Ngoi was tied with a lot of other slave children, a start was made for Bihé, but they had not gone far when they met the Free State soldiers. Ngoi's master at once fastened a wooden shackle on his feet to keep him from running away, and he was put into a grass hut with other slaves, of whom, he said, there were hundreds. Then the fighting began. The bullets whizzed through the camp, and Ngoi was very much afraid. Struggling to free himself of his shackle, he succeeded in knocking out the pin that held his feet in, and off he rushed to the bush. In a hollow tree near by he found refuge, but several bullets struck the tree. At last Sacitota's camp took fire, and little Ngoi, from his hollow tree, saw the flames and heard the shrieks of the poor slaves, all fastened together, as they were burned to death. Then night came, and all was still; the hyenas came round, and poor Ngoi thought he would never escape their jaws. Towards morning one of Sacitota's men stole back to the burned camp in search of his master's body, which he found and buried, and also released Ngoi from the tree and carried him off after the retreating caravan. All this must have been a terrible experience for the poor little boy. They had to travel very quickly, and from morning till night. All the other children in Ngoi's company were killed one after the other. His master lifted his axe time after time to give him the fatal blow, and followed him with it over his little head, saying, "Now, if you stop I will kill you." He was, however, brought on to Nana Kandundu, and we trust that he will also be freed from the bondage of sin and Satan.

After the heavy toil of forming a station, Mr. Bird, writing

1893, by permission.

from Nana Kandundu early in 1892, expressed in few words what is the early experience of most workers in Africa.

Nana Kandundu.—I wish I could tell you of progress in the work here, but all who know anything of African experience understand how little can be done in what would seem a long time at home, or even in more civilized lands, where books, translations, and dictionaries make a rapid acquisition of the language possible, if not easy. Here houses and fences have to be built, ditches dug, fields cultivated, entirely under one's own supervision ; and grammars, etc., must be formed out of one's own brain. Thus you will understand how, in view of all these things, our work does not promise much in the way of results for many a day. However, as these things must be done by some one, we esteem it an honour to be the pioneers, not building on another's foundation. We rejoice that the people are now beginning to believe in our protestations, and act in a more friendly manner towards us.

In the course of a few months Miss Gilchrist suffered in health, and was discouraged at finding herself not understood by the Lovale people ; so it was thought well for her to return to Bihé. Mr. Schindler kindly journeyed with her, returning soon to Nana Kandundu ; and during his absence Mr. Lane stayed there awhile on his way from Garenganze after the downfall of Msidi's kingdom. We are anticipating events which will be narrated later on, but do so *very* briefly, in order to tell how matters proceeded at Nana Kandundu.

HOPEFUL SIGNS AT KWANJULULA.

Leaving Nana Kandundu with Ngoi, as mentioned above, my journey to Kwanjulula was quickly and safely accomplished by November 27th, and I was very thankful to find all well and the work progressing. Mr. Joseph Lynn, with Mr. and Mrs. Murrain, of Demerara, had come on from Madeira, arriving at Benguella June 6th. Dr. Fisher was able to send down a few carriers to the coast, by whose help they got up to Bihé August 25th, after a rather prolonged stay at Benguella.

It was a pleasure to find both these brethren applying themselves successfully to the study of the Umbundu language, and though it was long since Mr. Murrain's forefathers had been carried away from Africa, he evinced a readiness in acquiring Umbundu, the language of the Bihé district.

I have often observed that unless new-comers apply themselves closely to learn an African language during their first few months in the country, they rarely so master it as to accurately understand what the natives say, or to express themselves with ease or fluency, even though they may have years of residence and of desultory and interrupted study.

“I have set before thee an open door” was brought forcibly to my mind as I saw, on returning to Kwanjulula, the access that Dr. Fisher had to the surrounding villages and people. It became my joyful privilege to unite with him in this work, which came as a restful and refreshing change after the bustle and arduousness of travel. When on the march with carriers there are, it is true, opportunities afforded us of preaching to the men night after night, which we always embrace; but gospel-work among the villages is in every way pleasanter and more satisfactory, inasmuch as we are free from the distractions peculiar to “the road”—paying off and engaging men, disputings as to pay, rations, etc. At Kwanjulula we arranged to hold special meetings during the moonlight nights, at which we could get together from 20 to 150 hearers every evening.

During these village preachings we had our full share of exercise of heart, both of joy and grief among those who heard, and some of whom, we are thankful to add, have believed in Christ. One young woman, D——, has been a typical case of the “good ground,” for not only has she received salvation herself, but by her prayers and zeal she has gained her cousin for Christ.

Another, C——, has proved the power of the word of God in the heart to stimulate the mind to study the art of reading and writing, and thus he has been able to read the Scriptures for himself.

Another, S——, for whom much intercession had been made, after the preaching of the gospel in his uncle’s village, confessed himself a sinner in the sight of God. Since then the poor man has lost nearly all his children, five of them dying within a few months. Of course his friends ascribe these deaths in his family to the displeasure of the spirits of his forefathers, who, they say, are enraged at him for associating himself with the white man and his religion. To some extent poor S—— has been brought to a standstill by this overwhelming trial, yet he not only con-

tinues to come to the meetings, but also brings his friends with him. We had our own suspicions regarding the death of all these children.

On the other hand there are those who did run well, but who now walk no longer with us. One who was baptised publicly as a Christian, has not only been put away from the Lord's table, but also prohibited the premises of Kwanjulula because of his wicked and depraved example.

Some have sought instruction, and professed themselves enquirers after God, merely with a view to improve their temporal condition. The tendency of the African to be inflated and uplifted presents a great difficulty to the Christian teacher. How to instruct the mind, and yet humble the heart; how to clothe the body, and yet strip the soul, are problems that continually confront us. The effort to awaken any conscience toward God ever reminds us of our dependence upon His Holy Spirit. Suppose, for instance, that you visit a sick man; he may possibly tell you that he has a bad conscience; his heart smites him; he has done wrong; and that is why he is sick. At first sight it would seem that the man was, from a Christian's standpoint, in a hopeful condition, but upon further inquiry you will probably discover that his omission of some act of gross wickedness is really what is troubling his mind. He thinks, perhaps, that he has offended the spirit of his grandfather, because he has not avenged his death at the hands of some witch long since dead, but whose children are still alive, and to this neglect of revenge against them he attributes his present sickness.

CHAPTER X.

From Garenganze to Lusambo.

(FEBRUARY TO AUGUST, 1891.)

WHILE we at Bihé and Nana Kandundu were occupied with the business of missionary enterprise in countries already known and traversed, our brother C. A. Swan was exploring, to the north of Msidi's capital, regions wholly unknown, and meeting with dense populations of Luba-speaking people hitherto unreached. But before giving details of his journey we must take up the thread of events at Garenganze, where we left off at the close of chapter vii.

By the leaving of Messrs. Faulknor and Thompson, February 3rd, 1891, the number of missionaries at Msidi's was again reduced to three—Messrs. Swan, Lane, and Crawford—and these plodded on with their work, saddened, however, by the cruelties of Msidi, and perplexed by the disorder which was increasing in the country. The Va-sanga, the original inhabitants, had, for some wrong done to one of their number, turned against Msidi, and though unable to withstand him in open day, they carried on a kind of guerilla warfare by night, causing much alarm and doing no little injury. Perhaps from being short of powder, and not in his wonted health, Msidi took no active steps to stop the spread of the Va-sanga rebellion, and what the result might be our three friends could not tell.

While things were in this state, to their great astonishment they saw, on the 15th of April, 1891, a little band of black soldiers approaching with a strange flag, and to their further surprise one of these saluted them in English. It turned out that he had been taught in the C.M.S. school at Lagos. These men were the advanced guard of a force under a Belgian officer, Commander Le Marinel, who had come from his station at

Lusambo, on the Sankuru river, some 500 miles to the north, in order to take possession of Garenganze in the name of the Congo Free State. Other expeditions—one from the east coast—were to follow, high expectations being entertained in Europe that gold would be found in the country.

A sad disaster happened to M. Le Marinel's force, which consisted of four European officers and heavily-armed black soldiers, by the explosion of much of their powder, causing the death of many of their men. M. Le Marinel treated Msidi with much consideration, and finally obtained consent that some of his force should remain, while he set out on his return to Lusambo by a route somewhat different from that by which he had come.

Of necessity little had been done in exploring the Garenganze country either by myself or Mr. Swan. The chief would not consent to our going far, and Mr. Swan was tied by the constant care of attending for three years to his sick companion, and also looking after the rescued waif children. Now, however, the opportunity offered of accompanying M. Le Marinel, and of traversing much of the extensive Luba country which was under Msidi's sway. Mr. Swan also had in mind to make a short visit to England, if possible, *viâ* the Sankuru and Congo rivers. A start was made with the Belgian commander and one of his officers, with a few men, on the 5th of June, 1891, and a route was chosen in a north-westerly direction. The following extracts are taken from Mr. Swan's entries in his diary, but occasionally they are condensed.

MR. SWAN'S DIARY FROM GARENGANZE TO LUSAMBO.

June 6th.—*Time on march* (yesterday and to-day together), *seven hours*; *direction*, 335; *altitude*, 1,200 metres. Camped at Chiwelele's. This is a Sanga chief, and all his people have fled and joined the rebels. No water all the way; after we arrived it was an hour or two before we found a dirty puddle, for which we were very thankful under the circumstances. On the way I shot two small antelopes (roy-bucks). Had an opportunity of writing to the brethren from whom I had parted.

7th.—*Time*, 4 hours 40 minutes; *direction*, 349; *altitude*, 1,000 metres.* Passed along the Buleya river, but did not cross. It runs

* Particulars as to time, &c., were noted daily; these are only given as specimens.

into the Likuruwe river, and the water is excellent. Camped at Likuruwe.

8th.—Rest to-day. We went to seek meat for the caravan, and after much hard work I succeeded in shooting one *nsevula*.

9th.—No water all the way, so we marched right on without a rest. Slept in the dry bed of the Lunkesi, which enters the Luvilombo, and that goes on to the Lufira. Feet very sore and troublesome. I noticed that one of the men who acted as guide for Commander Le Marinel was a victim of African cruelty, having no hands, ears, or nose. I was surprised to find him so cheerful.

15th.—After crossing a stream called the Luengi we climbed some high mountains and entered upon a flat open country with fine scenery, and shot three harte beests and a buffalo. The altitude was 5,400 feet, and the cold was intense, so that to keep warm we went to bed at 6.30, and in the morning started with our hands in our pockets and our hats pulled over our ears. This was not "Afric's burning sands," but in a few days, on lower ground, the temperature will be very different. There were no people there, but many ant hills twenty feet high or more.

BOILING SPRINGS.

19th.—Camped at Kafungwe, a good-sized stream of *very hot water*. After dinner we visited the springs, and were surprised to find the water *literally boiling*. It was bubbling up out of the ground in many different places, and everywhere a strong sulphurous smell prevailed, with many large beds of sulphurous deposit all around. The natives say that no white man has visited these springs. Our guide pointed out one of the beds, saying that every animal or man that went on it immediately disappeared. We doubted this, and, going to see, of course we found it to be untrue. Out of curiosity I took some potatoes, and in a remarkably short time after putting them into the water they were cooked; so we sat down and enjoyed them very much. Everything was so hot that I could compare it with nothing else than taking a meal in a Turkish bath. Few pots and pans would be necessary here, as all food could be cooked in the stream. Around the springs the sand is nearly white, with a great deal of mica in it. There are many palm trees (*Borassus*) about the place. I have taken a small bottle of the water and some of the deposit to be examined in Europe. When we left camp this morning we were surprised at the number of people who turned out to witness our departure. Judging from the size and number of the villages, we estimated that the population must be 3,000, if not more. At one of the villages all the people wore head-dresses of dried banana leaves. We passed one very large village of the Va-lovale, who have emigrated to these

parts. I knew some of them, having seen them at Msidi's capital. The villages are all well fortified. They are first palisaded with large trees; then immediately outside of this a trench is dug, eight or ten feet deep, and the earth is thrown up against the trees. By the action of the rains and heat this earth becomes caked and hard, and within they feel safe from the attacks of their enemies.

20th.—Camped on the N.W. side of the Lualaba, which here runs N.E. The chief of the people is Chamatowa, and the tribe is known as Vene Kayombo, but all are Va-luba. At the point where we crossed, the river is very beautiful, and I judge about 150 yards wide. It is two marches below where the Lubudi enters. On either side of the river are hundreds of palm trees, the first of the species I have seen. They give a very pleasing appearance to the place, and are about the most useful trees the natives have. From the fruit is taken the thick red palm oil, which is used both for food and oiling their bodies and weapons of war. The leaves are used to make baskets, and the large, strong ribs help to construct houses. From the heart, low down in the tree, a kind of fibre is obtained, from which a strong and durable cloth is woven. The heart in the higher part of the tree is a substance not unlike cabbage, which is serviceable as food. When the tree is young it has large thorns on the leaves, and they are used as fish-hooks. By the insertion of a tube immediately under the leaves the palm wine is obtained—a very pleasant drink when fresh, but it ferments after a time and becomes intoxicating. On the Congo it is used instead of yeast in making bread. The wine has various native names, the most common of which are Nalufu, Mulufu, and Tumwemwe. There must be considerably over 1,000 inhabitants here, and there are many villages not far away, both above and below. They seem very peaceful and happy, and know nothing about Arabs. We are the first white men they have seen, and from the way they crowded round us it was plain they had determined to make the best of the opportunity. Before reaching the Lubudi mouth there are rocks in the river, but below it is quite navigable everywhere as far as Lake Upemba, and how much further the natives don't know, as they have never attempted to go beyond. It takes two days to reach Upemba in a canoe. They say the first lake they enter on going down is called Kabwe. On the road to-day I shot three antelopes (harte beast).

21st.—*Lualaba River.*—Here we rest to-day to buy food, make enquiries about the road, etc. In the afternoon we crossed the river and saw old Chamatowa, who gave us a goat. This is really a beautiful place, and I trust will soon be occupied by ambassadors for Christ.*

* It is this neighbourhood that Mr. Swan is now aiming to reach.—F.S.A.

22nd.—Passed one very large village just before climbing the mountains. It was palisaded, and must have been nearly 400 yards long and half as broad. The occupants are Vene Bundwe. Camped at Kakeso's villages. I scarcely know what to think or what to do as I ponder the solemn fact that in this 19th century after the birth of our blessed Lord all these people have never so much as heard His name. How gladly would I stop short and settle in any one of these places; but I trust my visit home may lead some young men (oh, that it may be *many!*) to devote themselves to the noble work of bringing light and life to these dark parts, and thus I shall be accomplishing in the end more than I could do, were I to stay, single-handed.

FROM THE LUALABA RIVER TO THE SANKURU.

24th.—Camped near the Luila, a river which flows into the Lualaba. The people are known as the Vene Kilamba. The tattooing of some of them is very nicely done, and seems to take away from their almost naked appearance. Unlike many tribes, they have no marks on the face, but on the abdomen are horizontal tattooed lines with a diamond-shaped figure in the centre, and two others lower down sloping inwards. Very few in this part have guns—bows, arrows, and spears being the principal arms. These people are within the range of Msidi's domains.

June 28th to July 2nd.—We passed many small rivers, as usual, and near one, the Mukanga, were three or four villages under a chief Bulunda, whose people are called the Bene Kishiko. Many old elephant tracks were seen. At the Lueshi we camped amongst palm trees, beautifully planted, which told of a depopulated country as in other parts of Africa. The Luvoi river, which runs into the Lualaba, was about fifteen yards wide and three feet deep. The ground is marshy on either side, and must be difficult to cross in the wet season. The natives, Bene Lunka, were very frightened. They say there are many elephants, but none were visible, nor any antelopes since the Lualaba was crossed.

July 3rd.—Reached the villages of Mbonde Kasandi. At this point we entered M. Le Marinel's old road. The chief died three or four days after the caravan passed at that time, and all the people had moved away, but not far. It is quite the custom when a chief dies to leave the old villages and build new ones. Came to the Lumami river and camped on the N.W. side. At this season it is not more than 12 yards wide and waist deep. Com. Le Marinel says he found the latitude to be 8° 30' 30" S. It is a tributary of the Congo, and is said to be known by the same name all the way. The country is very similar to that through which we have been passing for the

last three days, but trees are more plentiful. During the last day or two we have seen a few antelopes, the first since crossing the Lualaba. I can in no way account for the fact that nearly all the game is on the other side of the Lualaba. Every day we are compelled to burn the grass to get a clear place for our camp; and as the fire goes roaring away for miles, I am reminded of James iii. 5.

4th.—Crossed what may be termed the backbone of the country, and reached the Luenga, running into the Luemba, an affluent of the Sankuru. Camped near Bonda Lenge's village. In all we crossed to-day no less than twelve streams and rivers.

7th.—Forded the Lubisi, about 15 yards wide. Some of the carriers passed over a large bridge made of runners, higher up. This river also goes into the Lubelash. Camped at Kanemba's villages. These have no palisadings, and are simply built in the midst of banana plantations. Wood is more abundant, but cannot be said to be plentiful. The people are very nice, and some wore good strong cloth, about the size of aprons, their own make.

8th.—Passed thirteen streams. All the villages in these parts are built in the midst of banana and palm plantations, and are very pleasant. When Com. Le Marinel came here on his way to Garenzanze, a woman with a few things she was carrying was stolen. In anticipation of our approach they all fled, so we dined under the palms in one of their villages. In some of the fetish houses I noticed heads with very long ears, rudely carved in wood. We walked for nearly three hours along a very good road, which the natives keep clean for two or three feet on either side. Passed a human skeleton in the path, shortly after leaving one of the villages from which the people had fled. As a rule they seem to give their dead a decent burial, and there are many nicely-kept graves on either side of the main road.

THE LUBELASH OR SANKURU RIVER.

9th.—Camped at Mutombo Mukulu's, on the south bank of the Lubelash, as the Sankuru is called in these parts. We will cross it here, and again at Lusambo, the State station. It forms a kind of bow, running north and then west to the Kasai river. Our march will form, so to speak, the string of the bow. On arriving here Mutombo Mukulu came to meet us with a goat as a present. After a little pleasant conversation he got on his young men's shoulders and returned to his village. In the afternoon his son brought M. Le Marinel a woman. That gentleman said she had better stay where she was, but he knew the young man's heart and would not forget him. Mutombo and his people are surprised to hear me speak the language. In the afternoon we visited his village, and I clearly

explained to him the difference between the Belgians' mission and mine, and then asked if he would like missionaries to come and live in his country. The idea seemed to please him much. He presented the Commander with a large tooth of ivory. His village is very clean and orderly. On one of his fetish houses I noticed perhaps 100 heads hanging, and was told they were the heads of the Bachoko, taken over a year ago when one of their plundering parties attacked him.

The country of the Bachoko is marked on the Portuguese map (1866) as Kiogo, a little to the N.N.W. of Peho, in the Chibokwe country. They have caused a great deal of devastation in the Luba and Lunda countries. It was they, and not the Lovale people, who killed old Mwate Yanvo. His son was taken prisoner, but made his escape and took refuge with Mutombo Mukulu. Perhaps twenty years ago a caravan of Bachoko visited these parts for trading purposes, and the present chief's brother plundered them. They then got help from a neighbouring chief, returned, took the capital, and cut off the chief's head. When things became quieter the present Mutombo claimed the chieftainship, but he has not the power of his brother. He compels his people to clear the road for great distances. He is about fifty years old, tall and well formed; very fond of palm wine, and when under its influence it is difficult to keep his attention for more than a minute or two. His capital is very central—four days from Mwate Yanvo's old place; six or seven from Kasongo's (see Cameron), E.N.E. between the Luemba and Lumami; seven from Muzembe's (known as Kanioka), N.N.W., in the angle made by the Jabwi and Luele streams. Mutombo's country extends from the Luemba to a few miles on the west side of the Lubelash.

12th.—Crossed four streams, and camped in an old village. Country very well populated; passed quite a number of villages, one of which took us fifteen minutes to walk through. As usual, they are surrounded with palm and banana trees.

16th.—Reached the Lubelash, and, contrary to our expectation, were able to cross at once. Here the river is about 90 yards wide, but there are many rocks to hinder navigation. I enjoyed a swim across. On the south side we received the news that Muzembe had killed Chibweyanga and many of his people. As Luhata and Chibweyanga were living on friendly terms, the son of the latter and a number of people had crossed the river for safety. Muzembe's raiders had plundered most of the villages on the north side, so we did not expect to see many people for some distance. According to *reports* Mpande Mutombo—a chief some four days higher up the Sankuru river than the State station—has fallen upon Muzembe's unprotected villages and laid them waste, and he was hastening back with all possible speed.

17th.—We left camp accompanied by Chibweyanga's son and heir, who promised to guide us through his late father's country. He did not go far, but provided us with guides. Our path lay along the valley of the Lubelash with a range of mountains on our left. The road was very bad, with many swamps, some waist deep. It will be very difficult, if not impossible, to pass this way with a heavy-laden caravan in the wet season; but there is probably a better road further west. In one of the streams we saw the little dead body of some poor boy, perhaps eight years of age. A little further on a cloth and a club were lying on the ground, stained with the blood of some poor unfortunate. As we went along we were now and again conscious of a very bad stench, probably from dead bodies thrown into the long grass. Many of the natives ran away as we approached.

21st.—About two and a half hours after leaving camp we reached the Luilu river, or, as it is called here, the Luela; but being unable to ford it we went lower down, following its course for about an hour, to the usual place for crossing in canoes. The natives on the opposite bank all fled on seeing us, but soon understood that we were friends, and came with the canoe. The loads were ferried across, but most of the men swam.

22nd.—Immediately after leaving camp we crossed the Ohio river, and again about an hour after. Between these two points of crossing are many villages of the Bene Luaba. Their chief is Kanangila. Camped at the villages of the Bene Kalume. The country was hilly and very bare. Still in Muzembe's territory. Two women came to the camp yesterday, and the first we saw was when passing through the villages this morning. When the women keep out of the way it is a sure indication that suspicions as to your intentions are afloat. The villages are not palisaded, and the men are poorly armed.

23rd.—Passed the Bene-Beya's villages, where the houses are very small. Near here is a native market place called Kaniki. At 11 a.m. we reached the Bushimai river, and were all able to cross in about two hours. The Bushimai, Lubelash or Sankuru (see 16th), and Luemba are the three great branches of the Kasai river. Here the Bushimai runs about N.N.W. We are now in M. Le Marinel's old road again.

24th.—Passed the villages of the Bene Kabuya, which are quite numerous, and are surrounded with palm and banana trees. On the top of one of the hills is the market place, called Mulumba. A little beyond the village is the Musasa, a fine stream of clear water, nine or ten yards wide, but only eighteen inches deep at this time. Roughly speaking, this stream may be said to be the limit of the Kanioka country. We reached the market of Dye about 11 a.m., and camped a little further on, amongst palm and banana trees. This

market is held every five days, and is known all through the country. At one time slaves and ivory were sold in it, but now the commodities are generally food, palm oil, bananas, meal, corn, etc. Each market has a chief to see that fair trading is carried on, and it takes its name from him. Yesterday and during the beginning of to-day's journey especially we were surprised at the number of little mounds dotted all over the country within a few yards of each other. Some of the natives build their huts on the top of them, and they have quite a pleasing appearance. For some days we have noticed many elephant tracks. There are no tsetse in any of these countries. The natives say that a raiding party of the Bachoko passed this way not long ago.

25th.—Camped at the Bakwa Bumba villages. Their chief is Mukufumani. We hope (D.V.) to reach Chikunga's to-morrow; he is a Bashilange chief. Some men from his village are here and will accompany us; they came to greet us, bowing down and touching the ground with their foreheads.

FAMILIES OF THE BA-SHILANGE TRIBE.

26th.—We saw many very deep animal traps; a large snake had fallen into one, and I shot it. Both yesterday and to-day the country has been very hilly, making travelling somewhat heavy. Reached Chikunga's villages. The people are Bashilange of the Bakwa Mbui family. Everywhere in these countries the people smoke *diamba* (similar to Indian hemp), but I never saw so many do so as here; even the little children are addicted to the habit. As they sat beside our tents, the pipe—a very large gourd with a hole in the side to admit the pipe head, the smoke being drawn through the neck—was passed round, while they all joined in the “diamba song.”

28th.—All this country is thickly planted with palm trees, and is hilly. Camped at Kalala's. More people than yesterday—camp crowded with them. Most of them have their noses bored, and a little string of beads passed through the hole. Little children are to be seen in crowds. Here I see no bows and arrows; the men are fairly well armed with guns, and, judging from the number fired, are not pinched for powder. One or two of the natives here have been in the State employ, and one young man speaks broken English. Brass wires (known as *mitako*) take very well here, and M. Le Marinel says they quite pass as money in all the Ba-shilange country. I have seen very few more promising countries than this of the Ba-shilange for gospel effort. These people are of the Bakwa Mputa family.

30th.—Passed the villages of the Bene Kashiye and Bene Samba and camped near those of the Bene Kasambwe. The latter family is of the Bakwa Kalosh tribe. General character of country mountainous

and very thinly wooded. Population considerable, but much scattered on the mountain tops. The natives are very different in appearance from those we left yesterday; they dress the hair in a hat-like shape in front with a kind of cover for the neck behind. Saw only two guns all day. Near our camping ground we found a little child which had been forsaken by its mother, in quite an emaciated condition. The Commander had it taken back to its village. The desire to spend my life amongst the Africans increases the more I see and know of them.

31st.—Saw the Lubi river three or four times on our left as we passed along. Camped at the Bakwa Tombolo villages. We stayed about two hours near the Kabangai and had breakfast. Many hundreds of natives came crowding round; they are the wildest Africans I have seen, and might be dangerous, but they have no arms except the spear (mostly made of wood and poisoned) and the knife; not even a bow was to be seen till near mid-day, when I saw what was meant for one, but it was poor enough. The slightest movement on our part was sufficient to make them run off in alarm. There are no large villages, but hundreds of small ones scattered all over the country, and I am inclined to think, were it possible to make an estimate, that it would probably be the most densely populated country we have passed through on this journey. Crowds followed us from the Kabangai to our camping ground two hours and a half further on. As I write this they are making a tremendous hubbub outside, and some are falling over the ropes of my tent, having got a fright. Perhaps a white man has been seen to move! Rain has already fallen in these parts.

August 1st.—Crossed the Mulenda river. It was very foggy all the morning, and we were able to walk along unobserved by the natives, with the exception of a few close to the road. The country is still mountainous, but the roads are not so heavy, as the mountain tops are longer. Trees with the exception of palms are very scarce.

2nd.—The country is very beautiful, mountainous, and singularly picturesque, with thousands of palm trees covering the summits, and crowded together in the valleys, through which numerous streams of deliciously cool water flow on their serpentine course to the Lubi river. In the midst of all this beauty, burnt villages and devastated crops tell of the destroying hand of man.

3rd.—The country still mountainous and well wooded. Near the Kisapu there is a forest. Reached the comparatively new villages of Kosh. On arriving we learned that Mpania Mutombo had returned to his villages, having made Kosh his prisoner. All the people here are of the Bambwe tribe, but represent many families, the Bakwa Fika, Bakwa Lomonio, Bakwa Loka, Bakwa Ngoi, Bene Mwabai and others. *Lusambo* is five (caravan) days from this point, and messengers have been sent forward to announce our approach.

4th.—An hour and a half after leaving Kosh's villages we entered a dense forest, and were an hour and a half before coming to an opening large enough to camp. It would not have taken more than an hour to walk the distance, but the road had to be made passable for those coming on behind with loads. Camped at the Bene Kapela villages, where the State people have one of their out-posts. The Bene Kapela are of the Bambwai tribe.

AFRICAN ANTIPATHIES.

Not far distant from these parts many of the Luba people have the combination "Bashila" in their family name. For instance, the Ba-shilange (Kalamba's people), Ba-shilambwa, Ba-shilanzefu. M. Le Marinel and I were talking over the probable meaning of the combination. We knew that *Ba* was a plural prefix, but it was not until after some thought that I remembered that the word *shila* (sometimes *chila* or *jila*) is that which the Luba people use for "antipathy." If I were to ask the Yeke people why they do not eat zebra flesh, they would reply "*Chijila*," *i.e.*, "It is a thing to which we have an antipathy;" or perhaps better, "It is one of the things which our fathers taught us not to eat." The Biheans use the word *chi-kola* to express the same thing. The words *nge*, *mbwa*, *nzefu* in the above combination mean respectively leopard, dog, elephant. So it seems as though the word *Ba-shilange* means "The people who have an antipathy to the leopard;" the *Ba-shilambwa*, "Those who have an antipathy to the dog;" the *Ba-shilanzefu*, "Those who have an antipathy to the elephant."* We called a native, and after a great deal of questioning he understood what we were driving at, and we found our conclusion to be correct. He then told us how the Ba-shilambwa and Ba-shilanzefu got their names. At one time they were only known as the Ba-shilambwa because they considered it was wrong to eat the dog. But one day a number of them went across the Lubi river to hunt elephants and stayed many days, during which rains had fallen, the river became much swollen, and when the hunters returned they could not cross. While they were wondering what to do an elephant came past, and seeing that they were troubled, asked what was the matter. They were all much surprised, of course, to hear the elephant speak. But it went on, saying they must not be surprised, for it was a human being like themselves; *they* could not cross the river, but *it* could very easily, and advised them to get on its back, which they did, and reached the other side in safety. Ever since that time they have refused to eat the flesh of the elephant, and are now known as the Ba-shilanzefu. I was stopped in

* An alternative translation might be, "Those who hold the elephant sacred."—F.S.A.

writing this to go outside and witness the "diamba dance" by some of the Ba-shilange natives (who are going with us on a visit to Lusambo), a most curious twisting of the waist and shaking of the hands.

6th.—Passed through dense forest till we reached the villages of the Bakwa Ngombe where we camped. Altogether it has taken about nine hours to walk through the forest. Here is another of the State out-posts with three soldiers, one of whom speaks a little English.

7th.—Followed the course of the Lubi river and camped at a village of the Basongo tribe. The country is hilly and well wooded, with forest near the streams. On reaching here we were met by the letter bearers from the State station.

9th.—Started at 5.40 a.m., and reached the Sankuru River at 8.50 a.m. We arrived earlier than we expected, and the white men were not there to meet us, but in a very few minutes the little steam launch put in her appearance, bringing Messrs. Micheaux and Peterssen. Having crossed the river, forty-five minutes walk down the right bank brought us to

LUSAMBO STATION ON THE SANKURU RIVER.

The people here are tall and good-looking; they are of the Ba-kuba tribe, and are well known for their cannibalism. Further north human flesh is sold in their markets. Some time ago Zapu Zap, a Bakuba chief, much higher up the Sankuru, hearing of Kalamba's country (on the Lulua river), decided to emigrate there. He arrived safely with a very large following. The State agent pointed out a site for their village, and they were soon settled and well pleased with the change. One day a man had a woman slave to dispose of, and thinking it would be more profitable to sell her in pieces, he killed her, cut her in parts, and sold the flesh for food. The State agent got hold of the man and hanged him at once. Since then they have never heard of one case of cannibalism in that village. The Sankuru here runs N.N.W., and is about 350 yards wide.

CHAPTER XI.

From Lusambo to England by the Congo.

(SEPTEMBER, 1891, TO FEBRUARY, 1892.)

AFTER a stay of twelve days at Lusambo Mr. Swan visited another Free State station—Luluaburg, on the Lulua river, a branch of the Kasai. He varied his route to and from this place, as shown on the map, first retracing his steps for ten days towards Garenganze, and then striking westward; but on returning to Lusambo he made a circuit northward, so as to see as much of the people and country as possible.

At one large Ba-shilange village of 4000 people he asked the chief if he would not like white people to come and teach his people the words of God. Having probably had some experience of white people the old man cautiously said that he would give a definite answer when he saw the missionaries. Not a few people had fled from their own country because of trouble with the whites. Everywhere Mr. Swan was able to communicate with the people through the Luba language.

At Luluaburg he made the following note in his Diary:

Sept. 13th, 1891.—Dr. Summers, of Bishop Taylor's mission, came here in October, 1886, and died May, 1888. This morning I went down and saw his grave, and as I bowed over all that remained of him on earth, I thanked God for the noble attempt he made to bring the gospel to the Bena Lulua; and asked that, if it were His will that I should take up the work he was not permitted to do my way might be made plain. Later on I made arrangements to have the grave covered with a simple shed. Two others, officers of the State, are lying by his side.

On returning to Lusambo he gave his general impression of the interesting tribe among whom he had been journeying.

THE BA-SHILANGE.

These people are more civilized than any I have seen since I left Msidi's. From what I saw of them I should think they would be very accessible with the gospel.

I have already mentioned that they are great *diamba* smokers ; in fact it is a kind of religious duty with them. They think it enables them to speak well, and is good for the lungs ; but the first thing that strikes one on entering their villages is the sound of coughing on all sides. It was a great disappointment to me to find that the State agent had driven Kalamba and all his people out of their villages. I should much like to have seen this chief, having heard not a little of him and his ways. Some years ago he forbade his people to drink palm wine because it made them drunk and caused many strifes between them, and he cut down all the palm trees (a hint to people in home lands as to stopping the supply of drink). For the same reason he hindered them from holding a public market. In connection with their *diamba* smoking they always sing. About three o'clock in the morning you may often hear them shouting at the top of their voices, and this continues till day-break. When sleeping near them, tired out with the previous day's journey, you wish no better fate for the *diamba* than that which the palm trees had. One white man, who is no friend of the *Ba-shilange*, described them as "little monkeys," and though he meant it in a bad sense, it is not far from the mark. They imitate the whites in everything. They have a great desire for European goods—make chairs like ours, and many wear clothes and coverings for the head similar to ours, but not always so fine, being their own make. They weave a very good strong cloth, sometimes colour it, then make vests and jackets. They are very numerous, and build larger villages than any I have seen in Africa. The last village I slept at had over 2000 people, and it is not considered a large one.

Another tribe, some miles higher up the river, is briefly referred to :

THE BAKUBA.

The natives of this part are splendid paddlers, and it is a very fine sight to see ten or fifteen of them in one of these big canoes, singing and keeping time with their long paddles. Though very small they seem healthy and strong. They cover their bodies with red earth and oil, wear a short cloth of their own manufacture, which is dyed like their bodies. Though they readily trade in European cloth it is a very rare thing to see any one wearing it, as they prefer their own. Many of them have light brown, and some even grey eyes,

which give them a very peculiar appearance ; their eyes are also much smaller than those of most Africans that I have seen.

Mr. Swan was sad at the thought of these tribes being still without any servants of Christ to deliver God's message of love, though the Free State officials have quite a footing in these parts, and are bringing the people into subjection. The country is generally well-watered, as indeed is most of this part of Central Africa. The height above the sea is of course much less than on the high level between Bihé and Garenganze, as the abundance of palms also shows, and the climate is more tropical.

The time had now come for Mr. Swan to pursue his journey towards England. All difficulties as to carriers and chiefs, which are so familiar between the West Coast and Garenganze, were for a time unknown, and instead of tedious and toilsome marches there was the easy descent of Africa's great rivers—the Sankuru, the Kasai, and the Congo—in a small steam-vessel. Yet hindrances and sorrows were not absent.

FROM LUSAMBO TO THE MOUTH OF THE CONGO.

5th November, 1891, on board the Ville de Bruxelles.—We are now steaming down the Sankuru river, on our way to Stanley Pool. In leaving Lusambo I could not but feel deeply grateful to Monsieur Le Marinel and his fellow-officers for their unselfish kindness to me. We are five white men on board—Messrs. Sandrart (an invalid), Pillet, the captain, engineer, and myself. The lower deck is crowded with natives going down to Leopoldville for the service of the State.

8th.—Reached the mouth of the Sankuru, where there is a State outpost. There is also a Belgian trading station here under the management of a Frenchman. Yesterday we met the steam-launch belonging to Lusambo ; it had been down as far as Stanley Pool. A Roman Catholic missionary was on board, and he said it was his intention to settle at Kalamba's, in the Ba-shilange country, with another priest who had gone round by Luebo. Mr. Pietersen (captain and engineer of the steam-launch) said he had had considerable trouble with the natives on his way, and the same day we were fired at about 4 p.m. The banks of the Sankuru are thickly covered with bush all the way. There are many sand-banks, which are continually moving when the water is high, making navigation somewhat difficult, but fortunately there are not many rocks to contend with. Hippos there are, but not many.

9th.—Last night I arranged with the captain to try to shoot a buffalo or two, as the men have very little food, but was unsuccessful. On returning to the steamer I was greatly shocked to hear that the engineer, who had only been sick a few hours, was dead. A native also died this morning. This afternoon the engineer was buried, and having been invited by the captain to hold a service at the grave, I made the best of the opportunity by seeking to reach the hearts of the white men with God's truth. How long we may be compelled to stay here it is impossible to say, as the captain has no authority to move until he receives another engineer.

13th.—Yesterday the steamer *Princess Clementine* appeared about 11 a.m. with the *chef* of the State station at Luebo on board. On hearing of the death of our engineer he made arrangements with the captain of the other steamer to allow his engineer to go up with us, as far as Luebo, for some 150 soldiers, whose time of service is finished. We are now running up the Kasai; two days will bring us to the Lulua, and the day after we hope to reach Luebo.

15th.—At about 1.30 p.m. we anchored at *Luebo*. There are two American missionaries here—Messrs. Lapsley and Shepherd. The former soon made his appearance, and gave me a kindly welcome. Mr. Shepherd was off in the villages, so I had not an opportunity of seeing him.

18th.—We steamed down the Kasai into the almost inky-black waters of the great Congo, and this afternoon about 4 o'clock reached Leopoldville, Stanley Pool. As I had some letters for Dr. Sims I made my way up to the mission-station at once. He gave me a warm, brotherly welcome, but I was sorry to find him in very poor health; he has had several bad bilious fevers since July last. In the evening my soul was made glad by hearing the boys and young men sing and speak of Jesus. The mission is very well kept and orderly.

19th.—As carriers came more quickly than expected, I was able to leave Stanley Pool after one day, accompanying Mr. Percy Comber, of the E.B.M., who is going to their station at Ngombe.

29th.—We went off the main road to visit a station of the A.B.M., where, three days before, a Swedish missionary had passed away to his rest and reward. Mr. Frederickson, now left alone in charge of the station, seemed very much discouraged, and it was our privilege to seek to cheer him up.

30th.—Reached *Ngombe*, and Messrs. Bentley, Davis, and Cameron gave me a hearty welcome. Here I heard of the death of Mr. Henry Groves, of Kendal. How many will miss his godly sympathy and advice! His letters to me in Africa often encouraged and strengthened me in my work. May his Christ-like life be imitated by all who knew him.

December 5th, Lukunga.—I left Ngombe on the 2nd, and reached Lukunga yesterday. It is customary to change carriers here, so I shall not be able to start again before Monday, the 7th. Mr. Hoste and his fellow-workers have plenty to do in these parts, and, best of all, they seem to have hearts to do it. There are three churches, besides the one here, with a membership of about four hundred, and some sixteen schools. One cannot but thank God and take courage when he sees such blessed results from the preaching of the simple gospel.

11th, Banza Manteka.—It is a great joy to see here the workers and converts about whom I have read so much. From Lukunga I was compelled to take a hammock, my feet being very sore.

18th, Matadi.—Though very unwell, I started from Banza Manteka on the 14th, and reached this place yesterday, receiving a kindly welcome from both the American and English missionaries. On arriving I felt the symptoms of fever setting in, and, sure enough, I was unable to get out of my bed the next morning, my temperature quickly rising to 104° —a sure sign that I was drawing near the coast.

The road down from Stanley Pool is not a good one, and becomes worse as one nears the coast. Food is very scarce and very dear. As far as Lukunga the country is fairly well wooded, with bush here and there, but below that it becomes very barren, and comparatively few trees are to be seen. At various points one gets a sight of the Congo, wending its way among the bare mountains. The heat is very oppressive, and must be considerably greater than we generally have in the Garenganze. It is now very clear to me that we cannot think of this as a suitable route for us. The expense would be much greater, as it costs nearly as much to take a load from the coast to Stanley Pool, as from Benguella to Garenganze. At present there is a great block in the transport, the State having some 4,000 or 5,000 loads that they cannot get sent up, and how many the missions have I cannot say. Even were the railway finished, it would not be worth our while to attempt to reach Garenganze this way. The climate is decidedly unhealthy, compared with that of our old road.

FROM LUSAMBO TO ENGLAND.

While the distance from Lusambo to Stanley Pool was traversed by steamer in twelve days, including a considerable detour to Luebo, the journey by road from Stanley Pool to Matadi, not far from the mouth of the Congo, occupied four weeks. For Europeans the ascent of the Congo was for ages hindered by the cataracts; but of late years the road that runs in the direction of the river has been much used, and with great labour a good

many small steamers have been taken up to Stanley Pool in sections by carriers. Before very long the railway will doubtless allow of this part of the journey being accomplished in a very short time, and the amount of river traffic that will then take place can scarcely be estimated. It is to be hoped that then the messengers of the gospel will also have free access to much of the interior of Africa included in the vast Congo Free State. With all the difficulties of the West Coast high-level way to Garenganze, Mr. Swan's experience leads him, however, to prefer it to the route by the rivers.

His own health suffered in the homeward journey, and the number of deaths, both among whites and blacks, which took place on the way was very considerable. Among those whom he saw in health were Mr. Comber and afterwards Mr. Wilmot Brooke, but tidings of their falling asleep very soon followed him.

We bring this chapter briefly to a close by mentioning that Mr. Swan embarked at Matadi in an ocean steamer bound for Hamburg. Having called at Boma and Banana, the *Akassa* on December 31st got out to sea, the fresh breezes of which, after some years' stay in the heart of Africa, Mr. Swan found to be very invigorating. Several places were touched at—Akassa, on the Niger (where Mrs. Wilmot Brooke embarked in ill-health, her husband returning up the river), Sierra Leone, etc.; and on the 3rd of February, 1892, Mr. Swan landed at Deal by a pilot boat after six years' absence from his native land.

During his sojourn in England he sought by visiting various places to further the already warm interest in the spread of the gospel in Central Africa, and gave some time to prepare a small book on the hitherto unwritten Luba language, which will be a help to any who desire to make the Saviour known to the many tribes which speak that tongue.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Thompson's return to Garenganze.

(OCTOBER TO DECEMBER, 1891.)

BEFORE taking up the narrative of events in Garenganze after Mr. Swan's departure, it may be helpful to furnish some account of Mr. Thompson's return journey to Garenganze from Nana Kandundu, to which place he had gone, *en route*, with the little party that went to open work there as stated in chapter ix.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. THOMPSON'S DIARY.

October 26th, 1891.—Left Nana's, and reached Kapenda, about fifteen miles. Found the village forsaken, the people having fled from the Va-lovale, some to Kapa, and some across the Zambesi.

November 1st.—During the night some one quietly entered the camp, gently put aside the thatching of a hut, cut open a bale of a Bihéan trader, and extracted fifteen pieces of cloth.

2nd.—Camped in forest after about eighteen miles. Great heat, succeeded by a heavy thunderstorm, with hail. Found that the man from whom cloth was stolen had taken a boy from the village. I rebuked him sternly, and gave the boy a little cloth to take back to his aged and frail mother, whom my servant told me he had seen weeping by the roadside, saying that the only child she had left to draw water and fetch firewood was being taken away from her.

7th.—Reached *Kapa*. Small-pox having again broken out in the caravan I must leave all the patients here. Mr. Arnot told me that when he was in Garenganze two natives took the disease, and Msidi forthwith had them both put to death. I have told this to the Bihéans and hope it will have a deterring effect upon them. Found a Bailundu man in camp, who had returned from the Lualaba; he reports that the ferry is in possession of those who hate Msidi. This is a dark outlook, but having come thus far I must press on.

12th.—Two Garenganze men and four Zanzibaris arrived in my camp to-day with a letter from Honjo, a mulatto trader. They and

seven others were travelling with him, and were sent on ahead by Honjo to convey a message to the Garenganze ; but the Va-lundu at the ferry, who are now fighting against Msidi, set upon the party, and killed three. Some ran into the forest, and the two who arrived here to-day got off in another direction ; one of them has a bad spear wound in his back.

14th.—Reached the Lualaba river. I find Kazembe has not been killed, as reported, but has fled, and the present possessor of the ferry will most likely be very hard to deal with. His young men tried to terrorize some of my carriers to-day. It was they who had killed the Zanzibaris, and one of the victim's heads is in the village near us.

After a week's detention, and a very trying time with the petty chiefs, whose demands were continuous and exorbitant, Mr. Thompson was allowed to cross the Lualaba.

November 26th.—The Va-sanga from surrounding villages are fleeing towards the Lualaba, fearing the arrival of a war party from Msidi.

27th.—Had an audience with the Sanga chief, Mulowanyama, who says the Va-sanga will no longer be the slaves of Msidi, to have their heads taken off at his pleasure. He spoke highly of Mr. Swan, saying he refused, when asked by Msidi, to write to traders to bring powder to him, and thereby he had saved the Va-sanga. "My path," he said, "was open, but none of the men carrying powder could pass on to Msidi ; they must remain here and trade."

29th.—The chief Mulowanyama called at camp to-day to say he would give a guide to-morrow, but all having powder, he repeated, must remain behind. This is a great hardship, as there is positively no food here.

December 1st.—Guide has not turned up yet, the ostensible reason being the rain ; but this is nonsense, as many of the carriers have left camp this morning to go to villages some fifty miles off in search of food : we are suffering much from hunger.

2nd.—This was a most exciting day. About 8.30 in the morning I heard one of the men in camp shout out that a war party was coming from Msidi against the Va-sanga. Going out of my hut I saw men and women returning from the fields in hot haste, and making for their villages beside our camp. Immediately I heard the beat of a war drum, and a number of shots were discharged in the bush, about 250 yards from our camp. The Bihéans, fearing that they might be attacked and plundered, got very excited ; some rushed to the wood, and cut down thick boughs with which to fence in the camp ; others dressed themselves up in their best, and with spear and gun stood prepared for an engagement ; while some

bounded into the air, brandishing their guns and spears and executing a war dance. Msidi's party caught about eleven of the Va-sanga in the fields and forthwith decapitated them, as a *quid pro quo*, I suppose, for those killed at the ford by the Va-sanga. Among Msidi's men was one who, when the small party was attacked at the Lualaba ferry, escaped, and, swimming the river, carried Msidi word; he had now returned with Mukandavantu, Msidi's son, to prevent the Va-sanga from blocking our road. I persuaded them to return and thus avoid further bloodshed, to which proposition they assented, and desisting from camp-building went their way. Thank God, further fighting was thus avoided.

8th.—Arrived at the capital, Msidi gave me a warm reception. What a change there is around the capital since last February! There is hardly any cultivation, because hundreds of people have fled, and those who remain have sought to till the rocky, stony ground around the villages, being afraid to venture to any distance lest they should be set upon by the Va-sanga, who for some time have been carrying on a night warfare against Msidi, burning houses even in the chief's villages. Food cannot be bought here, so we will give the chief his present and pass on to the Lufoi river, where Messrs. Lane and Crawford have built small houses in which to pass the rainy season.

12th.—Gave Msidi his present, which, besides some cloth, consisted of a fine musical-box sent by Dr. Penhall, and a salver and cup from friends in Glasgow. The old man was highly pleased with these, but not so with our cloth; he wanted more, and also powder. We declined to give more, so were told to carry back the cloth we had given, which we did.

15th.—Msidi sent for the cloth he had refused, and afterwards came over to the village where we were, to say we were not to go to-morrow to the Lufoi. At the same time he said that we "Englishmen knew how to sit in a country."

17th.—Early this morning this singular old man came over to greet us and wish us a good journey, though the night before he said we could not go.

19th.—Arrived at the Lufoi, and passed on to the Congo Free State Station, where the officer in charge kindly had much-needed refreshment provided for us; and in the evening we went to our own unpretentious village. I was indeed glad to get to my journey's end, for owing to anxiety and dearth of food it has been the most trying I have yet made in this country.

CHAPTER XIII.

Downward Course of Events in Garenqanze.

(JUNE TO OCTOBER, 1891.)

WHILE Mr. H. B. Thompson was slowly pursuing his way back to rejoin his companions, Messrs. Lane and Crawford, at Msidi's capital, things generally were going ill there. The disturbances among the Va-sanga, the original inhabitants of the country, continued, and they were more and more breaking away from Msidi's rule, helped in so doing, perhaps, by the thought that the white men's soldiers rendered him powerless. The fields were not cultivated, drought prevailed, and food was becoming very scarce. Msidi had himself felt the necessity, before Mr. Swan left, of removing his capital, and spoke of going to the Lufira, a large river not far away. As the Belgian officers were going to build a small fort near a branch of that river, the two brethren determined to go there also, in the expectation that Msidi would soon follow. The chief did not go, but they thus escaped some of the trials that otherwise would have befallen them. Mr. Crawford's pen gives us a good idea of how matters stood.

MR. CRAWFORD'S NARRATIVE.

Mr. Swan left us on the 6th of June with the returning portion of the Congo Free State caravan, very much against Msidi's will, who tried many devices to prevent him, and finally, when he saw it was impossible to do so, became bitter and rancorous against him. We, the while, were taught what manner of man Msidi really was, by all his unkind ways towards the servant of God who had oft helped him, and we realised how wholly must our trust be in the Lord.

Two Belgian officers remained behind, and these, with some seventy people, thirty-five of them soldiers, proceeded across the Lufira river to the *Lufoi*, which runs into it. The scarcity of water at the capital was very serious, and the quality was still more so. The

Belgians were constrained to take this step, and here they are building a station. We waited on at the capital for a short time, and finally came here (two good days' journey), and fixed our site about twenty minutes' walk up the Lufoi river from the C.F.S. station, and on the opposite side. The "majestic range of mountains" on the east of the Lufira, spoken of by Mr. Arnot, rises up behind us here, quite hard by. Looked at from the Lufira flats, this range seems like a great unbroken wall of uniform height, stretching across the eastward path as far as the eye can reach. And, indeed, it is so practically, as the traveller eastward-bound must sooner or later scale it, though here and there it swerves from its otherwise straight course, to form many beautiful, and often far-extending valleys, winding through the centre of which are some good-sized streams that have their springs far up among the mountains. The Lufoi is probably the largest of such for a long distance around us, affording an abundant supply all the year. The population, however, of these parts is very small and, what is more unfortunate, very scattered, so much so that we would never have felt warranted in building our village here, merely on their account. We have, therefore, been cautious on this point, and have only built two small mud houses, in which we can pass the rainy season. This has simplified our mode of life immensely, and left us with free hands to work "while it is day."

THE NATIVES' FEAR OF THE STATE ARMY.

Regarding the Congo Free State enterprise here, we hope that their coming will turn out for the furtherance of the gospel in this land. The people are beginning to know that *all* white men are not the same, and that we have come on a different errand from theirs. One bit of practical experience Mr. Lane and I have gained by our close residence to the State people is, that it very much hinders us from getting at the people. To explain: Our brethren, who were formerly here as God's witnesses in this land, by their "patient continuance in well-doing" have bequeathed to us a very precious heritage—the esteem and confidence of the people. Our Free State friends, on the other hand, are new-comers, speaking a different language, with the very up-hill work before them of assuring the natives that they seek their welfare, when all the while they have trained soldiers armed with breech-loading rifles. Opposite us, about three-quarters of an hour on the other side of the Lufoi river, was a large double village, the nearest and largest for a long distance. The two chiefs, Miramba and Cipasia, always retained a very kindly attitude toward Mr. Lane and me, and for many Sundays we held large gospel meetings in their midst, ever receiving a warm and friendly reception. Latterly these chiefs became very suspicious of the intentions of the Free State

officers towards them, until finally, under cover of night, all their people fled down the Lufira river to Kasanga, where they are now building another village. Simultaneously another chief, Mukevo, fled to the mountains with his people, and there he remains. Now what pains us sadly is, that these friends of ours have been separated from us thus. *Actually*, we know, they fled from the Congo Free State officers; but, alas! *practically*, they have fled from us too! We therefore see how very advisable it is for us to be located a good distance from these heralds of civilization. Africans are strangely, often absurdly suspicious; and if the State officials, by inapt ways, repel the natives rather than gather them together, they must bear the consequences and not we.

A few days ago Mr. Lane and I returned with our boys from a very interesting journey down the Lufira. We were compelled to be very cautious on our approach to villages, and made it a point ever to send on ahead a messenger to explain who we were, and, thus assured, we were always heartily received. We were the first white visitors to these parts, and with joy we told many listening ones that God was beseeching them by us, His messengers, to be reconciled to Him. I am deeply convinced that "the gospel of the glory of the blessed God" is never preached in its fulness when the *rebellion* that *was* and *is* between fallen man and God is not sounded out. Thank God, though the dialects of these people are barren of words bearing on what is known as metaphysical truth, yet they have a vocabulary of sufficient richness in words for them to hear with the ear God's gospel of grace.

THE KASANGA VALLEY.

On the second day of our journey we entered the beautiful Kasanga valley, to find many agreeable surprises awaiting us, in the form of lovely country, a fine river, abundance of game, and, best of all, a good number of people, among others our old friends who had fled from the Lufoi. Miramba, when he heard we were coming, sent a guide to conduct us to his village, and also a basket of fine white flour. Their reception of us was most affecting, and we slept the night in their village. On the morrow we crossed the Kasanga river, at a point where it was narrow and deep flowing, and, after half an hour's journeying over slightly rising ground, reached the village of Cayo, which, though small, has more advantages than Msidi's big capital. A little stream runs down by the side of the village from the mountains into the Kasanga, and by the side of this streamlet for a long distance nothing but tall banana trees are growing. Further down, the course of this same streamlet is indicated as running through Cayo's field, by the tall waving green corn—an almost incredible sight in this dry season, when in other places everything in

the fields is dead, and remains so until the rains come. It is a well-known fact, however, and one which we often heard stated before coming here, that this Kasanga valley yields to the tillers of its soil an all-year-round supply of fresh corn. There are in all six villages in the valley, scattered at nice easy distances from each other, and two up in the mountains, occupied by a strange, reclusive class of people, called the Va-lomotwa. They are scattered all over this mountain range, cultivate after a fashion, and seem very desirous of being left alone in their fastnesses. Now and then we hear strange things rumoured of their doings, and I long to reach them with the word of life.

Mr. Lane and I were so "taken" with this valley, and the comparatively compact way the people are located, that we thought that one day it might be a wise thing to place a station there. We entered the valley on the right, and after crossing the river came down the left side, hard by the mountains; then recrossed the river at the mouth of the valley. We found it flowing everywhere and nowhere, forming one of Livingstone's "sponges," through which we had to laboriously wade, knee deep, and often far deeper. Nowhere did we see the river's direct channel, but we were informed that it regained a definite course further down, and flowed into the Lufira. We slept four nights in all in the valley, the second of which was in Cayo's banana grove; the last was amid a cluster of palm trees, tall and stately, at its mouth.

About a month previous to our visit, I had a very happy week's journey up the Lufira with my boys (Mr. Lane, I am sorry to say, was unable to be with me). Unfortunately, however, owing to the present war, I was compelled to return after reaching Cikukuluka's town (Msidi's youngest brother), as the next place beyond that was Likuku's war-camp, into which I would have been glad to carry the message of life, did I not know that a false use would be made by Msidi's men of the fact that I had been there. Need I say, that during all this war our position has been that of neutrality, not armed neutrality, but, I trust, the real *pilgrim* neutrality, which is of God? I am happy to say that I have good reason to believe that the Va-sanga know we are not aiding and abetting Msidi in his evil ways, and if in travelling one day I did perchance receive a death wound, I could but believe that it was all a mistake, to be regretted afterwards by the perpetrator.

MSIDI'S ILLTREATMENT OF THE VA-SANGA.

I shall now endeavour, as succinctly and briefly as possible, to let you know how matters have been going on in this country between Msidi and the Va-sanga since you last heard from us. As you already know, the *casus belli* alleged by the Va-sanga, is the death of the woman Masengo; but behind this almost trifling plea lie deep, deep-seated

grudges of long-standing against Msidi's tyranny. As you know, the Va-sanga carried on a night warfare at the capital, which went on for a long time without Msidi's intervention. In fact, the chief seemed, during it all, to be in a strange lethargic condition, quite unlike his former self. The result of this seeming indifference on Msidi's part was, that large numbers fled under cover of night from the capital; and among the many, poor Kagoma on the Likurwe, was glad to make his escape. Msidi wanted some time ago to kill him on a charge of witchcraft, but his counsellors intervened, and, thus foiled, he had made Kagoma the subject of most exorbitant demands, in the endeavouring to meet which the poor man grew tired, and finally sought refuge in flight. Kavimbi, one of Msidi's most trusted young warriors, fled about the same time to Kazembe's, and his poor old father, with stooped back and white wool on his head, in trying to follow his son, was caught, carried back to Msidi (himself an old man), and speared to death. Msidi seems to have lacked powder at the beginning of this affair, but the coming of the Congo State caravan put him in a position to make a big muster of war parties, who marched out, not long after Br. Swan's departure, against the Va-sanga. Simultaneously, Likuku, the chief's eldest brother, marched with a large war party up the west side of the Lufira river, to protect the salt pan at Muashia. Mukan-davantu, who drove out the Va-lukaluka raiders, was in command of the former, and the direction in which he seems to have gone was s.w. No opposition of any kind was encountered until the town of Kalunkumia was reached, where they found quite a Va-sanga stronghold. A lot of firing seems to have taken place here, and, to be brief, the result was that the Va-sanga were compelled to evacuate the town and flee south, in the direction of Ntenke's. No chase seems to have followed, and the war parties returned to the capital without striking any decisive blow. For the last month or so there has been a lull in the stormy condition of the country, though it is well known that several Sanga chiefs (specially one, Mutwila) are sitting within their stockaded villages, prepared for fight.

In all, during the last five or six months, Msidi has lost, I believe, hundreds of people through flight, and I am informed that the capital has quite a deserted look about it. Rather than venture out far to the fields they were wont to cultivate, the people who remain prefer tilling the poor stony soil along the mountain side. The chief gives as his reason why he has not come here yet, that he does not want his enemies to say of him that he has fled from them.

KAZEMBE OF LAKE MOERO.

Kazembe, on the other side of the Luapula river, seems very chary of receiving fugitives from Msidi's, fearing that by so doing

he will bring the latter's war parties upon him, though he little knows how much Msidi, at this present time, needs every available man for home troubles. The following instance will show how very evident this fear of Kazembe's is. Not long ago one of Msidi's wives fled to his country, but as she was a relative of the chief Nsama (an old friend of Livingstone), whose country lies to the north of Kazembe's, the latter demanded his relative, but Kazembe refused to give her up, on the ground that to do so would be to incur Msidi's displeasure, and the upshot of the matter has been that Nsama has attacked Kazembe's outlying dependencies, and it remains to be seen whether the latter will still persist in his refusal.

“ADAPTATION TO ENVIRONMENT.”

Dear Frederick Lane and I find much joy and comfort in each other's company, and it is mine to thank God for having had such a companion during these past few months that we have been together. Although the supply of cloth, which we brought in with us, has long ago been finished, we have *never*, no not one day, lacked any good thing. There is a big, high-sounding scientific phrase—“adaptation to environment”; well, all around us here in the animal world we see this exemplified, in hundreds of different insects of the grasshopper species, etc., whose colour most perfectly resembles that of their haunts, making them almost invisible. But not least among God's creatures have we, His children, been by grace helped to adapt ourselves to our present surroundings, both in regard to climate and diet. The limitless supplies and channels which God has at His disposal, to meet our every need in this land, takes away any thought we may be tempted to entertain regarding our being shut in helplessly here. We would joy in God all the day long, knowing that in His own time our caravan will come. We have been wonderfully supplied with fresh meat since the day we first came here, and the kindness of our Free State friends down stream in this, as in other matters, has been very great. On the Flats, near by, the quantity of game is fabulous, while in the Lufira hippopotami and crocodiles abound.

VARIETY OF DIALECTS.

Regarding the dialects of these parts, they are very numerous and, with the exception of the Chiyeke, there is a great similarity between them. The Luba, Sanga, Lamba, Lunda, Lomotwa, and Oussi dialects have all many things in common. Of course the natural result of these different dialects meeting and mixing at the capital, and in the country generally, has been to form a sort of mongrel dialect, known, I might almost say, by everybody. It is

a very rare occurrence to hear any of these dialects spoken in its purity, but I have been able at different times to get from several Lunda, Oussi, and Sanga people, help in the formation of vocabularies, and I seek to take advantage of every opportunity afforded for the enlarging of these. I am also making progress in Swahili, the language of Zanzibar, which, I believe, will be of no small use, in the event of our working eastward. The Va-lungwana, as they are called, are ubiquitous in the centre and east of Africa, and it would be wise on our part to have beside us a little money in gold, as they know our English sovereign to be equivalent to five dollars, and no doubt would be willing to exchange for cloth.

OUR SERVICE AND MODE OF LIFE.

I have written four hymns in Chiluba, to such tunes as "Stand up! Stand up! for Jesus," "Hark, the gospel news is sounding," etc., and these, with others written by dear Br. Swan, we sing at our meetings here and in the villages. I have made no attempt at rhyme, lest by so doing, ambiguity should result. Moreover, in these parts it is unnecessary, as all the songs I have yet heard the natives sing are void of "the jingling sounds of like endings."

We make a nice simple kind of bread out of *sorghum* meal, which is one of our staple articles of diet; and this with the fresh meat we have always on hand gives us a healthy and regular food. To have this, and to be content with it is, I believe, one of the prime conditions of getting through work in Africa. Without doubt there are possibilities in even bush kitchenry and mode of life that would surprise most Europeans, but to aspire after these would mean very often the obscuring of one's real object in coming hither, and the frittering away of precious days in meeting the demands of self—subtle, greedy Self, so hateful of being trampled on, and so desirous of being pampered.

"There is a man that *often* stands
Between me and Thy glory,
His name is Self; my carnal Self
Stands 'twixt me and Thy glory.
Oh, mortify him! Mortify him!
Put him down, my Saviour;
Exalt Thyself alone; lift high
The banner of the cross,
And in its folds
Conceal the standard-bearer."

Despite the fact that there are drawn sides in the country at present, and travelling is thereby rendered difficult, we have been, in the goodness of God, enabled in the past to move about with our boys in a noiseless fashion, the smallness of our numbers quite disarming the

suspicious of even the most suspecting. We have no desire to pass as "Msidi's white men," but simply from our real vantage ground of neutrality, to stand as the "*valuwe va Leza*" (the messengers of God), and cry to both Msidi and the Va-sanga, "Behold the Lamb of God!"

MSIDI'S KINGDOM TOTTERING.

To be a resident at Msidi's capital is, for one of God's witnesses, to be placed in one of the most solemn positions he could occupy on this earth. A diplomatist might be able to get along well enough, but the man of God who knows only what it is to be faithful to his trust must be prepared to find himself out of favour at court. To characterise Msidi's mode of government as *rigorous* is altogether to choose the wrong word. It is *murderous*! War has been called "the *last* argument of kings," but, alas! it has been Msidi's *only* argument during all the long period of his rule in the Garenganze. What means the babel of tongues heard in this country, if not that Msidi's war parties have brought in from nearly every point of the compass gangs of poor down-trodden mortals, who were swooped down upon in their little hamlets far away and carried off? And what wonder if, in these days when Msidi is no longer the mighty man he was, and petty chiefs are defying him with impunity, these poor wretches make a run for it—that precious "it" called Liberty—even at the risk of being caught and speared to death? The great marvel to me is that this kingdom of Msidi's—which is nothing other than a monster system of slavery—has been kept together for so long. The whole mode of government is so grossly unjust, and based on such a wholly unworkable principle (that is, in the long run), that its break-up is inevitable and only a question, I believe, of a short time. If Msidi has had in his mind's eye the founding of a dynasty and the perpetuating of his name, then I believe he has signally failed, but I do believe the question of succession does not trouble him much. He speaks contemptuously of his brothers and treats them most unkindly, and I believe that he would never willingly yield up the "*omande* shell" to any one of them. If there is any man in the country at present at all likely to succeed Msidi, it is undoubtedly Mukandavantu, one of his sons. In many respects he is a fine fellow, and very popular. It was he who drove out the Va-lukaluka raiders.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fall of the Garenganze Kingdom.

(NOVEMBER, 1891, TO MAY, 1892.)

THE winding up of Msidi's kingdom was approaching, though probably no one anticipated how soon and how suddenly it would occur. The strength of European power was making itself felt in Garenganze, and there was no doubt as to the ultimate issue, but had Msidi been in his vigour and surrounded by his thousands, as he used to be a few years previously, the account might have been very different from that which Mr. Crawford supplies. From the west a caravan with letters and goods had long been looked for, and tidings at length came of its having reached the Lualaba river, the western boundary of Msidi's dominion, but this was eclipsed by news of the coming of a large caravan of Zanzibaris from the east coast, the visit of which, though brief, determined the future of the Garenganze kingdom.

MR. CRAWFORD'S NARRATIVE.

Lufoi River.—On the morning of November 10th I had gone out for half an hour when, on my return, to my agreeable surprise, I found the chief's son Mafinge had come to inform us that messengers had arrived from the Lualaba river, reporting our caravan as there, and that Msidi wanted us at the capital.

On the 13th Mr. Lane and I arrived at the chief's, and heard depressing rumours, namely, that the Va-sanga had blocked the Lualaba crossing and refused to allow our caravan or any other to come to Msidi's.

On the 18th Mr. Lane returned again to the Lufoi to superintend the cultivation, and I remained on at the capital awaiting the coming of our friends.

On the 19th Msidi despatched Mukandavantu with a large war party to clear the road and bring our caravan across the river. I

remained behind, despite Msidi's many entreaties to accompany them, but it was only after he had refused my earnest request to go to the Lualaba river *alone* and speak with the Va-sanga about allowing our friends to cross. Msidi laughed at this proposal and said, "They would kill you; you are my friend." I turned to the chief and said, "Msidi, I am your friend: that is true; but I am also the friend of the Va-sanga, and of your meanest slave."

The long interval which elapsed after the departure of this very doubtful relief party, saw me waiting on at the capital, hungering for a scrap of news assuring me of the welfare of our friends. While thus situated, with hopes all expectant, looking to the west, you can imagine my surprise one day—the 28th November—while sitting talking to an Arab under his verandah, to see five Zanzibaris march up, turbaned and armed with breech loading rifles. From the east, no doubt, I said to myself, and messengers too!

THE APPROACH OF CAPTAIN STAIRS' EXPEDITION.

Their chief, Massondi (who crossed with Stanley in the Emin Pasha Expedition), handed me a letter from Captain Stairs, dated a fortnight before from the Luapula river, in which he stated he was coming to Msidi on a mission from the King of the Belgians, and earnestly requested that we would oblige him with any information we might think necessary for him to have regarding the country, etc. Accompanying this letter were two for Msidi in English and Swahili respectively, in which Captain Stairs and his four white companions formally sent their "salaams" to the chief, and intimated that they had come from the sea expressly to visit him; further, that their intentions were peaceable towards him, and that in all they did they desired to act slowly and with his (Msidi's) consent. Captain Stairs in conclusion mentioned casually that the Wa-sumbwa (Msidi's own people) were his friends, and signed himself "The Englishman, W. E. Stairs."

The last two statements contained in the letter fairly made Msidi's heart "white" (as he termed it) towards the new-comers, but *especially* the fact that they were Englishmen, as he mistakenly thought them all to be. "They are English, do you hear, sons of the dust?" shouted Msidi to the crowd of his people, "and we know the English to be true people."

The five Zanzibaris returned, bearing a letter from Msidi written by me, full of expressions of goodwill towards the white men, and requesting them to come on to his capital without delay. At the same time I wrote Captain Stairs, telling him of the disagreeable surprise that was awaiting him and his three hundred men at Msidi's, where hunger prevailed almost to starvation. My report of the

land may have been dreary and the outlook bleak to these newcomers, who were pressing on to Msidi's as to some "El Dorado." But as on the evening of that day I stood on the hill-top overlooking the valley of the capital, and contrasted the scene with that of one year ago, I was convinced that no true description of the state of the country could be other than dreary and depressing. I never realized how far things had really run riot in the country until I looked down upon long stretches of tilled land without any people, where once, and that scarcely twelve months ago, stood hundreds of dwellings compactly built together. What will Mr. Swan say when he hears that after leaving Mutombo's village going eastward, he would not encounter one mud hut right on to Munema !

Msidi spent the interval that elapsed after the departure of the Arabs in rallying all his remaining men, and haranguing them all day long on the great things he would do when the powder came, for, of course, the white men were bringing him powder ! These remarks regarding the powder were accompanied by many a scornful glance at me, as though he would let us understand what a worthless lot we missionaries were. When he spoke of the Belgians at present in the country he grew fierce, charging them with all sorts of treacherous motives.

RETURN OF MR. THOMPSON.

At last, to my great joy, when most folks in the capital had discredited the report of our caravan coming, some Bihéans knocked me up at midnight and gave me letters from dear Br. Thompson telling me of his being in camp at Mulowanyama's, two days' journey from the capital. I was not surprised to hear that this man was compelling all the Bihéans to hand to him all their powder, on the ground that if it reached Msidi he would murder them with it. Mr. Thompson wrote that unless one of us came on to him, and assured the Bihéans that it was possible for them to enter the capital, they might refuse to come in, though so very near.

On December 5th I greeted our brother at his camp, having taken with me only Bihéans, as the Va-sanga would hardly tolerate any one from Msidi's. I saw Mulowanyama on the 6th, and had a long talk with him regarding our position in the country. He said that all the Va-sanga knew that we had held out against giving powder to Msidi, or even writing for it, and that this had saved them. Of course, he did not propose putting any obstacles in our way for a start the next day, but very naturally made a search among the Bihéans to see if they were secreting powder, as, only a day or two before, Mukandavantu's men had killed eleven of his people, chiefly poor harmless women, out in the fields.

Two days after our arrival at the capital Mr. Lane and Lieut. Legat

came from the Lufoi river, and on the 12th we visited the chief with our present. We first of all handed him some gifts from friends in the homeland—a handsome musical-box, a cup and saucer and large urn and plate (the last two, with John iii. 16), and with these he seemed greatly pleased. But our present of 150 yards of nicely-assorted cloth he treated in a most disdainful way, and reminded us of his greatness. We quite expected this after the huge present of velvets and other fine cloths given him by the Belgians, but we could only tell him we were poor men who had not more to give. When he saw that we spoke quietly but determinedly he grew very angry and hurled many a bitter remark at us, concluding by telling us to take our present away. Msidi's face when angry assumed as wild and wicked an expression as it is possible for human face to wear, and it was when he was in such a mood that you could expect the man to do anything, *not excluding the giving of an order for one's own death.*

During the month I was at the capital I left him on four different occasions in just such wild moods as this, all of which had their origin in the stand we were compelled to take in the matter of not giving him powder, which question always opened up that other of Msidi's murderous doings. But these storms would soon blow over, and he would send a most beseeching message, asking if his "friend" would not come again to see him. No doubt Msidi did know in his heart that *we were his friends*, and though we were compelled to thwart him often, yet he would never tell us to leave his country.

THE ZANZIBAR CARAVAN ARRIVES.

December 14th.—This morning, at Msidi's request, I met Capt. Stairs, who was at the head of his caravan, and conducted him to the camping ground appointed by the chief. The large caravan of three hundred Zanzibaris filed in with flags flying and a very travel-stained look, accompanied by Captain Bodson, the Marquis de Bonchamps, Dr. Moloney, and Mr. Robinson, Capt. Stair's servant.

Lieut. Legat pitched his tent in the new-comers' encampment, which at once raised Msidi's suspicions, and he ordered the lieutenant to remove from thence, and charged him with trying to come between him and his new friends; but the real fact was that the chief dreaded lest they should effect a junction, and to prevent this he tried all in his power.

Msidi having finally accepted our present, we were glad to leave the capital on the 17th—the day appointed by Msidi for the reception of Capt. Stairs. The events which happened after our departure were so momentous and so calculated to turn this whole country upside down that I shall endeavour to give you them in as much detail as possible.

17th.—As arranged, Capt. Stairs saw the chief to-day and gave him

his present. Msidi expressed the wish that the captain would become his blood brother.

18th.—Capt. Stairs was with Msidi again. The chief repeated his wish, but wanted a large amount of cloth and powder first, before he would consent to take the Free State flag.

19th.—To-day Capt. Stairs planted the Congo Free State flag on the high hill immediately adjoining the head village of Mukurru, and as Msidi did not realize the full import of this act, Captain Stairs sent four of his chiefs to inform him that in future he (Msidi) was expected to obey the white men, and that there must be no more skulls seen hanging round his village. Of course, this last order roused Msidi's anger, for it meant that he must give up that prerogative which he alone had exercised—alas! so ruthlessly—during all the years of his lording it in these parts. But though he stormed and fumed at this order, he was still shrewd enough to see that he could not quarrel—that is, profitably—with the new comers, yet declared his right to cut off the heads of his slaves or any others who would oppose his rule.

DEATH OF MSIDI AND CAPTAIN BODSON.

December 20th, 1891.—A long-to-be-remembered date in Garenganze history! This was the day appointed by Msidi for the blood brotherhood ceremony with Capt. Stairs; but events showed that he had no intention of keeping his appointment, nor indeed of being the captain's friend at all. Early in the morning a messenger was despatched to the head village to know if Msidi was prepared to receive Capt. Stairs on that day, but the messenger returned with the word that the chief was sleeping. A little later, and a second messenger brought the news that Msidi had left Mukurru at daybreak for Munema, one of the first villages occupied by him in this country. When the messenger went there Msidi told him he would receive the white man on condition *that he would come alone, and unaccompanied by any soldiers.* This proposal bore on the face of it some intent on Msidi's part of foul play, and so Capt. Bodson and the Marquis de Bonchamps started for Munema with a body of Zanzibaris, to know definitely whether Msidi would submit to the white men or otherwise. On arriving outside the village of Munema a halt was made, and four headmen went to the chief to inform him that the white men were outside. This was about 11.0 a.m. An hour passed, and the headmen not having returned, Capt. Bodson took six men and went into the village, leaving the main body outside with the Marquis de Bonchamps; it being understood by the latter that if the sound of firing was heard he was to rush in with his Zanzibaris. Not many minutes elapsed after Capt. Bodson had gone into the village when the loud report of firing was heard, and the Marquis, rushing in with his men, found outside the verandah of

the largest house the dead body of Msidi lying opposite Capt. Bodson, who, though himself conscious, was in a dying condition. Near by Msidi lay the dead body of Masuka, one of his warriors, whilst opposite lay two of Capt. Bodson's men, one with two legs broken, and the other with a bullet in his thigh. Capt. Bodson was at once removed to the camp, and though in great agony explained in the few remaining breaths which he drew in this life what had occurred. On entering he found Msidi armed with a fine sword, which Capt. Stairs had given him, and surrounded by between thirty and forty men. Some distance off he saw his four headmen, evidently prisoners. Advancing towards Msidi he asked him what he intended to do, and had only said a few words when Msidi with the drawn sword in his hand made a thrust at Capt. Bodson, which the latter evaded, and at the same time drawing his revolver he shot Msidi dead through the heart. Msidi had just fallen when the contents of several guns were fired into Capt. Bodson's back by some men, wounding him mortally. He spoke with Lieut. Legat (who was an old friend of his) up to the last, saying that he was dying as a soldier should die, having rid the Garenganze country of a tiger, and with one shout "Long live the king," this loyal soldier passed away.

The Zanzibaris who rushed in were so maddened by what had taken place that they cut Msidi's head from its lifeless trunk. Thus it came to pass, as has often happened before in this old earth's history, that the man who had well-nigh spent a whole lifetime laying violent hands on hundreds of innocent people, and cruelly putting them to death, had himself to make his exit from this life by the same doorway through which his many victims had gone—a violent death! Alas for him! It were better for him had God's witnesses never come to this country than that, having come, he should have turned a deaf ear to them, and closed his eyes against the light.

REFLECTIONS ON MSIDI'S CHARACTER.

Msidi was emphatically a man "wrapped in the solitude of his own originality." His head was shaped as I have seen no other man's, marking him off as one capable of doing odd, if not wicked, things. Ever since I have known him a look of cunning craftiness had taken up its abode on his shrivelled features, while his general demeanour was overbearing and haughty. With Msidi it was emphatically, "*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*"; every one in his country (his subjects I mean) being laid under tribute to serve him. The subjection which he demanded was of the "biting the dust" order, and he was only waiting for powder to carry on a war of extermination against every Sanga man who had thwarted and opposed him.

But "He who doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth," as of yore, confronted this cruel despot. "Thou profane, wicked prince, . . . whose day is come, . . . Thus said the Lord God, remove the diadem, and take off the crown. *I will overturn, overturn, overturn it*, and it shall be no more, until He come, whose right it is; and *I will give it Him.*" Happy thought, that, come who may, and rule who can in dark Garenganze during the "little while" in which His kingdom in mystery precedes His coming kingdom on earth, one day this land shall own Christ's sway.

LETTERS FROM CAPTAIN STAIRS: MSIDI'S SUCCESSOR APPOINTED.

How things are going on at the capital now you will best understand from the following letter, which I received the other day from Captain Stairs:

"On the 21st we left Maria's village, and moved about 800 yards to Mumoneka's, and next day started building Fort Bunkeya. I called up the chiefs Chamunda and Mukandavantu, told them we had no desire to fight, but would punish any one who made war in this country. Meantime I sent for Katanga, Ntenke, Mulowanyama, and others, to come to me before electing a chief of the Va-yeke, who will only have power over this immediate neighbourhood. There will be no more Va-yeke tyrants over the poor Va-sanga, Va-lamotwa, etc.; each district will have its local chief, and the head over the whole will be the white man. Already the people have returned in great numbers to their hoeing and planting. The Va-sanga are delighted, and at last see hope ahead. We are building our fort out of Msidi's own *boma*, and the door of his big hut is now my table, off which this evening we eat our Christmas dinner. . . . I will work hard to keep powder out, and let the country get full breathing. . . . There are no skulls visible at Bunkeya now."

On December 29th Captain Stairs wrote:

"We are progressing favourably with our fort, but the want of food is taking it out of our men. I elected Mukandavantu to-day as successor to the late chief. Likuku has not come in, nor Cikako. Mulowanyama has come and got the flag from me, and several others the same."

Thus it will be apparent to all that a new epoch has begun in Garenganze history, yet changing epochs can not change our position, and we seek grace ever to "walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing." Oh, to be ever seeking out the lost ones, and making every other thing subservient to this one great business of ours!

FAMINE IN THE COUNTRY.

What I have written previously regarding the inadvisability of our building near a fort I would again emphasize here, and it is very probable that, acting on this, we may move down the Lufira to Kasanga in a month or two. We hear of large numbers flocking into that valley, including Mutombo, one of the late chief's head wives, the new chief's mother, and others, and only two days ago a beseeching message came from Miramba, wanting us to build there.

Before Capt. Stairs entered here from the east with his large caravan, the country had been steadily sinking under the indirect pressure which the Va-sanga were bringing to bear upon it; so much so that when the new-comers arrived, the tide had gone *far, far out* in the capital and the country generally. Food could not be had for the buying, and the natives everywhere were keeping the life in by eating roots, while they watched their corn ripening. Thus matters stood when Capt. Stairs came with his Va-lungwana, and then began a struggle for sheer existence such as never before happened in these parts. His soldiers turned out to be (what, alas! Koran chanters often are) an unscrupulous lot: and loot, cruel and wholesale, seemed to be the order of the day. Of course, the strong came off better than the weak, but the victors fared badly enough. Eighty of their number died in the capital, while of some seventy missing, perhaps thirty are now alive. But how shall we compute the deaths among the poor natives? Alas! alas! their death roll has run up to hundreds, and the end is not yet. Specially have the old people been forced to the wall in this struggle for life, and I find myself asking for one after another, only to receive a dejected look and the same sad answer—"Dead!"

BUNKEYA.

I came over here to the old capital ten days ago at the request of my brethren, to find out how the country was going, *i.e.*, whether the people would stand by the young chief in large numbers, or scatter over the country in small groups, and begin village life again on their own account—a very tempting thing to do in these days when auto-cracy is no more. I am now in the chief's village, in the centre of which the Congo Free State flag is waving, which is sufficient indication of the amount of power he has. He is still the same nice young fellow he used to be, only a little more sedate, with his "omande shell" regalia on. Meanwhile, he has only a handful of people around him.

Looking at Bunkeya to-day it is hard to keep back a tear at the picture of desolation and devastation that meets the eye. The main path that led along from the head village past Maria's village is overgrown with tall rank grass and is scarce discernible. Breaking your way along this you go on and on without meeting a single soul where just

twelvemonths ago was a busy thoroughfare. Entering Maria's village—once the cleanest and most orderly in all the capital, besides being one of the largest—you find the houses in a tumble-down condition, grass growing everywhere, and solitude reigning. Where have the people gone? Many, as I have remarked, are dead. Ah! how hard for you to realize it in England whose barns are full—*dead from hunger!* Those who survive are now scattered far and near over the country, trying to solve the almost insolvable problem of how to keep soul and body together. Some of these thus scattered may come back in a month or so for the sorghum, which will then be ripe, but most will seek out their own people—if they have any—and there dwell.

It will thus be evident to you that there has been a thorough disintegration of the old order of things in Garenganze. The old capital is now no more, and the new order of things will likely be a scattered population, with the country better occupied as a whole.

A WIDER FIELD FOR THE GOSPEL.

Though some may think otherwise, I am solemnly persuaded that the time has come, not for *evacuation*, but rather for *occupancy* of this country *in the real sense*. What though the capital of Garenganze life is gone, is it not better so? Msidi at the best was only a hinderer of our work. If he had proposed to be a helper in it—he whose hands were red with the blood of thousands—then we might have withdrawn with faces shamed, but this, thank God, he did not propose to do. Although, I do believe, in his heart he thought us a safe sort of people to have in his country, yet up to the last he was still the same suspecting old man.

Thank God we have now a far wider field than ever we had. The barriers raised during the old days of tribal wrangling (Msidi *versus* all comers who thwarted) are now gone. The north can be reached now as can the south and east, and in order that this may be done, pray that wherever we may fix our abode it may prove but a centre from which to work out. Oh! pray that we, His ambassadors in this land, may be much afoot on our Master's business, overtaking the scattered groups with the message of light and love.

There is much in this rainy season weather to tempt one to remain indoors. All the country adjacent to the Lufira is flooded just now, in many places so badly as to make travelling on foot impossible. A fortnight ago I made the attempt to reach this place *via* Mupanda's—our only dry-season route—but was compelled to return and cross the Lufira higher up, after having spent a long day—perhaps the longest and dreariest I have yet spent in Africa—out on the flat, trudging along from almost sunrise till after sundown to the charming music of "Splash! Splatter! Splash! Splatter!" The water deepened as

we advanced—here knee deep, there waist deep, and, anon, deeper. The old paths, too, are quite obliterated, which means a deal of unnecessary winding here and there, following some far away landmark, which disappears and reappears with the rise and fall of the country. The prime condition for getting along under these circumstances is for the traveller, before he strikes camp in the morning and again at sundown, to fortify himself against his all-day bath with quinine, than which we here can find no better tonic.

ANOTHER EXPEDITION ARRIVES ; CAPT. STAIRS LEAVES.

I have omitted to note that Captain Stairs, after fighting on for over a month against hunger and disease, was compelled to withdraw his caravan, as his men were dying at the rate of two per day, while he himself, the Marquis de Bonchamps, and Mr. Robinson were very weak, Dr. Moloney being the only strong man. Captain Stairs wrote February 3rd, "I have been in bed now twenty-nine days, and feel that I am not justified in remaining here any longer."

The opportunity occurred for Captain Stairs to withdraw his caravan on the arrival from the north of another of the Katanga Company's Expeditions, numbering over four hundred souls, in command of Captain Bia. All along their route south from Lusambo on the Sankuru river they had found abundance of food, in fact, it is asserted, too much ; but their disappointment was very great on reaching here, for they had been assured by Commander Le Marinel that at Msidi's there was abundance of rice, goats, etc. This throws an interesting sidelight on the seeming contradictions between travellers who, following on each other's heels, perhaps at intervals of one, two, or three years, paint very different pictures of the same place, and even doubt the veracity of those who preceded them.

Two months have passed since this last caravan came, during which Captain Bia very wisely scattered his people over the country, thus averting a long death roll. He is now compelled to withdraw his caravan, and proposes going round the south-eastern boundary of the State, returning here in August.

When Mr. Crawford wrote the above he did not know that the African career of Captain Stairs had been brought to an end by his lamented death at the mouth of the Zambesi. It would take some time for news of this to reach Garenganze, but I am sure it was received with much sorrow there, as it was in England. Mr. Crawford continues :

AN EAR FOR THE GOSPEL.

Lufoi Valley, 3rd April.—Since writing the foregoing I have been back to our lovely valley, and then off again up the Lufira to my friend

Cipona's, where I found a great number of people (lots of old faces among them) all living on the old lady's bounty. And indeed, there seems to be abundance of food for all, though in one kind only, *i.e.*, corn. I spent a week there, rubbing shoulders with some of the strangest of individuals you could meet with, perhaps, on this earth, and ever finding from all—Va-sanga, Va-lunda, Va-oussi, etc.—a ready ear for the good Word of life. In Africa here it seems very certain that the best opportunity for God's evangelist is with, say, a grouplet of two or three men apart, talking long and earnestly with them of our God's long-rejected claims upon them. Ah! it is unutterably sweet during such times to see a black son of Ham look for the first time in his life perplexed over the momentous question of his sins, and even to hear a sigh escape him. These dear folks do like us missionaries, and from Cipona downwards all were very earnest in their entreaties for us to stay on in the country. "If you go," said they, "who will be left to us?"



UNDOMBE WOMAN, BENGUELLA DISTRICT.

CHAPTER XV.

Garenganze after Msidi's death.

(MAY TO JULY, 1892.)

THE arrival of another instalment of Mr. Crawford's diary allows of the unexpected addition of a fresh chapter in Garenganze history. The scattering of the natives was so thorough after Msidi's death that the future of the country seemed very doubtful, and there was also much uncertainty as to the manner in which the work of evangelization would have to be prosecuted. Owing to the fear the natives had of the Congo Free State soldiers, it looked as if the servants of Christ would have to seek out the people whom they knew, and carry on their labours among them in place after place. There has, however, been a considerable re-gathering of the natives by the Lufoi river, in the neighbourhood where Messrs. Thompson and Crawford had built their huts, and the presence of these brethren seems to have been no small element in inducing the natives to come together again. The locality appears to have been well chosen, and the supply of excellent water for drinking purposes and for cultivation removes one great difficulty that was felt in the former capital. The influence of the Free State authority, in preventing disorder and cruelty within a limited sphere, has evidently been considerable, and this is a matter for thankfulness. At the same time their present force of black soldiers in the fort on the Lufoi river (at some distance below the station of the two brethren) is very small, and the inroads of the Arabs, at no great distance, is a matter of concern, especially as we know what bold and only too successful efforts they have made against similar small forces of the Free State further north.

MR. CRAWFORD'S DIARY—CONTINUED.

Lufoi Valley, May 16th, 1892.—(Latitude about $10^{\circ} 13' 12''$ S.; Longitude $27^{\circ} 14' 10''$ E.)—The last news you received from this poor

country, which of late has been so much overrun by new-comers, no doubt awakened much concern at home as to its future, and excited fears that the famine—as merciless as it was universal—would drive away the old population, and leave us here in an empty wilderness. I rejoice, however, to be able to write in a bright and hopeful way, for the double reason that the grim and gaunt hunger of which I wrote is now almost completely gone, and that while the old capital is nearly empty, people are crowding over here to the east of the Lufoi river in large numbers, with every appearance of a resolve to settle. These two reasons, I am sure, will be as gladdening to you as they are to us, for I need scarcely tell you how oppressive and burdensome was the death-gloom of famine to those moving among it. With the ripening of the *sorghum* the hollow cheeks and lank forms of the natives began very perceptibly to fill up, and to-day nearly everyone we meet is bordering on being fat. Sorghum, or *mevele*, as it is called here, is the great staple diet of the country; the corn (maize) being only a secondary thing, and chiefly cultivated because it is ripe much sooner than the other, but it is by no means despised, because of the timely aid it brings at a time when ground roots are resorted to, and in fact are the fashionable diet. That this latter resort should be at all necessary in a country whose soil needs no such humouring and tilling as that of northern latitudes, proves at once how utterly void these people are of thrift. They have neither the plod of the ant nor its mindfulness of the coming winter. It remains to be seen whether they will profit by the bitter experience of the past, and throw away less in the wholesale brewing of beer, and do more in the cultivation of the soil. Everywhere I go I try and persuade the people into the growing of lots of manioc, but they are so very conservative in their notions that everything approaching a departure from their old line of doing things is looked on with suspicion.

The rainy season has gone at last, and the sky is fast assuming that settled azure hue which characterises it during the dry season. In cloudland, white, fleecy masses have taken the place of threatening inky-black clouds—the *avant-couriers* of a downpour. When these latter appear on the horizon the result is as sure as though it had taken place, and not at all distant, for they are soon moving hurriedly up from all points to a meeting-place in the centre of the vast dome, muttering out peal upon peal of thunder as they move, like the noise of heavy artillery being dragged up into position. With the dry season have come again those wonderful sunsets, which bathe the western sky out here in floods of glory. We have not yet burned off the grass, but shall do so one of these days. One lighted brand thrown among it is sufficient to set the vast prairie all along the Lufira into a roaring flame, hunted before which are huge herds of buffaloes, zebras,

antelopes, etc., who take refuge in small lakelets, and wait until the fiery column sweeps past. Then the charred mass that is left looks for weeks the gloomiest and most uninviting of places; in fact, for miles long, one great funeral pall has been spread over the country. A month later, however, fresh, lovely, green grass is shooting out everywhere, and yet another month sees the last traces of gloom gone.

Towards the end of both seasons—the rainy and the dry—two great extremes are visible, which, like all extremes, are not at all pleasant. The former sees everything rank, overgrown, and tangled beyond all description, the very grass being so tall and thick that one cannot push it aside without the greatest difficulty; while during the latter the ground is as bare and hard as a rock, the sun having licked up every little lake and stream, and cracked the soil open. During the dry season also, in every journey one takes that is not by the Lufira or Lufoi, it is compulsory to carry water in gourds, with the alternative of lying down to sleep with a swollen tongue and racking thirst—that is, if no village has been reached.

The water of the Lufira river is very brackish and insipid, and when most people for miles around us are either drinking from it, or from loathsome mud-holes, called wells, we have the priceless boon of clear Lufoi water, which one actually dreams about when he is away from it, so poorly off is this big country for *good* water. Toward the end of the rainy season our Lufoi takes strange freaks, and, as it rushes madly down from the mountains, overleaps its old banks, carrying away bridges and flooding a large part of the valley. Its waters, usually so limpid and bright, and flowing noiselessly along, are then turbid and red, whirling in rapid eddies near the banks, but rushing down angrily in foam and confusion in mid-channel. Unfortunately, crocodiles and water-snakes are rather numerous in the river, and prevent our swimming therein. (N.B.—Ceya, one of my vakalama, looks in to say that a crocodile has been killed just opposite our camp here this morning.) Africans have the same antipathy to these animals that sailors have to sharks, and in this antipathy I share, having often fired off nearly a whole belt of cartridges at these hateful creatures, as they lie dozing on the Lufira sand-banks in the sun.

HARSH WAYS OF AFRICANS ONE WITH ANOTHER.

All, I am sure, will be glad to learn that, since Msidi's death, war has not been heard of, and internecine strife, as between tribe and tribe, is an unknown thing. No better proof of this could be given than that the chief Mutwila, who led the Va-sanga, has sent to Cikunkuluka, Msidi's brother, asking for seed to sow his fields with, and proposing to marry one of the latter's daughters. On the other hand there is

abundance of trifling litigation as between man and man, and numerous attempts on the part of petty chiefs to saddle weaker ones with crimes, all of which flows from the reaction that has set in since the form of government was changed.

We are often saddened to see the harsh, exacting way Africans in slightly higher positions act towards others of their race, mercilessly buying and selling them like mere chattels for some trifling or, as is oftener the case, imagined crime. The traditional customs accepted by common consent, and which pass amongst these people as a kind of unwritten law, are very stringent, the tiniest breach of them being made an outlet for all sorts of greed and covetousness on the part of the aggrieved person, whose demands are simply exorbitant. When this same vulture-like greed, which abounds in the African, can find no flaw in its victim's conduct in the light of the above-mentioned customs, then a charge of witchcraft is resorted to, which the victimiser may prove if only the poor fellow's hands are not tough enough to be dipped into a pot of scalding water, perhaps ten times, without being blistered. If blisters appear, he is pronounced guilty.

EFFORTS TO REACH THE HEART.

Dear Mr. Thompson and I have long and happy times together, planning attack on the citadel of the heathen's soul. Beyond all controversy this is most glorious work, and indeed there is nothing else worth living for in these wilds, for if it is true, as some inform us, that from a human standpoint our tenure of life is necessarily shortened by coming out here, we at least must see to it that we go in for the best possible investments for eternity. Heathendom, as it stares us in the face here, has something tragic and beseechingly helpless about it. Yet often we are sad at heart at the apathy and cool indifference we meet with, which ! alas, is begotten of their ignorance.

Every morning we have a meeting for all-comers, and when the new moon appears we change our morning into moonlight service. As yet we know not of one soul in all this far-spreading expanse who is really a child of God, though thousands have heard, many of whom seemed to drink in the Word of life. This sad fact, on reflection, is very humbling, and no doubt, in the eyes of this go-ahead age, which must have everything cut and dry in figures, we are spending our strength for nought ; yet would we look trustfully to God, the increase-giver, seeking the while more compassion on, and passion for, the souls of the perishing.

KNOWLEDGE OF A CREATOR.

In mingling with these people, and seeking to find out the best mode of presenting our message, we are often surprised to find the measure of knowledge they have regarding God the Creator ; which, moreover,

has not been acquired from contact with missionaries, but is hereditary. Some of the names applied to God on this side of the Lufira are very interesting, as proving that during even the darkest hour of earth's history He hath not left Himself without witness, yea, His eternal power and godhead are "clearly seen." (Rom. i. 20.) The name *Shakapanga* is rarely ever used alone, but accompanied by "wi tu panga, ne ku pangulula." Ask a native what it means, and he will at once say, "It is He who created us, and who uncreates us [*i.e.* at death], and who created *all things*." Here he goes in for enumeration, naming mountains, rivers, trees, and anything he can think of, and then, as though giving up the very idea of mentioning everything, he drawls out, hanging on the words as he does so, "*vintu v-i-o-n-s-o*" (*i.e.* all things). God's right to thus "uncreate" (as he terms it) is variously commented on; but the majority, if not all, attribute it to His *bukadi* (wrath), saying, "God has eaten up the creature." Some, indeed, I have heard say regarding the dead, "God made him, and God has taken him," and this too in such a dispassionate way as shewed he did not deny, but rather admitted God's right to do so; but I felt sure this was only said because the subject of the remark was no near relative. Some Africans I have seen almost distracted with grief regarding departed relatives, and their cries prove how, after all, humanity has many meeting-points. For instance, a daughter, weeping for her mother, will wail out just like one such at home, "Come and take me, mother!" "Oh, mother, why have you left me alone?" "My heart is broken, mother." The wife of one of my men, this year, when we were waiting at the Lufira for a canoe to take us across, on hearing from new arrivals of her mother's death went almost mad with grief, crying out to her mother to come and take her, and then, on realizing how vain was such a cry, she made a frantic rush for the river, crying, "I'm coming to you, mother! I'm coming to you, mother!" and would certainly have been drowned in the Lufira, which was then rushing like a torrent, had not a strong hand intercepted her in the act.

Another name applied to God, and full of much interest, is *Ka fula mova*. This translated means "He of many suns," but this utterly fails to give the full meaning the African has in his mind. He really means "The Eternal God," for he asks, "Who can count God's years? When did they begin?" and then, regarding future existence, he says, *Ka fula mova can never die.*"

Another title is that of *Ilunga wa visera*, and in explaining it the native recounts, in his own graphic way, the many ups and downs of his strange bush-life—the days of prosperity and health; the days of misfortune, and that sad day when he fell foul of "munona," or some such loathsome disease; the day when only out hunting half an hour

he brought down a buffalo bull ; and that other day when, after having stalked the plains all over, he got nothing. Recounting thus all the items that go to make up his life, he points upwards, and names *Ilunga wa visera* as "The Sender of all." It will be noticed here that there is no mention of Satan as being a factor in bringing about his ills ; for, alas ! the personality of this enemy of their souls is utterly unknown, and wherever we go it is only too evident that he who for long centuries has been leading these tribes on in their course of rebellion against God has hidden himself behind his own lie.

When we charge these people with their sins before God, not one out of the thousands we have spoken to has ever yet ventured to deny the fact. With an open Bible in our hand we take up the first point of Paul's indictment against the heathen—unthankfulness. (Rom. i. 21.) A look of abject guilt settles on his countenance as we proceed to press home the charge ; and no wonder, for with his own mouth he has admitted, though somewhat flippantly, that God is the giver of all things. Moreover, be it remembered that this same African, though thankless Godward, is most absurdly profuse in his thanks to a white man if he receives a paltry yard or two of calico, even deigning to cover his body with earth as an expression of thanks (such is the custom here). And then, as we move on to the third chapter of Romans, and sound out the verdict that hath gone forth upon us *all*, no one ventures to dispute the fact, as far as they are concerned, only they wonder very much that the *white* man puts himself in the same category as themselves ; and here we have to explain that it is not *we* who put ourselves there, but *God*.

EXPLORING NORTHWARDS.

June 25th.—At *Mufunga's*, on the border of the Luba country. During the last fifteen days Mr. Thompson and I have been on the march, journeying due north, with the majestic Kundelungu range on our right all the way. Here and there we turned into its valleys to visit the little hamlets generally located there, and the reception we met with all along the route was one of effervescent warmth. Some, it is true, fled on our approach ; but they soon returned on finding out who we really were, and no doubt our walking-sticks and water-bottles helped in a great measure to disarm suspicions. This is always so wherever we go, and always will be wherever God's servants go in Africa, if they keep their rifles out of sight, and move amongst the people not with condescension but with simplicity and friendliness. Travellers may write all sorts of things about Africans, and may find them vastly different from the people we meet with ; but the real fact is that the mode in which Africans are approached, and afterwards dealt with, has everything to do with their bearing towards a new-comer. If a man moves about with a heavily-armed escort, and carries

on all his dealings, as it were, behind the barrel of a rifle, the result is obvious—the natives will flee and leave him to starve.

On the sixth day of journeying, after emerging from the Kasanga valley, we entered upon what is getting rarer and rarer in Africa—virgin soil, where the foot of white man has not yet trod. You can imagine with what a joyous step we tread such soil, for great is the privilege of being before the busy self-seekers of this age with the message of our King.

THE VA-LOMOTWA.

The tribe which for the most part we have been moving amongst has been the Va-lomotwa, a strangely recluse people who, in days of peace, live at the foot of the mountain range, having at the same time a connection with it in the form of little undiscoverable paths which lead up to caves where they store all their food, and where, too, on the approach of an invader they retreat. The wretched hamlets they build at the bottom of the mountains have a poverty-stricken look, consisting as they do of only one or two grass huts, scattered among a few patches of sweet potatoes and manioc. One's first thought is to blame these people for lack of industry, but the real fact is that in past years their life in the plains was so precarious, and fraught with such danger, that now it offers no attractions for them, and to a great extent they are independent of it, save that in some secluded spot they may rear a crop of *mevele*, which is no sooner ripe than it is carried to the mountains.

At Lusengo we found the people had fled up into their "munitions of rocks"; but we were soon on such friendly terms with the one remaining individual there that he, on his own responsibility, sent a shrill call up the mountains, which had the effect of bringing down his friends, who emerged out of the grass in all directions, among them women with babies on their backs, and all carrying something of household furniture—stools, pots, baskets, etc. The meeting which followed was a memorable one, all the people from far and near having come to listen to the strange things from the strange white men. When I was charging them with their sin in speaking evil of the attributes of God, and their unbelief as to His love for them, the old chief, who is an outspoken sort of man, interrupted me several times, reiterating his belief that God was only a wrathful Being and killed people. Far on into the night we heard the villagers chattering about the new-comers, and going over again and again what they heard. No doubt our coming is reckoned a big event in their village life, and it is quite apparent that we have strangely unsettled them. Many are their conjectures of who we are. For instance, they marvel that we are not married, and the old patriarch broke in with the remark that we must be boys yet, which remark, as coming from him, we can easily agree with.

Everywhere we go we encounter large supplies of good food—fowls, eggs, sorghum, manioc, yams, and honey from the mountains, with venison now and then. There is a marked scarcity of the smaller game, though elephants and rhinoceroses abound.

DEATH OF CIFUNTWI.

Our original destination on this journey was Cifuntwi's large village, which for years was the late Msidi's strongest outpost on his north-eastern border. Whether for better or worse, however, since the remarkable *coup d'état* of last year, *Yeke* prestige* has been an unknown thing, and in fact so completely has the wheel gone round that they who once were the oppressors are now in a degree the oppressed. They were, in a manner, the aristocracy of these parts, who dearly loved to wear a wealth of broad calico, and walk with a swaggering gait; but since Msidi's death the latter has very manifestly disappeared, and, in the absence of an abundant exchequer as formerly, the ample folds of calico have had to be abandoned.

Only six days ago, with deep sorrow, we heard of old Cifuntwi's murder while we were speeding on our way to visit him. To detail the causes would occupy much space, as African intrigues and quarrels are nearly always very intricate, hardly ever born of a day, but often extending far back, the whole being generally a compound of trivialities. Briefly, since Msidi's death and the break-up of his power, things have swung round to the unpleasant extreme of every man doing pretty much as he likes, and this is explained by the fact that the force at the command of Lieut. Legat—a very competent officer—is quite inadequate to govern this large country. Time was when only one man, viz., Msidi, had a voice in the land. Since his death, however, there has been much petty-lording it, or, rather, attempts at doing so. Among others, there are three dangerous marauders on the banks of the Luapula river, who for some years have been living on freebooting. Two are Va-lungwana, named Muruturutu and Kafindo—employés of an Arab at Unyanyembe, and the other a Munyamwezi named Shimba. These, during Msidi's lifetime, were held in check in some degree, the last-named having been driven out of the country by Mukandavantu when he, two years ago, very defiantly proposed to march on the capital. Shimba then took refuge on an island in Lake Moero, and now, on hearing of Msidi's death, he accepted overtures from some Va-lomotwa chiefs to come and help them to kill Cifuntwi. Kafindo also sent a war party, and these unitedly surrounded the old man at Malova, the village of his son, whither he had removed on hearing of their intentions. Four war camps were built around him, and after

* Msidi was one of the Yeke, a tribe in the neighbourhood of Lake Tanganyika.

much firing he was compelled to flee. Deserted by all his people, save one little boy, he made his way back to his old village, *en route* to the white men at the Lufoi, but a passage along the road was denied him by the Va-lomotwa, and following him into his own fields they cruelly murdered the poor aged man, who, as far as I ever heard, was always their good friend, having no such black record as Msidi.

EVIL WORK OF ARABS.

During these last few days we have been moving about among these Va-lomotwa, some of whom were active participators in this crime, and we could not refrain from uttering solemn warnings of the wrath of God revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness. We are now on the borders of the Luba country, and only two days north of this the Arab agents above mentioned have lately been doing some of the foulest and blackest work possible. Chief after chief has been murdered, their countries devastated, and large gangs of slaves carried off with everything else that has a market value—and all this too in the Congo Free State territory! These Va-lungwana have strongly entrenched themselves on the right bank of the Luapula river, distant from each other only a day's journey. And it is an indisputable fact that Muruturutu alone has fifteen once-powerful chiefs completely in subjection, whom he compels to bring him every tusk of ivory, large or small, under penalty of death. The Luba country is his great hunting-ground, all over the south-east corner of which he sends his war parties, armed with percussion-cap guns, to carry on their work of devastation and unmerciful vandalism. In the great majority of cases the resistance offered amounts to nothing, and in only one instance, so far as I know, a large chief, named Ciyombo, was able to drive off the invaders with somewhat heavy losses on their part. In these slave raids it is pretty certain that all the poor old folks not eligible for the market and unable for the journey are cruelly murdered. Of those actually taken as slaves perhaps about seventy per cent. are women, twenty per cent. boys, and only about ten are men, the scarcity of men being accounted for by the fact that most are either killed off during the attack, or that they make good their escape when they see resistance to be useless. Though all these tribes have a very powerful arrow-poison, named "bulembe," death from which by tetanus is certain in a few minutes, they undervalue its power, and think a gun with its loud report a dreadful weapon. But, as a matter of fact, the damage done by the latter in the hands of natives amounts to almost *nil*, a gunshot wound being a very trifling thing compared with the slightest scratch from a poisoned arrow.

God grant that soon the poor down-trodden Luba country may be freed from the yoke of the oppressor, and that the dying groans which

have for so long a time been ascending into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth may speedily cease! It is a very simple thing for rulers, sitting in conference in Europe, to mark off with coloured crayons delimitations of frontiers, etc., and annex by mutual consent vast territories which might easily contain several Europes; but how very different it is when thoroughgoing administration is in demand, and there is only a handful of soldiers in the country to see it carried out.

We visited Cifuntwi's old village, built at a beautiful spot near the confluence of the Lufwa and Luisi, both fine streams flowing into the Lufira, a few days' journey off. The once large and crowded village we found burned to the ground. The chief's house, which was sixty feet long, had shared the same fate. Making our exit by the west gate, we passed through large fields of ripe sorghum, rapidly going to waste for want of people to garner it. The whole sight was saddening beyond description, as was the thought of the poor old man left to die alone, all his young men having fled like rats from a sinking ship. Alas! if one must speak of honour and loyalty in connection with the average African character, it is to say that there is little of either manifest. The rare exceptions met with here and there only prove the rule.

KUMBURA'S—A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.

June 27th.—To-day we climbed up to Kumbura's village, which is far up the mountain side, and very dangerously situated at the foot of great sandstone cliffs rising up immediately behind the village, and some hundreds of feet high. After the rains, huge boulders become detached from the parent mass and roll down, threatening the annihilation of both village and villagers. While their position is impregnable and impervious to attack, they pay the penalty of their choice in the poor, stunted crops of sorghum reaped from the rocky soil of the mountain. Here we had a memorable meeting with over two hundred people, old and young, and for the first time in their long, dark history, the rocks and valleys which for centuries resounded with nought but the noise of heathen orgies and devil-worship, sent back the echo of God's praise. It was touching to bid "good-bye" to some of these old white-headed and stoop-backed mountaineers, whom we may never meet again in this world. Farewell, dear aged pilgrims; may we meet where twilight has turned to day! "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

July 1st.—We are now on the homeward journey, revisiting the places at which we stopped when going northward, and seeking to find out how much was remembered of all they had heard. Ciziba, a small chief, could remember that God's *Kabinda* (Only begotten one), Jesu, had long ago descended from heaven, and "made an end of sin" (this

literally, *wa puizia mianda*) before God, by paying the price of His own blood. During this journey we have had very much to encourage, and bid us hope that God will soon gather out a people from these tribes for Himself. We are still following the Kundelungu range, which rises on our left to a height of over one thousand feet. The whole is one long stretch of table-land, uniform in height and appearance, as far as we have yet seen. There are three distinct formations of rocks, the base being schist, the middle red sandstone, and the top limestone. All over the top of the range there are many cup-like cavities, caused by the action of torrents which rush down into the valleys, and these are declared by the natives to be the footprints of a great giant named *Kara ya Rova*, who passed by that way long years ago. Where he came from, and whither bound, the natives don't venture to say, but they stoutly resist any attempt at removing this strange notion out of their heads.

On the journey northwards, in order to avoid a long march round a promontory of the range that would have led us out near the Lufira flat, we climbed the mountain by a very precipitous path, and after an easy march along the top, descended near Lugungivi, at a spot where, looking upwards, we wondered how the thing was possible. Once or twice all the path we had was a tiny ledge of rock overhanging a dark chasm, upon which we could only plant one foot at a time, but even this was more acceptable than the treacherous schist, which, either as a foothold or something to clutch at, was always cruelly deceptive, breaking away in cakes at the slightest touch.

10th.—We are now back again at the Lufoi, where we rest for a week or two, awaiting the appearance of the new moon, when we start on our journey southwards. To our unbounded joy we found that in our absence the mail from Bihé had arrived, bringing with it such glad, good news from the old country. If friends only knew what a letter means to us here, they would indeed be less reluctant, or forgetful, in writing a word of cheer.

M. Delcomune has turned up here at last, after a long absence (about seven months), during which, though he was comparatively near, nothing was known of his whereabouts. It now appears that on leaving Ntenke's, he struck across westwards to the Lualaba river, where he commenced building a flotilla of canoes, by which he hoped to reach Lake Chinkonjia. The task in itself was no light one, but being undertaken at a time when there was scarcely any food in the country, it was very formidable. Unfortunately, however, the building of canoes, sufficient to carry the large caravan and loads, turned out only a small thing compared with the difficulties which lay ahead. When the boats got under way with their cargo, it was discovered that rapids every day necessitated the unloading of all the boats, and their

being dragged overland past each. After several months of battling in this manner, and when just about four days from Chinkonjia, a rapid was reached which baffled all their powers to pass, owing to the fact that on either bank mountains rose up abruptly out of the water to a great height, forbidding a passage for the boats by land. Here, after having come so far, and with the goal so very near, the whole project had to be abandoned, and the caravan returned here *en route* to Lake Tanganyika. It is unfortunate that so much toil was all in vain, and it is to be regretted that such an enterprise was embarked upon at all, without a previous survey of the river. M. Delcomune's huge caravan, which I am informed numbered about 600 souls on leaving the Congo, is now reduced by death and desertion to 200.

The three Belgian gentlemen who have been stationed with a large portion of Captain Bia's caravan one day's journey up the Lufira from us have now struck camp, and are proceeding to Ntenke's, where Captain Bia will join them about August 1st.* There are quite a number of Lagos men with them, most of whom understand English, and have attended mission schools. Alas, however, for the degrading lives of most, despite their boasted remarks—"Me read Bible," "Me go to church," etc. On one occasion I had an opportunity of speaking with them altogether, and a very solemn time it was. After I left, Dr. Amerlinck told me that a Haussa soldier, who was a known thief, came and confessed to having stolen, one month before, from the store.

Mr. Thompson and I can testify for one another regarding the measure of good health granted to us, viz., that since our last letters we have not been laid aside for one day by fever or illness of any sort. In contrast with this the officers of the fort, down stream, have suffered much, for Lieut. Legat has during his stay here had twenty-two serious attacks of fever, while M. Verdick had for a long time periodic attacks every ten days. Without doubt, our choice of a site here has been God-directed, and to Him be all the praise.

As an opportunity has occurred for sending letters soon by the west coast, we avail ourselves of it, hoping also to write from Ntenke's *via* the Congo.

July 26th.—Before leaving for the south I add a few lines. The Lufoi river at last promises to be a good centre for people, and during the last few weeks numbers have gathered around, asking for nothing but permission to build near us. They still look aghast at the fort, and beseech us not to leave the country, lest they all be killed. We find the stupid and mischievous notion has got currency that since Msidi's

* The safe arrival of M. Delcomune at Stanley Pool and the death of Captain Bia have been recently mentioned in newspapers.—F. S. A.

death *we* are the chiefs of the country, and this compels us to disabuse their minds of any such idea, though many insist on wronging us in the matter.

Cikako, the late Msidi's brother, with all his people, has crossed the Lufira, and is building two days' south of us, near Cikunkulukas. The two chiefs, Cipashia and Mukevo, who last year fled from here, are coming back again, and another chief, Cisake, who formerly lived in the plains, has come to build in our immediate vicinity.

MEMORIES OF MSIDI.

Hundreds of people about here, looking back on the long quarter of a century of Msidi's lording it, seem to forget how iron-like was the rod that ruled them, and have nothing but admiring awe to utter regarding the late chief's great doings. Hours and hours are spent recounting the raids of his war-parties across the Luapula, when Kazembe and others were driven from their towns ; but their laudation on this occasion is only another instance of "distance lending enchantment to the view," besides proving at the same time what is really an African's notion of a great chief, *i.e.*, one who mercilessly cuts off heads, hands, ears, etc. On the other hand they don't study that aspect of Msidi's life which pictures him as thundering out the death warrant *Fwa, nwana wambua* ("Die, son of a dog"), and even tasting from his executioner's hand the warm life-blood of his dying victim ; but they recall how he could show himself to be kindness and liberality itself, and how he himself would wear, day in and day out, a miserable two yards of dirty calico, and yet would give away, to the last yard, the bales upon bales of cloth brought into the country by the many caravans from east and west coasts.

DREAD OF DEPARTED SPIRITS.

However much truth there may be in what an African says of the dead, he is always sure to say good and *not* evil of him, for the old rule, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*," is a big portion of his creed. The reason of this is his inherent dread of the power of spirits over him, who, unless propitiated, can make his whole life miserable, thwarting and tormenting him at every turn. Thus it is that a dead man is more dreaded than a living one (I mean the departed spirit), for whereas that same man when alive may have inhabited a poor decrepit body from which nothing was to be feared, at death the spirit departs from the narrow prison that confined it to a sphere where, as far as I am aware, the African puts no limit to its power. Regarding the body, it is reckoned only a house, and my boy, not long ago, calling my attention to a corpse being carried out of a village for burial, said, "What they are carrying is only a *nasala*," *i.e.* a deserted village or house.

Regarding death there are two phrases often used, which, though having an outward resemblance, have a vastly different meaning. Of the dead they say *wa pita kara* ("he has gone already"), and *wa fika kara* ("he has arrived already"), the latter meaning, the spirit has gone to God. It is generally believed by natives about here that spirits who have been propitiated return again to earth, in the form of a new-born child, and that those who do not return refuse to do so because of ill-treatment received at the hands of their relatives after departure. They are reported to say, "I won't return; for if they treated me so badly after death, what treatment will I receive if alive again?"

Before the year is ended I hope to cross the Luapula river to Kazembe's, and go up the east side of Moero. From all reports there are yet thousands east of us unreached by the word of life. It will at once strike you that only two of us here are a very small number for the spreading of the gospel in such a land as this, where, on the map with our camp as centre, and a radius of hundreds of miles, you can describe a circle without bringing into it a single missionary. The consequence of our being only two is that school work of any description is left untouched, because of its being necessarily secondary, though important.

The average readings of my thermometer for the week ending July 18th were 57° at 6 a.m., 92° at noon, and 63° at 6 p.m. The readings for the corresponding week last year are almost identical.

CHAPTER XVI.

Closing Remarks.

I WOULD fain continue adding letter to letter telling of the hopes and fears of these servants of the Lord in Central Africa, but the time of even willing readers must not be too much taxed.

Information has chiefly been given about Garenganze, the most distant of our three centres of labour, on account of the critical state of matters there, and the difficulty of obtaining information from the workers, a year or two having sometimes elapsed without any communication either way. Much might be written about the Bihé district, where Kwanjulula forms a basis for the more distant places, but this is not necessary, as tidings are received nearly every month. From Nana Kandundu we hear perhaps every two or three months. It lies rather more than half-way on the road to Garenganze, and access to Nana Kandundu is not so difficult as from thence to Garenganze. I will only add some detached remarks referring to matters that have not been mentioned in the narratives I have attempted to weave together, and it may be helpful to mention the names of labourers at each place.

After my return from escorting the small party to Nana Kandundu in 1891, the state of my health caused concern to friends in England, as my visit home for six months in 1888 failed to remove the effects of fever contracted in the Barotsi Valley. My brother-in-law, Dr. Walter Fisher, urged my return home again, and I accordingly left Bihé with my wife and little girl, reaching England in June, 1892. We could the more easily hand over our share in the work as Dr. Fisher was married in May to Miss Anna Darling.

During my absence the work has been maintained in a wide circle around Kwanjulula, and we quite hope to hear in due time

of God's blessing on the steadfast evangelizing and visiting carried on in very many villages far and near. In this Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Miss Gilchrist, Messrs. Munnoch and Lynn, Mr. and Mrs. Murrain have been engaged, my man Dick (a native of the Barotsi Valley) also assisting.

At Nana Kandundu Mr. and Mrs. Bird have got through the toilsome business of preparing dwellings for themselves and native helpers, but the serious matter of mastering and committing to writing the native language, so as to be able to publish the gospel, yet lies before them. Mr. Lane, who found little to do in the paralysed state of affairs in Garenganze after Msidi's death, came westward, and on the way rendered good help at Nana's in building, etc., and has since done further service by taking a caravan to the coast to meet the new party from England. Mr. Schindler is again at Nana's, but has not yet fixed on a sphere of service.

Now that the disorder in Garenganze is subsiding we may hope that a time of blessing from God will follow, and that before long other labourers may join Messrs. Thompson and Crawford.

This is the more to be looked for since Mr. Swan is now on his way to the interior from Benguella with a small party, we are very thankful to say. After a brief stay of nine months in England he set out again on Nov. 8th, having married Miss Mary Davies, of Bristol, who, it will be remembered, went with Mr. and Mrs. Morris to Africa, but soon returned with the latter, after Mr. Morris departed to be with Christ. Accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Swan were Miss Skinner, of Bristol, and Miss Lacey, who had had a thorough training as nurse at St. Thomas' Hospital; Mr. David T. Smith, of Clapton, whose knowledge of building may be helpful in Africa; and Mr. Dugald Campbell, of Glasgow, whose employment in a carriage factory led him to think he might be useful if waggons should become necessary for African transport.

We have heard of the safe arrival of this party at Benguella, and trust they are now at Kwanjulula, seeking guidance from God as to their path in the vast African Continent.

On hearing of the scattering of the people in Garenganze after Msidi's death, Mr. Swan had thoughts of reaching the Chivanda

people, near the part where the boiling springs are found ; but when he learns that things have quieted down in Garenganze, he may have it in mind to return there where he is so well known.

While many parts of Africa are now the scene of active work for Christ, I am thankful for this opportunity of bringing before many Christian friends the present position of matters between Bihé and Garenganze. In looking back to the time when I took my solitary journey to the centre of the Continent in 1886, I can only thank God that He has stirred up the hearts of not a few to care for *this* part of Africa. The steps of twenty-seven persons have been directed thither, and though three of these were only permitted to lay down their lives in the Dark Continent, the rest are yet alive, and nineteen are now at work. My wife and I hope to return as soon as possible, and more labourers, we trust, will follow.

After very prolonged suffering for three years in Garenganze, Mr. Faulknor returned to England, January 30th, 1892, and being now greatly restored in health, I am preparing to set out with him to visit Canada, his native land.

Regarding the contents of this volume I would ask, that whatever moves the sympathy and compassion of hearts acquainted with the love of God, may be made again and again a matter for prayer.

FRED. S. ARNOT.

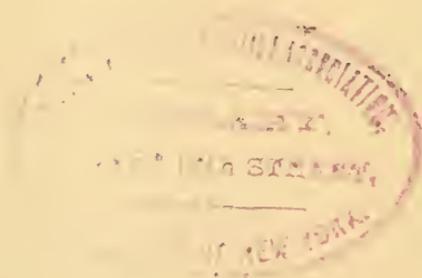
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