

GARENGANZE

WEST AND EAST

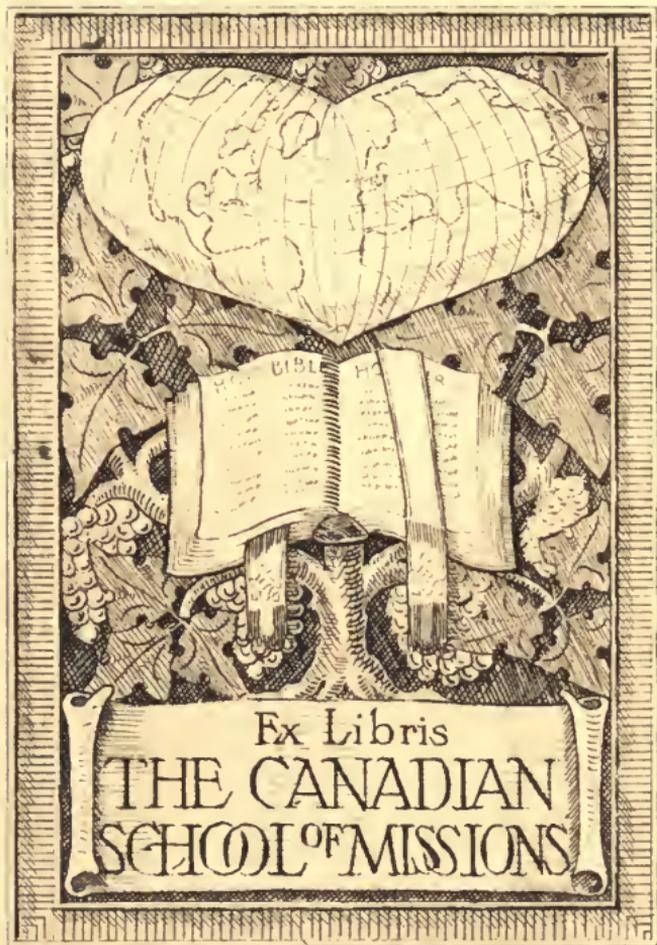
F. S. ARNOT



21 YEARS' PIONEERING
IN THE
HEART OF AFRICA

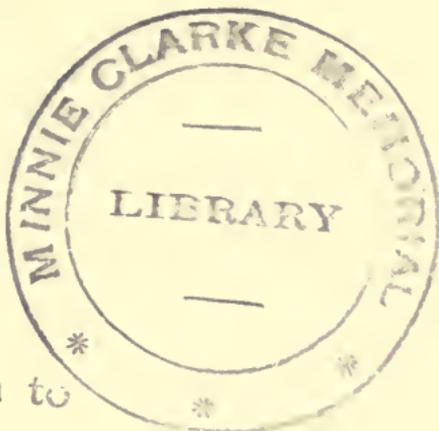
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GARENGANZE:

West and East.

A Review of
Twenty-One Years' Pioneer Work
in
The Heart of Africa.

BY
F. S. ARNOT.



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PREFATORY NOTE.
Return to *

COMPLYING with the wishes of many friends. I have tried to put together in a connected way—and within I hope, the reach of all—an account of more than twenty years' work carried on by a succession of servants of Christ in Central Africa.

It is a relief to me to have this opportunity of omitting much of the earlier history of the work that appeared in "Garenganze" of 1889; for in this way I have been able to bring its history down to the present year, and at the same time to reduce the bulk of the original volume.

F. S. A.

15, Clifton Vale,

Bristol, Aug. 1902.

GARENGANZE:

WEST AND EAST.

*A Review of Twenty-one Years' Pioneer Work in
Central Africa.*

CHAPTER I.

TO THE BAROTSE VALLEY.

FROM the day of my conversion when quite a boy, I had cherished the desire to take some share in carrying the Gospel into Central Africa; and, having been advised by the late Major Malan to prefer the longer route from the south, to the shorter and more difficult east or west coast routes, I landed in Natal in August, 1881. After a little delay on account of the first Boer war, which was brought to a close that year, I took "passage" by a company of transport waggons bound for the Transvaal. We

travelled so slowly that I was able to visit many of the Boers living in the Orange Free State and the Western Transvaal.

Leaving the Transvaal, I crossed into Kama's country and made for Shoshong the chief town (now deserted). This "stronghold" was built at the mouth of a deep ravine containing the only permanent spring of water found in the country for miles around. Here Kama had been able to resist repeated attacks of Matebele warriors from the north, and here also he had made an equally resolute stand against the drink traffic, coming as it did as an enemy from the south; for Kama was in advance of the Colonial Government in defending the natives of the interior against the ravages of "fire water." After helping me to learn the Sechuana language, Kama placed at my disposal his own waggon and a full span of trained oxen to take me on as far as the Tsetse fly would allow, for wherever this insect is found the ox, horse, and the European dog die from

the effects of its bite, although human beings and wild animals do not suffer. Donkeys too are supposed to be immune. Kama's waggon was big, and the missionary's belongings were few. At first it hardly seemed right to accept the chief's kind offer, but as soon as a start was made all such misgivings were dispelled for the big waggon soon began to fill up. First one then another appeared by the side of the road with bundles and bags of food and supplies for the journey. The half-coloured butcher of the town had been up all night making sausages, and stood at his door with a heavy bag on his back. "They will keep," he said, as he rolled his load into the waggon; "they are well spiced;" so I hung them in bunches over my head, and every day for six weeks or so, I cut down two sausages for dinner.

The long zigzag course it was necessary to take across the Kalahari desert was very trying, water was scarce, and the cattle suffered much. In the Kalahari,

or "white sand desert," wandering bands of Basarawa or Bushmen, Bakalahari, and Bakalaka are found; all "run-away" remnants of tribes and races living in the countries adjoining. Certainly these wild men appear to us to be in a very degenerate condition, but their faculties and senses are sharpened to a remarkable degree. As they move about they allow nothing to escape their notice; they "read" the path, and can tell not only the name of an animal that may have crossed it during the night, but the time of night that it happened to pass.

They seem to know instinctively where water is likely to be found. One Bushman saved the lives of my party by scooping out a hole in the sand, and then sinking still further into the ground a long hollow reed through which he sucked a supply of water. And although the frothy liquid had passed through the little man's mouth, it was life to me and my Bechuana.

Tsetse flies were encountered in the



[Photo by M. Coillard.

NA-ROBOTO, KING LIWANIKA'S OLDEST COUNSELLOR, IS STILL ALIVE. HE WAS THE FRIEND AND ENTERTAINER OF ALL STRANGERS. WHEN A YOUNG MAN HE MET MRS. LIVINGSTONE, AND COMPLIMENTED HER BY TAKING HER NAME. ("NA-ROBOTO" BEING MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S NATIVE NAME.)

Mababi district to the north of Lake Ngami ; so Kama's waggon had to return, and I travelled on with a few Bushmen and three pack donkeys. At last to my great joy and relief we arrived at the Chobe river, a tributary of the Zambesi. My men soon got over their joy, however, at having more water than they could drink, and longed to be back to their desert life again. " Did not the marauding Barotse live across the river ? if they should happen to see our fires would they not come over and kill us all ? " We found lions also to be very troublesome along the banks of the Chobe, and a leopard charged right through the midst of our camp one night and caught up my little dog, a faithful companion and night watch.

Herds of antelope, buffalo, and giraffe lined our path, and a troop of baboons brought us to a complete standstill for some hours. Following down the course of the Chobe we arrived at the Zambesi, and from the junction of the two rivers

we turned south, first to the deserted trading station of Leshuma, and then to Panda-ma-tenka where I paid off my Bechuana and Bushmen, and was able to get some information as to the best way of travelling to the capital of the Barotse.

Returning to the Zambesi, I pushed on to Shesheke in the face of many difficulties, and found the headman willing to listen to all I had to say and to allow me to travel up the Zambesi to King Liwanika's capital; meanwhile he provided men and boats to return with me for my baggage which had been left at Panda-ma-tenka.

On arriving at the trading station I sold my three donkeys, and packed all my belongings in loads suitable for the shoulders and sticks of my native carriers, who in this district divide the load they carry into two equal parts fastening them on to the two ends of a stick, in Chinese fashion.

When travelling back to the junction of the Zambesi with the Chobe, a dis-

tance of seventy miles, I was attacked with my first African fever. My men had gone on far ahead with the supply of water and food, and did not return. I was compelled at last to lie down in a very helpless condition, and having only one little lad with me, I sent him back to the trading station. After a weary wait of nearly three days, help came and I was carried back to Panda-ma-tenka. In a few weeks the fever subsided and I was able, although very weak, to reach the Zambesi; soon my boatmen gathered from their villages and we continued our journey to Liwanika's town.

I was now in the hands of the raw Zambesi native, the noisy, drum-beating laughing, quarrelsome forest and river negro; so different from the quiet and stealthy Bushman, or the more thoughtful Bechuana, whose one business it is to mind sheep and cattle. Although these river men have a bad character, and are fond of blackmailing and plundering, yet again and again one or other

brought me milk, meal, or some such delicacy, from a distant village when they saw that I could hardly eat the boiled corn, dried elephants' flesh, and putrid meat stolen from the crocodiles' larders, which was our usual fare.

Lialui (the place of the river,) was reached on the 19th of December, 1882. The Barotse call themselves Balui (the people of the river), a very suitable name since what is known as the "Barotse Valley" is for about four months in the year a great lake one hundred and fifty miles long by forty wide. The people then betake themselves to villages built on artificial mounds and to the forest-clad shores.

The king sent a horse for me, and a company of men to carry my bundles to my hut, a long low grass hovel rather damp and gloomy. Firewood was very expensive, so that my recollections of these first months at Lialui are all of damp, mildew, fever, rats and snakes. The third day after my arrival I was

shocked to see a trial for witchcraft carried on right in front of my door. First one, and then another poor wretch had to dip his hands into a pot of boiling water, and lift three stones that lay at the bottom. If the skin came off his hands within twenty-four hours the man was pronounced guilty. I put in a plea on behalf of these "witches," and urged that the accuser should be tested in the same way as the accused. The king owned that it was a cruel and unfair trial, and promised to put it down when he had more power.

Liwanika seemed at this time to be in a very unsettled state of mind; he had many enemies in his own country, and some powerful rivals. My coming did not satisfy him for I could not teach his people to make guns and powder and it seemed mockery to bring "mere words" to a man who needed "strong friends." Sepopo, his uncle, had been killed by an uprising among the Barotse; Mwanawina, his cousin and predecessor,

had also succumbed to the spear of an assassin. Lobengulo, the King of the Matabele, had sent to Liwanika offers of friendship, with presents of shields and spears if he would join him in opposing the steady advance of the white man from the south. Liwanika was greatly delighted with the shields, and inclined to accept Lobengulo's advances, but I advised him strongly to seek rather the friendship of Kama the Christian chief. So a letter was sent to him, in which the King asked for Kama's daughter and a black dog as proof of his friendship. Kama replied by sending a horse instead of his daughter, giving Liwanika to understand at the same time that he must join with him—not against the white man, but against the white man's drink if he wished to be Kama's friend.

All this time the King stoutly refused to listen to my "talk about God," he had cross-questioned the boatmen who had brought me up the river, and had gathered from them that it was "all children's

talk," and not worth listening to. But when I took him at his word and asked him to let me have his children, he consented and sent his son Litia to my hut every day with a few other sons and nephews and their little slaves.

Liwanika's love of state and show was quite in advance of anything known among the South African chiefs, he had not only a full array of officers of state answering roughly to our cabinet ministers, but a high priest, a state barge, made of several sides of canoes sewn together in a wonderful way, and a city of refuge. The Barotse had great faith in his power to bring rain, and to protect his people from the lightning. When a severe thunderstorm broke over the town all came into the King's enclosures and preferred to sit there in the rain, rather than go to their own huts. Laws connected with circumcision and purification, in vogue among the Barotse, give support to the theory that the Bantu tribes now scattered over Central and

South Africa came from a country nearer to Palestine, where their ancestors were strongly affected by Jewish customs.

On the 29th of April, 1884, a letter arrived from M. Coillard telling of his arrival at the Zambesi with a company of missionaries. I read it to Liwanika who was looking forward to the coming of this devoted servant of Christ, and from that time I felt free to go on with my original plan of reaching the hilly country to the north of the Zambesi. Liwanika was not in favour of any white man going to those whom he called at that time "his dogs," so I decided to visit Benguella, a Portuguese port on the west coast, and return to the interior with fresh supplies, by a route to the north of the Barotse.

Before closing this chapter the following reminiscences and tales of Dr. Livingstone are perhaps worth recording. The older men often said to me, "you are not like the 'Great Doctor,' you cannot perform miracles as he did,



WAGGON TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AFRICA—A BREAKDOWN.

he showed us his relatives, and the spirits of his forefathers, did we not see them walking across the shadow of the sun!" They referred no doubt to the magic lantern exhibitions Dr. Livingstone gave when on his first journey across the continent.

The young men who guided me to the Victoria Falls told me how the "Great Doctor" had actually taken wings and flown down to the bottom of the chasm. Dr. Livingstone in his journal speaks of tying a stone to the end of a string and letting it over the cliff, and finding that he quickly lost sight of the stone, he tied a sheet of paper to it; we can easily understand how the sheet of paper grew to be a bird, as the story went the round of the kraals, and then that the "Great Doctor" himself became a bird and flew down.

One day an old blind minstrel came singing into my yard, and finding his song, flattering the "White man" was not appreciated, he changed his tune and,

to my surprise gave in Sechuana a sermon on the “last judgment.” This old man afterwards told me that before losing his sight he had acted as cook to Dr. Livingstone, and had heard this sermon so often that he had learned it by heart.

CHAPTER II.

TO THE GARENGANZE KINGDOM.

LEAVING Lialui with a caravan of Bihé traders, my mode of travelling was changed for the fourth time. Ox-waggon, pack-donkeys, canoes, now gave place to porters.

Seeing that the tribes living between the Barotse Valley and Bihé still remain unevangelised, we owe them a great debt, and I make no apology for describing the greater part of this journey in the words of my journal written at the time.

May 15th.—A tedious journey through a dense forest, hanging with moss and lichen. Camped at Ka-kinga on the river Ninda, a tributary of the Zambesi, where the Ambuella, a small tribe of the Bambunda, are living.

20th.—A wild-looking company of Bambunda hunters came to the camp; they

dress their hair to imitate the horns of wild animals, and one had a stick through his nose.

21st.—Since leaving the Barotse valley we have been constantly ascending, so that now we are travelling through hilly country, very cold at night, with sharp touches of frost, but during the day the sun is strong.

23rd.—Crossed the hills and reached the source of the river Shulongo, tributary to the Kumbule, which again is tributary to the Quando river. Following the Shulongo we came to the Kumbule, a large, beautiful stream, which seemed to dance along over a bed of silver sand. Orange, green, and other bright-coloured water-weeds were growing in abundance. All the rivers and little streams have the same bright appearance in this part of the country. “Afric’s sunny fountains” is no mere poetic dream; but the sands are *silver*, not “golden,” as in Heber’s hymn.

24th.—Crossed hilly country, densely

wooded, and reached the river Shikolui, running south through a valley.

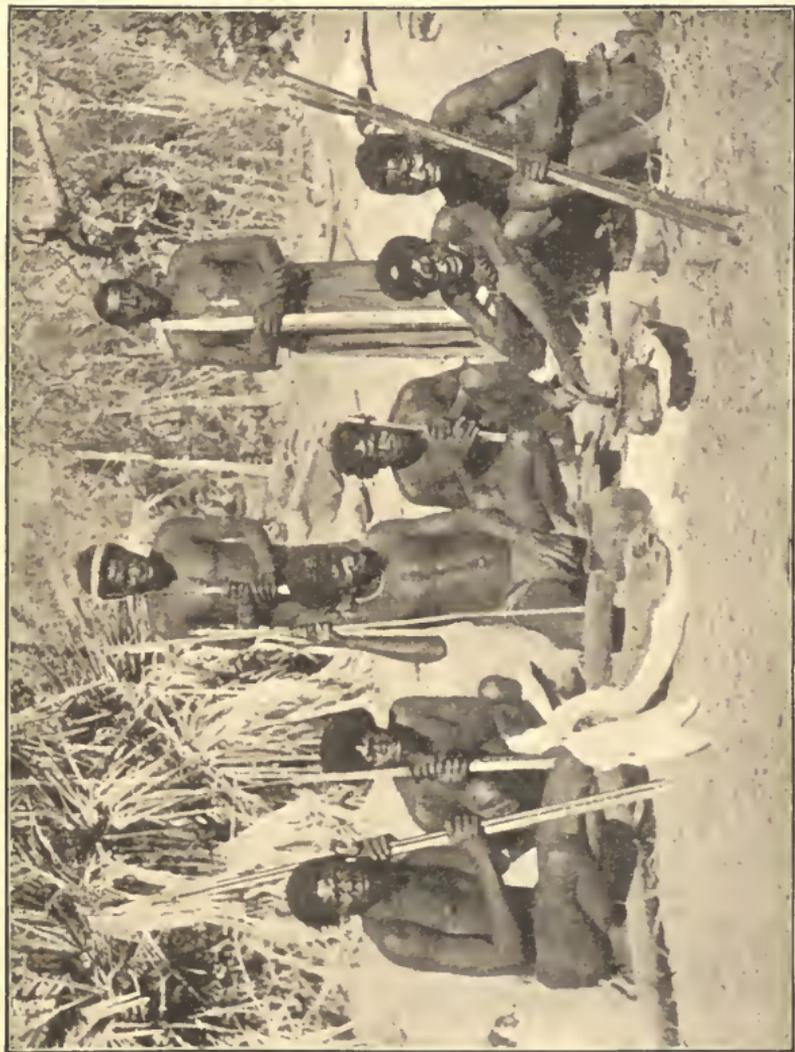
May 30th.—When camping on the river Kushibe I decided to visit the line of small towns on its banks belonging to the Bakuti, a people akin to the Bambunda. My interpreter and I procured a boat and paddled up the stream, stopping at all the huts and small villages. The people showed much frankness, and said how glad they were to see an “English” for the first time. I asked them to gather together at their chief town in two days’ time, and then I would speak to them.

June 1st.—In the afternoon a large company had assembled to be spoken to, all *men*, for everywhere in Africa the women are the most conservative and the most difficult to persuade into receiving anything new, and here they had shut themselves up in their huts. Speaking through my interpreter, I told them of God the Creator, of man’s departure from Him, of the sending of God’s Son

as a Saviour, and of His now sending messengers throughout the world to call men back to Himself. The close attention I received made me feel that the Spirit of God was blessing the word, and at the end all expressed their thanks by clapping their hands. The chief then said that they could not tell how happy they were that I had spoken in that way to them, he had believed in a great God who had made all things, but he wanted to know *that God*, that he might pray to Him at all times.

The Bakuti live in square houses built close to the Kushibe, which forms their highway; each person possesses a boat, and, as there is a continual traffic going on, the river presents a very lively appearance. Their hair receives more attention than their bodies, the men wear a skin before and behind from the girdle, but the women use calico for their clothing. They have blankets also, made of the inner bark of the wild fig tree, beaten soft.

4th.—One man showed great interest,



BALJOASHE.

and said afterwards, "This day I am a child of Jesus Christ; now I will pray to God alone." Some wished me to return to-morrow, but the chief said, "No, we shall tire the white man by his coming so far; we will go to his camp."

13*th*.—Started early in the morning, the main body of the carriers being behind. We passed several villages of Balojoashe safely, the people only coming out to look at us; but when we reached one of their larger towns they gathered round in great numbers dancing, shouting, and yelling to us to stop, and swinging their weapons over our heads.

14*th*.—Reached the town of Herero, who is headman of the district. He proved as disagreeable as his people, demanding from us an ox and some tiger-skins.

15*th*.—After climbing a long steep hill, we descended to the river Kuvangui, a rapid and deep stream, which I crossed by a frail wooden bridge, the carriers going further up to a ford. Keeping by

the Kuvangui for four hours, we passed Kankanga's, and then camped at the town of Kashima's daughter. I speak of "towns;" but though the people are in considerable numbers, gathered close together under their chief, their huts are so hidden and scattered in dense wood, that to a passer-by the only signs of the presence of human beings are certain narrow and winding footpaths here and there.

The regular camping places are generally on the edge of forests, where the porters can cut down poles to erect their rude huts. We were busy getting our camp into order when some Balojoashe came along, evidently bent upon mischief. Getting nothing for their impudence they left us. In a short time, however, we saw that the long grass on all sides of us was on fire. My men turned out, and beating down the flames as they approached our camp, they succeeded in stamping out the fire. I then called all together and discovered

that eight of our number were missing, so that our worst suspicions concerning these Balojoashe were confirmed. They had set fire to the grass around our camp to distract attention while they carried off all the stragglers they could catch. I started off with some thirty men, and after a weary ten miles' journey over the hills we came upon the robbers and found they were ready to fight with us, as they only thought we had come to recover by force the stolen men. I made every effort to get between my own men and the Balojoashe, and, as a sign of my peaceful intentions, I held up one of their native stools in front of the threatening crowd and then sat down upon it, urging them to sit down and talk with me. The old chief, seeing the younger men fall back, began to chide them for being afraid, and rushing forward he levelled his gun at me, ready to fire, but the young men, fearing that their old chief would bring mischief upon them if he shot me, laid hold of him, took his gun from him, and

marched him off to a hut close by, with his hands behind his back. At last one by one they came near and sat down, and we talked the matter over. They said they were not embittered against us, but against others, who were their enemies, and they promised to bring down the eight captives next day to camp. They kept their word, and the stolen men were brought back ; presents were exchanged, and thus ended what had been to me a very trying ordeal.

June 22nd.—Left the Kuvangui valley, crossed a high range of hills, and reached the Kuando River (Livingstone's *Chobe*) in the afternoon.

23rd.—As we go up the Kuando the scenery becomes more beautiful. The hills on each side are high and wide apart, and covered on the tops with dense forest. Bright, rapid streams run down every valley. It is strange to find the streams in this part of the country full in the dry season : during the rains they are low. The hills here seem to be

one mass of sand, firm though very porous.

24th.—Our camp was soon crowded with people to-day; I told one of the fathers of the tribe something of my mission, and of the God whom I served. The old man ran off excitedly to bring some other old men, who greeted me with clapping of hands, and to them he retailed with great energy what I had said to him. My old friend wanted to know exactly when I would come back, and wished me to show with my hand the height that the corn would be above the ground when he might look for my return.

June 25th.—Crossed the Kutau and Biseque; camped at Kambuti, at the head of the latter river. The Biseque joins the Kutau, which falls into the Lungeungo, a tributary of the Zambesi.

27th.—Reached the Kansambe River, and camped at Brutwe.

28th.—Crossed a high range of hills, and camped by the Kambimbia, flowing

west, its waters go by the Nyonga and Kuito to the Okovango river, which flows into Lake Ngami.

29th.—Crossing the Nyonga river we camped on the right-hand bank of the Bembe.

The tribes we have passed through seem to have one common religion, if it can be called by that name. They say there is one great spirit, who rules over all the other spirits; but they worship and sacrifice to the spirits of ancestors, so far as I can learn, and have a mass of fetish medicines and enchantments. The hunter takes one kind of charm with him; the warrior another. For divining they have a basket filled with bones, teeth, finger-nails, claws, seeds, stones, and such articles, which are rattled by the diviner till the spirit comes and speaks to him by the movement of these things. When the spirit is reluctant to be brought up, a solemn dirge is chanted by the people. All is attention while the diviner utters a string of short sentences



[Photo by Mr. Edward Sanders.

A LUVALE FETISH-MAN IN A DRESS INTENDED TO REPRESENT A
DEPARTED SPIRIT.

in different tones, which are repeated after him by the audience.

July 2nd.—Following the course of the Onda river, we passed through a fine open country, crossing a running stream of water every half hour, some large, some small, but all rapid streams.

July 4th.—Spent four hours in crossing the Kuanza river, and after a long day's journey lodged at Chikoma's town, the same who found Cameron far in the interior in very destitute circumstances, and brought him out to Bihé on his way to Benguella.

The natives here were dressed well. The men wear hats and coats and rather a long cloth kilt; the women wrap themselves in cotton cloth from the arm-pits downwards. Their houses are square and well built, with hinged doors and native-made iron locks, all, of course, in imitation of the Portuguese. Their gardens are large, well-tilled, and neatly furrowed, not unlike our fields at home.

Continuing my journey to Benguella

I arrived at Bailundu and found that the station of the missionaries of the American Board had been plundered by the natives a few weeks before, and all the missionaries driven to the coast. I took up my quarters in one of the ruined houses, and had the joy before long of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sanders back to their work and station.

Arriving at Benguella I was able to purchase from Portuguese merchants all that was required in the way of provisions and trade goods, to cover cost of a few years' service in the interior.

Hearing of the Garenganze country from a company of natives that I happened to meet on my return journey, and seeing that it seemed from their account to lie to the north of the Barotse kingdom, I decided to make for it, believing that God would "direct my steps" day by day, and if such were His will, I was prepared to stop short in any of the intervening countries.

From Bihé the regular trade route



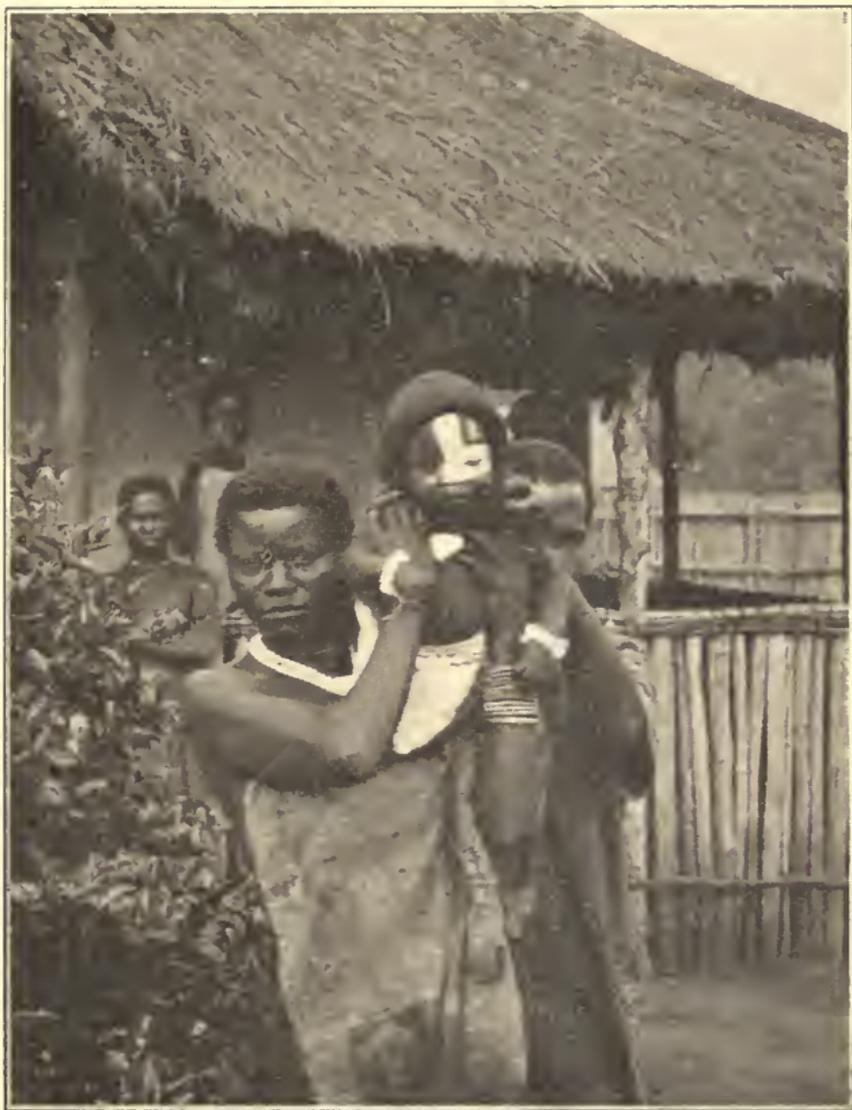
GROUP OF CHIBOKWE CHILDREN.

to the interior was taken, it follows the Zambesi-Congo watershed the greater part of the way. Crossing the Kuanza I travelled a few days through the country of the Baluimbi, who seemed to be much more industrious than the Ovimbundu living in Bihé and Bailundu, although not so enterprising. They divine with the skull of a small antelope poised on a stiff grass-stem. The hilly, well wooded country of the Bachibokwe came next; they seemed to be more advanced in all legal matters. Their faculty for picking faults and making charges against travellers being proverbial. They are also very ingenious in the way they attract bee-swarms to their cleverly made bark hives, and a few years ago, without any help from Europeans, they discovered a rubber-yielding root and developed a large and successful trade with the Portuguese. Next to them come the Baluvale or Baluena, living along the margin of the rivers and marshes that form the north-west feeders of the

Zambesi. They are a fishing tribe, and like all river and water-folk have many superstitions. Na-Kandundu or Na-Katolo, the Queen-mother of the tribe, proved a friend in need, for when some of my men turned back she supplied me with a few carriers and housed the rest of my things until I was able to send for them. Further mention will be made of her later, and some detail given of the route from Bihé to the Garenganze, when extracts are made from the diaries of the missionaries who have travelled backwards and forwards many times since this first journey.

The Balunda and the Basamba lie between the Luvale country and the Lualaba river which is known as the western boundary line of the Garenganze kingdom.

The history of this country is no doubt typical of the history of many Central African kingdoms and perhaps a brief outline, at the close of this chapter will not be out of place.



[Photo by Mr. Crawford.]

THIS IS "THE DAY OF THE JUSTIFICATION OF THE CHILD'S LIFE;" HE HAS CUT HIS FIRST TOOTH IN A RIGHT AND PROPER WAY, AND THE PARENTS CARRY HIM ROUND AT THE HEAD OF A JOYFUL PROCESSION, BECAUSE HE IS NO LONGER IN DANGER OF BEING CLAIMED BY THE "DOCTORS" FOR SACRIFICIAL PURPOSES.

Msidi, a copper trader from the east of Lake Tanganyika, on one of his periodical expeditions to the Katanga mines, was informed that the Baluba from the north had invaded the country around belonging to the Basanga, and Msidi having in his party four muskets joined with the Basanga and drove off their enemies. The effect of the dreadful sound of the guns was so complete, that he vanquished both friend and foe. Mpanda, chief of the Basanga, laid his *omande* shell (African crown) at the feet of Msidi, who took full advantage of the power thus placed in his hands of enlarging the Basanga kingdom into what was afterwards known as the Garenganze empire. He also collected a large store of ivory, for which it was necessary to find a market, and when his own trade route to the east coast had been cut off by the Lunda general Kazembe, he was compelled to look for help from the west coast. With this end in view he sent his nephew Molenga in that direction in

charge of a peaceful expedition laden with ivory. In leading the caravan, Molenga seems to have exercised great tact and wisdom, making friends with the subordinate Lunda chiefs and having endless palavers with the quarrelsome Chivokwe people. At last he met with a native trader from Umbaka, who led him to the station of the Portuguese trader Silva Porto in Bihé. This was the beginning of very important trade communications between Bihé and Garenganze, and formed a link between the west and the east coast, which owed in this way its existence entirely to native enterprise. It was along this route that I had travelled, and when still several hundreds of miles from Msidi's capital, the mention of his name was a passport for me. They said "If we interfere with this white man, who is travelling to Msidi, he will some day come and cut off our heads."

Msidi was very slow to receive me, and for ten days I had to remain at a

distance until he had called for his diviners to discover if my heart was as white as my skin. All their tests turned out in my favour and I was invited to the capital and received by the King, who introduced me to his five hundred wives. Many thousands of people lined the route and filled the square in front of his house.

CHAPTER III.

1889-1891.

BY this time I had become attached to my Bihé carriers and they to me, so I sent them back to their own country with letters to Mr. W. F. Sanders, of the American Mission, asking him to send in my letters by these men, as well as supplies of calico and clothing. Meanwhile all unknown to me, Mr. C. A. Swan of Sunderland, and Mr. P. Scott of Liverpool were giving up good business appointments and preparing to come out to help occupy this vacant field. Mr. Scott was not able to proceed beyond Bihé, but Mr. Faulkner from Canada arrived in time to accompany Mr. Swan, and together they succeeded, as soon as they had heard of my whereabouts in pushing their way in to the Garenganze to my great surprise and delight. "Two are better than one" and

“ a three-fold cord is not quickly broken.” We may say then that December 1887 marked the real beginning of missionary work in the Garenganze.



OVIMBUNDU PORTERS ON THE MARCH.

I returned to England the following year, and after proving the truth of Prov. xviii. 22, I had the joy of acting as guide early in 1889 to a large party of brethren and sisters, most of whom had been

exercised for some time concerning the needs of Central Africa.

There is no direct route from England to Benguella. Portuguese mail steamers run regularly from Lisbon ; the out-going party therefore started for that port by different routes and steamers. After leaving Lisbon we called at several Portuguese West African islands and ports, and all felt impressed with the destitution, from a Christian's point of view, of the Cape Verde group, the Islands of St. Tome and Principe and all the Portuguese ports south of the Congo. Mr. R. J. Johnston, the most experienced evangelist of the party, took every opportunity of landing at the different ports, tract-distributing. But he caught the coast fever, and died as the steamer entered Benguella Bay.

Once at Benguella our real difficulties began. The only way of travelling from that port into the interior is on foot, along bridle paths. The missionary's baggage and supply of cheap calico

(instead of money) hav to be carried on the heads or shoulders of native porters, and the country for the first hundred miles is wild and mountainous.



“WILD AND MOUNTAINOUS.”

At the time of our arrival, carriers were very scarce ; it was impossible to

engage any at Benguella, so Mr. F. T. Lane, my wife and I started off with pack animals for Bailundu to canvass the villages. After some time I was able to return to the coast with one hundred and fifty men, and succeeded in bringing all inland.

For the first two weeks everything went well as we travelled on. Suddenly however an epidemic of fever broke out, and of the four who were laid down together, two (Mr. T. Morris, the life and hope of the party, and Mr. Gall) were taken from us. We had hoped that Mr. Morris would have been long spared to the work, but God had planned otherwise. A few days before he was taken ill he made an effort to use the little Umbundu he had learned, while I stood by to help him over the difficult words. "Eternal life," said Mr. Morris to the carriers as they gathered round, "Eternal life is what we bring to you in the Gospel." At this one of the men stepped forward and challenged the preacher. "You

offer to us Eternal life," he said; "but you have not got Eternal life yourself, for you will die just the same as the black man." "Yes," said Morris, "that is true; my body, this flesh, will go down to the earth," and taking hold of the flesh of the one hand with the thumb and fore-finger of the other, he continued: "This flesh of this hand will rot in the ground, but my soul will not die, it will go up to God," and here Mr. Morris pointed up, and looked up with convincing energy. A few days after, the same men stood around Mr. Morris's grave. And thus God taught them and us this costly lesson, that we must make much of our message and nothing of the messenger. Mr. Morris's first and last African sermon seemed to throw a new light on the Apostle Paul's first recorded sermon to the Gentiles, Acts xiv. 15, "*We also are men of like passions with you.*" We all sympathised keenly with Mrs. Morris, whose only thought now was to return and care for her four fatherless children

Mr. Geo. Fisher and Miss Davies accompanied her. Messrs. H. B. Thompson, F. T. Lane and A. Munnoch, Miss Gilchrist, Dr. W. Fisher, my wife and I pressed on to Bihé, where we were joined by Mr. D. Crawford who had preceded us.

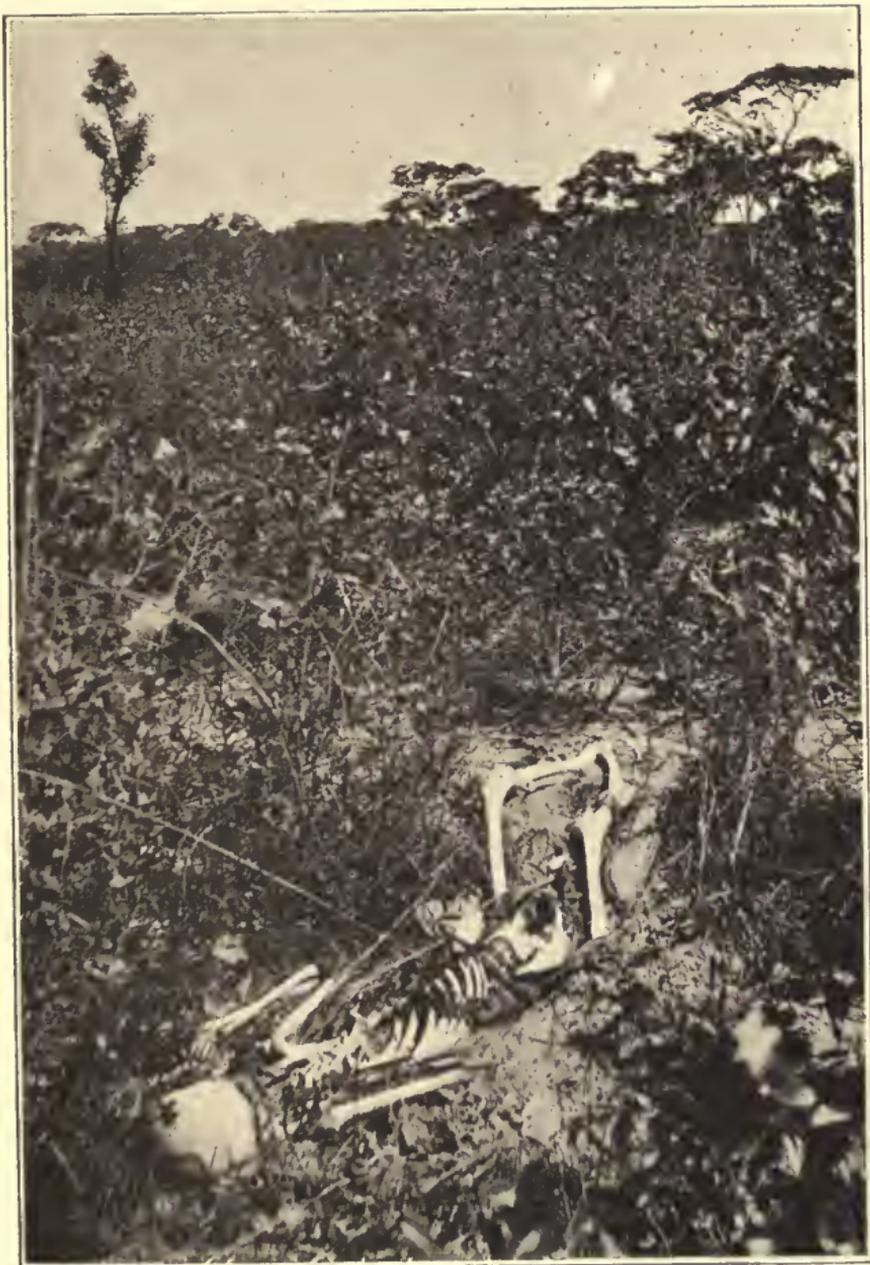
Guided by Senhor Silva Porto, the Portuguese *Capitao Mor* of Bihé, we pitched our camp at Kuanjulula, in the district of Tulumba. The size of our party, however, gave Chindunduma, the paramount chief of the country, a great fright. Neither did the Portuguese trust us; they feared some political intrigue, and sent a number of native soldiers to Bihé disguised as porters to watch the movements of the "English missionaries." A large and influential trader at the coast had also sent a message to Chindunduma with a present of rum, advising him to be on his guard and see that "*too many* white men," were not allowed into his country. The crisis was reached one morning when a company of the King's "young men" after

a long night march, arrived at our camp with their guns loaded and ready to fire on us if we did not obey the King's orders and leave his country. Having met some of the leaders of this "war party" in the interior, I was able to persuade them to return to the chief with a message and a present. By this time, however, the secret of the soldiers disguised as porters came out, and Chindunduma turned his attention to the Portuguese, and insisted on driving them out of the country. The soldiers fled in the night, and my old friend Senhor Silva Porto committed suicide by blowing himself up with gunpowder.

Of course the Portuguese government had to punish the natives of Bihé, and naturally they suspected that the "English missionaries" had had something to do with the revolt. This made it impossible for me to think of going on to the Garenganze at once, as my intention had been, so we all joined in helping Messrs. Thompson, Lane, and Crawford

to go to the relief of Messrs. Swan and Faulkner. The British representative at St. Paul-de-Loanda, hearing of the suspicion that rested upon us, offered to take up our case; he kindly sent two British gunboats to Benguella to make enquiries, but we refused to take our affairs in any way out of the hands of the Portuguese. A military expedition arrived, which, with the help of a few Boers from Mossamedes, soon subdued the natives. Afterwards, when the Commander began to enquire into the cause of the revolt, he found among the King's papers information that directed him to the real source of the trouble and freed us from all suspicion.

While all these troubles and anxieties were occupying those of us who remained in Bihé, Messrs. Thompson, Lane, and Crawford were making steady progress towards the Garenganze country. Of course they met with the usual difficulties, for between lazy and deceitful carriers, and greedy chiefs and toll collectors, they



[Photo by Mr. Edward Sanders.]

SKELETON OF MURDERED SLAVE LYING BY THE SIDE OF TRADE-ROUTE. THE MARK OF THE FATAL BLOW IS SEEN ON THE SKULL, THE LEFT HAND HAD EVIDENTLY BEEN LIFTED IN SELF-DEFENCE.

were often at their wits' end. These troubles are things of the past, but some of their notes on the sufferings of poor slaves are not out of date. On the 26th of August Mr. Crawford wrote: "Although I make this entry with the setting sun-I have still vividly before me a sad, heart-rending sight, a slave caravan on the march. It numbered perhaps eight hundred all told. This travelling mass of humanity had been months on the road. An hour ago I could not have trusted myself to have written of the harrowing sights. There were aged men and women whose poor shrivelled forms told of the welcome release awaiting them. Mothers with babies on their backs, one just born this morning, and tall strongly built young women and girls, some of them with fine features carrying heavy loads. One had fallen behind seemingly quite unable to carry the load that had been given to her, I appeared on the scene just in time to see her inhuman master beat her un-

mercifully 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 as one might, these dear little children would dart into the brush-wood fear-stricken."

Mr. Crawford writes again of how during their stay at Nana Kandundu, "their porters from Bihé were carrying on in secret an infamous traffic in slaves, and among the purchased was one young girl about ten years of age. Poor little soul." He continues, "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 Luvale 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.' "

When the travel-worn party arrived in the Garenganze, November 7th, 1890, they found Mr. Swan well and active, but Mr. Faulkner was in very poor health; he had suffered for over a year from a painful malady, and Mr. Thompson kindly offered to escort him to Bihé. Mr. Swan had fought on bravely since February 1888, when I left him for home. In spite of the extra strain of Mr. Faulkner's illness, he had made a very fair beginning at the Luba-Sanga

language, and had sought to spell out the A.B.C. of the Gospel message in and around Msidi's town. Political troubles, however, of a very serious character were threatening the peace of the country. Msidi was like a lion growing old, and not able to hold his own with so strong a hand. A rising among his Basanga subjects proved very obstinate, and three Belgian expeditions were converging upon him. Listening to the advice of the missionaries, however, Msidi decided to receive the Belgians in a friendly way; but misunderstandings arose, and a young officer connected with Capt. Stairs' expedition shot Msidi in his own court. In the midst of these troubles Mr. Swan left on a visit to the lower Congo, and the little garrison in the Garenganze country was again reduced to two,—Messrs. Lane and Crawford.

The death of Msidi would under ordinary circumstances have thrown the country into great confusion, but the

Congo Free State force was sufficient to keep order, and to secure the peaceful accession of Msidi's son, Kalasa, who has since taken his father's name. But Msidi II's power is greatly curtailed and here as elsewhere in Central Africa, the European protectorate has put an end to the old time African despot.

Returning to Bihé, I must just add, before closing this chapter, that as soon as our troubles with the natives and Portuguese were over we had the joy of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Bird from Canada, Mr. F. Schindler and Mr. J. Lynn from London, Miss Darling (now Mrs. W. Fisher) from Ireland, and Mr. and Mrs. Murrain from Georgetown, British Guiana. As matters have since turned out our two friends from the West Indies have proved pioneers of a movement of much value to the work in Central Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird and Mr. Schindler were ready to begin work in the Luvale country. They hoped that in addition to

reaching a needy tribe with the Gospel their station would prove a half-way house for the missionaries in the Garenganze.

I, acting as their guide, led the way to the town of Na-Kandundu, the Queen mother of the Baluvale referred to in my last chapter, distant about five hundred miles from Bihé.

The old Queen, African-like, was very cautious about trusting herself to strangers, and before she would allow me to leave, an ox had to be procured, and I was asked to shoot the animal while the Queen stood by, with her hand resting on my shoulder. This ceremony, in some way or other, that I cannot quite understand, satisfied her that all was in good faith and that no harm would come to her and her people through these missionaries building among them.

On my way back to Bihé I picked up Ngoi a poor little waif that some slave traders were hawking round; they were willing to accept a kid or even a hen

for the child. He could hardly stand, much less walk, so I carried him on my mule clinging to my back with his sinewy little arms much as he had clung to his



MRS. BIRD CROSSING A RIVER IN A BARK CANOE.

mother a few months before. Ngoi afterwards became attached to Mr. Campbell, when he returned with Mrs. Campbell

and took up his work again in the Garenganze country. From him Ngoi has heard and believed the Gospel, and has been referred to in letters as having grown to be a strong man, and as being "a pillar in the Church." It is encouraging to think of the child at one time so worthless as to be a burden to his captors, becoming a source of strength to others.

CHAPTER IV.

1892-1894.

FROM this time, apart from occasional itinerations, the Bihé, Luvale, and Garenganze countries became the chief spheres of the labours of our brethren and sisters in Central Africa; so in this and the following chapters, I will try and keep the story of the work in each country separate, while combining them in successive chapters as three strands in one cord.

BIHÉ.

Through the breakdown of my own health, my wife was compelled to give up her promising school in Bihé, and return home with me after three happy years of African life and service.

Mr. Swan, who had paid a short visit to England, returned with Mrs. Swan (*nee* Davies), to Kuanjulula where he was

joined by Mr. F. T. Lane from the Garenganze.

The Station at Kuanjulula being just within the radius of the ramble of the soldiers from the Portuguese fort, was moved to Ochilonda a few miles further north. Mr. and Mrs. Murrain built further off still at Owhalondo where there were many native villages.

By this time the constant village and school work in Bihé was bearing fruit, and our brethren had the joy of seeing a few cases of conversion. One, Sanje, a big strong porter, had gone to the interior with Messrs. Bird and Schindler's caravan. He had often heard the Gospel message by the camp fires, but it was not until he was recovering from a severe attack of smallpox through which our brethren had nursed him along with many other bad smallpox cases, at great personal risk, that his heart seemed softened and open to receive the truth. Miss Gilchrist, who had accompanied Mrs. Bird, was helpful to him, and on

his return to Bihé he openly professed Christ and was baptised by Mr. Swan.

Another, Njimbi, was an older man, and like the "son" in the Gospels he "oft-times fell into the fire and oft into the water." Mr. Campbell, who had just come out from home, went to stay at Njimbi's village to learn Umbundu, and there with a stammering tongue he interested the afflicted man in the words of Christ. In his case conversion meant life, and deliverance too from the fits to which he had been subject.

Mr. Joseph Lynn's short but promising career closed about this time. He was the first to take up the book and store-keeping work at Bihé; thus freeing others for language learning and village preaching. In this same spirit of self-forgetfulness Mr. Lynn took hold of and tried to strangle a mad dog that had invaded the village. The dog bit him severely and he died from the effects of it. Mr. F. T. Lane succeeded him in his work.

LUVALE.

Dr. and Mrs. Fisher desiring to put their medical knowledge to the best advantage decided to follow up the little group who were "breaking ground" in the Luvale country, battling with severe types of fever and other ailments, which often assume strange and obscure forms in districts new to the white man. While an elementary knowledge of medicine and nursing may be sufficient to treat some fevers described in the medical books, only a fully qualified doctor can tackle with success these obscure and difficult forms of malarial fever, and their subsequent developments, that are to be met with in the far interior.

But Dr. Fisher could not procure carriers for love or money. The rubber trade was in a very prosperous condition and all the men had gone off trading. Mr. Schindler however, hearing of Dr. Fisher's intention, kindly came out to meet him with what carriers he

was able to collect among the Balu-vale.

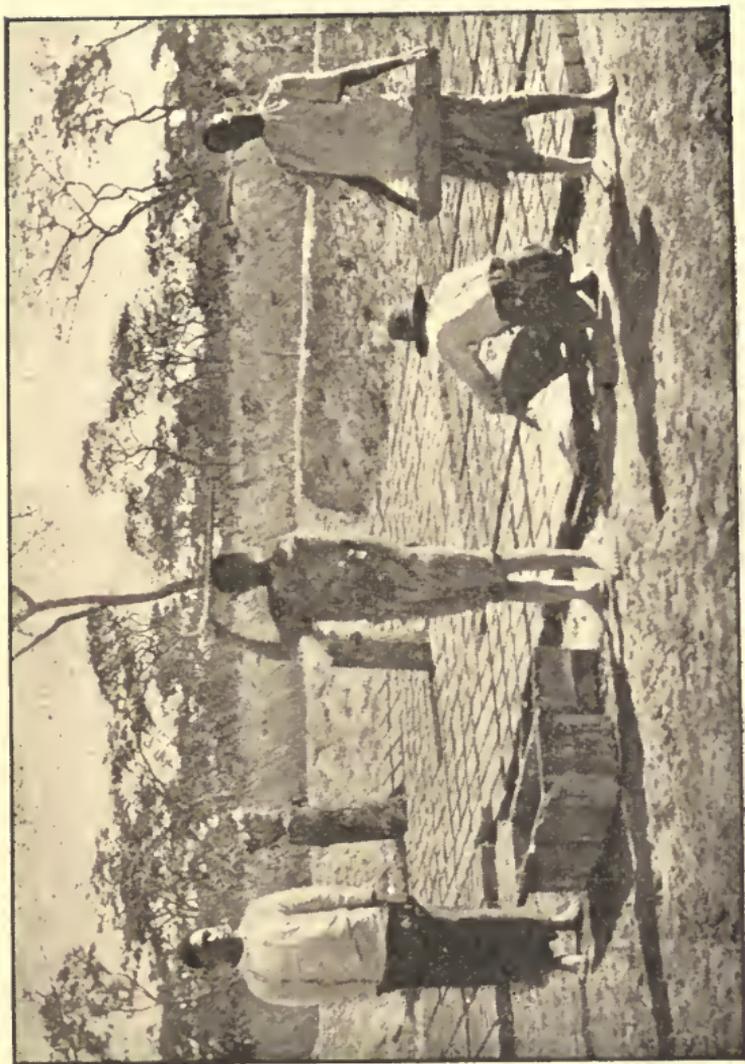
Dr. and Mrs. Fisher and family arrived at Kavungu, January 1894, after an arduous journey along the usual winding forest paths. In spite of all they had seen and heard of the slave trade nearer the coast, the travellers were surprised and shocked with what they saw inland of this inhuman traffic carried on chiefly by native traders from Bihé. Dr. Fisher wrote in his journal, Jan. 4th "We met a large caravan coming from the Luba country. It contained at least four hundred slaves, many of them mere children, some had their loads of rubber or ivory tied to them and others were themselves tied together in groups."

Again he says—*Jan. 10.*—"One caravan passed us yesterday, the native traders having nothing but slaves for sale."

They found Mr. Bird and Mr. Smith busy building, and Mr. Smith being a good carpenter, they had attempted something more in keeping with our

home ideas of a house. Usually the missionaries have to be content with little better than improved huts in the early days of station life. In any case toilsome weary days have to be spent cutting poles in the forest, pinning the frame together with wooden trenails. The rafters generally give most trouble, as everywhere in Africa the roofs of the buildings are the great concern: tornadoes, tropical rains, white ants, thatch-loving rats, have all to be reckoned with. One night after a weary day battling with rafters and fever, our dear brother Bird dreamt that he took a walk out around Kavungu and was surprised to come across a row of cottages all ticketed "To Let!" "What a fool I am," he thought in his dream, "to waste time building when here close by I can hire a nice cottage!" but morning light dispelled his lovely vision and brought him back to the hard facts of life in the centre of the great houseless, shopless continent.

The language of the Baluvale is called



MR. SWAN'S BRICKYARD.

Ciluenta, from *Baluena*, another name for the tribe. The great work that occupied our brethren at this early stage was, of course, that of learning and writing down this language; and those who are prepared to do so in any country are the real pioneers of the Gospel. The raw African native does not understand words as we do; he speaks in sentences. The names of places, and the names he gives his own children, are sentences with a meaning, shortened perhaps in daily use. It takes time to analyse these sentences and to break them up into so many words that can be written down as equivalent to our English words. At first of course many mistakes are made, and often weak words have been used in published translations of Scripture. Let us suppose, for instance, a foreigner lands on the British Isles, finds all in heathen darkness and proceeds at once to learn our language and to translate the Scriptures into our tongue. He would be on the look-out for words

for use in certain passages. One day, let us suppose, he hears a drowning man calling for "help;" he concludes that that word must be forcible, seeing that it was used by a drowning man, and thinks that it would be a good one to use in translating Romans x. 13, and so writes:—"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be *helped*." A longer stay in the country and better knowledge of the language would show him that *saved* would be the correct word to use in this important text, and that the drowning man had not chosen the strongest word, but the word that carried furthest when shouted out at the pitch of his voice.



SOUTH BEND OF LUAPULA, OR EASTERN LUALABA, NEAR
TO SPOT WHERE LIVINGSTONE DIED.

GARENGANZE.

Let us pass on however from the Luvale plains, drained by the north west feeders of the Zambesi, to the mountainous Garenganze country. Here the East and West Lualaba rivers rise and, after marking out the boundaries of Msidi's kingdom, gradually converge to form the great Congo.

In Garenganze, 1893 and 1894 were years of peculiar trial to our brethren Thompson and Crawford, who had been privileged to continue the work at the Lufoi station near to Msidi II's chief town. A period of prolonged uncertainty and confusion had followed the death of the great Msidi. Many of the Bagarenganze looked upon the conquest of their country as a very clever piece of deception and generalship from the time of the arrival of the first missionary in the country to the cutting off of Msidi's head; for the Zanzibaris attached to Capt. Stairs' expedition would not rest until they had performed this

barbarous act on the once great enemy of the Arab trader. The only hope for the servants of Christ lay in living down these suspicions, not in reasoning them down. And as time went on the natives began to see, by the self-denying kindness of our brethren and their willingness to visit them unarmed in their forest and mountain retreats, that they were their true friends. The name given to our brother Crawford from this time was Konga Vantu, "The gatherer of the people."

Itinerating work was carried on for months on a very large scale. The Lufira valley north and south, the Sanga and the Lamba countries, the villages along both banks of the Luapula as far as Ilala and Chitambo, where Dr. Livingstone's heart lies buried, were visited. (Mr. Crawford might be called the guardian of Livingstone's grave, as he was the first to clear the ground around and to build a strong fence to protect it.) Mr. Thompson also extended these



[Photo by Mr. Crawford.]
A BALUBA VILLAGE, WITH SPHINX-LIKE FIGURE OF A LION IN THE FOREGROUND.



journeys far into the Luba country to the north, and thus in many villages and in several tongues the Gospel was told out. However, work on this scale could not be continued with so few to help, and Mr. Crawford decided on forming a station at Lake Mweru, where the people could come to hear the Gospel not once in a lifetime, but morning, noon, and night. In July, 1894, he wrote that he was moving slowly on to the Lake with about one hundred and thirty men, women, and children who intended building with him this city of refuge. Chipungu was their first site, as it was well placed and safe from risk of a surprise from the Arab raiders living on Kilwa Island who plundered the villages on the mainland. Mr. Crawford hoped too, that by moving to Lake Mweru he would be nearer the trading stations on Lake Tanganyika seeing that the scarcity of carriers out west had for the time being prevented his brethren in Bihé from forwarding to the Garenganze the supplies they so sorely needed.

It was a severe discipline to me to remain a passive observer of all these heroic efforts, and in spite of doctors' warnings I decided to do something towards reaching the Garenganze by the east coast route with supplies of provisions and calico, and when a companion was provided (Mr. B. Cobbe of Athlone, Ireland), I set out, August 1894, *viâ* the Cape and Natal.

Arriving at the mouth of the Zambesi in September, we changed from the ocean steamer into a small stern-wheel two-decked river-boat, belonging to the African Lakes Corporation. Knowing something of the vastness of the country drained by the Zambesi, it was very disappointing to find that our shallow draught steamer was constantly running aground. The captain employed about twenty tall men whose business it was to spring into the water and push us off the sand banks.

We passed the grave of Mrs. Livingstone and, turning up the Shire river,

viewed the Morambala mountains where Bishop Mackenzie, guided by Dr. Livingstone, sought to establish the first mission station on the Shire Highlands. Further on we came to the villages of the Makololo who followed Livingstone on his famous journey across Africa and who preferred building here to returning to their homes on the Upper Zambesi. About sixty miles' land journey, *viâ* Blantyre, brought us to the navigable reach of the Shire above the Murchison Falls. Here we found another steamer awaiting us, and again we changed into a larger vessel as we entered Lake Nyassa. Passing Cape McClear we recalled the name of Dr. Black and others of the Livingstonia Mission, who lie buried there. Our steamer touched at Bandawe, where we went ashore and were encouraged with what we saw of the progress of the work in Dr. Law's hands. Landing at Karonga our overland journey to Lake Mweru began. Mr. Cobbe had already suffered a good deal from fever

when passing through the low-lying river-ways; but now that we were on land again, with more exercise and a high plateau to cross, he began to recover. The few months spent in company with dear Cobbe travelling to Lake Mweru were all too short. His Christ-like thoughtfulness for others, even when he was down with a burning fever, wonderfully softened the daily jars and frettings of a long African journey.

At Lake Mweru we were surprised and delighted to find that Messrs. Thompson and Campbell had come to pay a visit to Mr. Crawford. They were all in need of supplies, and seeing Mr. Cobbe and I had been able to bring with us a fair amount of calico, beads, and some provisions, our arrival was opportune.

I recognised quite a number of old faces among the natives that had built at Mweru. One young man, who had been a faithful friend to Crawford, was one of Msidi's junior executioners. He had often heard the Gospel, and had



LUBA WOMAN. HER HEADGEAR IS OF BASKET WORK INTERWOVEN WITH HER HAIR. WHEN VIEWED FROM THE FRONT IT HAS THE APPEARANCE OF A HALO; WOULD THAT IT WERE!

grown very hard and indifferent to it, but the gentle words of a woman dying under his cruel hands as she pleaded with him to "deal kindly with her child," impressed him in this way, "What the missionaries say about me is true, I am indeed a very wicked man." At one of the many happy meetings we had with the natives on Lake Mweru shore, this young man stood up tremblingly and confessed Christ. He said that he had often attempted to do so before, but that 'Satan had snatched the words out of his mouth, by telling him that if anyone had sins he had, and that it was all very well for the white man to talk about the blood of Jesus cleansing from all sin, but such a black sinner as he was could never say so, but that now he knew that the blood of Jesus was equal in strength to the washing away of his sins as well as those of the white man's.' The after life of Mishe-mishe proved that this confession by the lake was real. The story too of how he got over the difficulty

of having five wives—as told by Mr. Crawford—is most interesting. Finding that Mr. Crawford was not prepared to advise him as to what he should do, and only persisted in assuring him that God knew, and by His Holy Spirit would enlighten him, he went home and did not come again for advice. Calling his wives together he said that if *one* were willing to remain with him he would divide all his property between the four. One chose to abide as a poor man's wife, and the others gladly carried off their portions to their paternal villages. Mrs. Crawford taught Mishe-mishe the elements of ambulance work, and of cleansing and doctoring ulcers, so with a linen bag over his shoulder, he visited the many villages around, reminding the people of what he was at one time, when they would have fled from him, but now that he was a Christian he was willing to wash out and bind up their sores.

Chipungu, Mr. Crawford's first camp-

ing ground by Lake Mweru, was too small for those who had come to build, so he accepted the invitation of the chief of a small fishing tribe further up the lake shore, and built along the Luanza rivulet which comes down from the Kundelungu range, crossing a fertile second plateau, and falling into the lake one hundred and fifty feet below. The Kundelungu, as its name implies, is a vast elevated tableland, too cold for the natives to live comfortably, but a safe refuge for the European. Before the camp was removed from Chipungu to Luanza I had, I am sorry to say, to leave for home, my dear friend and companion Cobbe remaining with Crawford, and D. Campbell kindly coming out with me as far as Lake Tanganyika. At first I was against his doing this, and felt quite able to travel the paltry hundred miles alone ere reaching the first white man's village. It so happened, however, that an old illness returned with increased severity, and, but for Brother Campbell's

help and doctoring, I don't know what I should have done or how I could have pulled through it.

The journey from Lake Tanganyika to



TIMBER HEWN AND BROUGHT INTO STATION BY NATIVE CHRISTIANS AT OCHILONDA, BIHE.

the mouth of the Zambesi was quite uneventful.

When passing Cape Town the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes sent me an invitation to

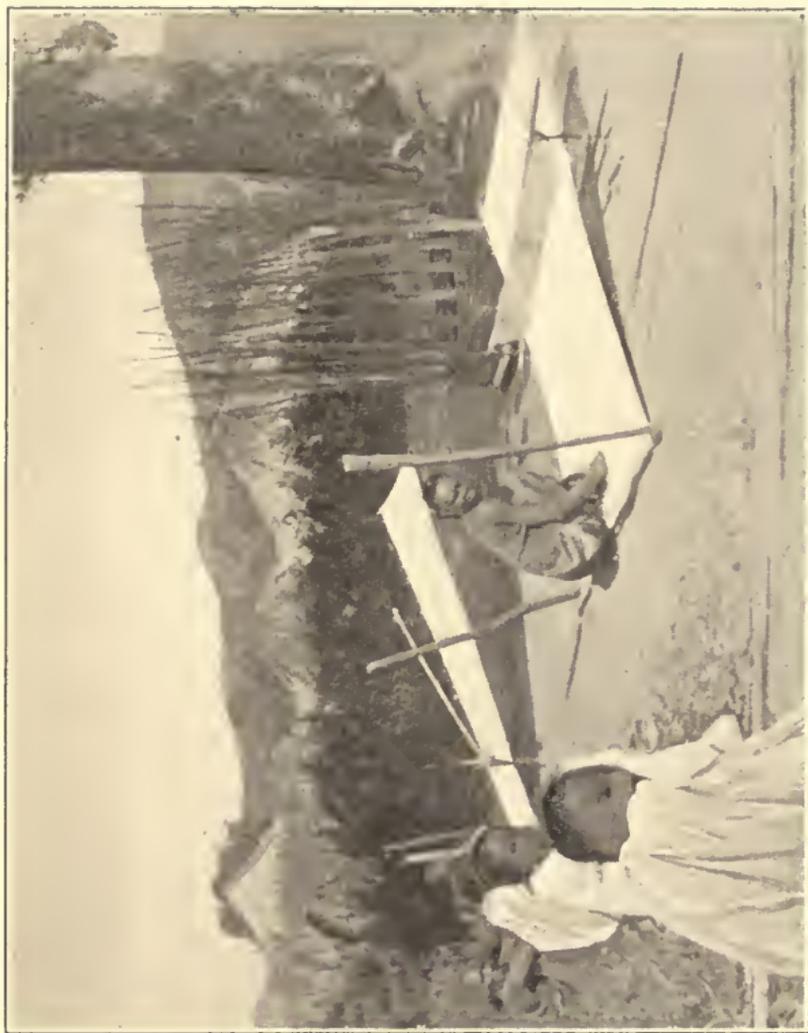
meet him. He had many questions to ask about the Garenganze country, and hoped that the brethren there would be willing to train young men as tele-



BEDSTEAD MADE BY NATIVE CHRISTIANS AT OCHILONDA.

graph clerks, etc., so that they might earn good wages and be useful to the large commercial companies and European governments. It was not very easy for me to explain to him that we were rather

hoping to find ways and means of teaching the native boys trades that would keep them at home. The African native cannot be employed on trading stations and government posts without developing a strong inclination to pick up the white man's vices; and even when congregated in mining compounds, or on plantations under the best control, they are still exposed to what might be called "barrack life" temptations. The natives can weave, and work in metals as well as farm, all of course in a rough way. Our ambitions, therefore, I explained to Mr. Rhodes, lay rather in the line of stimulating these industries, and in preserving African village life.



WEAVING COTTON PLAIDS, AND PLAITING BASKET-WORK WALL OF HUT IN THE GARENGANZE.

day. Their occupation, however, keeps them at home, and this is a great consideration when choosing a centre for missionary work, as it is often very disappointing to find that the natives around you are away trading or hunting perhaps for the greater part of the year.

The two native converts, Njimbi and Sanje, were beginning now to take some share of the work in Bihé with their white brethren; and Mr. Lane wrote of having overheard Njimbi praising God for "another man on his knees."

Sanje is gifted as a preacher and seems to have power in attracting the people to listen to his message. He has also shown a good deal of intelligence, and ability to choose his own path without being dependent on the missionaries at every turn for guidance, as the following incident will show.

A lady wrote to Sanje from Scotland offering to give him so much money if he would devote his whole time to the preaching of the Gospel. Sanje, it seems,

had no difficulty in at once refusing this kind offer, as he saw that his message would be greatly weakened in the eyes of his own people. Mr. Swan and Mr. Lane were both struck with his straightforward answer, and thought that seeing he had refused a stated salary, they would be justified in sharing with him any gifts that they themselves received. One day they gave him the present of sixteen yards of calico to clothe his family with, but the young man did not feel very happy about taking it, and asked time to consider the matter, promising to let the brethren know on the morrow. On his way home Sanje shot an antelope, which, when cut up and sold, brought in exactly the value of sixteen yards of calico. This to him was a final and decisive answer, and without any hesitation he returned the gift to Mr. Swan, saying that "it was God's will for him that he should preach Christ to his people without even the appearance of taking pay from the white man."

The fact that the native rubber trade was flourishing during this period, and that all the strong young men were "massing fortunes," fully accounts for the long continued scarcity of carriers. No other means of transport had as yet been found, and men had to be searched for in remote villages, and from among those who might be classed in this country as "undischarged bankrupts." But one or two trips to the coast would set the poorest of them on their feet again, and off they would go rubber trading.

The question of introducing the South African ox waggon into West Central Africa has, of course, been discussed again and again; and a number of cattle were bought at one time both in the Bihé and Luvale districts in the hope that they would increase and that cattle posts would be found for the supply and replenishment of teams of oxen. But cattle in Central Africa are subject to many diseases; and the result of these experiments proves that when more than

ten or twelve are herded together one or other of these many diseases breaks out and carries off the best of the stock. The natives preserve their oxen by dividing the herds up into very small groups.

LUVALE.

Passing on to the Luvale country, we have to record within this period the sad break up of Mr. Bird's health, and his early death. Advised by Dr. Fisher to go home for a change, Mr. and Mrs. Bird had reached Benguella safely and in better health, so Mr. Bird, with his usual utter self-forgetfulness, at once determined to retrace his steps and take up his work again at Kavungu. But it was not to be for long, and after a short, severe illness, he fell asleep February 12th, 1896. Mrs. Bird bravely decided to remain on at Kavungu, but her health broke down and she was compelled to return to Canada. Mr. D. T. Smith, who had been a true yoke-fellow to Mr. Bird, had to return to

London after being laid low no less than five times with the dreaded blackwater fever.

Two sisters in Christ, Miss Irwin from Belfast, and Miss Skinner from Bristol; also a couple from Demerara, Mr. and Mrs. O'Jon, had meanwhile been added to the number of the Luvale workers. Miss Skinner was the honoured instrument in connection with what appeared at the time to be a very real movement of the Holy Spirit among a number of the young people at Kavungu, and although comparatively few of those who then professed faith in Christ remained steadfast, the circumstances connected with the movement are most instructive, and must ever remain "to be spoken of as a memorial of her" who soon followed Mr. Bird to heaven and home. One evening Miss Skinner was thinking over the four years of—in her eyes—unprofitable service that were just completed, and lamenting the fact that the Lord had not used her to bring one African to

Christ. So she gave herself to prayer, and was able to continue in prayer the whole night through. About six in the morning she gathered her girls together and began the usual morning reading with singing and prayer, when almost to her own surprise, first one girl and then another spoke of being under some conviction of sin, and before the day closed nearly all the young people in the station had come under the influence of the movement, some shedding tears and confessing to having sinned in different ways.

In connection with this early stage of the work in the Luvale district, two cases of conversion stand out brightly. The first, *Pokanwa*, was originally in the employment of an Arab trader, and was himself a strict Mohammedan. He was sent by his master to Benguella to buy guns and powder. When he arrived in Bihé he found the country "hot" with war, so he and his companions took refuge beside our missionary en-

campment until the roads were safe for travellers. After a delay of some months Pokanwa sold his ivory, but when on his return journey to the Garenganze with guns and powder, he was attacked by the natives living along the Lualaba river, who claimed the right to stop all supplies of powder. He managed to escape with his life, and hearing that a white man was camped close by, fled to him for refuge, and found himself in our brother H. B. Thompson's camp and for the second time under the protecting care of a Christian. Mr. Thompson could not protect Pokanwa for long, however, and advised him to flee to Kavungu, which he did. He remained true to his Mohammedan superstitions for some time, but at last the light of the Gospel began to dawn upon him. He was baptised at Kavungu along with Kapusu shortly after dear Mr. Bird's body was committed to the grave, and his course has been singularly steadfast ever since.

Another case of conversion that



KING KAFWIBI, LAKE MWERU, WITH HIS TWO MASKED FETISH MEN.

encouraged our Luvale friends at this time was that of *Mwewa*, who is now Pokanwa's wife. She was the daughter of King Msidi. When her father was killed, she happened to be visiting her mother's relatives in the Sanga country. The mother and child fell into the hands of Msidi's enemies, and Mwewa was sold as a slave to a company of Bihé traders, like Joseph of old. The poor child, unused to hard work and long marching, soon fell ill, and her owner, seeing that she could not survive the journey to the coast, took her to the missionaries at Kavungu. When they heard her story they decided to redeem her, although some thought that perhaps they were being taken in; her story turned out, however, to be quite true. Mwewa recovered from the effects of her hardships, and her conversion some time afterwards seems to have been very real, for it has stood the test.

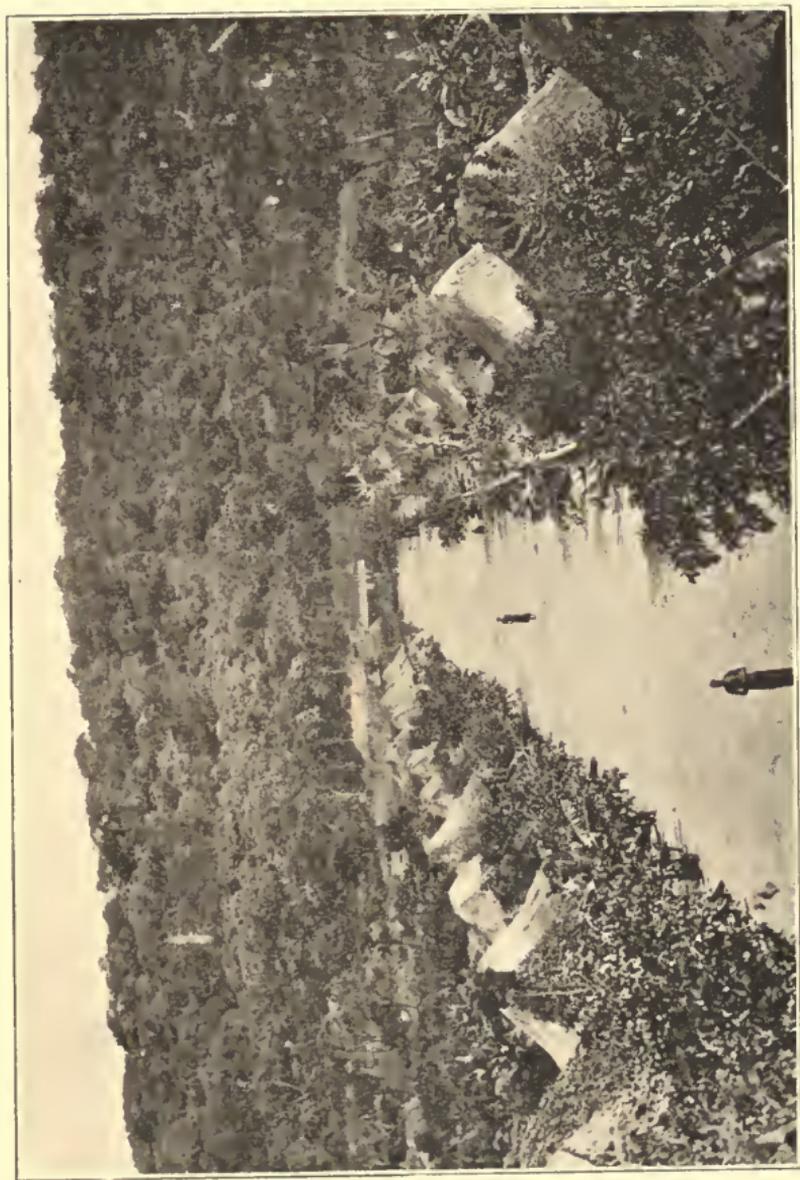
In May 1896, Mr. Schindler wrote from Kavungu: "The Sunday School

gives continual satisfaction. Some of the converts are anxious to hear the Word. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays are set apart for visiting the native villages around. Kapusu and Pokanwa help in this work. They have also classes in the Sunday School."

GARENGANZE.

From this time Luanza, Mr. Crawford's station at Lake Mweru, appears as the most important centre of work in the Garenganze country. By the end of 1896 the village had increased to the dimensions of a town with streets of over a mile in length. Two native chiefs had been duly installed by the Congo Free State to judge all minor cases, the more important disputes being referred to the Congo Free State post at Mpwetu.

About this time, Mr. Dyke, a young gunsmith from Enfield, had so set his heart on going to Central Africa that he saved up £100 from his weekly wages, and started off alone to attempt the east



[Photo by Mr. Crawford
A STREET IN LUANZA STATION, GARENGANZE, WITH THE KUNDELUNGU RISING BEYOND.

coast route ; all went well until he reached the Shire, where he succumbed to repeated attacks of dysentery, and lies buried near Chiromo.

Mr. B. Cobbe, who had proved a true yoke-fellow to Mr. Crawford, wrote under date of July, 1895, " Pray that we may be upheld in serving the Lord in this land where He has so few witnesses and where the voice of God has not been heard for centuries or even millenniums. God is able to multiply our seed sown and to cause fruit to appear ' after many days,' not according to our feeble effort but according to His own purpose of grace. We have quite a large family of young people and most of them have made fair progress in learning to read. Truly the work is great and the labourers are separated one from another on the wall." Only nine months later and Mr. Crawford had to make the following entry in his journal of May 2nd, 1896. " By this mail it is my sorrowful duty to ask the African Lakes Corporation to

cable across the sea the one sad code word 'untouched,' which will tell that our best and godliest is gone. Rest was the heritage of Cobbe's soul. The whole country side is coming in, chiefs and commoners and hundreds of women are bewailing their dead."

Sorrow soon gave place to joy, however, at Luanza over the coming *viâ* the east coast route of Messrs. Gammon, George and Pomeroy and Mr. Crawford's fiancée, Miss Tilsley, of Bath. Mr. Crawford met the party at Blantyre. My old Barotse boy Dick, and his wife Dilunga, removed from Bihé to Luanza.

CHAPTER VI.

1897-1902.

AND now, not to weary my readers with too many chapters, I will close with this brief summary of the last six years' service in the three districts, the chief advantage of which I hope will be that it will leave my readers in the position of being able to follow in a more intelligent way the accounts of the work that appear fortnightly in *Echoes of Service*; * and I hope too, that the interest of some will lead them to write direct to the missionaries in the field, that they may learn from their own letters of their welfare.

BIHÉ.

The story of the death of the native convert and preacher Njimbi makes a sad beginning to this chapter. He had gone to the Ondulu country to try and

* Edited by Dr. Maclean, 10, Widcombe Crescent, Bath.

fill the gap left there by the return of Mr. and Mrs. H. Nicholls to England on account of Mrs. Nicholls' health; and had gathered a number of young men together one evening, to read the Scriptures to them, when the lamp that he was using exploded, setting fire to the thatch of the native hut they had met in. Something, too, had gone wrong with the door and Njimbi had to force it open with an axe, but he succeeded in getting all his visitors out in time. Njimbi and his servant were the last to leave the burning hut, so badly burned that both died shortly after. Only a short time before, this dear brother, hearing of the death of Mr. O'Jon at Kavungu whom all loved, proved to be a source of cheer and encouragement to all by repeating in the prayer meeting the Lord's words to the tempest-tossed disciples "It is I, be not afraid." We may rest assured that he was not forsaken when, like a true hero, he stood by the door and saw the rest safely out.



NJIMBI.

Through the arrival of Mr. E. Sanders from Liverpool, Mr. and Mrs. Lane, after ten years' service on Mr. Lane's part, were able to take a much needed rest and change; and the following extract from a letter written by him on his way to Benguella gives us a general review of the work in Bihé up to the spring of 1899.

“Persecution is not openly carried on, but that it does exist, and also bitter opposition to the Truth, we have evidence among our own lads. Kapinala, an Ocikumbi boy, and a true believer, judging from what we have seen of him, has had much to pass through from his relatives. Another young lad, named Lupili, has been threatened with banishment by selling, if he continued to speak the words which he had heard at Ochilonda. A wee little fellow, who has come recently to the village, says his uncle (his rightful owner according to Umbundu law) has done all he could to stop his coming, but the boy steadfastly replied, ‘You

may tie me up, you may sell me, but I will go and learn about the words of God.’ ”

“One of our young men heard a conversation at his own village between two little lads, unknown to them. One said to the other, ‘The words of God are good words, and I will go and learn to read, that I may know more about them. They tell me they will beat me, but what if they do? They cannot take the words out of my heart.’ This lad is now going with us to the coast, and wants to remain at our village instead of going back to his own people on his return.”

“Another young lad from the same village was handed over to the chief, Chinguangua, put into chains for some time, and made the object of shame and ridicule, because he had said he wanted to come to our school. I could weep, as I tell you of these things. And here we are going home, leaving them all in their sin and misery. We feel like reproaching ourselves at times. Oh that we may

be built up and blessed in our own souls, and quickly return with other helpers. Meantime we beg you to join in earnest prayer for our fellow-labourers left behind, and for the natives, that they may be kept."

A year later Mr. and Mrs. Hill (*née* Ronaldson) were compelled to return to Mr. Hill's home in Canada, owing to repeated attacks of some serious affection not understood at the time, which also seemed to baffle the best London physicians. Mrs. Hill had not been long in the country, but she had proved herself well fitted for it, and it is not easy for readers to understand her keen disappointment.

Miss Richards from British Guiana joined Mr. and Mrs. Murrain in 1899; and Mr. Phillips, also from the West Indies went out a year later. (He being a certificated schoolmaster gives part of his time to teaching missionaries' children). Also Mr. Frank Figg, from Dover.

And so the work has continued, with here and there droppings of blessing on

the preaching of the Gospel, but in January of 1901, when Mr. Swan was returning from a visit to Dondo, as he was thinking over the words, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy," a letter was brought to him from his wife telling of the conversion of six natives at Ochilonda. At the same time Miss Atkinson wrote: "We have been praying for this and are encouraged to expect still greater blessing."

In July of the same year Mr. Lane was able to speak of this work as "A wave of blessing affecting all the stations in Bihé," and to say that Mr. Murrain at Ohwalonda was sharing it, after years of patient sowing night and day.

Some of the young native converts had gone off visiting and preaching among the villages, and of the Ochingangu group Mr. Swan wrote: "Over twenty have professed conversion through the preaching of these young men. One remarkable feature of the work has been the number of slaves who have taken their stand for

Christ. One slave owner threatened to hang his Christian slaves to a tree and pour boiling water over them."

Conversion is only the beginning of things in Africa as at home; these poor converts from heathen darkness have no small task before them, and have much to put right with God's help. Mr. Murrain mentions how when one Sangeve was converted he told his wives that he no longer wanted to live as before, and he advised them to come and hear the good news; they did so, and it is encouraging to note that three of them are now rejoicing in Christ. "Kantanya was the first to follow in her husband's footsteps," (continues Mr. Murrain), "and since her conversion more than sixty persons have professed faith in our Lord, of whom twenty are in Sangeve's village." So that although the polygamy question is too hard for us to settle, the simple faith and joy of this young convert, in God's name solved the difficulty.

LUVALE.

Passing on to the Luvale field we find that there have been several changes since our last chapter.

Mr. O'Jon died and was buried beside Mr. Bird, but Mrs. O'Jon with her three children has gone on bravely seeking to do the work her husband would gladly have done.

Miss Irwin from Belfast, one of the brightest and most useful of the pioneer band married Mr. George and removed to the Garenganze whence she has since gone home to her rest and reward.

Mr. J. Copithorne of Dublin accompanied Dr. Fisher on his return to Africa in 1898. He got quickly to work, accomplished much in two short years and then passed on leaving his fever-stricken body to be added to the number lying under the crooked tree at Kazombo, until the morning of the resurrection. One incident connected with his death ought not to be forgotten. An English officer attached to an exploring expedi-

tion happened to be staying at the time with Dr. Fisher, and "the house of mourning" proved to be to him a place of blessing. Little May Fisher happened to say in his hearing, "Our Mr. Copithorne is not in that box; our Mr. Copithorne is in Heaven," and so convincing was the child's joy and confidence that this officer became an inquirer, and left the station according to his own confession "a changed man." A few months later he joined his regiment in South Africa and was killed in action.

Mr. and Mrs. Harwood also belonged to the 1898 party. At no small cost they had broken up their home at Blackburn and gone forth, but repeated attacks of fever so affected Mrs. Harwood's health that they were compelled to return after two short years' service. They had the joy, however, of leaving behind them Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, also from Blackburn, who *have* been able to remain, and after acquiring the Luena language were

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able to relieve Mr. and Mrs. Schindler, allowing them to return home for much needed rest.

Dr. and Mrs. Fisher with the help of the sisters, Misses Carlile and Brayshaw and Mrs. O'Jon, opened a new station at Kazombo on the bend of the Zambesi river, thirty miles to the south of Kavungu. Many villages are found along the far upper reaches of the Zambesi, fairly get-at-able from Kazombo, and a better knowledge of the language and the translation of portions of the Scriptures seemed to justify more broadcast sowing. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis from British Guiana, joined them there, also Mr. Cuthbert Taylor. These have all been a help and strength to the work, although Mr. Taylor's health is not good. The people came in numbers, and regularly to the preaching services, attracted largely by Dr. Fisher's skill in "opening blind eyes" (removing cataract) and in many other ways in which he has been able to help the natives in their sickness

and troubles. Of this, the incidents connected with the death of the local chief Şakaumbu have given touching proof.



[Photo by Dr. W. Fisher.

THE LATE CHIEF SAKAUMBU AND HIS TWO WIVES.

When he realised that the sickness which finally carried him off was serious, Sakaumbu started at once for Dr. Fisher's house, saying he would now

prefer to live with him. However, Dr. Fisher thought it better that he should return to his own town and people; but he went with him and remained for two days until he died. When kings die the usual custom in that part of Africa is to dislocate the joints of the arms and legs of five wives and five young men, who altogether are buried alive with the chief's body, so that he should not lack company in the next world. But Dr. Fisher was able to prevent this, and Sakaumbu was buried decently in a coffin made by the missionaries. In this connection I may mention that the British Administrator, Mr. Codrington, in his official report for 1900, speaks of the amount of order and respect obtained at Kavungu and Kazombo by the moral influence and example of the missionaries.

Mr. and Mrs. Schindler have been able to return to Africa this year with their youngest child; two young men Messrs. McKinnon and Edwards, preceding them

and three sisters, Misses Ing, Vincent, and Devonish, accompanying them. Mr. Schindler took with him the first edition of the Gospel of John published in the Luena tongue, and printed chiefly from MS. sent home by Dr. Fisher. He was also able to take a small printing press and a supply of type in order to print the remaining Gospels, and portions of Scripture on the spot, as Mr. Schindler feels strongly the need of issuing small editions, allowing thus of the constant revision of the text.

GARENGANZE.

Our last review of the Garenganze field closed with the arrival of Messrs. George, Gammon, and Pomeroy at Luanza. The marriage of Mr. Crawford to Miss Tilsley at Blantyre followed. This party had taken with them a steel sailing boat in ribs and plates, a gift from Mr. Crawford's friends in Greenock; so their first business was to put the little vessel together and hammer away at the

thousands of rivets that were to hold all snug and watertight. The day the "Ntume-Wa-Imane" was launched into the waters of Lake Mweru was a great day to the fisher-folk living along its shores who but a few years before had sung,

"Ingeresa wa lala pa nava.

Ka mu sekerera, a ti di na vikondo,

Ka mu sekerera a ti di na vikondo !

(Livingstone, he slept by the wave [of
the lake]

Welcome him, he has no toes.

Welcome him, he has no toes !)

Wm. George joined D. Campbell at Mwena station, which is really the old Lufoi station moved a few miles nearer to Msidi II's town. The work here has been slow, many of the more promising of the listeners to the Gospel preferring to move off to Luanza. The Congo Free State magistrate has his head quarters in this district, which of course makes Mwena an important station, and Msidi



[Photo by Mr. W. Gammon.

MR. CRAWFORD'S STEEL BOAT LYING OFF LUANZA, LAKE MWERU.

II. is very friendly and inclined to listen to the Gospel, and has built a large meeting and schoolroom. Mr. Gammon remained at Luanza. Like our brother Copithorne, he made much of his time, endearing himself to all as a true servant of Christ, but after a severe attack of fever, when all were hoping that he would yet recover, his strength failed him, and he passed away full of joy and thankfulness for ever having been permitted to come to Africa.

1898 witnessed a further reinforcing of this field, followed by the usual testing and sifting so peculiar to early stages of work in Central Africa. Mr. J. Wilson of Kilmarnock was one of these. He gave great promise of future usefulness and ability to learn the many languages spoken, but the dread malarial fever laid him low, and he, too, lies buried beside Messrs. Cobbe and Gammon. Other members of that party had to return home for health's sake, but Mr. and Mrs. Higgins from Demerara, British Guiana, were able to remain on at Luanza to the

great comfort of the Crawfords, although Mrs. Higgins has since died of smallpox. Still others, in answer to much prayer, have been raised up to fill the many gaps. Messrs. Clarke and Lammond, both from Glasgow, travelled *viâ* the west coast, and arrived at the Garenganze in August, 1901, after gaining much experience of missionary work at the Bihé and Luvale stations. And our sisters, Miss Prentice from Wishaw and Miss Merry from Kilmarnock, reached Luanza *viâ* the east coast.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were led to open a third station at Johnston Falls on the Luapula river. Mr. Campbell had been on the look out for a site for building an industrial station where he could teach the native young men "honest trades;" and Johnston Falls, selected by Messrs. Crawford and Pomeroy on the right bank of the Luapula, being on British territory and near to a market for the sale of wood work for building purposes and other produce of his pupils,

seemed to him most suitable. He had the joy too, on his arrival, of baptising two of his young men, Mitonga and Ngoi.

The latest news from Luanza has been very encouraging. In spite of all the trials of the way, our brother Crawford has held valiantly on at his post without a break for fourteen years. And only last December he had the joy of writing the following letter: "You know Ham of old, with his tongue far in advance of his heart. Now please God we see the heart silencing the tongue. 'I will lay my hand upon my mouth' is the language of several. We, on our part, have too long thought that God would only sow by us and not reap, yet here are His stately goings amongst us; here are men and boys of many years' acquaintance who propose to renounce all the dead past and live with us in the fellowship of Christ."

Two young men, Mr. W. White from Queensland, Australia, and Mr. James Anton of Glasgow, have taken the east

coast route this year, hoping to strengthen the hands of our Garenganze brethren. We may well pray for them.

The present year (1902) has not passed without its full measure of trial of faith and patience in West Central Africa. A native rising in Bailundu has affected a large area. Several Portuguese traders have been murdered, and their stores plundered. The missionaries, however, have been protected, and their stations taken advantage of by the Portuguese colonists as "Cities of Refuge" for their wives and children. The Captain of the fort in Bihé sending his wife to Mr. Swan's care at Ochilonda. Mr. Lane pushed his way through the troubled district to bring up supplies and recruits from Benguella, and after returning to Bihé, he started at once for Loanda with Mrs. Fisher and party. (Dr. Fisher remained at his post in the Luvale country.) Loanda was safely reached by a route that may prove to be better than the Benguella road. But, unfortunately,

a Portuguese government regulation had been issued meanwhile, prohibiting Europeans from entering the disaffected area, so that Mr. Lane, writing from Loanda, August 25th, says that he feels very much the prospect of not being able to return to his family and work for several months, but adds, " ' Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him ; ' it is good to have the privilege of enduring these trials for the Gospel's sake."

Before closing this record of some of the principal events connected with the work of the Gospel in Central Africa, I feel I ought to give one more instance of God's care of His servants and of His power to deliver them that call upon Him. When passing through the Chibokwe country, Mrs. Fisher found on arriving in camp one day that the forest around was infested with armed war parties bent on attacking the Portuguese traders.

Suddenly the boy herding her few cows came running in great distress, to say that the Bachibokwe had driven

the cows away. Messrs. Cunningham and Taylor, after calling a prayer meeting, at once started off to find the cows, as their milk was sorely needed for the children. The two brethren had not gone far, when they were met by an armed company marching in regular order, and with a great display of war paint, and feathers, and spears. The missionaries were soon surrounded, the chiefs in charge of the war party did not recognise our two brethren, and refused to believe their story. They said, "No, you are traders come out to spy our movements, we will kill you with the rest of the whites." However, Messrs. Cunningham and Taylor insisted that they were missionaries, men of peace, and that they only wanted to find Mrs. Fisher's cows. At last, after some discussion, the Bachibokwe decided to put the matter to the test, and said, "Well, if you are missionaries, and belong to the same company as So-and-so, (naming several) you will be able to sing and to

preach as they do, so please sing and preach to us here and now." Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Taylor, each in turn sang and preached the Gospel to the armed throng. The chiefs were perfectly satisfied, they wanted no further proof, our brethren's lives were spared, and the cows at once restored.

THE END.

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