

# PIONEER DAYS IN DARKEST AFRICA



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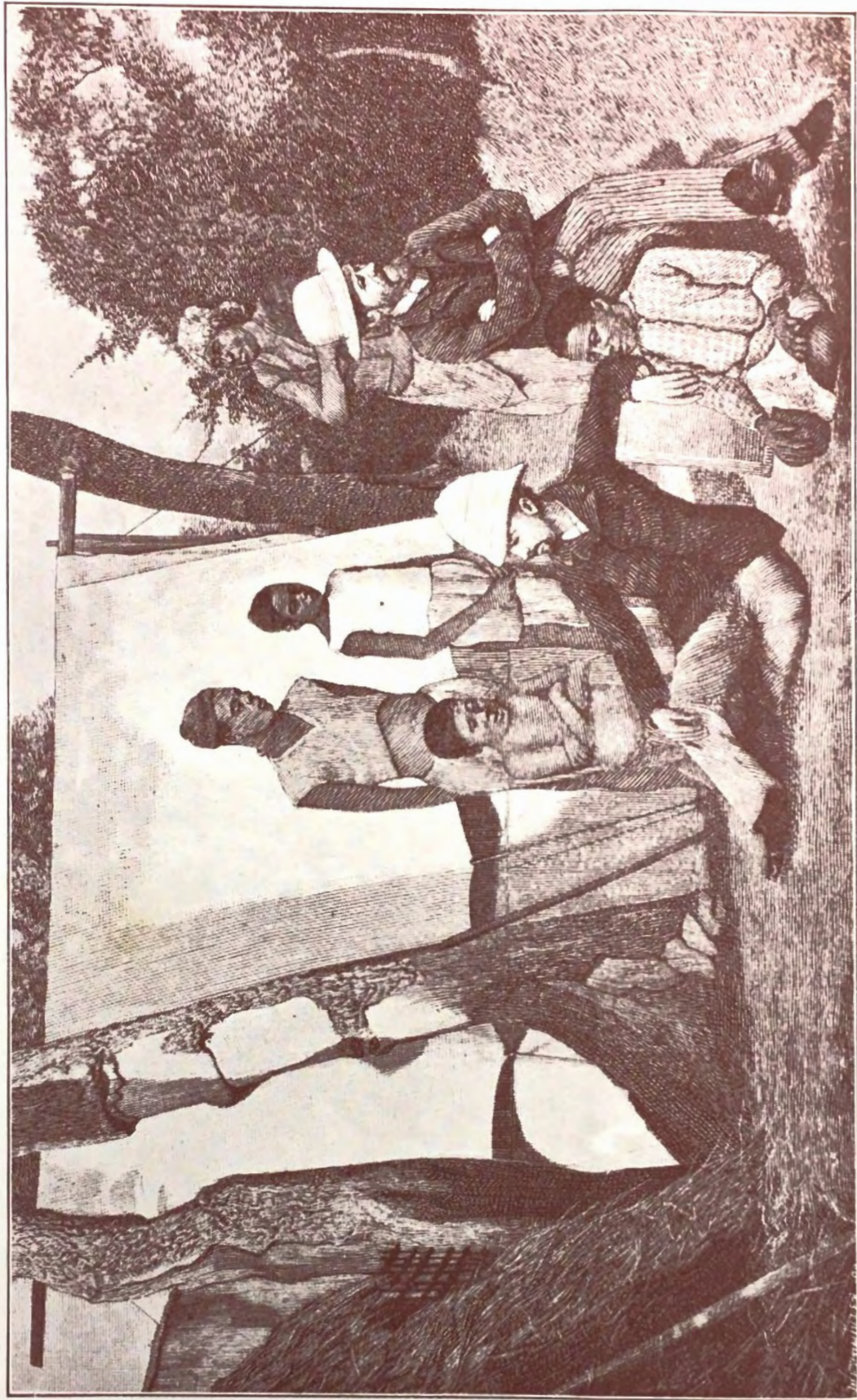


A.G. INGLEBY

C.A. SWAN

H. J. ARNOT





TENT SCENE AT BAILUNDU IN EARLY PIONEERING DAYS

MR. ARNOT.

MR. SWAN.

“In the Vanguard of the King’s Army”

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# PIONEER DAYS IN DARKEST AFRICA

*Nov 21, 1861 — Nov 30, 1934*

A RECORD OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF  
CHAS. A. SWAN, WHO LABOURED in the  
Dominion of the old Chief Msidi, in the  
Garenganze Country (Katanga), WHERE  
HE FOUND F. S. ARNOT, AND OF HIS LATER  
SERVICE during many years in Portugal

BY A FELLOW-LABOURER

ARTHUR G. INGLEBY

LISBON



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**The Missionary and the Natives.**



## Foreword

By HY. PICKERING, Editor of *The Witness*.

**1880** seems a long time ago. Yet I remember well hearing of the conversion of two young men whilst standing at different sides of an open-air meeting in a public park in Sunderland. Their names are given on page 19. One was called Home long ago ; the other worked for years in the Heart of Darkest Africa and in Portugal's Capital, and is the hero of this remarkable record of missionary service—CHAS. A. SWAN.

We met some time after his conversion, preached together in several places, and I remember well hearing dear Henry Dyer at the farewell meeting making the quaint remark about "black feet" (page 21). Since then mission interest, mutual prayer, meetings on furlough, and friendly correspondence have kept us in touch with each other, till Mr. Swan's Home-call in 1934.

His devoted, persistent, and heroic labours on virgin African soil, among slave traders, and later in changing Portugal, certainly deserve this permanent record which his colleague in Portugal, Mr. Ingleby, has so ably compiled.

That it will create interest in these two still needy mission fields, and draw forth increased prayer for the labourers therein and elsewhere, and that it may bring glory to our "One Lord," is the aim of its issue.





## Preface

**T**O recount the history of even a very ordinary individual would demand a much more extensive volume than this, and CHARLES ALBERT SWAN was no ordinary individual. He was one of the first of that large company of men and women, who, imbued with a spirit of individual dependence upon God, have gone preaching the Gospel throughout the world, without any definite guarantee of financial support. He left England for Africa in 1886, and entered into rest in 1934, so that he not only participated in the initial stages of this great missionary movement, but took active and prominent part in many phases of its subsequent development until the present day.

Within this volume, therefore, will be found a tale of heroic enterprise, of great hardships borne with fortitude, of

### **Fruitful Christian Service in Two Continents,**

and of spiritual miracles wrought. Lions will roar, snakes will hiss, and evil hands dripping with blood will slay innocent victims. But to the discerning reader there will appear still other forms and shapes, the "assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen, for therein the elders had witness borne to them." Behind the veil of "things which do appear" will be sensed the hand of God.

For in spite of a general and wide-spread impression to the contrary, we, of the younger generation, are far less concerned about the bright colouring of the picture than its inner message. We want to know how far the methods which our fathers have handed on to us are really effective in the conditions in which we have to work. Are we being asked to make a sacrifice, and if so, for what? Is there real liberty in personal dependence upon God, and where does it begin and end? And what are we really aiming at? And are we getting there? These are the things which exercise us tremendously, though sometimes we do not formulate them into definite queries, for fear of receiving stereotyped replies.

Is it a fact, for example, that "if Africa is ever truly evangelised, it will be the work of African evangelists adopting African methods,

**Without the Intervention of European Missionaries  
or the Bias of European Ideas?"**

When a responsible Christian worker makes a considered statement of this kind\* after a long journey through Central Africa, it is time to call a halt and review our attitude to missions.

Obviously some kind of judgment must be formed, for neither the ultra-conservative nor the non-intervention views are satisfactory. The former desires that everything may continue as it has since the beginning, forgetting that where life exists there also are growth and change. The non-interventionist throws up the

\*"Impressions of an African Tourist." BY MONTAGUE GOODMAN.



sponge, with the inevitable result of a narrow mind and a warped soul.

But it is no good shutting one's eyes to the challenge.

Better far to strive to reach a sound and spiritual determination as to what our Lord would have us do. Sound judgment can only be based on reliable information, which after all, is nothing more than a plain and adequate statement of facts. However, the facts that matter are not necessarily those which form the outer shell of missionary history, and we younger Christians are eager to penetrate below the surface. We ask of a record such as this that

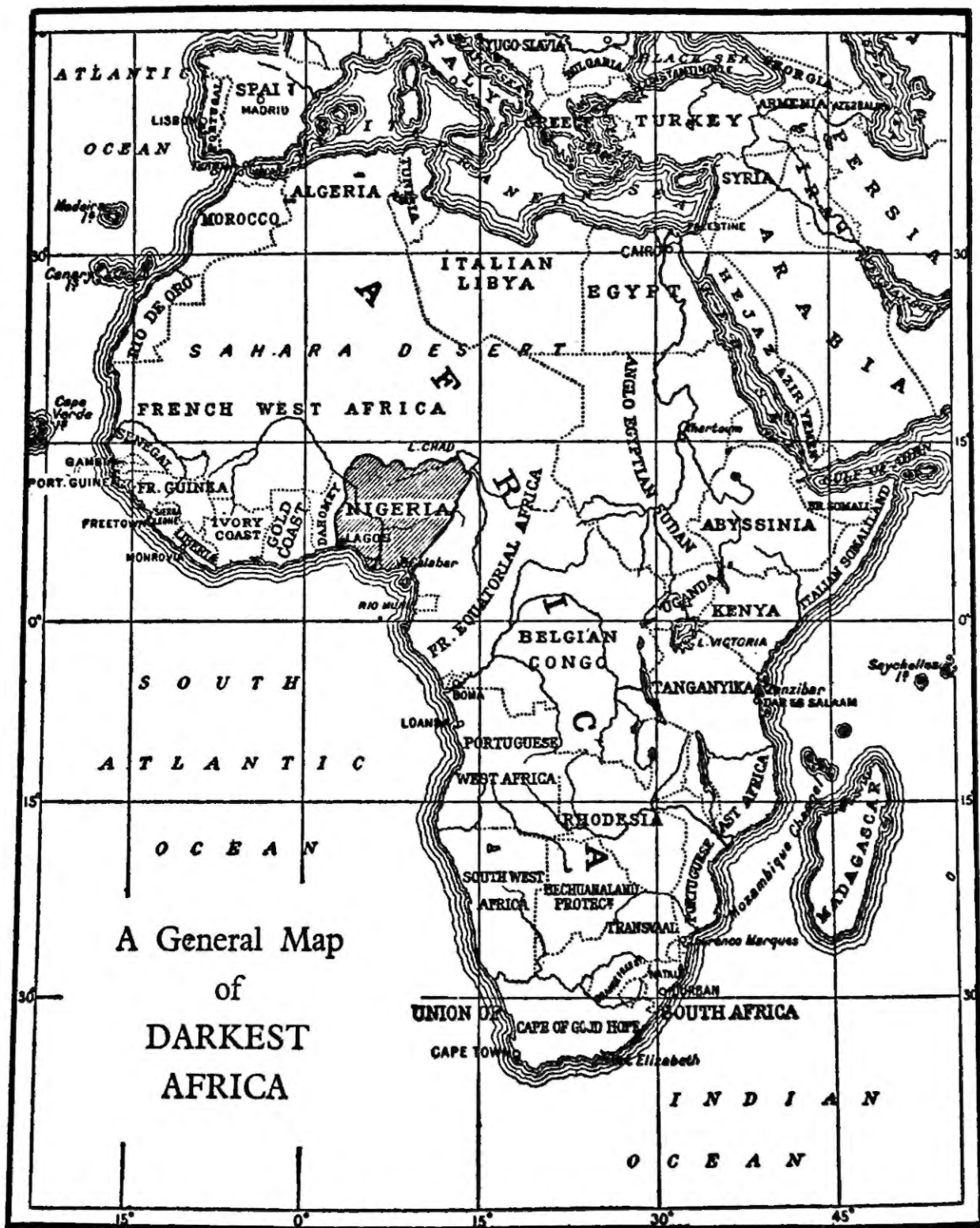
### **The Narrative of the Hero's Experience**

—the things which happened from day to day—should never be allowed to cloud the inner movement of the soul.

Doubtless in the ultimate analysis, the pages that follow will be assayed according to the measure in which the radiance of Christ is seen shining through the clay of common humanity. And those who knew and loved CHARLES ALBERT SWAN will testify that it was always breaking through.

In providing valuable details the writer gratefully acknowledges the kind help of Mrs. Swan, the devoted sharer of her beloved husband's toils and trials, the Editors of *Echoes of Service*, Sr. Guido Oliveira, and other friends.

A.G.I.





# Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE
FOREWORD .. .. .	3
PREFACE .. .. .	5
I. DAVID GOES TO FIGHT THE GIANT .. ..	11
II. IN WHICH THE DEVIL PUTS UP A NOTICE BOARD : "NO THOROUGHFARE" .. ..	23
III. ALONE WITH THE DEVIL . . . AND THE FLESH ..	45
IV. SUPER-STICKABILITY .. .. .	60
V. IN WHICH TREMENDOUS CHANGES TAKE PLACE	74
VI. IT IS A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING ..	91
VII. NOT A VERY PLEASANT CHAPTER AND CAN THEREFORE BE SKIPPED .. .. .	107
VIII. OUR HERO COMES TO PORTUGAL .. ..	118
IX. PROVES THAT WHITE CAN BE BLACK—IN HEART .. .. .	130
X. EARTHQUAKE AND REVOLUTION AND WAR ..	145
XI. SOMETHING ATTEMPTED, SOMETHING DONE	156
XII. WE PASS THROUGH THE WORLD BUT ONCE ..	169

# Illustrations

TENT SCENE AT BAILUNDU IN EARLY PIONEERING DAYS, .. .. .	<i>Frontispiece</i> FACING PAGE
DIAGRAM MAP OF CENTRAL AFRICA, .. .. .	4
DIAGRAM MAP OF AFRICA, .. .. .	8
THE FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN GARENGANZE, ..	32
MR. SWAN'S HOUSE AT CHILONDA, .. .. .	32
F. S. ARNOT, THE PIONEER, .. .. .	33
C. A. SWAN ABOUT THE TIME HE WENT OUT, ..	33
CHIEF MSIDI, .. .. .	48
FOUR OF THE EARLIEST OF THE WORKERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA, .. .. .	49
NATIVES WHO KNEW MR. SWAN 25 YEARS AGO, ..	49
MR. CHARLES A. SWAN, .. .. .	96
FALLS, KOHEMBI, .. .. .	97
HALL AT LISBON, .. .. .	97
SANJI BAPTISING A NATIVE CONVERT, CHILONDA, ..	112
MR. SWAN'S BRICKYARD, NATIVE LABOURERS, ..	112
DEAD SLAVE, WITH STAFF AND SHACKLES FOR HANDS AND FEET, .. .. .	113
MALE AND FEMALE SLAVES BEING SENT TO A FIRM AT CATUMBELLA, .. .. .	113



**"And I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I; send me" (ISA. 6. 8).**

*(All quotations are from the R.V.)*

## CHAPTER I

### David Goes to Fight the Giant

*SCENE: The "sala" (sitting room) of a house in Lisbon, a spacious room with high ceiling; Africa written large everywhere; buffalo, antelope, and other horns on walls; native platters on tables, native mats on floor, and gaping upon one at the door the immense skull of a hippo, with open jaw and shining teeth. Near one of the windows, seated at a roll-top desk, a powerfully-built man, with well-trimmed beard, and keen twinkling eyes.*

*He is telling a story. His voice is strong, deep, slightly ponderous, but well modulated.*

C.A.S.—". . . The cries were heart-breaking. . . . When I reached the tent, the wretched half-caste was lashing the poor woman across her breast with a cruel hide whip which was just cutting her to pieces. Her baby was taken from her, and blood was all around."

*Myself.*—"What did you do?"

C.A.S.—"I stopped him."

*Myself.*—"How?"

C.A.S.—"Well, it was no time or occasion for verbal protest. I hit him hard, . . . and ordered them to loose

the woman. It took him quite a little while to recover, and when he had grasped the situation, he said he was coming over to shoot me."

*Myself.*—"Did you have any further trouble from him?"

*C.A.S.*—"No. The natives told him that I had a gun, and gave him to understand that when I fired I rarely missed."

*Myself.*—"Why don't you write a book, Mr. Swan?"

*C.A.S.*—"You know very well, Arthur, that I have no time to write a book. Did you ever hear of the missionary who went to China for two years, and then came home and spent five years talking about it? I have no desire to emulate him. We need to get-on with the job of winning souls, and teaching them the way of the Lord, without spending precious moments recounting our experiences."

*Myself.*—"But there are things that ought to be put on record, because they are historical—some of your early adventures in Africa, and subsequent events also."

*C.A.S.*—(Meditatively). "Perhaps, some day, there may be an opportunity to get something printed, but, if not, it won't matter much. Once Dan Crawford asked me to join him in writing the story of the early days."

Years later, in Bristol, during the last weary months of suffering, he began to write the first pages of his book, knowing that another pen must needs continue and complete it.

Here then his narrative commences.

THE missionary work in Central Africa, to which special reference is made in the first part of this book, lies in a sector of the continent about 13 degrees South of the Equator, passing through the extensive Portuguese Colony of Angola, then across a strip of Northern Rhodesia, and afterwards cutting through the southern boundary of the Belgian Congo.

In 1884 there was no mission work on the whole of this route, except at Bailundu, about fourteen days by caravan from the West Coast, where the American Board of Foreign Missions had their one station. Things are very different now, with a chain of stations, and their many scores of out-stations, right through to Lake Mwero. In 1884 there was no missionary beyond Bailundu. Now there are 130, representing simple Assemblies of the Lord's people in the Homelands, and the native Christians can be numbered in thousands.

The story of this wonderful development is most absorbing, and teems with interest, seeing the beginnings were so simple and unostentatious, giving no such promise, as far as the eye of the natural man could see. The acorn has become an oak. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT, whose name is so well known, was the means, under God, of beginning this work. Humanly speaking, all those of us who have had any part in it gladly confess that, had he not been led there by God, and sustained in the midst of so many sufferings, none of us would have been there.



It was in January, 1884, that Snr. Silva Porto, the Portuguese traveller and trader, met with Arnot in the Zambesi region, and finding him in such a low condition of health, persuaded him to join his caravan and accompany him to Bié. On entering Portuguese territory they discovered that the only mission station—that of the Americans at Bailundu—had been plundered, and the missionaries turned out. Arnot's providential appearance at this critical moment resulted in the paramount chief sending a definite invitation to the missionaries to return to their station.

In October of the same year some men made their appearance, bringing a letter from Msidi, the great chief of the Garenganze, addressed to the brother of his mulatto wife. Arnot had already been seeking guidance about visiting the Garenganze country, so that the appearance of these men at the time seemed to have been arranged by God for his direction. In November we find Arnot at the coast, preparing for his journey to the interior, for he had decided to go direct to Msidi's territory, knowing it to be the great watershed of Africa, and trusting to find suitable sites for future Mission Stations, should God provide the men to occupy them.

This idea of going so far into the interior to establish a centre of work seemed to most of us a great initial mistake. The more natural way would have been to open the first station much nearer the coast, and then to have extended little by little towards the far interior, but, as already said, he went on step by step, "not knowing whither he went," but evidently being clearly guided

by God. At all events, the outcome of this establishing a station in the very centre of the Continent was that, in the years that followed, missionaries entered the country by both East and West Coasts, gradually occupying territory extending towards the central interior station. Not that the country between the coasts and the Garenganze is yet fully occupied, but it is sufficiently so to prove that God overruled what appeared to be a mistake at the outset. In any case it demonstrates that the Lord will not leave a man to his own resources if he sincerely desires to glorify Him.

As a young man I eagerly devoured the unpretentious little pamphlets—"Up the Upper Zambesi," "From Bié to Garenganze," etc.—published from time to time, telling of the trials and triumphs of the path of dependence upon God which Arnot was treading in Africa.

When yet in my minority I was led to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour principally through the faithful preaching of Mr. A. A. Rees of Sunderland. How easy it is to see, looking back on life, that God leads in a mysterious way to prepare us for work and experiences which He has marked out for us. Knowledge gained as a member of the Sunderland Volunteer Life Brigade, as an Artillery Volunteer, and on the cricket and football field, all became useful in after years in the far interior of Africa. My success in shooting competitions and general knowledge of firearms was of very special value when the lack of supplies necessitated much hunting.

My interest in Africa was considerable even before I began to think of the value of the souls of the blacks. Reading all the books I could find on African travel led me, when quite a lad, to build "castles in the air" as to the possible ways of getting there. When Christ became all in all to me, I eagerly devoured Dr. Livingstone's experiences, and later followed keenly every step of Arnot's journeyings. His statements of the great need lay like a heavy burden upon my heart, and led me to ask myself in God's presence, as to what I could do towards meeting it.

I was then employed in office work and in my spare time, actively engaged in the preaching of the Gospel, both indoors and out. After much searching of heart as to motive, I finally offered myself to God for Africa, without the remotest idea as to whether He would accept me or not, but great peace filled my soul, and I felt that I could leave myself in His hands.

An event which was designed to exercise a marked influence upon my future was an invitation received to take charge of some tent work in Whitehaven. Mr. JOHN RITCHIE was responsible, but he had not arrived, and someone was needed to fill the gap for two weeks. It was his custom to invite a band of young men to spend their holidays with him in service for Christ during the summer. Finding that I could arrange to take my vacation at that time, I agreed to go, and do my best. While there, Mr. ROBERT CHAPMAN, the Barnstaple patriarch, and Mr. HENRY GROVES of Kendal, called to cheer and help us. A number of young Christian men



were present, and we had a memorable Bible Reading, which wonderfully enriched our vision of God's purposes.

Among the young men who joined Mr. John Ritchie that year in happy service were J. B. THOMPSON, PETER SCOTT, and ARCHIE MUNNOCH, all three of whom eventually reached Africa. They have now gone to their rest and reward, unspeakable joy having taken the place of "the sufferings of this present time."

On returning to my home in Sunderland, after this profitable stay in Whitehaven, when Africa and its needs were often the subject of conversation and prayer, I felt that the time had come to make known my ever-increasing desire to carry the Gospel to that great continent. I felt I needed the counsel and prayers of my own family and of the elder brethren of the Assembly.

My father, who went to be with Christ years ago, never said a word to discourage me, but suggested that I might apply to one of the well-known Missionary Societies. This I did not feel free to do, preferring to tread the more simple, if more difficult path of dependence on God for guidance and supplies. To the glory of God I can say, after walking that path for over forty years, that He has never failed. I have never felt free to speak of the path as "living by faith," for the simple reason that that precious truth is by no means the monopoly of those who are disconnected from Societies and fixed salaries, for it should be true of every child of God, whether working with a Society, in business, or in any vocation of life, that he "lives by faith." Little can I say about *my* faith ; in fact I could say much more

about my lack of it, but very much could I say about the faithfulness of God.

The way opened step by step, but very quickly. Then came the farewell meeting, at which the presence and power of God were deeply felt. I shall never forget the remark of my much-respected and much-loved father: "It is his to obey the will of God, and ours to suffer it." The faltering voice and quivering lips with which these words were uttered brought the tears to many eyes, and almost broke my heart.

I sailed from Liverpool in February, 1886.

. . . . .

No news had come through from Arnot for nearly two years, and much anxiety was felt as to his welfare and safety. But before we follow our hero to Africa in search of the lost pioneer, we must try and find out how it came to pass that, at the age of twenty-four, he was ready to face the perils and hardships of that dark continent *alone*.

In the great fields of India and China missionary activity was already well developed, for 93 years had passed since WILLIAM CAREY had set out for the former, and it was 32 years since HUDSON TAYLOR had sailed for the latter. But Africa remained a seemingly impregnable citadel of paganism, inhospitable to the white man, and a veritable death trap. In the year that Swan set forth, H. GRATTON GUINNESS was declaring at one of the old Mildmay Conferences that "we have sent our soldiers to the Sudan to fight—we have sent them to fight in Ashanti, in Zululand, and in Egypt. We have

slaughtered tens of thousands of natives, but missionaries to enlighten and save these African peoples we have not sent, save a mere handful here and there, mostly along the coast line."

Little had been done to follow up the work of the great Livingstone, but the hand of God was urging His people forward, and the first to obey the call—following Arnot—was this young man from Sunderland.

Now this is not a biography. That is to say, it is not an attempt to compress into the compass of a small book the immensely varied experiences of one whose labours—in two continents—cover a period of over half a century. It is just a rough sketch of a forceful personality, outlined against a background of peculiar interest ; namely, the growth of a missionary fellowship which now numbers nearly 1000 workers.

CHARLES ALBERT SWAN was born on November 21st, 1861. He did not have the advantage of being toughened for the fray in a home of poverty, his father being an alderman of the city, and in a good way of business as a builder. But God had endowed him with a capacity of endurance far above the average, and he was not to be daunted by hardship nor seduced by ease. (During the last years of his life he bought an easy chair, but he never sat in it ! )

After leaving school he and his bosom friend GARIBALDI FOWLES "enjoyed life" together. But the superficiality of worldly pleasures soon palled. He was maturing rapidly, and took himself and most other things very seriously. He realised that he was not cut out for office



life, and was much inclined to go into the Army. When nineteen years of age, he began to attend Bethesda Chapel, in company with his friend. Under the faithful and fearless ministry of the pastor, Mr. A. A. Rees, he was convicted of sin, and led to faith in Christ. His decision was to have far-reaching consequences, but it was taken calmly and definitely, without any great ebullition of feeling. For some time he did not say a word about it, as a matter of fact, he found it exceedingly hard to confess Christ; but having made a great effort, he disclosed to his friend, Garibaldi Fowles, what had happened. It appears that the latter had also been converted, and had resolved that very day to make a similar declaration. Both of them were delighted, and immediately went off together to tell Mr. Rees the joyful news, Swan adding with characteristic definiteness that he wished to be baptised and become a member of the congregation.

It was not long before his mind began to turn to the need of distant lands, and, curiously enough, his first thoughts were of working among the Eskimos. The call of Africa, however, became insistent. News of Arnot's initial journey up from South Africa to the Zambesi, and then out to the West Coast, had come through fairly regularly, but after he had gone into the interior from Bié, letters were more infrequent, and finally ceased. There was a long silence, which caused many to wonder if he were dead. It was at this juncture that Swan came forward, and offered to go in search of him. The brethren felt that the hand of God was

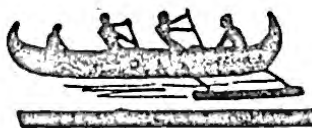
in it, and did all they could to hasten preparations for the journey. The young pioneer was given a great send-off from Wear and Tyneside. HENRY DYER, the veteran teacher gave a message of counsel, and more than one remembered for years afterwards how he said : "Swans, although white in body, have *black* feet. So do not forget your own black and sinful nature in dealing with blacks."

A halt of eight or nine weeks was made at Lisbon, in order to pick up a smattering of the Portuguese language. The voyage was slow but pleasant, and broken by an agreeable surprise. The boat had put in at Corunna, and Swan was busy writing in his cabin, when he was startled by hearing his name. Someone was asking if he was on board, and, on investigating, he found his visitor to be none other but Mr. GEORGE CHESTERMAN, whose missionary labours in North-West Spain are so well known. For some time they conversed and prayed together, strengthening each other in the Lord, until the moment came to separate, when Mr. Chesterman got into his little boat and pulled for the shore.

Lisbon provided the first taste of hardship, the "beginning of troubles," as Swan said in a letter home. He was obliged to remain three days in quarantine on arrival, locked up with some of his fellow-travellers in a far from comfortable building, with bare floors, bare walls, dirty-looking attendants, and beds of rock-like hardness. "I would not utter one word of complaint," he writes, "as I have made up my mind to suffer all things, and endure all things for His sake."

His private correspondence at this time reflects the prevailing solemnity of Victorian conditions. Life was a desperately serious business to these young men of fifty years ago. It was not that he did not possess a sense of humour—that he was dull and doleful—which could never have been true of him, but he believed it to be his duty to repress the lighter joys of youth. After the terribly gruelling march into the Garenganze, he remarks to a friend : “Many things happened, which, I am afraid were I to write about them, would prove more amusing than profitable, so *I leave them out.*”

While he was in Lisbon he received word that PETER SCOTT, of Liverpool, had decided to accompany him to Africa. He awaited his arrival therefore, and together they proceeded to Benguela. On the same boat they found two American missionaries and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. Fay, and Mr. and Mrs. Currie. So that, in the end, he did not lack companionship as he faced the great enterprise on which he had embarked so early in life. He writes : “The Lord alone knows what awaits me in Africa. May He in His grace enable me to confide in Him alone, with simple child-like faith. I shall be surrounded with dangers from man and beast, but that which makes me tremble more than all these is the wickedness of my own heart. Oh, for a closer walk with Him ! ”



**"The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God" (Isa. 40. 3).**

## **CHAPTER II**

### **In Which The Devil Puts up a Notice Board "No Thoroughfare"**

**S**OME years ago a cartoon in one of the pictorial papers showed a steamer anchored in one of the West African ports. The captain leans over the rail, and a trader hails him from a small row-boat. "Much cargo this trip, Captain?" "A couple of hundred kegs of rum and a couple of missionaries," comes the laconic reply.

#### **The Rum and Slave Trade.**

It is so easy to fall into the delusion that we white races have always been the benefactors of the coloured folk, that it is well to be reminded occasionally of the true facts of the case, unpalatable as they may be. This readiness to grow fat at the expense of the body and soul of a primitive people becomes nauseating if one thinks much about it. And it should be remembered that the rum traffic was only one of the vicious dehumanising instruments which civilised (!) traders so profitably employed in the Dark Continent.



Through many generations the slave trade likewise brought untold gain to those whose only use for the black man was to exploit him. When Africa's debt of blood and tears has been reckoned up against those nations that have termed themselves "*Christian*," the marvel of God's forbearance toward Europe and America will be the more amazing.

On the wharf at Loanda there used to be a stone chair in which a Bishop was accustomed to sit while he

### **Baptised Boatloads of Poor Doomed Wretches**

as they were rowed on board ship. The Government had decreed that no slaves should be exported without having been first baptised, and, incidentally, the Bishop collected a certain fee per head.

Thus it came about that Swan and his companions, upon their arrival at Benguela, were surprised to find that civilisation in Africa was making a very poor show. Seeing that the Portuguese had been in occupation for some 250 years, the missionaries expected that at least the principal coast towns would show signs of material progress. But most of the natives looked thoroughly degraded, and they felt a sense of repugnance when they observed that practically all the labour on the roads and buildings was performed by women, watched over by men with heavy sticks. It was clear that Romanism had done nothing to better the condition of the people, and had even grown weary of proselytising, for there was only one chapel in the whole town, at which but a meagre handful attended.

First impressions were confirmed by experience, for

**Benguela was Anything but Savoury,**

and they proved it to be uncomfortably hot and torpid. The missionaries were all anxious to get inland, but the difficulties in obtaining carriers seemed insuperable. They were fortunate in having the help of Dr. SANDERS of the American Mission, who had already been six years in the country, and who was immediately impressed with the sterling qualities of the young pioneer from Sunderland. An intimate friendship sprang up between the two men, which was to last a lifetime, and during those early months of African apprenticeship, Dr. and Mrs. SANDERS lavished as much kindness on Swan as though he had been their own son.

Owing to serious troubles with Ekwikwi, the chief of Bailundu, all the American missionaries had been obliged to retire to the coast. But everything had been settled more or less satisfactorily, and Dr. Sanders would have been back at his station had it not been for transport difficulties. On the arrival of the newcomers it was finally decided that he and Swan should push ahead, taking three carriers between them. This meant that they would only have bare necessities.

**For a Novice it was a Stiff Test.**

They had no beds and no tents, and very little food. They slept on the ground, and the first night it poured with rain. They awoke chilled to the bone, and only the goodness of God preserved them from going down with fever. For fourteen days they tramped weary and

footsore along the narrow track which constituted the highway to Bailundu and the interior. For the first hundred miles the country was wild and mountainous. In some places the path was so precipitous that it was necessary to jump from stone to stone, and at times they had to clamber up steep gorges on their hands and knees. Serious difficulties were encountered in crossing some of the swift-flowing rivers, several of which were eighty feet wide and waist deep. It was with heartfelt gratitude and relief that they reached the Mission Station, and received the warmest of welcomes from Mr. and Mrs. STOVER. Eventually, after much running to and fro, the necessary carriers were gathered, and sent off to the coast to bring those who had been left behind.

The next stage on the journey was

#### **From Bailundu to Bié,**

about seven days' march. Dr. Sanders had already opened work there, and so, together with his wife and the Fays, he accompanied C. A. Swan and Peter Scott to this outpost station, which was situated at a place called Camundongo.

From this point to the Garenganze was a distance of over 800 miles, through country of which little was known, occupied by tribes by no means friendly. There was not a single mission station, nor yet a white man of any kind anywhere along the road. No news had come through from F. S. Arnot, and Swan was anxious to push on as quickly as possible. His lack of experience, and

mere smattering of the native languages did not deter him. But here there occurred the first of a succession of delays and set-backs which were to try his patience to the utmost. The health of his fellow-worker, Peter Scott, began to fail, due to constant attacks of fever, and it became evident to them both that he could not stand the long and arduous trek into the interior. After they had waited upon the Lord for guidance, Scott came to the decision that it would be better for him to return to England.

Of course this entailed an immediate journey back to the coast, which (from Bié) could not be reached in less than three weeks. But Scott was not fit to go by himself, so Swan went down with him, and saw his friend safely on board a home-bound steamer at Benguela. Having said good-bye, he turned his face once again toward the sunrising, and began

### **The Weary Ascent to the Uplands,**

but this time he journeyed alone with his carriers. Owing to the rains, some of the rivers were flooded and bridges washed away. These had to be rebuilt, and at one crossing it proved a difficult task. He described his experience thus:

"*January, 20th, 1887.* When I reached the river I took off my clothes, and, with a few of the men, tried to wade across, but it was no use—the current was too strong. We then made for the narrowest part of the river we could find, and fastening a native club to the end of a rope, I told the natives to throw it across,



thinking that they were stronger in the arms than myself. After they had made many attempts, I tried myself, and though failing quite a number of times, I at last had the joy of seeing it land on the opposite bank. After this we had not much difficulty in building a bridge. It took something like three hours from first to last, and I had been standing with my clothes off all the time. The result was that in two days, from my shoulders down to my waist was one large raw sunburn."

Great news awaited him at Bailundu. The long expected tidings from Arnot had at last come through. It was a tremendous relief to know that he was still alive, and in fairly good health. The letters had taken five months on the way, being brought out by Cinyama, an old man of some standing with his people, who had

#### **Accompanied Arnot to the Garenganze,**

and stayed with him there. Arnot's main object in writing was to obtain stores, as his stock was very low, but at the same time he had the conviction, doubtless given to him of the Lord, that some one would be coming to his aid. He therefore told Cinyama to look out for any white man who might be inquiring for him, and even included details of what any such helper, if arrived, should bring with him.

Swan, nothing daunted, resolved to retrace his steps without delay to the coast, in order to make the necessary purchases. But he had only been on the road for three days when he caught a severe chill, and became too weak to continue the journey, and so went back to Bailundu.

The goods had been forwarded by an agent at Benguela, and after a brief rest, he decided to lose no further time in going to the relief of Arnot. Once more he set out for Bié, and reaching Camundongo without mishap, he found Dr. and Mrs. Sanders and the others all well and glad to see him safely back. He remarks that, "since I left, another missionary has arrived, Mrs. Fay having presented her husband with a fine baby." As Cinyama was to be guide of the expedition, and a kind of foreman of the carriers, Swan decided to make his village the base camp for the gathering of men and loads. All went smoothly—too smoothly for Africa—and then trouble suddenly developed from an unexpected quarter. Chiponge, the "king" of Bié, refused to allow the missionary to leave his territories without paying an extortionate tribute. From the first he had not been favourably disposed, as appears from the following account in Swan's journal :

**"Visited the King of Bié,**

and a more disgusting and selfish fellow one would not care to meet. He is drunk every day. Dr. Sanders and I started off first thing after early breakfast, hoping to find him sober, but long before we reached his enclosure within the village, we heard him shouting, and knew that his highness had made himself rather low in drinking too much rum. Gave 24 handkerchiefs and 48 yards of cloth. He was very dissatisfied, and asked if I meant to insult him. It would have been the same had we given twice as much. He called Dr. Sanders 'God,' for which

he was sharply reprov'd. Then he would fain make out that he himself was God. He was again reprov'd being told that though he was a king, he was but a man (and I thought a most miserable specimen). As we were talking to him, one of the head-men coolly suggested that we should be beaten."

About three weeks later Chiponge sent a letter to Swan demanding his presence, together with Dr. Sanders, at his headquarters. He intimated that as he had received a present from the King of Portugal and from the Governors of Benguela and Loanda, that he must insist upon one from the King of England! The following morning the two missionaries took their seats outside the chief's enclosure with his head-men, who had gathered, and it was clear that an attempt was going to be made to bring the white men into complete subjection. Chiponge had been wont to send notes, by his people to Dr. Sanders demanding that anything from four to sixteen yards of cloth should be handed to the bearer. This was done once or twice, and then such notes were not honoured. When he complained, he was told that the missionaries were willing to take him a present once or twice a year, the amount being agreed upon between him and them, but they declined to be called upon whenever the whim took him. His drafts continued to be ignored.

As soon as the chief appeared, sober for once, Dr. Sanders repeated his offer. The head-men then charged Dr. Sanders with bringing cloth to Chiponge without their knowledge at night, to which he replied :

**"Do you think that I am afraid of you,**

or am a ghost that I have to come out under cover of the darkness?" After much talk, when some of them were for turning out the missionaries once and for all, the king closed the discussion by ordering that Dr. Sanders and Swan should each bring a bale of cloth within two days. This, of course, they refused to do, and the king yelled after them : "You bring the bales or clear out of my country at once."

After three or four days had passed, the missionaries thought that it would be better to try and effect a settlement, and went down to see Chiponge. The head men evidently expected a capitulation, and became frantic with rage when they found that no cloth was forthcoming. One of them, the official executioner, threatened to shoot them, and came running at them with a thick stick he had pulled from the fence. But three young men interposed, and put him out of the enclosure. Several of the older men, who were friendly, advised the white men to get away from the village as quickly as possible, which they did.

They decided that their best course was to go over and see Senhor Silva Porto,

**The Famous Portuguese Traveller and Colonist,** who had been instrumental in bringing Arnot into that part of the country, and was very friendly. The trip took them just over four hours, and they were much encouraged by his optimistic view of the situation.

On returning next morning to Camundongo, they



received the startling news that the chief Chiponge was dead, and that they were accused of killing him with some strong fetish which they were supposed to possess. They felt sure that this would increase their difficulties with the head-men, but to their surprise very little more was said about it. It was discovered later that

### **The Chief had Drunk Poison by Mistake.**

Desirous of ridding himself of one of his head-men, he had sent for him to come and drink with him, meanwhile putting a little rum in each glass and a little poison in one of them. As he sat awaiting the coming of his victim, another chief came in for a morning call, and together they commenced to carouse. Curiously enough, a fowl flew up and broke one of the glasses, and the chief, in his half-drunken condition, evidently imagined that it was the one containing the poison. He was mistaken, however, and the bottle had not passed many times between him and his guest, when he was taken with severe pains and was removed to his bed. Later in the day the people began to notice that he was very quiet, for usually, when tipsy, he would lie down for a short time, and then get up and do a lot of shouting and scolding. At last they investigated, and found him dead.

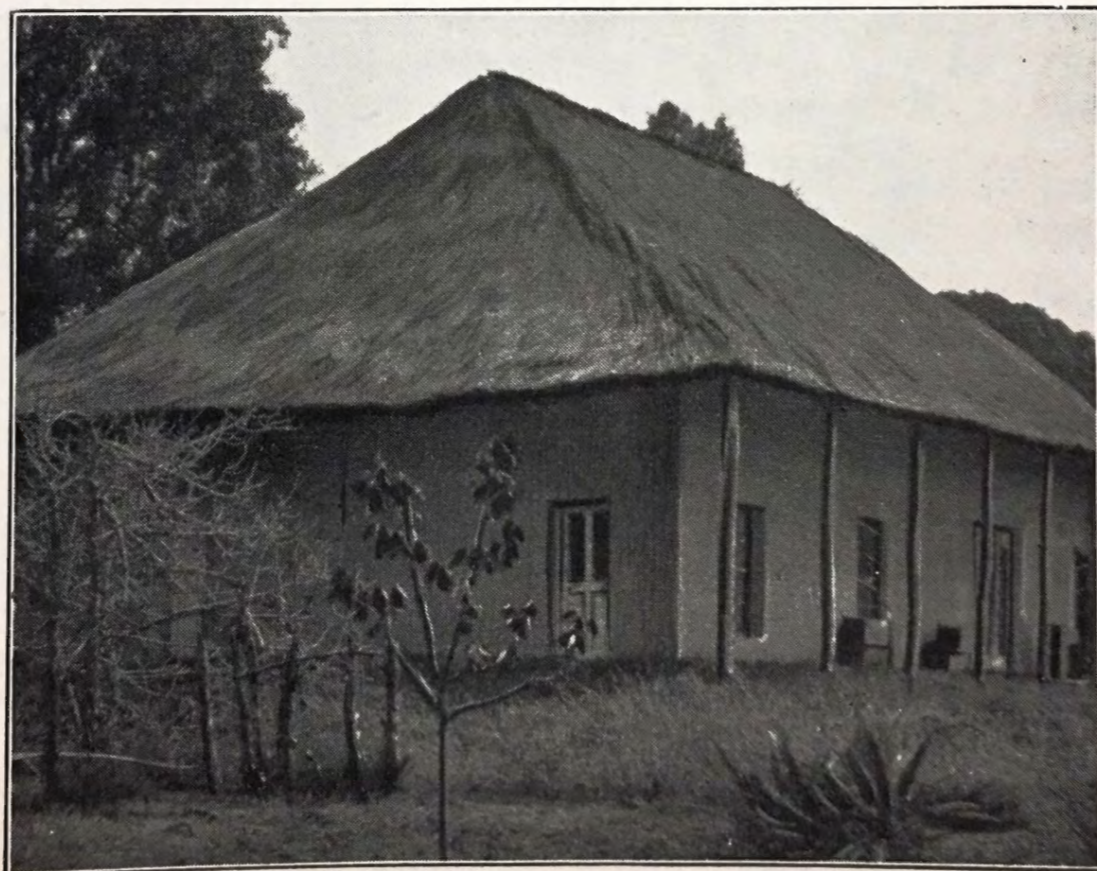
Swan could not help thinking of Herod in Acts 12, and how quickly he, too, was struck down after assuming Divine honours.

And now, this serious obstacle having been removed in such a solemn way, it seemed as though the moment had come at last for an immediate advance to the help



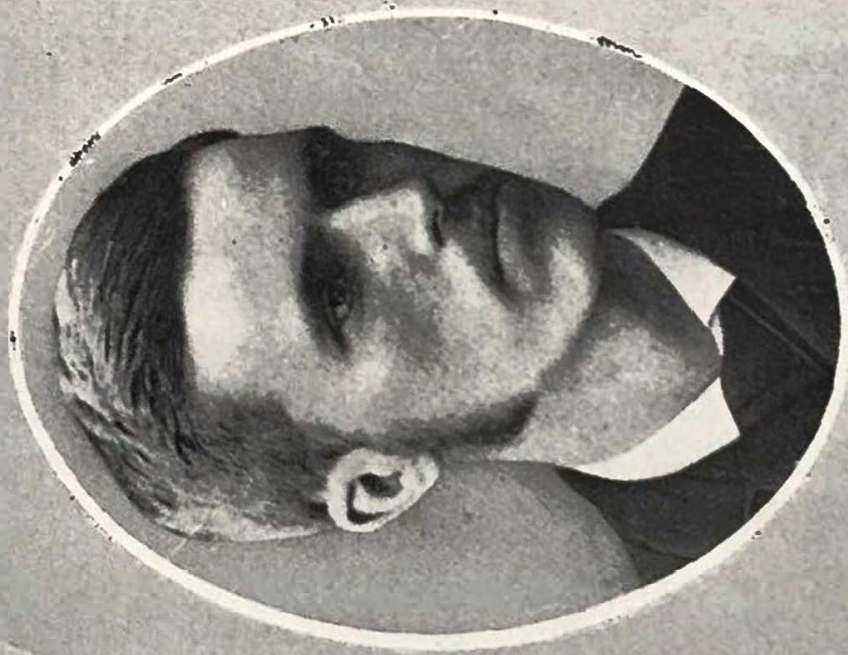


THE FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN GARENGANZE.



MR. SWAN'S HOUSE AT CHILONDA. A LATER HOUSE.





F. S. ARNOT, THE PIONEER.



C. A. SWAN ABOUT THE TIME HE WENT OUT.

of Arnot. But hope was again deferred by the receipt of news that a Canadian named W. L. FAULKNER had arrived at the coast, and hoped to join Swan on the journey inland. Once again the young pioneer had to go back to Bailundu, and send round the villages to collect carriers to travel down to Benguela, with a view to bringing up the new arrival. His comment is as follows :

"Sometimes I am afraid I dishonour the Lord by my anxiety about things. On the one hand I hear that Brother Arnot is very sick, and I long to be off to his relief. On the other, do what I will, I cannot make things go any faster. May the Lord take things into His own hands, so that we may not have long to wait after Brother Faulkner's arrival."

Mr. Currie, one of the American missionaries, had business at the coast, and so they resolved to go together. But it seemed as though the Devil himself had planned to crush the young man's spirit, for

### **Troubles were Apparently Never Ending.**

They were just half-way to Benguela—that is, seven days out—when the men refused to go any further. Neither remonstrance nor argument would move them ; they just laughed at the missionaries. Currie, however, knew of a group of carriers in a village not far away, and setting off on horseback, he succeeded in obtaining their services. The strikers looked very crestfallen when the other men walked into the camp and took up the loads.

But the following day Currie was down with fever



and dysentery, and too ill to go on. After several days Swan suggested that his friend should travel in the tipoia (a kind of hammock slung on the shoulders of two carriers) and that he would ride the horse. But their progress was necessarily slow. They had reached the high mountains bordering the torrid plains of the litoral, when they passed a large caravan, which reported that a white man was following on behind them. Could this be Faulkner? Swan was riding ahead with some of his boys. Suddenly, without saying a word, they all ran into the long grass as though to avoid something. When Swan reached the spot, his horse shied, and nearly threw him, and turning round he caught sight of

#### **A Corpse Lying on the Ground ;**

evidently some poor fellow who had been coming back from the coast with his hard-earned valuables, and obviously robbed and murdered. The body was covered with flies, which rose in a cloud, with the result that the horse took fright, and giving a sudden snort, leapt forward and broke into a wild gallop. A few hundred yards ahead Faulkner had erected his tent, and now, hearing the thunder of hoofs, he came out and was dumbfounded to see a wild figure making towards him at breakneck speed. With mouth wide open and hands uplifted in his amazement, he stood speechless as the apparent madman tore through his camp in full career. Not for a moment did he imagine that this was the missionary friend whom he was seeking. Swan managed to pull up his horse at length, and rode back to make

himself known. There is a touch of unintentional humour in the note in his journal at the end of the day. "We were both very thankful to our Heavenly Father for bringing us safely together."

They journeyed on to Bailundu, and found, on arrival, that their troubles were by no means over. When Swan had organised his base camp at Cinyamas, in preparation for the journey to the interior, he left all his most valuable things in the charge of Dr. Sanders at Camundongo, which was close at hand. During Swan's absence, the Stovers received news that

**Dr. Sanders had been Burnt Out,**

and a great deal of stuff destroyed. This was a heavy blow, but the young missionary encouraged himself in the Lord, and saw God's hand in the fact that he had sent twenty loads to Cinyamas only two days before he left.

The task of inducing men to take the many months' journey into the Garenganze was a lengthy and trying one. The majority would not agree to go any farther than the town of Na Kandundu, a powerful chieftainess, who had been very well disposed to Arnot when he had passed through, and had even agreed to store some of his goods. This place is now called Cavungu, and was 10 to 12 weeks' journey from Bié. Sometimes when it seemed that the caravan was really assuming reasonable proportions, and an early start was imminent, the carriers would all go off for several days' beer-drink, and nothing could be done but meekly wait their pleasure.

However exasperating the delays may have been, the time was not lost, for Swan was rapidly acquiring fluency in the native language, and consoled himself by holding meetings. One little fellow named Kasoma was deeply impressed. When his family sent for him to join in some special ceremonies in honour of the dead chief Chiponge, he refused to go. Some of his relations came over, however, and carried him off, compelling him to join in the procession, at the head of which was a box containing fetiches. "You may force me to go with you," he said, "and do what you like with me, but I will not carry that box, and none of you can make me."

On August 21st, 1887, Swan removed his bed and private belongings to the gathering camp on the other side from Cinyamas, threatening to push on alone with a few carriers, and leave Cinyama and Faulkner to follow on with the rest when ready. It was September 8th, however, before

### **They Finally Started on the Long March**

into the heart of the continent.

They had not been going for many days when one of the carriers fell ill with dysentery, and though Swan did all he could for him, he passed away after a few hours' sickness. Ancestral spirits were supposed to be disturbed, and the country defiled, if a stranger died when passing through alien territory, the chief of which usually demanded a heavy fine. To avoid this unwelcome eventuality, a grave was dug in the man's hut by his fellow-carriers, and his body buried in the dead of night.

"It was very dismal," Swan remarks, "to hear them digging his grave during the silence of the night," not realising then why it was that his men wanted the whole thing to be kept so secret.

It would be quite easy to give the story of Swan's journey in

### **The Thrilling Form of a Modern Romance**

nor would it be necessary to magnify desperate situations, and hair-breadth escapes which occurred, but there is something more satisfactory in the plain details scribbled down at the end of a day's trek, by the light of the camp fire. Here then are some extracts from the young pioneer's diary.

*Sept. 21st, 1887.* The men seem to be very discontented, and grumbling about every little thing. There are a number of small caravans travelling with us, and the chiefs are doing all in their power to get cloth out of us.

*Sept. 22nd, 1887.* About one o'clock this morning we were aroused out of sleep by cries for help. I at once rushed out of my tent without dressing and found that

### **Thieves had been in the Camp,**

but they had escaped, leaving their marks behind them in the form of two large cuts on the left arm and left thigh of one of the carriers. I dressed his wound, but he lost a great quantity of blood.

*Sept. 27th, 1887.* While on march to-day we heard that some one ahead was bringing letters from Brother Arnot. When I came up to him, I found that he had

a letter for Dr. Sanders, and another addressed to "The Reputed Brother who is on his way to the Garenganze." He is in good health, and says that the Chief Msidi is pleased to hear that we are coming. The heat here is almost unbearable, and the men have been complaining all day that the ground is like fire; the perspiration literally pours out of us.

*Oct. 2nd, 1887.* Men crying out for more rations. Compelled to push on for want of food. Crossed the Luena. Last night Cinyama gave order for all the men to carry powder in their pouches, and to be ready for a surprise, as we were about to pass through

### **The Wood where Honjo was Plundered.**

This proved unnecessary, for the Lord took us safely through. The wood is very thick, and we saw traces of places built by previous travellers to repel the attack of robbers.

*Oct. 4th, 1887.* I firmly believe that the head men of the sundry caravans going into the interior with us to trade are the cause of most, if not all, the discontentment and fighting among the men. Time after time they have demanded presents, and to-night having refused one of them, he stood up and openly advised all our carriers to leave us. They may leave us, but I do not intend to give way, for if this has to be our road into the interior, the tussle with these ungodly traders in human flesh and blood must come sooner or later, as it is utterly impossible for representatives of the Truth of God to live in peace with such. It may cause us not a little



expense and suffering to take this stand, but if the road has to be made passable for others it must be borne.

*Oct. 5th, 1887.* Men demanding their pay, and refuse to travel further. At night we committed the whole affair into the hands of the Master, asking Him to guide us as He saw best. Cinyama came in the afternoon, and asked me what I intended doing. I said, "Nothing. If they will not carry our things we will remain here."

*Oct. 6th, 1887.* When sitting in our tent this morning, we were somewhat surprised to see one man after another come and ask for his load. We said nothing, but felt deeply thankful to God, in whose hands are the hearts of all men.

*Oct. 11th, 1887.* On the road we passed some villages belonging to Kaceyana, and had to give him eight yards of cloth. Opposite his village on the road side he had erected two poles, on each of which was a human skull with the flesh hanging about them in a ghastly fashion.

*Oct. 12th, 1887.* Visited Kangombe at his village and gave a present. He said he was going to war, and wanted some powder. I told him I could give no powder—this is a point on which I always take a firm stand—as I believed it wrong to go to war. Then he said he would not have my present (which meant that he would not let me pass through his country). "Well," I said, "I would rather go back than wrong my conscience." The country through which we have just passed is very sandy, which makes it hard work travelling. The natives (Ochokwe) are very dishonest. Houses are small

and built of reeds. It is the first place I have seen where

**The People have their Noses Pierced,**

a piece of stick being thrust through the opening.

*Oct. 13th, 1887.* Had to add eight yards of cloth and a coat to Kangombe's present. He says that he will let us go to-morrow.

*Oct. 14th, 1887.* A report reached us to-day that a smallpox epidemic is raging ahead of us, but we are safe in the Lord's hands. Nearly every night for about a week we have been visited by dancers and drummers. They make a most horrible noise, and dance from nine o'clock at night until we leave the next morning. As I write this crowd has just arrived, and they are beginning their dance within a dozen yards of our tent. We can scarcely hear ourselves speak without shouting at the top of our voices. Fancy trying to sleep in the midst of this.

*Oct. 16th, 1887.* To-day we passed one of the villages infected with smallpox. It was completely deserted. None of our men have caught it as yet, and we trust the Lord that we may escape.

*Oct. 22nd, 1887.* On the road to-day we passed the remains of two large fires,

**With Bones of a Human Being Lying on Top**

of each. We heard that they were two unfortunate creatures who had been charged with witchcraft, likely by some one who coveted their possessions.

*Oct. 28th, 1887.* Reached Katemas, and sent 16 yards of cloth to his village. (Here very serious trouble

developed, and the following is the account given by Mr. Swan at the Muchacha Conference in 1931.)

" . . . Katema himself was not in his village, and the man in charge was evidently determined to get out of us as much as he possibly could. (This seemed to be the set purpose of most of the chiefs with whom we had any dealings). When the *pro tempore* ruler, full of self-importance, visited our camp we gave him the usual present. He did not say much, but there were ominous signs that he was not satisfied. He said that Katema would see us in his village as we passed the next morning. On the morrow, Faulkner, our head-man, and I went into the village, having instructed our carriers not to go far away but to pile the loads together and await results ; for we were afraid that there might be treachery of some kind. To our surprise, when we entered the village, there was no one there. While we sat discussing what it all might mean, we saw armed men moving round the stockade toward the entrance, probably to entrap us, and then plunder our loads. I saw that we must move quickly, and told Faulkner to get out first, and Cinyama to follow immediately, while I would bring up the rear. The enemy was then quite near the entrance, but I was surprised at the quick way in which they opened out to allow me to pass. At this moment, a man with a flint-lock gun rushed up to my head man, and presented the weapon at his head. There was not an instant to be lost, so I whipped out my revolver and fired over the man's head. He dropped his gun and ran for his life, obsessed with the idea that

**'The White Man was Firing with his Fingers.'**

After a few parting shots from the now flying warriors, which, of course in their fright, went wide of the mark, we reached our carriers, and found them preparing for a fight; hoping, no doubt, to plunder the village of whatever pillage they could find. With considerable reluctance they took up their loads and followed us away from the scene.'

*Nov. 1st, 1887.* Camped near the Lukelesi River. I hear that the travellers who built the camp in which we remain to-day had the misfortune to lose a woman by a crocodile in this river. At night an alarm was raised as one of our boys was almost caught, when drawing water. I went down with my gun and fired at the spot where the boy said he had disappeared. I hit my mark, for he leaped clean out of the water, and we saw him no more.

*Nov. 4th, 1887.* Reached Na Kandundu (Cavungu), and found all Brother Arnot's things, which he left here. We will remain here for some time to buy food, and prepare for the journey through the most difficult part of the road. I like this place, and certainly think it will make a good centre for work.

*Nov. 13th, 1887.* (At Na Kandundu.) During the night two slaves made their escape, one a mother with a child on her back, and the other a young woman (the latter belonging to Cinyama). This morning search parties were sent out, and the young woman was soon caught. Her hands were tied behind her back, then she was stripped of the little cloth she had on, and beaten.

Recently I heard that the other had been caught, and I went out determined to save her from such treatment if possible. She was placed alongside the girl, a most pitiable sight, with the child on her back, and blood running from a wound in one of her breasts. The child was taken from her, and a young fellow, a mere youth, went up to her, and struck her across the side of the head. I at once took the law into my own hands, and gave him a sound good beating, and promised the same to any who offered to illtreat her. Will any condemn me for this? If they feel so inclined they may, but I cannot sit by and see

### **Helpless Women and Children Cruelly Beaten.**

for merely trying to gain their freedom, without doing my utmost to prevent it. I told Cinyama to put the girl into his hut, and if he allowed any more ill-treatment of that kind, he and I would part company. I heard nothing more, but returned to my hut, and wept over these people's woes. Nothing but the Truth of God will put things right here—as in all places.

. . . . .

The final stage of the journey was through more thickly wooded and sparsely populated country, so that delays occurred on several occasions through men being lost. There was a serious shortage of food, which necessitated some prolonged halts in order to go hunting. One day Swan covered a distance of 30 miles on foot in the endeavour to shoot some game, and returned completely tired out. Early in December the appearance



of the country began to change, tributary chiefs to the great Msidi received them as friends, the people came out with drums to welcome them, and food became most plentiful.

Messengers met them bringing cheering news from Arnot, and on December 16th, 1887, Swan pushed ahead of the caravan, knowing that his long quest had reached its end, and

### **The Goal was in Sight.**

Arnot had set out to meet his friends, but finding no signs of the advancing caravan, began to wonder whether they had taken a short cut to his "cottage," and so returned to await their arrival. The day previously he had fixed up a bamboo pole as a flagstaff, with a tattered Union Jack all ready for hoisting.

Suddenly three pistol shots rang out. Arnot jumped up and ran to hoist the flag. But the line had got thick and twisted with the heavy rains, and he only succeeded in getting it half-way up the pole. Then, running down the hill, he met Swan at some little distance from the house. Stanley was not more glad to meet Livingstone than Swan to grasp the hand of his fellow-pioneer on that memorable day. Their joy was too deep for words, and so, there in the very heart of Africa, those two brave servants of God joined hands, and together sang :

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run ;  
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

**"For the weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh, but mighty before God to the casting down of strongholds" (2 Cor. 10. 4).**

### **CHAPTER III**

## **Alone with the Devil and the Flesh**

**"A**T last, after much planning and scheming, I have reached the Garenganze country. It is now exactly two years since I left home, and during all that time, I have been seeking to get a start, but was compelled to wait, wait, wait ; first for one thing and then for another, but I sought at all times to delight myself in the Lord, and He has given me the desire of my heart."

The period of apprenticeship was over, and, very naturally, the young pioneer had chafed at the delay, as the above extract from one of his letters clearly reveals. But the lesson of dogged persistence had been learned, the goal had been reached, and now a claim was to be pegged out in the very heart of the enemy's domain.

To live with a bloodthirsty Napoleonic despot, buried in the very interior of the Dark Continent, and isolated from friends and from civilisation, may be

### **Heroism of the Highest Order,**

but the prospect at close quarters could not be anything else but terrifying. Swan was delighted with the friend-

liness of Msidi, but he did not underestimate the dangers of his position. He writes to a friend as follows : "Msidi I find to be a much superior man to most African chiefs I have met. He shows us much kindness in his own way, and has promised to build a large school and meeting house in the midst of his village. But African chiefs change like the weather. To-day they may be all for you, and to-morrow they may be scheming to cut your throat. So our trust is in God, and God only, that He will keep the door open for His Word to enter in and enlighten dark hearts."

For a few weeks the three missionaries, Arnot, Swan, and Faulkner, enjoyed the inestimable blessing of Christian fellowship, communing together of the illimitable prospects of the task which confronted them, while they hunted zebra, started a building, and opened up a village school.

Arnot was sick at times, and the necessity of his early return to England was very apparent. Before his departure for the coast, the two younger men had already caught a glimpse of the barbarism whose citadel they were about to assail. The chief invited them down to see

### **A War Party March In.**

The triumphant conqueror, returning after eight months' raiding, was a woman named Citompa, one of Msidi's favourite wives. In point of fact the warriors did not march, but approached their over-lord in a wild fantastic dance, looking very fierce, with their whitened faces, glaring eyes, and savage gestures. The celebrations

were continued all through the day, and at night the chief appeared in all the savage pomp of Bantu paganism, his head gaily dressed with brilliant parrot's tail feathers, his body and arms covered with cloth of the most gaudy colours, and trailing behind him on the ground a loin cloth of broad yellow and red striped material. As a sign of his "white heart," he had daubed his face with a light coloured clay. The great man entered his litter, and some of the onlookers were ordered to take it up. One of them had the audacity to refuse, and was immediately beaten unmercifully. The missionaries having joined in the procession, it was not long before the spot was reached where the official

### **Reception of the Victorious Lady**

was to take place. Here about 2000 people were gathered, and the cortège was joined by Citompa in her litter. She was dressed in a similar manner to the chief. The warriors came next, walking very slowly, and singing their doleful war chant. Dangling from their belts, or carried in their hands, were the skulls of their victims. One of the war party was even carrying a skull in his mouth. After a long, monotonous dance, and much firing of guns, each of these worthies approached Msidi with a tremendous flourish of his spear, and laid his skull at his royal master's feet. This display of proud savagery suffered somewhat from an anti-climax when the Man of Might descended from his litter, and, as a conclusion to the ceremonies, executed a feeble shuffling dance before the pile of skulls.

It was the first time that young Swan had ever seen such a display of savage prowess, and he found it a strange and wild affair. Not that he was seriously perturbed, for he imagined that the natives were really much less blood-thirsty than they pretended. Little did he realise that, notwithstanding his cordiality, this old dog's bite was worse than his bark. Of course he knew that he was face to face with all

### **The Unchallenged Might of Heathendom,**

entrenched and strong through the undisturbed traditions of the centuries, though he did not guess half the weariness and horrors of the long struggle with the powers of darkness which lay ahead.

On February, 27th, 1888, Arnot set out for Bié, leaving the two missionary apprentices to hold this outpost of the Kingdom for three and a half lonely years. During this period the Devil was to employ every weapon in his extensive armoury against these audacious servants of Christ, who had not only invaded his territory, but had thrown down a challenge to his supremacy.

The first attack was very subtle. It was by no means a frontal one, and to raw inexperience might have been passed by as of little consequence. But because it was an initial test, not so much of physical courage as of moral fibre, the peril was greater than may appear.

The missionaries, together with their Christian lad Dick, made it their custom to gather for worship every Sunday evening. One night, just before partaking of the Lord's Supper, the boy said he wished to make





CHIEF MSIDI  
THE RULER OF A VAST AREA AT THAT TIME.





FOUR OF THE EARLIEST OF THE WORKERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.  
 MRS. SWAN. DR. WALTER FISHER. MRS. FISHER. MR. SWAN (*standing*).



NATIVES WHO KNEW MR. SWAN 25 YEARS AGO.

something known to them, so that he might have the benefit of their advice. The previous day he had been down at Msidi's, who had suggested to him that it was time he should get married. The chief said that

**He had Found a Wife for Him,**

and all he had to do was to say he would have her. What was he to reply? To Swan's practical mind it seemed a very reasonable proposition. For one thing, it would save the young man from many temptations. Further, if he were obliged to delay until a Christian woman were available for marriage, he might have to wait a long time. Surely this was no occasion to apply English standards to African conditions.

What followed is worthy of being well marked and digested, bearing in mind that Swan was blazing a trail, and had no precedents to guide him. His procedure was exemplary. In the first place he did not trust to his own judgment, but gave himself to prayer with these words : "May our gracious Father guide us, and the lad, for His own glory and the praise of His glorious Name." Secondly, he opened the Scriptures with this question : "Do the exigences of our present circumstances justify Dick's marrying out of harmony with the injunction that he should do so only 'in the Lord' that is, with a believer?" Thirdly, he sought the counsel of another and more experienced brother, for he sent off a letter to Arnot, who was still only a few days off.

Three and a half weeks later the reply arrived, showing that it would have been a disaster to have allowed the



lad to have accepted a wife at the hands of Msidi, for thus in measure he would belong to the chief. Arnot continued : "Should he in years to come wish to return to his own country to tell his people what he has learned of God's love, he could not take his wife with him."

Dick was called, and the matter explained to him, when he at once saw that it was best to refuse the chief's offer, Swan's comment being a grateful, "Thank God."

A few months afterwards, however,

### **Dick Ran away with a Caravan**

going to Bié. Swan, having been informed of what had happened by an old man who was staying with them, at once went in pursuit of the straying lad, and compelled him to return, determined that if he were fully decided to go to Bié, he should at least take proper leave of his masters. Apparently he had been afraid to do so, fearing that he would not obtain consent to go. However, he was told that he was free to leave, but he must not run off like a thief. Very penitent, he broke into tears, and soon the two young men, white and black, were weeping in each other's arms. After receiving enough cloth for rations on the road, the lad bade his friends farewell.

The two missionaries occupied the site which had already been selected by Arnot, and upon which he had built a fairly substantial house, thirty feet long by fifteen feet wide. Swan decided to add two bedrooms to it, one for himself and one for his companion Faulkner.

The situation of their village gave them a fine view of a range of mountains away to the westward, at the foot of which were numerous and thickly populated villages. To the east there stretched a wide plain, which was more or less inundated during the rainy season. Close to their house a field was cleared and planted with Irish potatoes.

Before Faulkner fell sick and became wholly unable to take any active part in the many tasks that fall to a pioneer's lot, he had gathered some of the children for daily lessons. Then Msidi sent down several orphans, who occupied a small adjacent building. Two classes were formed, and some of the youngsters made very good progress indeed.

### **This Central African Orphanage,**

like some of its more recent successors, provided some thorny problems for its directors. But one of the peculiar difficulties of that early attempt to reach the children was the danger of their being regarded as slaves of the white man. It made discipline rather lax at first.

Swan writes : "Mwepo, one of our little girls, has been troubling us for some time about paying her sister a visit, and to-day I felt I could refuse no longer, lest she should run away. I am getting very much attached to her, as she is about the most intelligent of the children in our village, and I trust that our dear Lord will put it into her heart to come back soon. I might have compelled her to stay, but this would have been contrary to our teaching—that all who come to live with us are no longer slaves, but free."



One day, as the two missionaries were quietly talking, there was a great noise in the pigeon house. Swan ran out and caught two of the boys in the act of stealing some of the pigeons. This decided him that, slavery or no, there would have to be correction. He explained to them that as they had no parents, they must look upon him as such, and if they did wrong they would be chastised, which he proceeded to do without further delay !

But boys will be boys all the world over, and in spite of their mischief, the lonely young pioneer enjoyed making them happy, putting them up a swing, splitting slates for their lessons, and seeking to lead them to the Saviour. Family worship was held every morning, and little by little the confidence of children from surrounding villages was gained, though the number of boarders was not increased beyond eight to ten.

### **Mwepo, the Little Girl who ran Away**

soon returned, although she occasionally broke loose. On one occasion when the missionary had gone on a five days' hunting expedition, she got someone to tattoo her body in native fashion. As she grew older, the responsibility of caring for her became a heavy burden. Swan writes : "She was only a child when Brother Arnot left, but now (June, 1890) she is quite a tall girl, and will soon develop into a woman. A girl of ten years here is often more like a woman than girls of seventeen at home. I tremble for these girls lest they be led astray. Oh, what a great blessing a Christian woman would be to them, one that would care for them and bring them up as

though they were her own. Brethren are altogether unfitted for this work, and I have had to take a very decided stand, and refuse to take any more female children in the village. The Lord save them from travelling the same road of immorality and sorrow that most, if not *all*, these poor women go."

The pioneers found that public meetings were not so effectual as personal conversation. Their message was received with much apparent interest, but the soil was very thin, and the hard rock of age-long heathendom offered a seemingly impenetrable resistance. When they first visited Msidi upon their arrival, they found him surrounded by his head-men. His greeting showed genuine warmth, as he heartily shook them by the hand. Swan seized the occasion, when the initial ceremonies were over, to explain their mission. "We are come," he said, "to teach your people to read and write, and to know the words of God. We have brought no words from any king. God is our King, and the day on which we accepted Christ, His Son, He put His love into our hearts, and told us to go into all countries, and teach all people His thoughts." Msidi replied that he was glad that they had come, and hoped that they would like his country. The chief interpreted the missionary's message to those gathered around, saying that they had come as teachers from God to put them right, and give them all the wisdom of books, and to heal all the sick people in his country. "Yes," he continued, "in a short time there will be no more sick people here, for they have brought lots of medicines ! "

Msidi's friendliness was due to the very great esteem in which he held Arnot, who had succeeded in revolutionising his impressions of white men. Some time previously

### **A German Explorer had Penetrated into his Country.**

Every day this man used to pile his arms outside his camp, and make a great military display by drilling his men. His attitude to the Chief was overbearing, until the latter lost all patience, and ordered his warriors to open fire on the visitors, who speedily decamped.

But to the newcomers he could not have shown greater kindness, assuring them that his heart was "very white" (*i.e.*, free from evil thoughts), and offering them hospitality—an ample meal of boiled and roast goat, mush and rice, served on a large table-cloth spread on the ground. Though a man of moods, and unscrupulous, when it suited him, he was consistently kind to his missionary counsellor. Certainly he came to trust him as he trusted no other. He invited his services constantly as doctor, and even as barber. On one occasion, when trimming his hair, Swan held up the scissors menacingly, and asked the old man if he were not afraid. "No," said he, "I know that you would not hurt me."

It went very ill with any unhappy mortal that attempted to molest the missionaries. One day two men came to sell some meat, which Swan bought for the price of a handkerchief. About an hour afterwards they returned saying that their mistress, who was one of Msidi's wives,

would not accept it. They were told that if the meat belonged to her, she ought to have come and sold it herself, and, as the transaction was made fairly, that was an end of it ; indeed, some of it was already cooked. A little while afterwards, however, her ladyship rushed into the missionaries' house in a very undignified manner, and demanded her meat. It was quite dusk when she came, and Swan felt it his duty to take her by the shoulders and turn her out. At this her indignation knew no bounds, and her voice could be heard for a mile away. She declared that she would not leave the village. She was told that she could please herself about that, but that she must sleep outside, and

### **The Hyenas would Soon be Around.**

This latter hint had the desired effect, for she went off at once, vowing she would return in the morning. To prevent further annoyance, Swan went down to the Chief, and told him all about his wife's conduct. He was furious, and yelled : "She is a disobedient creature—she must pay with her ears, for I will have them cut off." It needed a lot of persuasion to prevent him from carrying out his threat.

It was a matter of deep concern to the old chief that the young missionary should live alone, without a wife, and his periodical endeavours as matrimonial agent were no small trial. He made a very generous offer only a short while after Swan had arrived. They were talking about the army of wives which Msidi himself possessed, and through whom, scattered over the various villages,



he governed his people with relentless cruelty. He asked the missionary whether he had any idea as to their number, and was told that current opinion placed the figure at something between 500 and 600. "They don't know what they are talking about," was his scornful comment,

"My wives are so numerous that I have never

been able to count them.

"They are like the rain-drops ! " Then to Swan's amazement, he continued, "But now that you have come, you shall have half of them."

These women constituted a very efficient secret service, for by means of runners they supplied their lord and master with a steady stream of information from every place of any importance throughout his territories.

Swan found it difficult to refuse the Chief's persistent offers of a wife without offending him, especially when he made a proposal that one of his daughters should be the bride. She was quite a light colour, and with her brass wire collar and cuffs was considered a great beauty by the natives. Swan did his best to laugh it off, but Msidi and his people were much surprised at the refusal, and the old man asked if the missionary's friends would kill him were he to accept her. All the explanations were without avail, the Chief even promising to allow him to take her to England if he so desired. As a last resort she was sent on the following day, with her slave attendants, to visit the young white man, who had

to muster reserve supplies of tact and patience in despatching her home again.

A few days later Msidi tried another stratagem. He visited Swan and decided to stay the night, calling for one of his young wives to cook his mush. Then in the morning he announced that he was going to leave her behind, merely to act as a cook ! It is little wonder that Swan writes : "The endless troubles and annoyances we have had with the chief sending us women to be our wives has led me very plainly to see that this country is no place for unmarried men. People at home have not the remotest idea of the temptations to which one is continually subject. Were a sister or two about the village it would be an unspeakable blessing both to us and to the people. I, for my own part, have fully decided not to remain one moment longer here as an unmarried man than I can possibly help."

Msidi followed the course of all successful dictators by providing plenty of entertainment for himself and his people. He saw to it that there was always something going on, and although he had never heard of psychology, he knew how to vary his display of debauchery by acts of brutality which struck horror into the hearts of his subjects. The novelty of these scenes, when

### **Primitive Instincts were Allowed to Run Riot**

soon passed, and Swan was filled with a sense of loathing as he penetrated the evil recesses of the pagan mind. There was nothing that had a more depressing influence

upon him than when Msidi ordered his executioners to butcher some poor helpless creature for a slight or imagined offence. "I turned from the disgusting sight with an aching heart," he says, after having seen two men beaten to death with clubs by the chief's executioners. "As they were doing their work," he adds, "they kept up a continuous yell, just as though they delighted in it."

Describing the pitiful condition of two men who had been tied up on suspicion, he says, "They had been fastened in a most cruel way. The right arm of one, from the elbow to the wrist, was one continuous sore, the very skin and flesh having been torn away with the ropes, and it was swollen to fully twice its natural size. I gave the poor fellow instructions what to do with it."

Another entry in his journal tells of

### **The Murder of a Slave-Woman's Child.**

"To-day my heart has been made sad by the cruelty of these people. Ever since the departure of Brother Arnot two Ovimbundu boys have been camped at the bottom of our hill, and have been useful in bringing trees, etc. One of them named Dioko married a slave of one of Msidi's wives—Kandimba. Yesterday Kandimba came to the camp and complained that her slave was not doing sufficient work for her. In a rage she asked for Dioko's child, which was born three weeks ago. They told her that a friend had taken it to a village a little distance off. Kandimba went after the child and took it from the woman who had charge of it, threatening to

dash it against a stone; but instead of doing this, she carried it off to her village. The mother followed, and when she arrived Kandimba was rubbing something into its mouth. The child was brought back to the camp, but more dead than alive. This afternoon they came for me to look at the child, but I saw at once that it was dying, and about three o'clock it breathed its last. The child was undoubtedly poisoned by Kandimba. Surely this ought to be sufficient to draw out the sympathy and prayers of mothers in favoured England on behalf of the poor suffering Africans."



Telling out the "Old Old Story."



**"And He hath said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee : for My power is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my weaknesses, that the power of Christ may rest upon me" (2 Cor. 12. 9).**

## CHAPTER IV

### Super-Stickability

**I**T was just a year after Arnot's departure that the first-fruit of this sowing on virgin soil became apparent.

One of the boys in the orphanage told the missionary that he was trusting in Jesus. Swan had long noticed little changes in his ways, which indicated that the Lord had been dealing with him. The boy was a slave of the father of Suse (a young man who was led to Christ by Arnot, and had accompanied him to Bié). This man—the father—had since died, so that the lad became Suse's property. Swan writes : "If the lad proves to be really converted, Suse on his return must receive him as Philemon received Onesimus—not now as a bond-servant, but above a bond-servant, as a brother beloved."

The sense of Africa's dire *need* lay heavy at times on the heart of the pioneer. It saddened him that he could do so little to meet it, and yet an unwavering assurance of ultimate victory nerved him to meet the constant pains and perils of his situation. No human aid was

available. Month after month he waited for news from the homeland. Once a carrier brought a letter from the coast, but it proved to be a request from a trader for specimens of tsetse fly.

**It was two and a half years before he received any letters or supplies.**

His companion Faulkner was unable to help after the first few months. At times the terrible sores with which his fellow-worker was afflicted spread from head to foot. His case seemed hopeless, and more than once Swan broke down completely, and sobbed over the failure of his many efforts to cure his friend.

The encouragement among the children was a welcome compensation in that second year of test and trial. The adults were much harder to reach. In his journal he records the following :

*Feb. 26th, 1889.* One of the greatest difficulties I have in dealing with Africans about their souls is to prove to their satisfaction that God loves them. To-day I was working in a rather dangerous position, and remarked, "I must be careful, and not fall, for if my head should come in contact with those stones, there would be no more building for me." Their reply was "Cikola," as much as to say: "You must not talk that way." I then spoke a little of death, and how the Lord had taken all fear of dying out of my heart, for I knew that the moment I died I should be with the Lord. "What," said they, "do you want to go to God? If he were coming here would you not flee?" "No," said I, "for He loves me."

I then sought to prove in three ways that God loves them. First, if He had not loved man He would never have created him. Second, why did He send His Son into the world ? Third, why does He send His sunshine and rain, making the earth to bring forth her increase, and thus supplying us all with food ? This silenced them, but it is difficult to say if it convinced them.

At this point Swan's journal gives a vivid picture of

### **The Daily Battle with the Powers of Darkness**

*Mar. 7th, 1889.* Last night, shortly after dark, two messengers came running up from the chief, requesting me to go at once, as he was very ill. When I arrived I found scores of his wives gathered together to show their sympathy. He was suffering from a sharp attack of fever, so I gave him a good dose of quinine; after which, he asked me to stay with him the night. A stranger sight, I think, I have never seen. The chief lay sleeping in the centre of a large house, and round about him sat his head wives.

To the left sat a woman divining, who kept up a kind of doleful song, to which all replied in a sort of chorus. To the right sat the chief's sons and his head men, and I in their midst. All around were his slave wives. The woman who was divining had her face and arms whited with chalk, which she held in a small basket, and with which she made all kinds of curious streaks on the black faces and bodies of those present. Then she went to the sleeping chief, and covered his body with it from head

to foot, previous to which I had tied a wet handkerchief around his head. There we sat, all in a half-dreamy state, and in the light of the smouldering fire we presented a curious spectacle indeed.

As I looked around, my heart went out to the poor creatures—they knew nothing of the great God who loves them, nor of the sympathising Jesus who died for them—so while they were engaged with their enchantments, I lifted up my soul in prayer to Him whom we have learned to call Father.

*Mar. 10th, 1889.* Visited the chief, and was requested to go and see a sick man. I found the man sitting outside his hut, and by his side sat an old woman with

#### **A Grass Rope Round her Neck,**

whom I found, on inquiry, to be the “*nhanga*,” or the person who had been charged with bewitching him. If he should die, she will immediately be put to death. Poor soul! How I long for the time to come when the Word of God shall enter into their hearts and drive out this darkness. I gave him what medicine I thought might help him, earnestly praying that it might be blessed to his restoration, and thus save both their lives. . . . Of what great service would an experienced medical man be in these parts! It would gain us a footing in the country like nothing else.

*Apl. 7th, 1889,* About 4 p.m. yesterday a messenger arrived in great haste, saying that the chief was on the road to visit his white man. About twenty minutes afterwards



### He Came with Five of his Wives

and about forty attendants. For long he had been saying that he intended coming up to visit us, and the night before, having dreamed that he was at our village, he thought that it was a sign that he should come. We made them as comfortable as we 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 set about making arrangements at once. I gave up my bed and bedroom to him and one of his wives. The remaining four wives slept in the store room, 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 that there was little sleep for me. I was afraid that his people would feel inclined to help themselves to some of our little store of goods, but I committed the matter to the Lord, and lay down to *try* to rest. Glad was I when the morning came, and I was able to get the house emptied. The chief enjoyed a good breakfast of chicken and mush, and about 10 a.m. called for his *tipoia*, and returned to his village. Brother Faulkner being unfit to give me a helping hand with this large family, the entertaining of them was left entirely to myself, with the result that I am suffering from a racking headache.

The chief was much pleased with the house I am building, though I have very little help, and am going on slowly. Our stock of medicines also took the eye of the chief. When he saw the bottles he exclaimed :

**"Kapali vali okufa,"**

which may be said to mean, "No more death." They have great faith in our medicines, and as I have often said, a qualified medical man would find a great field of labour here. Msidi thinks that there is no nation on earth worthy of comparison with the English.

*Apl. 8th, 1889.* Willie ran off to-day. He had taken an earthen pot out of the house to bring water, but instead of going at once, he set it down outside, and one of the goats broke it, so he ran off. This running away is a kind of adventure for them. Still we pray the Lord to keep him, and bring him back. We must learn to bear with them, and deal kindly with them for the Lord's sake and their eternal good.

*Apl. 9th.* Willie returned to-day.

*May 6th, 1889.* About two o'clock this morning five men came for me to go and see the chief, as he was very sick. I went at once, and my judgment is that it is much ado about nothing. He complained of his head and his stomach, so I gave him some pills. I hear that he is busily engaged finding out the witch or wizard. This he professes to do by having a chicken sent to him from each principal village. These are given poison, and, if they do not die, the village they represent is cleared. When one dies, it is cut open, and, if anything peculiar is noted, suspicion rests upon the village it comes from.

*May 10th, 1889.* Early this morning Brother Faulkner called me to come at once and kill a snake. I picked up a spear, and ran out, very soon having it pinned to the ground. It was very pretty, about the thickness of a man's

arm. The Ovimbundu call this species "*ombuta*." Having got through our morning's work, I was sitting quietly with one of the boys who was cooking beans at a fire, when he jumped up with a great shout. Looking round to see the cause of his fright, I found

### **The Tail of another Large Snake**

hanging between the ceiling of mats and the wall. I tried to spear it, but failed. It then climbed the rafters up to the top of the house, and I lost sight of it. Going into the next room, which was not ceiled, I caught sight of it again. I called for my gun, and taking steady aim, fired, and it dropped, the ball having passed through its body about three feet from the tail. I fired again, and almost cut it in two halves in the thick part. We then pulled down the mats, and when it fell, still alive, I speared it. It was nine feet long, and a most dangerous looking fellow. Brother Faulkner saw a third one outside, but it got away before I could reach the spot. How good is our God, who preserves us from all danger, from man and beast, from reptile and climate !

*May 22nd, 1889.* Yesterday afternoon some of the natives set fire to the grass on the range of hills where our house is situated. The wind was rather strong, and the sun scorching hot, which caused the fire to spread rapidly. It was with difficulty that we saved our village and camp. Some of the adjoining fields of maize corn were burnt. Fortunately we had already burned the grass for a few yards all round our village, or I am afraid it would have gone hardly with us.

*May 27th*, 1889. I bought a little animal for two charges of powder. In some respects it resembles a rat, but it has long hair and a bushy tail. It is quite tame and follows me about like a dog. As I write this, it is sleeping on my knees.

*May 31st*, 1889. 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 great mercy has granted me health and strength, while others have been laid aside.

*June 7th*, 1889. The chief is down with another sick bout, but this time he seems very weak and helpless. When I arrived I found him with two of his wives, Mahanga and Nakurawa, sitting in the midst of

### **A Mass of Fetish Charms,**

such as I have never seen before. There were gourds, baskets, curious gongs, spears, idols of various shapes and sizes, sundry wires with pieces of human skin stuck on them, etc., etc. In the midst of all these I was requested to come and take a seat by his side. Native beer was then brought, and spurted over the charms, himself, and his wives. He then requested me to take some in my mouth and spurt over them that they might have the white man's blessing, but as these charms represent the spirits of the departed, I refused.

They then brought a goat as an offering to the spirits, and this was laid on the top of a heap of leaves, and its throat cut. Its inwards were then taken out, and carefully examined, the lungs being inflated, etc., but all



being found in perfect order, they seemed very well pleased.

The chief's brother, Likuku, then took some of the blood and sprinkled it on the chief's forehead and breast, and rings were also cut out of the skin and placed on the fingers of the chief's left hand. The ceremony concluded, the goat was cut up and divided, part of it being given to me. In reply to the chief's question, "What do you think of these things?" I said it was all nonsense, for when people die their spirits go to God, and do not return. "Ah," said he, "that is your wisdom, but this is ours."

Strange enough, they make such a great ado with fetishes, yet, whenever he finds himself a little better, he always tells his people that I am the means. Yesterday I took hold of various parts of his body, asking him if he felt any pain, and to-day he declares that God used those touches, and caused him to feel a little better, so that he was able to get a good night's rest.

*Aug. 20th, 1889.* During the last few months I have not enjoyed such nearness to God, nor found such delight in His precious Word, as He would have me. As to the cause I am not altogether ignorant, for on not a few occasions I am conscious of having neglected to obey that word which says: "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you." What little things can break the tender cord of communion with God! We can only abide in fellowship with Him as the Spirit abides ungrieved in us.

*Sept. 22nd, 1889.* Early this morning the chief sent up for a blanket, cup, and plate. I refused to give him

these, as our stock of goods is now very low. I purpose going off again in the direction of the Lufira to get meat, hoping thus to make our meagre stock of cloth spin out until Brother Arnot's arrival. We are a little pinched in the food line just now, not in quantity, but in quality.

### **Beans and Mush Day after Day**

are almost sufficient to turn one's stomach.

*Sept. 27th, 1889.* Left our village early this morning, and about midday reached the village of one of Msidi's executioners, where we decided to remain for the night. The house they gave us was so full of vermin that I preferred to sleep outside. The natives danced and sang until midnight, when I was compelled to make them stop, or there would have been no sleep for me.

*Sept. 28th, 1889.* Reached Mupanda's village. Seeing a gourd of water standing a little way off, I told one of my men to bring it. Mupanda saw him, and was going to beat him for taking water without asking for it. I told Mupanda that if he intended to be so stingy with a little water, we would move further on, and forthwith set off for his elder brother's village a little distance off. They gave me a new unmuddled hut, for which I was thankful, but an unforeseen trouble awaited us here. About midnight I was awakened by insects biting, and on striking a light, found that

### **Army Ants had Invaded my Lodging.**

I called the boys and turned out at once, gladly giving place to these tiny but determined warriors. After light-

ing a large fire, and picking them off my body, head, and blankets, I lay down till sunrise.

*Sept. 29th, 1889.* Started for the Lufira. Came across a herd of buffalo, out of which I bagged five, and wounded one, which was killed in the evening by natives from Mupanda's. One of those I killed was a most dangerous fellow. I wounded him in the shoulder, and then, as he ran off, I followed him to within what I considered a safe distance, placing a second bullet just beneath his eye. I expected him to drop, but, instead of doing so, he made straight for me. As he came on, I hit him again above the nose, but this did not stop him. What was I to do? As there was not the vestige of a tree about, I decided to follow the example of the natives and take to my heels, but instead of running straight forward as they do without looking behind, I ran in a circle and kept my eye on him. He got very close to me, but I could see that his strength was failing, and I gave him the contents of my rifle once more in his head. This brought him to a standstill, and I called for spears, running four into his body. He followed me round and round, thus facing me all the time, but without charging. Before he fell he charged, I should think, three times. I had put seven shots and four spears in his body and head, besides the natives who had speared him two or three times. We spent the whole day in the burning sun cutting up the animals, and at night slept on the open plain, with the hyenas howling fearfully.

*Oct 1st, 1889.* Again started for the Lufira, and arrived directly opposite where my camp was last year.

There was no boat to be found, so someone had to swim across, and go to the village on the opposite side. This a native offered to do, but not until I had paid him 40 red beads, and accompanied him myself.

### **We Passed Two Lions Swimming the River**

to escape a fire.

*Oct. 2nd, 1889.* Went after hippos, and returned to camp very tired. The natives saw five lions at one small lake. The hyenas are howling around us again. Sleeping out in the bush with these denizens of the forest howling around invariably calls to my mind the quiet and peaceful fireside of "Home, sweet Home."

*Oct. 6th, 1889.* Last night I had a slight attack of fever, and, to make things worse, quite a gale of wind arose about midnight, carrying all the grass off my hut, and blowing down three others. On rising this morning I was quite deaf, and had excruciating pains in my head. Decided to return as quickly as possible, and reached Lisubwe about 10 p.m. Here there is no water, and therefore no food.

*Oct. 7th, 1889.* Early this morning the men found about

### **A Pint of Water in a Hole**

they dug last night, and we were thankful for a spoonful or two each. We were on the road again at dawn, resting during the heat of the day, and arriving at our village about 10 p.m., very tired and very deaf.

*Oct. 9th, 1889.* This morning I can scarcely hear a sound. The men have arrived with the meat, quite a



pile, which will prove very valuable to us just now, not only as sauce for our mush, but also to buy other things, as our stock of cloth is just about run out. In spite of my deafness, I was glad to be able to hold a meeting with the children, and praise the Lord for His kindness to them and to me during our separation. Oh, that I could lead them to Christ, that they, with me, might acknowledge His wondrous love !

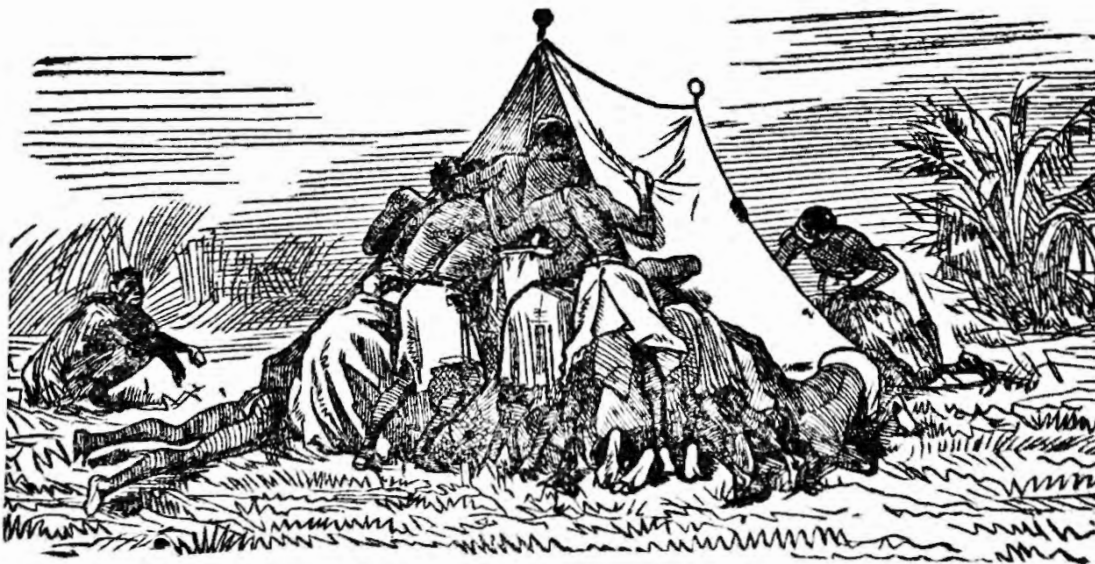
*Oct. 14th, 1889.* Oh, this fearful roaring noise in my ears day and night ! I am at a loss to know what to do, but the Lord will give me grace to bear it patiently. The loss of hearing is hindering me considerably in the children's meetings. When I ask them a question, it is with great difficulty I can understand what they say in reply. To make matters worse, the natives think it unbecoming to speak loudly to a white man, or anyone they judge to be their superior. It is comforting to know that loved ones at home are praying for me.

*Oct. 20th, 1889.* Last night a messenger came to Msidi's to announce the arrival of another caravan, and says they are bringing letters from Brother Arnot. What joy it will give us to hear from him after such a long silence ! My hearing is now fully restored, and the pain has almost entirely left my ears and head.

### **Over Two Years without a Mail.**

*Oct. 22nd, 1889.* Yesterday afternoon a box reached us from Bié, containing our long-looked-for mail. What a treat after so long a silence—*over two years*—to hear once again from dear ones in far-off England. Ere

we opened the letters, Brother Faulkner and I engaged in prayer, and asked the Lord to prepare us for any news, good or bad, which they might contain. We rose from our knees with a feeling that no matter what the tidings, we would be able to say, by the grace of God, "Thy will be done." I sat up till midnight reading. It will be days before we get through such a pile, and months before we finish the papers and pamphlets sent by kind friends at home. We hear that Arnot is at the coast, and is accompanied by a wife (or a lady who is to become his wife), and four young men. He does not say whether they are all coming to the Garenganze. I trust that some will see their way clear to remain and commence a station at Nakandundu, that a line of stations may be quickly formed from Bié to this country.



Inquisitive Natives peering into White Man's Tent.

**"Take, brethren, for an example of suffering and of patience, the prophets who spake in the Name of the Lord" (James 5. 10).**

## CHAPTER V

### In Which Tremendous Changes Take Place

SWAN fully expected to be relieved within a few months of the arrival of reinforcements at the coast. By this time his health was suffering considerably from lack of proper food, and he was subject to severe headaches. A very little effort resulted in his becoming exhausted. The days passed without any news of the approach of the white men, and Swan attributed this to the difficulty in getting carriers.

Msidi was so unreasonable in his treatment of traders, that very few ever penetrated his domain without vowing that they would never return again. He would keep them waiting six or more months to receive payment for their goods, and when they were fortunate to receive it, they had to be content with what he was pleased to give them. Little wonder, thought the lonely pioneer, that the carriers are reluctant to accompany the brethren here, and he forthwith wrote a pressing message to Arnot, saying that the need of men was far more urgent than that of replenishing their supplies, which could

follow on later. "We will never lack a plate of mush and sauce," he added, "so long as our cartridges hold out, and the Lord blesses me with health." He proposed that one or two of the group might press on without troubling to bring any goods other than what were necessary for personal use.

It has been suggested that Swan was a virtual prisoner, a kind of white slave to Msidi. This idea is completely mistaken, though there is no doubt that the chief would have raised serious obstacles had the missionary decided to leave for the coast. The question of leaving temporarily in order to help his fellow-workers with their supposed transit difficulties did occur to Swan, but he put it out of his mind, not from fear of Msidi, but because he would not leave Faulkner alone with no one to care for him. Nor did he feel free to abandon the orphanage, and thus lose the children—to whom he had been a father, and for whose conversion he had prayed and laboured so earnestly.

However, the attempt to communicate with Arnot proved a failure. The men bearing the letters lost their way in the long grass on the second day out, and, after wandering about for some time, discovered a village, where they endeavoured to find shelter for the night. It so happened that an elephant hunter belonging to Msidi's people had passed that way some time before, and had plundered these villagers, who were only too ready to take vengeance on the first Garenganze native they encountered. The messengers pleaded that they were in the white man's employ. "Very well," they were told,

"you may take the letters and your gun, but your food, salt, and cloth, we keep by way of recompense." Going on was out of the question, so the men returned at once, glad to escape with their lives.

Later a report reached the capital that Arnot was expecting Swan to meet him on the road, and the latter considered the possibility of taking Faulkner and the children from the Orphanage along with him. Msidi, however, was very much opposed to this. Some of his arguments were rather ludicrous. "If you were to go away and leave me alone," he expostulated, "I should do nothing but weep! You have saved my life again and again with your medicines, and my people would seize the opportunity to kill me with their fetishes." The matter was laid before the Lord, and it was decided that the right course was to await the arrival of reinforcements. *But a whole year was to pass before they finally arrived.*

Fortunately for his peace of mind, Swan knew nothing of the political storms which were sweeping Bié. It would have added not a little to the physical and moral strain of his position, had he been aware that the natives in that Province were in open rebellion against the Portuguese, and that the kindly treatment vouchsafed to the missionary band had laid them open to suspicion—a suspicion which culminated in a letter to Arnot from the officials at the coast, stating that they were in possession of evidence sufficient to convict him of being in league with Chindunduma, the rebel chief.

It was a good thing he knew nothing of all this, for



his own troubles were beginning to multiply. It was during this third year with Msidi, that the despotic chief's empire, founded on blood and violence, showed its first signs of disruption. His overbearing attitude to the neighbouring peoples, "and his readiness to attack them for any or no reason, led as a natural consequence to reprisals. He was not always successful in meeting tribes which invaded his territories, and soon found that the security of his proud position depended to quite a large extent upon his supplies of ammunition." Dictatorships in the long run are rooted in armaments.

Swan had brought a number of boxes of percussion caps with him, Arnot having suggested that they would be good for trading purposes. They proved of little value, however, and rather than hand them over to the chief for his "wars," Swan used to fire them off now and again to amuse the children. His mind was made up that in no circumstances would he part with a gun, a charge of powder, or a cap, if he knew or surmised that they were to be used for warfare. In spite of his condemnation of bloodshed in every form, which he never failed to express in the most emphatic language, Msidi had the nerve to suggest that "Swan should teach his warriors some of the military wisdom of the white man." He insinuated that by so doing many lives would be saved. "Beautiful employment for a missionary," was Swan's comment, "directing military operations against a people he has insulted and wronged by killing their relatives, and cruelly using their messengers."

On one occasion some of the soldiers were discussing in the chief's presence whether it would be possible to kill the white man, and the chief argued that it could not be done because the missionary did not fear death. They asked to be allowed to try, with the result that Msidi invited some of them within his inner compound. Swan was rather surprised to see them there, and was still more startled when, raising their spears, they suddenly ran at him. It seemed, this time, as if the end had come, but he knew that it would be fatal to show any signs of fear, and a cry went up from his heart to God for courage to meet his attackers calmly. As they approached close to him, although every nerve was tingling, he managed to smile at them as though the whole affair was some kind of joke. They stopped, and the chief exclaimed with delight, "I told you that you couldn't do it."

Swan's journal during this period bears the words, written large on the first page, "PERSEVERANCE OVERCOMES DIFFICULTIES," and if ever a man needed toughness of character it was during those months of waiting for help which delayed so long in arriving. Numbers of captives were brought in by the war parties, mostly women, and these were either retained as slaves, or brutally killed. It was a deep grief to the young pioneer that after three years of constant and faithful witness for Christ, this cruel and wholesale shedding of human blood continued unabated. Apparently the Devil was triumphing. One day a young man, a friend of Arnot's boy Suse, having finished the awful work of executing

a young female slave, was going about showing the blood-stained spear, and boasting of what he had done. The boys from the Orphanage met him and told him that if he delighted in such work as that, he had better keep away from their village, as they would turn him out without ceremony.

The darkest hour is just before the dawn. Swan was deeply distressed. He had just seen two of Msidi's wives speared to death, and it was becoming more than he could bear. From the depths of his soul he cried out : "Oh that the people of God would all unite and pray that this cruel chief's heart might be turned."

A few moments later one of the children ran in saying : "A man with letters!" Sorrow was turned into joy upon opening them, for they brought news that three brethren, Lane, Thompson, and Crawford had reached the Lualaba River in safety. Swan hastened down to tell the chief, and to make arrangements for setting out to meet them on their way. Msidi was greatly pleased, and said : "You will be white at heart now." Swan replied : "I am white at heart because our friends are coming, but black at heart at what you have done in killing your wives." His only response was to smack his lips, and say : "Oh, they have proved a charm to bring the white men."

Swan set out, planning to meet the new workers at a village about twenty miles away. Hardly had he reached the place, however, when a messenger burst in on him with a letter from Faulkner, saying that another Englishman had arrived from the *East Coast*, and the chief was

anxious for his return, as the stranger was firing over the camp. It proved to be Mr. Alfred Sharpe (afterwards Sir Alfred Sharpe), a representative of the British South African Company, whose main object was to arrange treaties with the various chiefs on behalf of the British Government. Sharpe suggested to Swan that the old chief should be got to put his mark on the treaty without his being advised of the terms of it. This, naturally, the missionary refused to do, and the treaty was read over to him in its entirety. Msidi would have none of it. Although the firing over the camp had been explained as done in his honour, his suspicions were aroused, and he made it very clear to Sharpe that, while he was most glad to have missionaries come to his country, he would never give his consent to white traders coming to dig his gold and copper. Little did he guess that the days of his cruel reign were numbered and that thousands of miles away in Europe, some worthy diplomats had already decided that his country should be included within the southern boundary of the Congo Free State.

Four days after the arrival of Sharpe, to the unspeakable joy of the two pioneers, Thompson, Lane, and Crawford reached that lone outpost of the Beloved Strip, now known as Bunkeya. "I find on inquiry," says Swan, "that to-day is the 11th of November, 1890, and not the 9th." They were given an enthusiastic welcome, and lost no time in getting settled in.

They were eager to make a start with definite evangelistic work, but the language difficulty was an all too effective curb to their enthusiasm. They had a long

discussion together as to the lines of future development, and Swan laid before his brethren some conclusions at which he had arrived during the lonely years of isolation. He pointed out to them that the object in view was to get souls converted and instructed by the *quickest possible means*, so that they might carry the Message of Life to their fellows. He therefore questioned the advisability of teaching the natives to read and write in their own language exclusively. "It is my conviction," he said, "that if we taught English in English territory, French in French territory and Portuguese in Portuguese territory, it would be the much quicker way of gaining the ends in view. He supported his propositions with a number of reasons, the chief being :

1st. It would be a great saving of time, for if the missionary could once enable the native to get a moderate knowledge of English, a world of literature would be open to him at once, and the whole Bible ready to put into his hands.

2nd. It would not only save time, but it would save labour, and give the missionary a chance of spending his strength in other ways. Think of the innumerable dialects of Central Africa, and then consider what an incalculable amount of labour must be spent in translation.

3rd. Not only would it save time and labour, but it would be of much greater benefit to the native. If you teach him to read and write his own dialect, he is unable to communicate with any but his own tribe. But teach him English, and he can then communicate with all who speak it.



Another very important factor might have been included among the foregoing reasons. In territories such as Angola, the teaching of Portuguese to the natives would have tended to disarm the suspicions of the authorities. It is probable that the present legislation, designed to exterminate gradually the use of the native tongues, would have been much less drastic had Portuguese already been in common use before it was initiated.

It was therefore decided that Lane should commence at once, and start a school for teaching English. It was also planned to have regular public preaching of the Gospel, the meetings being announced by the firing of two guns, and the hoisting of a flag. The children were sent round the villages, and the missionaries advised the chief and his men. After giving the signal, thirty-six gathered for the first service, and listened attentively. A few weeks later, however, on firing the guns as usual, about fifty armed men rushed into the village. Swan ran to see what had happened, and at first thought that serious trouble was brewing. The chief had forgotten about the meeting, however, and fearing that his white men were being attacked by outlaws, he sent up a party of warriors post haste to defend them.

Nothing would induce Msidi to attend a Gospel meeting, but the newcomers had brought a lantern with them, and one night Swan suggested showing the pictures. They were all illustrations of Biblical subjects, and afforded the missionary an opportunity of speaking very clearly of the danger of rejecting the Son of God. Swan rejoiced in this unique opportunity, though he

mentions that "when I was speaking to Msidi about the 'lake of fire,' he interrupted me more than once by making irrelevant remarks. But he was compelled to hear, for his young men repeated nearly all I said, when in conversation afterwards."

Thompson received a rather serious injury to his eye, and as a party of traders were leaving for Bié, it was decided that he should return there, taking Faulkner with him. They bade farewell to their fellow-workers, and set out on February 17th, 1891.

During the weeks that followed a good deal of tribal fighting took place. Msidi was far from satisfied, being under the impression that Swan had received large stores of powder from Arnot, and would not hand it over. There was a general air of unsettlement. The sense of storm and stress hung heavy over them all, like the oppressive silence which precedes the crash of the tempest. As sheep gathering under the protection of a tree, the natives had been moving in towards the capital for months previously. The missionaries had come to the conclusion that the site which Swan and Faulkner had occupied for over three years, was becoming unsuitable, and had begun building operations nearer to the chief's headquarters, hoping thus to get into closer contact with the people, and generally facilitate the work.

Swan had been out in the forest cutting timber for the new house, and had narrowly escaped death from a falling tree. It swung round unexpectedly, and he just managed to leap up in time as it dropped right on the spot where he had been sitting. On arriving back at the new building

he found Crawford down with fever. They were talking together, when the boys called their attention to a group on the other side of the valley carrying a blue flag. Almost immediately afterwards a runner came up from the chief, saying that messengers had arrived with the news that a white man was approaching. To Swan's astonishment, on reaching Msidi's village, he encountered two natives dressed in blue flannel shirts and shorts, with pouches strapped around their waist. His surprise was even greater when one of them came forward, and said in excellent English : "Good afternoon, sir, I am so glad to find that there are missionaries here." When Swan could recover his equilibrium, he blurted out: "And where have *you* come from ? " The soldier replied that they were from the Congo, and formed the advance guard of a Belgian Government agent and his party. Naturally Swan wanted to know more about the man himself, and particularly whether he were a believer. He said: "Yes, I am," and explained that he had been educated at Lagos, where he had learned English, and had become a member of the Church Missionary Society. His name was Lawson, and after being introduced to Lane and Crawford, they all prayed together. It was the sweetest music to their ears to hear the native Christian soldier quote, as he joined in their intercessions :

"Oh Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:  
Lord, teach us how to pray."

That night Swan waited upon God, that "he might not be unprepared for anything that might happen. The Word given him was : "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

The Caravan which was approaching the capital numbered about 300, including 150 soldiers, and was commanded by Lieut. Le Marinel. Their object was to take over the country in the name of the King of the Belgians. The position of the missionaries was a very delicate one, and Swan lost no time in sending a letter to the Belgian Commander pointing out that they would take a strictly neutral position should trouble arise. They were ready to do all they could towards a peaceful understanding, though that very desirable conclusion was one that they could hardly expect to achieve.

Lieut. Le Marinel replied in a conciliatory tone, and asked Swan to explain to Msidi that they were coming as friends, with the intention of opening up a new trading channel for him.

Swan was very apprehensive, however, of the way the chief would react, once he came to understand that the country was no longer under his sovereign control. For the moment he did not seem very perturbed, the result of his divinations having been to his satisfaction.

On the day that the Belgians arrived, April 18th, 1891, Swan had another narrow escape from death. At Msidi's request he had been to greet the Commander and his fellow-officers, and had barely left them, when he heard a tremendous explosion. Looking back, he could see that the house in which they stored their goods was com-

pletely wrecked and in flames. With a shout to the boys who had accompanied him, he dashed back at top speed. Crash after crash shook the place, and it was evident that whole barrels of powder were exploding. A terrible sight awaited them. Dead and dying men were lying where they had been flung bodily, and others were groaning and writhing with the awful burns they had received. The Commander's riding ox was on its back, kicking in agony in the midst of the debris. Lieut. Le Marinel had escaped, for he had moved away from the danger zone on bidding farewell to Swan. Had they remained conversing for another five minutes they would both have been killed, for they were standing in front of the very house which was blown to bits.

Swan helped to rescue the wounded, which was rather a dangerous job, owing to the continual popping of live cartridges. Twenty-one were in a serious condition, and, during the days that followed, he endeavoured to minister to their physical and spiritual needs. One man, very much burned, whispered through swollen lips, "If I go, good. If I remain, good. I have only God—one God ! "

Negotiations with Msidi, though difficult, were not so trying as at first anticipated. Swan persuaded him, finally, to allow the Belgians to build a station on the banks of the Lufoi River, across the Lufira. Lieut. Le Marinel was extremely grateful for such timely help, and offered the services of his carriers to Swan, who had mentioned his desire to return to England. He did not fail to give the



missionary credit for his great tact in handling Msidi, and thus avoiding much bloodshed.

The Kingdom of God is seemingly lacking at times in diplomats, probably because it is difficult to combine spiritual gifts with a shrewd handling of affairs. But, early in his career, Charles Albert Swan gave ample evidence of that poise of character which is the essential quality of the true statesman.

News of the occurrence reached the King of the Belgians, who, later, when Swan had reached England, expressed a desire to see him. King Leopold was anxious to learn more at first hand concerning the resources of the country, and seemed to appreciate the missionary's frankness. Thus a good foundation was laid to an understanding by the State of the scope of the Christian task.

When Swan told the chief of his intention to leave with Lieut. Le Marinel, the news did not come as a surprise. Even so, Msidi did all he could to hinder the preparations for the journey out. Swan had to go down to him, and tell him that this time there could be no more postponements. Holding out his hands to the chief, he said : "If you want to stop me, tell your men to come and bind me with a rope." The poor old man did not know what to say. There were only two men he had ever trusted. They were Arnot and Swan. When the moment came to say farewell, the proud despot turned to his counsellor and friend, and pleaded : "If you leave me now, the white men will kill me." The shadow of his tragic end was already upon him. The love of Christ

displayed through three and a half years in the patient testimony of His young servant had softened his wicked hard heart. Yet not enough to melt him to repentance and faith. And so they said their last "good-bye."

The eve of departure was spent in a season of prayer and praise. Before leaving, Swan gathered a number of the natives together. "I gave them a few parting words," he writes in his journal, "and pressed upon them the necessity of accepting the Lord Jesus as their only Saviour without delay. As I called them one by one to come and shake hands the tears were plainly visible in their eyes. We three brethren, Lane, Crawford, and myself, were compelled to leave the room, and weep before the Lord, as we committed them into His hands. It was with difficulty that we brethren, in this far off corner of the earth, were able to sing, "God be with you till we meet again.' "

. . . . .

Forty years later he returned. Many and many a time he had been back again in his dreams. He had scarcely dared hope that he would ever see the spot once more, but God gave him his desire ere the Home-call came.

Standing at the place where, in suffering and peril and tears, he had laid the foundation of a work of God, the memories of those unforgettable and historic days filled his heart with deep gratitude to the Lord that his labours had not been in vain.

At the close of the day he made this entry in his journal: "It would be difficult to give any true idea of my feelings, but I am deeply moved by the recollection

of this spot as it was long years ago. Now it has a comparatively small population, but many who know, love, and serve the Lord Jesus. There are 1000 professing Christians in the district, 100 of whom are baptised believers. 55 out-schools have been established, each with its respective teacher."

Swan discovered an old man who distinctly remembered him, and together they visited the site of Msidi's death. The old fellow, whose name was Katereka, gave a graphic description of the final tragic scene. He was on the spot shortly after the struggle took place, and before the body was removed, so that his version of the story is likely to be accurate.

The stones of the verandah where Msidi sat are still clearly visible. An expedition commanded by a Captain Stairs had been sent to establish official relations with the old chief, whose attitude was far from conciliatory. An advance party led by Lieut. Bodson entered the village with some soldiers, and announced that he had come to take Msidi to the Captain's camp in order that they might make a blood friendship. Msidi said he would not go until he had gathered some of his sub-chiefs, that they might be present at the ceremony, but Lieut. Bodson pressed him to go at once. Msidi again requested that the visit be delayed till he could be suitably accompanied, but Lieut. Bodson insisted that Msidi should go at once. Msidi said: "This is not like going to see a friend; it is more like war than friendship." Then began a hot argument, and Msidi said, "You are not men; I know that you want to kill me, so you had

better do it here and now," and he spat on the ground to show his determination to stand by his word.

Probably Lieut. Bodson took this as an attempt to spit at him, for he walked up to the verandah, and holding one of the verandah poles with his left hand, drew his revolver with his right, and shot Msidi through the breast. The chief got up and staggered into the house, where he fell dead immediately. Masuka, one of his body-guard, whom Swan knew well, was standing at one of the windows of the house. He fired, and shot Lieut. Bodson, who fell instantly. The soldiers who had remained outside, now ran in, and Masuka, having reloaded his gun, dashed forward to meet them, saying : "I'll kill as many as I can before they kill me." He shot two soldiers before he himself dropped dead. Msidi was now dragged out by the legs, as he had many a time ordered others to be dragged. Capt. Stairs ordered the chief's body to be decapitated, and the head was sent to Europe.



**“The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life ; and he that is wise winneth souls” (Prov. 11. 30).**

## CHAPTER VI

### It Is a Long Lane that has No Turning

SWAN had heard a good deal of the dense population of the country to the North of the Garenganze, and was overjoyed at the opportunity given him to accompany Commander Le Marinel on his journey through this hitherto unexplored region, now known as Lubaland.

He was tremendously impressed with the possibilities of the Lualaba River as a suitable centre of future missionary work, and says : “How gladly would I stop and settle in this district, but I trust that my visit home may lead some young men to devote themselves to these parts.” (It was not until twenty years later, in 1911, that Mr. Zentler went to Mulongo’s and opened work.)

Here was no jaded and disappointed worker, anxious to be quit of the black man and his savagery, and seeking only a well-earned respite amidst the comforts of civilisation. As he travelled from tribe to tribe, some scattering in terror, others bowing down and touching the ground with their foreheads, and yet others friendly and hospitable, he exclaims : “*The desire to spend my life amongst*



*the Africans increases the more I see and know of them."*

Having embarked at Matadi, he made a safe voyage to England, where he arrived on February 3rd, 1892, after six years' absence from his native land.

He utilised the opportunity afforded by

### **His First Furlough**

to prepare a manual on the Luba language, and to tell from his own rich experience the moving story of Africa's need. But the great event of this period of recuperation was his marriage to Miss Mary H. Davies, of Bristol, on September 14th, 1892. Three years previously she had been a member of the famous group of twelve, fruit of Arnot's Macedonian cry, going forth to the dark and evil recesses of an unknown Continent under the compelling urge of the call of God. She travelled out in company with the second party, whose tragic story has been told elsewhere. Death and disaster laid a heavy hand upon them. One of their number, Mr. Thos. Morris, was a London business man who had laid aside material prosperity and a flourishing mission work which he conducted in one of the suburbs, in order to share in this great venture. He fell sick soon after beginning the long trek inland, and while still weak with fever, his tent caught fire from a shower of sparks which blew over from a burning shed. The excitement proved too much for him; he had a relapse, and passed away, leaving his broken-hearted widow with the care of four children. It was decided that she should return to England, and that Miss Davies should accompany her.

These casualties produced a deep impression upon those in the homeland who were following the fortunes of the little band with eager sympathy and prayer. But it did not deter fresh recruits from filling up the gaps in the ranks. Seven others followed within two years, and each succeeding year saw fresh additions to the number of workers in this field. In ten years no less than

**57 Servants of Christ had Entered the  
"Beloved Strip."**

The line of advance stretched for over 1500 miles to the great lakes of the interior. The idea which dominated the minds of most of the newcomers was to push in as far as possible. But the importance of maintaining contact with one another soon became very apparent. Communications, supplies, and medical help were items of no small significance in this task of penetrating what was practically an unexplored region, though their value was often only appreciated when they failed. Experience is a great teacher, and the Lord helped them to endure and to overcome, though the difficulties were legion.

When in the Garenganze, Swan had doubted the wisdom of establishing stations in Bié, only three or four hundred miles from the coast, having in consideration the fact that the American Board of Missions were already occupying several points in that district. He thought it would be better to appoint an agent down at one of the ports to deal with transit. He soon came to see, however, the importance of

### **Establishing a "First Stage" Position**

on the long narrow trail which constituted the highway into the interior. He and Mrs. Swan left England shortly after their marriage, and joined the brethren in Bié, at their temporary head-quarters at Kwanjulula.

Kwanjululu was like a nest of eaglets, and most of its occupants were getting rather restless, wanting to stretch their wings. They had kept together for the sake of mutual help and language study, though their progress in the latter was not so rapid as it might have been, the temptation to talk English to one another being overwhelming.

Shortly after the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Swan, a Conference was held at which Dr. Fisher, Fred. Lane, D. T. Smith, Jos. Lynn, J. Murrain, Dugald Campbell, and others were present. A discussion was opened by Fred. Lane on "Should Fresh Stations be Opened, or Should the Present be Strengthened?" There was no doubt as to what were the convictions of the majority on this subject. The work had entered upon its second stage—

### **That of Organised Advance**

—the walls of Jericho had not yet fallen, and were not likely to do so until the host marched forward.

Swan himself was held by a vision of the Lualaba country, which he had explored on his way out from Msidi's kingdom. It tugged at his heart, and he longed to be off, as did most of the others, but his Master's orders were very definitely to wait. The unsuitability of Kwanjulula was apparent, for the natives had begun

to move away to other parts. This was due to the Portuguese authorities having built their fort comparatively near to the station, and the whole district was suffering from the overbearing conduct of the soldiers, who bullied and thieved pretty much as they pleased. "Where the people go, we must seek to follow," said Swan, and forthwith he set about exploring several adjacent regions, which seemed to offer possibilities for development.

He and Mrs. Swan made a reconnaissance up the Quanza River, and found many villages, but a somewhat scattered population. One of the chiefs named Lingonyi gave them quite a cordial reception. On reaching his village, they were about to pitch their tent under some shady trees, on which they noticed were tied sundry pieces of cloth and red blanket, when he sent down a message to say they had unfortunately chosen the spot where he worshipped the spirits! About 200 gathered afterwards and gave good attention to the Gospel message. Swan estimated that there were

### **1000 People within a Radius of Five Miles,**

but did not consider this a large enough number to induce him to come and settle. The outlying villages were not easy to reach, and he had just returned from visiting them, drenched to the skin in a storm of rain, when a messenger ran in with letters from Kwanjulula. Among them was one from Dr. Fisher, telling of the death of his cousin, Joseph Lynn, due to a bite received from a mad dog, which he had tried to strangle, as it invaded the

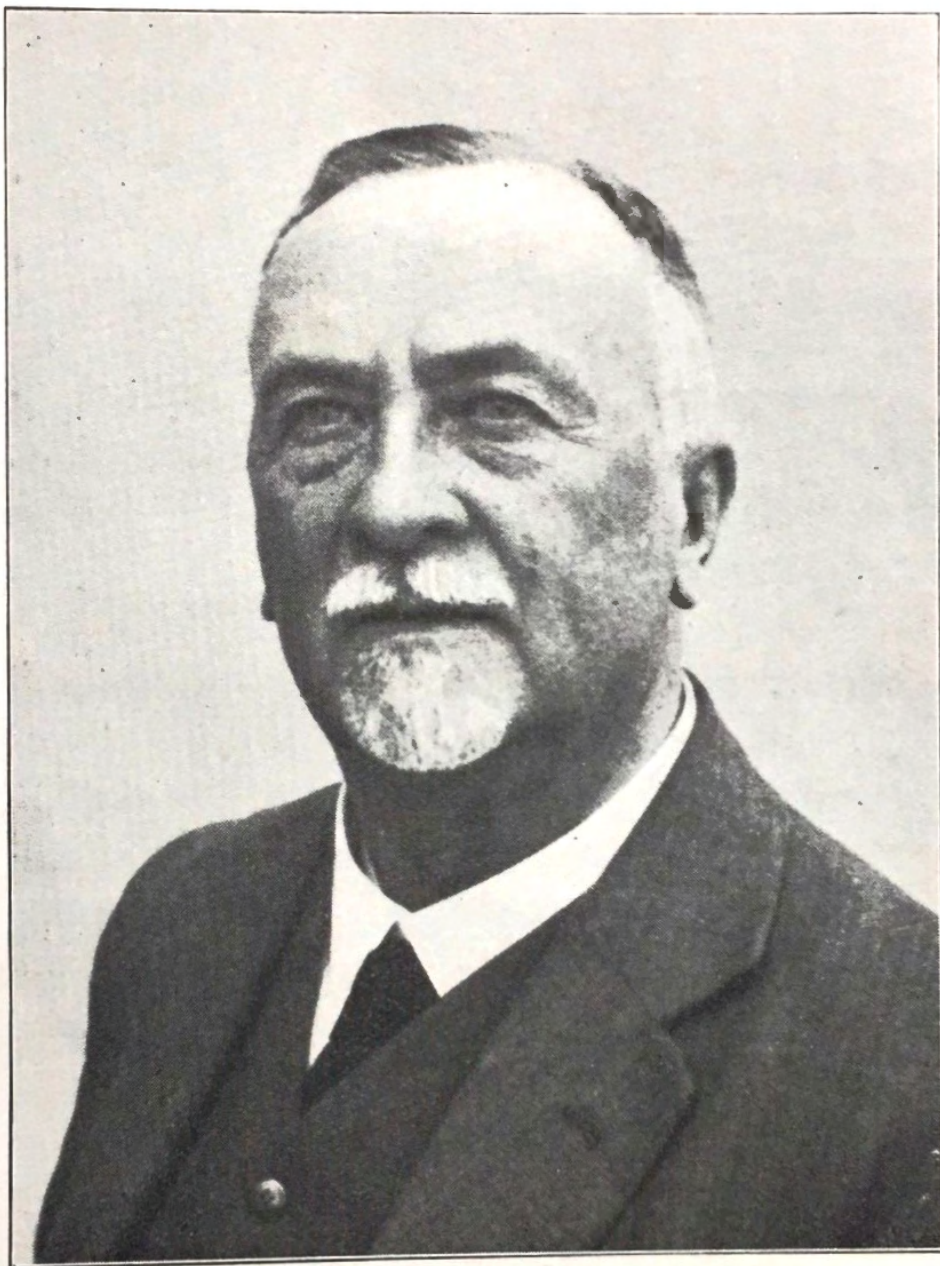
village. He had been the storekeeper of the party, duties which were now taken over by Fred. Lane. Dr. Fisher added : "Miss Clark also passed away yesterday morning." Death was never far away from that noble advance guard, and the wonder is not that so many were taken, but rather, in view of the conditions, that the majority survived.

They hastened back, but on reaching the Vikolo Ferry their carriers refused to cross the Quanza, and deserted them, throwing down their loads. Fortunately Swan had taken his mule with him, and was able to push on to the village of Cinyama, who had been his head man when he went in to the Garenganze. It was a rough journey, as will appear from the following entry in his journal:

"I followed the course of the Quanza for about four hours as swiftly as my mule could carry me, and then reached the Nkunji River, which is of considerable width at that point. Near its junction with the Quanza I could not cross with the mule, so having made it secure, I managed to get across in a cockle-shell of a boat, and walked to Cinyama's village. The people all knew me, and gave me a very enthusiastic reception. Cinyama, however, and most of his young men had gone off to Bié, and only two and a boy remained. These readily consented to accompany me." They reached a village called Ombala, tired out, and promised to come on next day to the Vikolo Ferry, where Mrs. Swan was guarding the loads. Mr. Swan resolved to try and push on and reach her that night. The moon, however, was so over-



"OUR HERO."

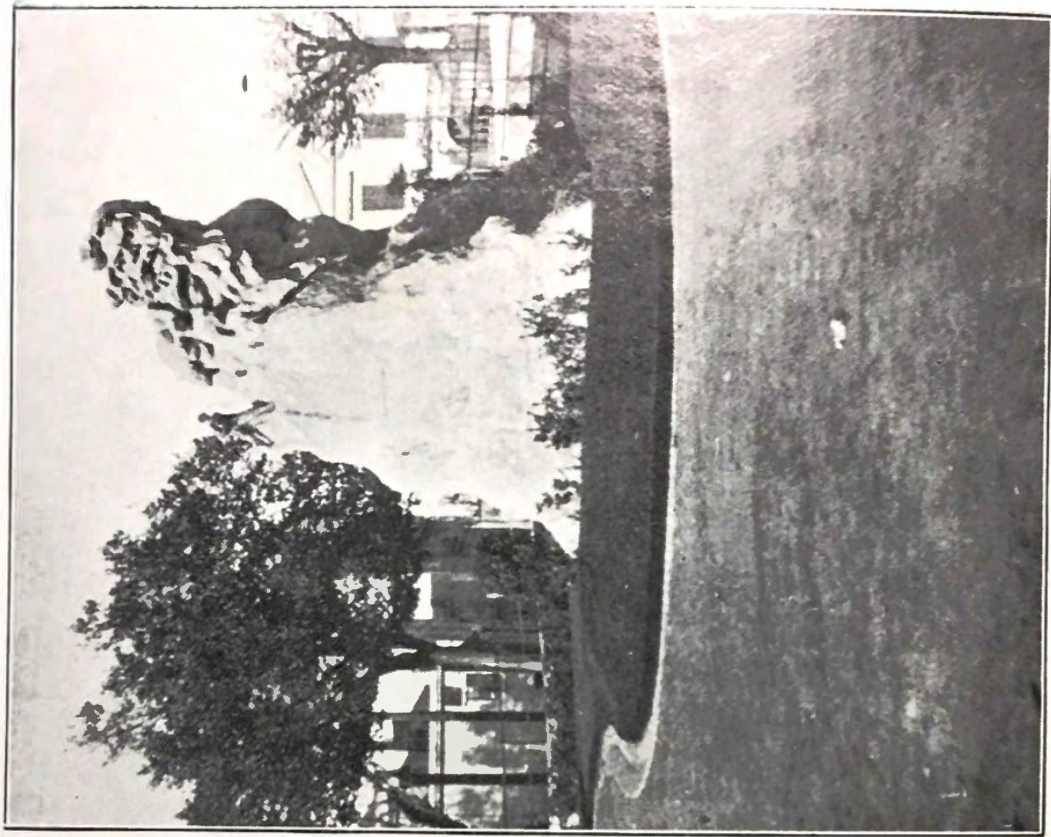


MR. CHARLES A. SWAN,  
PIONEER IN GARENGANZE AND PORTUGAL.





FALLS, KOHEMBI. A SCENE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



HALL AT LISBON; SHOWN BEHIND THE MONUMENT.

shadowed with clouds that he had great difficulty in finding the way.

He continues the story : "Many times I had to get down and feel for the prints of the mule's hoofs to know that I was on the right road. On I stumbled through bogs and streams until about 8 p.m., when I heard voices, which came from a little village.

**"The Inhabitants were all Drunk,**

but a few offered to guide their strange visitor to the next village, where others helped me along a little way. After this manner I reached the Vimbowe stream, into which the mule plunged, but out of which it failed to extricate itself ; at least on the side that I wished. So I was compelled to return some distance and ask the drunken natives for a house. Not one was forthcoming, so I entered an unmuddled one, and, begging a fire, lay down to spend the night in my damp clothes. It reminded me of many a rough night I had spent on the road in the Garenganze. The next morning at five I started again and reached the Vikolo Ferry about seven, where Mrs. Swan was anxiously awaiting me."

A few days later, in company with Dr. Fisher, he was busy spying out the land in another direction. Their visit to two clusters of villages, about eight or nine miles from Kwanjulula, led Swan to decide to build a hut in one of them, known as Chilonda. "We will probably stay there," he says, "till replies to our letters home reach us." He little knew then that this was to be the

centre of his many years of subsequent service for Christ in Africa.

On April 6th, 1893, he and Mrs. Swan moved over and occupied a hut built for them by the natives. They commenced meetings at once, and began erecting two native houses. He writes : "We are somewhat disappointed in finding that goats and fowls are very scarce round this district. They ask four yards each for the latter, and 16 to 24 yards for the former. When one considers that in the Garenganze fowls were bought at the rate of 4, 5, or 6 for two yards, and goats at 4 to 6 yards each, it is evident that there is a great difference in living here and living there."

The head-men of the district did not take too kindly to all these innovations, and for some time did all they could to prevent the folks in the villages from attending the meetings. However, one Sunday, quite spontaneously,

**A Party of Thirty of Them Turned Up,**  
and requested that they might hear the "Words of Jesus." The Lord gave signal help in the preaching, and at the close several exclaimed : "Are these the words we were afraid to listen to? Why, we have heard nothing but good." The result of that gathering was to strengthen a deep conviction in the missionary's soul that God had a work for him to do in that place. He longed to see some definite result from the testimony. Six months had passed since their arrival. Out of all the thousands who had already heard the news of salvation, not one had as yet turned to Christ.



The young man Dick, Arnot's son in the faith, was a great comfort and help to them all, and Swan had been deeply impressed with his testimony at Kwanjulula. He recounts an occasion when Dick rose to speak after the "breaking of bread." It was the climax of a conference which had been a time of heart-searching such as the brethren had never before experienced in Africa. Swan interpreted, for the benefit of those who did not understand Umbundu, but he had great difficulty in not breaking down completely, and some of his listeners were in tears.

With tremendous earnestness and spiritual power Dick laid bare his soul before them, and at the same time gave utterance to what was pressing upon the hearts of them all.

**"A long time ago,"**

he said, "when I was in my own country, I followed the leadings of my natural inclinations, living in sin, and knowing nothing of the Word of God. But the day came when I heard His Word, and I greatly rejoiced to know that Jesus died for my sins. Here this morning it causes me much sorrow to know that I am a great sinner, yet I am redeemed by the Blood. Again, it makes me weep to think that though the followers of Jesus have been here so long teaching the Word of God, yet out of so many, I am the only one that is able to come here and remember the Lord Jesus at His table."

That there were no conversions was, unquestionably, a matter for deepest exercise. Some of the workers had been in the country for over three years, and, notwith-



standing their continual pleading with God, and untiring Gospel testimony, no sign of changing lives and broken chains of sin had yet been given them. When a man has been accustomed to sow the seed in cultivated fields, he is often taken aback at the length of time needed to clear the jungle lands of heathendom for the Seed of the Kingdom. As years go by, and no fruit is seen, he finds it increasingly necessary to lay hold upon the unfailing promises of God, lest he should admit the paralysing thought that the people are no better than animals, and incapable of responding to the Gospel.

In Bié, however,

### **The Long Trial of Faith and Patience**

was almost at an end, and ten months after Mr. and Mrs. Swan had initiated their work at Chilonda, they had the joy of baptising their first convert. It was the Lord's doing, and marvellous in their eyes. Sanji, the young man on whom the hand of Redeeming Love was laid, had been one of the caravan which accompanied Arnot when he went inland to establish work in the Lovale country with Bird, Schindler, and Miss Gilchrist. Smallpox broke out on their arrival, and as Sanji lay in an isolation camp at Na-Kandundu (Cavungu), the kindness of the white folk made a deep impression upon him. On recovering, the natives were reminded of the goodness of God in raising them up again, and he never forgot some conversations which Miss Gilchrist had with him, and her earnestness in seeking to win him for Christ. It was at that time that he became convinced of

the folly of charms and fetishes, and forthwith stripped his body and neck of them all. Returning to Bié, he obtained employment with the missionaries, much against the advice of his family, who were anxious that he should get away to the coast, out of the reach of

**"The Words which Cause Fear."**

His elder brother wanted to know why he would not leave. What was it he coveted? Was it the white man's cloth? Then, throwing down a bale of cloth, "If it is cloth you want, help yourself out of that." Sanji stood firm, and replied boldly: "No, I love the Ovindele, and the words they teach me."

Dick brought him over to Chilonda one day, and Swan engaged him for work about the station. It was evident from his delight in the Word of God, and his readiness to convince others of the truths he had learned, that a work of grace had been wrought in his soul, but he was not pressed to a premature confession of faith. Spontaneously he came forward, a red-letter day in the history of the Gospel in Bié, and asked to be baptised. "I have accepted the words of Jesus," he declared, "and I cannot return to my evil ways, or believe in our diviners, for they never could tell us where we would go when we die. I want to stay with you, and go where you go, but even if I return to our village, I cannot change again, for the words of God are in my heart."

The day was fixed for the baptism, and shortly after noon, the little group of pioneers made their way to the river, singing as they went for very joy, and accom-

panied by about 150 people, who had come to witness the first baptism in those parts.

Two months later, encouraged by Sanji's happy and glowing witness for his Lord, no less than six of the natives at Chilonda professed to be saved, and five gave public testimony before strangers. Swan comments that "this comes as a great rebuke to our doubts and fears, for though we have long and earnestly prayed that the Lord would bring this about, we were not a little surprised when it happened."

"Thy children shall be like olive plants round about thy table," says the Psalmist. And now, in addition to these sons in the faith, there came the added joy of a bright and thriving baby boy, to whom the name of Reginald was given. When he reached the age of 10½ months, however, the shadow of

### **Their First Great Sorrow**

fell upon the young pioneer couple, for the little one, their first-born, was taken.

"How shall I tell of what happened to-day?" writes the stricken father. "Our hearts are ready to break with sorrow, for the Lord has taken dear, bright little Reggie to be with Himself. . . . As we, with full hearts sat over him, Mrs. Swan holding one cold little hand and I the other, he opened his eyes wide, . . . they were lit up with a light not of earth, and smiling, his spirit passed into the presence of His Saviour."

In this time of their sorrow, Sanji was a comfort and consolation to the bereaved missionaries. Before the

funeral, he asked that he might take hold of the tiny hands, and doing so, he called upon all present to believe in Jesus and follow Him in joy or in sorrow. He said: "We cannot help weeping for Lwegie—Reggie—knowing that we shall no longer see him laughing in our midst, but we must not forget that death causes no fear to the hearts of the followers of Jesus." After the burial, the dear fellow suggested that the little cot should be moved at once from the room—"Sanga ondonga okakopa loku uvanja" ("Lest the *ondonga* should become thin with looking at it.").

Sanji's help in preaching also became increasingly valuable, and Swan decided that they should both commence a systematic evangelisation of every village in the district, and also those in the neighbouring regions of Okasolio, so that even the smallest group of huts should hear the message of salvation. A class was formed for converts, at which Sanji would bring up practical difficulties in his life and theirs. On one occasion he came very much disturbed in mind as to whether he had done right in refusing to eat meat brought to him by his relatives, and which he knew had been sacrificed to the spirits. He was amazed to find that the Bible dealt explicitly with such a question.

As time went on, the young man developed in grace and gift, and shared in the work of evangelisation with the missionaries. His influence among the other natives was one of the vital factors in the success of the work, and this he maintained at no small cost to himself, for he consistently refused financial help, lest he should be

thought to be preaching merely for the white man's pay. One day the mail brought an offer from Scotland of a regular stipend, if he would devote his whole time to the work of an evangelist. Swan and Lane appreciated his clear-cut refusal of the tempting suggestion, but they felt that, as he was bearing a good share of the burden of the ministry, they were justified in helping him as far as possible. Accordingly they gave him a present of

### **Sixteen Yards of Calico**

with which to clothe his family. Sanji was not at all happy about accepting it, and asked time to think it over, promising to let his brethren know on the morrow. As he was coming home, he shot an antelope, which, when cut up and sold, brought in exactly the value of sixteen yards of calico. This, to him, was a decisive answer from the Lord, and without any hesitation he returned the gift, 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."

It is not surprising, in these circumstances, that Sanji made remarkable development in gift and grace. Christ-likeness in a native convert is the best of all testimonials to the power of the Gospel, and Swan's task at Chilonda was made immeasurably easier by the splendid testimony of this young man, the firstfruits of his labours there.

The following account, given by Arnot, is worth repeating.

### **The Story of Sanji.**

Sanji suffered severe persecution from his relatives, who left him one day in the veldt, bruised and bleeding.



He was brought to the Mission Station for treatment, and, after remaining there for some time, appeared one morning with his kit packed and ready for the road. He said that a fable of their own had spoken to him in the night time. He was ready to preach the Gospel to those who had ill-treated him.

During a year of drought—so ran the story—when all the rivers and springs dried up, the animals came together to hold a conference to decide as to what they should do. The major animals stood in a great circle and solemnly declared that they could do nothing, so they must all die. At this, a humble tortoise, who had slowly crawled into the ring, croaked out that they need not die; he knew where to find water. On hearing this, the leopard attacked the tortoise fiercely, finally throwing him far outside the conference ring. But the tortoise rose, and crawled back to the circle, repeating,

**"I know where there is water."**

It was now the elephant's turn to show his indignation against the tortoise for daring to lift up his voice in such an august assembly, and he trod on the tortoise, but the sand was soft and his shell hard, and when the elephant had moved away, the tortoise rose and returned to the great assembly, croaking out the same message. This time a thirsty antelope lowered his head, and huskily pleaded with the tortoise to lead him to the water. So off the two started, and there in an underground cavern, the antelope drank, and bounded back to call all the other animals.

"Now," said Sanji quietly, "my friends may treat me as they like, but I must go back to them, for *I know where there is water.*"

### Swan Develops Spleen Trouble.

In the Spring of 1897 Swan began to suffer from spleen trouble, which rapidly grew worse, the doctor of the American Mission urging him to return home for treatment. Then came news from Kavungu that Mrs. Bird had been dangerously ill, and it was imperative that she should leave Africa as soon as she was strong enough to travel. The Swans therefore decided to accompany her to England.



Lady Missionaries and little Natives.

**"What man is he that feareth the Lord? Him shall He instruct in the way that He shall choose. His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the land" (Psa. 25. 12 and 13).**

## CHAPTER VII

### Not a very pleasant Chapter and can therefore be Skipped

SWAN was no weakling in any sense of the word. And there is nothing a strong man dislikes more than to be forced to admit a physical infirmity. Nowadays war is being very successfully waged with those microscopic enemies of the human frame, whose teeming billions make their home in the various tropical regions of the earth. But in the early days of African missionary enterprise one was fortunate to escape death, and even so, it was a rare thing not to break down in some fashion or other. Nerves were strained to snapping point, and one of the organs which was often hard hit was the spleen. This latter was Swan's chief trouble. When first he consulted one of the American doctors in Bié, the good man was so deeply concerned that he urged him to leave the country, and to give up all idea of returning.

One day, when in England, Swan met Henry Maxwell Wright, who was a veritable apostle of the Kingdom of

God in Portugal, mighty in word and deed, and the founder of the work in the Azores. It was a disturbing interview, for it did not seem possible that service for Christ in Africa was at an end, and yet here was a definite call to consider the needs of the neglected Portuguese lands. The doctor, too, was not at all encouraging about the possibility of returning to Bié. Finally

### Swan Decided to Go to Portugal

with his wife and family, and there, while learning the Portuguese language, to wait upon God for further guidance. His health improved rapidly, and on a certain famous occasion he astonished all his friends by swimming across the River Tagus, a distance of four miles, against strong currents.

During this long stay in Lisbon, Mrs. Swan gave birth to a little boy, and the responsibilities of a growing family also added to the perplexities of the situation. The following words appear in his journal: "May the Lord grant us much wisdom, and guide us very definitely with reference to Africa."

Meanwhile, important developments were taking place in the "Beloved Strip." In the year 1898, during which Swan was in England, a record number of workers set forth to the help of their brethren, five of whom went to Bié. Twelve years had passed since Swan had sailed in search of Arnot, and the roots of the great missionary undertaking had now become firmly set. There remained much land to be possessed, but centres of evangelisation had been securely established, and the

first Central African Assemblies had been formed.

Another radical change was also taking place. The government of the various tribes was being wrested from the native chiefs, and the officials of the respective European nations were beginning to exercise their authority.

### **British Colonial Policy in Africa**

has been to retain native custom and usage as far as possible, and to win the loyalty of the chiefs. The Portuguese, on the other hand, have sought to "nationalise" the native, eliminating his language and laws. This led to serious repressions and exactions which introduced very complicated problems into the missionary situation in general.

It was a critical period for the black races in Central Africa, and the adjustment of relations between the dominating white and the dominated Bantu placed the messenger of life and liberty in a very difficult position. The young and inexperienced workers, who were now entering the field in comparatively large numbers, had one object in view—to sow the seed upon the virgin soil—and, to them, the white men, whether traders or Government officials, seemed to be just a thicket of thorns whose growth threatened the fruition of the Gospel. The presence of senior missionaries, who could keep a steady hand on the helm, was invaluable.

In Lisbon there was a coming and going of folk to and from Africa, and almost every boat brought home-bound friends, whose news of events made the Swans long to



be in the thick of the struggle. Some of the homely details in the letters they received also helped to augment their longings to return, as when Fred Lane wrote to say that the walls of their house were cracking rather badly, owing to the invasion of white ants.

They attended a watch-night service as the day of the nineteenth century closed, and with the dawning of the New Year there came the message : "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." As Swan saw it that night, the words were applicable not only to one's substance, but to the giving of one's labour and life. "If we serve Him according to the gifts we possess," he said, "He will expect no more, but

### **He Does Expect that Much."**

It is not surprising that April 1st, 1900 saw them all on board the *Angola*, en route for Benguella. The railway had not yet been constructed to ease the journey inland, and though the narrow caravan route to the uplands was familiar enough, the taking of a family of young children on the long, trying trek to Bié was no small responsibility. They were accompanied by two missionary friends. The following record speaks for itself :

*May 12th.* Volosinja. Very hard day. Mr. L. with temperature of 105 degrees.

*13th.* Ocikukulu.

*14th.* Ocisanje. I had fever. Gordon had fever, and three attacks of convulsions.

15th. Still in camp. Gordon had another attack of convulsions. All except Horace had fever at night.

16th. No move. Miss A., Mrs. Swan and I had fever. Gordon got a very high temperature, but no fits.

17th. Moved to Snr. Gragas.

18th. Kolombinga. I had another obstinate fever. Gordon was better all day, but had a temp. at night.

19th. Komanda. Mrs. Swan, Horace, and Gordon had fever. I went down in the evening.

20th. Very short march to Armena. Horace and Miss A. down with fever. Met Ndumbu with 26 men going for loads. Sanji had meeting. My temperature went up at night. Last night we had a good time of united prayer.

21st. Near Bailombo. Miss A., Horace, and baby had fever. Horace quite ill.

22nd. Honjo's. Mr. L., Gordon, Baby, and Miss A. had fever.

23rd. Elongo. Mr. L., Miss A., and Baby had fever.

24th. Vusoke. Mr. L., Miss A., fever. Baby also.

25th. Omona Ombami. Mr. L., Miss A., and Baby, fever.

26th. Vongayawa. Mr. L. fever.

27th. Ohumbi Yasasa. Miss A. not only fever, but serious stomach trouble, and she cannot take any solid food. Mr. L. slight temp.

28th. Wanina. My poor mare has been failing for some time past. When near camp she whinnied and looked round for her foal, as much as to say "Good-bye," then trembling throughout her entire body,

**She lay down, and soon afterwards died.**

I have thus lost one of the quietest and most valuable animals that I have seen in Africa. Miss A. fever.

29th. Utalamo. Miss A. fever and very weak.

30th. Bailundu (American Mission Station). Received usual kindness from friends here.

A few months after his arrival Swan spent some eight weeks exploring the possibilities of a shorter route for wagons, with a view to greater facility in obtaining supplies. It enabled him to see something of districts that had not yet been reached with the Gospel. He was amazed to find, however, that the population had shrunk to an extraordinary extent, and in consequence over many tracts of the journey he had no small difficulty in obtaining food. On his return he found it difficult to shake off the impression created in his mind by the memory of the deserted villages he encountered everywhere. He says: "All along the roads the natives have been driven away, and it is very difficult to buy food. On asking the reason, one always gets the same answer: 'The white man and his soldiers have driven the people away.' The whites bring their accursed rum, drunkenness and crime follow, soldiers come to punish, and the people flee."

The only remedy for these tragic evils was to push on with the work of evangelisation, so that those who were being so

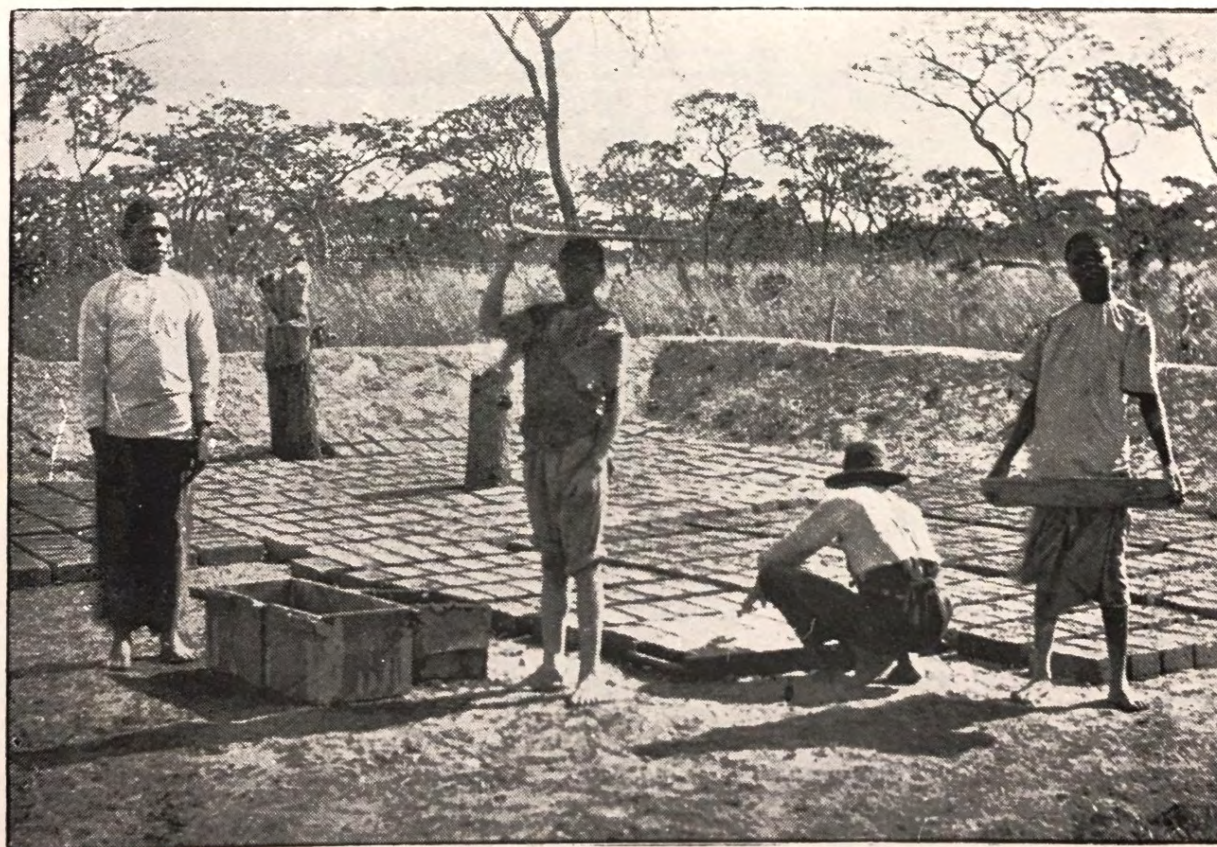
### **Shamelessly Exploited**

might find not only their soul's salvation, but the true source of spiritual strength and moral fibre. At the same



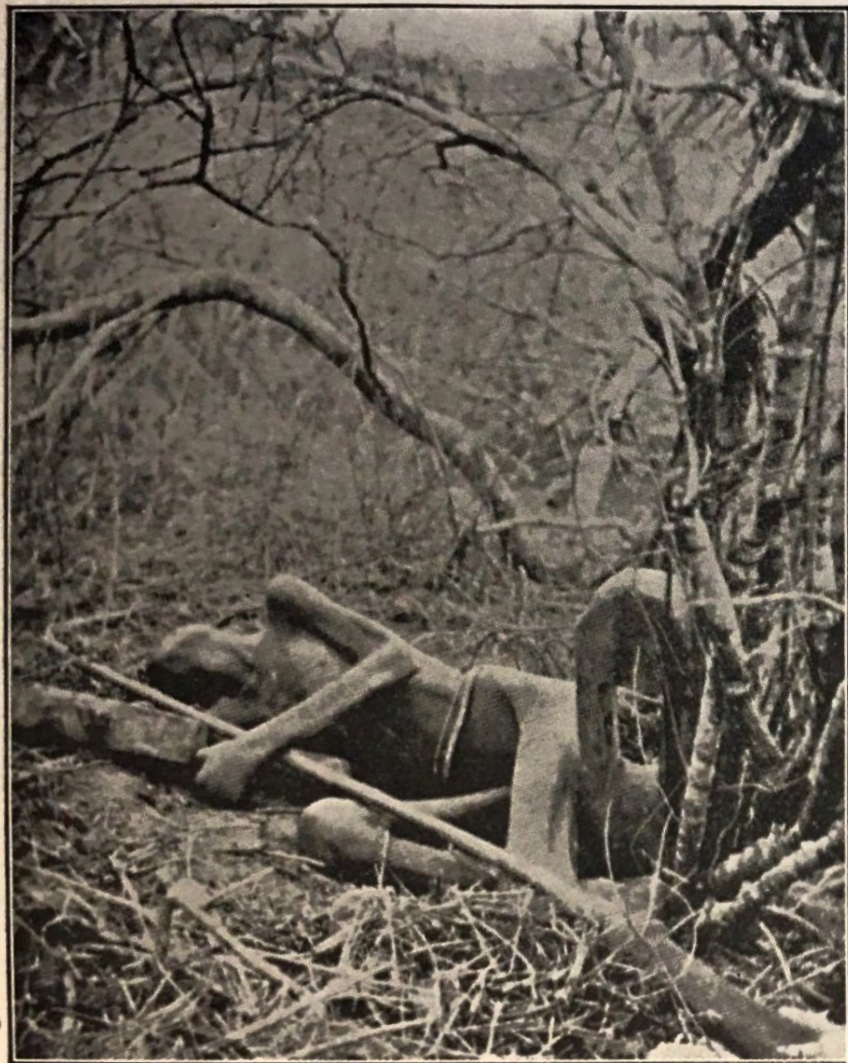


SANJI BAPTISING A NATIVE CONVERT, CHILONDA.



MR. SWAN'S BRICKYARD. NATIVE LABOURERS.





DEAD SLAVE, WITH STAFF AND SHACKLES FOR HANDS  
AND FEET.



MALE AND FEMALE SLAVES BEING SENT TO  
A FIRM AT CATUMBELLA



time the missionaries sought to protect those near them from oppression, though their scope in this respect was necessarily limited.

Swan's lad, Sakanjimba, went one day to his village to seek food, and the boy's mother said he might go to her field and get some corn. There he found that thieves had been busy, and stolen a large quantity. Looking around, he discovered a handkerchief, which he recognised by the pattern as belonging to one of the slaves of a Portuguese named Teixeira. Happening to meet some of them on the road, he warned them that they would get into trouble if they did any more corn robbing.

Early the next morning, Sakanjimba's father heard a noise outside his house, and, coming out, he found Teixeira there. The latter, boiling with rage, began to beat the native unmercifully with a stick, and when Sakanjimba's mother appeared, he kicked her so fiercely that she was badly wounded on the leg. Then he, with his slaves, bound the father and carried him off, making all kinds of threats. The people were terrified, and sent

### **A Load of Rubber and a Goat to Redeem the Father,**

and he was set at liberty.

In the afternoon, however, Teixeira sent the load of rubber back, and said they must give him a slave. Not content with this, he began to bully the chief of the district, demanding a sheep and a pig. As these were not forthcoming, he threatened to tie up the chief. The people thought it was time to seek the missionary's aid,

and came and fetched Swan, who went across to see what could be done. He found Teixeira quite drunk, and acting like a madman, so Swan told him that he would take the matter to the "fort." The next day Swan and Lammond went over to the Captain, who promised to compel him to return all he had taken from the natives, and requested Swan to see that he did so.

Little wonder that the whites were so feared, for unless a missionary could support them (and not always then) the word of the blacks went for nothing. Often villages were plundered, and the inhabitants were imprisoned for purely concocted crimes.

The power of the Gospel in Bié was now a factor to be reckoned with. Swan and his colleagues laboured unceasingly on their stations and in the surrounding villages, preaching, teaching, building, counselling, and watching over the flock. There was a steady inflow of converts. The young men went everywhere preaching the Word. Out-station buildings were erected, and the work prospered.

But there were vast regions to which that Word had not yet penetrated, and in these the flame of revolt began to spread. A considerable amount of arms and ammunition had been secured by the natives, and soon there were war camps throughout the country, nearly all the way to the coast.

### **"Death to the Whites,"**

was the cry on all sides. Every Portuguese was to be killed, sparing only the English and American mis-

sionaries. It was only natural that this exemption speedily aroused the suspicions of the authorities, and rumours abounded that the blame for the rising was to fall on the missionaries.

The British Consul advised Swan to take no steps in the matter till formal charges had been presented. "We are not surprised," remarked the latter, "at the turn things have taken, for from the beginning of the trouble, I felt convinced that the Portuguese to save their own necks would try and trump up a case against us."

As soon as the news of the approach of a war party was received, the various Portuguese traders and cultivators retired to the fort. Several sent to the Mission, however, asking if their wives and children could come there, seeing that it was the *safest place*.

Swan and a few others set off in the direction of the unrest, and had a Gospel meeting in a large village where fighting was expected. It was attended by about 90 people ; many were fully armed, and brought their guns to the meeting. All listened attentively to the message of Life. At the close, Swan advised them not to begin to plunder or molest the whites in any way, and, on the arrival of the Governor, they might have liberty to make their grievances known to him. They all declared that they had no intention of firing a gun, unless attacked by the Portuguese.

Expeditions were sent up from the coast, and after much bloodshed the revolt was crushed.

The immediate result of the outbreak was that the authorities decided to strengthen their administration

in the interior. A list of all mission stations and meeting rooms was demanded, and the missionaries were notified that no more schools must be built without permission being first obtained.

### **The Use of the Portuguese Language**

in teaching and preaching was also considered, and at a later date, this led to legislation curtailing the employment of the native tongues.

During the whole of this last term in Africa, Swan was far from well, and often returned exhausted from visits to distant out-stations. After eighteen months, the following entry occurs in his journal: "We are still waiting for guidance as to whether we should stay on in service here, or seek another sphere, owing to our health being so doubtful." The children also suffered a good deal from fevers. On Sept. 4th, 1901, Mrs. Swan gave birth to a little boy. Later this wee babe also became very sick, and they thought they would lose him. The ever-present problem of bringing up a family in African conditions began to press upon them.

As they laid the matter before the Lord in prayer, they became convinced that, seeing He had committed to them the care of the children, it was His will they should fulfil this responsibility. By the early months of 1903, they had come to the decision to leave Africa.

### **It was Hard to say "Farewell."**

The native Christians tried again and again to speak words of appreciation and regret at their going away, but they could do nothing but weep. The first stage of

the homeward journey was Hualondo—the Murrain's station—and here they rested for a few days. Swan could not resist the temptation of going back to his beloved Chilonda for a few hours, so as to get a last glimpse of his African home. He writes:

"I went back to Chilonda to look to the last few things that needed my attention, and to take a quiet 'good-bye' of fellow-workers. Up till to-day Brother Lane held up very well, but this afternoon our tears flowed freely before the Lord as we commended one another to His care. Lane and Crawford will be the only two left of the early African workers. I was much touched by Brother Lane's brief prayer: 'It was in Thy Name we met, and in Thy Name we part.' Before turning out of the road, and losing sight of Chilonda, my heart rose to God for blessing upon the people among whom I had spent so many years."



An African Hut



**"Delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles, unto whom I send thee, to open their eyes, that they may turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they might receive remission of sins and an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in Me" (Acts 26. 17 and 18).**

## CHAPTER VIII

### Our Hero Comes to Portugal

**I**T is not often that God transplants his workers. The process is a perilous one, and demands a certain resilience of character which is probably the possession of but a few. The change from Africa to Portugal was drastic. Africa was a land of wide open spaces, where a man was free of regulations (though the net was beginning to close in). Portugal was a prison-house, where one could hardly hand out a tract without fear of feeling a policeman's hand upon one's shoulder. In Africa the representative of Christ, being a white man, was respected and given a special place. In Portugal the missionary was not infrequently described as a "Protestant beast," and suspected of ulterior designs.

Nevertheless the two fields had one feature in common, however dissimilar in other ways; the work of the Lord in both was of a pioneer character. Charles Albert Swan had been called of God to lay foundations in one

continent, and the job had been well done. Is it surprising that his Master should have given him a similar task in another continent, even though the uprooting was painful and exceedingly perplexing for a time.

Furthermore,

### **The New Sphere of Labour in Portugal**

was not entirely disassociated from Africa, for in those days it was necessary to change boats in Lisbon when coming to and from Angola. Swan felt that he could be of real help to his brethren as they passed through the Portuguese capital. He may also have realised, instinctively, that the furtherance of the Kingdom of Christ in the Motherland would have no small influence upon its progress in the Colony; an important factor which few even to-day fully grasp.

Portugal was completely dominated by priestcraft and superstition. Although England's oldest ally, there had been an inexplicable lack of exercise on the part of God's people as to her spiritual need. In all the other Latin countries active missionary work had been going on for years. Both Italy and Spain had experienced a season of great evangelical activity and blessing. Stirred up by Robert Chapman's visits, more than twenty workers and their wives had gone out to the latter country, some of whom had been labouring there for over 30 years, when Swan decided to pitch his tent in the neighbouring kingdom.

On Nov. 12th, 1904, the new venture is thus registered: "After much prayer and waiting upon God, the way is

made clear for me to go to Portugal. So I said good-bye to my darling wife and children, and left Swansea in the *Tagus* about 8 p.m."

He landed in Oporto, where the Methodists and the Lusitanian Church (linked with the Anglicans) were carrying on a virile work. His plan was

### **To Reconnoitre the Country**

from North to South, travelling from place to place on a bicycle. He noticed in one of the processions an elderly *black* woman, who walked behind the image with a large cross hanging from her neck, a sponge, spear, and hammer being attached, and a lighted candle carried in her hand completing the equipment. "Is she less superstitious than when she was in Africa?" he asked himself.

Later, on arrival in Lisbon, he turned in with a great multitude who were thronging one of the churches, and had another glimpse of Christianised idolatry. He writes:

"I think it is one of the saddest sights I have seen in this country. People of all ages and all grades of society were going in and out. Numbers of them got down on their knees just within the door, walking thus to the far end of the building, and up the stairs to where the image is placed—a figure of Christ wearing a crown of thorns, with the cross on His shoulder, stumbling in weakness. Before leaving, the worshippers went to another image representing the dead Christ, which was covered with a mantle, so that nothing but the feet were exposed, and with difficulty pushing their heads through the opening,

they kissed the feet. There were mothers with their grown-up daughters, and others with boys and girls, who were taught to do as their elders were doing. Oh, God, is this not as bad as any of the perverted worship I have seen in Africa?"

Being confirmed in his purpose to

### **Devote Himself to the Portuguese,**

he returned for Mrs. Swan and the children, and a house was obtained on the outskirts of Lisbon, at a place called Bemfica. They were joined by Robert MacGregor, who, while learning the language, obtained employment in a firm of engineers, but later, as the work grew, devoted his whole time to the ministry of the Word. Swan found him an invaluable helper, and he was used of God to the blessing of many. It was with universal regret that he was obliged to return to Scotland in 1912, on account of ill-health.

The difficulties in making a start seemed insuperable. Advertisements were inserted in the papers for a room or hall in which to have meetings, but without result. Had they been in Africa, they would have commenced right away with open-air preaching, but such a thing was strictly prohibited by law in their new surroundings. Swan gathered his family every morning, and opening the windows, read aloud in English and Portuguese, and all joined in singing hymns. It was inevitable that

### **These Strange Foreigners**

should attract curiosity, and their little servant girl was soon interrogated as to what kind of folk they were, and

what were their beliefs. Several of the neighbours opened their doors and windows in order to get a better hearing. A message was sent to one of them saying that if she could get a few friends to come with her, a meeting would be arranged, and so eight women and two boys presented themselves. They promised to come again and bring others, Swan rejoicing that the little seed of testimony had at last begun to sprout. "We are greatly encouraged," he declares, "For months, in fact ever since we came, we have been praying, and, in every way we knew, trying to start something like definite Gospel work, but, being unable to secure a suitable room, and thinking that all around were indifferent to spiritual things, we were ready to *magnify* the difficulties of work in a land like this. But how easy it is when the Lord begins to open the door. Who ever dreamt of the request for meetings coming from the people themselves ! "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

At the close of this little meeting a letter arrived from England, saying that they might count on a certain brother for £100 towards a hall, if they thought of opening one. Although they still could find no suitable opening in the city itself, they managed to rent a little place in the neighbouring district of Porcalhota, discovering afterwards, that a Christian woman had been praying that the Word of Life might be preached there.

Occasionally Swan would venture farther afield, visiting towns and villages with tracts, usually in the company of some other worker. On one occasion he accompanied a Bible Society's colporteur, putting up at the rough and



often dirty hostelryes, and eating the native food, so as to be able to appreciate the hardships that these brave men had to undergo. He was deeply impressed with the fact that, were it not for the colportage work, the greater part of the country would have been without any testimony for Christ.

On one occasion,

**In the Wilds of the Country,**

he discovered a group of over a dozen men and women, who seemed to be true followers of the Lord Jesus. He describes his visit as follows:

“Some obscure servant of the Lord had passed that way, and had advised them to buy Bibles and Hymn Books. They did so, and the reading of the Word alone has produced this blessed result. They were delighted to see us, and after feeding us on coarse meal bread, hot from the oven, and olives, we had an interesting time over the Scriptures, seeking to help them in the difficulties they had met with in their reading. Some who cannot read have been converted through what they have heard from others. One of their number, named Ventura, seems a most decided Christian, and he evidently knows what it means to walk with God. The testimony of one who had learned the Truth from him, was that “all his conversation was about Christ.” The singing was the most extraordinary thing I had ever heard, for though accustomed to sing, they had absolutely no idea of tunes, and every one sang as seemed most to his fancy. *Noise* was the important factor, and at the close of each hymn they would say, ‘That’s very good.’”

More than once

**Swan was Arrested,**

and, in the south of the country where anti-religious feeling ran high, a howling mob followed him and his companions to the railway station, pelting them with mud and stones, which fortunately did no serious harm.

On other occasions crowds would gather and listen to the Word with tears streaming from their eyes. The simple country-folk enjoyed the preaching, prayers, and hymns, which, being in their own tongue and not in Latin, made the things of God very real to them. They begged the messenger of the Gospel to return to them—how could they understand without regular instruction? After a journey through places where the light was just beginning to dawn, and, where, in one village, hundreds turned out to bid the preacher farewell, Swan cries out : “Where are the workers ready to enter in and occupy this land for the Lord? ” (It should be remarked, however, that in the neighbouring hamlet they were not so welcome.) He writes : “After we had left, the house was attacked late at night by a mob who

**Threw Stones and Filth at the Door.**

They went away for a time, but presently our friends heard them coming up the road again, declaring that they intended to do for the Protestants this time. The colporteur and his wife retired to a shed in the adjoining pine forest, and passed the night there. The mob, finding the house deserted, eventually dispersed.”

Some three years later, in 1910, these doors of oppor-

tunity were suddenly flung wide open, the power of Rome was crippled, and Portugal became as a field ploughed and ready for the sowing. Little did the brave group of workers imagine the great changes which were about to take place. Swan's policy was to establish a strong base of operations in Lisbon, whence it might be possible to strike out into the unevangelised provinces.

After many endeavours he succeeded in obtaining a hall for preaching in the very heart of the capital, situated on an eminence overlooking the River Tagus, which bore the name of Santa Catarina Hill. The building had been erected by a Portuguese Christian 23 years previously, the ground floor being set aside as a meeting place for believers. For many years it was used as a kind of Young Men's Christian Association, and then for a short time fell into the hands of ungodly men, who turned it into a gambling den. This was raided and shut down, the opportunity thus being given to "convert" it to its original use.

The cleansing it required was not only of a moral order. Swan used to say that the biggest congregation he had ever had was the one he found on his first entering the hall—

### **It was Overrun with Swarms of Fleas !**

The opening meeting took place on August 25th, 1907, and since that day, through God's grace, the lamp of testimony has never failed from this "lighthouse on Santa Catarina Hill." The Spirit of God brooded over those early meetings. Within ten weeks eleven souls

had taken a bold and definite stand for Christ. The first to be converted was Henrique Carlos Tavares, a veritable miracle of the saving power of Christ. He was employed in the same office as Robert Macgregor, Swan's fellow-worker, and, when first approached by the former, ridiculed even the idea of God. The young Scotsman was not easily discouraged, and induced him to read several tracts, though for months he could not get him to attend at a Gospel service. Afterwards he told of how "Macgregor invited me to his room to hear him play the violin. I do not remember very well having heard the violin, but I do remember finding myself on my knees to pray, away up in his fourth-floor flat."

He was on fire for God. Within a few days of his conversion he prayed with deep earnestness and wonderful intelligence at the close of the service. His gift to minister the Word soon developed, and later he became the Superintendent of the Sunday School.

Those were halcyon days. Seven months after the beginning of the work, the first baptism took place, and ten sat down together to remember the Lord in the "breaking of bread." The converts were full of zeal and love for their Lord, and it was a joy to see their manifest progress.

Meanwhile national affairs were slowly moving to a climax. João Franco, the Prime Minister, had been exercising the power of a Dictator, and his reactionary Government had aroused deep and widespread discontent among the people. On February 1st, 1908, the King—

Don Carlos, the Queen, and their two sons, were being driven through the city after a visit to the country, when men armed with carbines fired upon them.

**The King and Crown Prince were Killed,**

the younger son was slightly wounded in the arm, and the Queen happily escaped. Franco's ministry fell at once, and for a time the revolutionary spirit seemed to be dispelled.

Beneath the surface, however, the Republican movement was growing steadily, and permeating all classes. Swan noticed many signs of the approaching storm. Once when conducting a funeral in the cemetery where the regicides were buried, he found that beautiful wreaths of fresh flowers had been placed on each grave, and to every one was attached a card on which was written in a large bold hand : "Sleep, hero ! We are on the alert."

Before the final conflagration took place, the Lord called His servant to undertake the task of tremendous responsibility, but one for which he was highly qualified. The Master's plans are perfectly timed. In spite of his earnest desire to begin work in Lisbon, Swan was only able to arrange a suitable place for preaching after he had concluded his preparatory period of language study, and had obtained an intimate acquaintance with the people. Then, following a year's joyful labour in laying the foundations of the Church at Santa Catarina, the call came to visit Africa in the cause of her enslaved children. It was a job after his own heart.



### **The Slaves of San Tomé.**

For several years he had been in touch with Mr. Cadbury, the cocoa manufacturer, who was convinced that the plantations in San Tomé were being carried on by slave labour, and who urged Swan to co-operate with him in dealing with this wicked traffic. All the principal users were ready to protest to the Portuguese authorities, and to demand that the evil be abolished, failing which they would obtain their supplies elsewhere. Nothing very definite was accomplished, however, owing to the lack of reliable information. In July, 1908, Mr. Cadbury wrote asking Swan if he would like to visit Africa, and gather details as to the manner in which labourers were being procured for the cocoa plantations in the islands of S. Tomé and Príncipe. After much prayer and consultation with friends in the homelands, he decided to set out, and the following comments are to be found in his journal :

“It seems to me that this is of the Lord, making it possible for me to visit once more the scene of many years’ labour, and giving me an opportunity of service among both Portuguese and natives. I pray that I may be able to gather much information that will help towards putting an end to the

### **Inhuman Traffic in Human Beings**

which Portugal seems determined not to give up till forced. My dear wife, writing from Ericeira (where she had gone for a rest), says “It is good to get such a confidential and detailed letter from Mr. Cadbury,

and I will not be the one to stand in your way, if you feel called to go to Angola. My early morning text strikes me as being both remarkable and appropriate to the case: "Of all your gifts ye shall offer the best." God Himself has set us the example of this, for "having yet one Son, His well-beloved, He sent Him." Swan adds: "God has thus brought us to see eye to eye in the matter, and although it will cost us both very much to be separated, yet we feel that the sacrifice must be joyfully made."



**Instructing Natives in the "Word of God".**

“Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are left desolate” (Prov. 31. 8).

## CHAPTER IX

### Proves that White can be Black —In Heart

**A**FRICA once again! Africa ever changing yet ever the same! How she pulls at the heart strings of her adopted sons! How she opens her arms to them to welcome them back! Sanji himself is waiting with all the carriers necessary to go up country. Letters are handed over from fellow-missionaries expressing their deepest satisfaction with the mission of relief to suffering and dying. The Lord's own seal of approval is upon this endeavour to succour those whose cry goes up to Heaven, and for whom, until now, there has been no deliverer.

Before Swan had left Lisbon, a friend in Bié had written as follows : “The whole country is in a state of

#### **Fear on Account of the Men-Stealers.**

Women are escorted by men to and from their fields. Care is taken to wait until the sun is high before leaving the villages, and they return early in the afternoon.”

Although slavery was forbidden by Portuguese law, and all native labourers were supposed to be engaged

of their own free will under a definite contract agreement, everybody concerned knew that this was only a little varnish to cover the ugly realities of the infamous trade in human lives.

As Swan faced his task, he realised that he was fighting a subtle and venomous foe, for he had had the temerity to challenge the vested interest of rich white men, whose luxuries depended upon the continuance of the existing order. His own convictions are best expressed in an extract from his book, "The Slavery of To-day."

"It is not a question," he says, "as to whether the slaves are treated well or not, for a man who treats his *horse* badly is a fool, if he wants to get the greatest possible amount of work out of him. Neither is it a question of whether the black man should be made to work or not, for all will agree that, if he will not work, he must be made to do so. As civilisation advances, the black, as well as others, reaps its advantages, and he must be made to discharge its responsibilities, if he enjoys its privileges. The question to be faced is: *Has any man the right to deprive another of his liberty, take him forcibly away from his home, break up his family life, and either never allow him to return, or put him into a position that he cannot or does not desire to return?*"

"Let no quarter be shown to those who roll in riches at the expense of the blood of their fellowmen and women. One of the sad effects of living on the coast, or in the interior, is that the most humane, who are indignant at what they see on their arrival, become accustomed to their surroundings and the tale of human

suffering. Even some missionaries are not so ready to raise their voice in condemnation of a practice that would overturn States, were it indulged in anywhere except in Africa. The Englishman, proverbial for his sense of justice, not only becomes accustomed to

### The 'Open Sore of Africa,'

but even advocates slavery as the best thing for the African, 'seeing he is so lazy and degraded.'"

One in our diplomatic service put forth this view. This individual entirely forgot, or was ignorant of the fact that we in the interior have *no difficulty to get the natives to work for us*, and this at a much lower figure than anyone else. And so far as their being degraded goes, they are degraded because the white man forces his vile rum upon them, and the effects of strong drink we need not go to Africa to see. *The white man makes the negro a brute, and then says he must be treated as such.*

By far the greater number of "*serviçais*," that is, "contracted" slave labourers, were exported to the island of S. Tomé to work upon the plantations. What puzzled Swan was that previous investigators had seen so little of the slave caravans, shackles, etc., which were the concomitants of this ever flowing stream. He felt convinced that the slave drivers were using some unfrequented path down to the coast, and careful inquiries led him to decide upon a somewhat out-of-the-way route through the Nganda country.

Late one afternoon he made a start, but in the hurry to get away he found he had forgotten to bring a single



plate, and thus the old and familiar trials of African travel were renewed.

A single day's journey along the road which Swan had chosen proved his conclusions to be more than justified. After nine and a half hour's trekking he ordered his men to pitch camp for the evening meal, and then, before lying down to sleep that night, he took out his little black notebook (purchased years previously in Glasgow for 1/3) and recorded the following impressions :

"I have never in all my African experience, extending over the past twenty-three years, seen, in any one day, so many indications that

### **The Slave Trade Goes on Unabated.**

Signs of the diabolical traffic were met with all along the path—shackles, bleached bones, and the emaciated body of a young lad who had been left to die that morning, as well as the slaves themselves in the caravans we met. My men picked up ninety-two shackles for legs, arms, or neck, without leaving the path to look for them. Thirteen of the shackles were found in *one* camp. Another thing I would specially note is that most of these shackles are comparatively new, and a great many of them still contained the sap of the wood. Can any proof be more definite that the trade is not a thing of the past, as is so constantly affirmed. The sad mixture of rum bottles, shackles, and bleaching bones was enough to make one sick at heart.

"Some of the Christian natives travelling with me were

themselves once engaged in the slave trade, and on the principle of 'set a thief to catch a thief,' they spotted the slaves carrying shackles, even when the shackles were wrapped up in sacking.

One woman slave, whose little bundle was thus discovered, said she was an Ochimbundu, but we could not find out *why* she was being sold. Others were being taken to Benguella, and the native in charge of them showed me the letter he had received from the white man who had sent them from up country. Two, a man and a woman, were not only carrying shackles, but also had ropes round their necks and legs. The man's legs were badly bruised, and blood was flowing freely.

"At the end of our long journey to-day, just before reaching our camping ground, we discovered

### **The Naked Body of a Lad,**

who could not have died before this morning. It lay not a couple of yards from the path, in one of the little circular huts such as the natives use in the dry season when travelling. The expression of suffering on the face, and the shackles for both hands and feet, as well as the stick he used to help himself along to his unknown future, made a picture too pathetic for any ordinary individual to behold without feeling a sense of extreme indignation. Who are the real culprits? Are they not the men who, by their offers of cloth, guns, powder, and rum, create such avarice in the hearts of the natives, that they lose their natural affection, and often go the

length of selling their own children and members of their own families.

“I would a thousand times rather be the native slave-trader at the Great Judgment Day, than the white man who induces him to carry on his inhuman traffic with such tempting offers of gain. The truly guilty often go unpunished in these days, when dread of trouble internationally leads nearly everybody to use diplomatic language that cannot offend anybody. But on *that* Day when things and people will be seen just *as they are*, and not merely as they appear, the truly responsible will receive their merited deserts.

“In speaking with the Portuguese one often finds they try to justify their doings by saying they are simply adopting native customs. As

### Slavery and Polygamy

exist among the natives, they see no injustice in adopting these practices. But slavery and polygamy among natives are very different from what they are among the whites; and, if they were not, is this not the way to uncivilise the white, rather than civilise the black?

“The domestic slavery, as I have seen it among the tribes where the influence of the white trader, or his black emissaries, has not been felt, is a very mild, and, one might even go so far as to say, not undesirable state of things. But when the trader appears, or his coloured agents, then these poor creatures, who have happily served their black masters and been treated almost as equals with the children of the family, are sold to the

harsh and cruel treatment of those who value a man according to his strength, and a woman according to her ability to bear children who will also become the slaves of her owner, or according to her ability to satisfy her owner's lust.

"It would be amusing, were it not so sad, to hear the whites insisting that one of the best ways to raise the blacks is to take the black women for concubines and produce a better race of beings, a race of nearer approach to the white than to the black. As a rule the pure black is to be preferred a thousand times to the miserable specimen of humanity—the mulatto—the child of lust on the one hand, and of forced submission on the other."

During the succeeding days of the journey inland,

### **Caravan after Caravan of Slaves was Encountered,**

and such a volume of damning evidence accumulated, that no doubt could remain as to the true condition of things.

It was a saddening task, but Swan was greatly cheered and impressed with the increased spiritual intelligence of the Christian natives travelling with him. It was no small compensation to see how wonderfully God had helped them to grow in grace and understanding. In their first prayer meeting together around the camp fire, he had been deeply touched by the affection they had shown him. One of them told the Lord that they had never dared hope to see their beloved teacher again, but He had given them this wholly unexpected joy. "O blessed Lord!" he prayed, "if it has given us such delight

to see the one from whom we first heard the Gospel, what will it be to behold Thee Thyself! ”

Swan was given a great welcome on arrival at his former station, Chilonda, and he had to confess that it “was like coming home.” The next day he stole away to the spot of sacred memories, where, fourteen years before, he and his newly-wedded wife had laid to rest their first-born. As he stood reading the familiar inscription : “Reginald Tremere Swan. Taken to be with Christ, October 1st, 1894. Aged 10½ months,” Heaven seemed very near. His heart was too full to restrain the tears that fell. Yonder were the mounds which marked the site of their first meeting room, and of the simple dwelling they had built, when, at the beginning, they brought the light of the Gospel to dark Chilonda. Memories crowded in upon him as he lingered amidst those surroundings. Memories of glorious times in the Gospel, and of untold mercies from the hand of God. As he lifted his eyes, and they rested upon the numerous dwellings of the native Christians, and then, as he fell to thinking of the amazing reception they had given him, it seemed to him that nothing could be better than to end the fight and toil just there. He wanted to cry, “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.”

He stood there for a long while. And there God spoke to him. For a time

### **Africa held him in her Embrace**

—held him as if she would not let him go. But the spell passed, and like a man waking from a dream, he heard a



still small voice which whispered : "But what about the dear wife and children in Portugal and England ? What about the need of sinners ? What about the task that awaits you away back there in Europe ? Responsive, he cried : "Ah Lord, it were better that Thou shouldest grant me yet many years of useful and loving service."

Indeed, there was much to be done. Everywhere he went he found those who could add some tragic story of cruelty and injustice to the long and terrible indictment he was preparing. The record of those six months of investigation is to be found in his book, "The Slavery of To-day," from which, owing to consideration of space, only a few brief extracts can be given.

Not only did his investigations reveal the frightful sufferings of the slaves, but they disclosed also the rapid process of moral deterioration which was the direct result of this evil among both white and black. He showed that as long as the traders confined so much of their attention to dealing in human beings, the resources of the country would be left undeveloped. "One day," he said, "the Portuguese will come to acknowledge that those who have struggled against the slave trade have been the true benefactors, not only of the natives, but of the colonists themselves."

Up to the time of

### **Swan's Revelation of the Actual Condition of Affairs,**

the Portuguese authorities had maintained that all native labourers, whether male or female, were engaged for a term of years under a definite contract, into which they

entered of their own free will. Nothing of the sort really obtained, for they neither entered into their cruel bondage voluntarily, nor were they ever released from it unless redeemed. And the only possible way for a native to redeem a native from a white was by giving *two*, or the *price* of two.

In one case which Swan investigated, a Portuguese had the audacity to demand a substitute for a slave who had died, on the plea that she had only worked for ten years, and he did not consider he had had his money's worth. His servant went to the village whence she had come, and proceeded to tie up a married woman and her two little children. When the husband came along he had to "redeem" her by paying a woman and her baby as substitute. These became the white man's property to continue the work the deceased slave left unfinished.

The missionaries were powerless to help the slaves, even if they were being tortured or killed, for Swan found that, with very few exceptions, the authorities would take the part of the slave owners. In one station they told him of a lad of about twelve years old who had been treated so cruelly that he tried to find a refuge with the missionary. To have taken him in would have involved a heavy fine, and very sadly they had to refuse him admittance. He endeavoured to enter a native village, but one of the men heartlessly took him back to his master, who beat him so mercilessly that

### **He Lay Unconscious During a Whole Day.**

Swan himself saw a child of about the same age, twelve or thirteen, standing at the door of a trader's house, with

his hands swollen like balls, and the blood dripping freely from the tips of his fingers, as a result of the free application of the "palmatoria." His sufferings seemed too great for tears, and, when questioned, he said it was because one of the little goats of the flock he was herding had run away, and he was unable to catch it.

When one of the missionaries returned from furlough in England, he found a girl, Ndiana, living on the station. She had fled from a Portuguese, and told of a life of such terrible suffering that the missionary felt that he was right in giving her refuge, whatever the consequences might be. Later on, the Portuguese came and demanded the girl, and, as she had meanwhile professed faith in Christ, the missionary refused to give her up, and appealed to the Government official—the "*chefe*" of the district. The "*chefe*" said she was to remain with him at the fort, until he had made further inquiries, but as soon as the missionary happened to be away on a journey, she was handed back to her cruel master.

Ndiana told the missionary that she and others had been frequently hung by the feet to the tie-beam of the house, absolutely naked, and whipped with the "*chicote*," every lash of which cuts into the flesh and draws blood.

"What encouragement," Swan asks, "is there for foreign residents to appeal to, or try to help the authorities in enforcing their own laws, when they cruelly hand over a poor girl like this to a life of torture?"

On one occasion Swan managed to

### Scare a Slave Trader

in rather an amusing fashion. He recounts the story as follows:

“Yesterday my men reported a conversation they had with a man who was taking a woman and her little daughter to sell at Novo Redondo. I made a note of the principal points of the conversation, so, when they came into camp to-day, I asked him if it were true that he was going to sell them. (The child is perhaps seven years of age.) The man, evidently scared at my appearance, denied that he had any such intention. I then told him he should be careful not to say anything that did not agree with what was in his heart. He laughed, so I said, ‘Listen.’ And looking down into the finder of my camera, I repeated the principal points of his conversation with the men. (But he did not know that they were my men). With your lips you say you are not taking the woman and child to sell them, but in your heart you have decided to hand them over to the whites for the best price they will give you. You charge the woman with being a witch, and you say that the child will probably become a witch also, so you think you had better sell them both. They are very tired with the journey, and the woman has asked you more than once to kill her rather than hand her over to the whites. The little girl is very brave, probably because she does not know what it means to be a white man’s slave, and she has pleaded with her mother not to be afraid, but to face her fate bravely. Is not all this true?’

“As I proceeded the man’s hand had gone up to his

wide-open mouth, and, with eyes staring as though they might start out of their sockets, he confessed :

**'The white man's machine has divined the truth ;**  
I cannot deny what it has told him.'

"I commanded him to take his stand by the woman and child, to which he meekly submitted, and I took their photograph. Whether he will turn back or proceed, I cannot say. The woman told me her own story afterwards, and the look of appeal in the little girl's eyes deeply touched my heart."

When nearing the coast on the return journey, Swan met a man who had attended the meetings in Lisbon. He suggested that he would bring some of the planters and traders round for a meeting in the evening. It was at Novo Redondo, and Swan had pitched his tent in the big clearing near the traders' houses. Being Sunday, there were a lot of whites and natives lounging about, and so quite a big crowd gathered to hear what was to be one of Swan's final messages before bidding farewell to Africa. Two priests came over and stood behind his tent to listen. They were all very friendly, but Swan was in no mood for honeyed words. He had seen and heard enough during the preceding six months to fire his soul, and he felt there could be no compromise with sin or Satan. He spoke of the testimony of John the Baptist, of the call to repentance, of his denunciation of Herod's vicious life, and did not hesitate to emphasise the sins mentioned or to point out their inevitable result. The following night several traders and others came round for private conversation.



It was here at Novo Redondo, which is a port, that Swan caught a glimpse of the slaves in

### **The Last Tragic Stage of their Journey**

from the far interior to the island of S. Tomé. "I saw one boat load of about thirty come on board," he writes. "It was a touching sight ; they were all huddled in the bottom of the boat, like so many frightened rats, from whom every avenue of escape has been cut off. The boatmen kicked and pushed them when it was time to climb the ladder. Many of the women had babies clinging to their backs, but babies, if they live, become cheap "*serviçais*," and, never having known what the sweet word liberty means, probably cause their owners less trouble.

"Though the officers of the steamer looked very suspiciously at me for daring to take photos of the slaves, I had not much difficulty. The few whites around, while curiously listening to our conversation, did not understand the language. One was a native from Bié, and knew all the missionaries there. He had frequently attended the meetings, and had been a carrier for one of them. He had been handed to the white in payment of some crime of a relative.

"There was nothing more to be done than to leave them to their fate, as once more I turned away with a heavy heart. Shall it continue to be said that 'there is no eye to pity, and no arm to save' these poor suffering fellow-creatures, whose only crime is that of colour and environment."

On April 11th, 1909, Swan arrived back in Lisbon, and found his wife and family all well, the work having grown and prospered in his absence, under the care of Robert Macgregor.

His journey to Africa had far-reaching results. The well authenticated details which he was able to supply concerning the enslavement of the natives in Angola gave the reformers what they needed. An influential

### **Anti-Slavery Organisation in England**

took definite steps to secure better conditions for the exploited negro. After the Portuguese Republic was founded, a similar organisation was established in Lisbon, and Swan's book, "The Slavery of To-day" found its way into the hands of certain members of the Government, who manifested every desire to deal drastically with this cancerous evil. General Norton de Mattos was appointed Governor-General of Angola, and under his wise administration the welfare of the natives was very much enhanced.

Later on, this able Republican statesman became the Portuguese ambassador in London, and, in 1924, Mr. Swan and another brother were given a very friendly reception by him, when various difficulties in regard to missionary work in the Colony were discussed. At this meeting of ambassadors, those of the Kingdom of Heaven fully demonstrated how great is the power that makes for righteousness. It is well when the powers that be are reminded of the true aims of the servant of Christ, and Swan was altogether at his best on such an occasion.

**“He changeth the times and the seasons : He removeth kings, and setteth up kings : he giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding” (Daniel 2. 21).**

## **CHAPTER X**

### **Earthquake and Revolution and War**

**U**PON his return to Lisbon, Swan was greeted by a severe and prolonged earthquake. The people rushed out into the streets screaming, but happily no damage was done. The Swan's servant fainted, and did not recover for some time. Cecil Swan said : “I will never be naughty again ;” little Eileen suggested : “Shall we sing, ‘Safe in the Arms of Jesus’ ?” And wee Douglas remarked, ‘ I like this very much ’ (referring to the rocking of his chair).

“Coming events cast their shadows before.” This earth tremor was the precursor of a very much greater political upheaval. The whole atmosphere of Portuguese life was tense with unrest, and nearly everybody sensed the

#### **Approach of a Great Eruption.**

Dissatisfaction with the Government and with the reactionary influences of the Romanists spread from month to month. And finally the crash came.

"Last night was one which we shall long remember," Swan records. "About 1 a.m. firing began in the barracks a little further along the street from where we live. We were soon awake, and presently it became known that the soldiers had risen against their officers. The latter made a feeble resistance, and were soon killed or taken prisoners, with the exception of those who were ready to take up the cry of, 'Long live the Republic.' The people rushed into the barracks and joined the soldiers in their shout for liberty. Machine guns were dragged out, and people and soldiers made for the barracks where the artillery is stationed. There they received a whole-hearted welcome. The rising then became general, and fighting took place in various parts of the city.

"Oct. 5th, 1910. There was little sleep for us last night, for the cannonade was simply dreadful. This morning the forces of the Crown were forced to surrender, and at 11 a.m.

### **The Republic was Formally Proclaimed.**

The Portuguese have shown themselves, not only to be courageous, but also self-controlled, for robbery and murder—the accompaniments of so many revolutions—have not been heard of. The proclamations show that the new Government intends to govern, and not to allow the people to run wild. *All convents and Jesuit schools have been thrown open.*

"Oct. 8th. I was passing a convent in a tram to-day, when the troops guarding it were fired on by some

priests. We passengers had to lie flat to keep clear of the bullets. Some of the religious institutions are real arsenals, and many of their former inmates are being sent out of the country.

*"Oct. 9th.* The Marines, in the work of examining houses for arms, etc., called in at the Hall when the meeting was going on. When they heard that it was a Protestant meeting, they said they would not bother to enter, for had the rebellion failed, "you would have been the first to be strung up by the Jesuits."

*"Oct. 12th.* The Secretary of Senhor Bernardino Machado, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was present at our meeting last night."

The anti-religious feeling was very strong, and one of the slogans of the new Republic was:

**"No God and No Religion."**

The Roman Church was immediately disestablished, and not only all convents, but thousands of churches were closed all over the country.

The Evangelicals, however, were treated most sympathetically, and the attitude of the Government was very friendly. The country as a whole presented an open door for the preaching of the Gospel, and the people came to hear the Message of Life as never before. Of all Latin countries, Portugal had been the most neglected, so that there was hardly anyone available to carry the good news up and down the land. The tremendous change in the whole political and social life of the people was nothing less than a challenge to the



people of God, because of the limitless opportunities which it presented.

Swan became deeply exercised. He was one of a very small handful of workers upon whom this great burden of responsibility had fallen. The immediate and pressing need was for workers who could enter in without delay and occupy this dark corner of Europe for Christ. The heavy yoke of Rome had been lifted from millions of souls. They were still sitting in utter darkness, without the Word of God, and without any knowledge whatever of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. They lived in grossest superstition and idolatry, and many were drifting into an equally hopeless infidelity. Was it not possible to point them to the Saviour? Surely such an opportunity would never recur.

Letter after letter from Swan was published in the missionary periodicals. He pleaded for more workers, laying bare the need, and showing that

### **The Hour of Golden Possibilities**

had dawned. But the church suffered then, as she suffers now, from a strange shortsightedness, visualising more or less clearly the spiritual conditions in distant fields, but blinking helplessly at those near at hand.

Thus did his urgent appeals fall upon deaf ears. No one stirred to go to his aid. The expected reinforcements never arrived.

Opportunities which are not seized pass by, and are lost for ever. In Portugal the house had been swept and left bare, but the human soul abhors a vacuum,

and, some years later, seven devils were to return to take the place of the one which had been driven out.

But Swan had no time to spare for repining. The meetings were full now with eager earnest souls. It was no uncommon thing for a dozen or more, generally young men, to stay after the service for conversation about eternal things. Baptisms were numerous, and the little Assembly grew apace. The work in Lisbon claimed most of his time, but he endeavoured, whenever possible, to carry the message of true liberty to the provincial towns. On more than one occasion he and his companions were arrested, usually due to their being

### **Mistaken for Jesuits.**

Once when visiting Torres Vedras they were imprisoned for several hours, and the judge, the administrator, and the town council, were hastily called together. Being ushered into the presence of these worthies, they naturally expected to hear words of strong disapproval, and were much surprised when the most humble apologies were heaped upon them for mistaking them for Romanists.

On Oct. 23rd, 1912, Robert Macgregor, who had been co-founder with Swan of the work at the Santa Catarina Hall, left for Scotland. For some time his health had been far from satisfactory, and the doctors counselled his leaving Portugal. He was greatly beloved and esteemed by all. Not a few had been led to Christ through his constant urgings, and it is difficult to understand

why he should have been withdrawn from their midst, when the need of labourers was so pressing.

About a year later, although there was no sign of further helpers from England, additional responsibility was thrown upon Swan's shoulders in connection with the testimony in the Azores. These islands, although about a thousand miles from the mainland, are administrated as though they were an integral part of Portugal. Henry Maxwell Wright and some of his family, had been used of God in the planting of a prosperous gathering of believers in the capital of the archipelago—the city of Ponta Delgada in the island of St. Michael. The work had been developed along undenominational lines, and the Wrights were of the opinion that its spiritual progress would be best secured under the care of those who hold to simple apostolical forms of church government.

It seemed almost an impossible undertaking to watch over two active churches—both of which were central to their respective spheres of evangelisation—and one of them a third of the way across the Atlantic. Nor was it Swan's custom to act on impulse. In fact, many would have accounted him far too slow in launching upon new enterprises. He rarely accepted any task that he did not feel confident of accomplishing with ease.

But this was

### **A Pure Venture of Faith,**

and he set out for the Azores fortified by a deep conviction that, though workers were so desperately few, the Lord would provide for this charge laid upon him.

Several of the Portuguese believers had shown real gift in the ministry of the Word, and were ready to attend to the preaching during his absence. As a matter of fact his frequent absences from Lisbon during the years which followed helped to make the local church and its offspring the self-supporting and self-governing assemblies which they are to-day.

His step of faith did not go unrequited, for the Lord sent him the long-awaited reinforcements. Miss Bliss devoted herself to the Azorean work for some years until her marriage. Snr. Rodrigues, an able Portuguese, offered himself for the ministry of the Gospel on the islands, and then, in December, 1916, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cox arrived in Lisbon to join in missionary service in Portugal.

It would require innumerable pages to tell the story of the many souls saved under Swan's powerful ministry. He was not a profound teacher, and still less was he an evangelist of the emotional type. But his messages were clear, and his understanding of the people won their hearts. The more they got to know him, the more they felt they could trust him.

One of the glories of the Gospel of the grace of God is the special place it gives to the poor and needy. At the same time its progress depends a great deal upon its reaching men of intelligence and refinement. Now Swan attracted *men*. And it is a significant sign of the character of his ministry that there was more than a sprinkling of *educated folk* brought under the power of the Word.

The seating capacity of the Santa Catarina Hall was about 200 and often it would be full to overflowing. On one occasion

### 33 Men and Women Confessed Christ

as their Saviour, after hearing a solemn and soul-stirring message.

Shortly after the arrival of Kenneth Cox a notice appeared in the daily papers that the Portuguese Government would allow "Ministers of any Religion to accompany their troops to France. The early days of the Great War marked a period when the wave of spiritual blessing in Lisbon reached its flood tide, but with the arrival of a new helper, Swan did not hesitate a moment, but went straight to the Minister of War and offered his services. He was told that they would gladly accept any Portuguese known as an "Evangelical Minister" but they could not possibly include foreigners. "One only hopes that someone will be forthcoming," he comments, "for such an offer has never been made before by any Portuguese Government. Are they beginning to see that the 'Without God and Without Religion' does not work? The Lord grant that it may be so."

However, no Portuguese accredited worker came forward. Indeed, it is difficult to see who could have gone, with such an exceedingly limited number of qualified men available. Swan continued to be much exercised about the need of the Portuguese troops, and the possibility of reaching them in France. He was led to get in communication with the Soldiers' Christian



Association on their behalf, and after considerable delay, was able to proceed to Etaples, which was one of the principal Portuguese base camps. All attempts to establish a hut for their use ended in blunt refusals, although many were reached in hospital with Gospel literature.

From May to October, 1917, Swan spent five unforgettable months helping the S.C.A. workers in two of their huts

### **Among British and Canadian Troops.**

It was a job after his own heart, and though the shadow and horrors of war were very near, and every day brought tragic good-byes, only the favoured few who ministered Christ to the lads in France can appreciate the joy of daily leading souls to the Saviour. But *what a contrast between a British and a Portuguese audience!* Both were appreciative and intensely grateful for help and sympathy, but the former, with innumerable contacts from childhood with the Old, Old Story, responded at once to the mention of the love of God and the redemption which is in Christ Jesus ; the latter listened uncomprehendingly, thinking of God as a distant, vague Being, picturing Christ as an image in a church, and interpreting the call to trust Him as an invitation to attend mass.

Quite a large number of Portuguese, being expert in forestry, were drafted to England for this and other services. These were more accessible, and Swan decided to seek them out in their various encampments. He described one of the first meetings among them as follows :

"Accompanied by another brother, I went out to the Portuguese camp, arriving about 5.30 p.m. The meeting was held in one of the rough wooden huts, which is divided into two parts, one for sleeping, and the other for eating, card-playing, etc. We took possession more or less, and were about to deposit our coats and sundry belongings on a kind of table, when we discovered it was the altar where the *English* priest said mass in *Latin*. They neither understand him, nor he them. There was what was supposed to be a lamp hanging in the middle of the place, but nobody could coax it to give any light, so one of the men held a candle at my side to illuminate me. As we sang, they soon caught the words and tune. Some on the other side of the partition began to yell out, 'That is not our religion.' 'Long live Mary!' But when I began to read from Matthew 7, all signs of opposition disappeared, and we had really good attention. The scene was a very weird one, and the brother who accompanied me remarked that it might have been

### **A Gathering of Pirates or Cut-throats.**

Well, the Word was sown. Will the Harvest-morn see some in the glories of Heaven from that strange gathering? To me the privilege was much greater than spending my strength in a well lighted and comfortable Gospel Hall with a stinted little company of unresponsive Christians and Gospel-hardened critics."

Comparative freedom having been granted to continue this sowing of the Seed, the men learned to appreciate the Message, and often gave a boisterous

welcome to the messenger when he appeared. Some of them had already attended the meetings in Lisbon, and their delight at meeting a friend was boundless.

At Horsham there was a revolt, and Swan narrowly escaped arrest on a charge of inciting it. It soon appeared, however, that

**The Commanding Officer was Looking for a  
Scapegoat,**

and an inquiry into the causes of discontent cleared the missionary of all blame. After this attempt on the part of the enemy of souls to hinder the preaching, numbers were greater than ever, as many as 450 being present at times to hear the Gospel preached. Not a few confessed the Lord as their Saviour, and a work of God was done among them, the effects of which none can measure. Sometimes, to-day, in isolated villages in the interior of Portugal, far from any town where they can hear the Word, men are encountered who have never forgotten what they learned at that time in England.



**He needs the Gospel.**

**"A fruitful bough by a fountain ; his branches ran over the wall. The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and persecuted him : but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong, by the hands of the Mighty One of Jacob" (Gen. 49. 22-24).**

## CHAPTER XI

### Something Attempted, Something Done

**T**HE Great War changed moral and social conditions throughout the world. It did not, unfortunately, end all further war, nor did it produce that elysium for heroes that had been so confidently promised. It certainly did wipe out a complete generation, and left the churches with two distinct sections : the elderly folk, born and bred in the Nineteenth Century, and a new and very young branch of the community, not at all inclined to be bound by the traditions of their fathers.

Naturally, Swan belonged to the elders, but his exceedingly varied experience of life, and especially Christian life, preserved him from a set stereotyped outlook. He had very little patience with incapacity or weakness, but possessed a fine judgment as to what was essential and that which was merely secondary.

Lisbon continued to be his centre after the War, but until his last fatal illness, he was able to travel much, visiting the Azores, returning frequently to England, Canada (where most of his sons settled), the United States, and even making

### **A Last Courageous Trip to Africa.**

He never really relished being in the "homelands," but it was altogether fitting and right that his ripe judgment and steadying influence should be at the disposal of the brethren. He had seen a world-wide missionary enterprise grow from very humble beginnings to a mighty work of God, and had himself taken an active part in its development in two continents.

Not that his task in Portugal finished with the Armistice. Indeed, in one sense, it had only just begun. The church had passed the stage of infancy, but had not yet reached maturity, and still required paternal care if it was to become strong and self-propagating.

When Swan returned in 1919, the flood-tide of blessing had receded, and a work of revival was needed to stem the ebb which had set in. One after another, helpful and gifted Portuguese brethren were removed from active service by the hand of death. The Coxes decided to settle in the Azores. No other helpers had heeded the cry of Portugal's unevangelised millions. So the first task to be undertaken was undoubtedly that which awaited him in Lisbon. He reached his 58th year shortly after returning, and thus began the final phase of his service for Christ.



Two problems presented themselves. On the one hand the country towns and villages called insistently for evangelisation. On the other, the work in the capital could not be abandoned, for it possessed a strategic importance which led Swan to concentrate there his major efforts. Nearly one-fifth of the whole population of the country is found in the two cities of Lisbon and Oporto, the four-fifths living for the most part in rural conditions, the provincial towns rarely exceeding 10,000 inhabitants. Conditions in these provincial districts were as backward as any in Europe, and

### **Superstition Reigned Unchallenged.**

Such degeneracy was not surprising, seeing that only one in ten could read or write. There was *only one* small meeting of brethren in the Provinces, and this was situated more than a hundred miles from Lisbon. At that time no one was available to care for it, though afterwards Mr. Eric Barker settled for many years in the district.

Swan felt that the sole hope of spreading the Gospel far and wide among these darkened multitudes lay in the coming of fresh workers from the "homelands." The metropolitan areas afforded much more fertile soil, and he rightly judged that rapid progress would be much more easily secured in the city, where the ploughshare of political change had broken up the crust of conservatism. He was confirmed in this resolve to devote himself to the work at Santa Catarina, by the fact that so many of those who might have been taking

full responsibility had been called home to Heaven. It therefore became imperative to discover and train a new generation of Portuguese believers for the ministry of the Word and the care of the "little flock."

In the goodness of God, fresh mercies were poured out upon the work entrusted to His veteran servant. Gradually the numbers increased, until once again the Hall was packed to overflowing with earnest listeners. When the seating capacity failed the young men would stand round the wall, or in the little ante-rooms. Many were made to feel their need of a Saviour.

One of the exceptional features which marked the spiritual recovery of those days was the extraordinarily large attendance at the weekly prayer meeting. A missionary, visiting Lisbon for the first time, remarked : "You have no need to give up your prayer meeting because nobody will attend, nor yet to turn it into a lecture because no one will pray."

Among those converted were a number of gifted young men, whom the Lord has subsequently used to carry on the work in the capital. A leading Freemason was saved, and his testimony throws much light on the moral condition of the nation at that critical period.

He had lost heart, and for many reasons it seemed to him that

### **Suicide was the Best Solution**

to his difficulties. Filled with despair, he had wandered to the public gardens near the Hall, and hearing the sound of singing, was moved to investigate the source of the music. He entered, and listened enraptured while

the way of salvation was unfolded. The Roman Church with its formalism, its idolatry, and its paralysing moral influence, had never attracted him in any way, but as he listened to the Word he said to himself: "Now, I am in my right place, and among my own kind." His acceptance of Christ was marvellous in its spontaneity, and although he had never before heard the Gospel, what he heard so completely met his need at every point, that by the end of the service his mind was wholly made up, for he knew with complete certainty that he had found what he was looking for. All were impressed with his evident sincerity and intelligence. In conversation a few weeks later, he told Swan that he saw no hope for the individual or for the country except in the truths which he had discovered in Santa Catarina.

He was representative of many who had expected a veritable millennium when the Republic was first established, and who had been bitterly disillusioned as the years went by, when the government of the country fell into ever increasing confusion. Good men with noble ideals had devoted their lives and their fortunes to the welfare of their beloved land, but no sooner were they settled in power than some storm of revolution would sweep them from the seat of office.

### **Democracy was on Trial in Portugal,**

and democracy was proving a tragic failure, because those who sought to build its fair towers had chosen a foundation of "NO GOD AND NO RELIGION." Hardly six months passed without some fresh revolt. Mis-

government brought increased poverty, and many other evils, not the least of which was a sad pessimism. If only the nation had followed the example of the converted Freemason! But the time was to come when the people of Portugal, weary of instability and unfulfilled promises, would turn back to their old idols and to ancient bondage, though the latter was dressed in a modern form.

Unrest was everywhere manifest. Bombs were thrown on the slightest provocation. Swan had a number of narrow escapes. Once the explosion occurred almost in front of him, the individual attacked being blown to pieces. He could never be convinced that it would be better to stay indoors when a revolution was in progress, especially if he thought some sick believer ought to be visited. The following entry in his journal is typical: "This morning on my way up to visit the sick, I saw something of the firing by field-guns. Many civilians have been armed, and unfortunately not a few are going about intoxicated. I saw one of them fire three shots at a house because he said he saw something fall from it. When standing with them, another came running up with his left arm broken by a bullet. It was with considerable difficulty that I reached the house of the sick sister who is very dangerously ill, but the risk was worth while, for she and her family seemed to be much comforted by the reading of the Word and prayer."

Although Swan's hopes and prayers that many missionaries might be sent to evangelise Portugal were not fulfilled during his lifetime, he constantly met with

proofs that the influence of his preaching extended far beyond the limits of the Metropolis. The following story of how a witness for Christ was raised up in the wholly

### **Unevangelised Colony of Portuguese Guinea**

is an example of how far-reaching the testimony at Santa Catarina became.

An unknown believer, passing across one of the city squares, handed a tract to a little fellow of twelve years old. The boy, having read the Gospel message, besought his mother to take him to hear the Word of God, and finally prevailed upon her to go with him to Santa Catarina. Although so young, he was deeply impressed by the preaching, and asked his mother if he might not join the Sunday School. One Lord's Day, when he was fourteen, he came home and told her that he had given his whole heart to the Lord Jesus, and was "resting in the arms of the Saviour." From that time forward he continued to attend the meetings most assiduously, and when eighteen, left for Spain in order to complete his studies as an electrical engineer. After an absence of three years, he returned to Lisbon, and, obtaining a Government post, was sent out to Portuguese Guinea.

Before setting sail, he pleaded with his mother that she would come out from the Roman Church, and accept the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. She hesitated a great deal in taking a definite step of faith but he continually read the Scriptures to her, and so importunate was he in his urgings, that he won her at length for the Master. Such a beginning was a good augury of further



faithfulness and blessing in his new sphere. Once arrived in Guinea, and in spite of being entirely alone as to Christian fellowship, he used every opportunity to lead souls to Christ, reading the Word of God to both black and white, some being converted. Becoming acquainted with a Jewish family, he was used to the salvation of two of the daughters. To one of them he became engaged, but, after giving very sweet and touching witness of her trust in the Lord, she was taken to be with Himself. Overcome with grief, the young man himself became dangerously ill, but recovered, and continued in testimony for Christ.

Yet another remarkable instance of far-reaching results from the preaching is that of

### **A Priest in the Roman Church.**

For some years he had served as a missionary in the island of Timor, and for health reasons was returning home. The voyage being a lengthy one, he decided to try and read through the Bible from end to end, using the only copy he possessed, a Latin edition of the Vulgate. He found the sacred volume of great interest, until he reached the twentieth chapter of Exodus, when he was astounded to discover among the Ten Commandments one that he had never before seen. It was the second, forbidding the making or worship of images, which is omitted from so many books of Romanist doctrine (another commandment being divided in two to make up the complete ten). He suspected that he was reading a Protestant forgery, and on arrival in Lisbon went without

delay to a learned bishop that this impudent tampering with the Law of God might be disclosed. To his amazement the bishop advised him that his Bible was genuine, and that it was the Roman Church which had seen fit to make the "modification."

Very perplexed, he pondered on the subject and found it difficult to reconcile his conscience with the ecclesiastical authority's "explanation." Desiring to see the fine view of the River Tagus from the Santa Catarina Gardens, he rested there for a moment, and, as in the case of the converted Freemason, was drawn by curiosity to the Hall through hearing the sound of singing. He soon realised that it was a "Protestant" meeting, but decided to remain for a few moments, to hear what the preacher, evidently a foreigner, had to say. Little did Swan know that night how wonderfully the Lord had guided him in the selection of his text. For the priest was astounded to hear the speaker announce that his subject was "The Ten Commandments."

More concerned than ever, he left Lisbon, appointed to a parish in an isolated village, situated in one of the wildest frontier provinces of Portugal. There he had opportunity to read and meditate upon the Word of God. The arrow of conviction had gone home. He was converted, and bravely testified to a vast multitude from the surrounding countryside, that filled the village square to overflowing. Needless to say, he was excommunicated but, nevertheless, continued to preach the Gospel boldly, being tremendously persecuted. The Lord did not fail to crown this bold testimony with His blessing,

souls being saved and a church formed, before he left the neighbourhood.

It must be acknowledged, however, that the real test of any missionary enterprise is not the length of its branches, but the firmness of its roots. There were 150 brethren in fellowship at Santa Catarina. Another thriving Assembly was also growing up in the Olarias district, a somewhat anarchistic neighbourhood, where a mission had been opened up. Abundant mercies had been showered upon the saints but the unspoken thought in many minds was what is going to happen when the man to whom we owe so much is taken from our midst. And probably no one was more concerned than the missionary himself. In September, 1927, he arrived at the following conclusion :

"For a considerable time my wife and I have been deeply exercised before God about making some change in our service for Him. Advancing age and diminishing strength, threatened cataract in both my eyes, etc., have led us to the conclusion that the responsibility for local work should be passing to others, and that we should make a prolonged absence from Lisbon, visiting, if possible, our sons in Canada, and the States, for we have seen very little of them for many years."

It was a wise decision, and yet a perilous one. Nearly all the Portuguese Christians were convinced that the work would go to pieces without the stay of its founder's presence. From a human standpoint it almost appeared as though their fears were justified, for, shortly after Swan's departure, a storm fell upon the Assembly

which fairly essayed to demolish it. On the lines of political revolution, a plot was formed to overthrow the existing "oversight," and although the individual responsible for the upheaval did not succeed in effecting his purpose, the crisis was a severe one. One brother was for cabling to Swan in Canada, advising him that all was lost if he did not return. But finally the revolt subsided, and at the end it was seen that the Lord had brought much good out of the evil. There was a new spirit of dependence upon Him, and a greater readiness to shoulder responsibility.

When Swan returned some eighteen months later he was able to comment: "*Everybody* is rejoicing in the good attendances, and in the heartiness which is manifested—also in the volume of prayer which ascends to God."

On the occasion of the famous Conference at Muchacha in 1931, convened to commemorate

### **The Jubilee of the Work**

initiated by Frederick Stanley Arnot in the "Beloved Strip," Swan made a journey right across Africa from East to West. He and Dr. Fisher were the sole surviving pioneers. It was altogether fitting that he should be present to bear witness to the marvels which God had wrought, and of how, through men and women who knew no rule save that of utter dependence upon His faithfulness, the Lord had wrested an empire from the hands of Satan.

He was one of those who had gone first to the battle,

when the odds were overwhelming—when death threatened on every side—death from savage men, death from serpent and wild beast, death from sickness and solitude. Through the grace of God he stood there that day, knowing that he had fought a good fight, and that soon from the lips of his Master and Lord he would hear the word, “Well done.” For him the sun was setting in the radiance of heaven’s benison. In profound gratitude he could look back upon a life filled with countless proofs of his Father’s care, and marked by the unspeakable privilege of hallowed and fruitful service.

From that time a painful malady swiftly sapped his strength, but to the very end he exulted in the Lord. As his sufferings increased he writes: “I like to think of Faredey when nearing his journey’s end. They asked him:

**‘What are your Speculations?’**

He replied that he was not pillowing his head on any speculation. *‘I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that Day.’*”

The crucible of bodily anguish was as a refiner’s fire, and only those who so patiently watched by his bedside week after week can tell what it meant to the one who passed through it. The devotion of his beloved wife was a great consolation to him. And he found much comfort in the visits and fellowship of God’s people.

The last entry in his journal was made four weeks before he died, as follows :



"Three Scriptures have come to me bringing much comfort :

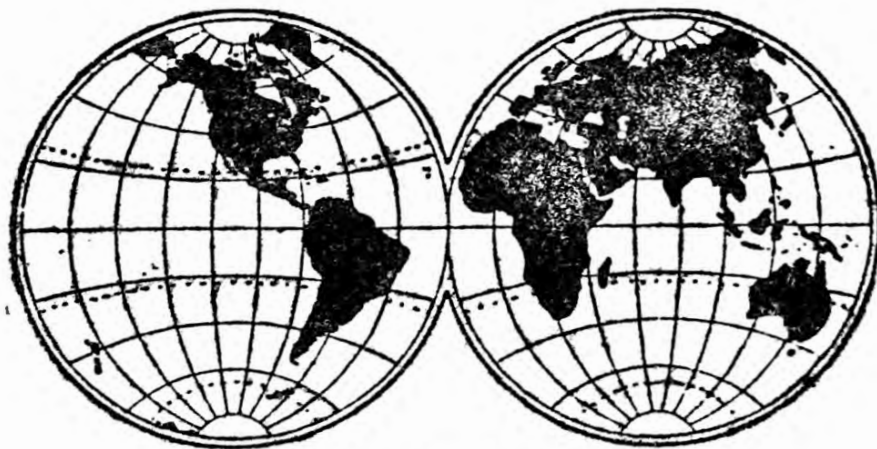
"His ways are past finding out' (Rom. 11. 33).

"The ways of the Lord are right' (Hosea 14. 9).

"The way of the Lord is strength to the upright' (Prov. 11. 29).

"The *first* is a plain fact and will remain true till the Great Day of Explanations comes. The *second* is recognised by every true child of God, whose faith enables him to trust where he cannot understand, and enables him to sing, 'I'd rather walk in the dark with God, than go alone in the light.' The *third* has been proved many and many a time by all who fear God, though not one of them would claim to being upright."

At 12.30 a.m., on November 30th, 1934, in his 73rd year, he fell asleep.



"For God so Loved the World".

**"Behold I come quickly ; and my reward is with Me, to render to each man according as his work is" (Rev. 22. 12).**

## CHAPTER XII

### We Pass Through the World But Once

**W**E live in a very critical age. Some of us are not quite sure that the pillars of missionary enterprise are those of truth and sincerity, and we are quite ready to bring the house down upon our heads if we can prove their unworthiness. There are others who fear for the safety of the sacred edifice, and would post a warning : "Tread gently all who enter here."

As a matter of fact, missionaries are neither scoundrels nor super-men, and quite a number of them have had such a varied experience of "things as they are," that their judgment has become fairly sober and sound. To condemn them as distorting the facts, because they make a careful selection of the material they present in public utterances, is to pass sentence upon the four Evangelists, who did the same.

Nearly all those who labour in lands across the seas are prepared to discuss in private their inward convictions and cherished aspirations—upon a suitable occasion. And this present outline of the life of God's

valiant servant, Charles Albert Swan, would be incomplete without some glimpse of his reaction to the graver problems of our day. To obtain this does not present much difficulty, since he was accustomed to express his views with a forceful frankness that accorded with his rugged independence, though this was always balanced by a graceful address and a frequent flash of humour.

On one occasion, in England, after he had earnestly appealed for prayer on behalf of Portugal, someone accosted him at the close of the meeting, and said : "Why don't you be frank, Mr. Swan. You ask for prayer, but you know that it is money you want." "My good friend," was the reply, "I am not in the slightest need of your money. If you would like to know, I have no less than

**£2000 to my Credit in Lisbon."**

(The £2000 was a Building Fund, but Swan did not stay to explain this).

He lived in Spartan simplicity, and always hesitated to spend large sums, even though they were devoted to the work of the Lord. He was always dubious of anything incurring much expense, though generous in his gifts to the poor, and to other fellow-labourers. He kept a most strict record of every penny he received and spent, and if he knew that a gift had been one of great self-sacrifice on the part of the giver, he would devote it to some very special object. He made it a rule not to receive personal gifts from his converts, and as speedily as possible handed over to them all responsibilities in connection with church finance.

On the other hand he was strongly opposed to ramshackle buildings in evangelistic work. Probably this was because of his great faith in

### **Preaching, as the Divine Method**

of presenting the Gospel. He would not admit of anything poverty-stricken in regard to the presentation of the Message. Nor did he approve of any but men gifted of God occupying the platform.

He was once asked in public : *"Is foreign missionary enterprise worth all the energy and money expended upon it ?"* In reply he referred to the indignation of the disciples when a woman poured precious ointment upon the Lord's head, and their exclamation : "To what purpose is this waste ?" This aptly gives his point of view. All prayers, all funds, and all work expended upon the vast world-field are sacrificial. The narrower our interests, the more selfish they are likely to become. The more we drink of the spirit of large-heartedness—the spirit of Him whose love knows no bounds of race or clan—the greater will be His delight. And a thing only becomes worth while if it pleases Him. It may seem "waste" to some that time and money are spent in lands afar, but the Lord calls us to empty our flask of alabaster, not with an eye on the result, but out of love to Himself.

Then he was asked : "Do people not resent

### **The Intrusion of Foreigners ?**

On this subject he had a very decided opinion. Briefly, he held that the missionary, though a foreigner, often

commands more respect than a native, and is heard with greater attention. But he insisted that the missionary should be worthy of his salt, and his standard was a high one. The second-rate missionary can do infinite harm, and as the work in any country develops, the native Christians will derive little help from anyone of inferior gifts or less spirituality than themselves. The unevangelised fields, and all countries overseas, demand men of the highest calibre, divinely commissioned and equipped, and such will always find acceptance in any land to which the Lord sends them.

He was particularly sceptical of any man who claimed to have heard the call to service, but who had failed to gain the confidence of his brethren. One of his favourite texts was : "The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way." He rarely took any step of importance himself without consulting his brethren, and was always ready to wait until God opened up His way in unmistakable fashion.

His very extensive experience of missionary work through a long period of development gave rise to a settled conviction that

### **A Wonderful Heavenly Plan of Campaign**

lay at the back of all world evangelisation, and he dreaded any erratic action that might interfere with it. It is better to dig deep than to sow lightly. What is the use of rushing around, attempting more than you can achieve, if nothing remains.

Another question was : "*But should not missionaries*



*be like Paul, going on to new ground, instead of settling in one place? "*

"I know of no missionaries who settle in one place," he replies. Centres there must be, but from them the light should radiate in ever widening circles. Nor should it be forgotten that Paul never went to the heathen of unwritten languages. To-day there are a great variety of conditions, and those best qualified to judge as to effective methods are the workers on the field. If it is a question of principle, it should be remembered that the commission is not only to evangelise, but *to teach*. If it is thought that new converts should be left to the care of natives, while the missionaries go on to other fields this would lead one to suppose that the natives are better qualified to give instruction and the missionaries to preach the Gospel. Neither the one nor the other is true.

Although his views on most subjects were very definite, he was not a theorist. If the Lord gives you a job to do, get on with it, and see that you do it well. Avoid grandiloquent schemes, but at the same time, don't potter about insignificantly. If medical work, educational work, or social service is going to help the Gospel, engage in it, but not otherwise. Literature is important, and private witness for Christ, but the *public ministry* of the Word is the great thing.

Then again, don't hang back from any sense of false humility. True humility is to take the highest place that God gives you. Great as is the tragedy of

### The "Unsent Missionary,"

does there not appear to be a greater still in those who ought to be on the field, but have steeled their hearts, and remained at home? Is the hesitation to go to the heathen with the Gospel the result of a conviction that their need has been met, or is it due to the attractions and comforts of the homelands? The Day will declare it. Such were some of the thoughts to which he gave expression from time to time.

. . . . .  
It is customary for the great figure-heads of the present age to write articles and books on "The Secret of My Success." Among the children of God that would be a very difficult thing to do. In the first place, the true value of all our service will only be known at the Judgment-Seat of Christ, and, moreover, the real spring of all effectiveness in the Kingdom of God lies hidden deep in the realm of the Spirit. There no prying eye can come, and he is a dullard indeed who does not realise that the governing factor in a Christian's life is his communion with God in the sanctuary.

However, a disciple is one under discipline, and that, too, is a very important thing, especially when it is self-discipline. If genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, then all missionaries should have genius. Were the reader able to peruse the thousands of pages of diaries and manuscripts which have gone to the making of this book, he could not fail to be impressed with one outstanding feature in the character of its hero—that if confronted with any task, he believed in.

**Doing it Well, or Not at All.**

When he was hunting, he did not blaze about all over the place in the hope that some shot would get home. He bided his time, and when he fired, he shot to kill. When he learned a foreign language, he was not content with a smattering, but daily devoted time to perfect his knowledge, extend his vocabulary, and even acquire some familiarity with its slang.

There is nothing like a baptism for showing up the capacity of a worker. But in Santa Catarina there was rarely any hitch. The long complicated names of those to be immersed were duly recorded, a suitable text of Scripture selected for each one, towels and gowns were always in their place, the water being sufficiently warmed, and the temperature registered in a book! Only on one occasion was Swan taken by surprise, when the brother about to be baptised whispered,

**"What am I to do with my wooden leg?"**

How many perplexed travellers, arriving in Lisbon, will ever forget the feeling of relief when their good friend appeared, and dexterously piloted them and their baggage through the multiple formalities of the Portuguese Customs.

Only the most skilful ordering of the fleeting hours enabled him to achieve so much. He rarely spoke without using fresh topical illustrations coupled with frequent references to various Scriptures, and he always used great care in the preparation of his message. Visitors seeking help and counsel were continually knocking at

his door. Christians who left Lisbon for distant parts were never forgotten, and he always endeavoured to maintain contact with them through the post, his correspondence thus growing to large proportions.

And yet he was never *too* busy. He would arrive at the meetings twenty minutes or half an hour before they were due to begin, and rarely set out from home to engage in ministry without inviting any friends present to kneel with him in prayer. A great soul indeed, whose memory lingers tenderly in the hearts of the many who loved him and esteemed him highly.

### Summary.

And thus, one by one, the veterans are being called home. Many of them, like Charles Albert Swan, are men who have striven and suffered and laboured, and we have entered into their labours. Shall it be said of us—the younger generation—that we are of too poor a stuff to guard the heritage of our fathers? They laid the foundations; and it was a costly business. But have we the strength to build? They cleared the ground of briars, and ploughed the soil for the sowing, but the clouds are heavy and tempestuous, and maybe we would fain wait for fairer weather.

True it is that we are a feeble folk, but may God help us to follow the faith of those who have gone before—though the world crash to ruin beneath us—holding fast that which has been committed to our trust, that at the Great Assize it may be found that neither they nor we have run in vain.