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HISTORY





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ANDERSON-MORSEHEAD # HISTORY OF
UNIVERSITIES MISSION TO CENTRAL A



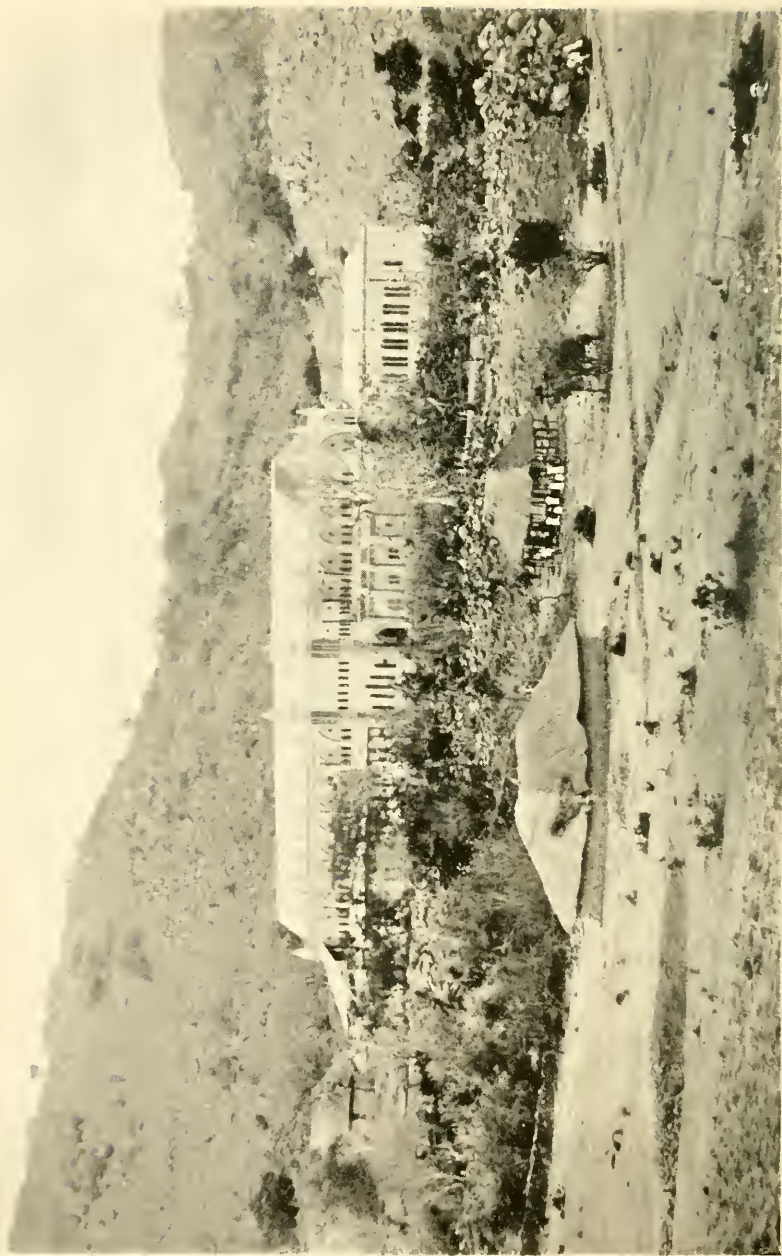
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THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITIES'
MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA

1859-1909



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The History of the
Universities' Mission
to Central Africa

1859-1909

BY

A. E. M. ANDERSON-MORSHEAD



NEW AND REVISED EDITION

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OFFICE OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA
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“ From earth, the censer at His feet,
Mounts to the Lord the savour sweet
Of that which once for all
He gave upon the Cross, and we
Give daily, earth's release to be
From daily use and thrall.

* * * *

Then mourn we not with drooping heart
Though half the globe may seem to part
Our prayers from home and friends.
Our mattins meet their evensong
And the dread Offering, all day long,
All prayer, all duty blends.”

Keble.

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TO THE BLESSED MEMORY
OF ALL THOSE
WHO FROM
CHARLES FREDERICK MACKENZIE,
BISHOP,
HAVE PASSED TO THEIR REST
IN THE SERVICE OF THE MISSION,
THIS RECORD OF FAITHFUL WORK
IS DEDICATED.

PREFACE

IN the mediæval pictures of the Adoration of the Magi, one king is usually represented with African features. By the wonderful instinct that guided those old Italian painters to teach truths in advance of their times, the African is seen to have his gift to offer at the cradle-throne of Christ. And surely no less precious than the gold of Asia, or the incense of European worship, is the myrrh which embalms the thousands of years of African suffering, and makes it meet for the Altar of God.

This history aims at giving a simple account of how Central Africa has come forward in the last fifty years to make her offering in the Temple of the Most High.

Fifty years have passed since, at the call, first of Livingstone and then of Bishops Gray, Wilberforce, and others, the net was cast in African waters by heroic hands.

"Cast after cast, by force or guile,
All waters must be tried."

And we shall see how, when for a time the waters of the Shiré failed of a harvest, those of Zanzibar were swept for many a year, until at length "the Fishermen of Jesus" cast their nets in the blue waters of Lake Nyasa. Here we attempt to portray the days and nights of waiting in utter patience, in many an up-country station,

in Bondeland, on the Rovuma, or among the Yao Hills, the Lakeside stations, or in the great heathen city of Zanzibar. It is hoped that some who read of the noble lives laid down for Africa, of those who form our Roll in Paradise, and of the tremendous work which remains to be done by those devoted men and women who still labour at the task to which Africa called and England sent them, may be themselves inspired to hear, amid the rush and roar of the ceaseless activities of the world's work and pleasure, the cry of those who, in Africa or elsewhere, call to the Father of all for Bread, and there is none to give it them.

The twofold lesson of all history is to teach us to remember and forget. Remember our famous men, remember the trials and difficulties and the mistakes of the way, only to learn how they were surmounted and cleared away—only to give hope and courage for the future, and then “forgetting the things that are behind,” the weariness, the falls and rising again, and even the splendour of the past, “to press towards the mark.” If this history helps to draw any to offer themselves for the work in Africa or elsewhere, it will have accomplished its aim. The night indeed is far spent, the breaking of the morning has come, and that which Livingstone, Gray, and Mackenzie saw darkly has come to pass, however imperfectly, and the following pages tell the story of the drawing of the net, often broken, sometimes feebly drawn, but ever bringing to the Master's feet

“The souls He died to win.”

A. E. M. ANDERSON-MORSHEAD.

Octave of All Saints, 1908.

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EAST/CENTRAL AFRICA

Showing the Dioceses of Zanzibar, Nyasaland, N.E. and N.W. Rhodesia.

HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITIES MISSION

CHAPTER I

THE CALL TO THE WORK

The Call of Bishop Selwyn, Dr. Livingstone, and Bishop Gray—Charles Frederick Mackenzie chosen for the work—Consecration in Cape Town Cathedral.

IN reading the history of the world, we are struck again and again with the wonderful Patience of God. "The long-suffering of the LORD is salvation." That most Christian of astronomers, Kepler, said, when publishing his discoveries, "I may well wait a hundred years for a reader since God has waited 6,000 years for an interpreter of His work." And we sometimes marvel how the Divine Patience tarried all those years for the illumination of Darkest Africa. And yet He waited till the time arrived which in His providence He saw was the fitting time to send forth His immediate call to the work. Without that call, the Church could do nothing; but when once it was heard, woe be to those who turned back from it. Let us trace out that call and see whence it came, and what was the response of the Church of England to those through whom the call came.

From India and New Zealand, from South Africa and Central Africa, came the impulses which moved men

to begin the work, and which gained for that work its first leader.

In April 1853, the Rev. J. S. Jackson, of Caius College, Cambridge, going out to head a new Mission at Delhi, tried to influence Charles Frederick Mackenzie to go with him.

“After he left me,” wrote the future Bishop, “I read a bit of Henry Martyn’s Life before *he* left England, and I determined for the first time, and prayed to God to help me, to think what was best to be done, *and to do it*. I thought chiefly of the command, ‘Go and baptize all nations,’ and how some one ought to go; and I thought how in another world one would look back and rejoice at having seized this opportunity of taking the good news of the gospel to those who had never heard of it, but for whom, as well as for us, Christ died. I thought of the Saviour sitting in heaven and looking down upon this world, and seeing us who have heard the news selfishly keeping it to ourselves.”

Thus the impulse was given, but in the ordering of God’s providence it was turned aside from India. In the next year two bishops arrived in England from the colonial mission field. One of these was Dr. Colenso, the newly appointed Bishop of Natal, coming for recruits after a ten weeks’ survey of his diocese; the other that prince of Bishops, the first Bishop of New Zealand.

In November, Bishop Selwyn preached four sermons on Sunday afternoons in Great St. Mary’s, Cambridge, which were published as *The Work of Christ in the World*. These sermons Mackenzie heard, and was deeply stirred, as no doubt many another hearer was, by such words as the following:—

“I go from hence, if it be the will of God, to the most

distant of all countries. . . . There God has planted the standard of the Cross as a signal to His Church to fill up the intervening spaces, till there is neither a spot of earth which has not been trodden by the messengers of salvation, nor a single man to whom the gospel has not been preached. Fill up the void. Let it no longer be a reproach to the Universities that they have sent so few missionaries to the heathen. . . . The voice of the LORD is asking, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' May every one of you who intends, by God's grace, to dedicate himself to the ministry, answer at once: 'Here am I, send me.'"

The immediate result was that Mackenzie offered himself to Dr. Colenso, who had already asked him to go to Natal as his Archdeacon. Thus was the future Bishop led to Africa and to an interest in African affairs.

All this time a door was being opened into the heart of Africa by a way which the Church could hardly have guessed. For it was David Livingstone, the Scotch Presbyterian, working at first for the London Missionary Society, who during these years was making those journeys through the heart of Africa which made the entrance of a Mission possible, an account of which he published under the title, *Missionary Travels in South Africa*. During his visit to England in 1857, the simple, large-hearted hero took England by storm, and when he announced his intention of inviting the Church of England, represented by her two oldest Universities, to plant a Mission in Central Africa, it is no wonder that Oxford and Cambridge responded to his call. That the working of our national Church should have so impressed this great man, who was not of her sons, was justly felt to be a testimony to the life and vigour of the Church of England. He told his own story in each

University. On December 4 he appeared in the Senate House at Cambridge. "His reception was enthusiastic; the undergraduates cheered as only undergraduates can cheer; and after a lecture of real interest, adapted with great tact to the audience, Professor Sedgwick, at the Vice-Chancellor's request, expressed the satisfaction which every one present felt."

Livingstone went, and in the next two years had opened up fresh ground along the Shiré, and among the tribes lying round Lake Shirwa, and towards Nyasa; but his parting words rang in the ears of the Universities:—

"I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work which I have begun. '*I leave it with you.*'"

Nevertheless, the fire which Dr. Livingstone had kindled in all hearts might have died out had not Robert Gray, first Bishop of Cape Town and Metropolitan of South Africa, visited England the next year. He had a well-considered scheme for sending missionary Bishops and Clergy into those heathen lands which bordered on the already established dioceses of Cape Town, Graham's Town, and Natal, thus giving them a base of operations in the lands already Christian. But with his characteristic disposition to yield in non-essentials to the wishes of others, and to use the materials offered to him, he threw himself warmly into the new scheme.

A Cambridge committee was at once formed. Oxford was asked to co-operate, and shortly after a great meeting in the Sheldonian, the Association took the name of "The Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa," its object being to provide funds for sending out at least

six missionaries, under a head who should, if possible, be a Bishop; while the field for the Mission was left entirely to the choice of Livingstone, with the sanction of the Metropolitan under whose care it was at first advisable to place the Mission. For a year then, stirred up (it should ever be remembered) by a curate in Cambridge—the Rev. Wm. Monk—the committees worked in faith, content to leave in God's hands the decision whom they should send, and in what land the Mission should be planted.

Thus came round All Saints' Day, when the first year's Report¹ was presented in the Senate House at Cambridge. At this meeting spoke, besides the Vice-Chancellor and many other distinguished persons, Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir George Grey, Governor of Cape Colony. It was on this occasion that the Bishop of Oxford made the memorable peroration to a long speech. Speaking of Henry Martyn and other departed missionaries in words too soon applicable to our own Mission:—

“It seems to me as if even now their voices hung upon the charmed air, and called upon us in our day to follow their mighty example; and on this day especially, when we have been blessing God publicly for all His Saints, departed this life in His faith and fear, I can scarcely help feeling as if they were beckoning us onward. . . . Pardon me if I say amongst them there seems to be one . . . who is beckoning me by the speciality of my position to take up, in however feeble a manner, the work he so nobly began, and to witness to the next generation, that England can

¹ See *David Livingstone and Cambridge: A Record of Three Meetings*, U.M.C.A.

never be clear from the guilt of her long continued slave trade till Africa is free, civilized, and Christian."

And now the question, "Who shall lead the Mission?" was to be answered. Archdeacon Mackenzie had been led to return to England from Natal by a series of what looked like accidents; so that when asked, "Well, what has brought you to England?" he replied with a laugh, "Upon my word, I am unable to tell you." Going, however, to preach in his own University on All Saints' Day he was present at the "Great Zambezi Meeting," and, noting the zeal and excitement of many, remarked, "I am *afraid* of this: most great works of this kind have been carried on by one or two men, in a quieter way, and have had a more humble beginning." The next day it was decided to offer him the headship of the Mission, which he at once accepted.

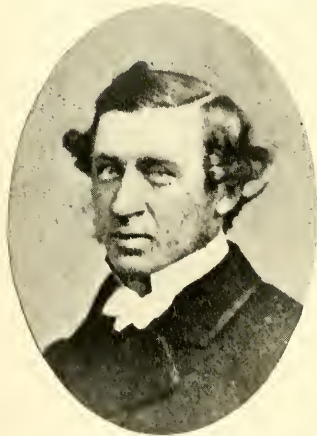
Charles Frederick Mackenzie was at this time thirty-four years of age. He was the youngest of a large family, related to the Mackenzies of Seaforth. He was educated at Grange School, Bishop Wearmouth, and at Caius College, Cambridge, graduating in 1848 as second wrangler. When congratulated on his success, he replied simply, "that he had only done what was natural under the circumstances." This simplicity was a trait in his character; and the man to whom it was natural to take so high a place in the mathematical tripos, found it natural, later on, to do his best wherever God called him. After several years more of college life, alternating with pastoral work in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, he was ordained priest in September 1852. One anecdote of this period may be given. When acting as



REV. HENRY CARTER SCUDAMORE.



REV. LOVELL JAMES PROCTER.



REV. HENRY DE WINT BURRUP.



REV. HORACE WALLER.



JOHN DICKINSON, M.B.



REV. HENRY ROWLEY.

Mathematical Examiner for Honours, he noticed a student who seemed nervous and faint, but who, according to rule, could not leave the presence of the examiners during the time allotted to the papers in hand. Mackenzie spoke to him, and took him out, made him swallow some soup, and brought him back to pass his examination.

Early in 1855 he sailed for Natal, accompanied by his sister Anne, and was afterwards joined by another sister. He had playfully called them his white and black sister, in allusion to the interest felt by the one in the European and by the other in the native races. The four and a half years of African work that ensued before his opportune return to England in 1859 were justly felt by the Committee of the Universities' Mission to be a great qualification for the leader of this new work.

To the six clergymen, it was now determined to add medical men, and industrial and agricultural workers, as likely to be important aids in the extirpation of the slave trade. The Universities of Dublin and Durham were asked to co-operate in the work, and in 1860 the Association altered its title to that of the "Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and Durham Mission to Central Africa."

While still waiting to know their destination, Mackenzie gathered his recruits—Miss Anne Mackenzie, his "white sister"; the Revs. L. J. Procter and H. C. Scudamore; Mr. Horace Waller, lay superintendent; S. A. Gamble, carpenter; and Alfred Adams, agricultural labourer. It was said of them with truth at this time:—

"To the leader and his associates in this noble enterprise it will personally be a matter of perfect indifference where they shall settle. They are prepared to go forth, in the spirit of

the Patriarch when called from Ur of the Chaldees, to take possession, in the name of Christ, of a country in which at present they have not so much as set their foot."

A difficulty arose in the course of this year as to the legality of consecrating bishops for places beyond Her Majesty's dominion, as to their status, and the See to which they would owe obedience, and it was thought wise to refer the matter to the Convocation of Canterbury. A favourable report was in due time presented, suggesting obedience to the nearest Metropolitan, and the organization of a system of synods to regulate immediate needs and secure unity.

On October 2, 1860, there was a farewell service in the Cathedral of Canterbury, when the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce) thrilled all hearts by his parting address to the Mission:—

"And as for thee, true yokefellow, and brother well-beloved, who ledest forth this following; to thee, in this our parting hour—while yet the grasped hand tarries in the embrace of love—to thee, what shall we say? Surely what, before he gave over to younger hands his rod and staff, God's great prophet said of old to his successor: 'Be strong and of a good courage, for thou must go with this people into the land which the LORD hath sworn unto their fathers to give them, and *thou shalt cause them to inherit it.*' . . . When thy heart is weakest, He shall make it strong; when all others leave thee, He shall be closest to thee; and the revelation of His love shall turn danger into peace, labour into rest, suffering into ease, anguish into joy, and martyrdom, if He so order it, into the prophet's fiery chariot, bearing thee by the straightest course to thy most desired Home."

The final meeting in that crypt of St. Augustine's at Canterbury, where now several relics of the Bishop

are treasured, cannot but suggest a comparison with the Apostle of the English. To St. Augustine, leading his forty monks to win England—sent forth by St. Gregory—how small, how inadequate would have appeared that



ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, CAPE TOWN

little band, going forth like an advanced piquet into an enemy's country, under cover of whose apparent defeat the great army might advance to victory! Archdeacon Mackenzie planted, at the request of the Dean, a Wellingtonia in the Deanery garden. "May our Mission," said the Dean, "resemble it in its growth and in its greatness." ¹

¹ See *Central Africa*, 1902, p. 170.

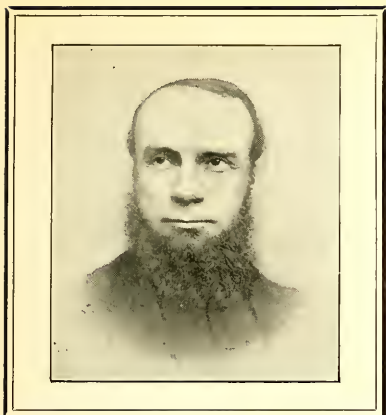
It was in St. George's Cathedral, Cape Town, on the Feast of the Circumcision, 1861, that Charles Frederick Mackenzie, the first missionary Bishop whom our Church had sent forth for a thousand years, was consecrated by Bishop Gray, Metropolitan, assisted by the Bishops of Natal and St. Helena. The oath then taken shows that his field of labour was settled:—

“In the Name of God, Amen. I, Charles Frederick Mackenzie, chosen Bishop of the Mission to the tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of the Lake Nyasa and River Shiré, do profess and promise all due reverence and obedience to the Metropolitan Bishop and Metropolitan Church of Cape Town, and to their successors. So help me God, through Jesus Christ.”

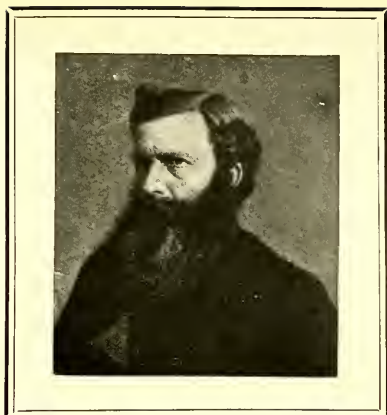
A picture of the party at this time, while they waited several weeks at Bishops court, is given by an eye-witness:—

“December 9, 1860.—The other guests in the house were Archdeacon and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Procter and Mr. Scudamore (two young clergymen of the Mission), and Mr. Waller, who has the entire management of all the secular affairs belonging to the Mission. The Zambezians generally go to town every day on business. When they have started, kind Miss Mackenzie gives me a Kafir lesson. In the afternoon I generally find a Portuguese lesson going on on the Stoep. Dinner and evening are something perfect, but quite indescribable—quiet, grave discussion over the Mission, interspersed with all manner of little skirmishes and attacks on the Archdeacon and Mr. Scudamore, who are very boys for fun and brightness. Oh, but they are such a noble set of men, and it is such a pleasure and privilege to know them all.

“. . . December 13, 1860.—I am just fairly in love with the Archdeacon: he is so bright and funny, and earnest



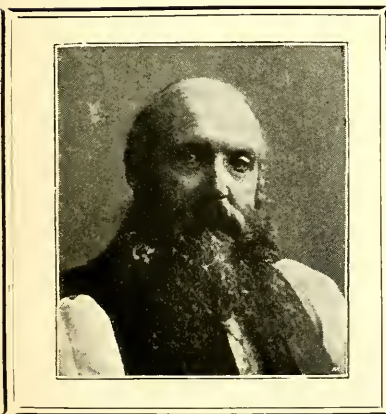
EDWARD STEERE



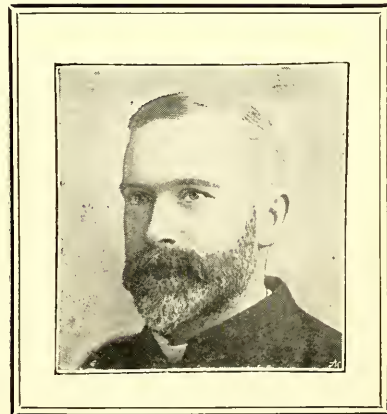
WILLIAM GEORGE TOZER.



CHARLES FREDERICK MACKENZIE



CHARLES ALAN SMYTHIES.



WILFRID BIRD HORNBY.

BISHOPS OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION, 1861-1894.

and kind. His elder sister, Miss Mackenzie, is one of those kind, winning sort of people who love everybody, and whom everybody loves. Mr. Waller is here, going to town every day to make purchases. I can't describe him more truly or honourably than the Bishop [Gray] does: 'He is a Christian gentleman.' You can't talk to him for a quarter of an hour without finding out what a noble fellow he is. L—— stayed here a few days. She knows all the party, too. . . . Fancy the news coming of the death of Mr. Helmore and his party—at least, some dead from fever, and some missing—so soon after their arrival! L—— was here when the news came. She said for half a day, perhaps, they were not so boyishly bright as usual, and then it seemed as if the new danger gave them new courage and brightness."

The deaths alluded to were those of a party of the London Missionary Society's men who were to work further up the Zambezi.

There was in Cape Town a congregation of coloured people, now known as St. Paul's, under the care of the veteran missionary, Archdeacon Lightfoot. Among these were many liberated slaves, whom Mr. Lightfoot thought might help the Mission in its intercourse with the natives. One Sunday evening Mackenzie went and preached in the little rough, temporary church, and asked if any would volunteer for the work. Twelve coloured men stood up, three of whom sailed with the Bishop. They did not, however, stand the trial, and eventually had to be sent back.

Finally, on January 12, the party sailed in H.M.S. *Lyra* from Simon's Bay, looking forward to whatever might await them; in the words of the Bishop:—

"Thus it may be that in the course of years we may

become, what I have sometimes thought we were like, the original and early sprouts that rise from the seed in the ground, and serve but to give life and vigour and energy to the shoots which rise above the ground afterwards. . . . That is the prospect we have before us—a prospect which does not depend upon our life or death, which does not depend upon our successes during our lifetime, but depends entirely upon the grace of God ; a prospect which will undoubtedly be realized in God's good time, for we know that ' the knowledge of the LORD shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.' ”



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Kilimanjaro
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BRITISH
E. AFRICA

UNIAMWEZI
GERMAN
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UGALLA

BRITISH
SOUTH
AFRICA CO.

MOMBASA
USAMBARA
M'ukindo
KOLOGWE
MAGU
MUKU
JUZUGUA
GEJANGU
Marege Mkali
Uruguru
M'SUKAMI
KICHELWE
UZARAMO
Khatu
Mwera
Kilwa Kvinge
Kilwa Quilao
Lindio
Makonde Plateau
CHITANGALI
MASASO
M'WITI
MKOO
NEWALA
ROVUMA
MAVIA
M'ERO
Dombas

BASENGA

MALOMWE

MASHONA LAND

FIELD OF THE
UNIVERSITIES MISSION
EAST CENTRAL AFRICA

MATABELI
LAND

English Miles
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32

East of 34 Greenwich

36

38

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CHAPTER II

THE SHIRÉ HIGHLANDS

Up the Zambezi and Shiré—The Yao and Nyanja Tribes—The Slave Gang—Life at Magomero.

PATIENCE was certainly the first virtue the Mission party was called on to exercise, and in the end patience had "her perfect work."

In H.M.S. *Lyra* sailed the Bishop, the Rev. L. J. Procter, and some black men, among whom was Charles Thomas. The rest of the party had started before in H.M.S. *Sidon*.

There was a happy rest off Natal, where the Bishop took leave of his old work and of the sister who remained there. The final parting from English territory and friends was only to be compared to St. Paul's departure from his beloved Ephesian converts at Miletus. "Strong men fairly cried as they spoke of the kind heart, and loving deeds, and earnest Christian life of him who was going from amongst them." He did not shun to declare unto them the whole counsel of God. In a sermon "he spoke most openly on the treatment of the natives here as a shame to the white people. . . . No sympathy with their home joys or sorrows, hardly credit given them for having within them deeper thoughts and feelings than they care to reveal to those who have so little human



PUSHING THROUGH THE REEDS.



HOUSE BOAT NEAR LIWONDÉ.

THE UPPER SHIRÉ RIVER.

sympathy with them. While this was the state of things, to raise an interest in the tribes further off would be unreal."

"On the shore we slipped away and had a few quiet collects together, till we were warned we must go to the boat. . . . Speaking of happiness, he said: 'Now till death my post must be one of care and unrest. To be the sharer of every one's sorrows, the comforter of every one's griefs, the strengthener of every one's weakness—to do this as much as in me lies is now my aim and object.' He said this with a smile, and oh, the peace in his face! it seemed as if nothing could shake it."

Here another missionary joined the party, the Rev. H. Rowley, the early chronicler of the Mission. The two parties of the *Sidon* and *Lyra* were united again at the mouth of the Zambezi, and here they found Livingstone and his party, who were to escort them to their field of labour. But Livingstone now objected to the plan of approaching Nyasa from the side of the Zambezi and Shiré, partly owing to the difficulty of navigation, and partly to the absence of the friendly chief, Chibisa. The mouths of the Zambezi certainly form one of the most forbidding of ports. They make a low-lying delta, and the water of the Kongoni mouth, thought to be the best, is shallow, with a most dangerous bar. On the other hand, the Rovuma, which Livingstone was anxious to explore, flows 500 miles further north, and discharges a splendid volume of water by an unbarred mouth into a large and fairly sheltered bay.

Naturally, but reluctantly, the Bishop yielded his judgment to that of the great explorer; and, leaving the Mission party at Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands,

he, with Mr. Rowley, accompanied Livingstone up the Rovuma in the *Pioneer*, the little exploring steamer which our Government had just sent out to him.

It was wasted time as far as the Mission was concerned. The Rovuma became so full of shoals, and the time of year (March) so late in the season, that, for fear of the water falling and stranding the party, they returned after only getting twenty-five miles up stream. The river was then thought to connect the ocean with Lake Nyasa, which was soon afterwards discovered to be a mistake.

During this river voyage the Bishop worked as hard as any one in the navigation of the little steamer, and once narrowly escaped being eaten by a crocodile. Here they first noticed the hideous lip-ring with which the native women disfigure their faces. The thick upper lip is pierced, and a block or ring of wood inserted, round which the lip grows out into a fair likeness of a snout. Without this adornment no woman, it was believed, could be attractive enough to win a husband. The humility, which causes them to be dissatisfied with their personal appearance as to improve it so carefully, leads to a difficulty in speaking and eating.

After picking up the party at Johanna, the Mission at length entered the Kongoni mouth of the Zambezi on May 1, exactly four months after the Bishop's consecration. But it was not until July 8 that this river voyage ended, so that patience was still needed. The Bishop's sunny disposition helped much, as did the never-failing courage of Livingstone. "He and the Bishop," writes Bishop Gray, "get on famously together. The Bishop says they chaff each other all day like two school-boys."

Dr. Kirk gave lessons in botany, that indispensable science for all pioneers, with the result that the Bishop made some progress; whilst in graver moments we find him "steeping his mind" in such words as "perplexed, but not in despair"; "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Sometimes the steamer took twenty-four days to advance twelve miles. It burnt wood, and the wood had to be cut; it stuck on a sandbank, and had to be pushed off. Those who worked it had fever, and so had most of the Mission party; but, unfortunately, so lightly that it led them to despise the enemy, and to neglect the ordinary precautions which experience and prudence have since shown to be necessary if fever is to be warded off.

It has often been remarked that in those far-distant lands, amid scenes where the Faith has never been preached, the differences of Christians sink into the shade, and their points of union are hailed with joy. Thus Mackenzie writes:—

"Livingstone and his party come to our ordinary services. We have on board Morning Prayer, and sermon on Sunday morning, and every morning and evening the reading of ten or twelve verses and a few of the collects. On Whit-Sunday I proposed having the Litany, and asked Livingstone whether he thought it would weary the sailors. He said, 'No; he always used it himself.' We have always had it since. They all attend Holy Communion."

And the Bishop showed himself willing to learn from one not of his communion:—

"I have been reading Moffat's missionary labours, and it has made me think more of the difficulties, not only of a practical outward kind, but still more of a spiritual kind. It

has helped me also to remember that God is our help, and that we attempt nothing in our own name."

They followed the Zambezi for about eighty miles from its mouth, finding it a magnificent stream a mile broad, muddy, but well stocked with fish, flowing through



THE RIVER SHIRÉ

low banks clothed in long grass, abounding in birds of many sorts, while the hippopotamus and crocodile were seen everywhere. The former is sometimes used for food, and is eatable when quite young; but the mature specimens they sometimes killed needed a good appetite and a strong digestion.

The *Pioneer* now entered the Shiré, a tributary of the

Zambezi on its north bank, about 300 feet wide, and very clear. The country here grew more mountainous and much more beautiful ; the heights of Mounts Morambala (4,000 ft.), Clarendon (6,000 ft.), and Milanje (8,000 ft.), came successively into view on the eastern side. The gentle tribes who peopled the country are called, in these early accounts, Manganja—a corruption of Ma-Nyanja or Lake-people, Nyasa being but another form of the word. They were mostly agricultural, living in small scattered villages, with very little union among them. Mankokwe was at this time chief of the land, but had little power. He received the Mission party graciously, but bade them depart in peace, and settle anywhere except in his village.

The *Pioneer* therefore went on to Chibisa's, a village about 140 miles up the Shiré, beautifully situated upon the south-western bank of the river, which is here studded with lovely islands, while a magnificent mountain view lies to the north and east. Chibisa himself was a mysterious hero, said by his people to be a chief and son of a chief—but by the Portuguese declared to be a slave. Possibly he was both ;—anyhow, he was quite the strongest man, and the seer of the land. Though dwelling on the Zambezi, near Tete, his aid was sought by the people for a hundred miles round.

Here, then, at Chibisa's, the Mission first planted its foot. And here, with Chibisa's as his parish, the Bishop left Mr. Rowley, with Adams, Gamble, and Job, one of the Cape Town men, to build huts and receive stores. Dr. Livingstone went on with the Mission party to settle them in their new home on the Highlands ;

for, though the river was the only thoroughfare in the land, it was also the most unhealthy place for a permanent settlement.

With Livingstone went some of his Makololo followers, a Bechuana tribe in whom he had great and deserved confidence. Before going to England he had planted them at Tete, ordering them to wait there for him, and on his return in two years there they were still waiting. And so, to conquer the land and subdue it for Christ, this little procession set forth, the great Doctor tramping along at the head, with the even, steady pace with which he had walked through Africa. The Makololo, Senamen, and Chibisians followed, bearing the burdens, including forty days' provisions; lastly came the missionaries, headed by their Bishop, and, like the Jews of old under Nehemiah, "Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other held a weapon." For, mindful that there was already war in the land, they were all armed. When the natives looked at the Bishop, and saw him carrying his gun in one hand, and his pastoral staff (the gift of the Cape clergy) in the other, they were more alarmed at the latter than at the former, whose properties they knew.

Said one, "mfuti?" (a gun).

"Yetu, mfuti ikuru" (yes, great gun), said another.

The Bishop writes:—

"I myself had in my left hand a loaded gun, in my right the crozier they gave me in Cape Town, in front a can of oil, and behind a bag of seeds, which I carried the greater part of the day. I thought of the contrast between my weapon and my staff, the one like Jacob, the other like Abraham, who armed his trained servants to rescue Lot. I thought

of the seed which we must sow in the hearts of the people, and of the oil of the Spirit that must strengthen us in all we do."

And so at length in Central Africa "the sower went forth to sow his seed."

At this point it is necessary to understand the state of the land at the time. Livingstone found it much changed since his former visit, and it is not wonderful that he did not realize the causes of the change; still less wonderful is it that the missionaries did not understand them.

Shortly put it was thus: The Matabele, of whose prowess we now know so much, had defeated a tribe in the far interior—the Banyai—and stolen or slain their women and children. The Banyai offered ivory to Portuguese slave dealers to supply them with wives. The Portuguese looking round to see where there was war, and consequently where there was a weaker party to be enslaved, discovered a part of the great Yao race, who lived, and still live, on the eastern side of Lake Nyasa, south of the Rovuma, and who were flying south before the incursions of the Mavia and other Makua tribes. This Yao race is in the Mission journals always called Ajawa; Livingstone had met some of them near Mount Zomba years before, and formed a bad opinion of them. Pressed south, they came to the country round Lake Shirwa, and, as there was plenty of land, they would have settled peaceably, but for the Manganja or Nyasa race, who fought with their weary (and perhaps thieving) guests, and sold them in crowds to the Portuguese. They were but too much used to being seized for slaves, for annually numbers of them were sold at Zanzibar. By degrees the Yao found themselves the stronger, and turned

the tables on the Manganja, selling *them* to the Portuguese, instead of being sold themselves. Like most African tribes, the Yao were by turns enslavers and enslaved.

It was at this juncture that the missionaries arrived, and only knew of the Yao as wicked marauders, helping on the thrice-accursed slave trade. Had they realized that they were a stronger race pushed south, and compelled to make homes for themselves by the universal law of replenishing the earth and subduing it, they would have known that it was hopeless to engage in any struggle with them, unless they meant to interfere regularly in native wars. This they had already resolved not to do. Bishop Gray, writing later on, says :—

“ It is curious that the question of using arms was freely discussed in my house, and that the party—the Bishop and Scudamore most especially—maintained that it was unlawful under *any* circumstances, even in defence of their lives. Their line was patient suffering.”

This is the line universally adopted now in the Mission, but no one had calculated the effect of the actual sight of a slave gang (in a place where there were no British forces to call in) on men with loving hearts and strong hands. Dr. Livingstone felt more than justified in what he did. Most Englishmen, worthy of the name, and imperfectly understanding the state of things, would have done the same. But interference, once begun, must be followed up. If patient suffering is to be effective, it must be consistent. “ It must begin with non-intervention and end with non-intervention.” Dr. Livingstone hoped one blow would be enough. It was not enough.

After all, if the native policy of the Mission was a mistake, it was a mistake not unworthy of heroes. If we do not adopt their line, we can admire and follow their spirit.

The party, now *en route* from Chibisa's on the Shiré to Chigunda's station (Magomero) on the Highlands, had reached Mbame's. The natives were sitting round their fires, while the Bishop and others had gone to bathe, when a string of slaves was seen descending into the village, driven by slave dealers. Livingstone, his brother, and Dr. Kirk went out to meet them. There they were, eighty-four helpless captives, their necks in slave forks, bound with hard thongs of bark, men, women and children, on their way to Tete, to be sold into life-long captivity. Dr. Livingstone disarmed the six slavers and let them go; while, with joy untold, the people around cut the bonds and set the bewildered slaves free. They stretched out their hands uncertainly, and gradually light dawned on them. They were free. Only the night before, one poor fellow had tried to loose his bonds, and; being discovered, was hung up to a tree for hours, by his wrists and ankles, till, all power of walking having failed him, he was taken aside, and an axe ended his torments.

Bishop Mackenzie returned from his bath to find the slaves "clothed and cooking." No wonder his heart warmed, and he resolved to stand by Livingstone through good and evil report; for it is true that, as Paley says :—

"Few ever will be found to attempt alterations, but men of more spirit than prudence, of more sincerity than caution, of warm, eager and impetuous temper. If we are to wait for improvement till the cool, the calm, the discreet part of

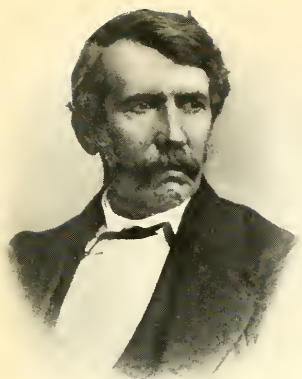
mankind begins it, I will venture to pronounce that (without His interposition with Whom nothing is impossible) we may remain as we are till the renovation of all things."

Here was at once a nucleus of work for the party, and Dr. Livingstone gave all the captives to the Bishop, who, after offering them their choice of returning to their homes or staying with him, found that they had no homes left to which to return. The Bishop therefore had become at once father and head of a flock.

They now marched on to Magomero, a village belonging to the chief Chigunda. Hearing fearful accounts of the Yao cruelties, Livingstone marched out to try and induce them to retire to their own country, not knowing that they would have done so only too gladly, but could not. Burning villages lighted the way to the Yao camp. It is difficult to say whether a Makololo or Yao fired the first shot; but in a short time Livingstone drove off the Yao and burnt their huts. The Bishop took no active part in the battle, but his party lent their aid in this serious affray.

It was now determined to settle at Magomero, and here Livingstone left them. Chigunda said he was "dead already" at the thought of these powerful English going away, and for the consideration of £1 he gave them half his village. It was as bad a situation as the Highlands afforded, being regularly down in a hollow, and sixty miles from Chibisa's, whence all provisions must come. On the other hand, it was a strong situation, well watered, but not free from fever. As an outpost, it might perhaps stay the advance of the Yaos.

The unfortunate fame of their former prowess spread far and wide, and a deputation of Nyasa chiefs prayed



DAVID LIVINGSTONE



SIR JOHN KIRK



ANNE DAOMA.



ST. PAUL'S, FORT JAMESON, N.W. RHODESIA (CONSECRATED 1906).

the Bishop to help them again. He, feeling pledged by the former action, and finding that families had really been carried off, agreed to help them, on a promise that they themselves would never buy or sell slaves again, and that any prisoners taken should go free.

The Bishop, Mr. Waller, and Charles Thomas went boldly forward to the Yao army on an embassy of peace, and barely escaped being shot down. The combat then began; the Nyasa people fought well under the guidance of the English, and victory remained with them, a victory bloodless on their own side and nearly so on the enemy's side; and the Yao fled, leaving their captives behind.

To no one could the fight have been so dreadful as to the Bishop and his companions, Scudamore, Rowley, Waller, and Adams. But they had the happiness of re-uniting some of the captives to their families; and out of this battle came some of the few visible fruits of the Magomero Mission. A little sick child, left to starve, was picked up on the way back, baptized by the name of Charles Henry, slept by the Bishop's side that night, and passed to rest in the morning—the first-fruits of the Nyasa race. And as they walked back to Magomero, the Bishop himself carried a little girl named Daoma on his shoulder, “because she was such a little one.” We shall hear of her again.

And now came a very pleasant time at Magomero. The country quite close was at peace, slave traders came no more, the missionaries built themselves huts and encouraged their people to do the same and to plant gardens. The Bishop was very proud of having built himself the best hut, circular, nine feet in diameter and

ten feet high in the middle, his Cambridge mathematical precision standing him in good stead ; but his satisfaction was alloyed when it was pointed out to him that he had forgotten to make a door !

The missionaries were busy learning the language, which is something like Kafir. Bearing in mind the false impressions of God given by mission priests in China, who taught before they knew the language, they attempted no direct instruction, but such as arose out of daily necessities. For instance, news was brought that the Yao had burnt a certain village where the Bishop had once slept ; would the English come and help them ? Just as they were ready to start, the Bishop asked :

“ Where are we to meet ? ”

“ At the chief's village.”

“ What village ? ”

“ The village where you slept,” said the Nyasa, falling into the trap.

“ It is not burned, then ? ”

“ No.”

“ Did you lie when you said it was burned ? ”

The chief Nampeko, grinning, replied, “ I did lie.”

“ If a dog could do as you have done, I should kick it. cannot speak to you any more to-day.”

So once they found all their people busily shelling peas, which turned out to be stolen. When detected, some laughed, but some looked ashamed. Chigunda, the chief, begged them off from punishment, generously refusing to have the peas. The Bishop therefore paid the price in cloth, and gave the peas to the goats, warning them he would send away any one who so offended again. Another time three of their people robbed a Nyasa man

of a handsome brass bangle. The Bishop offered them the *sors tertia* of the old Winchester rule—a whipping—which was gratefully accepted by two, while the third was sent away. However, in two days he returned and begged for his flogging, which he duly received.

The day's life followed a certain rule at Magomero. Rising at 6, there was a roll-call of natives at 6.30, which frightened them at first. The native breakfast was served in the open air, the boys arranged in circles, school-feast fashion, each having a literal "handful" of porridge. At 7, came mattins, and at 8, breakfast of goat's flesh, yams or sweet potatoes, Indian corn porridge, and a loaf, when it could be had, and tea or coffee with goat's milk. All then went to work, the natives having tasks assigned them when not engaged in their gardens.

Mr. Scudamore drilled the boys, seventy-seven in number. They had a drum made of the skin of an elephant's ear, and they were taught to march in step and go through sundry exercises, ending with a plunge into a river at the word of command, by which they certainly learnt "heaven's first law" of order and obedience. Mr. Rowley undertook the purveying—no small task, with two hundred to provide for; and also took some very elementary classes. Mr. Waller, assisted at first by Dr. Meller of the Expedition, acted as surgeon, and had in truth much practice on the terrible wounds of the slaves. He writes of the natives:—

"They bear pain so well—little fellows submit to the cautery without wincing. One poor fellow had such a heel as I never saw. He was struck in it by accident with a fish spear; the whole of the tendon is gone, and the bone decaying beneath. In this state he was driven some thirty miles

by the slavers, and came back forty with us. He never complains."

The Bishop and his companions took classes for reading and teaching as far as they were able. Dinner followed at 1, with a rest. Then work from 3 to 5; tea at 6, and prayers about 7.30. On Sundays and Festivals Holy Communion was celebrated, and gradually they managed to set apart a room as a chapel.

But a church was their great desire, and on October 1, the anniversary of the farewell service at Canterbury, Bishop Mackenzie solemnly set up the pillar of the hoped-for church, a good-sized tree, felled by Scudamore, calling it the "first and corner post of the Church of St. Paul." That church was never to be built, in spite of the bright hopes which clustered around its beginning. All but two or three of those who should have ministered and worshipped there were removed—how soon!—to a "House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Forty-five years later, not on that exact spot, but in sight of Mackenzie's grave at Chiromo, was erected a church in honour of the great Missionary Apostle, and in remembrance of the first Missionary Bishop.

CHAPTER III

WAR, FAMINE, AND PESTILENCE

Troublous times—The Bishop's last voyage—Bishop Mackenzie dies
—Deaths of other Missionaries—Magomero and Morambala
abandoned.

THE arrival of the first recruits in November caused great joy to the Mission. These were the Rev. H. de Wint Burrup, Dr. Dickinson, as medical officer, and Richard Clark, a tanner and shoemaker. Mrs. Burrup had been left at Bishop's Court, Cape Town, to follow later with Miss Mackenzie and Jessie Lennox, a servant devoted to the Mackenzies. Mr. Burrup arrived at Chibisa's, where Livingstone was anchored, in a marvellously short time, having pushed on with four natives, all the latter part of the way, in a small canoe. The Bishop, who had come down to see Livingstone, took him back to Magomero, and some fears were felt for the others who were behind with no quinine.

“But,” says Mr. Waller, “while chatting away at breakfast (November 29), we heard two guns fired, and a very few moments assured us of the coming of Dr. Dickinson and Clark. I was quickly across the river, when a hearty ‘All right, sir,’ from Charles, and the sight of two new faces among

a multitude of black men bearing burdens told me all our hopes and fears for their safety might now be cast to the winds, and my hurrah joined with the others that came across to welcome them.

“ ‘For these and all His other mercies, but especially for *this* mercy, God’s holy Name be praised,’ cried the Bishop.”

For thus began that stream of successors, which, though sometimes a slender stream indeed, has, in God’s good providence, never ceased to flow from our land for the watering of our Master’s heritage among the heathen.

Warfare, meantime, had not ceased. The Yao and Nyasa races were ever fighting for space to live in, and for slaves, and once the slavers attacked Mr. Procter and Mr. Scudamore, and nearly killed them, as they were peacefully trying to open a path from Magomero to where the Ruo joins the Shiré.

War brought famine in its train. With the enemy in their land, many people had neglected to plant and sow. They were now running short of provisions, and in a short expedition made by the Bishop and Mr. Scudamore to punish the village which had attacked their friends, they found starving people. Starvation was beginning to bring on fever, to which all the Mission party fell victims in their turn ; on January 3, 1862, the Bishop and Mr. Burrup started on their last journey. They went to meet, as they hoped, the *Pioneer*, with the ladies of the party, and the stores which were badly needed, the rendezvous being Malo, at the confluence of the Shiré, and its eastern tributary, the Ruo, now the boundary of the Nyasaland Protectorate.



THE MURCHISON CATARACTS.



HOUSE BOAT.

THE RIVER SHIRÉ

What followed must be given chiefly in the Bishop's own words :—

“ January 3, 1862.—This is the first time I have written in the name of this year. May it be to us and to you a year of greater grace and blessing than the last, and so may we abound more and more unto the coming of our Lord and Saviour. How curious saying this to you, and probably the year will be far gone before you read it! But you are saying the same things, and God hears the prayers of both, and will shower down on each the showers of His blessing in answer to the distant prayer, just as the rain rises from the distant ocean, and falls on the thirsty ground where He has appointed it. . . .

“ January 8.—On Thursday, January 2, I got to Magero. . . . We started next day. We have established the custom of having a few prayers at our church before starting, and after the return of any of our party on a journey. So we had prayers for those that remained and for those who were going, and we set off. It rained heavily, and we had hard work to get the Makololo into motion; from that time till this morning we have had almost incessant rain. . . . We have seen the sun to-day, and this is a very beautiful place: a village perched on the top of a cliff overlooking the stream, which is now swollen much, and commanding a view of the valley of the Shiré, or at least its lowest level, extending four or five miles to the eastern hills. The valley itself, in a freer sense, stretches many a mile behind us to the west,—fine fertile land, studded with shrubs and trees, and apparently fit for any cultivation. I suppose, however, it is not so healthy as the higher lands.

“ The men of this village are old friends most of them, and all looks bright. I have been having many a laugh with them already. Thus it is that God gives us bright spots in our lives at the darkest, and how often bright tracts stretching over much of it!

" January 9.—I read Burrup this morning the *Keble* for xxvth Sunday after Trinity. I do so admire the last verses.¹

" Monday, January 13.—Our suspense is at an end. We got here, the Ruo mouth, on Saturday, to learn that Livingstone had passed down not many days before. This, though . . . involving our staying here a good while, seemed good news to me, inasmuch as we have not detained him by arriving ten days after the time. We had, on the whole, a prosperous journey down. The chief at Chibisa's undertook to send us down to a chief, Turuma, where we should be likely to get a larger boat. . . . Accordingly on Thursday we set off at three, and got to Turuma's in half an hour. It was delicious, the floating down that broad, green banked river. The uncertainty as to the length of the voyage gave it a dreaminess, like some parts of Southey's *Thalaba*. But, like *Thalaba*, our difficulties were not at an end. Turuma refused to see us, and declined to hire his boat to us. . . . Just then two of the Makololo, Zomba and Siseho, joined us, having walked down the bank. These (with Charlie) undertook to go down with us. So off we started, wondering at the way God was leading us. . . . Next morning

¹ " The promise of the morrow
 Is glorious on that eve,
 Dear as the holy sorrow
 When good men cease to live ;
 When, brightening ere it die away,
 Mounts up their altar flame,
 Still tending with intenser ray
 Toward heaven whence first it came.

" Say not it dies, that glory,
 'Tis caught unquenched on high ;
 Those saint-like brows so hoary
 Shall wear it in the sky.
 No smile is like the smile of death,
 When, all good musings past
 Rise wafted with the parting breath,
 The sweetest thought the last."

we set off early. Burrup was far from well. . . . At night we drew to the shore. By this time the mosquitoes were very troublesome. One of the men said, 'We are going on.' It was better, they thought, to work by moonlight than to be eaten up by insects. After half an hour we found ourselves stranded on the flooded bank. . . .

"In a few minutes Zomba, the bowman, gave the signal for a start, and off we were again in silence. This time we were sooner in coming to grief. A sudden turn, which our bowman did not see in time, landed us again on a point where the stream parted in two; the two men in the stern jumped out, up to their middle; I followed immediately, Burrup after me. But in vain; the canoe continued to fill, and we began to pull out our things . . . till we could get the canoe raised and baled out. Then the things were put in again, all soaking, and we wet up to our middles. . . . We were thankful our losses had been no worse, though it was not till next day we remembered that all our medicine was gone, and our spare powder. Fortunately the night was far from cold, or we might have taken harm; as it is, Burrup is none the better for it. I think I have escaped any ill consequences. . . .

"In the meantime we have been led to a very nice village. A benign, oldish chief, Chikanza, with a large population, occupying, I should think, about a hundred huts, willing that we should remain here. . . . I have my hopes that our being here in this way may be intended to prepare the village for being one of the stations to be worked by our Mission steamer (the University boat), for which I hope to write by this mail.

"So matters stand at present. Burrup is very low, and we have no medicine. Quinine, which we ought to be taking every day, there is none. But He who brought us here can take care of us without human means. If we *should* be down at once, Charlie will take care of us. The texts in Greek which we have learned day by day lately have been

Romans ii. 29 ; iii. 21-23 ; vi. 23 ; vii. 24, 25 ; viii. 38, 39 ; x. 13-15. . . Good-bye for the present."

Such was his farewell to earth, and had he known that it was such, he could not have chosen more touching texts than the last two,—one of quiet confidence for himself, the other of hope for the Mission.¹ One more letter, dated on the 16th, speaks of his plans of a Mission steamer, such as now plies on Lake Nyasa among a kindred race.



THE HUT IN WHICH BISHOP MACKENZIE DIED

We know little of the last fortnight. The Bishop soon fell ill, for want of the lost quinine. Mr. Burrup was too ill then to help him much, and far too weak afterwards to give much account of the Bishop's last days. He was mostly unconscious, or else speaking wandering words of being safe at Magomero with his sisters, for whom his loving heart had so longed. The

¹ "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor principalities," etc. ; and, "How beautiful are the feet," etc.

last words he is known to have spoken were to tell the faithful Makololo that "Jesus was coming to fetch him away." For the last week he was quite unconscious, and in this state, on the morning of January 31, Mr. Burrup had the grief of carrying the dying Bishop out to die in another hut, which was of less importance to the chief Chikanza. The natives believe the spirit haunts the place where it leaves the body, and shut up a hut after a death. The Bishop's spirit passed away at 5 p.m., and the same night, weak as he was, Mr. Burrup (aided by the Makololo) was compelled to bury him.

A grave was dug on the left bank of the Shiré, under a large acacia tree, and in the darkness of night Mr. Burrup said as much as he could recollect of the Burial Service. And thus was laid to rest the first English missionary Bishop of modern times, and the first Bishop of the Universities' Mission, after just one year's work in the country which he believed God had given him for an heritage. The possession of a burying place was all he was to have; yet that burying place has surely been the lode-star of mission effort. That apparently lost battle, fought by the brave little advanced piquet, has stirred up more "to follow in their train" than any other story of mission life.

Mr. Burrup at once returned with the sorrowful news to Magomero, and in three weeks' time he too had succumbed, and was buried at Magomero. He might have been saved had his friends been able to give him the nourishing food and stimulant he needed, but which he uncomplainingly went without.

Meantime, Captain Wilson, of H.M.S. *Gorgon*, brought

Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup as far as Chibisa's, before they heard the sad news, which the natives at Malo had concealed in fear of being held responsible. Since their dear ones now needed them no more, it was decided that they should at once return with Captain Wilson to the Cape, Miss Mackenzie being too ill with fever to realize all that had befallen them. But though she was not to do the work so sorely needed for the native women, Anne Mackenzie went home from the grave of her brother to work for missions as faithfully in England as others were doing in Africa. Not only as the founder of the Mackenzie Memorial Mission in Zululand, but as the "Providence" of many another Mission, for whose needs she collected, and with whose workers she kept up a cheering correspondence—the name of Anne Mackenzie was a household word for fifteen more years.

Captain Wilson set up a simple cross, to mark the Bishop's grave, of materials at hand—the upright being a thick reed or pole, five feet high, with a bit of board nailed across, and the staves of a barrel heaped up round the base.

The Bishop had left a memorandum at Magomero providing that the senior priest, or failing a priest, the senior deacon, or, failing him, the senior layman, should take temporary charge of the Mission; and thus Mr. Procter became head of a singularly united band of fellow-workers. The Bishop also ordered several books to be sent home to his family; among these his Consecration Bible, in which each of his consecrators had, at his request, written a text. This Bible, with the watch which stopped at the fatal immersion in the river, are now in the museum in the crypt of St. Augustine's

College at Canterbury, that sacred spot whence the Mission had set forth.

Three sore evils had now fallen on the Shiré Highlands: war, for the Yao were steadily moving on with the certain advance of a strong nation; famine, the result of drought and of war, for not only did the wretched natives try to live on the unripe corn and fruits, but by various misunderstandings the necessary stores failed to reach them; and, as a sure consequence, pestilence was slaying its thousands. The Mission therefore decided to leave Magomero and the grave of Mr. Burrup, and, taking with them (of the released slaves) all the children, and such of the grown people as wished to come, they marched, in April, to Chibisa's. Here, finding that Dr. Livingstone's Makololo followers—who for some fault had been dismissed by him with only guns in their hands—had established themselves and grown rich by marauding, the workers separated themselves, and built a village on the opposite bank, only fifty feet above the stream.

Here a small rough church of reeds was erected, with a gable end and a little porch. Two boxes, one on the other, covered with red velvet, formed the altar. The floor was laid with reed mats, and the seats were their store boxes. Clark, the shoemaker, writes:—

“It being my province to superintend our men in their work, the honour fell on me of building the first place devoted to the worship of God in this part of Africa. My prayer is, that this may not be the last by many built in this land for the same great object, but I hope they may be more worthy of being styled churches than the present. The structure was begun and finished in five days. I must

tell you that we have no church bell, and that the substitute for one is a native drum."

These words should be remembered now that many churches, all better than Clark's poor effort, are already dedicated in Central Africa; and still more should they be remembered, when in the future far more splendid buildings may take the place of these; for surely none will be more worthy than the church where these devoted men worshipped God in their day of sore trial:

"Nor here the faithful eye can fail
The brightening view to catch,
That opened from that structure frail
Of wicker work and thatch.
For dear is e'en the first rude art
That Holy Faith inspires:
The whole is augured from the part,
Achievements from desires."

Good work was done here among their reduced number—about fifty of their people having died from famine and disease. But the neighbourhood of the marauding Makololo, who were identified with the English, caused difficulties. These people were afterwards sternly rebuked by Livingstone, and have since grown into a great tribe, very friendly to the English.

Before the end of the year, the people of the land were living on roots. From this time the mission records are a heart-rending account of endeavours to supply even their own people with sufficient food. "Wild-looking men, worn almost to skeletons, and with cords tied round their waists to lessen the pangs of hunger, roamed about, grubbing up roots, until, unable to go on any longer, they sank down and died." Before January half the inhabitants of the Shiré Valley had died of starvation.

The missionaries undertook long journeys to get food, and their own sufferings were great.

Mr. Scudamore fell ill.

“He was admirably fitted for his work,” writes Bishop Harvey Goodwin, of Carlisle, “cheerful, unselfish, well-judging, and appears to have been specially dear to Bishop Mackenzie, and in many respects not unlike him. No doubt the fever took hold on a constitution injured by unsuitable food. He became delirious, and on New Year’s Day he passed away, murmuring, ‘There remaineth a rest.’”

Mr. Rowley writes :—

“The Southern Cross was shining brightly over the hut in which he lay, and though my heart was sorrowful, I thought of the Cross of Calvary and was comforted.”

Another grave was dug by the Shiré, and the natives mourned for their friend. He had mastered the language sooner than any of the party.

Early in 1863, soon after a cheering visit from Mr. Thornton, the geologist, the Cape men, Charles, William, and Job, returned to Cape Town. They were not now needed as interpreters, and it was thought advisable that they should go back to South Africa.

Alas! another of the Mission band was to be taken. Brave and hard-working Dr. Dickinson, to whom almost every member of the Mission owed his life, succumbed in March. Mr. Procter prayed with him, and he followed every word, saying, almost with his latest breath, “Lord Jesus, have mercy on me, a sinner.” He was laid beside Mr. Scudamore.

“They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.”

Immediately after this, Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Kirk paid them a visit, and saved the life of Clark, the church builder, who, however, had to go back to England, but only to return to the Cape Colony, where he was ordained in 1875.

The Mission party now wrote word to the Metropolitan that if help and fresh stores, especially of animal food, did not reach them by June 15, they should feel compelled to abandon the country. By that time, however, things looked brighter; the native corn had grown, peace was restored, and, better than all, the new Bishop, Dr. Tozer, was on his way, with three clergy and three artisans. Before the end of June he arrived, and after much consultation, decided on removing the Mission to Mount Morambala, sending Mr. Procter, who had quite broken down, at once to England. Mr. Rowley was also obliged, by fever, to return with him. Dr. Livingstone still clung to his belief in the Shiré Highlands, and no doubt he was so far right, as that Morambala could never become a base of operations.

But when the time came for Mr. Waller to leave the Shiré, he could not bring himself to abandon the people who had trusted to the Mission. To take them all to Morambala was impossible. So he did a brave and wise thing. He sent to the dreaded Yao chief, Kapéné, who now possessed all the highlands, and said, "Come down and speak to us." Kapéné came, with his fifty mighty men well armed. Mr. Waller told him why they had interfered with his people, and explained how terribly the slave trade hurt all the African races. Then he asked Kapéné to protect the people left behind by the Mission, and who wished to become his villagers. Kapéné said

they should be as his own children, and that as long as he could protect himself he would protect them. And he kept his word.

Finally Mr. Waller, on his sole responsibility (for Bishop Tozer could not undertake it), brought down the few helpless people and orphans who had none to care for them to the foot of Morambala, and at length brought about twenty boys and one girl to Cape Town, placing the boys in the families of Mr. Lightfoot's coloured congregation, who adopted them with that great and unselfish generosity which is one feature of the African character.

The girl was Daoma, the little one whom Bishop Mackenzie had carried on his shoulder. She was received by Miss Arthur, at St. George's Orphanage, and was baptized in the cathedral by the name Anne Rebecca. Never was a good deed better rewarded. Anne Daoma grew up a dear, good, gentle girl. Some years later, when Miss Arthur opened a day school for the very poor children around her, Anne was at once made infant schoolmistress. When Miss Arthur fell into ill-health, and had a difficulty in getting English helpers, she wrote warmly of Anne as one of her best assistants. Anne is now mistress, and lives at the Orphanage, the only home she can remember.

"If only one soul were won for Christ, our labour would be amply repaid." How often we hear such words at meetings and in sermons! If they mean anything, this, as far as we can judge, is one tangible result of the Mission, besides the twenty other children, and the roll in Paradise of infants and others baptized at the point of death. And we have for ever the blessed memory of

all that patient suffering, and of the holy lives and deaths of those whose graves have ever been the goal beckoning the Mission onwards to reoccupy this land.

One more practical result cannot be over-stated. By an experience bitter beyond all possible expectation, the Mission had learnt the lesson that carelessness of life and of the precautions for preserving health, is not wise ; that none, however strong, can afford to play with a tropical climate ; that certain rules of health can and must be kept ; and that to remain needlessly in a hotbed of fever, slighting the proper remedies, is not trusting, but tempting, Providence. These first missionaries had the bitter lesson to learn. To some extent they could not foresee these dangers, and did not know the precautions. But now that the lesson has been scored deeply on that page of Church history, those who neglect its warnings will die, not as martyrs, as Mackenzie, Burrup, Scudamore, and Dickinson did (the Church ever reckoning as such those who die for love, if they do not die for faith), but, in the words of Dr. Neale, as a very different character, described at some length in the book of Proverbs.

CHAPTER IV

NEW GROUND, 1863-70

The Second Bishop, William George Tozer—Mission removed to Zanzibar—Capture of a Slave Dhow—The First Children of the Mission—Purchase of the Sites of Klungani and Mbweni—Usambara visited.

THE second Bishop of the Universities' Mission was the Rev. William George Tozer, of St. John's College, Oxford, and Vicar of Burgh-cum-Winthorpe, Lincolnshire, "a man," wrote his friend and colleague, Dr. Steere, "who shrinks from nothing and succeeds in everything."

Bishop Gray had hurried to England partly to consult the Home Committee about a successor to Mackenzie. The choice, entrusted entirely to the Metropolitan and the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce), fell on Mr. Tozer. Immediately his friends, the Rev. Edward Steere, LL.D., Vicar of Little Steeping, and the Rev. Charles Argentine Alington, volunteered to go out with him. Some mechanics, one of whom came from Burgh, and G. E. Drayton, from St. Augustine's, Canterbury, made up the party.

The Consecration took place in Westminster Abbey, on the Feast of the Purification, 1863, when Bishop Tozer and the first Bishop for the Orange Free State were consecrated by the Archbishop (Longley), the Metropolitan

of South Africa, and the Bishops of Oxford, Lincoln and Montreal. There was some difficulty about the oath of canonical obedience, which, it was feared, must, by the Jerusalem Act, be made to the Archbishop, and not to their own Metropolitan. Bishop Gray writes :—

“ The Archbishop most anxious to do as I wished, but timid about the law. . . . I did not know till I came back from preaching for the Zambezi in the city, at ten o'clock at night, that all would be right. If I had not been very firm, we should have had two jurisdictions, and, as far as we could make it, two Churches.”

Consequently Bishop Tozer took the oath as a suffragan of the See of Cape Town. But a foreshadowing of the removal of the Mission was already to be noticed. The Bishop of Lincoln (Jackson), preaching at King's College, Cambridge, said :—

“ It will be for him who now leads the Mission to watch patiently and wisely the indications of the Divine Will, and either to live and die in persevering and hopeful, even though they may long seem thankless, labours ; or, with a courage greater perhaps than would be demanded by martyrdom, to withdraw from a post no longer tenable for God, and to turn elsewhere the peaceful invasion of the gospel.”

And full authority was given to the Bishop to judge for himself.

Thus it was that when the Bishop reached the Zambezi and saw the state of things mentioned in the last chapter, he did not hesitate to accept that harder lot than martyrdom—a decision, against all popular applause, to remove

the Mission altogether to some place which, if not healthier should at least be more central, where food could be readily attainable, where the good seed might be sown and reared, and whence by another route the Great Lake might be reached and his title vindicated—"Bishop of the tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyasa and River Shiré."

The Morambala settlement, mentioned in the last chapter, was but a temporary expedient, and it was now felt that the best basis for work in Central Africa would be either Zululand or the island of Zanzibar. To the former there were almost insuperable objections. It was quite too much cut off to form the key to the position, and Zanzibar was decided on.

Looking back, we see the great sagacity of this move, and wonder, as the Spaniards did of America, that no one had found it out before. But then every friend of the early Mission was dead against it. Leaving their people and the well-loved graves was a wrench, and Dr. Livingstone spoke strongly for the Shiré Highlands; while many at home took the same view, and the Mission had to run the gauntlet of disapproval almost all round. The London Committee approved, however, as also did the Metropolitan of Cape Town, and the move was to be made. It was part of the old Celtic and Saxon puzzle over again. The Celts worked in the desert and drew men after them. The Roman missionaries and the Saxons, when taught by them, chose the cities of men, and utilized civilization for the spread of the gospel.

One task the Bishop undertook before his departure, one link of the past with the present, and that was a visit to the lonely grave of his predecessor. With some

difficulty they found the grave, the undergrowth having hidden it from view. The rough cross was still standing, and Mr. Alington made a sketch of the place, while the Bishop cleared the undergrowth and enclosed the grave. And then came a touching service of consecration. The ground, hallowed by the body of God's faithful servant, received the Church's blessing. Then, standing round that clearing in the wilderness, they sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee." A more permanent cross was later on erected by Dr. Livingstone.

Bishop Tozer and Dr. Steere landed in Zanzibar on August 31, and stayed at first with Colonel Playfair at the English Consulate.

This island,¹ which is twice as large as the Isle of Wight, lies about twenty miles from the coast of Africa, which is visible from Zanzibar. The interior is almost entirely given up to clove plantations, requiring a good deal of care, and worked by slave labour. On a sandy peninsula on the western coast stands the city. Towards the sea there is a front of large white detached houses, the consulates and the Sultan's palace. Further in the houses are muddled together anyhow, with no streets; only, as every one must stand his scaffolding on his own land where he builds a house, they don't quite touch. Six feet is quite a respectable width for a lane in Zanzibar, and none are practicable for anything on wheels.

There were then two open spaces—the great market, where a fruit market was held for three hours every

¹ This description of Zanzibar is true of the town as it was at the date of Bishop Tozer's arrival.

morning, all the fruit coming in baskets on women's heads. The other space was the open slave market. The little humped cows of Zanzibar run loose about the town in search of green food, and are very tame. This is the land of eternal summer, the sun rising always between twenty minutes to six and twenty minutes past six, and the average heat is 80° in the house. North winds prevail from December to March, south winds from June to October. Between these times the wind is uncertain, and rain falls.

It is extraordinary that a place of such political importance was practically unknown at this time to Europeans. Its trade was kept as a secret in the hands of a few American and German merchants, and it is to Bishop Tozer and his party that the credit is due of opening up what they were the first to see was the heart of Africa. The Arab Sultan of Zanzibar then ruled not only over the island, but held a protectorate over the whole coast from Guardafui to Delgado. There was literally no other town worth the name in all that 2,000 miles of coast. The Sultan's power reached as far into the interior as Lake Tanganyika, and his governor was placed at Ujiji, the great market of the lake region of Central Africa.

One very important consequence of this is that with the Zanzibar tongue one can travel anywhere in Eastern Equatorial Africa. The language is Swahili, and is one branch of the great African or Bantu language, spoken in some form all down the Eastern half of Central and Southern Africa. Kafir and Zulu are well-known examples of Bantu ; but with the African tongue Swahili has incorporated a large number of Arabic terms. It is the French of the Dark Continent.

The father of the Sultan whom Bishop Tozer found there, had come from Muscat, and partly inherited, partly conquered, the coast. The grandees are all Arab, but the merchants, great and small, are Indian, and, like the Arabs, Mohammedan; or else they are Banyans. But among the lower orders are representatives of every African, and many Asiatic races. The population is estimated at from 150,000 to 200,000 souls.

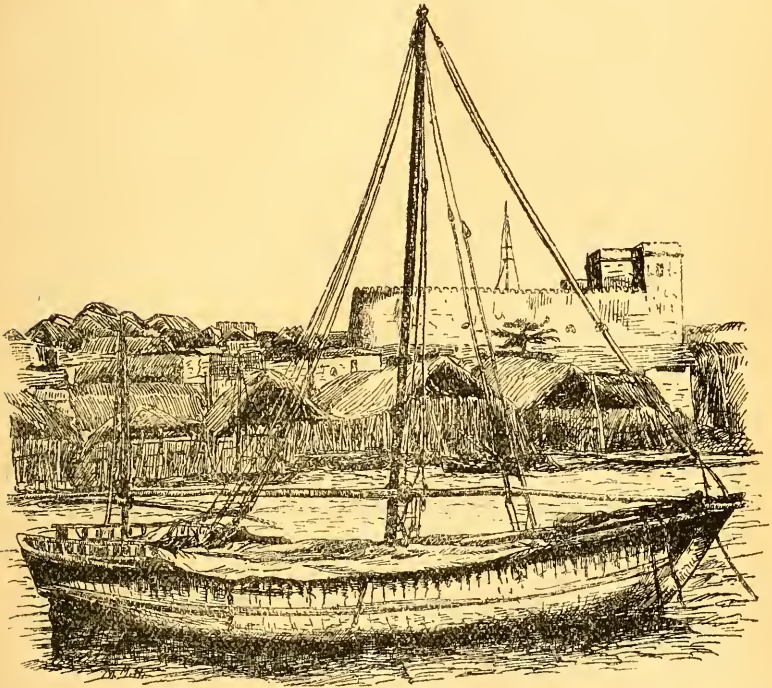
Another point of great importance was that it was the centre of the slave trade. As many captives as were not sold in the interior (for the slave-producing tribes were also slave-holders) were brought here year by year, some publicly sold in the market, but more, having paid duty like other freight, were shipped off to Arabia.

From the moment of landing in Zanzibar, the Bishop determined on that work among native boys, with a view to a native ministry, of which his predecessor had dreamt, and which has proved such an important part of the work ever since. The Sultan Majid rented them a large house close to the sea, called Shangani, which had been used for British naval stores, and from which they could watch the ships coming in and out. He also presented them with five boys taken out of an illicit slave dhow, *i.e.* one which had paid no duty. With these five boys the building up of the Church in Zanzibar began.

For the first service in this new foundation, a temporary altar was erected in the corridor of the Consulate, and the Bishop preached on the text, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" The day after the removal to Shangani, a chapel was opened in the Mission House.

The story of the next set of boys given to the Bishop

must be told more at length. Far away inland a wretched troop of slaves had been caught and brought to the coast, and there packed in an Arab dhow between decks. In a space two feet high, in heat unimaginal, were literally



AN ARAB SLAVE DHOW

packed like herrings 300 human beings, fifty of whom were children. The dhow, after sheltering at Zanzibar, started off for Arabia, when the wretched slaves heard shots fired, one of which came among them and wounded a little girl. For about ten minutes a desperate battle

was fought, and then the Arabs left the ship and swam to land ; the fresh air was let in, and the miserable slaves, who had only uncooked rice to eat, and who were wasted to skeletons, were put on board a British man-of-war, and liberated.

At this moment Miss Tozer and Miss Annie Jones, the first ladies who ever *reached* the Mission, arrived, and five of the boys and nine of the girls were presented to them and the Bishop—an Ascension Day gift. There were now twenty-three children under the care of the Mission.

On St. Bartholomew's Day, 1865, the first public baptism took place. "The Bishop," writes Miss Tozer, "is at his pleasant work of making a font for to-morrow's delightful service. The font is a large new metal basin, set in a box draped in white and covered with flowers. This stands on a pedestal covered with a scarlet cloth, gold-bordered." Nine boys, *i.e.* all but the new arrivals, were baptized, behaving with great reverence. This day, the festival of St. Bartholomew, has been kept ever since as the Mission anniversary. Among these nine boys were the first five : John Swedi, a Gindo ; Robert Feruzi, a Nyasa ; George Farajallah, Arthur Songolo, and Francis Mabruki, all Yaos. It is interesting to think of those five children at one end of the work, and of the thousands of children and the twenty-two native clergy and over three hundred readers and teachers after fifty years.

In three years' time the four elders were confirmed ; and their subsequent history is a sort of type of all mission work. John Swedi and George Farajallah gave themselves to the ministry on February 2, 1870, and were ordained sub-deacons. John, who is now a deacon, has worked on steadily for a quarter of a century, while George was

called to his rest in a few weeks, reminding us of the lot of the brother apostles, St. James and St. John. Robert Feruzi, named after Bishop Gray, became a noted caravan leader, and was one of Stanley's most trusted followers in the great journey from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo. Arthur Songolo was a singer in the choir, and died young. While, alas! Francis Mabruki, who became a sub-deacon and worked well for some years, fell away, and left the Mission; for where is the field of the Church in which the enemy does not sow tares among the wheat?

Bishop Tozer had once been a student at Wells Theological College, and in memory of this an effort resulting in the Wells-Tozer Fund was made by old and new Wells men, with which the Bishop bought an estate two miles out of town, where now stands Kiungani College, sometimes called Kiinua Mguu, dedicated to St. Andrew. Thus the first gift for training a native ministry came from those who had themselves had that blessing. The plots next the Mission House in town also were bought, but the Mission House itself was not bought till 1868. The boys were placed here, and the girls at the Shamba, under charge of Miss Jones and Miss Pakeman, in 1868.

The first lady to break down was Miss Tozer, who had been the life of the Mission House, and she returned to England in 1866, the Bishop having preceded her on account of ill-health.

In April 1869, Miss Jones became very ill, and Miss Pakeman felt the solitude so much that the Bishop changed houses with her; the forty-one boys, to their great satisfaction, going into the country with the Bishop, Mr. Pennell, and Mr. Davis, and the girls to the Mission House. "It is amazingly pretty out here," writes the

Bishop ; " I never saw anything equal to the look of the place by moonlight. I think I never was in better heart about the work." In June the girls and boys changed places again. At this time the old friend of the Mission, Dr. Kirk, was at Zanzibar as Consul, and his care saved Miss Jones's life ; but she, too, was obliged to return to England, and her place was taken by Mrs. Packe.

It was not till January 1871 that the final change was made, and St. Andrew's College, Kiungani, became, what it has remained, the " School of the Prophets." The girls then moved into half of the Mission House in town.

During these years there is little to relate. The Mission was taking deep root, and doing hidden, if not interesting work. Though comparatively few in numbers, there were still some in England who knew and cared about it.

Visitations of fever and cholera break the narrative from time to time. The first cholera came in 1869, and the Rev. L. Fraser was attacked, and passed to his rest at the end of six days' illness.

This brings us to the appointment of George Farajallah and John Swedi as sub-deacons. The sub-diaconate was revived here and by Bishop Macrorie in Natal about the same time. Here it was to keep the boys' minds in harmony with the holy calling to which they were looking forward. It was fitting that the seventh anniversary of Bishop Tozer's consecration should thus be marked. The care of the vessels of the sanctuary, and the waiting on those who ministered there, were mostly delivered to the sub-deacons, as well as reading Holy Scripture in Church, interpreting the teaching of the clergy, and the instruction

of the young. Thus the first milestone on the way to a native ministry was reached.

But a grievous trial was at hand ; cholera broke out again, and George Farajallah sunk under it. His body, wrapped in a native mat, was taken by sea in state to Kiungani for burial. " In a short time he fulfilled a long time."

Never before had the Mission been worked with so small a staff, the Rev. R. L. Pennell being the only priest, and Dr. Christie, the hon. physician of the Mission, being the only lay helper, except the ladies.

Before leaving the island work we must just mention another of those deep foundations laid by Bishop Tozer with such foresight that all subsequent work has been a building up of what was then begun. This was the purchase of a parcel of land beyond Kiungani, called the Point Shamba, but since known as Mbweni. It was a lovely spot of about thirty acres, with a house on it, and has since become a colony for married couples and other adults, with the girls' school in the house.

On St. Luke's Day, 1871, the chapel at Kiungani was opened ; and Samuel Speare, a young Englishman who specially endeared himself to the Bishop, was placed at Mbweni with the little boys.

Amid all this island work, the mainland was not forgotten : the Mission felt they could wait God's time. And it came at last. Not at first from the direction of Nyasa, to which their longing eyes were turned, but from the mountain district of the North, the call came.

Usambara is a hilly country, lying about forty miles from the coast. It is very beautiful, and has been compared in turns to Scotland and to Switzerland. But we

must not deceive ourselves into thinking these hills healthy. For when these elevations are swept by winds from the swamps, the inhabitants are liable to malarial fever. Usambara comes nearer a really mountainous country than most others.¹

Kimweri was at this time king of the land—an independent sovereign, though a tributary of the Sultan of Zanzibar.

Of the four or five attempts during Bishop Tozer's episcopate to break up the fallow ground in Usambara, or, as it is called from its people, the Bondé country (pronounced Boondé), some account must be given. The English missionaries went there as a voice in the wilderness, to proclaim their message, to make straight the way of the LORD, but not as yet to settle down.

The Rev. C. A. Alington was the first to go, taking Vincent Mkono,² one of the senior pupils. They landed at Morongo, a port in Tangata Bay, and picking up Khatibu, Dr. Steere's Swahili tutor, as interpreter, they struck inland, making for Vuga, Kimweri's abode. They found a beautiful land indeed. Volcanic mountains, some of them 6,000 feet high, here with bare granite heads towering up in fantastic forms, there clothed with turf or jungle to the summit. Ferns and magnificent trees abounded near the coast.

There are four of these ranges of mountains running north and south ; four rivers water the land—the Zigi, the

¹ Nineteen years before Dr. Krapf had passed through this land, and cut out a large cross on the bark of a tree to take possession of the country for Christ. Well indeed is it that the dedication of the church at Magila should be in honour of the Holy Cross.

² He died in Zanzibar Hospital, 1908.

Mkulumuzi, the Ukumbini, and the Luari, or Luvu. Four manner of people occupy the country. Nearest the coast, on the eastern slopes, are found the Bondei race. The valley folk, and those who live towards the Luvu or Pangani, are Ziguas from further south. The Wasambara, or Shambala, live on the three inland ranges, and share the innermost with the Wakalindi. These are among those African races who have much that reminds us of the Semitic Orientals.

As Mr. Alington proceeded in his tramp over the red earth, he found, besides the euphorbias, mimosas, and palms so characteristic of an African land, the broad leaves of the india-rubber, the prickly smilax, the acacia, ebony and teak ; and in later journeys the little pools and lakes were adorned with the lovely blue water lily. Less pleasant were the leopards and hyænas, who found an easy prey in the numerous antelopes ; and, worse again, the lion is still king of the wilderness, and the slothful African may say with much truth, " There is a lion in the path."

When, after various difficulties, the party came in sight of Vuga, the natives begged for powder, and fired an irregular salute as Kimweri came forth to meet them. He was the fifth of his family who had ruled Usambara, ever since his ancestor gained his kingship by prowess in hunting the wild pig. He sent Mr. Alington a cow as a present for a feast, and then on the hill-top, on Michaelmas Day, the ambassador of God met the African king, or, rather, the heir apparent, who presented himself as Kimweri.

He said that he was quite willing to let the English settle there, but he must first consult the Sultan.

Another day he brought two boys, and wished to hear a model lesson. Mr. Alington seized the opportunity to say he must build a school before he could teach; and the chief graciously accepted a folding chair, and had it carried everywhere with him. He asked for medicine [charms] against evil spirits, and was told of the true antidote—prayer to the God of spirits. He seemed afraid of their building a stone house, lest they should fortify it. Finally Kimweri told Mr. Alington to return when he had the Zanzibar Sultan's leave, and in November he left for Zanzibar to procure it. In January he returned, and on the road to Vuga met a war party of Ziguas going to chastise the hill folk for daring to have rain when the lowlands had none. Kimweri now sent to say he could not have white men in his capital, but they might build nearer the coast.

The actual place selected was Magila (called in early records Magira), a place geographically in the Shambala country, but speaking the Bondé tongue. The chief was a child, and a son of Kimweri.

Here Mr. Alington began to build, setting up the first post in the name of the Holy and Ever-Blessed Trinity, on the eve of Trinity Sunday, "with prayer to God that His blessing might be with us, and the light of His truth go forth from the house now building." Who that to-day looks on Magila, a centre station, with others around—with its Church of the Holy Cross, its Mission houses and school, and large band of native Christians—can doubt that that prayer has been answered?

It would almost seem as if the spirit of evil had done his utmost to keep the Faith out of Africa. Wherever our missionaries set their foot, there did they find tribal wars

desolating the land. As on the Shiré, so here; Kimweri, the old chief, being dead, his sons and grandsons rent Usambara with war, which ended in one son, Semboja, establishing his power, subject nominally to the Sultan of Zanzibar.

With the exception of one short trip to Zanzibar, Mr. Alington remained here till October. In November he was accompanied back by the Bishop, the Rev. L. Fraser, William Jones, a layman, and two of the boys, Connop and Francis. The little chief of Magila, Kifungiwe, met them on the mainland, and accompanied them. They marched gaily along, one donkey being shared between the party! When they halted for the night, a short service was said, and "As now the sun's declining rays" sung. If, as Savonarola said, "a hymn is a singing angel," such messengers were with the party. The people received them, says the Bishop, as if they had been a circus, and especially enjoyed watching the toilet operations, which they loudly applauded. On the second day they reached Magila, situated on a low round hill, with a clear stream running through the place, and higher well-wooded hills around. The party, after surveying the villages around, returned to Zanzibar, leaving Mr. Alington in charge. But in January he was summoned to England, and left the Mission.

The staff of clergy was now much reduced, yet the Bishop sent one—the saintly Lewis Fraser—to occupy Magila from April to December. At first he was alone, but afterwards the Rev. S. Davis and the young English lad, Sam Speare, who had previously been admitted to the sub-diaconate, joined him for a short time, and with their aid a more permanent Mission house was built in

four days. It had a granite floor, with a roof of felt and corrugated iron. A portion was divided off for a chapel. With much satisfaction they took possession, going forth from the old ant-eaten hut to the new one, singing the Gradual Psalms. The chief came to the service, some sentences of which were in Swahili.

Mr. Fraser now began regular instruction (the head man of Magila being "almost a catechumen"); in the evenings he perambulated the villages to have short talks with the men. Good seed was sown then which bore fruit in after years, and gradually Kifungiwe, and another young man, Sago-sago, came to be taught. A school was begun, when want of men compelled the Bishop to withdraw Mr. Fraser and abandon the station. Mr. Fraser returned to Zanzibar, only, however, to hear his call to rest.

The Bishop paid a short visit to Magila next year, and afterwards sent the Rev. O. Handcock and Rev. R. L. Pennell there. They found Mr. Fraser's work forgotten, and several gladly came to say the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, declaring they used it daily. In less than a month they returned to Zanzibar, Mr. Handcock being very ill, apparently from sun-stroke, and he entered into rest on Michaelmas Day.

The extreme quietness with which Bishop Tozer was thus laying sure and lasting foundations told on the work in England. Almost all he founded has flourished, but as in the parable, while the seed was growing men slept, and thus it came to pass that the Mission was in danger of literally dying for want of workers.

But there were other sleepers; and if the staff on earth was small, those who had "fallen on sleep" and were in

Paradise were many. Their prayers were doubtless ascending, and doubtlessly being answered. "Even the net of the sleeping fisherman takes," said heathen wisdom, and then, as ever, the words were being fulfilled, "He giveth unto His beloved in their sleep."

CHAPTER V

A FELLOW-WORKER

Dr. Edward Steere—A Great Linguist—The Hurricane—Return of Bishop Tozer—Sub-deacons settled at Magila by Dr. Steere—Death of Livingstone.

ON either side of the cross on the seal of the See of Rome are the holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul. It is by a union of the qualities of these "leaders in the Church's war" that the world has been won to Christ. And such a union was that of Bishop Tozer and his friend, Edward Steere, whose first mutual sphere of work was the parish of Burgh, in Lincolnshire, in a church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul.

Edward Steere, the only son of a Chancery barrister, was born in London, educated at University College School and at University College, graduating B.A. in the University of London in 1847, and LL.D. in 1850, when he was gold medallist. He was called to the Bar, but never cared as much for his profession as for the study of theology and philosophy. His Essay "On the Being and Attributes of God" for the Burnett prize (which was not awarded to him) is a very remarkable work. His amusements were botany, conchology, and printing, which last was to be so useful to the Mission.

The thought and sight of the sin and suffering of

London led to the formation of the Brotherhood of St. Mary, a band of young men who, under the influence of Dr. Steere, met together for prayer and study, with almsgiving. This was soon merged in the Guild of St. Alban, into all aspects of whose work Edward Steere threw himself heartily, giving up the Bar altogether. Whether printing the notices, or putting up curtains in a mission house, or reading a "Catechetical Lecture of St. Cyril" with the Brotherhood, there was "a definite earnestness and living reality in all that he set his hand to." Students alone can fully appreciate the earnestness which led him at twenty-six to sell his books that he might have wherewithal to feed the poor.

Ever desiring closer forms of devotion to his LORD, he founded the Brotherhood of St. James at Tamworth, one of the earliest attempts at community life for men since the Reformation. A year or two was enough to show that (like other early attempts) it would not succeed, and he now decided on taking Holy Orders in the diocese of Exeter.

Dr. Steere was ordained to the Diaconate, and the curacy of Kingskerswell, near Newton Abbot, in Devonshire; and in 1858 he joined his friend, Mr. Tozer, at Burgh, receiving Priest's Orders at Whitsuntide.

Much literary work had been accomplished during his Diaconate, including an edition of Butler's *Analogy*, with an Introduction by himself. Some amusement was caused by a fellow-candidate for Orders earnestly recommending him this edition, "by a man called Steere." Dr. Steere replied, "that he had some acquaintance with the book."

To the straggling village of Skegness, then part of Burgh, he brought his newly married wife (Mary

Beatrice Brown), and here he worked for a year, gaining the reputation of being "a downright shirt-sleeve man and a real Bible parson."

The Rectory of Little Steeping was then given him, and here in the low-lying lands of Lincolnshire he spent three years—that period of retirement which all the great men of God have been granted as a preparation for work in this world or the next.

And then came the call. One day Mr. Tozer walked into Little Steeping Rectory with a letter from Bishop Gray, offering him the Central African Bishopric. He came to seek advice from his friend, and he found a fellow-worker. The party at Little Steeping had already been discussing the offer, and Mrs. Steere had advised her husband to go and settle his friend in the African work, which advice, as will be seen, he took.

The Bishop of Lincoln spoke thus of Dr. Steere in the sermon already quoted on page 44 :—

"Another, who with collected stores of no ordinary information, and cultivated habits of study and thought, and well able to express with his pen the results of reading and meditation, might perhaps have felt himself discharged from the obligation of a missionary's work abroad, by his ability to defend the truth at home, and to extend thus the gospel's sway from the quiet study of his own retired parsonage."

But whenever and wherever the Master's call is heard, only by doing despite to the Spirit of Grace can it be resisted. At first, indeed, with his family ties, he thought it right to go only for a time, leaving his living in charge of a curate, and apportioning the surplus income of his benefice to the carrying out of certain improvements. Mrs. Steere, meantime, remained with her own family.

Until the settlement at Zanzibar, Dr. Steere's history differs little from that of his friend. But when settled in the capital of East Africa, he began the great work of his life, the study of the Swahili language, which twenty years before had been only a spoken tongue, with no literature whatsoever. Then a great and good man, Dr. Krapf, had been sent out in 1844, to Mombasa, on the coast, by the Church Missionary Society. His linguistic work is thus described by Bishop Steere :—

“ Within a very short time indeed the doctor had collected vocabularies in a great number of the Eastern¹ languages, had compiled a dictionary of the Swahili or coast language, and had translated into it nearly the whole of the New Testament, and a great part of the English Prayer-Book. Having settled at Mombasa in the Nyika country, he translated St. Luke's Gospel into that language, and compiled a dictionary and grammar ; of all these works only a small part was printed.”

Besides this difficulty, a serious one for students, Dr. Krapf had accepted a dialect of Swahili for the main stem of the language, and his translations were not much understood at Zanzibar. Therefore, though the materials were useful, Dr. Steere determined to go to work afresh, and in five years' time completed the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and also compiled a Handbook of Swahili.

His plan was to get some learned Swahilis to come and talk to him every Saturday morning, he asking questions, learning and correcting, and he considered that to them he owed all that was best in his knowledge of African

¹ *i.e.* East African.

tongues. He seems to have possessed that innate faculty of rendering good language into good language (which translators so often miss) with that felicitous union of pure and elegant construction, with a popular and simple method of expression, which marks a certain genius in the translator, and stamps the early literature of a nation on the hearts and tongues of a people.

“The best grammarian is the best theologian,” said Luther, and no doubt Dr. Steere’s work during those five silent years has done more for the theology of Eastern Africa than the work of any other five years since.

When Dr. Livingstone met Bishop Mackenzie’s party at the Zambezi, he said to them, “If you men have sufficiently reduced the language in twelve years so as to be able to preach to the natives, you will have done good work.” Thus Dr. Steere’s work was marvellously rapid; though probably Dr. Livingstone was right as to the length of time before one becomes intelligible in a new *unwritten* language.

As a specimen of Dr. Steere’s difficulties in moulding the language, the following is interesting—on the right word for “soul,” written fifteen years after beginning his Swahili studies :—

“I heard from Mbweni that the people understood ‘roho’ to mean ‘the heart.’ I did not know it before. However, I suppose that the heart is a very fair analogue for the soul. It is certainly a very great deal better than ‘kivuli’—a shadow. Of course people believe in apparitions after death, but we must not make these do duty for immortal souls. I take it the whole idea of the soul is new, and has to be taught, and then the word it is tacked on to gets a new meaning, as ‘roho’ and ‘πνεῦμα’; both mean simply ‘breath.’ It must

have been a puzzle at one time how the breath could be immortal. But 'kivuli,' like the shades of old classical times, seems to be thoroughly and hopelessly heathenish."

We are reminded of Caxton's difficulties, when trying to crystallize English out of many dialects. "Lo! what should a man in these days now write? Certainly it is hard to please every man by cause of diversity and change of language. . . . After that I had made or written a five or six quires, I fell in despair of this work." One recollects also how the missionaries in China, preaching before they knew the language, used the title of an inferior deity for God. So that these years of study, if not romantic to read of, were well spent.

When God has a great work for a man to do, first He trains him for it. Dr. Steere's knowledge of printing was now invaluable, and he taught some of the native lads to print, this being one of the few industries which the boys learnt in those days.

In 1866 Dr. Steere, having been three years with his friend, was preparing to return home, when (as has been said) Bishop Tozer broke down and sailed for England, Dr. Steere remaining in charge till his return on July 17, 1868. A month later he sailed for England.

Up to that time, the only Swahili attempted in the Church services consisted of the Lord's Prayer and the hymns. Of the latter, Dr. Steere translated a good many. He was much averse to "prettiness," and also to images which are incorrect. Thus he criticised,—

" Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep "

as not universally true, especially in Africa. "Thou

makest darkness that it may be night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do move."

When Dr. Steere left Zanzibar, the Chief Vizier gracefully said, alluding to his linguistic work, that he was "building a bridge over which the thoughts of Zanzibar might pass to England, and English learning and wisdom find their way to Zanzibar."

But Africa is a magnet to those who have worked there; and few of her adopted children can ever say, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," without a thought of that sunlit land. And when, in 1872, came the news that Bishop Tozer was breaking down under the strain of that terrible cholera visitation, and the loss of all his clergy but one, Dr. Steere at once determined to resign his living, and, leaving his wife to follow (which through ill-health she was never able to do), he literally forsook "wife and friends, and all that he had," and sailed in the *Abydos*. Miss Tozer started to join her brother at the same time.

As the ship came in, they passed the Mission House at the old Consulate; and the Bishop, recognizing his sister to his great joy, hastened to meet her, not having expected her. But his thankfulness was more than doubled when he met the faithful friend who accompanied her.

Just four weeks later a great misfortune befell Zanzibar. The only hurricane which within the memory of man had ever fallen on the island desolated the town, and sunk every ship in the harbour except the *Abydos*. Generally the hurricane line keeps out of quarters so close to the equator. Within the Mission House no lives were lost, but the corrugated iron roofs were stripped off with such an awful noise that the thunder could not be

heard, the wind blowing hard from S. to S.W., the rain streaming down the staircase. The children sat huddled together in one sheltered corner, when, with two mournful tolls, the bell and bell turret collapsed. Then came the sudden lull, marking that they were in that "heart of peace" which is the centre of a cyclone.

The Bishop and Dr. Steere went out to see how others fared, and had just returned when the anti-cyclone began to blow from the north with greater energy than before. Many were separated, for no one could move; and Mr. Pennell, who was ill, was quite alone. A wild sea-bird was blown into the midst of the frightened boys, who found some consolation in stroking the suddenly tamed creature. By the evening the cyclone was over; but the sea was washing against the foundations of the house, and all were driven out for the time. Their chapel was wrecked, the organ ruined with salt water, and the loss of life in the town and shipping was fearful.

After the hurricane even Dr. Steere broke down, and several children died. In July, to the great loss of the Mission, the Rev. R. Lewin Pennell sank to rest. He had worked well and most unselfishly, and had just translated the Gospel according to St. Luke into Swahili, when, from the translation of the divine canticles on earth he passed to join in the eternal song that ceaseth not.

Through failing health Bishop Tozer had struggled on, but this grief fairly broke him down, and he sailed first for Seychelles and then for England, where, in April 1873, he resigned the headship of the Mission, whose foundations he had been contented to lay in quietness and in confidence, and on which he had generously spent himself and his means.

Dr. Steere was thus left head of the Mission for two years before he became Bishop. During this time only two events need be recorded—the visit of Sir Bartle Frere, with its far-reaching consequences, related in the next chapter; and the re-establishment of the Usambara work.

It has ever been considered a mark of the Church's vitality that, in times of difficulty her work can be carried on without much of what is usually necessary for her being. Thus, while Zanzibar itself was without episcopal care, and the mainland without clergy, the important station of Magila was about to be occupied by four mere youths in minor Orders.

Dr. Steere had received a message to beg that he would send the Mission back to Magila. Not in a vision, but face to face, a man of Swahili race stood and said, "Come over and help us."

There were no clergy to send, but there were the young sub-deacons. The two natives, John Swedi and Francis Mabruki, had married two of the Mission girls, and earnestly desired definite Mission work. With them was to go Samuel Speare, the English lad, in whose good sense (though only nineteen) the greatest confidence was felt, and Benjamin Hartley, a young schoolmaster. They met in the chapel to receive their *Ite missa est* from Dr. Steere.

So noble and helpful a speech ought to be written in letters of gold:—

"Brethren, you are going on the noblest errand on which it is possible for men to go. You are sent as God's messengers to publish His acts and explain His counsels. The more completely you can forget yourselves and remember only

Him, so much the better will your work be done. God has looked with compassion upon the sinful and the miserable, and sends you to tell them that He loves them. God has sacrificed Himself, left His glory, taken a human nature, and in that nature suffered and died, that He might be able to deliver men from sin and hell.

“ He sends you now to tell them what He has done for them. If none will receive your message, still God’s part has been done, and you will have done yours if you have faithfully declared it. You will not be asked at the last day, How many professing converts have you made? but, Have you faithfully declared the whole counsel of God? Let this be your purpose, and let nothing hinder you from it. Let there be no attempt to soften or conceal your message. . . . Do not expect immediate success. It is better to work slowly than hastily, and I shall not be disappointed—and you must not be so—if you seem for some years to preach and teach in vain. Darkness, as old it may be as the flood, is not likely to be dispelled quickly.

“ You will, as often as you can, openly read and explain the written Gospels. You will teach the prayers, and hymns, and psalms to those who may be willing to learn them. In regard to your own outward demeanour, you will take care to avoid all reasonable ground of offence. You must not be proud and self-reliant, but must be ready to suffer wrong rather than exact your extreme rights.

“ Follow, as far as you can, the customs of the place and people. Quarrel with no one, however much you may be provoked. Treat no one with contempt. Never use violence or hard language. Be moderate in eating, drinking, and sleeping. Remember in all things the character you bear, and seek to do as Christ would have done in your place. Try to understand the thoughts and difficulties of the people you live amongst. Try to put your message in such words, and deliver it in such a manner, as may make it most intelligible and most acceptable to your hearers.

“ Do not be afraid to say out all you have to say ; but do not, if you can help it, say it in such a way as to provoke blasphemy. Do not grow weary in well-doing. God is with you ; and though you may see no result, your labour is not in vain. If you find yourselves in danger from war or tumult, do not be in a hurry to escape ; if your people stay, it will be best for you to stay with them. Even in the extremest danger God can save you. Set your faces steadily against all superstitious fears ; however strong evil spirits may be, God is stronger. If you should ever be in danger because of your religion, look upon that as a special honour, and do not shrink from meeting it. In any case, whether from disease or violence, do not fear death ; for what men call death is really the gate of peace and joy to all true Christians. But our prayer for you is that you may live long and happily, and have such success that you may be counted amongst those who, having turned many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

“ Meditate upon these things, and look continually up from earth to God in heaven ; and so may God’s presence and God’s blessing be with you abidingly.”

Some account of Samuel Speare, the village lad who became a missionary, must now be given. He was born at Rickinghall, in Suffolk, on January 15, 1853, and came of as poor but as good a home as can be imagined. Before he was thirteen he became the bread-winner of the large family, his father being laid aside by illness.

The parish took a deep interest in Missions, and through all privations Sam always earned his Mission pence to bring to the meetings. In 1866, Bishop Tozer brought Francis Mabruki to England, and gave him for a year into the care of the parish priest of Rickinghall. Sam and Francis became friends. The latter was much surprised to find how many English people do not go to

church, and asked if they were Christians. His mind was also exercised as to why people lounge instead of kneeling.

This friendship with Francis Mabruki only strengthened the desire Sam had always felt to be a missionary. It must have seemed impossible at first that such a mere lad, poor and half-educated, could be chosen for the work. But his character for steadfastness, reserve, and gentle, helpful ways was early formed. "If you want a kind hand-turn done," said his neighbours, "Sam Speare is the boy to ask to do it." And so Bishop Tozer decided to take him to Africa, and sent him to the Choir School at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, for a time. At fifteen the boy was confirmed, and sailed for Zanzibar.

During his five years there he had wonderfully good health, living at first among the other boys, studying conscientiously. "I have just begun to do Cæsar's works in Latin," he wrote at the end of a year. Greek and theology followed. He was sent to Kiungani, and here he worked at anything that came to hand—cutting paths, clearing the little cemetery, planting trees, while his influence among the boys was excellent; until the bishop could write home that Sam's bearing and manner were so developed, no one would know him for the ruddy country boy of two years before.

In all his letters one can see his heart is in his work. Happy in the quiet fulfilment of unexciting duties, he wonders in his gentle way at the want of interest in Mission work. He was working in Zanzibar through all those years of trouble—cholera, cyclone, and dearth of workers.

"Are people's hearts made of stone that they don't care

to come out to preach the gospel to the poor heathen of Africa ? ”

And again :—

“ Ah ! missionaries, where are they ? Are all of them out in foreign lands ? Are all the shepherds at work among the flock ? No ; but we must wait. . . . God’s time has not yet come.”

Then came his own advancement to the sub-diaconate, and the work at Magila, of which Miss Tozer writes :—

“ It really was touching to hear of four boys, two white and two black, all under twenty-two years of age, holding up the Cross alone against heathendom, in that desolate place.”

The idea was that when Speare was ordained, he should return, and make Magila his head quarters. The lads set to work to build houses: Mabruki and Swedi, with their wives, had one each, and a third was for the white men. And in his thorough way Speare determined they should be good houses.

“ They wanted to put us off with a small round hut, large enough just to put a few fowls in.”

To the best of their ability they held services, which some of the natives attended, John and Francis being able to speak to them in their own tongue.

Five years having nearly passed since Sam Speare left home, his heart turned more and more to those he loved in England, and to his parish priest now working in Zululand. He longed to return to England to prepare for deacon’s orders. “ But of course it cannot be thought of yet,” he wrote. However, as soon as the Rev. J.

Midgley arrived, Dr. Steere sent him home, and his friends were much struck with the "dignity and calm" of his young manhood.

The old home was visited, and then he settled down at Burgh, in Lincolnshire, to help in a middle school and prepare for Holy Orders. But his lungs could not stand the damp climate, and in November he fell ill. His old mother came to him and nursed him, but on St. Martin's Day he was taken from them, and from the work he loved, striving to the last to pray between each gasp for breath.

Miss Tozer wrote:—

"His pure and peaceful life was, I suppose, as spotless as any young man's could be."

Like his namesake of old, his life's motto was, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." Few realize what good stuff there is in our Sunday schools, and that to them we must look for the answer to Samuel Speare's pathetic question, "Are missionaries scarce nowadays?"

A few weeks later, his friend, Ben Hartley, was wounded near the coast by Arab slave dealers and died shortly after.

In May 1873, the great traveller and missionary, who was one of the founders of the Universities' Mission, died at Ilala. Since 1886 he had discovered Lake Bangweolo, and had been travelling round that district and Tanganyika, searching partly for the fountains of Herodotus, which he believed to be the source of the Nile.

When his faithful followers, Susi and Chuma, prepared the body for embalming, they performed a most significant and pathetic rite, for they took the heart which had loved Africa so well and truly, and there they buried it, in the

sort of grave he had said he should prefer, "in the still, still forest." Faithfully those leal followers fulfilled their trust, and "still entombed in the heart of Africa is the heart of David Livingstone."

Chuma had been one of the mission boys on the Shiré, and he and Susi brought the body to Zanzibar, and sailed for England. A public funeral was celebrated in Westminster Abbey, where over his grave may be read his last message :—

"ALL I CAN ADD IN MY SOLITUDE IS, MAY HEAVEN'S RICH BLESSING COME DOWN ON EVERY ONE, AMERICAN, ENGLISH, TURK, WHO WILL HELP TO HEAL THIS OPEN SORE OF THE WORLD."

The Abbey saw another ceremony important to Central Africa that year, for on St. Bartholomew's Day was consecrated Dr. Steere. His *Nolo episcopari* had been very sincere, and had lasted two years. He was the man who had advised the Bishop to resign, he said. The men of the older Universities could hardly be expected to work under him ; he was not a traveller, and a traveller was needed. But by degrees all objections were overcome. Another happy memory was thus added to the Festival of the Mission.

With the new Bishop began a new state of things. Hitherto the work had been largely supported, first by Bishop Mackenzie's private friends, and then by Bishop Tozer's. Now had come "a man who had no friends," as he said. Finance was at a low ebb and workers were few. Bishop Steere took a bold resolution. He faced the English public and the English Universities with the almost untried demand that they who came to the

work should either support themselves, or else that having food and raiment they should be therewith content. £20 a year to such as need it, is, in addition to their maintenance, the utmost the Universities' Mission offers to those who must also take their lives in their hands, and forsake (often never to meet again) their dear ones at home.

Well did he judge that the fine spirit of self-sacrifice to which he thus appealed was not dead in our land. The answer to that call has never failed. One priest and a scanty handful of lay workers remained at that date in Africa. The receipts in that year were £2,150 and the Home expenses £49. But since then, from the foremost ranks in our Universities, from the skilled teaching of our hospitals, from quiet parishes, and from the pick of our public schools, middle schools, and village schools, from homes of refinement and culture, have come forth to the Master's work among His lost sheep in Africa saintly men and women for practical work, skilled work, and intellectual work; till the place of the half-dozen Europeans is taken to-day by a hundred and twenty; and the number of those who have been called from the service of the Mission on earth to bear its needs on their hearts in the more immediate presence of the LORD, which had reached but a dozen then, has in fifty years swelled to more than ninety.

Verily the promise has been fulfilled, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find."

CHAPTER VI

THE CHURCH IN THE SLAVE MARKET

The Horrors of Slavery—Sir Bartle Frere's mission—First Treaty of Abolition—First Day of Intercession—The Old Slave Market closed—The building of Christ Church.

OF all the lessons which, in His gradual education of the human race, God has with infinite patience taught his children, none has been learnt more slowly than that of Mercy. In Old Testament times there is little at first ; and very gradually, line upon line, other lessons being scarcely learnt as yet, the chosen people were taught that He, who is a God of power, knowledge, and justice, is also a God of mercy and loving-kindness. The practical lesson drawn from that bitter period, when they were themselves a nation of slaves, is enforced again and again by Moses in the plains of Moab to the generation that had arisen in the wilderness : “ Remember that thou wast a bondman in the land of Egypt.” But all they were taught as yet was not to make slaves of their own race, and not to oppress cruelly those bondmen of other races whom they were permitted to have.

Little more was understood, even of the prophecies of Isaiah, till He came in Whom there was neither bond nor free, and Whose mission was to proclaim deliverance to captives. But when once the idea was grasped that

the slave and his master were as brothers beloved, "both in the flesh and in the Lord," the Divine doom of slavery was spoken.

And how slow to learn the lesson European civilization showed itself, is well-known to the youngest reader of history, who sees that even Roman civilization and Roman Christianity six centuries old had not abandoned the open sale of slaves in the Roman slave market. That the English race owes its Christianity to the fact that North Anglian youths were exposed for sale at Rome, and there noticed by "Gregory our Father, who sent us Baptism," seems to impose a duty on us, of all nations, to bring the teaching of Christianity to bear on the enslaver, and the light of Christ's love to the enslaved races of earth.

Gibbon says it was not till the thirteenth century that the influence of Christianity quite put an end to the practice of enslaving prisoners of war. And shall we lose patience with the African races who have not learnt the lesson in thirty years?

Setting aside South Africa,¹ and especially the Kafir and Zulu races, who are neither slaves nor slave-holders (it is said you cannot turn a Zulu into a slave,—he is inconvertible!), we must keep before our minds the fact that African races see no harm in slavery, but own and sell slaves freely. The slaves Bishop Mackenzie and Dr. Livingstone set free were on their way to be sold in the interior. We blame the Portuguese, who have probably carried on the slave trade more cruelly than any race,

¹ A chapter on Slavery will be found at the end. What is here given seems enough for the general reader.

but it is the Coast Arabs and the natives who mainly keep up the dreadful trade. There are no caravans expressly fitted out on the eastern coast for catching slaves, but almost all Arab traders deal in them as they can.

A vivid account of an Arab raid on a village in the heart of Africa was given to the writer by an African, born while his parents were in slavery to a native tribe. First, an Arab caravan comes to a village and pitches outside for weeks or even months, making quite a second village. They barter, make friends, and perhaps buy slaves. If the head man of the village has any criminals waiting for punishment, he sells them; but perhaps he has none, and perhaps the Arabs have a commission for a larger number than can be supplied. They strike their tents for that time; but they reappear, perhaps, next year, pitch in their old quarters, and open a market. But one night there is a cry heard throughout the native village. Beside every hut stand two armed Arabs: one sets fire to the hut, the other knocks the owner on the head as he comes out. The women and children are secured, and sometimes the man—if not killed. The darkness and suddenness prevent any resistance; the superfluous children are left in the burning huts, and when morning comes a few fugitives creep back to the desolate village, while the slave-troop is already on its way to the coast, unless the women are wanted as wives or slaves by some other tribe.

The waste of life on the way is horrible. A slave must never escape, nor be left behind ill, which might mean escape. Dr. Steere wrote in 1873: "Mr. West is just returned from a trip in the *Shearwater*. They found

Kilwa a poor place, and all about it full of bones and skulls. The slaves were being marched thence up along the coast," and three years later he wrote of the horror of walking in the track of a slave caravan in the Rovuma district, each day's march marked by one or more murdered bodies. "Surely if there could be a holy war, it would be against traffic which bears such fruits as these." In that journey of between two and three months they passed nine caravans, numbering little short of two thousand slaves in all. This is a very faint picture of the slave-trade horrors—for horrors are not good to read, and must either harden or break the heart; so that witnesses draw a veil over much of the barbarity.

In Zanzibar, domestic slavery even then was not cruel. Arab slave-owners generally treated their slaves well. Among the lower classes it is difficult to tell a slave from a freed man; for slaves sometimes pay their masters a fixed sum, and all they earn beyond that being their own, they marry and live much as free men.

A great many work in the clove plantations; and when we use this pleasant spice, or deaden pain with oil of cloves, we little think how much slave labour it represented.

But the Arabs, though not cruel masters, are perfectly callous, and absolutely do not care for suffering. A dying slave is useless, and he is therefore cast out to die. At the custom-house, where rates for imported slaves were paid to the Sultan, a few dying creatures might be seen, left outside to escape the rates in case of death—nay, the very sea had cast up not only its dead (thrown overboard just before the dhows reach land), but its dying, whom the Mission has sometimes tended in their last moments.

But the crowning horror and degradation was the open slave market at Zanzibar. There it was, with its huge whipping post for the refractory. "That slave market," said Sir Bartle Frere, "where I saw the slaves lying in dozens and in scores, some of them chained, and all of them bearing on their faces and emaciated limbs the stamp of servitude." It was the last open slave market in the world. How long it had been there as a curse upon earth no one knows, but for generations men and women had been sold there, husband parted from wife, mother from child. "There," says Bishop Steere, "were the rows of men, women, and children, sitting and standing, and salesmen and purchasers passing in and out among them, examining them, handling them, chaffering over them, and bandying their filthy jokes about them, and worse scenes still going on in all the huts around."

Oh, if there could be a spot on earth that our Lord Himself could not look down upon, it must have been this, defiled with infamy, stained by cruelty, darkened by the bitter tears and misery of those made in His own image. And did any spot ever so need a Redeemer? Were not these poor Africans in His heart on that Sabbath day in the synagogue of Galilee when He read His own mission to bind up the broken-hearted? The accepted year had tarried long, but it had come at last.

Two years before Sir Bartle Frere's visit, he was present at a meeting of the General Committee of the Mission under the presidency of its chairman, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, to consider African slave trade. An offer of Bishop Tozer's to undertake the care of all slave children liberated in Zanzibar, if food and clothes were supplied by Government, was conveyed to the Foreign

Office. It was fitting that this meeting at Winchester House, with the son of the great setter-free of slaves in the chair, should strike the first of that series of blows which has surely destroyed the abominable traffic.

Sir Bartle Frere, formerly Governor of Bombay, and afterwards Governor of the Cape Colony, was sent on a mission to Seyid Barghash, Sultan of Zanzibar, from the British Government, to try to stop the slave trade, the English conscience having been awakened by the reports of Livingstone and the missionaries.

Sir Bartle arrived early in the year. The Sultan said—and said truly—that he had very little power without his chief men ; he would ask them. They replied that it was blasphemous to change what Abraham and Ishmael had done ; that as all their fathers had held slaves, there always would be slaves, and so a slave trade, as long as the world lasted. Nevertheless there were signs that they were a good deal impressed by the interest of so great a Queen, and by the high character of the envoy.

Sir Bartle Frere greatly admired Dr. Steere, and was deeply interested in the work of the Mission, and in the one hundred and ten children under his care. On his return to England he pointed out the very useful secular work the Mission was accomplishing by its translations, and its schools, where trustworthy interpreters could be found. He very strongly wished that more *industrial* work could be done in the schools, and that each child might learn some handicraft. He thought there would be not so many “failures,” for the larger number of the boys educated in the schools could not become clergy or even teachers ; there must be *some* educated laity in every community, and no disappointment need be felt if a boy

became a good carpenter, mason, or printer. He was much struck with Mbweni, the beautiful plantation, Bishop Tozer's last purchase ; and feeling sure the time was near when there would be numbers of freed adult slaves, he was anxious that a colony should be planted there.

That time indeed was at hand. Sir Bartle Frere departed, and in his stead appeared nine men-of-war : an English admiral with six ships, two French ships, and one American ship. Then the Sultan sent for his chief men, and they consulted. The form of the present European argument against slave-trade was convincing, and they gave in. A treaty, mentioned in Chapter XX., was signed.

It forbade any more slaves to be brought across the sea. Such slaves as actually existed in Africa or Zanzibar continued in bondage, but could not be transported. The children born in slavery also remained slaves for the present. But the great slave market was to be closed at once and for ever, with all the subsidiary markets in the coast towns.

The treaty was signed just one month later than the death of Livingstone. Who shall say that the great traveller's prayers were not heard, when " the open sore of the world " thus began to be healed ?

Again and again was the Treaty evaded after this ; slaves were smuggled and disposed of privately ; but that hideous degradation, the slave market, has never been revived.

Now arose an idea which we can only call inspired. We must remember that this was the year when Dr. Steere was left absolutely alone at Zanzibar. The first

Day of Intercession for Foreign Missions had been held December 20, 1872. The Church of England began immediately to *pay for her prayers*. Her sons arose for this work, and among them the Rev. A. N. West, from Buckingham, one of her wealthier clergy. His earthly connection with the Mission lasted scarcely two years, but his memory will ever be blessed, for his was the noble idea of purchasing as much as could be bought of the old slave market that a Christian church might be planted in what had three months before been a citadel of Satan. Part of it, with a large house on it, he bought and gave to the Mission. But the site of all the cruelties was the free gift of Jairam Senji, a rich Hindoo merchant.

And now, as Bishop Steere said long afterwards, the evil spirit was cast out, and it remained for the Stronger than he to take possession. But, though desiring to build a material church on this very spot, he began with the "living stones" of the spiritual temple. A thatched mud hut was set in order, and here Dr. Steere began to preach, just as the twelve years had expired, which Livingstone had given the first missionaries to be ready to speak to the African in his own tongue.

They took their own children and began with a hymn. The townspeople gathered at the door. The Swahili Litany followed, and in the midst the Imam of a mosque entered, followed by about twenty more. "He said they were good words he heard, and very much what he thought himself." A picture of the Crucifixion was hung up, so that the Mohammedans could be under no delusion; but possibly they thought it a sort of Kebla for the Christians. Then so many came that a sort of mud bench was built under the eaves, where Dr. Steere

could sit on Fridays—the Mohammedan holy day—and talk to all comers. This work grew and continued. Once, indeed, the Bishop thought of giving it up, and a Mohammedan, who did not himself attend the preachings, came and begged him to go on, because his audience always came and told their friends all that was said.

On Christmas Day the foundation stone of the church was laid by the Acting Consul-General, Captain Prideaux, in the presence of the European population and a crowd of natives. Dr. Steere prayed, and they sang the Cluniac's hymn, "Jerusalem the golden." As blessed Bernard's words rang out on the air of that once accursed place, how strong must have seemed the contrast between *then* and *now*.

The church was to be Christ Church. Long ago, when St. Augustine brought the gospel to England, looking back with thoughts of love to the "mother and mistress of all churches," "the Basilica of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (since called St. John Lateran, from the dedication of its baptistery), he dedicated England's Primatial Church as "Christ Church"; and well it is that the dedication should be handed on from Canterbury to Zanzibar for its first church.¹ "The Cathedral" there was a tendency to call it, but Bishop Steere would say, "Please God we shall sometime build our cathedral on the shore of Lake Nyasa." Now that Nyasa's cathedral stands in another diocese, Christ Church, Zanzibar, has taken its place among cathedrals.

The grain of mustard seed was planted, indeed, but

¹ The name was specially chosen because Mr. West had died on Christmas Day.

in so few hearts that, on Christmas Day, the Consul would not let Dr. Steere preach for fear of an outbreak of the Mohammedans. Four years later, on the same festival, in the same place, he was able to preach to crowds.

During those four years the great church was being built, all but the roof, which at first was but temporary. The cost was defrayed by free-will offerings for that special purpose, and not from the general funds of the Mission.

Bishop Steere was master-builder and clerk of the works, his friend, Mr. C. F. Hayward, F.S.A., sending him plans and designs which were closely followed. "Do nothing without the Bishop" found its fulfilment even in the daily building of the material church. He came early and late, and directed every detail. "He himself planned the scaffolding and cording, besides seeing nearly every stone into its place; he had even to teach his masons to distinguish a straight line from a crooked one." He would watch the native workmen, learn their methods, and when he had grasped the reason, would either approve or improve.¹ The mixing of the mortar, the turning of the arches, the tracery of the windows, all claimed his care, and this in the midst of his great translations, and the oversight of the living church.

So grew the Slave Market Church under the East African William of Wykeham—until that Christmas Day, 1877, when the first Church service was held in the roofless church. About 200 persons were "packed into the shady

¹ On a visit to England in 1877, his brother-in-law took him to a brickfield, and he took off his coat and learnt practically the entire process.

side," and mattins said in Swahili; the hymns were heartily sung, and the Bishop preached on the Birth at Bethlehem to the townspeople in their own tongue.

The most characteristic part of the building is the roof. When it came to this, the Bishop pondered long and earnestly. If he put a wooden roof, the white ants would eat it up; if an iron one, it would be much too hot, tiling requires a foundation of wood. Now Zanzibar is a coral island, and coral is, in fact, the "stone" of the country, and of it the church had been built. It occurred to Bishop Steere that this, pounded up and mixed with Portland cement, would make a roof. He would throw the roof in a great solid arch across the span of the church. Wooden centerings were placed as supports, and ten feet at a time was covered with the concrete, and left to harden.

Every one shook their heads over the process. Such a roof had never been seen. Europeans came and looked, and wondered if the walls could bear the strain, and said they would not be under that roof when the wooden supports were taken away. Mohammedans said it was supported by magic till the opening day, and would then fall and crush the Christians. Still the roof was built—a span of $28\frac{1}{2}$ feet and a height of 60, in a tunnel-shaped arch. Then the wooden supports came away, and the roof, as solid as any on earth, stood firm. The natives thought medicine (charms) had been put in to keep it up. "How is it my buildings fall down, and yours stand firm?" the Sultan naïvely asked the Bishop. The roof was then sheeted over with zinc to keep out the weather. The traveller Thompson in 1884 said it was evidently not meant to last many years, yet in 1909 it is as firm as ever.

So came Christmas, 1879, when there was a grand opening of the building, completed outwardly but not within, for as yet there was not even an altar.

The building is Basilican in type, a mixture of Gothic-Arabic in style, and holds about 600 people. The east end is a fine apse, with small, narrow windows. On the chord of the apse now stands the altar—exactly where the horrible whipping post once was ; and there He Who was “wounded for our transgression,” and “by Whose stripes we are healed,” is “shewn forth” for the sins of the world. Behind it, Eastern fashion, are the bishop’s throne and sedilia. In 1907 some beautifully carved teak stalls, with copper panels and paintings, were dedicated in memory of Bishop Smythies: the whole is not only a splendid addition to the cathedral, but adds to the art treasures of East Africa. The church is paved with black and white marble, with concrete under the movable teak benches. The west window is a rose. An organ chamber was afterwards thrown out in a bay of the south wall, and an organ was given. At the west end is a gallery for such Arab ladies as could not, according to Eastern etiquette, mingle with men on the church floor.¹ On the opening day a huge cross of green and flowers marked the place of the post of the past and the altar of the future.

All the Europeans in Zanzibar gathered in the church on that Christmas Day, with the men and boys of the Mission on the south side, the women and girls on the north, all in festival array. The roof proved a splendid one for sound, and there was no echo. Into the ante-chapel came groups of Arabs and Swahili to see this

¹ It is now used as a chapel for the daily Eucharist.

strange sight, where so often they had bargained for slaves. The hymns, "Hark the herald" and "While shepherds watched their flocks," were in Swahili. What a type of the change Christianity has made on the face of the earth was that church with its Christmas service!

Christ Church has a slender bell-tower, ending in a small spire. The Sultan presented a clock, and great was the satisfaction of the natives at the decision that it should keep Eastern time.

"The cathedral clock here," writes a visitor, "keeps Biblical time. I had landed quite early in the morning, and yet after breakfast I found that by cathedral time it was apparently afternoon. I remarked to the Bishop that his clock had stopped, but he replied, 'No, it is ten o'clock; that is to say, the fourth hour of the day,' and so the clock pointed rightly enough to four. This is the way in which the natives compute time."

" But note the better part as well,
The Church's children all
Called daily by the holy bell
To prayer and festival."

Never did Bishop Steere, when thinking of the outer fabric, forget the living stones of the temple. A year after the opening, the first Eucharist was said on Christmas Day, and the church has been in full use ever since. The following account was written soon after Bishop Steere's death by Archdeacon Jones-Bateman:—

"Let it be a week-day if you will, and the first sound that will greet you will be the bells in our church tower, ringing out for mattins at half-past six. At the door of our house are assembling the boys who form our church choir, along with the still smaller ones, forty-three in number, forming our town Boys' School, under Miss Mills' care, and a

file of twelve wee little girls under Miss Bashford. And then from many of the houses built on our Mission quarter you see men, women, and children—our Christian people who have settled round us—gathering and moving churchwards. The service begins, and the singing is undoubtedly hearty, even if not always quite in tune!—all, of course, in Swahili, the language of Zanzibar, so that much of it could be understood by the merest heathen or Mohammedan, and it is wonderful how it attracts them. The grandeur of the building compared with anything they have ever seen, the sound of the organ, which in itself is a kind of miracle to some of them, the heartiness of the worship, the prayers and praises in their own language, make it the greatest testimony to Christ in a dark world. Here, at the very heart of Eastern Central Africa, from which have gone forth all the ideas of the outer world which Central Africa has, up to the Great Lakes, those who go to the north and south walk this town, and in the grandest building of it they stand and witness what they have never heard before, and they go away and bear witness to others that they have seen another religion professed, and heard its worship, different entirely to the forms of Islam; . . . and this result is obtained . . . by having resident Swahili-speaking clergy, a vigorous Choir School from which to draw choristers, and a Christian quarter round the church, lived on by a body of native Christians, to be a help to each other.”

This beautiful picture gives us the reason why nothing less than Christ Church would satisfy Bishop Steere. With his wonderful far-sightedness he knew that Christianity must be a “city set upon a hill.” We realize the use of daily services. In a heathen land they fulfil St. Paul’s words, “If there come in one that believeth not . . . he is convinced of all, he is judged of all; . . . and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth.”

In his last visit to England the Bishop received one more gift for his church. The anniversary of the Mission was held on June 23, the Bishop of London in the chair. Bishop Steere made a remarkable speech, in which he said that if their church of stone had been a great work, much greater in his eyes was the little mud hut in which some of the native teachers were accustomed to meet among themselves, and ask God's blessing on their work, and on the brethren for whom they worked.

At the close of the meeting a peal of twenty-five small bells, to be arranged as a carillon in the church turret, was presented to the Bishop. Those who have lived for years out of the hearing of Christian bells will appreciate the pleasure of hearing them in a land where they may indeed

" Ring out the old,
Ring in the new ;
Ring out the false,
Ring in the true."

CHAPTER VII

DAILY WORK IN THE ISLAND AND ON THE MAINLAND

Bishop Steere and Twenty-one New Workers—J. P. Farler at Magila—Work in Zanzibar—At the Mission House—Boys' School—Freed Slave Shamba—Miss D. Y. Mills begins the Little Boys' Home.

BISHOP STEERE left England on February 11, 1875, and the effect of his appeal to the self-surrender of his countrymen was seen in the twenty-one new workers added to the Mission staff this year. Among them were the Rev. E. S. L. Randolph, the Rev. J. P. Farler; a young layman, H. W. Woodward, now Archdeacon Woodward of Msalabani, who has given 34 years' service to Africa; and Miss Josephine Bartlett, who for twenty years was to prove one of the most helpful and dearly loved workers Africa ever had. Later in the year came Miss Allen, who began the hospital work.

This was quite the golden year of the Mission, for a hold was now obtained on the mainland which has never been relaxed. The Usambara work had been stopped by illness or death again and again. Now a priest had laid good foundations, and died or been recalled. Then four Christian lads had held the outpost quite alone. But at last the land was to be possessed, and the Rev. J. P. Farler was chosen for the post.

"I left England," he said in a letter to Canon Liddon

three years later, "in February, 1875, in obedience to what I believed and still believe to be a decisive token of God's will that I should enter on missionary work. I remained a few months in Zanzibar, and in the following June Bishop Steere took me to Magila, together with a young layman, John Henry Moss, who, after two years of singular devotion and earnestness, fell asleep in Christ."

With them also went Acland Sahera, and a native reader, Francis Mabruki, who had been there before.

The day after their arrival at Magila, the Bishop and Mr. Farler climbed "to the top of the nearest mountain and surveyed the country and talked over our plans. We saw villages too many to be counted; and in all nooks of the mountain side, little groups of huts and plots of cultivated land."

What the Bishop must have thought, as he gazed far over the hills, and counted the villages, we know from his speech at Oxford before leaving England.

"Beyond and beyond lie nation after nation, till the mind is overwhelmed by the vastness of the work before us. . . . My plan is to cut up the work into manageable portions. I think we may take it for certain that we have not to do with broken fragments of tribes. . . . There seem to be nations of several millions each, speaking the same language, and occupying countries which are to be measured by hundreds of miles in either direction. Our East Africans are not nomads dwelling in a wilderness or a desert, but settled cultivators, who would gladly remain for many generations in one place. *Each of these nations ought at least to have its own church and its own bishop and clergy.* . . . As Africa is now, we shall have to fix the site of future cities, as the monks did in England, and the English missionaries in Germany. . . . We have such a centre at Magila for the Shambala. We are forming a party to go

to the Yaos. Between the Yaos and the coast we have one great nation—the Gindos. . . . We must try to plant a station amongst them ; and then the Zaramos and the Ziguas near the coast, the Nyasas and Bisas on the other side of the Lake Nyasa.”

These words speak of the immense work to be attacked eastward of Lake Tanganyika.

When the Bishop had gone, leaving Mr. Farler with Mr. Moss and Acland, it is no wonder that “ a sense of desolation ” was the first feeling of that little trio of Christians, alone among these nations of heathen. But with a brave heart did they “ arise and walk through the land,” and everywhere people listened to them.

A Mohammedan chief who heard the first sermon was struck, as Mohammedans often are, with the doctrine of the Atonement. Mohammed never professed to save from sin. He did not die for his people. A Mohammedan purges himself from ordinary sins ; a lapse from Islam is unpardonable. The forgiveness of sins comes as a revelation to them ; and this chief, after hearing Swahili evensong, said he had never imagined such a beautiful service, and invited Mr. Farler to preach in his town.

Then the chief sent for them to come and see him at Msasa. The road led them through lovely scenery ; mountains the height of Snowdon towered over valleys with golden harvests ripening beside cool clear rivers. Magnificent trees, ferns, and flowers flourished, and the air was sweet with orange blossom. But this lovely land had for ten years been laid waste by war. Kibanga, chief of Usambara, and his brother, the chief of the Wakilindi, had been fighting since before the death

of old Kimweri. The brothers did not know how to end the feud, and asked the missionaries to make peace.

Amid shouts of joy from the people, Mr. Farler arranged the terms, telling them how wrong it was for brother to fight with brother. When the chiefs had shaken hands and feasted, he stood up and preached of the life to come to those whose whole idea of the spiritual life here and hereafter is limited to darkness inhabited by spirits and given up to witchcraft. How they must have echoed the thought of the Northumbrians!—

“ Wherefore, if aught these strangers preach
Can chase the doubt and fear
That hangeth o'er the future life,
In God's name, let us hear ! ”

Meantime, St. Bartholomew's Day was kept in Zanzibar with much rejoicing, for eighteen of the elder native pupils had just been confirmed, and now more than double that number were baptized. John Swedi, the sub-deacon, presided at the festival dinner, at which Chuma and Susi, Livingstone's faithful attendants, were present as guests, the latter still unbaptized.

The cemetery at Kiungani was already the sleeping place of many who had been so blessed as to give up their lives in the service of their Master, and on the evening of this day the Bishop spoke the words of consecration there ; “ and the white-robed procession gathered round the spot chanting, as the sun sank to rest, the familiar strains of the resurrection hymn, ‘ Jesus lives.’ ”

Immediately after this, the Bishop and a large party, including Chuma and Susi, started for the Rovuma country—an account of their journey will be given later on.

It is well to remember that though the exciting scenes

of earlier work, the novelty of pioneer expeditions, and the heroism of martyr deaths are more interesting, yet, if we would study mission work, we must also realize

“ The trivial round, the common task,”

the watering as well as the planting of the vineyard, the slow building as well as the founding and finishing of the King's palace.

The organization of the work in Zanzibar which lasted so many years was carefully laid during 1875 to 1877.

The central house, Mkunazini, was close to Christ Church, and was first occupied at the end of 1875, and remained for nearly twenty years the centre of the town mission work.¹ The little Boys' Home was removed here from Mbweni, and hospital work began, under Miss Allen and her staff of two nurses. Schools were opened, and a little later Miss Allen began the Zenana work in the town.

At Kiungani, about one and a half miles from the town, the Boys' School and training institution was in full work. Mr. Randolph was reorganizing this, helped by Miss Bartlett, who superintended the laundry department, Mr. Woodward, who worked in the printing room, and Mr. Wallis, in charge of the carpenter's shop. Here there were eighty-eight natives, chiefly boys.

A native village of freed slaves, planned by Bishop Tozer, had been settled at Mbweni by Dr. Steere early in 1874. It had begun with seven adult men and fifteen women, living in homes of their own, and in two years'

¹ Mkunazini took the place of the Mission House at the old Consulate, now given up.

time, the results of further captures of slaves having been added, the population was 140, under the Rev. W. F. Capel, with John Swedi, Mitchell, and F. J. Williams to help him.

The Girls' School, numbering sixty-two, was here under Miss Fountaine; while the infants were taught by Vincent Mkono, one of the earliest pupils, who had married another pupil, Elizabeth Kidogo. These names and numbers mostly refer to 1876.

Here, at Mbweni, under Mr. Randolph's vigorous superintendence, oxen were being trained for purposes of draught, and Mr. Wallis was building a wagon in the carpenter's shop at Kiungani, with a view to travelling on the mainland; but meantime they were to be used for carting stone and lime in the island as a trial. At Mbweni the adults were cultivating their own food by their own methods. The Mission had to give them their clothes, and what may be called pocket-money, at a cost of about £2 5s. per annum each. To meet this cost sugar cultivation was tried, but not on a large scale; the syrup, however, was sold for something.

There has always been a desire not to give the natives civilized tastes and wants, and a story is told of a boy who had been for a time in England, and had learnt to drink sugar in his cocoa, asking the missionary at the evening halt, after a day's march, "Where is the sugar?"

Another Mbweni industry was burning the coral stone into lime.

Very little as yet was done for industrial training in the Girls' School; but the elder ones took turns at simple household work, as school hours permitted. At first

Mbweni consisted of only thirty acres ; but it has now increased to 150.

Several fresh workers had come out in 1876, and among them the Rev. W. F. Capel, for several years the secretary, who, after working here for a year and a half, went with Bishop Tozer to Jamaica. But the most interesting arrival this year was that of a young Oxonian, in deacon's Orders, the Rev. Chauncy Maples, who, while a curate in Oxford, had stirred up much interest in the Mission, which was happy enough to retain him well-nigh twenty years, during the latter half of which he was Archdeacon of Nyasa.

On the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, the Bishop ordained him priest, and another recruit, the Rev. W. P. Johnson, deacon. The latter, who was well known as stroke of the University College Eight, is one of the few on the present staff who dates back to 1876.

With Mr. Maples came a layman, Joseph Williams, who long worked with him at Likoma, and in death was not parted from him.

Another, destined "in a short time to fulfil a long time," was Mr. (afterwards the Rev.) Charles Yorke, of Warminster.

Two pictures of the daily life of the Bishop and island workers at this time are given by Archdeacons Hodgson and Maples. The latter writes thus :—

"At this time [the Bishop] was living in the Boys' School, at Kiungani, going in on Sundays and Thursdays to Mkunazini to celebrate there, and to conduct the Sunday evening service in English for the European residents in the town.

"Every day he used, soon after breakfast, to repair to

the printing office, where he remained till nearly noon, revising and correcting proof-sheets of his various Swahili translations, setting up the type himself not infrequently. . . . After the midday meal he would bring a whole pile of newly-printed matter into the general sitting-room, and, handing round a few needles and some thread, would soon begin stitching together the tracts and books with a rapidity we vainly tried to equal. Then, as he plied his needle, he would encourage us to ask questions on matters linguistic and missionary, for which he was always ready with a wise and satisfying answer. In the afternoon he would again take his place in the printing office. . . . In the evening he nearly always walked in to town to inspect the church building."

During this year he was busy translating the Epistles into Swahili, and those to the Ephesians and Philippians, with the Epistles of St. James and St. John, were accomplished.

Archdeacon Hodgson's picture shows the Bishop at Mbwani, and illustrates the daily routine in the next year :—

" He walked out to us early, for a seven o'clock celebration, from the head quarters of the Mission, the Old Slave Market in Zanzibar. . . . A walk of five miles and then a service before breakfast is no slight exertion with the thermometer over 80°. . . . It was each month his practice to spend one Sunday morning with us, and the first morning I ever had to wait for his appearance was the very day on which he died. . . . The celebration was in English, and then we returned to the Mission House for breakfast. The members of the Mission and the children of the orphanage had their meals in one room. . . . On this auspicious occasion the children had, of course, all turned out in Sunday best, and were waiting round the hall door for the Europeans and the Bishop to go in first. We were just going across the courtyard, when the Bishop's

eye fell on a tub used for catching rain water. This same tub had been carelessly handled, and two of the iron hoops had been allowed to get loose and come off. There and then, regardless of hunger and fatigue, the Bishop must needs point out the impending dissolution of an article not easily replaced in Zanzibar, and insist on restoring with his own hands the rusty hoops to their original position. It was certainly a very practical sermon against carelessness."

Amid much that was thankworthy, some sad records must be given. Faithfully do the Mission journals recount what seems like failure, as well as what seems like success. In 1875-76 we read such notices as:—

"Four Khami slaves ran away from Mbweni."

These had only just been received.

Again,—

"Sent in to accuse C—— before consul of having stolen kisibau."

This was a great grief, for C—— was one of Bishop Tozer's first boys—a Zigua, and he had married a Christian.

Then the next year we have—

"Maitland Mabruki expelled for continued bad conduct."

This youth had been baptized five years before by Bishop Tozer.

In the following year we find—

"A—— moved to Magila, to give him a chance of redeeming his character after flagrant misconduct."

But the saddest story of all is Francis Mabruki's, a sub-deacon, who had done much good work, especially at Magila. Francis had to be inhibited from preaching and, alas! he was never restored, and died. His wife,

Kate, whom he had ill-treated, has lived a Christian life bravely and uncomplainingly. At first she kept school ; but after some years wished to have a little home of her own, and she lived till her death in 1908 under the wing of the Mission, taking in work, or nursing at the Hospital, supporting herself, and loved and respected by all.

Turning again to the mainland, we find Mr. Farler's labours blessed exceedingly. The Bishop wrote, after a short visit paid to him in 1876, that his medical cures were causing people to abandon their charms, and that in a little while he would have the whole Bondé district at his feet.

This was but partially accomplished. On Easter Monday there was a procession from Magila to the river—cross-bearer, catechumens, choir, banner, and clergy, all singing hymns. Fourteen catechumens received baptism in the river, including two native chiefs. Each, as he entered the river, faced west and renounced the devil, and then faced east and confessed the Triune God, many of the spectators being deeply impressed.

In this year Magila was invaded by the Ziguas, who conquered the Bondei. A day or two of much anxiety to the Mission passed, and then the Ziguas were driven off, and the triumphant Kibanga paid a visit to Mr. Farler, and, in exuberance of spirits, began a war-dance on Sunday, during the time of Service. Mr. Farler went out and told them that it was God's day, and invited them to hear His Word, promising them leave to dance as much as they liked next day :—

“ They cried ‘Vyedi’—very good—and followed me into church. It was a striking scene. These fierce, wild men

thronged the church, and piled their weapons, that had been so recently dyed with blood, against the sides of the church, while they attentively listened to the gospel of peace on earth, good-will to men."

And how the bread "cast upon the waters" is found "after many days" was seen in the case of Dallington Maftaa, a Nyasa boy, a released slave, who had not been looked on as a great credit to the Mission.

This boy went with Stanley on his tramp through Africa, and was left by him in Uganda.

He now wrote to the Bishop:—

"WANTAGALA, April 23, 1876.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,—

"Let thy heart be turned to thy servant, and let me have favour in thy sight; therefore send me Swahili prayers, and send me one big black Bible. I want slates, board, chalk, that I may teach the Waganda the way of God. I been teach them already, but I want you to send me Litala Sudi, that he may help me in the work of God. Oh! my lord, pray for me; oh! ye boys, pray for me. And if thou refuse to send Litala Sudi, send John Swedi. Your honour to the Queen, and my honour to you.

"DALLINGTON MAFTAA.

"I am translating the Bible to Mtesa, son of Suna, King of Uganda. I was with Henry M. Stanley, together with Robert Feruzi, but Robert is gone with Stanley, but I being stop (*i.e.* am staying) in Uganda, translating the Bible."

Another Uganda lad, Henry Wright Duta, who subsequently passed through Kiungani School, was afterwards ordained for the Native Church in that country.

In 1877 Bishop Steere paid a visit to England for

health's sake. One of the great hindrances to tropical African work is that every few years a missionary must come home for his health; making a break, often disastrous in the working of a station. And yet there are compensations. The work does not depend on one man when his place has so often to be taken; much knowledge of the Mission is diffused in England, and fresh workers are influenced.

During this visit, the University of Oxford honoured itself by conferring the honorary degree of D.D. on the Bishop, "amid the tumultuous plaudits of graduates and undergraduates."

Among the fresh workers found were the Rev. F. R. Hodgson and Mrs. Hodgson, who have worked ever since in the interests of the Mission either in Africa or England; and Miss Thackeray, still living in the island, where she will ever be remembered for the new life she put into the teaching of the girls.

At this time the funds were known to be low. Shortly before the Bishop "felt ashamed to say they had not proper houses to live in or food to eat." Now, quite spontaneously, £120 was sent to Mr. Randolph, who was in charge, from all ranks and nationalities in Zanzibar, as a present, lest the missionaries should go without the comforts necessary for their health in that climate—a pretty strong testimony to the love and respect with which they were regarded.

The failing funds were due to the large number of freed slaves the Mission had been taking. Fifty more had been received in the Bishop's absence, and drafted off to Kiungani and Mbweni. First the procession, passing through the city, would leave the smaller orphan

boys in the town, the little boys running out of their house and claiming their contingent. The next halt would be at Kiungani; and here one day a touching scene was enacted. The wretched, spiritless men were resting before going on to Mbwani, where homes would be allotted them, when a boy, Kalonda, came out of the laundry, looked about, and with a shout rushed up to one of the men, crying, "My father!" The greeting on both sides may be imagined. It was an old story—the hunter returning from the forest to find his home desolate, his few goods plundered, and his son carried off by the Maviti. The poor man, looking for a safe place to settle in, was seized a few months later, and owing to this second misfortune found his son. Father and son were not again parted, and he remained at Kiungani.

The first offshoot of Magila was Pambili, about three miles off, founded 1876. The second was Umba. Mr. Farler and his assistants were accustomed to walk to neighbouring villages, preach and talk to the people in apostolic style; and their journals read like pieces out of the Acts of the Apostles. Thus they became aware, to use their own expression, that they were "working against time"; *i.e.* it was a race for the conversion of Africa between us and Mohammedanism. The African Arabs are propagandist, and are rapidly bringing the natives under obedience to Islam.

At Umba was a mosque, where Mohammedans played the part of the Jews towards early Christians, insulting the converts as they passed to the coast. A three days' mission was decided on. Umba was then the market between the corn-growing district and the coast. It was full moon when the missionaries arrived

and declared to the chief that they meant to preach every evening. He gave permission, saying there would be few hearers, as, according to custom, they were all dancing at full moon.

Quite undaunted, they lit a fire, sang a hymn, and preached to the few who would listen, on Judgment and the Life to come. A few more came and listened, and asked questions up to eleven o'clock. The rest went on dancing.

Next night a much larger congregation came to hear of the Fall and Redemption. The bold statement that "Christ is God" caused an uproar among the Mohammedans, but the preacher went on steadily, and afterwards many questions were asked about our Lord.

"On the last evening no dancers were left; all came to the preaching. The interest was intense, many having come from other towns; for we had announced the subject, 'A contrast between the life of Mohammed and the life of Jesus Christ.' While the evil and impure life of Mohammed was being contrasted with the holy and blessed life of Jesus, not a sound was heard. When we had finished, a man stepped forward and said, 'We became Mohammedans because we had no religion, and the coast people came and taught us theirs; but we don't like them, for they cheat us, and if Christianity is better than Islam, we will follow it.'"

It was a remarkable scene. Under the intensely bright light of an African moon stood the missionary and his young catechist, Acland Sahera, surrounded by those dark, earnest faces, asking question after question till past midnight.

And the three days' mission bore such fruit that in three years' time the deserted mosque was in ruins;

while first Mr. Phillips, and then Mr. Yorke, had built up such a Christian Church that the week-day service was attended by nearly fifty natives.

At this time the well-known traveller Stanley arrived at Zanzibar from the Cape. He had started from Zanzibar with a Swahili caravan of 300 men, women, and children, had worked his way westward, tracing the whole course of the Lualaba or Congo. Hardship and war had reduced his escort to 150. On reaching the Cape there were not wanting those who would have had him proceed at once to Europe, where he was eagerly expected. But he had given his word to his Arabs to take them back to Zanzibar, and, however inconvenient, that word was kept. Robert Feruzi was one of his most trusted men throughout.

The next year (1878) Miss Allen began a Mothers' Meeting for the first time in Zanzibar, while Miss Hinton looked after the babies. This was beginning at the right end, since "the nation comes from the nursery," and henceforth we must expect to trace a firmer foothold for native Christianity.

Miss Allen also visited the Arab ladies in their own homes, and gives a striking account of a scene like the reading of the English Bible in Wycliffe's days.

She had taken an Arabic Bible with her, and the master of the house took it and read the first chapter of Genesis to the ladies of the family, stopping at "God made man in His own image," to ask what it meant. "God has no body like ours." When explained as speaking of man's moral nature, he seemed pleased; and he went on to the second chapter. He highly approved of Eve's having come from Adam's side, and

explained that, according to Arab legend, Adam had an extra lump of fat to spare for Eve. Then his eyes failed him (for he suffered from ophthalmia), and his sister went on reading, till they stopped to ask "which was the greater, Christ or Mohammed?"

Mr. Johnson at this time was for a few months at Mbweni, having been ordained priest September 21, 1879. "His preachings and catechizings have been endless, and he has established night schools and mission services in several adjoining villages. The natives call him 'the man that never sits down.'"

In every Mission there are years of beginnings, of progress, and of completion. Such a year of completion was 1879, when the church was finished externally, and the Swahili New Testament and Prayer-Book completed, so that on May 1, the whole Liturgy was used for the first time in Swahili. The occasion was the first Communion of a party of natives from Masasi who had come up for Confirmation.

Another crowning of work was the ordination of John Swedi as a deacon on Trinity Sunday—the first of the native races to receive Holy Orders. He was so greatly beloved in the Island that when he started for Masasi hardly any one came to see him off; they could not bear to bid him good-bye in public.

Other important events this year were the ordination of A. C. Goldfinch (for Masasi) and Charles Yorke (for Usambara) as deacons; the appointment of the Rev. J. P. Farler as Archdeacon of Magila, on his return from England; the arrival of Miss Bashford in April, and the coming out of Miss Dora Yarnton Mills. Six weeks later, on St. Paul's Day, she took up the work which for

twenty-five years was connected with her name—the care of the little boys, first at Mkunazini, and afterwards at Kilimani. Thus she took the place of Miss Hinton, who on that day married the Rev. F. J. Williams.

The newly married pair went to Kaule, a village near Magila ; she was the first lady of the Universities' Mission to work on the mainland. Their arrival had been made necessary by the death of the Rev. Charles Yorke on the evening of the Epiphany.

His work at Umba and elsewhere had been much blessed. There is a letter giving an account of his wrestling by prayer and argument for the soul of an old dying woman, turning out the charmers in the face of a council gathered against him, and finally having her baptized and buried as a Christian, allowing no wailing till the first Christian funeral at Umba was over. He was much loved, and being laid up on Christmas Day at Magila, had striven to reach his people again two days later, bringing on a return of fever, of which he died ; he was laid to rest near the newly enlarged church of St. John Baptist, Umba, beside Maria Mapindu, his convert.

He was the first of the Mission clergy to be buried on the mainland since that little group of graves by the Shiré. At the Mission Anniversary that year, Bishop Harvey Goodwin (Carlisle), the biographer of Mackenzie, drew attention to the contrast of the desertion and loneliness of the first Bishop's death, and the Hagar-like putting his grave out of sight, with the love and attention surrounding Charles Yorke, dying amid his converts, carried to the grave by catechumens, and mourned by all Umba. In those eighteen years the doctrine of " Jesus and the

Resurrection" had indeed been a light to lighten African darkness.

The glimpses given of daily life at Kiungani and Mbweni are completed by one of daily life at Mkunazini in 1880. After 6.30 mattins, attended by all the Mission, came 7 o'clock breakfast at a common table, with Miss Mills' little boys at two tables in the same refectory. Afterwards Miss Allen would attend a crowd of out-patients from the city, gathered at the door, the Bishop directing the work-people, or interviewing and writing notes to the various members of the Mission, who asked his advice on every topic, from the planting of a station to the management of a refractory girl.

Miss Bashford had the charge of the little waifs received from the slave dhows, and in the intervals of her care of them she may be found setting up Arabic type in the printing office, and Miss Mills, assisted by her native boys, is in her school. A short noonday service in chapel, and then dinner for the whole family. In the afternoon the school again, and visitors—Arabs for discussion, English sailors or guests from the mainland. The translations go forward, parcels from home are opened and repacked for the various stations, until the Bishop comes in to tea, followed by a sunset evensong.

There are prayers again at nine, after supper, and then in the common sitting-room reading, talking, or writing for the mail till bed-time.

This sounds interesting for once, but results are produced by the daily repetition of years. There is a blessed drudgery in mission work as in home work—a constant learning by doing the same things, a constant progress by doing them better. A missionary's motto should be,

“ This one thing I do—forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark.”

A Temperance Society was first formed in Zanzibar in 1879. There is a great deal of drunkenness there and on the coast, for even the Mohammedans are not so strict as in many places, and secret drinking goes on among them. The natives brew *pombé*, a sort of beer, and have regular markets for it, and much drunkenness is the result. It did not need the European and his rum to teach this vice to the African, though rum finishes a drunkard off more quickly than *pombé*.

Another improvement was a traction engine. Whatever doubts may exist as to the use of civilization as an aid to Christianizing the world, road-making has certainly helped to spread the gospel message from the days of the Romans downwards, and to this purpose the engine was applied, working at one time for Seyid Barghash for making the road to his palace, at £100 a mile.

Allusion has been made several times to the “ charms ” believed in by Africans. Indeed fear, in the sense of terror, is the only religious emotion of the African. Love and reverence he knows nothing of. Bishop Steere once said that as his outward life is full of fear and uncertainty—war, famine, slave raids—so is his inward life.

“ The East Coast Africans are not idolaters ; they all believe in God, but they think of Him as too great and too far off to care individually for them. Their whole thoughts are full of evil spirits and malicious witchcraft. A man gropes his way through his life, peopling the darkness round him with fearful shapes, and on the continual look-out for some omen or for some man who, as he supposes, knows more

than he does of the invisible world to give him some faltering guidance. His life is dark, his death is darker still. His friends dare not even let it be known where his body is laid, lest some evil use should be made of it. No man in the whole world has more need of inward strengthening and comfort, and no man in the whole world has less of it."

Nyungu, a great medicine man, became a catechumen at this time. He had become chief through his charms, for which great presents were brought to him. Twice he was about to become a catechumen, but lapsed at the last minute. He could not bring himself to give up his charms. He told Mr. Farler that he would be laughed at. A third lapse made his conversion seem hopeless, but at length he was admitted and made his answers with great energy, exclaiming when asked, "Will you renounce the devil, forsaking witchcraft and charms?" "They are no good; they are no good. I renounce them; I cast them all away." His conversion made a great impression on the natives, whom he did not cease to warn of the foolishness of witchcraft. He was baptized by the name of Solomon.

And thus, through evil report and good report, amid disappointments and successes, by means of consecrated lives of daily self-denial, as well as by holy lives laid down, the Church of God went forth in Eastern Africa conquering and to conquer.

CHAPTER VIII

ON THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS

The Founding of Masasi—A Colony of Freed Slaves—Newala—
Chauncy Maples' Expedition to Meto—Magwangwara raid on
Masasi.

THERE is a land which lies between Lake Nyasa and the Indian Ocean; it is, roughly speaking, bounded by the seventh degree of southern latitude on the north, and by the Zambezi basin on the south. This land was in 1874 quite unknown to Englishmen—almost to Europeans. The Portuguese had indeed dwelt in the coast towns for 400 years without caring for their African neighbours, without exploring their country or knowing much about them; while, if it is too much to say that they actively promoted the slave trade, they did little to hinder it.

This country is described by the Rev. Chauncy Maples about ten years after Bishop Steere's first visit, and the following account is taken from his words.

The largest river in this tract of 140,000 square miles is the Rovuma, up which Livingstone tried to take Bishop Mackenzie. Rising near Lake Nyasa, it falls into the sea north of Cape Delgado. Its great southern tributary, the Lujenda, has a still longer course north-west from Lake Shirwa.

Throughout most of this district, but especially south of the Rovuma, are found the Makua nation, "a peace-loving, industrious, harmless people, of very average intelligence, as these races go, and very amenable to civilizing influences when judiciously exercised." One centre of this race is to be found at Meto, where the forest is quite cleared, and cultivation has reached some excellence. The Yao race, which has its home in the fork between the Rovuma and the Lujenda, gave our missionaries a ready welcome. The Nyasas dwell here and there on the shores of the lake.

Two more tribes of some importance are found on either side of the mouth of the Rovuma—on a high plateau, extending about 100 miles inland, divided by the river basin. These are the Makonde, on the north, industrious cultivators, trading chiefly in india-rubber, and the Mavia on the south. Nearer the Zambezi are the fierce Walomwe, while scattered along the Rovuma are remnants of the Mwera, Donde, Gindo, and other tribes.

The race which is the terror of the land is of foreign extraction. 'Tis sixty years since a Zulu army, so says tradition, sent forth against their enemies, suffered defeat. This is penal among the Zulus, and had they returned the punishment would have been decimation. A happy thought occurred to them *not* to return, and they pushed northwards till they came to Nyasa, settled on both sides of the lake, and became a great tribe, under various names, of which Magwangwara and Maviti are the best known. Their raids are a sore trouble to the more peaceful tribes. They preserve the Zulu fighting tradition and "dip their spears in blood" almost annually. They have dreams of a universal empire in Central Africa, not

unbecoming a Napoleon or an Emperor of Russia, and they hold the other tribes in vassalage.

Into this district Bishop Steere in 1875 made a pioneer expedition, landing at Lindi, marching through forest to the Rovuma, and, crossing it, passed through the Yao district to Mataka's village, Mwembe, about seventy miles from Lake Nyasa.

It was this journey which made him hopeful of leading some of the freed slaves in the island back to their former homes, and planting in the wilderness a Christian village. Therefore, from among the families at Mbweni a certain number were carefully selected, chiefly married couples, regard being shown to the willingness of both husband and wife. Thus thirty-one men and twenty-four women were ready to start for a return to their native land by October 1876. Not many of them were baptized, but all were under instruction, and John Almasi and Sarah Lozi, native leaders, and four Kiungani lads were Christians. The Rev. W. P. Johnson, just admitted to deacon's Orders, was the spiritual head, and Mr. Beardall lay superintendent.

The Bishop himself led the people to their settlement, taking with him a link with the earliest days of the Mission—the portable altar¹ brought out by Bishop Mackenzie and left at the Cape. Bishop Tozer carried it on to Zanzibar, and now, when at length the Mission had set its face towards Nyasa, the little altar went too. Captain Crohan, of the *Flying Fish*, kindly towed the hired dhow containing the natives, as far as Lindi, which they reached on St. Luke's Day.

¹ Now in the Office Chapel at Dartmouth Street.

In another week they had hired porters, and the caravan of two hundred people was ready to start. Each settler was provided with an axe and a hoe ; there was food to carry, and bales of cloth to act as money. Chuma was the caravan leader. Following the course of the Ukeredi, they marched through a district stricken with famine, and passed through the dense Mwera Forest, asking for food at every halting place, and finding none ; but everywhere they heard the cheering news, " There is plenty at Masasi."

At length they reached this favoured spot. Bishop Steere writes :—

" We had been gradually rising all this time, and were now rather more than 1,000 feet above the sea, when we emerged upon broad, open, cultivated slopes, backed by mountainous masses of granite rock. Very soon we passed two streams of purer water than we had seen for a long time, and made our way to a village lying between two of the rocky summits with ample space about it. Here we found ourselves among the Yaos."

Immediately they were in the land of plenty. More than eleven dozen fowls were brought to them, and while these were being cooked, the natives observed that this mountain had " blessings in abundance." Next morning a man came with a humble offering of a fowl. He had been set free, and kindly treated by the English, he said, and was delighted to welcome them. Chuma knew him as one of his fellow slaves, freed by Livingstone and Mackenzie.

And now the African nature asserted itself. Side by side with great patience, there often exists a want of steadfast purpose, making sustained exertion a difficulty. The

Mbweni people looked upon the land, and saw that it was pleasant ; they heard spoken around them the Yao tongue, familiar to many of them, and they thought of the long journey to their former homes near Nyasa, and their hearts failed them.

“ It was just such a spot as the pioneer monks of old, seeking for a habitation for the Lord of Hosts, would have chosen for a centre, and founded such an abbey as Fulda, in the German Wald, or Edmundsbury in the plains of Suffolk ; and when the weary people looked upon the prospect . . . they longed for a rest from their journeyings, and said, ‘ Great master, let us cease our wanderings here. True, this is not our home, but it is like our home. We might seek for years among the forests, and never find the exact spot we were stolen from by the Arabs ; here is plenty of water, everything grows well, and war is all but unknown. We are among our own people. Here we will live, and here we will die.’ ”

On inquiry it seemed that, at present, food was unattainable elsewhere. There were great difficulties in leading such a caravan further through a land of famine. So the Bishop “ accepted it as the voice of God,” and determined to plant the colony at Masasi.

Permission to settle here was readily granted by the chief, Namkumba, a great smelter and worker in iron, whose furnaces were old ant-hills, which are harder than any concrete, and to whom the Bishop made suitable presents of calico, brass wire, and ornamental cloths.

Immediately the colonists set to work as one man. The Bishop marked out a site for the house on an elevation. Then a road, forty feet wide, was marked, leading thence to the river, and on each side allotments of nearly half an acre each were arranged, running back

to the granite rocks, and the couples were given their choice. They stood this test of good temper and industry well ; they put up bamboo houses at once, and in a fortnight the beginnings of a Christian village were rising at Masasi. Fowl-houses and pigeon-houses were not forgotten, and the forest rang with their axes clearing a space for their crops. The neighbouring chiefs watched with deep interest this Christian village in their midst, and humbly asked if, when their houses were thatched, they would allow the rain to fall, which was much needed ! The oxen and donkey which had come from Mbweni were a great interest, especially the latter, and when he brayed an admiring crowd ran together. There was such loss among the hen-roosts at first, that thieves were suspected, till a leopard was found preying on them, and the inexperienced hunters slew him with some difficulty.

Then the Mission House was built, and as the granite rocks were soft and easy to work, the chancel of the church was raised at once of stone, with ant-hill earth as mortar, a temporary thatched nave being added. An Arab chief at Lindi sent up a present of fruit trees—orange, lemon, mango, guava, jack-fruit, and choice cocoa-nut trees—and with these the roads were bordered.

The Bishop speaks much of the exceeding beauty of the view, where two granite peaks, united by a saddle, showed a third rising behind ; in other directions was a varied panorama of plain and cliff, forest and distant hills, while great granite boulders, piled up and covered with gorgeous lichens gleaming in the sun, made up a scene of truly African grandeur.

Five young men and boys accompanied Bishop Steere on his return to Zanzibar, and learning much in a few



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I. FIXING THE POLES. 2. CIRCLE OF SPLIT BAMBOOS, WITH HORIZONTAL CANES.
3. ROOF OF PALM STEMS WHICH IS GRASS THATCHED.

HOUSE BUILDING IN THREE STAGES.

weeks, returned to Masasi in the nick of time ; for the neighbours, having decided that the village was meant as a base of operations for enslaving them all, they decided to go up and burn it. On the return of their friends they changed their minds, and sent fresh pupils to the Mission instead.

Thus the colony was started. It was a bold—perhaps too bold—venture. For it was not merely making a Mission centre, quite unsupported and cut off, but it was transplanting thither a body of men, whose home it was not, and so becoming responsible for their good behaviour and safety in a strange land.

“ In what way, it may be asked, was this community governed by the missionaries? They had two alternatives : either to form a statelet, make laws and inflict punishments, which would sooner or later involve them in native politics, or to maintain the village as a religious community, whose only weapon was excommunication, other penalties being willingly endured as discipline, or not at all. They chose the latter.”

It was soon found that Masasi, with its breezy position and absence of swamps, was as healthy a place as could be found within the tropics. Plants flourished so well that the cassava crop alone would have fed them for two years in the failure of other food. There are salt workings and surface iron works in the neighbourhood.

Here the missionaries first began to influence the great Makua tribe, who dwell throughout the eastern half of the Rovuma district, about three hundred miles by two hundred and fifty. They are a singularly dull, unreceptive race, believing in very little, and very tenacious of that little. Their language is a very persistent variety of the Bantu tongues, neither time nor

distance modifying it much. They don't care to be taught, and don't believe in what they are taught, while they have a strong prejudice (not wholly confined to Africa) against using their minds. Their customs are, however, more moral than in many places. Early marriages are common, the prohibited degrees are extended to all relations, and infanticide is forbidden. The Yaos, on the other hand, who live side by side with the Makua, are quick, lively, and intelligent.

For nearly seven years the colony at Masasi grew and prospered. The heathen around watched them, for Masasi was indeed "a city set upon a hill." First they saw that the Christian natives observed a sacred day, on which they did not work, but praised God; and whatever may be thought of the "Sunday question" in England, there at least this is the abiding mark of a Christian. Next they noticed that on that day they tidied themselves and were clean; and gradually they allowed their boys to go to the school, stipulating that the attendance should be quite voluntary on the boys' part. "They could do as they liked."

At the end of the first ten months the Rev. Chauncy Maples and Mr. J. Williams were appointed to take the place of Mr. Johnson, who was invalided to Zanzibar, and on his recovery took charge at Mbweni.

Mr. Maples and Mr. Williams soon started on a journey to see and make friends with a much dreaded chief—Machemba—who received them gladly, and gave them two boys to take back to school. They also went to Newala, a popular district about fifty miles south of Masasi, and obtained leave from Matola, a Yao chief, to found a new mission station there.

In May 1878 a fresh batch of natives, sent down from Mbweni, were settled at Newala, under the care of the Rev. Herbert Clarke, a newly ordained deacon ; the chief showing himself very friendly.

Little did they think that in founding this station they were to some extent providing their own retreat in future troubles, practically proving the truth that as long as a Church does its duty in extending missions, its candlestick will not wholly be removed.

The freed slaves, planted by the Mission itself at Masasi and Newala, were the nucleus of all operations, and at Whitsuntide the first sixteen of these were baptized, and in March 1879 came their confirmation and first communion at Zanzibar, already mentioned.

Just as three years earlier Mr. Farler had made peace in Usambara, so now Mr. Clarke, sent by Mr. Maples, arranged a treaty on the Rovuma between the Makua, the warlike Maviti, and the agents of the Sultan of Zanzibar. In grass huts, on a sandy islet in the Rovuma, the Arabs and missionaries pitched one Saturday night, the natives being on the banks. On Sunday Mr. Clarke preached to an attentive Makua congregation, who, however, nearly lost heart that night, and consulted him about running quietly away. In the afternoon he went up to the Maviti camp and found them looking well, in skin coats, with bright spears. Next day the Maviti, numbering sixty, and a hundred Makuas, came to the meeting, and made peace, promising not to catch each other for slaves ; to let the Sultan's agent settle disputes ; and to put no bar in the way of a road the Sultan wished to make to the coast. The hostile chiefs shook hands, and thus once more the Church was the minister of peace.

In less than a year Mr. Clarke had to be withdrawn from Newala, to take charge of Masasi during Mr. Maples' visit to England. Matola came up from Newala to bid the latter good-bye, and to beg for a resident. He promised that his people should not work on Sundays, and said, "Until you come back we have no one to teach us about God and Jesus Christ."

Before the end of 1879 the Revs. W. P. Johnson, A. C. Goldfinch and John Swedi were sent to Masasi; and a school in the neighbourhood was put under the young native deacon at once,—“a really first-rate deacon,” Mr. Maples calls him.

The next year Mr. Maples returned from England, and in 1881 he and Mr. Goldfinch took a pioneer journey, with intent to learn something of the power and distribution of the various tribes.

Journeying east from Newala, they inspected the Makonde district, and found it too thinly populated to justify planting a mission centre there. Then, turning south, they crossed the Rovuma, and visited the chief of the dreaded Maviti in their stronghold. The chief, Chiwaru, oddly enough, was a Makua. These Maviti, having wandered away from Nyasa, placed themselves under him, on condition of being allowed to settle there. The Maviti now came to Chiwaru, danced a fierce war-dance, and asked him to explain his guests. They listened quietly to the explanation; but when Mr. Maples had preached on the iniquity of war, and the love of God, for twenty minutes, they began to dance again, as a sign that they thought the sermon long enough!

Next the missionaries turned their steps towards the capital of Meto. They had heard much before-

hand of the power and fame of Mwaliya, the chief. The approach to the capital was like a picture from the *Arabian Nights*. The vale of Meto is watered by bright and sparkling streams, and is in such a high state of cultivation that only the cocoa-nut palm, the mango, and the cashew apple are allowed to grow, all others being cleared away. A salute was fired in honour of the visitors, and they were bidden to answer it ; and then they entered the royal presence, to find the sovereign sitting on a table, enveloped, face and all, in a silken cloth, like a veiled prophet. Great was their amaze and disgust when, throwing back the veil, a giggling youth of nineteen sprang down, in a state of intoxicated excitement, chattered, sang, and played the concertina. This poor dissipated youth is in truth a powerful ruler, and he accompanied his guests a day's journey on the road to Mozambique, and sent guides with them, and letters of introduction for the coast people. Emerging at last from this *terra incognita* at Chisanga, it caused them a revulsion of feeling to be met by the truly European demand for passports !

Finally they reached Masasi again, after more than ten weeks' absence, having travelled nine hundred miles through an unknown country. In every place they had preached the Gospel, and told why they came ; they had found out where *not* to place stations, as well as where they might do so ; they had made friends with many Makua chiefs, and visits continued to be paid to such as were within visiting distance of Masasi.

On Christmas Eve the new and larger church at Masasi was opened. There were five priests present, including the Rev. W. P. Johnson, *en route* for Nyasa.

All the Christians assembled, the men on one side, and the women on the other, each in three distinct groups of baptized, catechumens, and hearers. . Beside each group Mr. Maples offered prayer, till at the chancel step he paused :—

“ I alone remained standing. To my mind it was a very solemn moment ; there was such a peculiar silence throughout the whole kneeling body that I could scarce trust myself to break it by lifting up my voice, and praying to the Son for ourselves. . . . It is given to one, once or twice in a lifetime, to feel those great silences, which seem to bring the Unseen so awfully and solemnly near.”

The church was then, with prayer and hymns of praise, set apart for the service of God.

Another year or two of happy peaceful work was granted to Masasi, and then came trouble.

Stories of the approach of the Magwangwara began to be circulated, but as they were 350 miles off no one believed them. The Revs. Chauncy Maples and William Porter were now at Masasi ; and after consulting the native tribes around, Mr. Maples decided on going to meet the victorious army, while Mr. Porter remained in charge.

As the Christians were coming out of church on Sunday morning, a wounded man rushed in, reporting that the enemy were at Majeje, sixty miles off, and had shaken their spears towards Masasi.

Unluckily Mr. Maples missed them ; for, while his party were taking a short sleep in the heat of the day, they slipped by. Mr. Maples turned and raced the enemy back, hoping to give the alarm. Alas ! as they came in sight of the village, columns of smoke showed that they were too late.

“Standing as we then all fully believed ourselves to be,” writes Mr. Maples, “on the verge of Eternity, we kneeled down with one accord and prayed for a time.”

Immediately his five brave natives were felled to the earth, cut down as they rose, and Mr. Maples was only saved by being the first white man the Magwangwara had ever seen. Their astonishment cooled their fury, and they set the party free, telling them to surrender in the village. But—well assured that it was too late to save the village—they made their escape with difficulty to Newala, and reached it, starving, to find that their good friend Matola had nobly remained behind when all the other chiefs had fled to the hills, in order to receive and help the fugitives.

Before Mr. Maples left the village a difficult question had been solved. Should they use arms, fortify the Mission House, and fight in defence of their freed slaves? Should they abandon the place, as the Makuas did? or should they submit to circumstances? They decided against taking up arms, and warned their people that if no resistance were offered, probably all lives would be spared. They were right. In the first onslaught, when one or two frightened people offered a feeble resistance, three adults were speared, and worse still, four children slain before their parents' eyes. The rest were held to ransom. Mr. Porter, expending his cloth, brought back all but twenty-nine of the villagers, and these were carried back to Nyasa by their captors.

Waiting only to obtain barter goods, Mr. Porter and thirty bearers started after them, pursuing them to their own country, to find that nine of the prisoners had escaped, died, or been murdered on the way, and ten

more being already scattered among the villages, there remained only ten to redeem. With these he returned after a sojourn of nearly four weeks among the Magwangwara. As they were desirous of killing a white man, and using his heart as a charm, he and they must both have used great self-restraint. They sent back by Mr. Porter, indeed, a blunted spear¹ in token of peace.

The whole district was now reduced to vassalage under the Magwangwara, paying a yearly tribute. In the following June it was decided to abandon beautiful Masasi temporarily, and to take the settlers to the neighbourhood of their own offshoot—Newala. Thus in the hour of trouble the mother was saved by the daughter, “the branch of their own planting.” Altogether about one hundred went to Newala, eighty returned to Mbweni, and a few lingered on at Masasi.

This episode opened up the whole question as to the duty of the Christian missionary in the hour of such peril as this. Ought he to fly with, or without his flock? Ought he to persist in remaining and use no weapons but moral suasion? Ought he, in any way, to defend his people by resistance? May he fight in defence or in attack?

The wisest heads were puzzled. And the advice given practically amounted to “you must judge for yourself at the moment”; as, indeed, Mr. Maples and Mr. Porter did; and, *situated as they were*, they did the best possible. There is less difficulty in missions to any native tribe or nation. There the missionary can but let them govern themselves and fight their own battles; withdrawing if driven away, or suffering martyrdom if needs be.

¹ This spear is preserved at Dartmouth Street.

But when a missionary goes as a sole head of a tribe of released men, who yet are not a tribe, whose native customs have been interrupted and who are wholly dependent on the Mission for all ideas of education, government, religion and defence, it is a piteous thing to say that either in peace they must judge and punish their flock, and in war lead them to defend themselves; or that otherwise they must sit still with tied hands, and see the flock carried into captivity. Mr. Porter did indeed "go after that which was lost," but even so all could not be found.

The result seems to be that till the Gospel has been preached to the war-like tribes, and they have bowed their necks to the cross, the continent of Africa is no safe place for *colonies* of natives apart from their own people. A City of Refuge has been suggested, which might easily be strong enough to resist the incursions of such tribes as the Magwangwara, but this must be under competent civil and military jurisdiction, and could not be started by the Mission.

Archdeacon Jones-Bateman, visiting the old site in 1894, writes:—

"Old Masasi is a sad sight indeed. There lie the remains of the old stone church and buildings in their beautiful setting of mangoes and other fruit trees, even cocoa-nuts bearing profusely, but alas! the vineyard tended so carefully by our first missionaries is now only 'bringing forth wild grapes.' Alas! too, a group of Christians are living here in a state worse than that of heathenism, redeemed twice from slavery, once when rescued and received by the Mission, and again when carried off by the Magwangwara."

And yet it is not all sad. Even the lesson was worth learning. Work has grown out of Masasi that is lasting,

and it is not so much on our failure or our success that our longing eyes must gaze in mission work, but rather on what God will make of our failure and of our success. "There are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God."

CHAPTER IX

LAKE NYASA

Bishop Steere at Mataka's—W. P. Johnson and C. A. Janson start for Lake Nyasa—Death of Janson—The *Charles Janson* steamer launched on the Lake.

IN 1861 Mackenzie had been consecrated Bishop of the Mission to the tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyasa and the River Shiré ; and still, in 1875, those tribes were untouched. But the eyes of the Mission still turned to their first love at Nyasa, and after fourteen years the long-pondered plan began to be carried out.

Bishop Steere, urged by the desire to work towards the old Mission field, started on his long missionary journey in August 1875.

This walk to Nyasaland has often been alluded to, and some account must now be given. The Bishop was at first accompanied by a priest and two laymen, whom he had, on account of health, to send back from Lindi, the seaport town where they were waiting for porters. After a delay of over a month, the Bishop bravely started with native porters, commanded by the faithful James Chuma, who was " the soul of the expedition."

The journey lay through the coast settlements for ten miles. Then came the Mwera forest, succeeded by the granite rocks of the Rovuma bed ; and on the other side

the Yao forest, through which the Bishop intended to make his way to Mataka's, a Yao chief, whose village Mwembe lay only seventy miles from Nyasa.

We have the whole account in the Bishop's own words. The nine days' travelling in the Mwera forest, north of the Rovuma, was very difficult. They passed many villages of the Mweras, who are fairly good smiths.

Then came a belt of forest whence the inhabitants had been driven by the Magwangwara. Into this silent forest they passed, an awe, born of a very natural superstition, silencing the men, and they neither sang nor shouted. The ant is king of the forest. An Arab tradition says that Solomon once made a decision between them and the elephants, appointing a contest in which, though the elephants trod down thousands of ants, thousands more fastened themselves on the huge beasts and drove them into the water. And now the ant reigns supreme, while the elephant turns from his path, not daring to trample on the lines of marching ants. And no one else, who is wise, meddles with them either.

For several days after leaving the forest they followed the course of the Rovuma, which was then fordable, crossing it easily and gathering provisions for the Yao forest journey. There was war in the land. The Magwangwara were on the war path, and though the Bishop did not come across them, he met Gindo, Donde, and other fugitives, flying, and making war, as they fled, on the country villages. They also passed some slave and ivory caravans.

After crossing the Luatize in rain, they found themselves close to Mataka's village; and the Bishop writes:—

“ This beginning of the rains is the spring of the tropical

year ; the trees are coming into fresh leaf, flowers are everywhere showing themselves. Among the brightest at this time were the gladiolus, scarlet, white, lilac, puce, lemon, and orange. No one in Yaoland need fear want of flowers about Christmas. It was past midday when we came to the Yao encampment . . . having made twenty-seven full days' travelling, the remaining eleven being days and half-days of rest and provision seeking."

First they came to Nyenje's, Mataka's nephew and heir. Nyenje had once been made prisoner by his great enemy, Makanjila, who, luckily not knowing him, sold him to a slave caravan instead of killing him, and he was taken to Zanzibar till ransomed by Mataka.

From Nyenje's the Bishop went on to Mataka's, reaching it early in December.

"We were all refreshed and in good spirits, and started early for Mataka's own town, with flags flying and a small gong making its music. . . . We crossed two narrow valleys, and round the shoulder of a great hill we came upon the broader one called Mwembe. . . . We blazed away a good deal of powder, and the town turned out in force to look at us. It was a new thing to see a genuine town crowd in Africa. Livingstone reckoned about 1,000 houses in Mwembe, and it has not since diminished.

Mataka came out of his house and sat upon an earthen throne in front of it, and the Bishop sat on a lower bench. He was the second white man who had been seen there, and he had to display his arm in vindication of the fact, since the long tramp had bronzed his face.

Much as the Bishop longed to set eyes on Lake Nyasa, he denied himself what would only have been a Pisgah-like view, and stayed a whole fortnight at Mataka's to

conciliate him. Had he gone a little further, he might have seen the *Ilala*, the first steamboat ever launched on the Lake, making her trial trip.

Mataka was divided between a real desire to have the missionaries, and yet not to have them at Mwembe, where they would see too much of his slave trading, and he hear too much against it ; and he suggested Losewa, on the Lake itself, as a station. Even then he was afraid they would make friends with his enemy, Makanjila.

Before Christmas they started for the coast again, travelling in the route of the slave caravans. They hurried down, as the wet season was getting advanced, and the ground in the Yao forest was like a sponge.

As a practical outcome of this journey the Bishop hoped to plant a station at Mataka's, and one on the Rovuma ; for it must be borne in mind that this journey was previous to the planting of Masasi ; but as its chief lasting outcome was the Nyasa Mission, it has been thought well to keep it for this chapter.

A year and a half later nine men arrived in Zanzibar on behalf of Mataka, asking for the missionary promised by Bishop Steere. He had been much disappointed that the Masasi Mission had not come on to him. Alas ! that they had to be sent back empty ! and the poor old chief died a heathen because there was none to answer his cry, " Come over and help us ! "

A new road to Nyasa was begun in 1879, from Dar es Salaam, a seaport with a very commodious harbour, a little south of Bagamoyo. This led Bishop Steere at the end of the year to make a six days' excursion into Zaramoland, the country traversed by the road. His hope was to place a Mission station near Kola among the Zaramos.

The Bishop was struck by the fact that the villages, which were numerous, kept off the line of the road, as if shy of so much publicity, and he remembered that very few English towns or villages lay directly on the old Roman roads. At Kola, thirty miles from the coast, he found a good state of cultivation, and plenty of fruit trees. The people listened willingly, saying, "We are all grown stupid here, we have no one to teach us better." One young man ultimately came to Kiungani to be taught, but for various reasons the Bishop could never plant a Mission there, nor indeed has the road ever reached far inland.

But Nyasa was still the goal towards which many hearts in the Mission were set, and at last Mr. Johnson was able to leave Masasi and advance to Mwembe, where a new Mataka reigned. He had an interview with this chief of the capital of Yaoland, and received permission to preach as much as he liked, and to assemble the people regularly on Sundays in the baraza. Mataka killed an ox and some goats in honour of this occasion.

In the early part of 1881 Mr. Johnson had to seek help from the Scotch Mission station at Livingstonia. His hands were ulcerated, and these good Samaritans nursed him and sent him away well.

Before Holy Week he had classes of hearers for men and women, and that week he read daily on the baraza the events of each day. During the week Makanjila's son arrived, sent by his father to make peace with his old enemy Mataka. They sealed it by killing an ox and dipping their thumbs in the blood.

Makanjila's people are an instance of Bishop Steere's saying, "that it is a race with Islam which shall have the

tribes." The Mohammedans flattered themselves they had converted Makanjila, and the chief brought a Mohammedan teacher with him ; but they all visited Mr. Johnson, and asked for brandy !

Mr. Johnson's letters at this time are quite pathetic in their longing—not for a white face, but for a fellow communicant, while letters several months old were a joy to him.

On Ascension Eve he admitted nine male catechumens, on their simple declaration that they wished to follow the Son of God, to keep His commandments, and to hear God's Word on Sundays when possible. He then cut out some crosses—"certainly not Greek"—from the top of an old biscuit tin, and gave one to each to wear on Sundays.

Mr. Johnson now discovered that Mataka's was a regular rendezvous for slave caravans from the interior on their way to the coast, but he could as yet only influence public opinion. A small church was built, and Mataka had sent a grandson for education to Zanzibar, when at the end of August news came up from the coast that Captain Foote of the *Ruby* had interfered with the slave caravans, thus ruining the trade of Mataka's country. It all came, they thought, from having an Englishman with them. However, they seemed to listen to reason, till, during a short absence of Mr. Johnson's on the Lujenda, Mataka was led to countenance the looting of his house and goods. A friendly message reached the traveller, advising him not to return, and as soon as he discovered that all connected with him were safe, he proceeded to Zanzibar, with no intention of withdrawing, but rather of making the temporary failure at Mataka's

a reason for going further—only he stipulated for one companion worker, and the Rev. Charles Janson, then at Masasi, was assigned to him.

They started off on Bishop Steere's old route and crossed the Rovuma ; and then, striking west, made straight for the Lake, and in six weeks had traversed a great deal of hitherto unknown country.

Charles Janson was one of those spiritually minded men

“ Who all around see all things bright
With their own magic smile.”

And his last journals show him keenly alive to the beauty of glowing hill, and wooded vale, and creeper-screened river ; to the hippopotamus taking his morning bath, and to all the little incidents of the way, till on February 9 they reached the actual beach of the Nyasa, the desired goal of the Mission for so many years. They said it reminded them of the Sea of Galilee.

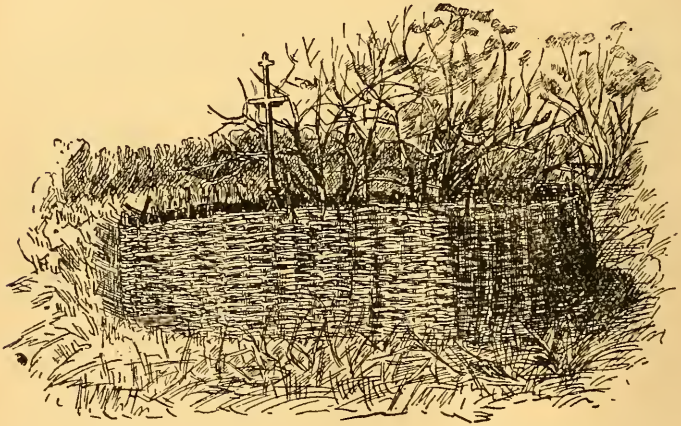
And then, just as the first missionaries entering that district from the Zambezi left only their graves by the Shiré, so Charles Janson's hallowed the Lake side. The rainy season had made their journey a very trying one, and Janson towards its close had been suffering from dysentery.

“ Our brother fell asleep,” wrote Mr. Johnson, “ on Shrove Tuesday at noon. He really made no complaint, and on Sunday was even equal to celebrating in the morning, and all day was full of heartfelt sympathy, which I treasured, not knowing what it really was.”

On Monday he was carried to try to reach a more healthy place ; but, to help his bearers, waded through a stream. This brought on sudden, sharp pain, heroically borne ; he

sank to rest, and Mr. Johnson had the grief of laying in his grave the companion so long wished for and so much loved.

“ If we had chosen one of our whole number,” said Bishop Steere four months later, “ of whom we should have said that he was fit for the kingdom of heaven, we should have chosen no one more clearly and undoubtedly than Charles Janson.”



GRAVE OF REV. CHARLES JANSON AT CHIA, LAKE NYASA

Quietly the men came in and said the Lord's Prayer, and sewed up the body in matting, and laid him to rest, piling a cairn of stones over him. Full of faith and courage, Mr. Johnson, “ thinking of that grave by the Lakeside as just a text, from which to preach the Resurrection to all those poor people about,” took to himself the lesson so many have heard and learned at a Christian funeral, “ Be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the

work of the Lord ” ; and at once he passed on his lonely way on his Master’s business. Fixing his headquarters at Chitesi’s on the Lake—a chief with many people and much cattle—Mr. Johnson went forth, and for about two years was almost lost to sight as he wandered through the length and breadth of the land to which the Mission had at first been sent.

One expedition he made to the Magwangwara, all unknowing that their army was at the time destroying Masasi. He traced the courses of the Rovuma and Lujenda ; he wandered south until he warmed all hearts by writing from “ Near Magomero,” the early home of the Mission.

All this time, he assures us, the question of what station to occupy, and how the work might be carried on in the populated but unhealthy lowlands round Nyasa never left his mind, and at last his plans were matured. Less men would be required, less time occupied, and less risk to health incurred, if, instead of settling with any one tribe, a dhow, or else a small steamer, were procured for the Mission. This could pass up and down the Lake, manned by Mission men and boys, and calling first at one station then at another.

He hurried home to England, and laid his plans before the Committee, and finally left England again with a steamer packed in sections, and accompanied by Captain Callaghan, William Bellingham, and others.

The task before them was most arduous. They were to go out round the Cape, up the Zambezi, and up the Shiré. Half-way on the Shiré there are the rapids, which involve a portage of sixty miles. In that country there were then no roads, no wheeled vehicles, no beasts of

burden. The steamer had to go up in so many thousand small pieces, packed in 380 cases—not one larger than could be carried on a man's head, or at best on a pole between two. Of course the loss of one small piece might delay the whole enterprise ; while, if all were safely carried across, they had still to put the steamer together and launch it, under a tropical sun, in the midst of Central Africa, with no appliances but what they could carry with them. It seemed as if everything depended on Johnson, the one originator of the whole scheme, the only one of the party who had been in the country before, and the only one who could speak the Nyasa language. The start had hardly been made from the mouth of the Zambezi before Mr. Johnson was stricken down by a violent kind of ophthalmia, and found totally blind. Instead of leading his expedition to Nyasa he had to return home, spend many months in a darkened room, and undergo several operations ; he lost the sight of one eye altogether, and only regained a dim sight with the other. Meantime the expedition went on without him, and thanks mainly to William Bellingham, a veteran lay-worker in the Mission, the steamer was successfully put together. But the hut, in which was the boiler, took fire, and while all efforts were directed to rescuing an unhappy man and a boy who were working inside the boiler, much property was consumed.

The vessel, henceforth to be known as the *Charles Janson*, was however launched on the Shiré and dedicated on the following day (Sept. 6, 1885) by Bishop Smythies. Verily the powers of evil had fought hard for the possession of this land, but in vain ; and on January 31, the twenty-fourth anniversary of Mackenzie's death, Mr. Bellingham



ARCHDEACON W. P. JOHNSON.



REV. CHARLES JANSON.



WILLIAM BELLINGHAM.



ARCHDEACON C. B. EYRE.

THE 'CHARLES JANSON' AND SOME OF ITS WORKERS.

wrote from Likoma to say, " We have the good news to tell you that the *Charles Janson* arrived safe with all on board on the 22nd." The motto of the ship might well have been *Gratias Deo qui nobis dedit victoriam*. Thus was fulfilled the latest plan of Bishop Mackenzie, when, in his last written words, he asked for " a University boat."

CHAPTER X

LAST DAYS OF BISHOP STEERE

Death of Bishop Steere—Work of Archdeacon Hodgson—Charles Alan Smythies, fourth Bishop—David Susi.

EIGHTEEN-EIGHTY-TWO was a year of sorrow. We have already seen Masasi wrecked by a raid of the Magwangwara, and the gentle and holy Charles Janson falling asleep ; but a sorer trial was at hand for the Mission. He who for nineteen years had been the soul of the work, and who had ruled it for ten years so wisely and so truly, was about to be taken from its head.

Early in the year Bishop Steere had fainted in church, and was evidently out of health when news came of Mrs. Steere's serious illness, and he sailed for England in March, bringing with him the revised version of the New Testament in Swahili.

Arriving in April, he was little more than two months in England, but the work achieved was great. The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham were visited, and addresses and sermons given in all directions. Especially he made a point of going to see the families of those who worked under him, feeling them truly to be his children.

This year's anniversary was a very memorable one. The early celebration at St. Paul's Cathedral and the

choral celebration at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, will long be remembered as the last at which Bishop Steere ever assisted in England. He preached at the latter service, comparing the Mission work to that of our Lord's during His earthly life :—

“ When those dark eyes that could not see the Hand of God, and walked about in darkness fearing shapes of evil, now behold the Providence of God, and the angels of God around to help him, and the path of life clearly marked out for him, till the gate of Paradise is opened to receive them—when those blind eyes are open to see all this, it is surely like some of those old miracles of Christ come again, to be done before us and by us.

“ But how is all this to be done? It is not done by wisdom ; it is not done by words ; it is done much more by *living*. . . . For although they may say the words of the gospel are like some old heathen book, yet there is one thing that no heathen could ever have dreamed of, and that is the life and character of Jesus Christ. . . . This life of quiet perseverance, this going about unacknowledged and unreceived, is the very thing that has opened and does open the souls of men to receive the gospel. . . . For conversions are not wrought by argument, but by the inner questioning of each individual spirit.”

At the afternoon meeting Bishop Steere spoke again, telling the story of the Universities' Mission in fresh and simple words, speaking actually with watch in hand, that he might catch the train to take him the first stage on his return journey.

He had parted for the last time from his wife, who survived him only till April 1883, passing away surely to the reward promised to those who have given up their best ungrudgingly for the Master's service.

Auguries of the Bishop's end not being far off were not wanting. At this anniversary meeting the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Bradley, speaking of the African workers, had quoted the words: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." And the Bishop himself had said before what was evidently in his mind now:

"A Missionary priest may well return and take up work at home, often it will be his duty to do so, but if he accept the office of a *Bishop* it should be for life. He may often do more from his armchair than a new man who does not know the country; and if it should be necessary to resign, a Bishop should be the servant of all, and can therefore be the servant to his successor. England may be the easiest place in which to live, but Africa is just as good to die in; and his death at his post may do much more than his life. What England wants, and what Africa wants, are many such deaths. Why should it be thought a great thing to die in the best of services?"

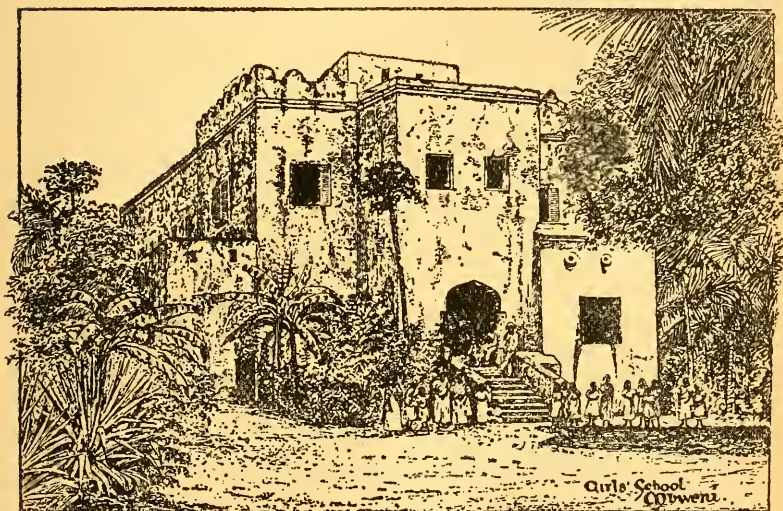
The Bishop sailed with the Rev. W. H. Penney (the Secretary), who was going out to visit the Mission, Mr. Whitty, Miss Bashford, and a sister of Miss D. Y. Mills. The voyage was long and hot. A delay of several days at Aden undid all the good of the Bishop's visit to England, and he landed at Zanzibar none the better.

During his absence the Rev. F. R. Hodgson had remained in charge, with the title of Archdeacon, and the work had gone forward with spirit. Several boys and girls had been baptized at Kiungani at Easter; and the Church at Mbweni approached completion.

St. Bartholomew's Day had an added brightness in the

presence of the well-beloved Bishop. Seldom is it given to man to make his life so complete. Two days before, he had finished the translation of the prophet Isaiah into Swahili.

The Bishop visited Mbwani the day before, and on the Festival he went to Kiungani to visit his native children, marrying two couples and giving the school prizes. Afterwards he walked back to Mkunazini with Miss Josephine



Bartlett, who has given a record of those last days. Here he visited the workpeople and went to Evensong.

When the mail came in, he busied himself as usual with letters and packages till the evening of Saturday, the 26th, when he wished good-night brightly to the household, saying in answer to one who asked if he were going to Mbwani in the morning, "*Perhaps.*" Either that night

or a few hours earlier he sat down and wrote the following letter for the Home Committee :

“ Gentlemen,—I am sorry to have to tell you that I feel myself more and more unable to fulfil properly the duties of my office as Head of the Universities’ Mission. I can reckon upon fair health so long as I stay in Zanzibar, but I cannot undertake journeys to and upon the mainland, and without them the Mission cannot be adequately superintended. I find also that I cannot bear up against the ordinary anxieties and petty cares which are continually arising, or deal with them without more of irritation and mental disturbance than is good, either to the Mission or myself. I feel bound, therefore, to put in your hands the offer of my resignation. I should not have hesitated about retiring at once had it not been that there are still some things in which I think I could do the Mission good service.

“ The first is by completing the translation of the Bible into Swahili. I think I could do this more quickly and probably better than anyone else ; and if so, I certainly ought to do it. Another thing I should like to do is to carry further the little series of papers on the Mohammedan controversy, which I have already begun. I think, too, that I might be able to assist my successor in a great many matters, which come within my own knowledge and power.

“ These things make me reluctant to leave Zanzibar for the present at least. I should gladly have resigned all my income and offices, and remained as a private individual, but I am under various money engagements which would prevent my doing so.

“ What I propose is, that I should remain here as an assistant to whomsoever you should choose as the new Bishop, on the understanding that I am not to be called upon to leave Zanzibar, and am to make the completion of the Bible translation my first work.

“ If you think it better I should retain the title of my

office, I am quite willing to give up half its income to assist in finding a younger and more active and sympathetic man to undertake the necessary journeys, and to form a judgment of the wants and proportionate claims of the various branches of our work. I beg you to understand that I put myself in your hands unreservedly, only protesting that I am unable to do anything like what I see ought to be done, and that the consciousness of this inability prevents my doing even as much as with a clearer mind I might . . .”

The Bishop also corrected some proof sheets of Isaiah, directing them to the printer at Kiungani, and then indeed “The labourer’s task was o’er.”

In his sleep came the Master’s call, so quietly that after the stroke he had never stirred, when on Sunday morning, while the congregation waited in church for the early Celebration, the Bishop’s door was found locked, and the hard breathing determined his friends to break it open. Quietly he lay there through the day, no remedies availing, till at 3.30 he breathed his last, Archdeacon Hodgson commending to God the soul of that beloved father. But around that peaceful death-bed sad hearts were praying and weeping sorely; and after all was over the children from Kiungani and Mbweni came in groups to look their last on him who had shown them the way of life for this world and the next. Cecil Majaliwa especially said that none could understand them like their father who was gone.

When the mourners assembled for Evensong that Sunday, the *sortes liturgicæ* showed them the grief of Elisha when his “master was taken from his head.”

The next day they buried him “in his own grand church, behind the high altar, at the foot of the episcopal

throne." All orders and ranks in Zanzibar came to that funeral, and Seyid Barghash sent a representative. The coffin was carried by English sailors from the *London*. With the Swahili words he had translated he was laid to rest, the choir singing, "Oh, what the joy and the glory must be!" But as the coffin was laid down in the chancel the sobs of the multitude broke forth, drowning even the organ, and for a while stilling the service.

Well, indeed, may it be said of Edward Steere, Missionary Bishop, as of the architect of that great London cathedral where the Bishop received his last English Communion, "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" If you seek for his monument, look around at the church which he built, at the Slave Market transformed by him into a Christian quarter, so that at the foot of the accursed whipping-post he sleeps well. Look around at the weeping children whom God had given to the childless man; at the devoted band of helpers—priests and deacons, laymen and laywomen. Look around further at the mainland Churches whose candlesticks had been kindled by him. Look further still at the millions of Africans in heathen darkness for whom he prayed so earnestly and prays still. Listen to the soft Swahili tongue conveying in his words the old Liturgy and the Word of God; and then, if we dare, let us turn away, as if all this were a sight which had nothing to do with us.

Sympathy poured in, not only from the supporters of the Mission, but from the English Government, from the Church Missionary Society, whose workers he had helped so sympathetically, and from the Bible Society, which even now was printing for him the entire Swahili New Testament.

The character of a great man is best read in his acts ; but his counsels are so valuable to those engaged in Mission work that a few of them must be given.

A letter of Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Maples will give a good idea of his great chief :—

“ Firm will, indomitable resolution, and force of character were, I could see, all written as plainly as possible about his mouth and chin, while the merry twinkle of the eye revealed the fine play of wit and humour. And last, though not least, the overhanging brows and the broad forehead told unmistakably of the keen intellect and mental power he had turned to such good account in the service of the Mission.”

Compare with this picture his saying to a candidate for Holy Orders : “ Let me give you one word of advice. Never say, ‘ I can’t.’ ”

The Bishop never despised the humblest work ; and we find Archdeacon Maples saying :—

“ Thus it was that to us who knew him, it seemed as natural to see him plying a chisel or hammer or a needle, as to see him celebrating the holy mysteries or preaching to a native crowd. Like St. Wilfrid, he could show the natives how to do their own particular work better than they knew how to do it themselves, and could help them to improve the natural resources of their country. Like St. Athanasius, he was able to turn from one occupation to another as easily as if each fresh labour to which he gave himself had been his own especial study.”

To quote his own words to a worker wishing for “ promotion ” :—

“ I should hope well for the future if I had a priest working amongst the carpenters, and in whatever other workshop

there may be, and learning there to sympathize with his fellow-helpers, and how to speak best to them of the great motive of his own life. One who lives and works among the natives is doing a great work by his simple zeal and diligence, and no one will be likely to make so effective a preacher, or so wise and discreet a spiritual adviser. I would never have a man to teach any kind of work as a mere lay occupation. I should prefer a priest, or at least hope for a candidate for Holy Orders. A man who would do nothing but preach I should get rid of as soon as possible. We are here something in St. Paul's position, and he earned his own living by what people call secular work. He was all the better preacher for it, and it would be absurd for us to praise him and not to try and imitate him."

And no parts of the work were too remote from his genius for his advice to be sought. Witness these counsels on the management of boys and girls.

"We have to train all of them into habits of neatness, promptitude, industry, and general good order—all most contrary to their natural dispositions, but all indispensable. We cannot trust to a boy's honour; he understands that to be a licence to do what he pleases. We have not, as in England, the influence of a thousand years of Christianity to fall back upon.

"There is no difficulty whatever about any boy earning his own living anywhere; they can all do that with only too fatal facility.

"As to sending such restless boys to our mainland stations, I know it is the fashion to represent up-country life as freer from temptation than town life; people used just in the same way to imagine that country villages were better—purer than towns. We know very well that it is not so in England, and my experience does not show it to be so here."

"It is perfectly useless to try to discover what all are

agreed to hide. You can do nothing but show that you have observed, and are angry about it. Do not speak of it again after the first day. . . . At the same time beware of anything like favouritism, and be very glad to accept anything like a plausible excuse from anybody. It is curious how a sense of injustice, or the pretence of one, lies under all rebellion. If you allow their wrong-doing to vex you, you give them a power over you which they will not be slow to use.

“Why should it vex you that they want correction? If they were good, you would not be wanted at all; it is because they are bad we are here. Do not, therefore, be surprised if they are naughty. *We* go on all our lives sinning and suffering; it is no wonder if school-girls go on wanting and getting punishment.”

Archdeacon Maples gives a valuable account of the Bishop's sacramental teaching:—

“The Bishop was of opinion that there was a danger lest many fervent in adoration at the Holy Eucharist should incline to the error of directing their worship rather to the Presence of our Blessed Lord than to His Person; thus he insisted strongly that a Presence, as such, ought not to, and indeed cannot be worshipped.

“He was careful, too, to draw attention to the *mode* of the Presence in the Eucharist, noting always its supra-local character.

“He feared lest some might even be led to adoration of *Res sacramenti*, and to substitute it for that adoration of the Person of our Divine Master in heaven, to which this mysterious Presence in the sacred elements is intended to lead us.”

Such was some of the Bishop's teaching; but his own life is the best lesson of all.

“ You know,” he once said gently and gravely, “ it would be nothing to offer one’s life, if it were no sacrifice.”

And with heartfelt faith and courage those who had worked with him carried on the Mission, when their leader had fallen, encouraged by the accession of several new workers, among whom was the first fully qualified doctor on the Mission staff since Dr. Dickinson had laid down his life on the Shiré. Dr. Petrie was the first-fruits of the newly formed Guild of St. Luke. Another accession was the Rev. James Chala Salfey. He was a Galla, taken from a slave dhow, and adopted by Captain Hastings, R.N. He had been educated in England, and ordained deacon by the Bishop of Oxford, and now offered himself for the ministry among his own countrymen—the second native clergyman on the Mission staff.

Archdeacon Hodgson was requested to remain at the head of affairs till a new Bishop could come out, and all the late Bishop had planned was faithfully carried on. The peal of small bells which had been presented to the Bishop at his parting meeting, but which he never heard, were successfully hung in the tower of Christ Church by Mr. Jones-Bateman, and rung for the first time on St. Andrew’s Day. Mr. Jones-Bateman and Mr. Bradley also trained a choir of native boys for Christ Church, quite worthy of an African cathedral.

This sad year did not end without more deaths. The Rev. H. A. B. Wilson, deacon in charge of Umba, was called to rest at Pangani, and his body brought to the island, and buried at Kiungani. We shall hear more of him in Chapter XIV. Lastly, James Chuma, the first

boy belonging to the Mission, who had served Livingstone and others so faithfully, died of consumption.

The year ended happily however, for Christmas Day saw the first Celebration of Holy Communion in St. John's Church, Mbwani.

The Mission was without a Bishop the greater part of 1883, but the work went on. Mr. Jones-Bateman put up the carved screen of the women's gallery in Christ Church which the Bishop had wished to complete. Fifteen fresh workers joined the staff this year, including (besides the new Bishop) the Rev. Duncan Travers, afterwards Secretary.

On New Year's Day the first number of the new magazine, *Central Africa*, appeared. This should be remembered as an era in Mission literature, for seldom has a missionary publication kept up continuously so high a level of interest, proving that it is possible to have a mission record at once truthful and brightly written ; and that as mission work is never dull, neither need its history be dull.

In September and October the Bishop of Mauritius came to the aid of the widowed Church, visited the island on his way to Mombasa, and held several confirmations.

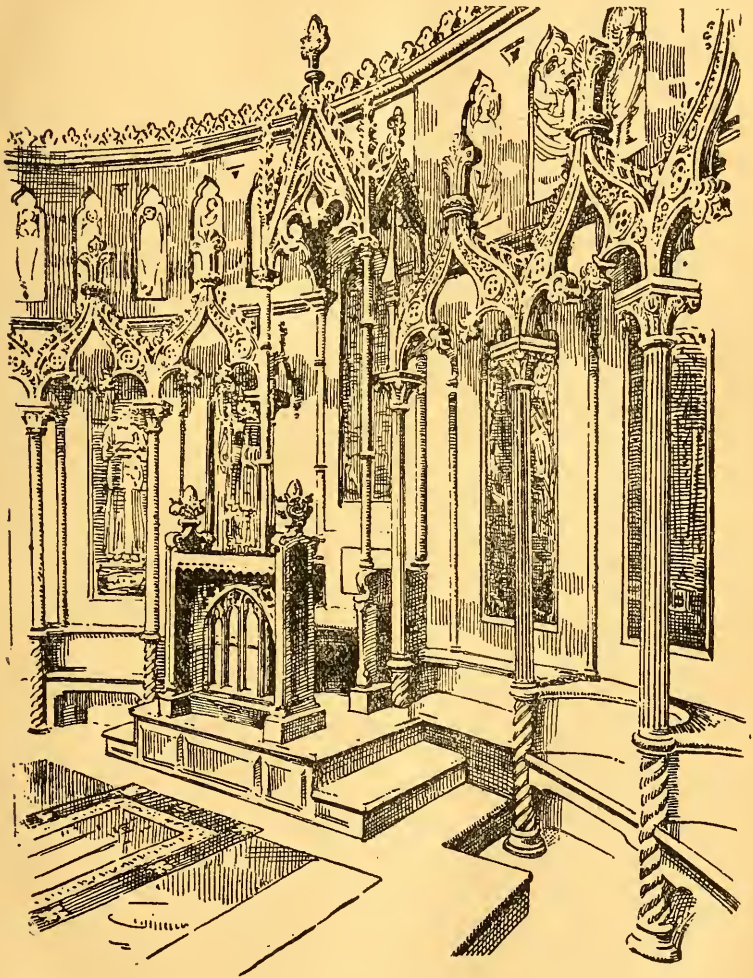
But the time of her widowhood was over ; and God was about to bestow on Central Africa a fitting successor to those sainted men who had gone before.

Charles Alan Smythies, the beloved Vicar of Roath, in Llandaff diocese, accepted the bishopric in the autumn of 1883, and was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral on St. Andrew's Day. Like Mackenzie, he was a Cambridge man (Trinity). He was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Benson), assisted by the Bishops of London,

Carlisle (Harvey Goodwin), Oxford, Llandaff, Bedford, and Bishop Tozer. Canon King (afterwards Bishop of Lincoln) preached.

The Bishop sailed in January, and reached Zanzibar on February 25. With him were several new members, being the first detachment of a reinforcement of fifteen who joined the Mission through his influence during that year. His first act was to enter Christ Church, where a *Te Deum* was sung with such joy as only those know who have been orphaned for so long a time.

A very interesting catechumen had been received on New Year's Day in Zanzibar. Abdallah Susi had been a freed man of about thirty, from a tribe on the Zambezi, when he was first engaged by Livingstone, and proved a willing, quiet, faithful follower for twelve years. It was he and Chuma who not only brought Livingstone's body to England, but (more wonderful for an African) took such good care of his journals, maps, and observations. Susi—after his visit to England—settled in Zanzibar, and was Bishop Steere's right-hand man on his journeys. Ever thinking of Christianity, he was never able to bow his neck to the cross till more than twenty years after he had first heard of it. He then became a catechumen at about the age of fifty-three, and on August 23, 1886, was baptized, taking the name of his great leader, David. He was a great help to Bishop Smythies till, $4\frac{1}{2}$ years later, creeping paralysis came on. He received his last Communion, and sank on the 5th of May 1891. The large number of people, headed by the Consul, at his funeral showed the respect he had won. His thirty years of steady, consistent loyalty and well-doing were a record for which an Englishman might be thankful.



CHRIST CHURCH, ZANZIBAR

Bishop Steere's Grave in front of Bishop's Throne

CHAPTER XI

THE MISSION ON THE LAKE

First Settlement at Likoma—Journeys of Bishop Smythies—Arch-deacon Maples at Nyasa—W. P. Johnson's Lakeside Work—Fire at Likoma—Second Diocese—Wilfrid Bird Hornby, First Bishop of Nyasaland, comes and goes.

THE launching of the *Charles Janson* and her entrance on the waters of Nyasa Lake have already been mentioned ; but as yet no spot was chosen to act as headquarters.

The broad and beautiful waters of Nyasa are gemmed by only two islands worthy of the name—Likoma and Chizumulu, which lie side by side just half-way between the north and south ends of Nyasa. The larger of these, Likoma, is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long by $2\frac{1}{2}$ broad, with a population in 1885 of about 2,600. This island, whose name means "beautiful," or more probably "desirable," on account probably of its safety, lies about five miles from the lake's eastern shore. Chizumulu being about twelve miles further west. Likoma seems to be a very persistent bit of the earth's surface, which, when the crust forming the Nyasa basin subsided, simply stood firm and never went under. It was discovered in 1877 by Elton (who, by mistake, recorded its name as Dikoma), having been missed by Livingstone, who seems to have got the other island in a line between him and Likoma.

The island is somewhat barren ; a few sheep and cattle do well among the scrub and bushes ; monkeys, coneys, wild cats, snakes, and crocodiles are to be found there ; also the fish eagle, hornbill, kingfisher, dove, and smaller birds. The cormorant builds its nest on the baobab tree, colonies nesting on one tree till it sometimes drops beneath the strain.

The inhabitants of Likoma, who are mainly Nyasas, are an industrious race, constantly occupied in fishing and net-making.

It was this island that Bishop Smythies and the Rev. G. H. Swinny now selected for the Mission headquarters. The Bishop had left Zanzibar with Mr. Swinny, his wife and child, and had gone up in June by the old Zambezi route, visiting Bishop Mackenzie's grave, taking several weeks to reach Matopé, where the *Charles Janson* was being put together. They went on to the lake, as far as Chitesi's, where Mr. Johnson had been stationed, and after surveying Likoma, decided on it for the Mission. This was on St. Bartholomew's Day—one of good omen for the new Mission.

This was the first episcopal visit to Nyasa itself¹, and this settlement at Likoma, destined ten years later to become an episcopal see, was the first realization in that district of Bishop Gray's memorable words at the great Zambezi meeting in Cape Town at Mackenzie's consecration, when he spoke of this effort as a first link in the

¹ To save expense the Bishop undertook a six weeks' walk back to the coast, and thus incidentally discovered the marshy lake from which the Lujenda rises to gain its shorter, but better-known sister, the Rovuma.

chain of Missions which should one day stretch from Cape Town to Cairo.

One such link was the Zululand bishopric, founded by Miss Mackenzie ; and when the chain is complete, one of its strongest links will be found to have been originally forged at Likoma.

The Mission was now at the end of the year left in charge of the Rev. G. H. Swinny, with a deacon, the Rev. L. H. Frere, Wm. Bellingham, George Sherriff, and the crew of the *Charles Janson*.

Mr. Swinny had been a great acquisition. He was son to the Principal of Cuddesdon, a bright, merry young Oxonian, full of reverence and humility. He had such a training as falls to the lot of few men. First in a " holy household," but the " home delights so keen and pure " did not beguile his heart, and when " a sterner sound " summoned him he was not found wanting. After a curacy at Clewer, and a short time at Cowley, he sailed for the Cape, where he took charge of Newlands, a few miles from Cape Town. But his face was set towards Central Africa, and as a step, he went up to Zululand in 1882, and took charge of Kwamagwaza. It was here that he felt called to minister among the Magwangwara, whose language was still Zulu, so that he would be understood. Meantime he had married Miss McKenzie, the Bishop of Zululand's sister, and together they devoted their hearts to this work. Thus it will be seen that the work at Likoma was to them only a preparation for carrying the kingdom of Christ to that wildest of all races in the Nyasa district.

A sorrow fell on them at Likoma, in the middle of Lent, in the death of Mary Swinny, their infant child ; and thus a baby's resting-place was the first Christian grave at

Likoma. In May the parents went on a mission tour up the lake to Mbamba Bay, whence they walked to Amakita's, reaching it May 22, the very day on which the Bishop left Zanzibar to pay his second visit to Nyasa, visiting the Magwangwara on the way. Mr. and Mrs. Swinny were now three days' journey from the Magwangwara headquarters. But they had to return to Likoma, and it was two months later when Bishop Smythies reached Sonjela's, whom he mistook for the paramount chief.

The Rev. W. P. Johnson, in his unfailing energy, utilized his time of convalescence in helping his brother, who was assistant curate of Aberdare, and, before he was really well, insisted upon returning to Africa. Once more he was turned back on the very threshold of his work, further medical treatment was necessary, and for that he went back to the Cape; but returning thence in November, he accomplished the feat, then unexampled probably in the annals of Central Africa, of working in Nyasaland for ten years without a single break. Meanwhile the Bishop took Mr. Maples from Newala to supply his place. Mr. Maples went straight to the lake, while the Bishop turned aside to the Magwangwara. As he neared them, evidence of their terrible and savage wars was found in the number and audacity of wild beasts. So many bodies of the slain are thrown by these savages into the bush, that lions and hyenas have acquired a taste for human flesh. They also found the elephant, buffalo, and eland in their path.

Arrived at Sonjela's, the Bishop presented two loads of handkerchiefs, and the chief received them gratefully, saying he had been afraid no more Europeans would come, as he might have said things which displeased them.

“As he is so often drunk, this is possible,” writes the Bishop. “He got in a passion and scolded the people who crowded the door to see us. The Zulu¹ click came out strongly at the end of each sentence. . . . The houses in the village were very well built and spacious, coming very low down all round. . . . In the afternoon I went to see the source of the Rovuma. . . . The source was a marshy basin full of long grass, surrounded by mountains, from which hidden streams no doubt ran into it. . . . The small basin and narrow valley, with its rapid little stream, were a great contrast to the great marsh of Chiuta, from which the broad waters of the Lujenda rise, which I saw last year. I little expected two years ago that . . . the ordinary course of my work would lead me to the very sources of these two large rivers.”

After spending a week with the Magwangwara, the Bishop started for Nyasa, having obtained a promise that the Masasi district should not be raided in future. He had discovered that Mhaluli, and not Sonjela, was paramount, but could not reach him.

Arriving at Likoma, the Bishop found the Mission Church and houses on the slope of the hill, a “palace” of grass and bamboo having been specially run up for him. Twenty-five boys were already boarders at the Mission school, under native teachers trained at Kiungani.

After visiting Charles Janson’s grave at Maendenda, the Bishop passed on to Makanjila’s, where he was much struck with the size of the town—in which Mohammedan, though not Christian, teachers had been at work—and with the dignity of the chief, who only asked for a teacher

¹ This is a peculiar sound made between the tongue and cheek, and, in common with two or three other clicks made in the roof of the mouth and in the throat, is neither Zulu nor Kafir, but borrowed by them from Hottentot dialects.

and a little paint for his dhows. The latter could be supplied, but, as yet, not the former.

The Bishop was in good heart, for he hoped Mr. and Mrs. Swinny were about to push on to the Magwangwara, leaving the Lake-side stations to Mr. Maples, who was now appointed Archdeacon of Nyasa.

The *Charles Janson* was in full work. Her weekly trip was to Chitesi's on Sundays (sometimes on Mondays). Then, returning to Likoma, she ran down the east coast, visiting the Nyasa towns for sixty miles, and returning on Thursdays. On Fridays and Saturdays she either took short trips or remained at anchor. Once a month she ran across to Bandawé (the kindly Scotch station) for letters, and once in three months to Matopé, on the Shiré, for stores.

Her captain now was George Sherriff, a middle-aged Brixham trawler, who came out in the spring with Mr. Johnson to take Captain Callaghan's place. So devout was he that when first asked to carry the processional cross in his home parish Church, he knelt down and gave thanks that he was allowed to do something for the Church; and he who had been faithful in that which was least, was called to be faithful in a greater matter.

In the November of 1886, to the great advancement of the work, the Rev. W. P. Johnson was once more able to resume work on the Lake. About the same time Mr. Swinny returned from a visit to the Magwangwara, having obtained permission to settle in their country, which he and his wife hoped to do in the following May. But that time was never to come for him. They were at Chingomanje's when he fell ill of fever, and though taken across to Bandawé and nursed by his wife and the good

Scotch missionaries, George Hervey Swinny's pure soul passed away calmly on Sexagesima Sunday. Just before his death, looking straight up with wide-open eyes, he said, "There is the Land we have so long desired; all our loved ones are there." He was laid in the burying-ground at Bandawé, the first of the Mission to rest on the western shore of the Lake.

The time of the Magwangwara was not fully come, and a Mission has never been planted there.

Mrs. Swinny bravely stayed at her post at Likoma till Easter, 1888, taking charge of the little girls, and then sailed for England, dying on the voyage. In two years the whole family had laid down their lives for Africa.

In 1887 the Bishop again visited Nyasa, taking with him Joseph Williams, a lay worker, whose help the mission retained for many years. On the way they visited Mataka, who had now moved from Mwembe to a hill called Mwera, a day's journey further west. Crossing a range of mountains with flowers growing on the very summits (among which was a blue larkspur, exactly like our garden flower), the Bishop came to Unangu, where he held Sunday services, and was well received by the chief's daughter and her women. Thence he went on to Chingomanje's, meeting a caravan laden with ivory; but as he approached the village there was silence. At first, seeing no houses, the Bishop thought the stockade was made high enough to hide them; but the village proved to have been burnt up as a punishment to the chief for helping his ally Jumbe, at Kota Kota, to kill Kazembe, a chief related to Mataka. Mataka had therefore ordered this revenge. Here the *Charles Janson* and Mr. Johnson met the Bishop and took

him to Likoma, where he found all in order and remained six weeks, travelling about with Mr. Johnson, who rejoiced that his Bishop saw the people in their normal state of inattentiveness to their message, behaving no better than usual, and yet blessed the work and bade them take heart and extend it.

If those at work saw keenly the shortcomings of their influence, others from outside felt that the Spirit of God was in them of a truth; and in this year a young ex-guardsmen, Mr. R. Crawshay, who had come to Nyasa elephant hunting, was so struck with the Mission that he returned to Africa and for a time worked with the Nyasa party.

On his homeward path the Bishop skirted the Magwangwara, and even entered some of their villages, in one of which the head man hid himself, lest he should die within a year from the ill-luck of looking upon a white face. But elsewhere the fear and dread of the Magwangwara dominated the lives of the poor people. Everywhere refuges were prepared on the hill tops to fly to. In some parts they grew the scantiest crops lest they should attract these savages; in others they were compelled to sow and raise good crops that they might pay a good tribute. How long would this reign of terror last?

At the Rovuma the Bishop came across the only Masasi Christian woman who had not been ransomed since the raid. He failed, however, to get her.

Several years of quiet, steady work followed, Mr. Johnson making trips in the *Charles Janson*, Archdeacon Maples working on the island, and making short journeys. After Mrs. Swinny went he carried on the Girls' School himself, with apologies to them for intermitting their needlework studies. In September 1888 there were six

adult male and twenty-eight female catechumens, and nine of the boys were baptized.

During a temporary disablement of the *Charles Janson*, when she was stranded in the Shiré for six months, Mr. Johnson started schools at Msala, near Matopé, using native teachers. Three of Mr. Waller's boys, whom he had taken in 1863 to Cape Town, and who had been baptized and confirmed in Archdeacon Lightfoot's Mission, came on board the *Charles Janson* to see Mr. Johnson. They were now in the service of the African Lakes Company, and had kept up their Christian teaching, remembering the canticles by heart. So the bread cast in such faith and love on the waters by Mr. Waller had not been lost.

In November this year some ladies came to Likoma—Miss M. E. Woodward and Miss McLaughlin—travelling part of the way in a boat, and stopping to inspect Mr. Johnson's newschool at Matopé and to distribute the prizes. To the great relief of the Archdeacon, they freed him from the care of the little girls and their needlework.

The political troubles of 1888 had threatened to involve the Mission. The Portuguese insulted the British flag.¹ The Acting-Consul, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Johnson went to visit and reassure Makanjila, telling him that the dispute need not affect friendly relations with the natives. The Arabs, however, persuaded him to seize the Englishmen; Mr. Johnson's cassock was torn from him piecemeal, and an effort made to put him in fetters, which, however,

¹ It is pleasant to note the friendly relations existing in 1908, when a large number of Christian natives, including two clergy, were invited by Capt. Campos, the commandant, to share in the rejoicings on the King of Portugal's birthday.

proved a bad fit. The Mission steamer had to draw off, leaving them prisoners. A messenger arrived from Mataka to tell them that only by misfortunes can we learn experience, which did not comfort them much. Then Captain Sherriff and the *Charles Janson* came back, and, finding that Makanjila made a grievance of a flag having been unfurled in his territory, a ransom of two drums of paint and one of oil and some calico was sent ashore, and the vice-consul released. Makanjila said that if one more drum and one bit more calico were given they would throw Mr. Johnson into the bargain, and thus they were freed. The chief also liked one of the Mission boats and requisitioned it, but a friendly gale blew the boat back to its owners.

A time of trouble is, however, often a time of grace, and in 1889 Mr. Johnson could write :—

“The Church is becoming visible in the land, and is weaving a thousand links around our hearts. I cannot explain all the hopes I feel in the baptisms and confirmations the Bishop has just effected.”

This from a man who uniformly “forgets the things that are behind,” and presses forward, scarcely noticing success, speaks volumes.

A new station was opened this year in the sister island of Chizumulu, under Joseph Williams and two native teachers ; and Holy Communion was celebrated for the first time on June 6. Thus on the octave of the Ascension another jewel was set in the diadem of our ascended Lord, and His kingdom was planted in another of the isles which had waited for Him.

The Bishop's visit alluded to above was his fourth.

He arrived in July, and found at Nyasa a field "white already to harvest." On one day he baptized forty of Archdeacon Maples' flock at Likoma, half of whom were the first women baptized here. Several other groups of Mr. Johnson's, dotted along the edge of the lake, were an encouragement to him, as we have heard. Most of the adults were confirmed, resulting in some sixty or seventy communicants in the island. Still better was it that the six boys baptized two years before were all stedfast—three at school, one actually become a schoolmaster, one a carpenter, and another an engineer. A dispensary and a printing press were also started; and a larger stone church begun.

The next year the Rev. L. H. Frere and Captain Sherriff, who had been home for a rest, sailed for Nyasa, *via* Cape Town. There they held a meeting, presided over by the Speaker, Sir David Tennant, with the Metropolitan and Archdeacon Lightfoot present. To this meeting came Anne Daoma, once saved from death by Bishop Mackenzie, now one of the head teachers in Miss Arthur's Mission School in connection with St. George's Orphanage. She now offered a sovereign for the work among her own people.

The work was being pushed forward rapidly. Three new stations were formed under native teachers; yet Mr. Johnson still wrote warnings against roseate views of the Mission.

"Are the people on the Lake all agog to see me or any of us? They are by supposition heathen—that is, more engrossed in their gardens, hippo-chasing, war scares, dancings, etc., than villagers at home."

And he draws a sad picture of the lives of these poor natives :—

“ There broods oppression on a petty scale, with tragic burnings and poisonings, fear of lions or sudden night attacks, and murders of a mother or near relative, who has been half the little world of life—things that leave the child an old man in heart, cut off from comfortable security.”

In May, this year, Archdeacon Maples returned to England for a visit. Here he aroused much interest in the winter of 1890-91, and returned to Nyasa again by the Rovuma route, reaching it in October.

Perhaps an extract from Canon Scott-Holland's speech at the anniversary in 1891 will best show the extreme simplicity of the working of the Lake stations in these days of primitive Christianity. Mentioning a letter just received from a missionary at Likoma who was enthusiastic about his offertories, he says :—

“ Referring to a certain offertory of February 15, he writes, ‘ There was collected an offertory of salt, fowls, and fish-hooks, to the extent of 1s. 6*d.*’ But on the following Sunday the record was beaten : ‘ Flour, beans, and salt collected, to the value of half-a-crown.’ A delicious picture comes up before us. But in picturing it, it is not wrong to remember those great kings who knelt to offer gold and frankincense and myrrh, and to believe that these offerings of Africa are just as valuable in the eyes of God as those rich gifts of the kings. He tells us of boys whom he dares not ask to fast, for they live a prolonged fast all the year round, and so he allows them beans in their porridge on fast days ; and those very boys in thankfulness are carrying stones with their own hands to build their Church.”

Truly, as was said in that same speech, “ history is beginning for Africa.” Yes, history is beginning, and the harvest is ripening round Lake Nyasa, but the fullest ears

are taken first ; and in this year one of those apparently most needed here was taken. George Sherriff, the brave, simple skipper of the *Charles Janson*, had fetched the Bishop, who was ill at Chitesi's, to Likoma. Two days later he ran across with Mr. Frere and Mr. Alley, who were ill, to the Scotch station to see a doctor. Owing partly to the upsetting of a boat, Captain Sherriff caught cold, but worked on another week, communicating at Likoma on Sunday, August 9. All day he felt unwell, but he would work, lying down at times in his berth. Next day he wished to take Mr. Johnson across to celebrate at Songolo's station. Early in the morning, though too ill to move, he said " Try " ; and that was nearly his last word. The vessel went across, but in the evening they brought him back to Likoma, where he was nursed by Miss Fountaine. The symptoms were like sunstroke ; nothing seemed to do him any good, and he passed away on Wednesday morning. One who knew him well in England wrote :—

“ The letters received from Nyasa speak of his being a great loss, and one of the very best workers, and Mr. Johnson writes : ‘ Don't think it hard that he worked to the last—he would. He loved for us to go early to celebrate.’ The Bishop himself was at Likoma when George died. He blessed the grave. The crew bore him to the Church and grave, and there his body rests beside the Lake he loved so well—the body of a true Brixham trawler, who knew how to use his skill, which was great, so very humbly, for our Lord's sake.”

This was the first grave in Likoma cemetery since little Mary Swinny's, five years before.

The Bishop was ill during most of his fifth visit, but

he confirmed fifty-five candidates. Mr. Johnson could write cheerfully concerning the slave trade :—

“ We have got a hearing. We are known to the Yaos. . . . They have in times past been overbearing and insolent, but we have their confidence.”

This illness of the Bishop, and his certainty that he could undertake no more expeditions to Nyasa, even with his special powers of travelling, were among the main reasons for asking for a division of labour, by placing a Bishop in Nyasaland. Another reason was the growing importance of the country to Englishmen, and of the Mission to the whole Lake district, coupled with the re-opening of the Zambezi route, which made the overland journey from Lindi little used.

At Easter the Christians from the Lake stations, with their teachers, hastened to keep the feast at Likoma. All the Christians and catechumens observed Good Friday in silence till the Three Hours were ended. At seven on Easter morning 108 persons communicated ; and then came the “ usual preaching at the tree ” for hearers from the island villages. Mattins followed, with the baptism of twenty adults and eight children. “ Very affecting,” says the Archdeacon, “ to us priests who know what depths of sin our candidates have often come out of.” A census taken this Easter gives altogether 961 adherents of all sorts, with fourteen European workers in the district.

On the nineteenth Sunday after Trinity a misfortune befell Likoma. The station was well-nigh burnt to the ground. A carrion crow picked up a piece of native porridge after a feast ; there was a live ember

sticking to it ; this it stored in the thatched roof of the dining-room early in the afternoon. It was soon in flames, which quickly spread to the church, library, dispensary, and most of the living-houses. All these were separate buildings, yet the flames were carried from one to the other, and all were burnt ; the most heart-rending loss being the library of 1,400 books. But it is thankworthy to note the way in which those faithful men took it. Archdeacon Maples, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Atlay, and Mr. Joseph Williams, with the ladies and converts, gathered for Evensong in the new school-room, and sang a Te Deum for what had been spared them ! Well might the Archdeacon write : “ First, what we *didn't* lose—no human lives and no tempers.” His letter announcing it was not merely cheerful, but merry—that of one who sat lightly to the things of this world, only sad when he says a far worse misfortune had come to them six weeks before, when four of their boys had come back drunk after their outing.

On November 5 a second fire occurred, burning up the Girls' School and seven other houses, so that the ladies had to be sent away—Miss Turner to England, Miss Fountaine to Bandawé, Miss McLaughlin to Zanzibar, Miss Woodward being already in England.

They set to work at once to rebuild. They said they had long been ashamed of the church, and now would build a better one. Surely never was misfortune met in a more saintly spirit. In the words of the *Christian Year* for that nineteenth Sunday after Trinity :—

“ Yet knew he not what angel came
To make the rushing fire-flood seem
Like summer breeze by woodland stream.”

But the year 1892 closed with an event of great importance for Nyasaland, which must have comforted the hearts of the waiting missionaries.

It had been decided by the Bishop and the Home Committee, in consultation with the Archbishop of Canterbury, that Nyasaland should have its own bishopric, and the sum of £9,000 having been raised, supplemented by grants of £1,000 each from S.P.G. and S.P.C.K., a bishop was appointed at once.

The priest chosen was the Rev. Wilfrid Bird Hornby, Vicar of St. Columba's, Sunderland. He was a Brasenose man, who had rowed in his College Eight, and had been one of the founders of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, where he spent six years. He seemed the very man for the task—one who could rough it and put life into his work. He had in seven years transformed a few poor people in a room over a pawnbroker's shop into a devout congregation worshipping in a beautiful church dedicated to the saint of Iona ; and he now went forth, full of hope that, like St. Columba, he might, from his African islet, gather in the African races to the obedience of Christ.

Bishop Hornby was consecrated on St. Thomas's Day in St. Paul's Cathedral, with the title of Bishop of Nyasaland, Bishop Smythies adopting that of Bishop of Zanzibar and Missionary Bishop in East Africa.

The new Bishop went out by way of Zanzibar, and then by the Zambezi route, visiting Mackenzie's grave, which was rather overgrown, but the cross still standing. What a contrast between 1862 and 1892 ! Then the badly managed canoes were the only means of progress ; now steamers were plying regularly on the Zambezi and Shiré, and from them to the lake ; while at Ruo, where

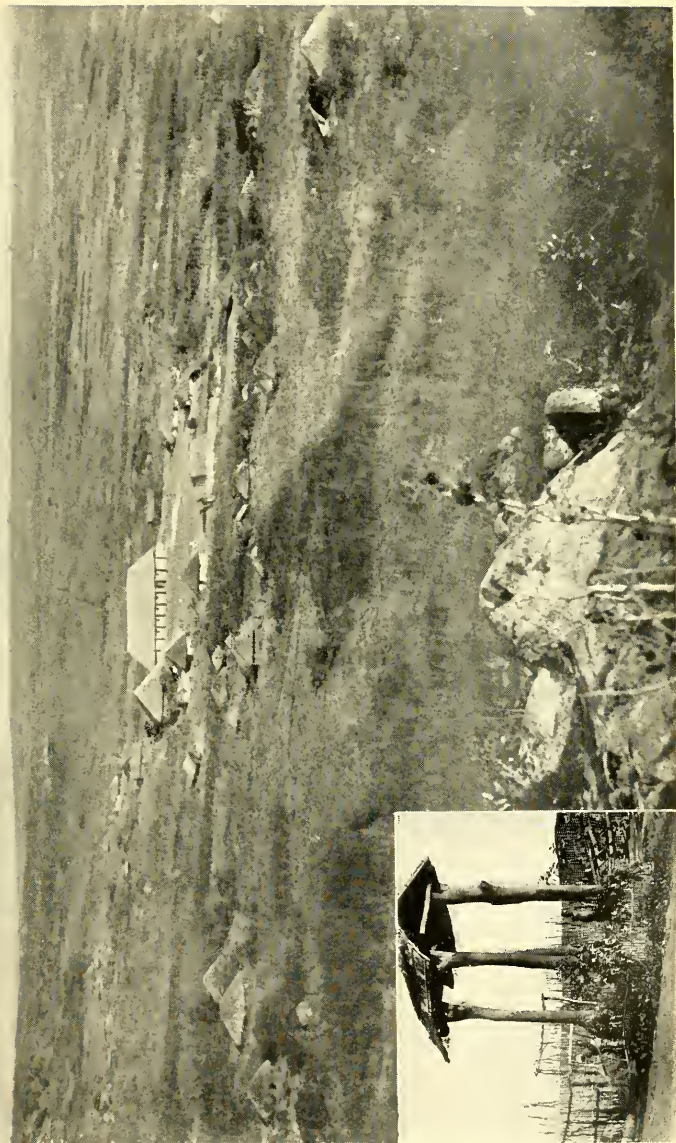
that river runs into the Shiré, where Mackenzie wrote his last letter to go down whenever Livingstone should arrive, there now stood a post office, that evident mark of European civilization, stamping its letters with its own postmark.

The Bishop had taken out with him several new workers, among whom were the Rev. James Wimbush and Mr. Herbert M. Pearson.

Directly on arriving at the lake the Bishop held some confirmations, in June 1893, and was much struck with the beauty of Likoma and the good work going on there.

A new venture was made on St. Matthew's Day—the opening of a Mission Station, at last, in the heart of the Yao tribe at Unangu. With the lesson of the saint who rose up from his seat by the waters of the Galilean lake sounding in their ears, a little party, consisting of the Archdeacon, the Rev. Dr. Hine, William Cowey, four boys and thirty-one porters, started off from *their* lake, which had reminded Charles Janson of Galilee, and took a fifty-mile walk, reaching “a great, solitary, double-peaked, or rather, double-domed mountain, towering above all the other hills which crowd the view to the horizon.” This is the site of a really large Yao town of thousands of houses. The chief, Kalanje, gave them leave to settle there, provided they did not spy on his slave trade. He was assured that they came for religious purposes only. After a week the Archdeacon left Dr. Hine and Mr. Cowey in their new home and returned to Nyasa, with his heart warmed once more towards the Yao people.

Bishop Smythies was enthusiastic when he heard of the new station, and offered at once to lend, for two



UNANGU.

BELL TURRET.

years, to Unangu, Yohana Abdallah, a chief's son, one of his best native teachers, whom he hoped to ordain shortly. He has worked there ever since, but Cowey, another of Bishop Hornby's old flock, who first assisted Dr. Hine, fell ill and died as he reached the coast, and was buried at Quilimane.

More unfortunate still was it that, after a visit to Unangu, the Bishop was obliged to be invalided home, and so seriously did the medical men think of his chances of health in Nyasaland, that he had to resign his diocese in 1894, after about eight months' work at the lake.

The disappointment to him and to the whole Mission can hardly be gauged. This second attempt to plant the Episcopate in Nyasaland had been even of shorter duration than the first. Well may it be said that, whereas those who work against God must use impatience as a weapon and do well to hurry, those who work with Him must be content to use patience. He Who has waited willingly 1,900 years to work His plans in Africa, may well call on us to tarry His leisure, and to "account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation."

CHAPTER XII

CHRISTIAN VILLAGES ON THE ROVUMA

Work on the Rovuma—Bishop Smythies blesses the Villages—Chief Matola a Catechumen—Barnaba Nakaam, a Christian Chief—Native Clergy—Story of Charles Sulimani.

IT will be remembered that in the history of Masasi, the sub-station of Newala was often mentioned.

A mission is founded, now in this way, now in that,—perhaps least frequently, but most happily, under the influence of the chief or ruler. If “not many mighty, not many noble” are called, yet here and there we find a Clovis or an Ethelbert to go before his people in Christianity, as in war.

So it was that the Yao chief, Matola, showed himself friendly to the Mission, and eighteen months after the first settlement at Masasi, he eagerly received the Rev. H. H. Clarke as a missionary to the Yaos. For six months, in the temporary church, the Yaos listened to the words of life, interpreted by a Kiungani boy. Sunday began to be observed, and the people were obedient to Christian teaching. It has been told how Mr. Clarke had to be withdrawn to Masasi, Matola, in touching words, begging him to return as soon as possible.

Next, Bishop Steere received a letter from Abdallah Pesa, the Mohammedan chief of a village between Lindi

and Masasi, asking him "after compliments," to let his "English children" always visit him on the way to Masasi.

"I should be rejoiced very much if you were able to send me an English teacher, to live with me, to teach my people, and the people of the neighbouring towns. If he comes, I will build him a house."

By the August of the following year we find preparations being made for a layman to go to this village, taking Charlie Ndegele, a Kiungani lad, of the Mwera tribe, who had married Cornelia, one of Miss Thackeray's girls. She was to teach the girls, being the second female native teacher of this Mission on the mainland. By November the station was occupied.

About this time Newala was held again by the Rev. C. Janson and the Rev. A. C. Goldfinch. The former was rather disappointed in Matola. He suspected him of mixed motives in his desire for a mission, and of making as much as possible out of his building contract. This was not unlikely in one not yet even a catechumen. Newala proved a good centre for influencing the Makuas and Makonde. Edwin Ramathani, who had come as interpreter from Kiungani, waxed shy when Mr. Janson began to preach, and could not translate, so Matola acted as interpreter himself, doing it very well; and was so much pleased with himself that next time Edwin began to interpret he watched him closely, till he could exclaim triumphantly, "You have left something out!" After which the chief was allowed to interpret.

The history of these Rovuma Missions was, till the fateful year of 1882, an essentially quiet and unobtrusive

one. There was little of the romance attaching to Masasi—but “the trivial round, the common task,” are chronicled again and again—a most satisfactory state of things for the Mission, if uninteresting to the student of history. Fleury, it is said, dreaded nothing so much as a “historical administration.”

So for the next two or three years work went on very quietly at Mtua, a district of about ten miles around Abdallah Pesa's, where the Mission house stood. Occasionally it was found possible to collect a few Arabs and Swahilis at Lindi, the seaport thirty-five miles from his station, to talk on religion. “I am often able to say a few words for our Lord and Master.” So blest were these “few words” that the Rev. H. H. Clarke was sent to Lindi, and thus the chain of stations from the coast to the lake began to take shape.

The next year—the year of the fatal raid on Masasi—much work was going on in the whole district. The Rev. C. Maples could record many villages which had renounced Islam, the outward and visible sign being their keeping Sunday holy, instead of Friday. A native reader, Charles Sulimani, travelled round these villages, holding classes.

Better still, from Newala, Matola, after great searchings of heart, came to Masasi to declare himself *willing* to be a catechumen. Much had to be given up before this could take place; and not in one year nor in two could affairs be arranged. Polygamy stands always in the way for a chief: he must, before he can be baptized, put away all his wives save one, and must make a proper settlement for the others and their children, treating them only as sisters. Many tribal customs connected

with heathendom and witchcraft must be given up—if possible without alienating his people. But from this time Matola set his face towards Christianity, even suggesting surrendering his chieftainship and coming to live near Masasi. But four months later came the raid, and Newala was the city of refuge for the released slaves.

For when all around him were flying to the impenetrable Makonde thickets, where alone they felt safe from the Magwangwara, this true friend, Matola, said, "If any escape from Masasi, they will come to me, and I must be here to help them." Thus, when Mr. Maples and his party staggered in, starving and ill, he was there to tend and feed them.

The next year, after anxious consultation with Matola, it was decided to move the colony in a body from Masasi to Newala, or rather to Chilonda, a spur of the Makonde plateau, close to it, and close to a good place of refuge in case of danger. Thus the raiding of Masasi brought about the great wish of Matola for resident missionaries.

The native colonists set to work to build church and schools and to clear ground; and being paid with beads, brass wire and calico, could buy food, which was plentiful, while time was allowed them to build their new houses, and to plant maize and pumpkins. The church was built entirely of bamboos, poles, and thatch, costing £20, and calculated to last seven or eight years. Matola took a deep interest in all, coming over on Sundays to hear and to ask counsel on stopping witchcraft. Supported by Mr. Maples, he made up his mind to try first to cure his people of sorcery, and if he failed, to abdicate in favour of a distant cousin, and to become a Christian—

a resolution which his Christian friends must have felt to be thankworthy.

In 1884 the Mission had the great happiness of a visit from Bishop Smythies, who remained in the district two and a half months, making himself familiar with the work. At Newala, where the Bishop arrived on July 28, a conference debated whether to stay there or to migrate to the Makonde plateau, and it was decided to stay for another year.

Then the Bishop visited poor raided Masasi, where he preached on the tenth Sunday after Trinity; for Christianity was kept up there among a few natives by Charles Sulimani,¹ with occasional visits from the clergy. Looking on the ruined station, how must the Sunday Gospel have come home to the Bishop. Did he remember One who wept over the Holy City, saying, "If thou hadst known?" Did he remember how shortly before the destruction of Masasi, Mr. Maples wrote that the hearts of their hearers were cold and dead, and that they were too prosperous, adding, "In all time of our wealth, good Lord deliver us?" Now their enemies had indeed come upon them, and their teachers were removed. The Yaos came to hear the Bishop, but not the Makuas, who still said openly, "The Makuas don't know God, and they don't want to know Him." When the Makua chiefs, however, asked for the Mission back, he told them they had lost their opportunity, but that he would try to send a teacher.

Returning to Newala he held a confirmation and a

¹ For a sketch of Charles Sulimani see *Journals and Papers* by Bishop Maples.

short retreat for the Mission workers ; there were present the Revs. H. H. Clarke and S. Weigall (who had come with the Bishop) ; Mr. Irving, preparing for Holy Orders with a view to Masasi ; Mr. Williams, from Mtua ; and Charles Sulimani. Apparently the Revs. G. H. Swinny and E. B. Smith had just arrived, the former hoping to go to the Magwangwara, the latter to work at Mtua. What a refreshment in the midst of years of anxious work must this retreat have been ! On the following Sunday Mr. M. L. Irving was ordained to the Diaconate.

The Bishop made some short expeditions to see various chiefs, and before he left Newala held a solemn service to ask for the village the Divine protection against war and pestilence. After preaching on the subject, he led them in procession round the villages, chanting litanies, in which heathen and Christian alike joined ; afterwards they had a festival and invited all the chiefs to dinner.

This was the first Episcopal visit to the Rovuma since Bishop Steere founded Masasi eight years before.

On his way to the coast the Bishop visited Mchemba, a sort of bandit, of whom we hear more. In the road they met a poor runaway, who was found and seized by eight or ten of Mchemba's men, and in spite of a promise to the Bishop not to murder him, he was strangled as soon as they were out of sight. Verily the land was crying out for the reign of Christ to end the reign of violence. Mchemba, however, gave the Bishop two pupils to take back to Zanzibar.

Next year the Bishop came again, on his return from his first visit to Nyasa. His welcome was the warmer, for a terrible report fully confirmed had reached them

that he had died near Blantyre.¹ The Bishop was long overdue—but well enough.

Reaching Newala on October 24, the Bishop remained there, and in the neighbourhood, for more than a month. The happiest event of this visit was the admission at last of Matola as a catechumen. His long delay was partly caused by his people fearing that if he became a Christian he could no more lead them to war. Some openly talked of leaving him and selling themselves into slavery. But all was now understood, and on the last Sunday of the Church's year Matola was to receive his cross from the Bishop.

Some eight or nine chiefs, with a goodly crowd of natives, assembled for the short Yao service, consisting of the commandments, a hymn, a New Testament lection, and then the office for the admission of a catechumen, beginning with "The Lord is my Shepherd." Matola was led to the Bishop by Mr. Porter and Mr. Weigall. Mr. Maples then asked the usual questions, and after prayer the Bishop pronounced the Exorcism, and gave him the cross, worn by all native catechumens. There now only remained his polygamy as an obstacle to his baptism; but it was an obstacle which remained nearly to the end of his life, ten years later.

For some time the Bishop had wished to remove the Mission Station at Mtua further inland, as the converts were too near the demoralizing influences of the coast people. There was a Yao village six days' march from the coast, but still one long day short of Newala—Chitangali, whose chief, Barnaba Matuka, was already a Christian, being in fact an old Kiungani pupil. On this

¹ See *Life of Bishop Smythies*, p. 69.

village they fixed, and when the Bishop passed up to the Magwangwara in May, he sent the Rev. Cecil Pollard and the Rev. Cecil Majaliwa there, their first Sunday being Whit Sunday, June 8. Soon after the Rev. E. B. L. Smith took Mr. Pollard's place.

Some account must now be given of Cecil Majaliwa, who worked at Chitangali as long as there was a Chitangali to work at. He was a Yao, a released slave child, received by Bishop Steere, and educated at Kiungani. In August 1879 he married Lucy Mgonbeani, one of the Christian girls, and a teacher. Before the Bishop's death he had become a reader, and worked at Mbweni.

At the end of 1883 Cecil was sent for a year's training to St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and returning in February 1885, worked on quietly for another year before receiving deacon's Orders at the hands of Bishop Smythies in Christ Church, Zanzibar, many of his Kiungani and Mbweni friends filling the church for the ordination of the third native clergyman of the Mission. He was now sent to Chitangali, and as a specimen of an educated native's letter we here give one from him to Archdeacon Hodgson :

“ CHITANGALI, August 11, 1886.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,—

“ I was very pleased when I got the good news of Mbweni that you were all well, though it was otherwise with our brethren at Magila and Nyasa. But I am sorry for you, my father, that you should be all alone. . . . It is the same with me here. I am left alone in the midst of the heathen, like a cottage in middle of a forest. . . . The children here are not like those at Mbweni. There they honour the bell ; here it is not so. One has to hunt them up like wild beasts. I have church every morning at half-past six ; but I only use the

Lord's Prayer and a few Collects, for here we have no Christians but Barnaba ; he is the only one. . . . I have made it my custom to read by myself every morning from eight o'clock to nine o'clock. Then I go my rounds to look up the school children. . . . But on Sundays I have a great deal to do. . . . Prayers at nine in Yao. First I say the Ten Commandments in Yao, then the Litany, and after the Litany preach, with Barnaba for an interpreter. When I come out from church, I go to the Makonde towns to preach, and they are a long way off. Then I have Evening Prayer at five. For the Holy Communion I go over to Newala ; but the two places are a long way apart, so I go once a fortnight. . . . I have got here a small harmonium ; it used to be at Mtua. Many children come to school for the pleasure of hearing the sound of the harmonium. I think if I get some pictures they will come better. . . . Now the first thing I want to teach them is the small Catechism (Bishop Forbes'). . . . The day before yesterday I went to visit a Makonde chief, and talked to him about the things of God. He promised to give me his sons to be taught. The Makonde do not love friendship. They dwell by themselves in forests, and are very much afraid of other people. . . . They never wash, except possibly in the rainy season. They say it is the most unlucky thing to live near water. Now, good-bye, father ; my respects to your wife.

“ I remain, truly, your son in Christ,

“ CECIL MAJALIWA.”

The loneliness of which he complains was caused by the deaths of the Rev. J. S. C. Wood, at Newala, followed immediately by that of the Rev. C. S. Pollard, both of fever. The latter, being invalided, was on his way to England, but only just lived to reach Mozambique, and died there, in the British consul's house, tenderly nursed by Mrs. O'Neill and Mr. Hainsworth.

The Bishop, on his return in November from his second visit to Nyasa, paid his third visit to this district. He found that there had been a little Magwangwara scare, which ended happily—the most serious consequence being that the friendly Masasi chief Akumbemba, who had retired before them to a hill-top, like all the natives, died suddenly of heart disease while scaling his temporary abode. Yohana Abdallah, Barnaba's stepson, had been helping Cecil in his school, and was now sent to Newala ; and the Bishop returned to Zanzibar, taking seventeen boys from Newala and Masasi to Kiungani. It was, he said, very trusting of the parents to send them, for, barring slave yokes, his party *looked* just like a slave caravan. It was a great step forward for free boys from the mainland to recruit the Kiungani ranks, which once consisted entirely of freed slave boys.

Now that the Mission had spread on the mainland, how well it was that a Bishop who could travel was at the helm ! He visited this district, the next year, both in going up for his third Nyasa visit and in coming down.

In going up in June, he made peace between two Yao chiefs.

In coming back he held a conference at Newala, where, among other things, the custom known as *unyago* was discussed. The custom varies in various tribes. The one constant feature is certain dances, with singing. Much that is heathen and very objectionable is mixed up with these customs. Hence they are incompatible with the acceptance of Christianity. A good chief can stop the worst features, but even so the songs are abominable.

Something very interesting now happened. Barnaba Matuka's uncle, Nakaam, a powerful paramount Yao

chief died. Barnaba was chosen to succeed him over the heads of several senior men. His elder unchosen brother said that the chiefs chose him because the breadth his Christianity had given to his character had made him quite the leading man in the district. Barnaba had a difficult time. His confirmation was fixed for the time of his investiture with the name and dignity of Nakaam. Moreover, he, a Christian chief, found himself, to his horror, legally possessed of several wives, his predecessor's being by custom inherited. Till he had made legal and honourable provision for them, he could not be confirmed. But he came through it all well, was invested at Masasi, and managed to get to Newala in time for the confirmation. His sons and stepson were also confirmed.

The next year there was again a war scare. The Magwangwara did, in fact, visit the country, and the natives fled. Cecil Majaliwa, who had just brought his wife and four children to Chitangali, put them in safety on the hills, and remained himself at his post till danger was over. This was really courageous, for all the Newala natives absconded to the Makonde plateau, dwelling in booths like the Jews at the Feast of Tabernacles. The Magwangwara will not climb a hill, so they were safe there; but the desperate fear with which they went about was instanced by a little scene witnessed by Mr. Wathen, of Newala. The plateau rises 1,000 feet of sheer wall above the lowlands, and only by precipitous goat paths could the people scramble down for water. As Mr. Wathen and his men were passing near this water, they were taken for Magwangwara, and heard a yell of fear as a boy dashed down the gully and ran a mile or two without stopping; after him ran his father, wishing he

could go as fast as the boy ; after him a grandmother tumbled down the path and started at a good run ; but the two last heard reason, and thankfully stopped when they recognized a white man.

When the Magwangwara came, they marched as far as Macheмба's, who fortunately defeated them, and the invincible warriors left about fifty shields on the field of battle.

This inroad occasioned one of those migrations of a whole village so puzzling to a geographer ; for when one traveller has given latitude and longitude, the next discovers a serious discrepancy in the site. But if puzzling to the geographer, it is worse for the missionary, who must follow his people and lose all his buildings. Now was seen the wisdom of the temporary buildings at Newala. The move was only to the dense undergrowth of the Makonde table-land, just above old Newala ; the reason being that the Magwangwara are lost without the huge Zulu shields they still carry, and they cannot drag them through the thick underwood. Feeling that even this migration might not be final, more temporary buildings were put up, and probably the entire Mission buildings at Newala have never been worth more than £100.

Here the Bishop found them in May 1889. He had visited Chitangali, and had been delighted with Cecil Majaliwa's work, who, after a year and a half, was able to present twelve candidates for baptism, the chief's wife among them, making twenty-two Christians under his care ; and when all the twenty-two were confirmed, the good chief, Nakaam, interpreted the charge. His stepson, Yohana, now came to take the school under Cecil.

It will be remembered that in 1887 the Bishop met

near the Rovuma the only Masasi Christian woman who had not been ransomed from the Magwangwara, and that he failed at that time to obtain her release. The next year Mr. Porter managed to recover her; after six years of slavery Lilla Mawezai had kept her Christian faith, so that the Bishop now had the happiness of confirming her at Masasi, before going on to the lake.

The year 1890 was troubled, owing to some of the chiefs not submitting kindly to the German power, to which this district had been assigned as a "sphere of influence in the general mania for possessing Africa." Great distrust of the new European power was naturally felt at first, travelling was interrupted, and the Mission work hindered, not by the Germans, but by the natives unfriendly to them. This was only temporary, and of course our missionaries in the German sphere act loyally to the German authorities, teaching their people to look to the Emperor as their great chief.

This year was marked by the third milestone to a native ministry. The first was when John Swedi and George Farajallah definitely offered themselves for the ministry by being made sub-deacons. The second was reached when John Swedi was made a deacon, and now, on the day of the Apostle of the Gentiles, the first native priest of the Mission was ordained in Christ Church.

Here in Zanzibar, afar from the cradle of Christianity, afar off in time and place and customs, knelt Cecil Majaliwa, first of all his race to be called to the Christian priesthood. Four chaplains of the British Navy took part in the laying on of hands, and Archdeacon Jones-Bateman preached on the text, "This is the day which the Lord has made."

“Two days’ whole holiday was given in honour of the event in all schools throughout the Mission. It is not easy to estimate what this day will become in the annals of the East African Church, nor what must have been the feelings of any present who could remember the old sad scenes that used to take place in that very spot where now one rescued from actual slavery thus received his heavenly Master’s commission to loose the captive bonds of sin from the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.”

A touching example of the way in which an African viewed the immense significance of this ordination is found in a letter which Cecil received from St. Mark’s Mission, Transkei, Kaffraria, written by the Rev. T. K. Masiza, the first South African native priest, to express his rejoicing sympathy on hearing the joyful news.

The want of English lady workers for the Rovuma district was much felt. The boys, as they grew up, had to take heathen wives, and thus fell under heathen influence, for an African literally leaves father and mother and cleaves to his wife and to *her* people. Mothers-in-law are stern realities in Africa. For it is a curious outcome of polygamy that the children obey the mother before the father, feeling her to be their own parent. The father, who divides his affection between many wives, has a divided authority over his children. One mother-in-law in this district even took away a catechumen’s wife, because he did not work hard enough for her.

In this year died a convert, whose history illustrates the ups and downs of mission work.

Charles Sulimani was the first free Makua to come to school at Masasi in 1876, and the next year he came under the influence of the Rev. Chauncy Maples, he being then

eighteen years old. Charles was a singular exception to the Makua don't care attitude of mind. Mr. Maples, whom he loved dearly through all vicissitudes, says of him :—

“ His contrition for his sins was as deep, and his devotion for our Lord as tender, as any it has been my privilege to witness.”

Baptized on Whit Sunday, 1878, he was, two years later, brought to Zanzibar for confirmation by Mr. Clarke. Mr. Maples, who arrived from England just after, took him to Magila, where, with earnest preparation, he received his first Communion. Returning to Masasi, he married one of the Christian colonists, and, working as a reader, sowed much good seed in the villages round.

In the Magwangwara raid (1882) he behaved like a Christian hero. His wife was among the captives, and he at once gave himself up for her, lest she should suffer dishonour. The Magwangwara asked why the Christians did not fear those who could kill them. With deep reverence Charles made answer, “ Because it is only our bodies you can kill with your spears ; it is our souls that we care about, and you can't touch them.” It is said that the savages were awestruck, having never realized there was that in a man which they could not kill. A man giving himself for his wife impressed them much. Next day Mr. Porter ransomed him.

After this Charles worked on at Masasi, staying there with Mr. Porter, when the emigration to Newala took place. Then came his temptation. He had worked hard, out of kindness, to ransom his relations and friends, but instead of handing them over to their natural chiefs

he kept them under himself. The lust of power awoke in him, and he began to make himself a petty chief. No advice would he take, and he became involved in much that was sinful ; and in his sin he remained for about five years, till, in 1888, his conscience awoke, and he wrote to Archdeacon Maples at Nyasa, asking to come and see him, saying, " Though I have had many masters in Christ yet I have only one father." The next year (1889) he joined the Bishop's caravan when going up for his fourth visit to Likoma, and Charlie acted as cook. One night something happened which made a great impression on him. He and another man were lying on the edge of the darkness by the camp fire, when a lion came up suddenly, without roaring, and made a mistake for the first and probably the last time in its life—passing by Charles he seized the Bishop's saucepan of porridge. Finding this uneatable, he dropped it, again passed by Charles, and was startled and driven off by the other man, who was saying his prayers. Charles felt that God had saved him from the paw of the lion to give him space to repent. At Likoma the joy of full confession and absolution awaited him. Surely his father and guide must have felt that happiness of which John Coleridge Patteson spoke when as a little child he longed to be able to say the absolution, " because it must make people so happy."

After this Charlie was advised to enter the service of the Germans at Lindi, and he remained stedfast for the little time left him. In the following October, as he was guiding the Germans through Mchemba's district, they fell into an ambuscade, and Charles Sulimani was shot dead, and buried the same evening. A little cross

afterwards marked the spot where his body rests, under the sign of Him who had brought back and forgiven His erring child, "for he loved much."

By the end of the year the Christian chief, Barnaba, had brought about a good understanding between the Germans and the natives, and all was quiet.

For the next two years there is little to record. The Bishop visited the Rovuma district in 1891 and 1892, and found all well. In the first he spent Whitsuntide and Trinity Sunday at Lindi and Chitangali. At the latter he baptized the first Makonde, and also baptized Nakaam's nephew and heir; and he visited Miwa, a sub-station entirely begun by Cecil. In the latter year he spent Ash Wednesday with Cecil, and, noticing a peculiar collection of rice, beans, etc., round the font, inquired the meaning. "Oh!" said Cecil, "being a fast day, no Christians would think of eating their midday meal. They have brought it to offer to God. This food will be sold for the poor and given to the Church."

There were great changes among the workers at this time, but, roughly speaking, Mr. Porter and Mr. Hainsworth occupied Newala, and their place was taken by the Rev. R. F. Acland-Hood when they took their holiday. The Rev. T. L. Taylor had died in charge of Masasi. The Rev. E. Bucknall Smith, who attended his deathbed, was building a new Masasi, the Rev. Alfred Carnon (ordained 1891) remaining at old Masasi. By the end of 1892, however, the Rev. William Porter was once more at Masasi, with a deacon—the Rev. J. C. Haines—under him. At Newala, Mr. Acland-Hood was joined a little later by the Rev. James Grindrod; while Cecil was still at Chitangali, which, in 1891, had undergone a migration.

There were also a large body of native teachers working under the clergy, some of them occupying sub-stations.

When the Bishop came in 1893, his reception was even more joyful than usual. At Chitangali the natives came out to meet him, firing guns, and throwing dust on their heads, which, contrary to Jewish use, is a sign of gladness. Little more than five years ago there had been only two Christians, now it was a Christian village. Better still, Cecil could ask the Bishop to make two of his friends readers. These were Cypriani Chitenji and Hugh Mtoka—both since in Holy Orders. For this the waiting time of thirty years was worth while, and worth while, too, the precious lives poured forth like water for love of the lost sheep of the Good Shepherd. The African, it was proved at last, can teach and understand the African.

At Newala, too, the Bishop's was a happy visit. For in the school were over one hundred boys; on Whitsun Eve thirty-six candidates were baptized, while on Trinity Sunday seventy candidates were confirmed.

In Whitsun week the Bishop visited Lumanga, a village lying in dense Makonde bush, about twenty-five miles from Newala. The Bishop entered riding on his donkey, which, as he said, caused about as much sensation as Wombwell's menagerie in an English village. Here the native teacher was taken away to pursue his studies at Kiungani, and another was left in his stead.

Masasi also was visited, where a new sub-station, Mkwera, had been started.

Once again Newala was to see its Bishop. In Advent he came to the district, and, it seems almost monotonous to say, he found all in good order. It was here that he

heard of the founding of the Unangu Mission by Dr. Hine (already mentioned), and by an inspiration thought of sending Yohana Abdallah, Nakaam's stepson, there as soon as he was ordained.

During this visit the Bishop spoke out on the status of women as affected by polygamy. He boldly advised the ladies to take the law into their own hands, and to refuse to live with husbands who took another wife. It was absolutely an unheard-of thing for women to take any action, but he was not without hope that they might do so. After all it would be a less change than that wrought in the position of women by the coming of Christ. Compare their position under Solomon with their position when a Greater than Solomon had come and touched the hearts and hands of women, and uttered His *Talitha cumi*, making possible the dignity and glory of the Christian wife and mother, ay, and of the "consecrated virgin."

To such a future for African women we confidently look forward.

CHAPTER XIII

MAGILA IN THE BONDE' COUNTRY

Church building at Magila—Bishop Smythies visits Kimweri—Bishop Hannington's Visit—Fires at Magila—The German Blockade—Bishop Smythies' Conduct—Herbert W. Woodward.

WE must pick up again the thread of the Magila story, whose early founding and temporary occupation, followed by the beginning of Archdeacon Farler's work, have been told before.¹

During the years 1880–1886 the building of the permanent stone church takes a prominent place in the story. Church building is apt to bring out what is good in the faithful, binding them together for a common object. It also raises the keenest opposition of the enemy. And so it was here.

The Archdeacon asked leave of Charlie Kibwana to quarry stone for the church in his shamba, and several tons were taken.

“Last week,” writes the Archdeacon, “I found that my people had cut up his shamba a good deal with holes and hillocks, so I sent for him and offered him a kanzu and a dollar for his kindness in giving us leave to win the stone. He indignantly refused to take them, and said, ‘What is this

¹ See Chapters iv., v., and vii.

for? Why will you not let me share in the work for God? Am I not a Christian? Shall I take money for this stone? God placed the stone there, and shall it not be used to build a church for His honour and glory? I will not take a present. I want to share in building *our* church.'"

In 1881 a mason had come to Magila, and in two years' time the station was entirely rebuilt. Church building had already begun in such earnest that a party of armed Bondeis arrived to forbid the work, which they were persuaded was a fort to dominate the whole country. They cut off communication with the coast, and for a few days there was actual danger.

"I invited their chiefs over to see what we were doing. But instead of one or two chiefs they sent a small army of soldiers, with orders to fight us and destroy the church and Mission station. I had a sharp attack of fever, when I was suddenly told that the valley was full of armed men, bent upon fighting. Our native Christians began to gather their guns, but I told them to put them away, and we all went down unarmed to meet these Makumba people. I went up to the chief man, and asked what he wanted. He said we must give up building, give up teaching and preaching, and live like heathens. After a long talk I promised to stop the church building for a little while; but the rest of their demands I utterly refused. With a little patience and tact we got them to go away. All the people of this country stood round us splendidly, and this trouble has created a bond of sympathy between us and the heathen which will greatly aid our work."

For a time, therefore, a smaller temporary church was built.

The Rev. W. D. Lowndes, who joined the Mission as a layman in 1881, was now able to relieve Mr. Farler of a great deal of work of the more secular kind.

Next came the lime troubles. Limestone was found in the wilderness, half a day from Magila, and easily burnt. But transporting it was a difficulty.

“When I was in Zanzibar I bought seven donkeys to bring it over, but the donkeys proved a failure. First a lion ate one, then four died (could not stand the climate), and the remaining two are laid up.”

Carrying it on men's heads was slow and expensive, and, worse still, the people, after laughing at the idea of burning stone for anything less precious than silver, refused to let it be burnt or taken. The Archdeacon wrote for soldiers from Zanzibar, to insist on the lime being carried. The Bishop, however, wrote:—

“The more I think of it, the more it seems to me that the Mfunti people have a right to interfere with the burning of lime in the wilderness . . . I should think there is no doubt that they have a right to cut wood and to cultivate the ground where you have been burning lime. . . . H—— says the lime lies within a gunshot of the actual clearings of the Mfunti people. If anything like this is true, I am sure we ought to make an agreement with them, and satisfy all reasonable claims.”

So successful was this course, that two months later the Archdeacon writes:—

“All our troubles are over. . . . A letter came from Umba to say that the people who had refused to let us burn lime any more in the wilderness, and demanded fifty dollars for leave to carry what we had burnt, had now accepted my offer of thirty dollars to settle all claims in the place where we burn lime, and also the perpetual right to carry lime through their country. I am so pleased that I intend, on

my next visit to Umba, to make them a present of twenty dollars, to show them that it was not money I contended for, but justice."

By Easter Day the temporary stone church was finished, and the Archdeacon wrote joyfully that it was crowded in every part, though twice the size of the first church, the chief and all his officers coming in state, and every confirmed Christian communicating.

"It was a grand sight to see this large congregation worshipping the Risen Saviour; not freed slaves, but free natives, coming of their own accord, because they felt the need of God. I heard one man say, 'I could never feel hungry here. it is so beautiful.'"

A new stone house had been erected, with bedrooms upstairs, for the missionaries: a great improvement on the mud huts where, when it rained, mud below and mud descending from above were the missionary's portion by day and night.

As the natives acquired more confidence in the builders the permanent church went on again. By the end of 1883 we hear of the north aisle being roofed in, and the next year the church was half finished, and waiting only for funds; while the natives said: "Let the missionaries go where they like, build where they like, teach all the Bondeis."

The spiritual work during these years had advanced and retreated, but only like the waves of a steadily flowing tide. This was a true native church. Many people say: "Where is the difference between free men and freed slaves? A slave may be of higher rank, and only recently taken." But the Christianity of the slave, freed and

given to the Mission, is more or less a thing of course ; the free native serves God of his own accord. By the end of 1882, two native deacons (John Swedi and James Chala Salfey), three readers (Acland Sahera, Lawrence Kombo, and Ackworth Songolo), with eight native schoolmasters, were at work in the district.

Early in the same year Archdeacon Farler writes :—

“ We have been having some little trouble with the natives. Not our neighbours, they were involved with us, but people living some distance off, who have been urged by the coast Mohammedans to drive us out of the country. I got wind of the matter, and sent a friendly chief to the meeting with a letter, which nobody could read ; but as I had coached my friend up in its contents, and he held it in his hand, as he delivered my message, it did quite as well. They thought it a great compliment on my part. Every one took the letter and solemnly looked at it, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied. We were then voted with acclamation ‘ the brothers of the natives.’ The coast people were very angry, but my friendly chief told them they had tried to breed discord in the land, and told many lies.”

In May he writes :—

“ The work grows beyond my control. I cannot check it ; I can only try to guide it. But we must have a doctor, another musical priest, and a schoolmaster who can play the harmonium and train the choir.”

The first of these wants was soon supplied. Before Michaelmas, Dr. Petrie, sent by the Guild of St. Luke as their first medical missionary, arrived at Magila, where he was resident three years. His cures were the greatest help to the Mission, taking the place, as the Bishop remarked, of the miracles in the Early Church.

But now, as ever, the tares were among the corn. A young catechumen, named Mazagija, was cut off from fellowship with the faithful for taking a second wife. This a catechumen, of course, promises not to do. True, there were extenuating circumstances. The first wife had run away three years before, and he thought her gone entirely ; but on his marriage she reappeared, demanding her rights. The second wife had been highly paid for, and his father would not hear of his giving her up. For five years he had been held back from baptism previously, from doubts of his real conversion. Even now he wished to follow Christ *and* the *desturi* (customs) of the land ; so that when the Archdeacon publicly took away his cross, asking if he valued a few sheep above his salvation, it had a great effect : repentance followed, and on St. Bartholomew's Day he made a public confession, and received back his cross, having put away the second wife.

From time to time the good seed sown in early days was found. A man, who came to church for the first time, was heard repeating the Lord's Prayer, and said he had been taught ten years ago by Mr. Fraser.

On Christmas Eve the peal of bells sent out by Lady Elizabeth Clements rang for the first time (just a month after Christ Church bells had rung their first peal). Before daybreak on Christmas Day the boys were ringing them *con amore*, and the natives were delighted with the sound.

Early next year Archdeacon Farler returned to England.

During his absence a desultory war went on between the Wadigo and Bondeis ; but more melancholy were the stories of a man-eating lion. He attacked a woman and

little girl walking between Magila and Umba. The people, who ran up at their screams, found the lion eating the woman, while the little child beat the brute with a stick of muhogo, crying, "Leave go of mother; leave go of mother." Verily, if a mother's love is strong as death, the love of a child does not fall short.

Another time a lion walked up to John Swedi's wife, as she sat with her children, in her husband's absence. Nothing could have saved her if the animal had not (as she said) been led by God into a pit made for snaring such animals; and she had time to shut up the house. In the end a Digo hunter killed him with poisoned arrows, but before the poison had taken effect the hunter himself had fallen a victim to the animal he had shot.

Early in 1884 the Archdeacon returned with Bishop Smythies, and in Lent they went up, together with the Rev. Duncan Travers, to the Usambara country.

Reaching Magila, they found the adherents of the Mission drawn up to receive them. The party came riding on donkeys, the Bishop's a noble white Muscat donkey. Thus they passed through the orange avenue.

"To me," said the Bishop, "no English village could bring the same feelings of strange emotion as that first sight of Magila. To see Christ our Lord enthroned in the midst of heathen Africa; to see here, far away from civilization, a civilized Christian village; to see the men and women rush forward from their work in the field to greet the man whom they look upon as their father, and who for all these years has devoted his life to them—this was quite different from anything one has ever experienced. . . . So near are the mountains that on the first evening I climbed up one of the lower heights, from which I had a splendid view of all the beautiful country, and right away to Zanzibar Island, eighty

miles off. But it must not be thought we are housed very luxuriously at Magila. Our dining-hall is what you would call a mud barn with a thatched roof. . . . My bedroom, which serves as a sitting-room also, is a comparatively new luxury, but it has a mud floor and walls. The church is no doubt a marvel of skill to the natives, but it would hardly be thought respectable for a small village in England. We are now building a much larger one."

Later in the year the Bishop returned, and went on an errand of peace to Kimweri. The interview is thus described by him :—

"But if the surrounding country was thus striking and full of interest, so was the sight we saw as we rounded the rock and came opposite to its perpendicular face rising in steep ledges one above another. The whole of this was covered with the followers of Kimweri, and in the very centre, surrounded by his head-men, was the chief himself. There was no difficulty in recognizing him, not only because of the difference of his dress, but because of the character and power in his face and the extraordinary contrast it presented to those of all around. I certainly thought him the most striking-looking man I have seen in these parts, while his followers were very ordinary-looking natives.

"He had evidently carefully got himself up to meet the Europeans, and with decided success. For real picturesqueness of effect it is doubtful if any European sovereign could come up to him ; they certainly could not so well throw into the picture the force of contrast. The people all around him were in ordinary kanzus (*i.e.* a sort of long shirt) or else naked to the waist, some with arms, most with charms on their necks, arms, or legs, all more or less soiled by war and camping out. But the chief wore over his white kanzu a loose scarlet coat or *joho*, trimmed with gold braid. On his head he had a large coloured turban, and round his neck a heavy silver

chain, from which hung massive silver charms of wrought Indian work. His feet and legs were, of course, bare.

"We soon found he not only looked the chief, but could talk like one too. We told him we had come as representing the Bondeis, being men of peace. He asked who gave us a right to Magila. We answered, his grandfather, Kimweri. He asked for the letter which showed our right. We contended that, first, he could not write, nor any one else in the country; secondly, it was not usual to ask for a letter after twenty years of peaceful occupation.

"He then said he claimed to be the rightful chief of the whole country—if we would acknowledge him as such that was all he wanted. We told him it was not for us to acknowledge any one, that we held our land by the gift of Kimweri and the permission of the Sultan, and accepted the order of things we found. All we wanted was to plead for the harmless people who lived around us, who were suffering from famine and helpless against him—that they should not have their houses burnt and be sold into slavery like their neighbours.

"He asked what power or lands we had. We answered that we had one little *shamba*, that we wanted no lands or power, that we meddled with no politics or affairs of government; we were simply teachers come from God, from our distant country, to try and do good to the people in Africa and teach them about God; that we had as much interest in his people as in the Bondeis, but we happened to live amongst the latter, and it made us very sad to think the dreadful fate of their neighbours might fall upon them.

"He then said he had no quarrel with us, and should be glad to see us at Vuga, his town, but that he claimed to be chief of the whole country, as his grandfather was. The chiefs had only to send in their submission and they would be unmolested.

"We got him to promise he would wait for the Sultan's letter, and would not descend upon the Bondeis without letting us know."

This promise Kimweri kept.

It was January 1886 before the Archdeacon could take up his residence here again, and Mr. Woodward's health compelling a holiday, Magila and its sub-stations were left to younger heads, who threw themselves warmly into the breach. Magila was chiefly worked by the Rev. C. S. B. Riddell.

A visit from the Bishop cheered them all in 1885. The buildings progressed, and now the quadrangle was nearly completed, which (in spite of fires) has ever since crowned Magila hill. The stone church stands at one end, while houses for the missionaries, dining-hall, hospital, houses for boys and natives, and a store-house form the sides, and the Archdeacon's house and school were at the other end.

A deeply interesting event occurred during this visit to Magila. James Hannington, Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, visited Zanzibar. The most cordial kindness existed between the members of the C.M.S. Mission at Mombasa and those of the Universities' Mission. Their differences of opinion as to modes of Church thought and practice seem but of slight importance in the presence of the kingdom of Satan, which all Christians are resisting. Brother draws closer to brother with the feeling, "Whether it were I or they, so we preach and so ye believed."

Bishop Hannington, then a priest, had preached in Christ Church, Zanzibar, June 19, 1882, "as a small return for the many kindnesses the Universities' Mission had shown us." But now he had come to hold counsel with Bishop Smythies, and finding he was at Magila, followed him up country. At Mkuzi Mr. Wallis entertained him, and supplied him with a donkey to ride the eleven

miles to Magila. As he rode, he saw Bishop Smythies coming to meet him, and the younger man lighted off his beast, and falling on his knees, asked his brother's blessing. He tarried awhile at Magila, holding earnest counsel and discussing plans.

In the Magila record book stands the signature of "James, Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa." On February 10 he departed, and on October 29 in the same year was led out to die by those he yearned to save.

Something should be now said of the civil state of affairs in the Bondé country. We read of many more "chiefs" here than elsewhere. But there is no true chief in the district, for since the Wakilindi were driven out in 1870, instead of paramount chiefs, a sort of federation of villages took place, each having its "headman." These are the people who are so plentiful. A sort of respect has, however, always been paid to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and gradually also to Kibanga, under whose protection, at a fortified outpost of Bondé, lived his nephew, Kinyasi, the true heir of old Kimweri. The false Kimweri at Vuga often tried to resume the sway, but unsuccessfully, and the German occupation put an end to such claims. Kibanga was very friendly to the Mission. "In fact," wrote Mr. Geldart, at the end of the year, "the whole Bondé country is in touch with the Mission; we are welcomed everywhere; even the Mohammedans are civil."

The Bishop's visit in 1886 was exceptionally interesting. He remained in the district seven weeks; and during this time visited Kibanga and Kinyasi. The latter behaved like a youthful Solomon; asking how to get wisdom to rule, how to deal with thieves and those who

practised witchcraft. He was not very strong, but suffered from indigestion, and was much struck by the Bishop's advice to eat moderately.

One evening the Bishop accompanied Mr. Riddell round his villages. "He preached at two; our native reader, Ackworth, interpreted. It was quite dark long before we got home. This is what Mr. Riddell continually does, week after week. The country is full of little villages, and he is always going round from one to the other."

And then on the Feast of the Annunciation, Magila permanent church was consecrated at last. Want of means, warfare, and weather had hindered it, but now it stood complete, consisting of a nave of five bays, with aisles and an apsidal chancel. There is a very dignified high altar of rough stone, covered with cement, inlaid with mosaics in front. The Bishop, clergy, and choir met in the old church at the foot of the quadrangle, and singing the Litany, marched to the new church on the top of the hill, which was then consecrated under the title of the Holy Cross. It was well that this, the first and for some time the *only consecrated* church in the Mission, should receive that name; for deeply on every page of the Mission records has lain the shadow of the Cross. It was a link, too, with good Dr. Krapf's visit to Usambara forty years before, when he carved a cross on one of the trees.

On St. Barnabas' Day in the same year passed away the Rev. C. S. Buchanan Riddell, dying of malarial fever. Fortunately, Dr. Herbert Ley had arrived at Magila six months before, so that all was done for him that was possible; nor had Archdeacon Farler the distress (as on a

former occasion) of not having real necessities to give him. Conscious to the last, he received the Holy Sacrament, and died just afterwards, calmly sending a message to the French Mission, which he was to have visited: "Tell the French I cannot come; I am called to Court."

In the next two years many troubles fell on the district. Fire, storm, and war all played their parts in the trials of Magila. But before this the longed-for Sisters arrived. The community of St. Raphael's, Bristol, sent out Sisters Agnes, Anne Margaret, and Mary Elizabeth. They reached Zanzibar in August, and after a week's rest started for Magila, with Miss Allen and Mr. Gill. At Pangani, where they were met by Mrs. Wallis, they were such objects of delighted interest that they felt like royalty. Next morning they started on donkeys, single file; whenever they tried to hold converse, their donkeys did the same, in most defiant strains. The road to Mkuzi was like riding through a botanical garden with *Borassus* palms, aloes, euphorbias, etc. They arrived on a Saturday night, and were heartily welcomed by Mr. Wallis and John Swedi. Here they spent two days, and were delighted to find Mkuzi had dispensed with the usual fetish over the gateway.

On Tuesday they reached Magila, all the people coming out to meet them, shouting and laughing heartily, with guns firing and green boughs waving. Thus they approached the station through the orange avenue, and after kneeling in thanksgiving in the church, went to live in the hospital for the present.

At once they started a day school for girls, with sixty children, and as many women and girls on Sunday for instruction; Miss Allen helping them much with classes

for women, and learning Bondei by visiting the villages in the evening.

The beginning of women's work for women in Magila was an era in its history, as an augury of the end of heathen marriages for Christian men. An evil of such unions is that heathen wives generally insist on their *vihili* being observed among the marriage rites.

"These *vihili* or mysteries are quite unfit for any Christian or decent-minded person. The women refuse to marry unless these customs are observed, and the men weakly yield. A man who yields is placed under Church censure till the wife is converted, or till he has shown true repentance.

"Many Christians have been successful in resisting these ceremonies. Most of them are so permeated with uncleanness of one kind or another, that their purification is impossible, and therefore they are forbidden to Christians under pain of censure."

Therefore we shall never do much for a native Church, until the women can be made helpmeets and not hindrances to their husbands.

The Sisters were followed in November by Miss M. C. Townshend and the Rev. M. Ellis-Viner. The latter had given great promise both in England and in his few months' residence in Zanzibar. On his journey to Magila he had tended a poor fellow whose foot had been bitten off by a crocodile. "Mr. Viner makes an admirable nurse; he has not had his clothes off for a week," writes a fellow-worker. Another tells how, in their passage across to the mainland, in a dirty, comfortless dhow, his spirits rose high as their discomforts increased, till when heat and rolling, cockroaches and stench reached their height, he exclaimed with genuine delight, "This is grand!" He was at Magila for little more than three

months, and then, after assisting at a baptism of a large number of converts when he ought to have been in bed, he quite broke down and returned to England. After resting in England for some time, he started again for Africa, full of joy at the idea of getting back to his work ; but his old illness returned, and he died at Mozambique October 5, 1890.

Scarcely were the Sisters well settled in their work, before half the station was destroyed by fire. It was the first disastrous fire in the Mission, if we except the Matopé fire three years before ; and, oddly enough, it happened on the ill-omened fifth of November, on which, five years later, one of the Likoma fires took place. The native carpenter's wife carelessly set her house on fire. It was at 10 a.m., and a high wind was blowing. The quadrangle was quickly filled with men and boys, water was fetched from the river, but in vain—the natives' houses and several European ones were burnt, including the Sisters' and the half-built hospital, one schoolroom, the boys' dormitory, dining-hall and kitchen. But, by great exertions, church and clergy-house were saved. Miss Allen had to be sent to Mkuzi, and there was much illness in the cramped quarters during the rainy season. The Bishop came up to comfort them in their troubles (which now included rumours of war), held a retreat and a conference, and spent Christmas there.

But again on the Epiphany a native hut caught fire, and this time the big schoolroom and carpenter's shop went. Over £1,000 worth of damage was done, but one lesson was learnt. No more grass roofs were to be allowed in future in the quadrangle.

Six weeks later a tremendous tornado burst over Magila, tearing off the hospital roof, and driving the lay members of the Mission to take shelter with the boys below. In another part of the hospital the Sisters were suffering from deluges of rain, covering everything they possessed with mud from the roof. Great part of the church was unroofed, but this did not hinder a very large congregation from assembling on Sunday morning, who were not driven away even when a storm of rain deluged the partially unroofed church.

Scarcely was this disaster over before there was war in the land.

On the morning of February 27 war-drums were heard, no unusual sound, for Kimweri had been at war some months with the friendly Kibanga. Now, however, the war was carried into the Magila district, sixty Masai, armed chiefly with spears, being sent to threaten the Bondei. The Masai are the most warlike and invincible tribe in Central Africa, dwelling beyond Mount Kilimanjaro, towards the Victoria Nyanza. They are not allied to the Bantu, or negro race, to which most Eastern Central Africans and all South Africans belong, but are thought to be of another Hamitic race, akin to some of those in North Africa. During the fierce tribal wars between the different sections of Masai, some have been driven south, even as far as Ziguiland, where they keep tribally distinct from the Zigua. Some such body of Masai had lately come with their cattle into the neighbourhood, seeking pasture on account of scarcity, and these were hired by old Kimweri to help him in the vain struggle to recapture the Shambala or Bondé country. The latter are not remarkable for courage, and they were pitted against some

of the best warriors of Africa. When within three miles of Magila, a lay worker, Mr. Coggan, stirred up the Bondei people (who were inclined to play the coward) to oppose the Masai. The presence of a white man probably overawed the warriors, and they were driven back with some loss.

On the first alarm, the Archdeacon sent the ladies and boys to Mkuzi, and barricaded and provisioned Magila church as a place of refuge, which might have been needed, for old Kimweri, believing his Masai could only have been defeated by European help, sent a message that he would wipe out the Mission. The Archdeacon therefore set forth to seek Kimweri at his camp in the mountains, and make peace. Sending Ackworth forward with a letter, he took with him another reader, Petro Limo, nephew of Kimweri. Pausing outside the camp for permission, the Archdeacon desired to bathe and change his clothes before being presented. The only possible bath was an empty powder cask, and crowds assembled to see him take it. He modestly retired into the bush, but found every spot of vantage ground occupied by admiring spectators. Kimweri, on his side, not to be outdone in politeness, made himself very uncomfortable in a complete suit of European clothes, and patent leather boots.

“He was a handsome man,” wrote Archdeacon Farler, “very light coloured, and with a kingly look about him. . . . I introduced his nephew, Petro Limo to him, and he questioned him closely. When he found that he knew English, Swahili, Bondei, a little Hindustani, as well as writing in Arabic characters, he was delighted with him, and introduced him to his brothers as one of the family.”

Then came the serious talking over terms of peace, which *must* include Kimweri abandoning his stockaded camp, and going back to Vuga. At last he consented, and the Archdeacon started off for Kibanga, where he had still harder work to make Kibanga's brothers believe that crafty Kimweri meant peace. Peace, however, was made, but at the cost of Magila losing its Archdeacon, who was carried ill to Zanzibar; and though he came back in May for a time, in August he finally returned to England, having left Petro Limo at Kiungani to prepare for Holy Orders.

Mr. Farler's retirement was a great loss to Usambara at this troubled period. Thirteen years before he had found a few huts belonging to the Mission—a few natives influenced during the too transient visits of the clergy. He left a beautiful and important central station, with its quadrangle nearly rebuilt, schools of more than 200 boys, two clergy, Sisters, nurse, doctor, schoolmaster, builder, carpenter, storekeeper, and three native readers. There were three sub-stations—Umba, Misozwe, and Mkuzi—each with its clerical head and little staff of native teachers, whose labours extended into many neighbouring villages. He left also a large body of native Christians, catechumens, and hearers, and two gospels, St. Matthew and St. Luke, translated into Bondei.

The Rev. H. C. Goodyear now took charge till his death next year, and during the last three months of that time he was Archdeacon of Magila.

Magila's troubles were not yet over. Like all other stations, it was much tried by native hatred of German rule—not the rule of the German Empire, but of the German East Africa Company. Certain persons went

round the country in 1885, professing to make treaties with the chiefs in order to acquire sovereign rights over the tribes. Now, no native chief in his senses ever disposed of his rights to entire strangers for no just equivalent. Hearing of these pretended treaties, the natives began to say: "The Arabs we know, and the English we know, but who are these?" Next these Germans obtained in 1888 a treaty from Seyid Barghash, giving them rights over the coast from the Umba to the Rovuma for fifty years. The poor Sultan said such a treaty would kill him, and it did. He died March 27, 1888. The coast Arabs declared that if the Germans meddled with anything beyond the customs, they would know the reason why; and when the Company insulted the Sultan's flag, they rose and expelled them, especially at Pangani, the Magila seaport. Fortunately they did not confound the missionaries with the Germans, but all communication was cut off for a time. The Sultan, prompted by the Consul-General, Colonel Euan Smith, sent an Arab guard to fetch the Mission, but they were not allowed to land. The German Government then took up the matter on behalf of the defeated German trading company.

The English and Germans proceeded to blockade the coast, as it seems to be a cardinal point of politics that no European, however wanting in tact, may ever be driven away by natives. After the blockade the German Government expedition, under Major Wissmann, prepared to bombard the coast towns.

When the troubles began, the Bishop was in England, but immediately the news reached him he hurried back to Zanzibar. At the farewell service, before leaving,

he laid down clearly the duties of the Missionary to his flock in the hour of danger, and throughout the disturbances resolutely refused to withdraw the Mission, though pressed hard to do so.

Upon reaching Zanzibar, he at once hurried to the scene of the disturbances. In the Pangani river the steamer in which the Bishop went was repeatedly fired upon, and shortly after landing, the house where he was lodged was surrounded by an excited mob. From this threatened danger he was saved by the courage of Bushiri, the insurgent Arab leader, who stood in the doorway and said that no one should enter unless they killed him first. Next morning, November 16, the Bishop, Susi, and others were conducted out of the town by an Arab escort, and proceeded to Mkuzi. From thence the five ladies (three being Sisters of Mercy), escorted by three members of the staff, were sent for safety to Zanzibar. To the rest he gave the choice to go or stay, and all remained. The English Consul-General urged him to evacuate Magila, because the troubles of war constituted a certain amount of danger to the lives of the missionaries. Without a moment's hesitation, and with a clear grasp of the great principle involved, he answered: "I should never lift my head again if we did."—(Letter from Archdeacon Jones-Bateman.) There was real danger, as the whole country was in a ferment, but the Bishop remained there, and it is touching amid peril to find them observing St. Andrew's Day as one of intercession for Foreign Missions, nearly 300 persons attending service.

Thus, "kept peaceful in the midst of strife," passed Christmas Day. The Mission records show only peaceful journeys, baptisms, confirmations, going on as if war

were unknown; and when in January the Bishop made his way to the coast, by a circuitous route, taking ship at Vanga on the Uмба, and being twice boarded by Germans on the way to Zanzibar, he said it was like passing from calm to storm.

This unhappy outlook soon changed for the better. The German Government took affairs from the hands of the Company into its own strong grasp, and its agents acted with such wisdom that the whole hill country was quieted.

When the Bishop paid a short visit again in March, Dr. Ley, to the sorrow of all, returned to the coast with him, being recalled to England by private affairs, and for a time there was no medical aid at Magila, the sad effects of which were soon seen.

During this short visit, the Bishop ordained the Rev. C. J. Sparks to the priesthood, being assisted by Arch-deacon Goodyear and the Rev. H. Geldart. By the end of the year these three priests had passed to their rest.

Herbert Geldart was the first to go. From boyhood he had devoted himself to Church work; winning the confidence of street arabs in Shrewsbury in a way that helped him, when in 1879 he joined the Mission, to deal with the Kiungani lads. Writing at the end of 1880, Bishop Steere told how he

“ had managed the whole of Kiungani, in its varied operations alone during two or three months in the year, and now carries on the school with a freshness, effect, and vigour which never flags except from sheer illness. He has complete command of Swahili, knowing it thoroughly as spoken by the boys. . . . His sympathy and gentleness make him firm friends among the boys, while he has firmness and strength to lead them.”

He was on a visit to England, when, hearing how troubled was the Usambara district, he hurried out with the Bishop, who considered his presence most valuable, and he remained in charge of Mkuzi till what was called jaundice, but was in reality hæmaturic fever, attacked him ; and though well nursed by Mr. Mercer, he sank to rest, and was buried in Mkuzi churchyard amid sorrowing crowds of natives.

The same illness attacked Archdeacon Goodyear in June, shortly after he and Mr. Knowles, building superintendent, had visited Mkuzi to lay the foundation of the new church. As a pupil teacher, Henry Goodyear had years before given himself to mission work. Becoming a schoolmaster, he sought special training at St. Boniface, Warminster, and receiving deacon's Orders at the age of twenty-six, he sailed for Zanzibar in 1883, where he worked till his visit home in 1887. How those, who give themselves heart and soul to Mission work, develop new faculties, may be seen from the remark of one who then saw the young priest : " I never saw so young a man so ripe a saint " ; while the editor of a sporting paper recommended the Universities' Mission because " it has among its staff so splendid a football player, and so genial a man, as Mr. Goodyear." Just before his death he wrote a pathetic appeal for helpers, because " Knowles is in bed—no doctor, no nurse." Alas ! Mr. Knowles succumbed in the following September, but Archdeacon Goodyear preceded him on St. John Baptist's Day.

Sadly enough his funeral service was said by the Rev. C. J. Sparks, who was the next victim. He too was a recruit from our national schools. But he was in business

at Frome when his parish priest suggested missionary work to him. He drew back, thinking his education deficient, "and besides, I am only a working man." However, at Warminster and St. Augustine's the education difficulty was removed, as his brief but excellent work at Kiungani and in Usambara proved. To help his sick friend, Mr. Knowles, he pushed down to the coast before the road was quite clear, procured a dhow, and was twice fired at, but succeeded in reaching Zanzibar; then he returned, was himself taken with fever, and died after being carried to Zanzibar.

The losses of the district were completed by the Rev. F. A. Wallis being compelled to take his wife to England, only to lose her the next year. But Magila had one ray of comfort at the beginning of Advent, for the Sisters returned after a year in Zanzibar.

After this, for a few years Magila was not so sorely tried. The Rev. James Salfey, after two years in England, returned to Magila, having received priest's Orders at Cuddesdon. Later on he worked in the diocese of Lebombo.

The native side of the work was very cheering in 1890. Hearing how much workers were wanted, a Magila boy at Kiungani wrote to Mr. Woodward:—

"When we received your letter saying how much work was to be done, we, of the second class, consulted together and resolved to prepare diligently for the work."

On the mainland, too, some villages built schools of their own accord, in hopes of having teachers sent to them.

When all others were dying or invalided around him, when war and pestilence were crippling the work, Mr.

Woodward had the great privilege of remaining well-nigh alone at his post; and strength was given him for his task. One of his Kiungani boys, going home for a holiday, was almost persuaded by his parents to desert Christianity. Mr. Woodward sent him this message: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," and he returned to Kiungani.

The Bishop came up for a time, and had a great happiness. Eight persons who had been censured, or excommunicated for gross sin, came and begged to be restored. Two of them received Absolution at once, and three more were to follow. At the same time the Sisters were able to write of nearly 200 girls in the schools of the district.

By Ascension Day, Mr. Woodward, after a holiday, was back at work, bringing with him Mr. Herbert Lister. The schools, though flourishing, had, as usual, to be closed while the crops ripened, while the boys went bird-scaring and monkey-scaring. Mr. Woodward utilized the time by having the teachers as much with him as possible. Towards the end of the year these native teachers began a quarterly magazine in Bondei for the Usambara country, which was the third native magazine published by converts themselves. When Petro Limo was in England this year, some one said it was a waste of health and wealth to improve the Africans, who were a fading race. With manners superior to those of the speaker, Petro replied: "Even if it were true that we are a dying race, we may at least claim the privilege of dying as Christians."

Of the year 1892 we need only say that Sister Frances, a new recruit, and most valuable as a nurse, had to be



ARCHDEACON J. P. FARLER.



DR. HERBERT LEY.



ARCHDEACON H. W. WOODWARD.



REV. WILLIAM GEORGE HARRISON.

MAGILA AND ITS WORKERS.

sent home in March, and that she died and was buried at sea. The sorrow was chequered by joy, as Dr. Ley, after three years in Pondoland, returned to Magila. "If we had only had a doctor when our dear friends were ill!" had been the sorrow-stricken cry of Mr. Woodward.

Passion Sunday, 1893, was a great day at Magila. The first of all the Bondei race to give himself to the sacred ministry—Petro Limo, related to the chief Kimweri—was made a deacon. Two bishops assisted, and it must have been an impressive service, with the stately, gracious presence of Bishop Smythies, and the frank, bright bearing of the Bishop of Nyasaland.

In the middle of the year Mr. Woodward went to England, where he joined the Society of the Sacred Mission, and did good work by his speech at the Conference of Missions.

And so comes round that sad and yet thankworthy era for each Mission centre—the *last visit of Bishop Smythies*. In its hours of darkest sorrow and bitterest trouble, Magila had turned to its Bishop, and never found him wanting. Had that truly apostolic man, with his "care of all the Churches," a favourite station? And was it Magila? The last Easter he spent on earth was spent there. On Passion Sunday he ordained Petro Limo to the priesthood. Very touching it is to remember that this was Mr. Yorke's first convert. How must his thoughts have turned to that early and soon-lost teacher. All the priests in the district assisted—J. E. Griffin, G. M. Lawson, P. R. H. Chambers, and G. Dale.

After this the Bishop worked hard—too hard, people said—but for himself it was as he wished.

“ I have reason to be thankful for our Easter. A week ago we had a visitation of locusts. I hope they came too early to do much harm. It was some compensation that they are liked very much fried! I hear that there was a difficulty in getting what we call ‘kiteweo,’ or ‘relish,’ for the boys to eat with their porridge at Korogwe, and they have been content with fried locusts for a week.

“ To return to our Easter. The Church was fairly full for the Three Hours’ service on Good Friday, and I have never seen the people more attentive. Hardly any one went out the whole time, though we were three hours and a quarter in church. Now, as ever, it is the story of the Cross which rivets people’s attention.

“ On Easter Eve I ordained Mr. Gerrish deacon in the morning, in English, and we had our first Easter service at 5 p.m., at which seven men and youths and one woman were baptized.

“ To-day the church seemed fairly full at Holy Communion, and 124 natives communicated—the largest number, I think, we have ever had.

“ ✦ C. A. SMYTHIES,
Bishop of Zanzibar.”

Something we shall have to say of his visits to the other stations, but now, just in the face of that great army of locusts which he still hoped might not come, Charles Alan Smythies passed away from beautiful Magila, leaving it beautiful and fruitful still ; for never did his eyes behold the desolation which fell on that much loved station, and never again, for blame or praise, did his people see the chief pastor, who had sorrowed with them in their manifold afflictions.

CHAPTER XIV

THE USAMBARA GROUP OF MISSIONS

The Magila Group of Missions—Umba—Mkuzi—Misozwe—Mlinga, the spirit Mountain—Msalaka—First Mission at Korogwe—Mr. Lister's Work.

IT was a pious custom in olden time to group together seven churches around some centre, in memory of the Seven Churches of Asia, and of Him who has in His right hand seven stars. Ireland, especially, owns such groups, "in Churches set like stars around some peaceful hermitage."

Such a group gradually grew up on African soil around Magila. More or less permanent, sometimes withdrawn, sometimes started afresh, here entirely abandoned, and there planted in other directions, yet grouped ever round Magila, we find such well-known names as Umba, Mkuzi, Misozwe, Msalaka, Kwa Kibai, besides a larger number of schools and sub-stations, so that in this region, more than in any others, the Church may be said to possess the land.

The story of these stations runs parallel with that of Magila.

The founding of Umba, and the work of the Rev. C. Yorke, have been given in Chapter VII. In 1881 the station was entirely rebuilt, just outside the old town,

and though the houses were still of sticks, plastered with mud, they were raised two storeys high, as it is healthier for the Europeans to sleep upstairs. The Rev. H. A. B. Wilson was in charge here, and the tremendous earnestness of his work resulted in the very unusual conversion of a chief over seventy: Semkali, the half-blind old chief of Umba, who was baptized by the name of Henry, and afterwards walked to Magila with a lame foot, to receive confirmation during Bishop Smythies' first visit, bringing his wife with him, and showing the Bishop that they knew how to walk arm in arm, European fashion, having noticed a married missionary and his wife doing so. Some time after he had to be suspended from Communion for giving the tribal marks with heathen rites, but for this lapse he was truly penitent. It was Henry Semkali who introduced the fashion of ratifying deeds thus: "This is finished in the Name of Jesus Christ."

Very soon after this conversion, the devoted deacon died. His last letters speak of what is well known to workers in a heathen land—the power of the evil one as a presence that can be felt.

"You who live in England don't know what it is. You recognize Christ's touch, you hear His voice. There is something in the atmosphere of England which shows at once that it is tinted with the sweet scent of our Saviour's presence. . . . But here we see Satan, with extraordinary power, causing Christ's sheep to fall down and worship *him*. I have seen signs of the devil's power here, such as I could never have believed, had I not been an awe-struck witness, and wondered how Christ's Church in this land is ever to spread her wings far enough to cope with this evil. But I have found comfort in the words—

“ Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She *waits* her consummation
Of peace for evermore.”

He died at Pangani, on the way down to Zanzibar, and his body was brought over by Mr. Wallis, and buried at Kiungani. One of his native boys wrote of him :—

“ We watched by his side and took all care of him ; we put flowers on his coffin, and every day I put flowers on his grave, and two of his little Umba boys, who loved him very much, they pray for his peace to Jesus, our Saviour. I am he who loved Mr. Wilson as his own life, and my grief is great.”

Archdeacon Farler wrote :—

“ I have lost the best, the truest, and most lovable fellow-worker that man could have. Dear Wilson is dead. What a loss to the Mission ! What an awful loss to Umba ! I have never felt a death more.”

It was Mr. Whitty first, and then Mr. Geldart, who stepped forward to fill up the blank. But by 1884 Mr. Geldart perceived that Umba was ceasing to be a good centre, the villages around being more or less “ dead ” (*i.e.* deserted).

The third station, opened near Magila, was begun at the entreaty of the natives. There was a town in the midst of those Makumbe who had most bitterly opposed the building of Magila Church, called Mkuzi. Lying about ten miles from Magila on the road to Pangani, it is the great timber-producing district, and the centre of a hundred villages. Here the Rev. F. A. Wallis saw the chiefs, and marked out the site for a cottage. He took charge, and the next year a house

was begun, and the Mission boundary planted with cocoanut trees.

Mkuzi was often left entirely to John Swedi, who joined Mr. Wallis after the house was built ; but Mr. Wallis was constantly there, and in two years' time had five converts ready to be catechumens, who were admitted on St. Bartholomew's Day, one of them, Sengogo, being a relation of the Christian chief of Umba.

But the work was uphill indeed. One day a young native convert to Mohammedanism paid a friendly visit to Mr. Wallis, and in the course of conversation announced that he had taken a captive in "war." The "war" proved to be a brutal attack on a poor Digo woman, whom he murdered, and whose girl of twelve years old he secured and sold for forty-two dollars. Mr. Wallis convinced him of the sinfulness of his act, but the result was that the Wa-digo made reprisals and attacked Mkuzi by night. Mr. Wallis' cook, Nguruwe, unfortunately went outside the mission enclosure (which the Wa-digo respected), and fired ; the Wa-digo fled, leaving him with two arrows in him. When a piece of one was drawn out, he licked it, and crying out that it was poisoned, begged to be baptized. As he was one of the five catechumens, Mr. Wallis, supporting him with one hand, baptized him with the other ; and in a few minutes he passed from all the confusion and noise. This was the second baptism at this place.

Nine miles north of Magila stands Mlinga, the spirit mountain, its bare, precipitous peaks rising above the woods of its lower slopes. It was veiled in mystery, for here, tradition said, dwelt spirit ancestors of the Bondei ; these spirits made known their will in dreams

to their terrified descendants, calling on them to sacrifice a bullock, or to forbear certain rites or dances, till they were appeased. Worse still, if any rash mortal dared the ascent of Mlinga he disappeared from human sight, so deadly were the dangers of that fatal hill.

Close to the mountain stood Misozwe, and here in 1881 Mr. Woodward interviewed the chief man, Semhando, and saying he had come in answer to many invitations, chose the hill Manundu for the station. But, though the field was "white to harvest," more than three years passed before a permanent settlement could be made—solely for want of means and workers.

Building began at Easter, 1883, and permanent buildings were planned—a central square, with cloisters round, and church, school, houses, hall, etc.—but as yet only one house was built. From this time Misozwe was pretty regularly visited, chiefly by Mr. Woodward; but it was September 1884, before Mr. Whitty, a reader, took up his residence there.

On Bishop Smythies' first journey in the Bondé country, Mkuzi and Misozwe received their first episcopal visit. At Mkuzi the chief asked to entertain them, and received them under some cocoanut trees. He was assisted by two of his twelve wives, who, with their women, served them standing, not presuming to sit down before their lords and masters. John Swedi gave the Bishop hints on native manners. First they washed their fingers, and then with them helped themselves to a little of the rice, which, with meat and gravy poured over it, formed the repast. John assured the Bishop he need only eat a little of it, and the chief imitated this European dignity, but his sons and followers finished all off with great relish.

At Misozwe the chief asked what was the use of their coming if they went away again directly.

The Bishop's visit next year included an expedition to brave the spirits of Mlinga. They selected a market day, and, in the sight of the assembled people, the Bishop, with Mr. Woodward and four native boys, set forth at 6 a.m. and went up through the scrub, enjoying the lovely ferns and undergrowth, and emerging on the bare precipices, ascended to the highest peak—3,500 feet high—and looked out over the mountainous country to the west, and the plain dotted with villages to the east. They planted a pole, tied a handkerchief to it, and then descended again—having taken just six hours about it—while the people gazed in wonder.

After this the mountain was ascended several times. In June, Dr. Petrie and the Rev. J. C. Salfey cut two small trees and set them on the summit, in the form of a cross, as a sign that the God of the spirits of all flesh had taken possession of Mlinga.

Soon after, as Mr. Whitty and some boys were about to go up, eight Bondei asked leave to come too; and the same thing happened when Mr. Kerslake went up; for now the spell was broken, they experienced a sort of fearful pleasure in daring the ascent. Mr. Whitty even had tea on the top, and no vengeance had followed!

In 1886 the Rev. H. W. Woodward came to reside at Misozwe, and at once built the first church there. Its walls were of brick, with open clerestory, supported on posts, and temporary roof; an apsidal baptistery at the west, while a permanent chancel was begun at the east. It was used unfinished on Trinity Sunday, and for the first time the people brought first-fruits of Indian

corn to offer in church, instead of leaving them to rot on the ground in honour of the spirits; whilst a man who wished to sacrifice a goat to Mlinga, because the stakes driven in by the Christians hurt the spirit's head, was openly told to provide it himself, and not ask them. During an outbreak of small-pox, too, numbers gave up their charms and were vaccinated, and of these not one caught it. At Mkuzi as many as ninety-seven were vaccinated in one day. Their names were taken, and the result carefully watched. A few developed the disease in a mild form, but none died.

There was a Christian wedding at Misozwe this year—the bride only just baptized, the bridegroom being a communicant. The day began with a celebration. At nine the bride arrived, and was received with a salute of guns. The first part of the service was open to all, in the outer part of the church, the last part at the chapel altar. Then for three long hours they sat on chairs receiving presents, with umbrellas (the African's idea of perfect honour and glory) held over their heads, while women danced and boys played around. They were *not* conducted to their house pick-a-back (Mr. Woodward stopped that), and they only went in backwards.

The next important event was the dedication of Umba church, where an improvement on the system of free seats had been devised, in that there were no seats at all, except a few for old people; only matting or cocoa-nut leaves. The Bishop dedicated it in the name of St. John Baptist. Though Umba had not many villages near, yet it was a regular halting place for people on the way to and from the coast. At this time the Rev. J. C. Key was priest in charge; in 1889 he combined Msalaka

with Umba. In 1890 we find Granville, a native reader, in charge of both stations ; nor has any European since resided there. The school, however, continued ; and it must be remembered that the two native Bondé priests were both Umba boys.

The growth in the work of native teachers and evangelists is nowhere more remarkable than in this district. Henry Nasibu, and his wife Emma, were sent from Zanzibar to Misozwe to take charge of the girls' and boys' schools respectively, and Henry sent a very good report of his work, saying he was preparing ten catechumens for baptism, and mentioning his difficulty in making people remember which day was Sunday. " Although the flag is put up every Saturday evening, some of them quite forget the day unless I go to them ; then they say, ' To-morrow is the day of God.' "

Mr. Salfey, writing in 1890, shows that the Mlinga superstition was not extinct :—

" As I write, Mlinga, the sacred mountain, faces me, and the light and shade upon its surface is truly charming. Between us and Mlinga several villages are visible ; at one of them lives the minister of Sekiteke, the chief of the evil spirits. He now and then gives forth that Sekiteke wants a bull, for which formerly the people were simple enough to subscribe. I need not say that the minister of Sekiteke got more of the bull than all the evil spirits together. . . . The latest mandates that Sekiteke has launched forth are that drum-beating at night is a cause of disturbance to his spirit-ship ; that no dances are to be indulged in, or lights carried about at night. . . . May God soon deliver these dear people from their delusions about Sekiteke and all his clan."

So thoroughly did the supposed wishes of Sekiteke

dominate the Bondei, that on one occasion, when the corn was ripe, information was sent throughout the country that no one was to harvest his crop, or terrible consequences would follow. This order was very generally obeyed, acres of ripe corn being left to the monkeys and birds, or to rot on the land.

Turning to Mkuzi, we give a bit copied at random from its Record Books, during Mr. Wallis' absence. It shows the sort of journal kept constantly at all the stations :—

“ *November, 1889.*

“ 21st Sunday after Trinity.

“ Lawrence Kombo interpreted.

“ A good congregation, although it was market-day here. Subject: ‘Mohammed not the Child of Promise, but Isa Masiya (Jesus).’ Several people from a neighbouring village asked a good many questions about Mohammed, and some, who formerly said they were followers of Mohammed, said they would follow Isa Masiya in future.”

In June 1887, Mr. Wallis brought his wife to Mkuzi. So diligent had been Mr. Irving's work that they had to begin burning bricks for a larger church, and a new house with a baraza upstairs and down. For a year and a half the usual round of work went on—a work where all the difficult mission problems had to be faced. How to oppose child-murder; how to prevent people from being carried off as alleged slaves; how to deal with those who resort to charms and magic. Verily the wisdom of Solomon is needed in those who occupy our mission stations; and if they sometimes fail in this (as when one young man went off from Magila, of his own accord, to try to make peace in wartime—a mistake of judgment, but one of the bravest acts ever done in the Mission),

who shall wonder? Mr. and Mrs. Wallis made their mark, and were much missed when sent away at the time of the blockade in 1888.

Mr. Sparks succeeded to the care of Mkuzi, till he passed away, and after his death, the Rev. W. Mercer, a deacon; in October 1889, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis were able to return to what was now, owing to the deaths of so many workers, a heavy post; for Umba and Msalaka had both to be worked from Mkuzi. Alas! in a few weeks they were ordered to England on account of Mrs. Wallis' health, and never returned. The school was left in Henry Nasibu's hands, while John Swedi itinerated in the villages, and Lewis Bondo had a large school at Mwebali.

So well did all go on later at Mkuzi under the Rev. Godfrey Dale, and then under the Rev. J. E. Griffin, that the following report was able to be written, which may be mentally compared with that of a ten-year-old English parish:—

“ Any one who has seen the house in the native village which was assigned to Mr. Wallis when he first came to live among the people, and then looks at the fine building which now stands a stone's throw away, will remember to pay a tribute to the workers who made such a station possible. The house in which Mr. Wallis lived is now almost a ruin, but close at hand is a fine stone church and a large stone house for European residents. The new stone church, called the ‘ church of the Resurrection,’ was designed by the Rev. W. M. Mercer, and built by natives under Mr. Allen's direction, and is the admiration of all who behold it. It will contain from 250 to 300 people. It was opened in the summer of 1891, and has since then been the scene of a Christian wedding and Christian baptisms.

“Mattins and Evensong are said every day, Evensong being fairly attended as a rule. On Sunday there is a Celebration at 7 a.m., to which only Christians come. The average attendance is from twenty-five to thirty. At 10 a.m. there is a Bondé service for Christians and catechumens, and another for heathen in the old church. The attendance at both services is from sixty to ninety. The Bondé service consists of three hymns, the Ten Commandments, a metrical Litany, a Lesson and an address. The boys’ school generally averages from twenty to twenty-five, most of them being boarders. . . . A boy is considered to have made satisfactory progress when he can read and write in Swahili and Arabic characters, knows the elements of arithmetic, the geography of Africa, and has been firmly grounded in the Christian faith; but of course our great desire is to send them on to Kiungani, where they will be trained for the work of teachers and readers, and, in a few cases, for the higher work of the Ministry.”

Msalaka (or Msaraka) has been mentioned several times. It is nearly three miles from Umba, on the way to Magila. Being thought healthier than Umba, the Mission dwellings were removed there, and the priest in charge was to spend Sundays at Umba, and most of the week at Msalaka. When the Bishop came up to Magila, after the fire, he visited the new station to which Mr. Key was appointed.

In 1890 Sister Agnès wrote of riding to Msalaka for the girls’ treat. No European could now be spared, but Granville often had a good congregation, and 173 came for the Harvest Thanksgiving; while Lewis Bondo had converted his old father, who was baptized on his death-bed.

Day, too, was breaking over the Zigua race, a finer people than the Bondé. Mdami, a powerful Zigua chief,

sent messengers to Mr. Woodward at Magila, asking for friendship, chiefly that he might secure a good trade route for his ivory. Mr. Woodward sent an expedition back under Dr. Castle, the result of which was that one little Zigua boy came to Magila for education, while Mr. Woodward began, in the light of his Swahili and Bondé studies, to pay attention to Kizigua. There was also a Zigua—Wilfrid Madudu—among the native teachers whom the Bishop determined to send to Kologwe (or Korogwe), the station selected. It is on an island of the river Luvu. These large islands, caused by the parting of the stream, are thickly populated, the position giving their inhabitants a sense of safety.

The first Korogwe worker, Mr. Lister, arrived in Zanzibar, February 20, 1891; he was in a few weeks sent to Magila. At once the Magila boys and he took to each other. “ ‘ You are just from England, Bwana Herbert,’ said one. ‘ Yes, I am.’ ‘ Do you know my mother?’ I looked in his dear black face, and said: ‘ Your mother?’ ‘ Yes, my patron mother; she loves me much, and I love her, and pray for her every night.’ ”

At last Mr. Woodward, Mr. Bone, and Mr. Lister started for Korogwe, which they reached on the Feast of the Visitation, and pitching their tents on the hill of Fundi, began to build. But Mr. Bone falling ill, Mr. Woodward had to hurry him back, and for the rest of the year Mr. Lister held on alone, with two native teachers, one of whom, Wilfrid the Zigua, worked at Zavuza. So much was Wilfrid respected that he was soon able to prevent a father from murdering his son as a punishment.

Mr. Lister pushed on into Zigualand, making friends with the chiefs, especially with him who had first sent

messages of peace, and thus at least preparing the way for others ; but, falling ill in Lent, he was invalided to Zanzibar and England, while Henry Nasibu carried on the work until the arrival of the Rev. P. R. H. Chambers. Henry worked so well that at Easter he took over fourteen boys to Magila, where Mr. Woodward admitted two as catechumens—Kidungwe, and his friend Mgaya. So earnest was their preparation that the Bishop shortened their probation as catechumens, and they were baptized in little more than a year, on Whitsun Eve.

“ On Friday they did not go to school, but spent the morning in devotion and instruction, and in the afternoon washed their clothes and shaved each other’s heads, in preparation for Holy Baptism. Saturday they fasted, and kept apart from the other boys till 3 p.m., when we began Evensong. . . . About one hundred came ; our little church was crowded. . . . After the second Lesson our procession started out of church, down the hill to the font, built in the ground with a light roof over it. . . . As the boys knelt to be baptized we all felt we were engaged in a wonderful work in bringing to our Lord the first-fruits of this land, where two years ago the name of Christ was utterly unknown. Then they changed their black dresses for chrisoms. . . . On Whit-Sunday the new Christians were present at the Holy Eucharist in their chrisoms. . . . The names the boys chose were Herbert Benjamin (Kidungwe) and Charles Mattayo (Mgaya).”

How, in some of its aspects, the Christian life is practised by the native teachers, we see from the story of a Masai, who chanced to be taken as a slave, and being too tired to hurry on the march, was cut and hacked, and left to die. When Henry Nasibu found him, many natives were coming and going to look at him ; but Henry

got bearers to carry him to a village, and, sending for the Magila doctor, tended him till, in spite of all his care, the poor savage died—an unconscious means of teaching Korogwe folk the lesson of the Good Samaritan.

In October the Bishop visited Korogwe, and preached to three hundred people, speaking very strongly against child murder, which was rampant among the Zigwas. Charms, too, abounded, and the people of one village on the Luengera, a river infested by crocodiles, made much money by selling charms to put in the river to keep them off. The missionaries built a bridge and so took away their trade. These charm-makers the Bishop compared to those who made silver shrines for Diana. But it seems certain the natives do know of special trees or herbs the crocodiles dislike, and they make the water safe for cattle to cross by infusing it with these leaves.

It was a disappointment to find that Henry Nasibu was one of those persons who, though doing well at a crisis, or when alone, cannot work under others, and in December he resigned the work in which he had lost interest.

Some account must be given of the preaching tour this year, when the Bishop and Petro Limo set forth, as St. Paul and St. Luke of old, to travel up and down the land simply to obey the Divine word: "Preach the Gospel to every creature." They went forward in faith and hope to village after village, preaching the glad tidings to old and young.

Leaving Mkuzi on October 2, they preached at Torondó, a village under Mohammedan influence; thence to Jamvi, a place full of Petro's relations. The Bishop always made a point of eating his fowl and porridge with

his fingers, to break down the barrier between the races. The first night they slept on beds of fresh grass, in a *baraza* at Kwa Kibai, the largest Bondé village yet visited. The next morning they found that Kibai was an intelligent blacksmith as well as chief, and promises passed of new tools when he should pay a visit to Magila.

Next day three or four more villages were visited, and as many on the third day ; getting now among the more conical Zigua huts, and so making their way to Korogwe, as already told. The Bishop and his deacon now visited the river islands, and passed a German caravan carrying building materials to Mount Kilimanjaro, and so journeyed at last to Vuga, in the Shambala country (the true Usambara), the historical home of Kimweri, which is to them what Aix-la-Chapelle was to the German Emperors—the coronation city, the city of regal functions. Only here can a Kimweri lawfully marry his wife, and it was held that young Kinyasi could not claim the title till, on his marriage, he could enter Vuga. Kimweri received them with a feast, but next day said he was too rheumatic to see them any more, and they went on their mountain path to Misozwe—once picnicking with two German gentlemen, whom they casually found, and who must have been surprised to find in the dignified and gracious man in torn white coat the missionary Bishop of Zanzibar. Finally they reached Misozwe in time for the Patronal Festival of St. Luke, and, reaching Magila soon after, had the happiness of finding Kibai come to ask for a teacher. At once the Bishop appointed Petro Limo to visit Kwa Kibai from Magila till he could settle there, and this station was the first practical outcome of the tour.

It remains only to tell of the Bishop's last visits to the stations owning Magila as their mother.

A sad little story is connected with his last visit to Misozwe. A native reader, Martin Furahani, with his wife Mildred, had been in charge of the Mission House, and, at her suggestion, had boarded ten girls, whom she brought up and mothered ; and she seems in every way to have been an admirable person. When the Bishop came up in Lent 1893, for Petro's ordination to the diaconate, Martin went over to Magila, and stayed late for an address to teachers. Returning, he found Mildred very ill, and in two days she was at rest. After this Martin grew careless, and at length fell into grievous sin, but continued to communicate up to Christmas. When the Bishop arrived at Misozwe, his visit was saddened by finding Martin without sign of repentance. Petro tried to move him ; but, alas ! he had to be excommunicated. Even then he had no wish to leave the Mission, but had to be sent away by the German authorities. Two years passed away, and in 1896 we read that Bishop Richardson was able to restore Martin to the peace of the Church, and that he was working at Mkuzi under his old friend, Petro Limo.

At Kwa Kibai the people were so delighted with their fellow-countryman, Petro Limo, that, hearing he would not settle there till his marriage, they consulted together, and determined to hasten the happy day by bestowing on him the chief's niece. He was obliged to tell them " he was engaged to another " ; and, in fact, he afterwards married Blandina, one of the Mbweni teachers. There is a picture of Padre Petro and the first eight boys put under his care from Kwa Kibai, and in the

thoughtful face of the African priest we see the impress on every feature, so purely African in form, of what the Christian life (and not merely civilization) can make of the native races.

The sad drawback in this year was that regular services ceased in Umba Church, owing to the indifference of the few remaining people. The poor supply of water, and the proximity and raids of the Wa-digo, had caused most of the people to remove elsewhere.

Mkuzi, on the other hand, had a happier record at Christmas. One of the converts, who had lapsed into Mohammedanism, now after three years returned and desired reconciliation.

There is no doubt that the Mohammedans in the district more or less actively try to proselytize the Christian converts, and the simplest method is to say: "If you follow Islam, you might have another wife." They also hinder catechumens by telling them they will be *compelled* to eat forbidden food. A child at Cape Town declined baptism for some time, on the ground that the Malays had told her that, when baptized, she would have to eat a *whole* pig; and one had unfortunately been brought into the Home in her sight!

As one reads the Record Books of the Bondé Missions one can only wonder at the faith and patience which can work hopefully on in the face of such and so many disappointments.

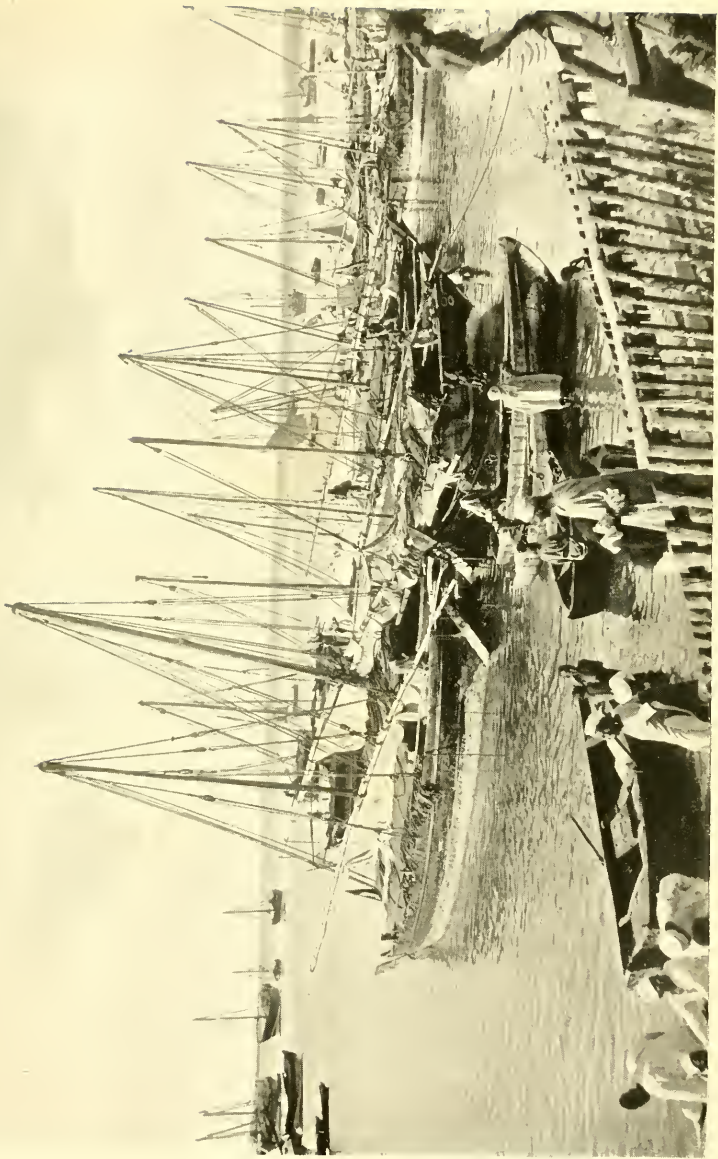
CHAPTER XV

TEN YEARS IN ZANZIBAR

Women's Work in Zanzibar—First Synod of Zanzibar—Industrial boys and girls—Kilimani, the Little Boys' Home—Mbweni Church—Drunkenness in Africa—Hospital Work—Work among Natives of Zanzibar begun at Ng'ambo.

“THE mail from England is signalled!” These joyful words, fully understood by those long absent from their native land, broke on longing ears in Zanzibar one Monday morning in 1884. At once every member of the Mission, except the ladies, poured down to the landing-place, for at last, after a year and a half of orphanhood, their Bishop was coming. Off they went in a steam launch, to shake hands on board, and to bring Bishop Smythies to his new home.

The ladies meantime drew up the little boys and girls on the steps to greet the new comers. Miss Mills said her little boys thought it a new kind of service, and some stood with clasped hands, and devoutly hushed up the others. Then came the nine travellers, headed by the long-desired Bishop. With him came Archdeacon Farler and Mr. Bellingham, who were welcomed as old friends, while the new ones—scarcely less welcome—were the Rev. Duncan Travers, and Messrs. Herbert Allen, M. L. Irving, H. Kerslake, J. M. Lavender and William M.



DHOWS IN ZANZIBAR HARBOUR.

Mercer. After evensong in Christ Church a solemn Te Deum was sung.

Such was the happy inauguration of an episcopate of which so much has already been told that the wonder is there is anything left to say. But we have heard little since Chapter X. of the work on the Island of Zanzibar.

It may be well to remind ourselves what the work was at this date :—

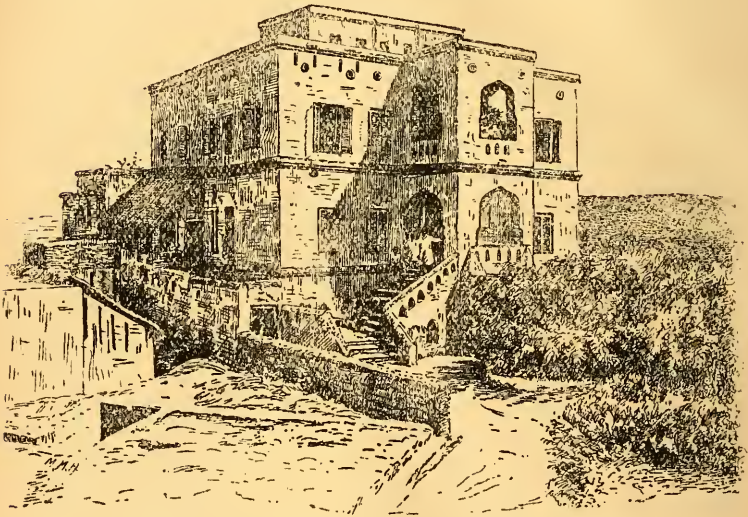
1st, Mkunazini, under the shelter of Christ Church, on the edge of the Creek. Here stood the house which, after being for many years the head quarters of the Mission staff, was pulled down in 1895. Here also was Miss Mills' school of fifty-three little boys, from which was drawn the choir ; a nursery of twenty infants under the care of Miss Bashford ; and, living in houses close at hand, about 150 Christians, mostly old adherents of the Mission, former pupils, and freed slaves. Later on were built the Hospital and the Industrial Home.

2nd, Kiungani. The Home for the bigger boys, a mile and a half from the town. There were now eighty-six lads there, in charge of two clergy and three laymen. Here was the printing press and a large laundry, where the boys washed the clothes of the staff, with Miss Josephine Bartlett as housekeeper and general superintendent of laundry, cooking, etc.

3rd, Mbweni. The village for 250 adult freed slaves, mostly married and living in cottages, cultivating their gardens, and burning lime. Here it was that Miss Thackeray established her home for seventy girls, destined to become teachers and wives of teachers. The children of the married couples came as day scholars, the girls to Miss Thackeray, the smaller boys to a little

school of their own, such elders as were suitable going to Kiungani.

Directly after his arrival, the Bishop began to improve the industrial work, especially among the girls, twelve of Miss Thackeray's girls (who were unsuited for teachers) being put under Miss Allen's charge. In July arrived

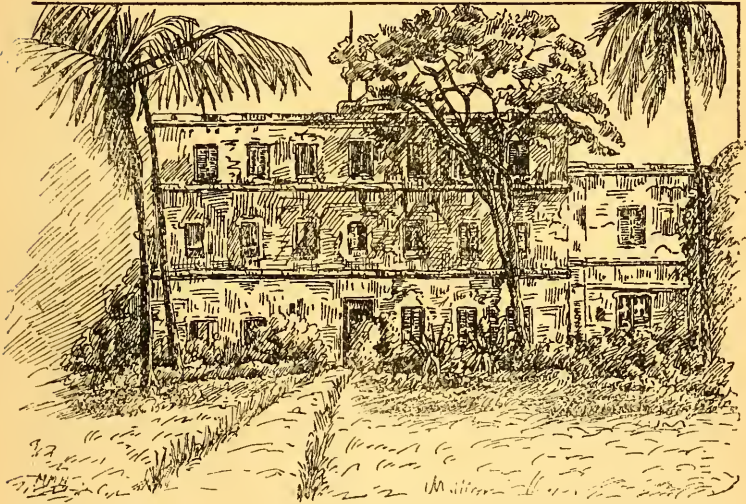


THE MISSION HOUSE, MKUNAZINI (*demolished 1895*)

Miss Ruth Berkeley; she at once took charge, and it is her name, with her sister's, and later on Mrs. Key's, which are specially connected with this work.

When first the girls were handed over to Miss Berkeley, they were put on the roof of the schoolroom, where they lived and were taught cooking and work of all sorts. As any civilized method of cooking would probably set the roof on fire, the girls cooked in a native arrangement

of a box of sand, with three good-sized stones on the top, and the fire lighted between them, while a pot stands on the stones. But in spite of difficulties the girls did very well, having a great aptitude for cookery ; and they can even dispense with the grandeur of the range described above. Quite little ones may be seen with a cocoanut



KIUNGANI

as a cooking pot, and a few small fish they have caught, or vegetables from their own little gardens, cocoanut juice and a flavouring of capsicum and limes. The girls bake the native bread daily—small cakes of pounded rice, set to rise in the sun ; treacle is then stirred in and the cakes fried in oil. They make other cakes of millet, also porridge and curry in endless variety. They do not learn European cookery, as that is done by men.

When the girls are old enough to think of marriage, they are allowed to receive visits from the boys on holidays, in the beautiful new wing built by Miss Thackeray in 1887. Of course the teachers also receive their friends. Then all sorts of native sweets and dainties are prepared, and the boys and girls feast together. Great are the hopes that the boys who are teachers will take the educated girls, who can help them in their work. But, alas! even under mission supervision, the course of true love will not always run in prepared channels, and the teachers sometimes think a girl who has learnt industrial work will make a better wife; so care is taken to continue their studies that, if necessary, they may help their husbands a little, even if they cannot take schools. These girls now do the washing for the ladies; and their needlework, including embroidery, is often admirable, owing to their clever, supple fingers. They also plait native mats of strips of palm leaves, dyed in colours. These mats are used as seats, curtains, and sheets for the living, and as palls to wrap the uncoffined dead.

It may surprise English people to learn that the Mbweni girls also, many of them, do field work. But this is customary for African women; and after marriage, cooking being all got through in the early morning and late evening, and cocoanut vessels and mud floor requiring hardly any attention, she would have an idle time of it. But with one baby slung on her back and another toddling beside her, a woman often works for hours in the shamba, or even at road-making and building work. Anything is better than idleness for them; but it is said that only two motives will make the African work continuously and not by fits and starts; one is

intense love for employer or teacher, and the other is the love of God.

A three days' Synod was held in Christ Church, Zanzibar, in May, when the Bishop presided. Each day he celebrated at 7 a.m., at the high altar. The sessions began at 9.30, the Bishop occupying the throne behind the altar. On the first day the whole question of polygamy was dealt with, and though there was much debate and opposite views, the resolutions were passed *nemine contradicente*. It was decided, among other things, to receive no more freed *adult* slaves from the Consulate.

Another resolution decided that a Theological College should be established for promising native pupils. Nothing could at first be done in this direction, but it was gradually determined to transform Kiungani into such a college, eliminating more and more the industrial element, drafting the latter into town, where they could be apprenticed to trades.

A set of studies was built out of the "Bishop Steere Memorial Fund" in 1887 for the theological students; and this year the examination passed by the lads was a really stiff one. When we think of the material from which the boys are drawn, we are amazed at their proficiency. Nicholas, one of the boys in the second class, was twelve years old; he had been born in a slave dhow, and for two years was in the Boys' Home, his mother living at Mkunazini, when they were sent to join the colony at Masasi; and thus, three years later, Nicholas was carried a second time into slavery by the Magwangwara, but ransomed by Mr. Porter, and at nine years old sent to Kiungani. Yet we find this lad answering correctly such questions as: "How was

Melchizedek a type of Christ?" "What do you think of Jael killing Sisera?" "How does our Lord teach us chastity, purity, humility?" Questions were put in Church history and doctrine, and he was expected to read and compose in Swahili and English, and he obtained nearly full marks in these two. There is good material at Kiungani, for Nicholas was a very average boy.

It is always better, if possible, to educate the native clergy in Africa than in England; and now that Kiungani is more entirely the theological college, few of them need come to England, where the good of their education is balanced by loss of touch with their own people, and by an acquired taste for luxuries not easily attainable and not desirable in a poor church. The result so far has been a small but worthy set of native clergy, and a large body of teachers.

In October 1888, the first number of the college magazine, edited and printed by boys themselves, came out. It was the first to appear of the three native magazines, and received the name of *Msimulizi* or *The Reporter*, and was to be had for a farthing a number.

It was not only the boys whose education progressed so satisfactorily. In 1886 we find the Rev. H. H. Clarke examining Miss Thackeray's school and reporting well of papers on the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and on the Nicene Creed, as well as on general Scripture knowledge. The geography of European countries included some account of their history, and we find England, Germany, Holland, France, Switzerland, and Athens among the places so treated. Some will ask: "Of what use are these subjects to poor African girls

who will never have to teach any one but more ignorant Africans?" We answer: "Of what use are the same subjects to English girls, nine-tenths of whom never teach any one at all?" "That's quite different," is usually the conclusive and concluding answer to such an argument, for Africa lovers know better than to answer a fool according to his folly.

When the new Industrial wing was opened in the Jubilee year, Archdeacon Hodgson and the girls decorated the place with Jubilee flags. The procession looked very picturesque, moving among the palm trees, headed by the beautiful cross given to Christ Church by a lady in memory of General Gordon, and now first used. It was inscribed:—

"In memory of C. G. Gordon, R.E., C.B. Born, January 28, 1833. *Called into Egypt, there he bore his Master's Cross: defending the defenceless, he died at his post within Khartoum, January 26, 1885.*"

After the Bishop came the industrial girls in blue dresses and scarves and red kofias—the school girls in red and white. Singing Swahili hymns, they passed into the house, where Psalm lxvii. was chanted, and heartily these young cultivators of the ground sang of the time when the earth should bring forth her increase.

The new wing, which was most complete in every way, was Miss Thackeray's gift to the Mission.

Christian charity towards the sick has ever been a great means of drawing hearts to the Church, since the days when our Lord "laid His hands upon a few sick folk and healed them." We have seen this was the case on the mainland; and here in Zanzibar, the hospital

work went on as it could. In this same year the Dispensary which Mrs. Halliday (Miss Bashford) had worked for was built.

The Jubilee festivities had been kept before at Kiungani, but in Zanzibar itself on July 9. There were many Indian merchants, and these, of course, were subjects of the Empress of India. The whole town was like one garden. Loyal addresses were made in a tent blazing with silks and jewels. Then at 4 p.m. was laid the foundation stone of a new hospital, the gift of Tharia Thopan, a merchant, to the city. A golden trowel was used, and the stone laid to the music of the Sultan's band, lent for the occasion. In the evening thousands of people walked about looking at the magnificent illuminations and fireworks. Some of them asked if the English would "write and tell Victoria how nice it was." The grand finale was a game of football played by the Kiungani boys in smart blue and white caps given by an Indian, with many thousands looking on.

And then some one did "tell Victoria," for her Majesty graciously accepted the copy of *Central Africa* which contained the account.

In 1888 died the Sultan of Zanzibar. Seyid Barghash was born in 1835, being a younger son of Said bin Sultan, ruler of Muscat and Zanzibar. On the latter's death, the kingdoms being severed, Barghash claimed Zanzibar, and for this presumption was, on the accession of his elder brother Majid, exiled to India, with the result of a great widening of his mind; so that when, in 1870, he succeeded his brother, he had laid up a store of wisdom, which made his eighteen years of rule a time of great progress for Zanzibar.

He showed great appreciation of English influence, and listened to our counsels, while he treated the Universities' Mission with uniform kindness. He accepted the inevitable gracefully, and from the time of the first treaty, restricting the slave trade, he kept loyally to its terms, though at a great loss of income. So good a financier was he, however, that he managed to die rich. Much depressed by his troubles with the Germans and Portuguese, he fell ill, and was taken to Muscat for the benefit of the voyage. Getting worse, he caused himself to be carried back to die in his own palace, which he did not actually reach alive.

He was peacefully succeeded by his next brother, Khalifa, a mild man, very friendly to England.

It must not be supposed, however, that Arab friendliness extends to permission to convert Mohammedans. Christians may have a right to their religion, but once a Mohammedan, always a Mohammedan, on pain of death is the rule, as the following story shows :—

There was an Arab gentleman, Abdullah bin Mohammed by name, who had been taught by Bishop Steere, and as long as he was only an inquirer he might stand at the end of the Slave Market Church, and no notice was taken. But one day he uncovered his head, and knelt down among the Christians. The next day, the enlightened Seyid Barghash sent him to prison ; and there for three and a half weary years he remained, scorning all offers of freedom at the cost of his religion. All his Christian friends could do for him was to supply him with food, and to receive letters from him declaring his full trust in Christ. Then he fell ill ; and there, in the utter loneliness of a prison, with none to applaud or console him

he who had never tasted the joys of Christianity among the faithful, and whose only privilege was to suffer for his Master, was content to die a captive, unbaptized.

Occasionally we have referred to Miss D. Y. Mills' work among the little boys, whose home for so many years was at Mkunazini. Here the little slaves, when released, came, and here they stayed, till old enough to go to Kiungani to be trained as teachers, or to the home for industrial work. Here the saddest stories are heard.

"My new child," she writes, "who looked quite fifty when he came, and was a mass of sores, does not look *more* than twenty now, so I hope in a year something childish may come out. He is an odd little morsel, but learns fast."

In 1893 it was decided to begin building a new home for the little boys, quite out of the town, near Mbweni. By the middle of 1894 this was ready, and Miss Mills and Miss Clutterbuck moved into it. Kilimani—"the House on the Hill"—has a much cooler climate than the town of Zanzibar, of which there is a lovely view from the windows. The boys felt at once the benefit of the change.

"Some of them are such miserable, sickly little creatures," says Miss Mills. "Petro has arms and legs like knitting pins, and such a little pathetic old face; and Azub has no body to speak of, but great swelled cheeks, like a balloon. Cypriani and Bernardo can scarcely walk, and are always ailing, and Willie has a very weak chest. . . . We do not go in for much schooling as yet, but do a lot of gardening, as the shamba has to be got into order."

This motherly training of the little ones is among the best work of all done for the Good Shepherd; and what must motherly love be to those living in a town where a

few years before a woman threw her own babe into a raging fire, to save herself.

The work among adults, living in homes of their own at Mbweni, is not often recorded in the Mission history. Perhaps it is more like a well-managed English parish, which is often happier in proportion as it has less history. Here in 1888 they lost the services of Archdeacon Hodgson and his wife. He had been the mainstay of the orphaned Church when Bishop Steere died, and was now the leading spirit at Mbweni. As he passed through the Suez Canal on his way home, he completed Bishop Steere's great work of the translation of the Bible into Swahili. With the exception of the Apocrypha, Zanzibar now had a whole Bible in the vernacular. And for this, the name of Archdeacon Hodgson should be remembered, alongside with Bishop Steere's, among those who, from St. Jerome downwards, have given to their flocks the Word of God in their own tongue. Like the Bishop, Archdeacon Hodgson left another tangible work behind him—the building of a church.

St. John's, Mbweni, is a handsome church, with an apsidal end, and a fine tower. Here, day by day, the people from the native plantation come to worship. The Archdeacon might be seen on a Saturday night fulfilling the rubric by writing down the names of all who desired to communicate next morning. One after another they would drop in—sometimes as many as sixty—so that each could have a word with his spiritual father. All came without constraint. On Christmas Day, 1889, there were 198 communicants.

²³In 1892 the Rev. J. K. Key and Mrs. Key (Miss Emily Woodward) took charge of Mbweni.

This part of the Mission work—the adult village—has long been self-supporting. How happy Bishop Mackenzie would have been could he have foreseen such a village when he made a similar attempt at Magomero!

An adventure which befell Mr. Bone, a lay member, and Cyprian, a school-boy, illustrates how near to peril is all this peaceful island work. On St. Andrew's Day, 1889, they went by water from Kiungani to Mbweni, but in trying to return were blown by the monsoon into the open sea, and they spent the night in sight of Kiungani, but afar off. On Saturday, struggling with wind and current, they could not make either the island or mainland, but on Sunday morning managed to get ashore, hungry and tired, south of Bagamoyo, on the mainland coast. Cyprian bravely tried to go first, lest Mr. Bone should be mistaken for a German and fired on, which actually happened, for this was at the time of the German unpopularity. But Cyprian's cleverness and devotion, with the kindness of an Indian merchant, saved him. The Indian, however, packed them off in a larger boat, without waiting for food, for the Arabs were showing their knives. Meantime their friends, aided by the flagship's officers, had been searching for them far and wide; and it was a great relief when they walked into Kiungani at a quarter to six on Monday morning.

Since Sir Bartle Frere's visit, and the closing of the slave market, no more important measure had occurred than that now brought to pass by the tact and determination of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Gerald Portal, who persuaded Seyid Khalifa to publish a decree declaring

all persons entering his dominions on and after November 1 legally free. A second decree declared all children born after the current year free.

These decrees, if faithfully carried out, would have meant the extinction of slavery in the next generation. The names of Sir Bartle Frere, Sir John Kirk, and Sir Gerald Portal will ever be held in remembrance among those who have used diplomacy for the noble object of freeing the slave.

Seyid Khalifa did not live long, however, dying in February—some said of sunstroke, some said the death was mysterious. His younger brother, Ali, who succeeded him peacefully, showed much favour to the Mission, which he visited on their anniversary. Plenty of amusement was provided for him. In the printing office he was asked to print off an Arabic address to himself, and in the yard the boys had set up a ship, chiefly made up of oil-cans and scaffolding, from which they let off twenty-one rockets in his honour; but he disconcerted them by walking round the ship to examine its anatomy!

The Sultan had that month (August) put forth an anti-slavery edict, more trenchant than his predecessor's. Mr. Lecky declares the crusade against the slave trade to be among the three or four perfectly virtuous acts of nations. Happy those who serve in this crusade!

For some years a Guild had existed at Kiungani among those boys who looked forward to Holy Orders. It numbered, in 1890, a priest, deacon, and twenty members; and in this year the Principal (Archdeacon Jones-Bateman) wrote to Archbishop Benson to tell him of this good work, and the Guild had the great encouragement of a

letter from the Archbishop, dated from Lambeth on Palm Sunday, sending them his blessing.

“ . . . In Africa the prophecy is already fulfilled that Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God. We pray Him to fulfil for all races the word of the prophet that in every place there shall be a pure spiritual Offering, and that from all nations He will take men to be Priests and Levites, the ministers of the Gospel. . . . You must never cease to be on your guard, never cease to be men of prayer ; and He will make you strong to overcome in the hour of temptation, and resolute to weed out every evil habit from among you.”

The members of the Guild sent a reply to the Archbishop, signed by eight on behalf of the rest.

The Guild of the Good Shepherd for girl teachers was founded in 1885 with twenty to thirty members.

The other Guild of All Saints began on All Saints' Day, 1887, for any, married or single, who were not teachers.

These Guilds made it easier in after life to keep touch with the pupils. But even before this, touch had been kept ; for in April 1890, we have a record of all the boys who, from the first trembling group of five little unclad slaves in 1864, had passed through the schools at Kiungani and Mkunazini ; 272 baptized boys had been educated in the twenty-seven years. Five only had apostatized to Islam, which holds out stronger inducements to weak Christians than any other religion. Not one had returned to heathenism ; seventeen could not be accounted for. Thirty-one, while resolutely refusing Islam, could hardly be called professing Christians. Two were in Holy Orders ; thirty-two

teachers and readers ; and about as many master craftsmen ; while the remainder (including two interpreters and four overseers) were porters, cultivators of land, or apprentices ; two were in slavery ; seventy-nine were dead.

About this time Archdeacon Maples, staying at Kiungani, speaks of the wondrous change wrought in one generation on the untaught African.

“ And a miracle it is ; for water was not more surely turned into wine at His word in Cana of old than, by the same transforming word, new hearts and new lives have been given to scores of these African lads whom God has sent to us at Kiungani. It is almost too solemn a subject to trust oneself to speak of ; but the recollection of those days at Kiungani—the solemn Eucharists so reverently offered ; the class-room, where a score of eager hearers, it is no exaggeration to say, really seemed to hang on the lips of him who discoursed to them on the Epistles of St. Paul, these proofs and many others, which would tell of the reality of the warfare these lads strive to maintain against sin, the world, and the devil, as well as their zeal for God and for the extension of His kingdom, are sufficient to show that at last our best hopes are being realized, and the Mission is doing just the very work for which it was called into existence.”

This year saw an Industrial Exhibition held at Kiungani, boys and girls both exhibiting. Coloured mats adorned the walls, while patchwork quilts hung like flags from the ceiling. At one end were mats and fishing nets. Several tables were covered with needlework, including really good church embroidery, done at Mbweni. There were also specimens of printing, hardware, a silver ring, and teak boxes, made by the boys. Prizes were given, and the work sold. In the evening

Lady Euan Smith, wife of the Consul-General, came to hear and give prizes for singing.

Into the linguistic labours of Bishop Steere and Archdeacon Hodgson a worthy successor had entered—Mr. Arthur C. Madan, who now began his great work of revising the Bible, so as to make the new edition as perfect as possible.

The Mission received at this time the honour of a visit from Bishop Tucker, of Eastern Equatorial Africa, who, in the absence of the Bishop of Zanzibar, held a Confirmation in Kiungani Chapel.

Not much has been said in these pages of the question of drunkenness among these Eastern Africans. The African in all ages has been much the same; and it is said Egyptian wall-paintings still show the slaves from Central Africa dancing and drinking at their *pombé* bouts. *Tembo* or palm wine, the fermented juice of the cashew apple, and, in Uganda, plantain wine, have always been made, and indulged in to excess. The Arabs have not made things better. They are not publicly drunk, but many in Zanzibar are addicted to secret drinking; and anyway, their hold over the minds of the mainland tribes is not great enough to do away with drunkenness.

The European trader, however, does worse—he increases the evil by his sale of spirits; and if Eastern Africa is not as depraved as Western or Southern Africa, it is because it has been less known. Long before its Protectorate, Germany led the van in this evil traffic. Where the British trader brought one gallon into Africa, the German brought twelve at least, though we truthfully own that of late years the Germans have done much to suppress the traffic. The American brought half as

much again as the British trader ; France and Portugal too did their parts. But the West coast was most accessible, and there the terrible traffic gained the most hold. Holland, too, had nearly destroyed the Hottentot races with gin before England set foot in the Cape Colony.

On the East coast, though the Portuguese sell spirits cheaply along the sea-board, the African Lakes Trading Corporation steadily refused, and is at least free of the blood of these tribes, not a glass of spirits having ever been sold by them *to natives* in the district from Quilimane to Tanganyika. Two independent traders tried to sell spirits in this region, but one of them perished horribly as he was drinking with a chief, for a demijohn of spirits took fire, and he was enveloped in the flames ; the other quarrelled with the Makololo, and was slain by them.

At present, though there are spirit factories and even opium factories on the coast, where wages are paid in spirits, yet, thanks to Messrs. Moir, Messrs. Buchanan, and others, it is not carried far inland in any quantity. And we are glad to record that the Sultan of Zanzibar, acting through General Mathews, proclaimed that on and after March 2, 1892, all sale of spirituous liquors to natives should be prohibited within his dominions, and that all non-natives should only buy under special retail regulations. The time will, however, come when the natives will begin to ask why we forbid them what we do not always use in moderation ourselves. At present the Europeans in the country are few, and those are perforce temperate, or they die ; but European newspapers reach these lands, and European examples are quoted by Africans.

If England has shown bad examples to these races, she has shown also the best and noblest, and the years 1891-92 were saddened by the loss of some of these.

Miss Mary Townshend, daughter of Major Townshend, of Wincham Hall, Cheshire, had long worked for others, when the loosening of all home ties in middle life set her free to join the staff of the U.M.C.A. in 1883. After some training as a nurse at Charing Cross Hospital, she went out, and for eight years did a quiet work in Africa, of which little record has been kept :—

“ She was in turn housekeeper, nurse, doctor, surgeon, spiritual guide, sacristan, secretary ; whatever the work of the hour might be, she would always bring into it the brightness which springs up in a life given to God, and the sympathy and grace which were learnt in her Cheshire home.”

And when she was called to “ go home,” there was peace and happiness. Like the saintly North Anglian chronicler of old, she asked her attendant to write down a memorandum of a few little things she wished given to one and another ; and the last earthly glory she noticed was a lovely sunset. The natives loved her, and many of her great Kiungani lads cried like babies as they looked their last on her earthly form.

She was buried the same day at Ziwani, the Mission burying ground, which had already for seven years been the resting-place of the departed. There under the palm trees lie those who, though they may not be called martyrs, yet knew the martyr spirit, and are surely among those “ meek souls ” of whom it is said that

“ The rod they take so calm
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm.”

Next year Albert Beetham, a business man in Leeds, who literally "sold all that he had," and worked as stores superintendent and treasurer at Zanzibar, and had planned and built the Hospital, passed away on May 11.

A month later Miss Janet Emily Campbell was taken to rest. She had been drawn by love of God and His poor (under the influence of the All Saints' Sisters) to offer herself for training at University College Hospital, entering as a regular, though unpaid, nurse, and not as a lady pupil; and it is said that if ever a disagreeable piece of work had to be done, Nurse Emily Campbell was the one to do it. After some years, desiring a life of more complete self-surrender, she offered herself to the 'Universities' Mission, and sailed for Zanzibar with the Bishop in 1890. For a year and a half she worked devotedly, nursing the worst cases, till she literally sank under her work, and on Whit Monday she too was laid to rest at Ziwani, her favourite hymn, "Art thou weary," being sung over her who had so often known weariness, and counted it all joy for Him whom her soul loved. Without some record of such lives, history is like dry bones indeed.

The mention of Miss Campbell brings to mind the history of the beginning of our Hospital work in Zanzibar.

The Dispensary, which had been at work since 1877, was now to be made much more useful by the building of a small hospital. This was rendered necessary by the removal of the work of the German hospital to the mainland.

The foundation stone was laid in May 1891. There was a procession from the church to the site, and there, after

the choir had chanted the Psalm, "Except the Lord build the house," the stone was laid in the presence of the European congregation.

In about two years the hospital so long wished for was finished, and opened on Mid-Lent Sunday with a special service in the Cathedral, when many of the English sailors attended and a large congregation. Bishop Smythies and Bishop Hornby, with all present, proceeded to the new hospital, where a benediction on the wards was spoken.

The hopes of those who worked for it have truly been fulfilled by the years of work accomplished already.

The Hospital has been nursed by volunteers from the Guild of St. Barnabas, to which Miss Emily Campbell had belonged. This Guild unites hospital nurses in a rule of holy living, and the advantages of association were now seen, when, one having fallen in the ranks, two more nurses were ready to step into her place.

Associations in mission work were just now exercising many hearts, which, joined to the fact that mission work does not come by nature, but has to be learnt, resulted in the foundation of the "Order of the Sacred Mission," in Vassall Road, Brixton. This had been done in January 1891, mainly by the exertions of Bishop Corfe, of Corea. This order aimed at training devout young men for the Church's foreign mission work at its foundation, and several of these offered for work in Africa.

In March 1893, died the Sultan, Ali-bin-Said, who for three years had reigned over Zanzibar. One of his sons, Khalid Barghash, contrary to Arab custom, which does not often place the son on his father's throne, got in through a back door, barred the palace gates, and



NG'AMBO.



MISSION HOSPITAL.

ZANZIBAR.

declared himself Sultan. Mr. Rodd, the Consul-General, however, backed up by General Mathews, President of the Ministry, and by bluejackets from the British cruisers *Philomel* and *Blanche*, summoned him to open the doors, which order he obeyed, and was promptly removed to his own house, and Hamed bin Thuwaini, a great-nephew of the late Sultan's, was placed on the throne. He too was friendly to the Mission, but this rapid succession of amiable but weak men has put an end to the vigour of the Zanzibar dynasty.

During this year Bishop Smythies gathered together his workers for conference in Zanzibar, in a meeting known as the second Synod of Zanzibar. First came the Usambara workers, including Petro Limo. Then the Rovuma group, headed by the Bishop himself. A short retreat was first held, during which arrived Mr. Woodward, from Magila, and then, on June 30, the Bishop met and addressed thirteen priests and two deacons, several lay workers being present with leave to speak. In his address the Bishop spoke of certain changes he desired to make. Hitherto all working at Mkunazini, gentle and simple, men and women, had lived with a common table, etc. It was now proposed to establish a clergy-house, and to let the ladies have quarters at the hospital. He said also that he feared preaching had been rather undervalued among them, and he quoted the Bishop of Nassau's words: "A missionary can hardly preach too often if he has that to say which his neighbours, dying daily, need to hear before their race is run." Certain Acts, which will be found in the Appendix, were then passed.

The Rev. F. R. Hodgson and Mr. A. C. Madan received

the thanks of the Synod for their labour of love in revising the Swahili Old and New Testaments.

An instance of the paternal (?) character of domestic slavery in Zanzibar may be given here. A new boy came to Kiungani partially paralyzed, as the result of being tied up by his owner with dried grass soaked in paraffin oil round his wrists, which was then set alight. The burns were horrible, and the power of the left hand was gone. If it be said that in free England cases of cruelty are frequent, we reply that here it is against the moral sense of the multitude, and there it is not. If, however, real cruelty is proved in the Consular Court, the slave gets his freedom.

Yet the native population needs to be aroused to the heinousness of such doings by the preaching of Christianity; and all these years it seems hardly credible that no regular mission was established among the townspeople of Zanzibar. But those only who know not the inveterate hardness of the Mohammedan heart towards Christianity will be surprised. Dimly dreamt of by Bishop Tozer, a small beginning actually made by Bishop Steere in that mud hut where he preached and disputed on Fridays; Bishop Smythies now, at the close of his life, saw a clearer way towards a mission centre of work in Ng'ambo, the suburb on the other side of the creek from Mkunazini. For some time a large mango tree had been used by various workers as a preaching station, and it had been proposed to send Mr. and Mrs. Mercer here; but eventually the Revs. C. R. Tyrwhitt and W. K. Firminger took up the work already initiated by the preaching of Yohana Abdallah, amid a mixed population of some 30,000 Arabs and

Swahilis. The house stood away from the main thoroughfare, so that inquirers could come quietly to hear of the Faith, like Nicodemus of old, for fear of the Arabs. No work needs more intense prayer from the Church at home than this among the Mohammedans. We shall hear of it again.

This ten years' record will not be complete without the mention of Miss Shaw, who passed to her rest, in England, on October 9.

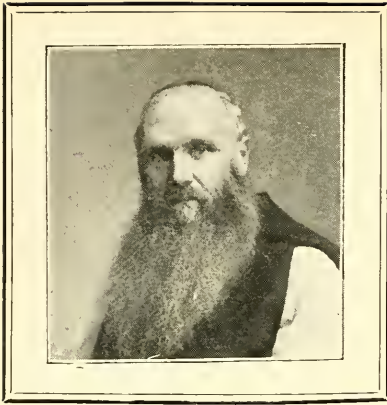
“ Like Miss Townshend, Miss Campbell, and Miss Bennett, Miss Shaw brought with her, wherever she went, true refinement and delicacy, the same unwearying energy and devotion to work. To be idle was the only thing which really seemed to cause her pain or discontent. Like them, she was ready at a moment's notice to go anywhere and do anything. But her highest capacity and chief delight lay in her nursing, and what this was is best known to those who feel they have owed their lives largely to her unsleeping, indefatigable care, skill, and judgment, her invincible cheerfulness, her motherlike tenderness. Nearly every member of the Mission must have passed under Miss Shaw's hands during the seven years she was attached to it, some several times, and that when the lack of a hospital made nursing even more arduous than it is now.”

And thus again we reach the end of Bishop Smythies' episcopate.

Surely in these latter days we read the lesson of the transfiguration of human nature touched by the light of Faith, and Hope, and Love. The African has been brought to trust, where once all was suspicion; hope has been given him instead of fear and despair; and he has something to love instead of objects of hate. “ Care

makes wrinkles enough on our foreheads at home ; what then is the impress which centuries of African bloodshed and insecurity are likely to have made on the human countenance ? The face of the old chief is a scowl enclosed in a network of misery lines, and the mere child seems to have all the cares of his tribe upon him. But now when we scan a group of these converts, whose social surroundings are not materially altered, a distinct change is visible. ' You have ironed the wrinkles out of their faces,' was the comment made by a looker-on."

And is it not a glorious work to prepare thus for the time when from those same faces not only wrinkles, but even tears, shall be wiped away ?



WILLIAM MOORE RICHARDSON.



CHAUNCY MAPLES.



FRANK WESTON.



JOHN EDWARD HINE.



GERARD TROWER.

CHAPTER XVI

TWO CHIEF PASTORS

Succession of Bishops—Account of Bishop Smythies—At Folkestone Church Congress—At Berlin—Last Days and Death—Chauncy Maples' Work—Consecrated Bishop of Likoma—Consecration of William Moore Richardson—Bishop Maples drowned—George Atlay killed.

THE succession of Bishops who have led this Mission is certainly remarkable in Church history.

The saintly hero who led the van, with that tender chivalry which has won so many "to follow in his train," is succeeded by the quiet, hard-working man, content with laying the hidden foundations, but bold enough to take the right course, regardless of opposition. He in his turn gives place to the accomplished scholar and linguist—the wise master-builder, the very man for reducing the East Coast language, and for shaping the constitution of the Mission on lines of self-sacrifice and wise adaptation to native custom. Then just when, under his far-sighted rule, the mission field had widened, so that a man with unbroken bodily powers was needed, came the statesman-Bishop—the great traveller, whose personal oversight did so much for the remote parts of his diocese, and who kept his head amid the rush of politics and the "scramble for Africa." And when his work

was done, with another Bishop at the extreme end of the territory, and the need for the longest of those journeys had ceased, he too passed away.

But if we seem to trace the purpose underlying this aspect of the work, what shall we say of that which is at once the oldest and the newest part of the field? Towards Nyasa Mackenzie had set his face as a promised land he was never to enter; and when once more a Bishop was sent to the tribes dwelling around Nyasa, he did but come and see the land, and then he had to leave it. To him succeeded "the man seasoned and experienced and beautiful in character," who was not even to reach once more his African home before he too passed away, leaving his staff to other hands. To this what can we say but that God shows us here "a part of His works," and hides others?

It now remains to trace the personal history of Bishop Smythies and Bishop Maples, who have made so much African Church history.

Charles Alan Smythies was born at Colchester on the Feast of the Transfiguration, 1844, his father being Curate of St. Mary-the-Walls. His mother, early left a widow, married again, and it was in the Dorsetshire home of his stepfather, the Rev. G. Alston, at Studland, that he was brought up, learning that love of natural objects which crops up all through his life, though he was not, strictly speaking, learned in natural history. But his admiration of the beauty of river or mountain scenery, of the loveliness of flowers on an African hill-top, of the gracefulness of the flight of wild fowl at Tintagel, attest the powers of observation trained in boyhood. Educated at Felstead and Milton Abbas, and afterwards at Trinity

College, Cambridge, he pursued his theological studies at Cuddesdon. But he considered that he owed most of all to the Rev. Father Puller, under whom he worked many years at Roath, till he succeeded him in the Vicarage. Mention his name even now to a denizen of Roath, and one sees the extraordinary impress he left there as curate and vicar, where he gathered a devoted band of workers, clerical and lay, who caught from him the fire of enthusiasm. He turned the iron mission church into a beautiful building dedicated in the name of St. German ; and it is no wonder that when, in the midst of all this life and work, he was offered the Central African Bishopric, he definitely declined it. But a year later, when implored to take the still vacant see, recognizing the Divine call, he was not disobedient to it, much as it cost him to leave a parish to which he ever looked tenderly back. He took his life in his hands, saying it was much better to live nobly than to live long.

The Rev. E. F. Russell thus describes the Bishop, as he appeared at this time :—

“ Those who met the Bishop for the first time were struck at once by his commanding presence ; not his stature only, but his stateliness, a manner dignified and courteous and singularly gracious. In height he stood about six feet two or three inches, but his well proportioned limbs and body took off all appearance of tallness or burliness.

“ An American bishop who met him at the Lambeth Conference said of him, in a sermon preached at Washington, ‘ He was one of the manliest men I ever looked on—the picture of manly beauty—a face loving and gentle as that of St. John.’

“ This blending of strength and gentleness in his face and manner has been often noticed, as for instance by Canon

Scott Holland—who once in public spoke of his ‘imperial meekness,’ his ‘superb benignity.’

“Men of very varied character and views felt themselves, at first touch, in easy, friendly, trustful relation with him. His voice and manner and whole aspect seemed to welcome them. None felt this more than those critics of great discernment in this matter—the children. They had no awe of this big man, and never scrupled to demand his entire attention to their small concerns.”

When Bishop Smythies reached Zanzibar, one of the foremost men in the Mission was the Rev. Chauncy Maples, then at Newala. He was a younger man than the Bishop, being born in February, 1852, at Bound’s Green, Middlesex. His mother had been a Miss Chauncy, and to her influence he said he owed all that was best in him. She, in her turn, had owed much to Mr. Bennett, of Frome (when at Portman Chapel). Educated under the Rev. Canon Huntingford, and then at Charterhouse, Mr. Maples passed to University College, Oxford, where he formed friendships that lasted his life. Oxford was very close to his heart, as may be seen from his charming little paper, “In Two Islands,”¹ with its description of the “wide fields of breezy grass through which the Cherwell wanders.”

While at Oxford, he heard Bishop Steere’s touching appeal for men, to which he and his friend, William Percival Johnson, responded. From twelve years old he had desired foreign mission work, and now the call had come. First came a period of work in Liverpool, and then Chauncy Maples was ordained deacon at Cuddesdon, and served as curate to St. Mary Magdalene and St.

¹ *Central Africa*, August, 1887.

George, Oxford, till he and his friend went to Zanzibar, within a few months of each other, and Bishop Steere ordained Mr. Maples priest and Mr. Johnson deacon on Michaelmas Day. Thus, when Bishop Smythies came to Zanzibar, these young men had already worked eight years in Africa.

Turn we now to Bishop Smythies' own work, much of which has been told. First, be it remembered that when he arrived he found, besides the Zanzibar work, on the mainland the stations of Magila, Umba, and Mkuzi, in the Usambara country; in the Rovuma district, Newala, with small stations at Lindi and Mtua, Masasi being well-nigh abandoned. One solitary missionary peregrinated round Nyasa, where no permanent station or mission steamer existed. The European staff for the whole mission numbered thirty-four, aided by a dozen natives.

In four years' time Bishop Smythies came home for the Lambeth Conference, having nearly doubled his staff of workers and planted a settled mission on Nyasa, having visited his whole diocese thrice, and parts of it five times. It is said that even Livingstone had never in any four years of his life covered more ground.

Before another four years he began to show signs of wear and tear. Writing from Likoma in August 1891, he says he does not know how he got there, with a bad sore on his leg, and only porters and a donkey with him. "A year or two ago I should have thought nothing of it; now all the strength seems to have gone out of me." And this is the utmost plaint ever heard from a man who peculiarly needed little attentions, being not over skilful at managing for himself, and who, moreover,

dearly loved companionship ; yet he had come 450 miles in pain and discomfort, riding and walking incessantly, to do his duty to one part of his diocese.

This journey left its marks on him, and when he came to England next year, all were shocked at his altered looks. When he appeared on the platform at the anniversary meeting, supported by Bishop Selwyn, on a crutch, "it was," as the latter humorously remarked, "not a case of the blind leading the blind, but of the lame supporting the lame." There was one moment of breathless silence, as people took in the havoc overwork had wrought in that strong frame, and then a tremendous burst of cheering, which was renewed when the chairman (Bishop Festing), pointing to the two Bishops, said :—

"You see there soldiers who have come home from a great campaign, bearing the marks of that campaign. . . . I may venture to apply to Bishop Smythies and Bishop Selwyn some of the words which St. Paul uses of himself, . . . 'bearing in his body the marks (or brands) of the Lord Jesus.' May we not say that they bear these marks—in our eyes very honourable marks ? "

On this occasion Dr. Laws, of the Presbyterian Mission, who had so often ministered to the members of our staff, was present. He spoke of the unhealthiness of the land where their lot was cast, but added that Christ's command was clear, "Go ye into all the world," and that none had a right to add, "provided you can live comfortably." But he added that, if they wished for a heavy death-roll, they would send out few men and women ; *nothing more than overworking mission agents filled the graves in Africa.* He had often nursed the members of the Universities' Mission as they went down

into the valley of the shadow of death, and had never heard a murmur, but rather thankfulness. Strongly he spoke, too, against demanding statistics of progress. The Gospel of Christ had been a leaven altering the whole face of the country; and they had no right to say, "Here is the money; where are the baptisms?" Was there any New Testament authority for providing converts at £2 10s. a head?

It was the enthusiasm roused at this meeting which laid the foundation of the Nyasaland Bishopric; and the Bishop travelled up and down the length and breadth of England, till, in six months, the £11,000 needed for the endowment was collected.

In the Folkestone Church Congress he made the speech of an expert on the methods of mission work:—

"The Church must not be depressed to a lower level to meet half-way the heathenism of Africa. The Church must embrace the African and raise him up by her sacraments and means of grace, and spread a net-work around him, and raise him up to her high level, not abating one jot in morality or spirituality of what she requires of her children here at home. Only so I believe will there be a truly healthy living Church in Africa. Then only will she dare, as we are daring, to try to form a native ministry."

Speaking of the danger of the missionary becoming a chief and assuming rule over his flock, he said:—

"Every missionary has clearly to discern between the two powers which God has placed in the world—that which we call the power of the keys, and the power of the sword."

If Bishop Smythies refused to wield the sword of justice and the sword of warfare, it was not for lack of

ability ; and through all the troubles between Germans and natives, when a very little would have set the Germans against the English missionaries, whom they found exercising a great—if purely spiritual—power in their Protectorate, his tact prevented a collision, while his grasp of the situation caused his advice to be sought on all sides. He acted on the principle that “ Missionaries of the Catholic Church, whatever other persons might do, when they had once settled in a country and gained the love of its people, would never abandon it.”

We find Archbishop Benson, in 1890, speaking at the S.P.G. annual meeting thus :—

“ We sometimes wish we could have but one minute’s glimpse of the men who were the makers of England and the makers of Europe. . . . It impresses me that Bishop Smythies has a part in the history of his own times. It will impress posterity more when they look back upon the unsupported Englishman who told the statesmen of his time that move he would not. It was easy to make himself and his missionaries safe, but what should he do to the sheep that he had brought out of the wilderness ? ”

Next we find the Bishop interviewed by a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* as to his views of the European international relations in Africa ; and then, as ever, he spoke warmly of the kindness of the Germans to the missionaries.

Lastly, we hear of him at Berlin, holding a private conference with the Chancellor of the German Empire, who was most anxious to discover to what party he belonged, and was quite satisfied on hearing he belonged “ to that large organization which we call the Church of England.” In no sense did the Bishop ask for protection.

Lord Salisbury had secured that for all citizens of the British Empire. At a reception in the evening he was presented to the Emperor and Empress, to the King of the Belgians, and Duke of Connaught. The Emperor said to him : " The Mohammedan religion is a very simple one, and takes great hold on those who profess it. Surely, in the face of it, there is great necessity for Christian missionaries to act unitedly." The same idea was expressed by the Bishop in his farewell sermon, when he said that if we persist in regarding, e.g. a Roman Catholic missionary as just the same as a heathen, it is impossible to avoid feuds in the face of the heathen ; but if we consider that the truth we mutually hold is far more important than the fringe of differences which separate us, all difficulty would vanish.

This seems the right place to remark that by the final adjustment of " Spheres of Influence " the Universities' Mission stations are all left in the German Protectorate, except those on the island of Zanzibar, the islands of Likoma and Chizumulu, Kota Kota, and the stations at the southern end of Nyasa, which are British ; Chitesi's, most of our East Nyasa stations and Unangu, which are Portuguese.

Of the work of the next year and a half we have spoken before, and now the great Bishop was to be taken away from the work to which he seemed so necessary.

Returning from that last Easter at Magila, the Bishop tried, as usual, to work hard at classes, addresses, and Swahili revisions ; but weariness became invincible. He had to give up taking a retreat and a quiet day, though on Sunday, April 8, he celebrated at Kiungani, and preached there and at the Cathedral English Evensong.

Two days later he delivered his latest address. It was to the Nurses' Guild. On the 14th he broke down with fever, and the next day was carried into Mkunazini Hospital, where Miss Breay and her nurses had the privilege of ministering to him for three weeks, through days of utter weariness and nights of sleeplessness. Grateful and courteous for every little attention, he had a great fear of being impatient; but the utmost he said was: "If only God of His great mercy will grant me some rest." His nurses believed that he never failed to say his daily Office. But he grew worse rather than better, and it was arranged that he should start on May 4, by the French mail, accompanied by the Rev. Duncan Travers and Nurse Brewerton.

Just before starting, he sent for two of his Kiungani boys, Daudi Machina and Yohana Abdallah, to say farewell. The former describes the scene:—

"The last words that he said were, 'I am going to England to get well, but I hope God will grant me to return quickly'; and when he had finished these words we knelt down, and he laid his hands upon us for the last time, and blessed us, and said, 'God bless you, my children, in all your work'; and we thanked him; and when he had finished, I closed the door, and we went back to Kiungani. This was the last time that I saw him on earth, but that blessing that he left us, and those last words of his, I can never forget all my life, for they were as a very great gift beyond all price."

Both these young men are now priests.

The Bishop was carried down to the French packet, and felt exhausted by the farewells on board, but none thought the end was near. On Sunday, the 6th, the little English party said mattins and evensong together,

the Bishop being just able to give the absolution—his last earthly ministry. They moved him to a deck cabin for more air, but that night the watchers gave up hope, and at 6.30 in the morning Mr. Travers made ready for the last Communion. The Bishop was half unconscious, but at the words, "Bishop, the Blessed Sacrament," he looked up with a sweet smile. Three hours later his spirit passed to that rest for which he had so earnestly prayed.

The same evening his body was committed to the deep, Mr. Travers reading the English Burial Office. The French sailors who bore him to the stern had placed a Union Jack over him.

It was a lovely evening, and the ship was held on and off on a calm sea. The sun had just set, and the new moon hung in the west, setting slowly; and at the words, "we therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead," the sailors lowered their burden into that greatest and purest of all cemeteries, among the coral rocks of the Indian Ocean; holier to us for the sacred charge it has received, as the body of the martyred Patteson hallows the waters of the Pacific. The spot was half-way between Zanzibar and Aden, 500 miles south of Cape Guardafui.

The character of such a man should only be sketched by those who knew and watched him, and what follows is in the words of such watchers:—

"I set first that which first impressed all who saw him—the quiet, unassuming nobleness of the Bishop's presence. His voice fulfilled the promise of his presence. It took the

ear at once, and held it by its delicate quality of genial friendliness, its frankness, its fulness, which seemed to envelop you as a pleasant air."

"The mere thought of him—still more the sight—was an inspiration. Whenever I picture his grand personality, the word 'apostolic' always comes to my mind."

"'A man of God and a man of men,' one has well said of him."

Turning now to Chauncy Maples, we notice first his great powers of heart and intellect. He could not write a description of a mission station in an ordinary way. In his hand it becomes a polished essay, full of brightness, with allusions to all manner of interests.

Wherever he was, he easily learnt the language, and his linguistic work in Makua, Yao, and Chinyanja is valuable. While at Masasi we have graphic descriptions of the village and notes on Makua customs. His series of "Newala Papers" make a graceful book. With something more than a superficial acquaintance, he sketches the flora, animals, and birds of Newala: the school, the village schoolmaster, "Our Christian village," the villagers, and "Witchcraft in Newala." All these are painted with the practised manner of one who might have made literature his vocation. Here is a delicious bit on the view from his Newala home.

"Those who have found by a glad experience what wealth to the religious feeling is brought by such a view as this, in which the idea of boundlessness is pre-eminently that which it calls up in the mind and the imagination, will realize what an immense gain and what a real possession we have thus secured in settling on the Newala hills. Certainly we, whose lot it is to live almost alone . . . are not unmindful that

this lasting joy is given by God Himself, to be to us an especial boon and solace."

His method of directing others was *to work with them*. Thus when superintending printing, building, or cookery, he would lend a hand and do the work with skill. He was well read in theology, and had a great aptitude for natural science.

Canon Scott Holland, speaking after his death, described Chauncy Maples at Oxford as one of those delightful young fellows who may remain much the same to the end; but accepted responsibility, and grace responded to, made him what he was.

He had worked at Likoma in conjunction with Mr. Johnson ever since 1886, with the title of Archdeacon; and when, soon after Bishop Smythies' death, Bishop Hornby was compelled to resign, the two dioceses were vacant together. But Bishop Hornby had brought back word who *must* be Bishop on Lake Nyasa.

"There was only one man in all the earth of whom it could be said to be right that he should be put as Bishop and lord over that heroic friend of his, Johnson, and that man was Chauncy Maples."

But the offer, at once made to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury, would have been declined, had not his lifelong friend, Mr. Johnson, persuaded him to take advice before deciding, and he arrived in England in the spring of 1895, and in the April number of *Central Africa* it was announced that he had accepted the office, with the title Bishop of Likoma.

At the anniversary he preached on Philippians iii. 13, 14, and it is curious to notice how "pressing towards the

mark"—pressing forward—seemed the dominant idea of his life.

Bishop Maples received consecration on St. Peter's Day—a memorable occasion, for with him were consecrated Canon Awdry as Suffragan Bishop of Southampton; the Rev. William Moore Richardson for Zanzibar; Bishop Dart for New Westminster; and Bishop Anderson for Riverina. As, a few months later, Bishop Awdry exchanged into the new diocese of Osaka, Japan, all five were ultimately missionary Bishops. This last great function of Bishop Maples' life was a grand and soul-stirring one, from the moment when, to the soft, exquisite singing of St. Paul's Cathedral choir, that stately procession moved up the nave, with the cross of Canterbury and the staff of London gleaming over all.

The sermon by the Rev. Canon Jacob, so soon to become Bishop of Newcastle, was grandly suggestive on the words, "Heir of all things."

"And to-day the Universities' Mission to Central Africa presents for consecration, as the heirs of the saintly, statesmanlike Charles Alan Smythies, of that great linguist, philosopher, and missionary, Edward Steere, and of that true-hearted, faithful, pioneer servant of God, Mackenzie, whose bones lie near the Zambezi river, not one Bishop but two, to develop a work which has now enlisted the services of 82 Europeans and 109 African workers. Heirs, my brethren, of such men as these, you will yet remember that you represent the Heir of all things. To one of you the difficulties and blessings are known, and you bring to Likoma and Nyasaland the experience of a trained missionary."

Among those who assisted the Archbishop in the laying on of hands were the Bishop of St. Albans

(Chairman of the Universities' Mission), the Bishops of London, Peterborough, Guildford, Southwark, Stepney, Thetford, and Bishop Hornby.

The farewell to England did not tarry. It was spoken at St. John's, Red Lion Square, when Bishop Maples asked his friends to pray that he might have the gift of patience, adding simply that irritability was a great snare to dwellers in Africa. And so he started on his journey, intending to go overland by the Rovuma route. At Zanzibar he picked up Joseph Williams, and, being unable to get porters on account of native quarrels, he decided to go *viâ* the Zambezi, thus retracing the steps of the first Bishop, though entering it by the Chinde mouth. Here, curbing his intense desire to "press forward," he tarried several days, some fifteen or sixteen English residents wishing for services.

There he spent the ninth Sunday after Trinity, receiving a memorial from the few Englishmen, promising to do all in their power to support a clergyman if he would send them one, which he promised to do at the first opportunity, so as to minister not only to them, but to the crews of gunboats cruising in those waters, and to travellers passing backwards and forwards on the river route.

The river journey to Chiromo, at the junction of the Shiré and Ruo, was trying, and the Bishop preferred to walk to Blantyre, the Scotch Mission station, through the fine coffee plantations. Here he spent three days, including Sunday, when he celebrated in the house of the African Lakes' Corporation. And afterwards, at the request of Dr. Hetherwick, the Scotch minister, he took morning service in his church.

Conversation turning on the deaths of some Anglo-Africans, the Bishop said to his companion : " Well, Williams, we have been in Africa nearly twenty years ; we cannot expect to live very much longer out here."

Thence he went on to Mount Zomba to see the Commissioner, with whom he had a long talk, and here he heard much about Kota Kota, a new station he had started on the lakes' western bank, where he meant to go at once.

On the 28th he again embarked on board the *Livingstone* at Matopé, and by September 1 had reached Fort Johnston, just where the Shiré leaves Nyasa. Here he received letters saying how everybody was waiting to have his advice before progressing with their work, and most anxious he felt to be once more among his flock, deeming it fortunate that these letters came by the *Sherriff*, the little steel Mission sailing boat.

" We arrived here at 4.30 p.m., and by an extraordinary piece of good luck, only four hours afterwards, in came the *Sherriff* from Likoma, with letters dated thence on August 26th. The boat has made a good passage, and now we shall be able to start away to-morrow evening ; and I daresay I shall be at Kota Kota in four or five days' time, and thence on to Likoma by about the 10th or 12th of the month."

So he signed his death warrant !

On Monday he embarked in the *Sherriff*, with his packages, including the sacred vessels which had been so useful on the journey. The English gunboats were lying in the bay, and they saluted each other—the *Sherriff* sailing to Nkopi, where she took in food. After supper the Bishop said prayers, and then a storm began to blow so severely that, after passing Monkey Bay,

Ibrahim, native skipper of the *Sherriff*, said they must run for shelter to the east coast. But Kota Kota was on the west, and the Bishop said: "Go on." He thought of Mr. Sim wanting him there, and others waiting at Likoma. 11.30 passed—Mr. Williams was asleep in a grass hut in the stern sheets; the Bishop, in his black cassock, was still up, and directing the sailors to look out for rocks. The mainsail was reefed, and they were sailing under the fore and mizzen. Suddenly the little boat broached to, and, the waves rushing over her, all were in the water. "Where is the Bishop?" called out the boys. Then Ibrahim and Isaiah, faithful to the last, pushed two boxes together, and put him on, pushing him as they swam. He was a good swimmer, but his cassock hindered him. At last a great wave coming over them, and the boxes beginning to fill, he said quietly to the boys, "You must not die for me; if you are spared, tell Mr. Johnson that I am dead." Just that!—in the supreme moment, Christ-like, there is a thought for his fellow-sufferers, and a message to the faithful friend and fellow-worker. "Then the water choked him, and he sank," said Ibrahim, who waited near the spot a long time, but saw him no more. In two hours the natives managed to reach an island four miles off, close to Rifu—a fort manned by Sikhs—and there they made their report. Some days later they carried the news to Kota Kota, where rumours of the terrible tidings of two white men drowned in the lake had reached Mr. Sim. He significantly wrote: "The Bishop and Mr. Williams are coming *overland*," hoping against hope that it was not these two. But on the 13th Ibrahim and the crew reached Kota Kota, and sent to tell Mr. Sim, and

helped him to send out search parties, with the result that one under William Kanyopolea found the Bishop's body on the rocks at Rifu, near where he sank. It was known by a bit of the cassock still on it, but, after a fortnight in the water, the face was unrecognisable.

A white flag with a red cross was laid over their precious burden, and so they reached Kota Kota on St. Matthew's Day. It was absolutely impossible to send the body any further, so it was at once buried on the spot where the chancel for a future church was marked out. This grave became, as Mr. Sim said, a guarantee for the permanency of Kota Kota as a station. So passed away almost the senior clerical member of the Mission, and with him the senior layman.

Joseph Williams had been drawn to the Mission by the influence of Bishop Maples, when at Liverpool. They made their first voyage to Africa together, and together they went on their last journey, having worked a good deal in the same stations. He was not a scholar, yet he knew something of three native languages.

“ How effective, too, was that slave stick, well known for some months to the porters and station-master of our neighbouring station (it has been said that he once lectured on it on York platform, while waiting for a train), or that bit of bark cloth, or the chief's dress, which he showed you so often how to fasten without buttons or pins, or the printed Swahili Prayer Book! How real everything seemed to us as he showed them, and talked of them ! ”

It is interesting to know that the box of sacred vessels was brought ashore, uninjured, by one of the crew.

In speaking of the powers of mind of Bishop Maples, something has been said of his character. Yet we

must add the testimony of Mr. Vaughan-Kirby, the lion-hunter.

“I am proud to think that I can claim more than a mere passing acquaintance with one whose name is, and ever will be, associated with so much noble work in that Dark Continent. A genial, kind-hearted Christian gentleman, broad, liberal-minded to a degree, and of steadfast purpose, he was the very beau ideal of a missionary. I shall not readily forget his earnest, simple, straightforward address at Chinde as he was on his way home for consecration.”

Another who knew him well says :—

“The central point around which all other gifts and graces revolved was zeal for God. This zeal, in the early days of his life, may have, on occasion, outrun discretion. But as his experience increased, it shone with a steady light, which assuredly was also a beacon to his fellow-workers. . . . To the earnestness and eagerness of his nature, impatience would naturally be allied. But this fault must, to a great extent, have been conquered. We are told he would sit for hours on the ground, cross-legged like a native chief, listening to a difficult case, before he finally delivered his opinion. Thoroughness was another strong point with him. He could not bear scamped work ; he gave his best, and he expected others to do the same.”

But even before the fatal upset of the *Sherriff*, another of the Likoma party had entered into rest. George William Atlay was son of Bishop Atlay of Hereford. Educated at Marlborough, and St. John's College, Cambridge, he decided, in his final year at the University, on joining the Central African Mission, feeling specially drawn to Nyasaland, by its Archdeacon, who preached

the sermon when he was ordained at Hereford, his father rejoicing much at this offering of his son.

He went out in 1891 with the Archdeacon, and worked at Likoma, where his labours were much blessed ; and at Easter 1895, he baptized twenty-five men and thirty-four women, his communicants numbering more than one hundred.

On St. Bartholomew's Eve the school broke up as usual for a week's holiday, and Mr. Atlay, with an Englishman's love of sport—much needing a rest and change—went out with some of his boys to hunt on the mainland. On his way to the boat he met Miss Palmer, and said good-bye, drawing her attention to his little white kitten, which he was taking with him in his coat pocket.

And so he went out, as Mr. Johnson said, "to hunt rest, and please God, he found it." For the Angoni were on the warpath. The Angoni are part of the same nation as the Magwangwara, and dwell on both side of the lake. At this time they were under three chiefs: (1) Sonjela's men, who had nothing to do with this war; (2) Mlamilo's—this chief is friendly, and claims suzerainty over our lakeside stations on the east of Nyasa; (3) those under Zinchaya, who had a standing grudge against all Europeans, for the strong anti-slave trade measures of both English and Germans. It was these last who were on the war-path on the eastern shores, just where Mr. Atlay had settled his little camp. He and two boys, Wilfrid and Edward, were taking a siesta after lunch on the 26th, in the grass hut, when a party of Angoni rushed past, scattering the boys, who all fled except James Kempekete, who awoke the sleepers, and only fled on being attacked with a club. Wilfrid and Edward



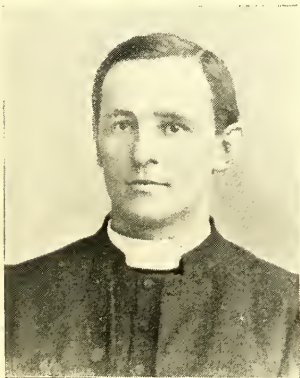
THE 'CHAUNCY MAPLES' AT MONKEY BAY, LAKE NYASA.



REV. GEORGE W. M. AILAY.



REV. ARTHUR C. B. GLOSSOP.



REV. ARTHUR FRASER SIM.



DR. ROBERT HOWARD.

WORKERS IN NYASALAND.

were at once seized, but they watched the end, and as, owing to Mlamilo's influence, they afterwards returned free, we know what followed.

On being awakened, Mr. Atlay arose, and faced the Angoni, holding in his hand his Winchester repeating rifle, loaded in all ten chambers. There stood the savages, brandishing their clubs. In his hand were ample means of defence, and in one instant he knew "some one had blundered." They were mistaking him for a political agent, and taunting him with having taken away their power in the Lake villages. It seems doubtful if he could speak their language, but in that one instant he made up his mind he would not save his life at the price of shooting down his murderers. "As a sheep before her shearers," he seems to have said nothing, while they pushed him about and hit him in the side with a club. That it was not the dazed patience of a stunned man we know, for the boys saw him cover his face in prayer, and heard him say "Amen." By this time he had staggered down to the brook amid the palm trees, and there they speared him, holding him under water with a pointed bamboo.

Here a few days later Mr. Johnson found all that was left of his brother, and beside him the loaded gun, the silent witness of the voluntary sacrifice when the good shepherd laid down his life for the sheep he could not save.

The body was taken to Likoma, and laid in the church while a grave was dug. At midnight all was ready, and Mr. Johnson committed his body to the grave by the light of a very brilliant and nearly full moon, little thinking that his friend and Bishop lay unburied beneath the waves in Leopard Bay.

An outburst of sympathy with the Mission in these sorrowful losses was poured forth from all quarters, from the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, and Bishop of Salisbury downwards. The former wrote :—

“ It seems almost incredible that Bishop Maples should have been taken away by our Lord from his hopeful, healthful work, and just sent out into the middle of the Lake to consecrate it by his death.

“ But in that *λαίλαψ ἀνέμων*, which *κατέσκηψεν*, I suppose, on to the Lake, as of old, I have no doubt that *He* was walking on the water, and said, ‘ It is I, be not afraid,’ to His disciple.

“ These sharp-shootings into the midst of our work are most hard to understand, as it is for Him alone ; but still we should not have the treasure in earthen vessels if they were not sure to break from time to time.

“ I knew the Bishop of Hereford so intimately and affectionately from the time when I was at Cambridge, much his junior, and he was so thankful and happy in his son George’s ordination to the work, that I feel the boy’s martyrdom and speedy following of his father into the *αἰῶν ὁ μέλλον* to be almost close at one’s side.

“ We may say ‘ Alas ! for our work ! ’ But it is impossible to say ‘ Alas ! for Christ’s work.’ ”

CHAPTER XVII

THE MISSION ON LAKE NYASA AND RIVER SHIRÉ

- A. F. Sim and work at Kota Kota—John Edward Hine consecrated Bishop of Likoma—Diocesan work and Conferences in Nyasaland—Building of the *Chauncy Maples*—Consecration of Gerard Trower, Bishop of Likoma—Building of Likoma Cathedral—Medical work—Review of Stations—Lakeside work—Unangu and Yohana Abdallah.

“Sorrow’s crown of sorrow” might well have seemed to the superficial observer the lot of the Nyasa Mission after the events related in the last chapter. But though “Remember” is one counsel for those who stand by the Red Sea of suffering, the other is “Go forward,” and forward the Mission went in the years succeeding the death of Bishop Maples.

Quiet work went on during the waiting time all round the Lake. It was at this time that Kota Kota came into notice, mainly through the ministry of the Rev. A. F. Sim.¹

Kota Kota was the town of Jumbe, deposed in 1894 by the British Resident, and sent, as dangerous, to Zomba. Here Mr. Sim built his mud house with a grass roof, under whose deep eaves he at first held school. Here he received Archdeacon Maples on his

¹ *Life and Letters of Arthur Frazer Sim, U.M.C.A.*

way to England, and here they spent a night talking over plans, to be realized only by those who came after them.

Before Lent 1895, the new house, with a *baraza* accommodating 100 pupils, was ready.

The baptism of adults is not a feature of the early days of an African Mission: for many reasons great caution is needed; in the children lies the strength of the Church of the future. But to Mr. Sim was granted one adult convert. A native murderer, sentenced to death, was spared till he should have received the Christian Faith, even as Cadwalla of Wessex spared the young Princes of Vectis at the intercession of the Abbot of Redbridge, and, like them, he went cheerfully and hopefully to his death.

“Is it not a strange first-fruit of one’s stay here—a penitent murderer?” That same year, after burying his beloved Bishop’s body in the same enclosure, Sim’s bright, ardent, young spirit was with theirs in Paradise, an attack of fever laying him low in October 1895.

Mr. Philipps, who had worked here as a layman under Mr. Sim, baptized just before execution the notorious Saidi Mwazungu, murderer of Dr. Boyce and Mr. McEwan. “God make all things right,” he said as he walked to the scaffold.

The work at Kota Kota went rapidly forward after December 1897, when a gallant little party of English and Sikhs raided Mlozi’s stronghold in North Nyasa, hanged the chief, the last slave trader on the Lake, and freed 1,184 slaves, and shortly after Sir H. H. Johnston was able to say that in all the Protectorate there remained not one slave dealer.

Kota Kota, under the Rev. J. Wimbush, was now the Lakeside door to a great background of native villages. Europeans, natives, and Arabs all pass this door; and here, as elsewhere, Mohammedans and Christians war for the souls of the people, such success attending the latter that very soon at Kasamba, on the hills, the people had built themselves a Christian school. Ten years later St. Cyprian's Church was dedicated here.

But now, for the seventh time, a Bishop had to be sought to rule Mackenzie's see. Mission custom has left the choice to the successor of St. Augustine, and the choice of Archbishop Benson fell on Dr. Hine.

When Livingstone was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, a boy had been present whose heart was thus turned towards the land Livingstone had so loved. Becoming first a doctor of medicine, he went afterwards to Oxford and received Holy Orders.

He offered himself to the Mission in 1888, and reaching Zanzibar the next January, he had worked there and at Likoma till Archdeacon Maples set him on his "double-domed mountain" at Unangu.

The year after his predecessor's consecration—St. Peter's Day, 1896—saw his consecration at St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, by the Archbishop, the first Bishop of Hokkaido being consecrated with him. Canon Crowfoot preached on the words spoken of old, by another lake, "Jesus saith unto him, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?"

The new Bishop's pastoral staff was such as none other has ever wielded. When Bishop Mackenzie went forth with his gun in one hand and his crook in the other, that staff was of African olive wood; and now, being

much decayed, it was enshrined in silver lattice-work with an ivory staff, made of a huge elephant tusk, given him by the heathen Magwangwara. Under a silver canopy at the spring of the crook are figures of the Evangelists, and of St. Peter and St. Paul. Thus it recalls not only Mackenzie going forth against the slave traders, but Chauncy Maples, for his flock, facing the Magwangwara in their war-path.

During this time Archdeacon Johnson (the *Charles Janson* being mostly laid up) had been tramping round the Lake, strengthening old stations and opening new ones, till, in 1898, twenty Lakeside stations existed; and when he came home for a rest, Mr. Wimbush and Mr. Eyre in turn superintended the work.

But before this Bishop Hine had returned, reaching the Lake in March 1897. Eighteen Mission workers assembled for a retreat and conference at Likoma, when John G. Philipps was ordained deacon, the only other deacon in the diocese being Yohana Abdallah, who for two years had been in charge of the Yao village of Unangu. Augustine Ambali and Eustace Malisawa were made deacons at Whitsuntide 1898.

From time to time we hear of the Bishops holding a "Conference." Such gatherings, even in a young Church, have a great value, even if of less value than a Synod with legislative force: till the latter can be revived they are a splendid opportunity for black and white to take counsel and get an insight into each others' minds. Such gatherings were held by Bishop Hine in 1899, and by Bishop Trower in 1903, 1904, 1905, 1907, and 1908.

In 1899 Bishop Hine delivered an important charge :—

“ For this country it is the days of the Early Church, and we, as the founders under God of a spiritual building which is to last for ever, cannot be too careful that we lay down right lines on which that building is to be erected. What this Mission has always professed to aim at is the building-up of a Native Church, which does not mean the baptizing of a number of natives, attached to the English Mission, and working under its wing, but the Church of the people of the land, irrespective of European influence, adapting itself to the special circumstances of the race and country in which it exists.”

The subjects dealt with were :—

I. Discipline in cases of open sin, when the lapsed were to feel how dreadful it was for one who had been numbered among the children of God to be placed among those under censure, or even among the catechumens.

II. Marriage ; including the polygamy difficulties.

III. Ritual and additional services.

IV. Deepening the life of teachers.

V. The Europeanizing question.

In the later conferences, the status of African teachers, the place of Bible reading in Christian life, and how to deal with Mohammedans were discussed. Likoma is one of the few places in which a woman's voice is allowed to be heard in a Diocesan Conference on subjects in which she is held to be an expert.

Fourteen and a half centuries had passed since the last Synod of Carthage in North Africa before the first of Cape Town was held in the South. May the fifteenth

centenary of the Synod of Carthage (1918) find a legislative Central African Synod in full working order!

A description of the ordinary life on Likoma Island is given by Miss Kenyon. There were in 1899, on the European staff—the Bishop, the Rev. A. G. B. Glossop, Priest-in-charge; the Rev. E. B. L. Smith, Priest-in-charge of Nkwazi and Chizumulu; the Rev. Caradoc Davies, deacon; Dr. Howard; Miss Schofield and Miss Kenyon; Archdeacon Johnson paying occasional visits.

She speaks of daily classes for all sorts and conditions, from hearers to communicants. In the pleasant stir of the printing office, the Priest-in-charge might often be found; and when *not* there, boys waving proof sheets are described as his constant satellites. The work here was to some purpose, for in that year Exodus, Judges, Daniel and the Minor Prophets were issued in Chinyanja, besides the Bishop's Charge in English and sundry catechisms and leaflets.

Much time is occupied with hearing native causes, and the Priest-in-charge is a sort of Dean of Arches for Likoma, as the Rev. E. B. L. Smith was for Chizumulu, where the *Patience* took him across. The deacon's work was various, including the postal service and the rebuilding of the west end and transepts of the church, to which he gave apsidal ends, the bricks being burned on the mainland, as there is no good clay on the island. He put in the lancet windows himself, as it is clearly desirable that even Early English windows should be practically—if not architecturally—Perpendicular, and no native could then build straight.

The doctor managed to build two native hospitals, and one for the staff, with three beds, wherein occasionally

he economized time by becoming a patient in one bed while attending an occupant in the other. In the dispensary for out-patients some of the best work was done. At this time Dr. Howard seems to have been also master builder and head gardener for the station.

The schoolmistress kept school for the girls for nearly four hours in the morning, while the afternoon was given to such lighter accomplishments as singing, sewing, and drawing. She printed her own alphabets, and gave laundry instruction, besides post-office work, training the choir, and playing in church.

Miss Kenyon kept house, looking after stores and poultry, teaching religion to the women, and giving two hours daily to some little heathen girls in a neighbouring village who could not be classed with any others.

The staff, of course, always includes more natives than Europeans: the school teachers, with Arthur Mvenya at their head, and all the printers; Charlie, the store-keeper, solemnly testing eggs, and conducting an exchange under the Preaching Tree; the head carpenter and his subordinates; and the watchmen and boys in charge of the boats.

In 1899 Mr. Frank George, an architect, came out and took over the building work of the Mission, all amateurs falling into line under him. Under his auspices the whole station has been strongly built with stone. The native stone is granite—very hard to work; and the mortar is *doti*—white ant-earth. The white ant does the work that the European earth-worm does, in turning over the earth and bringing it to the surface, constructing long earthen tunnels, under cover of which the ants advance and work, and their huge homes are of

earth bound with their saliva and hardened by the air. This makes very good mortar, especially that of Likoma, a mixture of earth and sand, which the women dig out, moisten, and tread under foot. This hardens when dry; but, alas! it has one fault, rain softens it, and unless there are deep eaves to carry off the rain, the walls often fall down. Bright hopes exist that roofs might even last fifteen years with care.

A few years after this, in 1906, it was stated that there were 1,174 huts in the island, and counting three persons to a hut, this gives a population of 3,522. But the Mission houses, at any rate, have a higher average, and the adherents are recorded thus in 1906: Hearers, 758; catechumens, 556; baptized, 968, of whom 690 made their Communion in the Cathedral on Christmas Day, making 2,282, the babies not being counted. This may be slightly decreased for the time, by the drifting away of some to Johannesburg, though most who went there were from the mainland, and they were so many that in the Conference of November 1906 it was agreed to send them a teacher to the Rand, but it was impossible to carry out this suggestion.

The chief interest of 1899-1902 centres round the building of the *Chauncy Maples*. The story has been fully told,¹ but must not be omitted here.

The *Charles Janson* had for fourteen years carried on the evangelistic work of the Lakeside population, when in answer to two appeals, issued mainly in consequence of the determined attitude of Archdeacon Johnson, the building began of its younger and greater sister—not

¹ *The Building of the "Chauncy Maples,"* U.M.C.A. Price 9d.



THE S.S. 'CHAUNCY MAPLES' ON LAKE NYASA.

127 ft. X 18 ft. beam. Launched 1901.

instead of, but as well as the old steamer, and in memory of Bishop Chauncy Maples.

Mr. John E. Crouch drew the first plan and specification for a steamer 127 feet in length from stem to stern. His plans were developed by Mr. Alexander Johnson, and the names of Mr. Henry Brunel and Sir J. Wolfe-Barry were connected with carrying out the details. Built at Glasgow in the yard of Messrs. Alley and McLellan, it was ready to go out in October 1900.

The interest from a mission point of view is in the deck house, where the schoolroom has seats and desks for 30 students, curtained at the end, shutting off, except at service time, the beautiful altar of teak, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the altar-piece, so dear to sailors, of Christ walking on the waters. How many, with faces eager as the Apostles' in the picture, have sought and found Him on the waters of Nyasa!

The pieces, packed in 3,500 packages, had all been galvanised. The boiler was very large, and was the only part which would not take to pieces. It went out by steamer, and up the Zambezi and Shiré in boats and barges to Katunga's, where the falls prevent further waterway. The most difficult part of African engineering was here accomplished, for the huge boiler of nine and a half tons was dragged over sixty-four miles of what, for the first twenty-seven, could not be described as a road. River-beds, full of boulders, had to be crossed, steep hills surmounted, and gullies bridged over, and 450 Angoni successfully dragged it to Mpondas. Here the hull was put together by Mr. Crouch, assisted by four Europeans, of whom only two were skilled artizans, with from 50 to 200 natives; daily short mattins and

evensong being said for them in a shed by Rev. J. G. Philipps, Priest-in-charge. In seven months the steamer was rebuilt, and on June 6 she was launched, and a month later went to Malindi for fittings, and was first made fast to the Livingstone tree, where, forty-two years earlier, the great pioneer is said to have sat and rested.

On the longest day of 1901 she made her trial voyage, and four months later was dedicated by the Bishop on St. George's Day 1902, and has ever since carried the means of grace, and in many cases the means of bodily life too, to the lakeside stations.

Here should find place some account of the characteristic part which the steamers play in the Mission work.

The *Charles Janson*, having undergone thorough repairs, is practically the Bishop's steamer, taking him on his constant visitations. But the *Chauncy Maples* is the floating church. Later in 1901 Mr. Young had come out as chief engineer, and early in 1902 two young Brixham trawlers, Harry Partridge and Alfred Brimecombe, who had learnt seamanship in the Devon waters, came out, and the former joined the *Chauncy Maples*, while the latter, stationed at Likoma, looked after the fleet of Mission boats.

Harry Partridge blended a singularly devout nature with a bright, sunny cheeriness, and that love of fun so despised by those who have it not; but like Keble's "spirit full of glee," so helpful through dark days to its possessors and their comrades.

"These are the tones to brace and cheer
The lonely watcher of the fold."

As the Bishop of Nyasaland said of him :—

“ There was a young man who gave all he had to give, gave himself and everything he could do, freely to Christ for His work, and whose life was a beautiful example. And him God touched and took without pain at a moment’s notice to Himself.”

For on February 19, 1906, he died at the College. They brought his body to Likoma and laid it beside George Sherriff, also a Brixham fisherman.

The years that have passed have proved the *Chauncy Maples* a strong and steady craft, fully equal to her work. Archdeacon Johnson had for years been formulating ideas and imparting them to us at home, and now he is proving himself a realist of the first water.

“ It is a great privilege for me,” said Partridge, “ to be working under a man like him with such firm and grand ideas. He is very proud of his new steamer. He lives in a little room about eight feet square, close to the students’ quarters, meant really for a printing-room. Eight feet square in Africa sounds stuffy, but when I tell you there is a big ventilator, so that the Archdeacon expresses a fear of being blown out of his bed, it doesn’t seem so bad.”

The Archdeacon did not love steamers as such—

“ But the *Chauncy Maples*—well, you have not lived in her. She is our substitute (1) for railways where there are none ; (2) an island in a by no means too peaceful country ; (3) a bit of England, where we can live as Englishmen, and work as and with natives, and where, with due submission, I hope the English flag will always fly ; (4) a newspaper, a correspondent, and a printing-press in one ; (5) last, but not least, a training ground for priests and teachers. . . . I ought to say that we do thank Mr. Brunel and the roo

at home, and Mr. Crouch and the rest of them out here, for all you did to make my steamer-dream a reality.”

And as she “walks the water” round the Lake, carrying all things needful for the spiritual and temporal wants of the Mission, she touches at a station, and a priest is put ashore, while the steamer speeds on to other stations. The priest’s visit wakes the station up. Classes and schools are examined and visited. Perhaps some are ready for baptism. A communicants’ class is held at night, and the Holy Eucharist celebrated next morning with a reverence and devotion unsurpassed in civilized lands.

“The elders of the Church demand an interview; they want some of the offertory money to buy mats or coloured calico for their church, or they have to report the case of an erring Christian, and very faithful they are in this duty of rebuking one who has not lived up to the standard of a Christian.”

On board, of course, there is always the crew to look after, and the printing boys are kept at work.

The first idea of the ship as a college has, since the establishment of colleges on dry land, been modified, and the ship students are now chiefly “certificated teachers who have become rusty, and need a polishing up.” This polishing takes from one to three months, and is of great value in keeping up the learning and moral backbone of the teachers.

The *Chauncy Maples* was laid up in January 1907 for her first general repair, and in three months she was at work again, “looking very spick and span.”

The *Charles Janson*, besides conveying the Bishop

and visiting certain stations, made an expedition, while the cathedral was building, up the N.E. coast to Amelia Bay, where they got some good hard stone. The mountains here, running to the water's edge, are very fine, with deep shadowy gullies, made by the rapid streams, and clothed with creepers. Off the coast, right out in the Lake, are numerous piles driven in, supporting platforms and native huts. These refuges from slave-raiders are even now passing out of use, but to compare with the Lake dwellings at Glastonbury and elsewhere, they are interesting to the traveller.

There is also a fleet of boats, the *Ousel*, given by Bedford Grammar School, the *Charlotte*, the *Mary*, and the *Patience*. Some are nearly worn out, and a new boat, such as Mr. Smith's *Chikulupi*, is an acceptable gift.

But if the steamer cannot itself be the college, the need is well supplied on shore.

In 1900 the Archdeacon and the Rev. Caradoc Davies settled themselves at Msomba, opposite Likoma, on a slope 200 yards from the shore. Here was raised the native college for the education of teachers. The buildings were to be rigidly native.

“The Archdeacon has many times exhorted us to use only tools and material which any native teacher might readily have at his disposal.”

So mud floors were laid on loose stones; reed walls and timber and thatch roofs erected, without sound of hammer or chisel, an augur being the sole tool, supplemented later by a saw.

The church alone gave dignity, “That which reaches

highest in the direction of beauty (as at St. Paul's Cathedral) is our white cross."

The altar was of brick; cross and candlesticks of bamboo; the book rest, two bits of board picked up in two places, showed two of the Oxford University crowns, the open book and *Dominus Illuminatio mea*.

Chanting the Songs of Degrees came the Bishop on St. Michael's Day, with a scanty following of Europeans and a large one of natives. The Archdeacon admitted him to the church, and having gone about their Zion and told the buildings, the Bishop solemnly dedicated all to the glory of God, and in honour of St. Michael and All Angels. In 1907 a new church was built here by Mr. Crabb with brick walls, on a stone base, and with a stone apse. At first, the boys had almost to be coaxed to come to school, but as it took the form of a real diocesan institution, the number of students swelled by 1903 to sixty-one from seventeen different stations, and sixteen being Yao; one Celebration a week was in that tongue, but Chinyanja served most purposes.

The Rev. Herbert Barnes was now principal, and to him came out Brother Spurr for evangelistic and general lay work.

More improvement followed, namely, a garden, a herd of cattle, and even brick and stone houses for the staff, the "primitive and extraordinary houses" being turned into dormitories, the windows blocked to exclude leopards and hyenas. These beasts were ruthlessly shot down in spite of severe criticism from an English friend of animals, who thought leopards had not only a right to live, but to live on what diet their nature dictated.

In spite of scanty books, reminding one of a South

African teacher who modestly said, "It is a little difficult, missus, to teach reading without books," a good time-table was observed, from dictation at 8.30, to methods of preaching, 3.30 to 4. The students' meals at noon and at 6 p.m. are of rice or porridge, with a relish of fish or beans.

In an address to clergy and workers, at Michaelmas 1905, the Bishop mentioned his intention of immediately opening at Nkwazi, on Likoma Isle, a Theological College, dedicated to St. Andrew. The students would be paid their usual salary, one-fourth of which would go for school fees, the rest for their own keep and that of their families.

This, then, is the educational ladder for the boys. After reaching a proper standard in school, a boy must pass to St. Michael's for his Teacher's Certificate, taking two years; then, after experience in the village schools, to the *Chauncy Maples*, and finally at St. Andrew's he may pass stages, leading eventually, to the priesthood. The first principal, the Rev. G. H. Wilson, had been a Wells man—hence the dedication to St. Andrew. The first students were the deacons Eustace Malisawa and Augustine Ambali. A church had already been built here, and it was consecrated about this time.

In 1901 a great loss had befallen Likoma, though not the Mission. In 1900 Bishop Richardson resigned his See, and in 1901 it was decided to translate the Bishop of Nyasaland to the sister diocese. Looking on the U.M.C.A. as one great field, this hardly comes under the head of those translations so deprecated by the Primitive Church, which in all simplicity considered a Bishop as wedded to his See. With that self-sacrifice so conspicuous in this Mission, Bishop Hine changed his

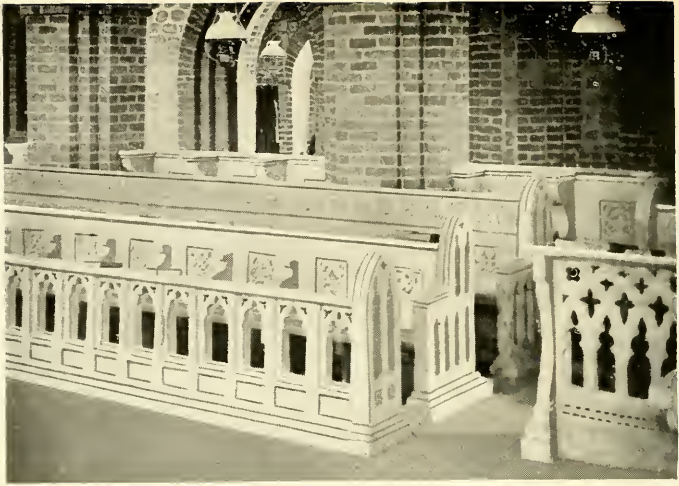
See, but not his country, and remained for many more years the director of the work at Zanzibar. After not so long an interval as usual, a new bishop was found in the Rev. Gerard Trower.

Many years ago a sheaf of barley was presented in a Hampshire church as a thankoffering for 13 acres of golden barley grown from thirteen grains in an ear sent home from Australia five years before. So "the Lord of the Harvest can gather the seed from one quarter and sow it where He will. Those who work with Him work everywhere," and now from far-off New South Wales, where during the five years of Bishop Hine's Likoma episcopate he had worked as vicar of Christ Church, Sydney, came his successor, Gerard Trower, to garner a fuller harvest on Lake Nyasa.

The consecration on St. Paul's Day was in Westminster Abbey. Close to the grave of Livingstone was consecrated Nyasaland's fifth bishop (ninth, if those are reckoned who ruled the united diocese), Archbishop Temple preaching on the words, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

On his way out the Bishop spent three days with the hospitable Scotch Mission at Blantyre, visited the Commissioner at Zomba, made his first acquaintance with the stations of his diocese at Mponda's, where Mr. Philipps and Mr. Dell welcomed him. At one native village he was much embarrassed by the gift of a goat and kid.

On St. Mark's Day he was able to dedicate All Saints', Kota Kota, which had been opened in November, while at Likoma he found 2,000 Christians and 300 children baptized in infancy, the children of Christian families,



THE STONE CHOIR STALLS CARVED BY AFRICAN MASONS.



THE ARCHITECT.

THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

LIKOMA CATHEDRAL.

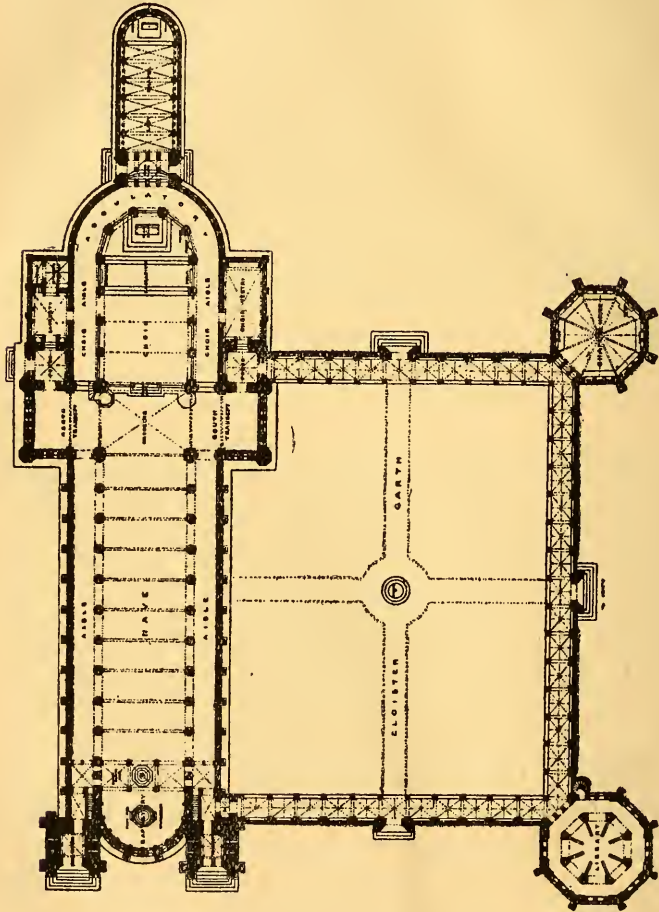
whose stability gave a guarantee for their Christian education. Everywhere expansion was the Bishop's watchword.

The *Chauncy Maples* was to work further north and "to take up southwards, in addition to present work, Fort Maguire and district," whilst two priests each at Kota Kota, Mponda's and Malindi were to work about sixty miles in their several spheres.

The building of the cathedral occupied the next few years. "Please God, we shall some day build our cathedral on the shore of Lake Nyasa," said the master-builder of Christ Church, Zanzibar. Early in 1903 Mr. George had brought his band of masons and carpenters, who had already built Kota Kota and Unangu churches, to Likoma to collect material. That band of native workmen, trained and instructed by him and aided by Albert Crabb, is responsible for one of the most notable structures of our time. Such a building would be a credit to England, but on a comparatively desert island it can only be called wonderful. Likoma provided nothing but granite, which had to be quarried; all other materials had to be sought on the mainland and brought over in boats—the bricks made, the lime burnt, the trees felled.

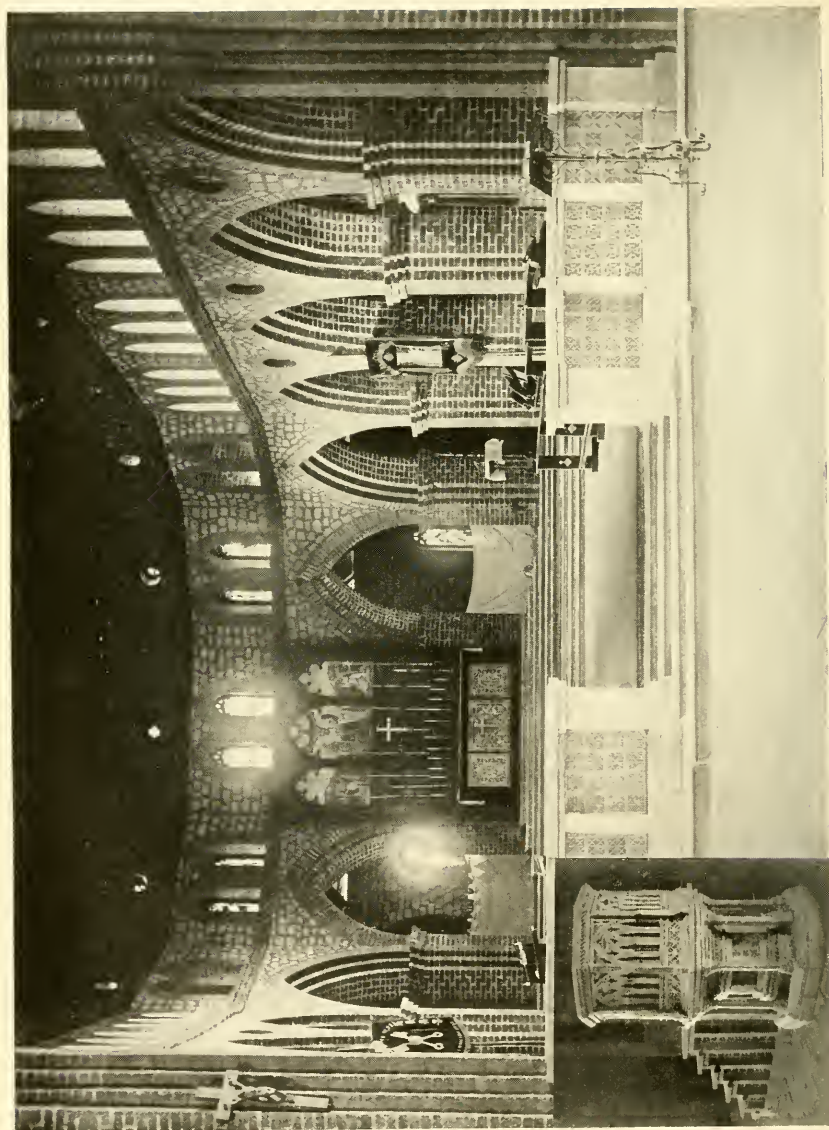
Owing to the great distance from the source of supply, the enormous cost of freight, and the length of time to wait for things sent from England, the cathedral has been built without numbers of things usually looked upon as necessary (only cement, iron for the roof, and glass were sent from England); and the building of it marks a stage in the growth of the Church in Central Africa, and shows that it has taken root in the land.

All those employed on the building were Christian or



LIKOMA CATHEDRAL—GROUND PLAN

catechumen natives ; the work started each morning with a short service, held specially for the workpeople, asking for



CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER, LIKOMA.
With stone pulpit carved by African workmen.

a blessing on the day's labour. The builders were a fine body of men, and took an extraordinary interest in their work. All the stone, brick, and other material had been carried to its place on the heads of native porters, a large number of whom were women. It is a large cruciform building, covering an area of 17,600 square feet. When it is quite complete, that is, when the chapter house, library, and cloisters are finished, it will cover 37,000 square feet. It measures from east to west 320 feet, north to south wall of transept 85 feet.

Many gifts in kind have been sent from England, and a beautiful carved oak lectern was made and sent in 1908 by the Guild of the Good Shepherd at Parkstone.

A retreat for forty members of the Mission was held before Michaelmas 1905. As a native child expressed it, "Many Europeans began to be in retreat. They were silent, they assembled together, and prayed to God in their hearts. Everyone thought of himself that day. Two Europeans were set apart that day as deacons, and we had very many prayers." Then on St. Michael's Day, to the strains of *Laetatus sum*, a goodly congregation passed up the new cathedral, some of whom were thinking what a venture of faith was that building of Jerusalem in Likoma's Isle, and how they had hardly dared to say, "Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem." It ended with the first Eucharist in the Cathedral of St. Peter.

A happy invocation for the Mission this of St. Peter had proved. On St. Peter's Day 1847, in St. Peter's Abbey, Robert Gray was consecrated. Three bishops since had been consecrated on St. Peter's Day—three in St. Peter's Abbey. In 1908 a peal of bells was hung in

the cathedral, whose voices shall, for generations, call the Likoma fold to prayer.

A visit should now be paid to some of the Mission stations, which, with hardly an exception, fringe the great Lake and the river.

Pre-eminent in interest is Kota Kota. Here for several years worked the Rev. A. J. Douglas, an Oxonian, who joined the Mission in 1901. Of him his Bishop says that he "has done splendid work, and is a most valuable missionary." Other Kota Kota names are the Revs. W. C. Piercy, A. G. B. Glossop, and J. P. Clarke. In 1902 a native hospital was started, where the first patient was saved by instant tracheotomy, and the hospital became famous. Next, under Dr. Howard's superintendence, a beautiful little hospital for Europeans was opened at Christmas, with room for two patients and a nurse. But the indefatigable doctor now demanded permanent native hospitals, and he built them too, commandeering such masons as were not superior enough for the cathedral, with native boys as apprentices. Two native hospitals arose, one for men, with a twenty bed ward, private ward, and operating room, and another for women, with the kitchen rigidly between them, where presided Nema, the wooden-legged cook, who consented to amputation because a wooden leg would make a noise like a European—*i.e.* as if boots were worn. These were dedicated by the Bishop in September 1904. A "Mat Fund" was started in England to endow what we should call "beds" at £3 per mat.

It is hardly possible to estimate the vital importance of the medical work. In the words of Dr. Robert Howard, who has done most to organize it:—

“Medical work is in itself an object lesson to the African. As a race they have intense natural affection, but they have not natural sympathy. Suppose a man falls sick in another village, the chances are he will be left to die there. He is a stranger, what claim has he on any one in the village? Medical work is an object lesson in sympathy, and is bound to have its influence.”

Another Kota Kota work bids fair to become important—work for the blind. A Home for them was started in 1905. They learnt the Bible, some ordinary school work, Braille, and such handicrafts as string, basket and bamboo work, and cotton picking.

The swamps around are utilised as rice fields; the ground is prepared in July and August for sowing at the first rains; afterwards the young shoots are planted out, and patiently watched against damage in various forms, from a hippopotamus, who may destroy a field in a night, to rains so heavy as to wash all the rice into the Lake. This gives plenty of work, and the masters of the harvest in Nyasaland have an anxious time, for the harvest is important, Kota Kota being a large town of 10,000 inhabitants, comparable to Basingstoke or Exmouth.

At Easter 1907 there were 203 communicants, and the station was lamenting the removal of the Rev. A. G. B. Glossop to Likoma. An overland mail service had then begun, and is said to be punctual, and when pursued by lions, more than punctual!

At the sub-station of Sani, under the care of a native teacher, a hopeful band of catechumens was presented for baptism to the Bishop in September 1904, and they included the wife and mother-in-law of the teacher.

They were baptized in a sheltered pool by immersion, and the Bishop being ill, only signed them with the cross, their priest baptizing them. Since then, Sani has twice suffered from severe fires and been rebuilt.

Another sub-station, Lozi, had its first baptism on July 5, 1908, and the new church was dedicated by the Bishop in honour of St. Athanasius. May it stand, like its patron, *contra mundum!*

Malindi, on the south-east shore of the Lake, the workshop for fitting and refitting the steamers, lies in a district of the Wa-machinga, a branch of the Yao race. For some time intermittent work was carried on here by ladies and others, and the popular idea of a missionary teaching under a palm-tree was nearly realized when we hear of two blackboards, a table, a tree-stump for the teacher, and four mats for the pupils as the entire furnishing of the school.

In 1902 regular work began with the Rev. Caradoc Davies. "Standing on the upper deck of the *Chauncy Maples* as she lay at anchor, just over the bar, the Bishop stretched out his hand towards Malindi, and in sending me here said, that it was a fine field for much labour;" and so it proved. The need to grapple seriously with the Yao tongue led not only to the conversion of the Wa-machinga, but to the opening up of stations along the road to Unangu. But Mohammedanism is "the lion in the way," though as yet many have not assimilated the faith of Islam. One chief who came to Mr. Davies' open-air preaching was much impressed by finding a Christian priest knowing more of Mohammed than the Mohammedan, the latter having ordered the chief to ask no questions lest he should be cursed!



A CLASS OF INSTRUCTION AT MANGOCHÉ.



CHURCH AT KOTA KOTA
IN NYASALAND.

Two years later the Rev. W. B. Suter was in charge at Malindi. There were now forty catechumens, the first-fruits of whom were baptized on Christmas Eve 1904. In September 1908 were dedicated the first permanent hospitals in Yaoland. About twenty-five patients occupy the beds, or "mats," on an average. The bodily healing leads to the cure of the soul, and the first female convert came from the hospital.

Mangoche, on the hills, enjoying the proud position of a military centre, was next occupied. At first a reed church, and later (1907) a permanent church was built, and on St. Bartholomew's Day 1906 the first baptisms took place, while a chain of schools was planned, including Kwilindi, Namizimu, and so to Mtonya and Unangu. Mr. Suter contrived a visit to Zerafi's country. Zerafi was the slave-dealing chief whom the British force raided and who fled to the Lujenda. A new Zerafi now reigned in his stead, and received Mr. Suter in a very friendly spirit.

At Mponda's, where the *Chauncy Maples* was built and launched, the building up of the church had also gone forward. Here the Rev. John G. Philipps had worked as priest-in-charge till 1902. As a result of his ministry can be shown a large body of native Christians at Mponda's, and by his earnest visits the ground was prepared for the chain of schools now to be found on the banks of the Upper Shiré, while bodily needs were not forgotten, for good gardens were cultivated and a herd of cattle acquired. After a visit to England he worked on the *Chauncy Maples*, till his death at Likoma, on March 31, 1906, after twelve years' service in the Mission.

Of this priest Archdeacon Johnson says :—

“ He was a devoted priest, and never lost his interest in the people, so that the darkest times could never have seemed to him meaningless suffering. The terrible side of death seemed hidden from him, and he looked on it as a going home.”

Meantime, at Mponda's, after two years' vigorous work from Rev. A. G. De la Pryme, the Rev. A. M. Jenkin succeeded, and later still, Rev. C. W. Ker. Under their auspices the communicants had increased to ninety by Easter 1904, and for the first time the Athanasian Creed was said in Yao. Here, as among other simple races, it would justify its original use as a manual of instruction easier than more condensed creed forms.

At length the desired schools had been started along the Shiré, and in 1906 Mr. Jenkin accounted for four—three above and one below Matopé, in charge of native teachers.

1. Mtembwe, on the right or western bank of the Shiré. Here an old teacher, Alban, has made great strides, and the village has turned round from indifference to keenness, though it is still a struggle between Christ and the false prophet. Every village around the Lake Pamalombe has its mosque.

2. Che Litete, on the east bank, with thirty boys and twenty-three girls, and the chief a hearer—the villages around clamouring for teachers. Here about every other month the priest from Mponda's would bring his tent, altar fittings, etc., and then the teachers could have their Communion :—

“ I took a class for catechumens while breakfast was being prepared, after breakfast we had mattins and open-air preaching, and then a short examination of some candidates for the



THE SCHOOL.



THE CHURCH.

MPONDA'S.

cross. After lunch I crossed to a village where the teacher goes every Sunday. Here I preached and read and expounded the first lesson, and we brought three women back with us who wished to receive the cross."

At this village the first baptism of new converts took place on Easter Day, 1909.

3. At Mpimbi, lower down on the left bank, is a new but strong station, chiefly of Angoni and Makololo—Livingstone's old followers—where, when the Bishop arrived, every man, woman, and child in the Mission tried to bring him a "prize," and goats, armlets, arrowheads, and beadwork were showered on him.

4. Mlangwe, one of the four original schools, three or four miles above Matopé, has been a difficult station, and has been closed for a time. Below Matopé the celebrated Murchison Falls cut the Shiré in two for navigation purposes. There are two strong centres there—Chigaru on the left bank, and an Angoni village on the right. The latest news of these speaks of numerous catechumens, soon approaching the time of baptism, and of villages beyond asking for teachers.

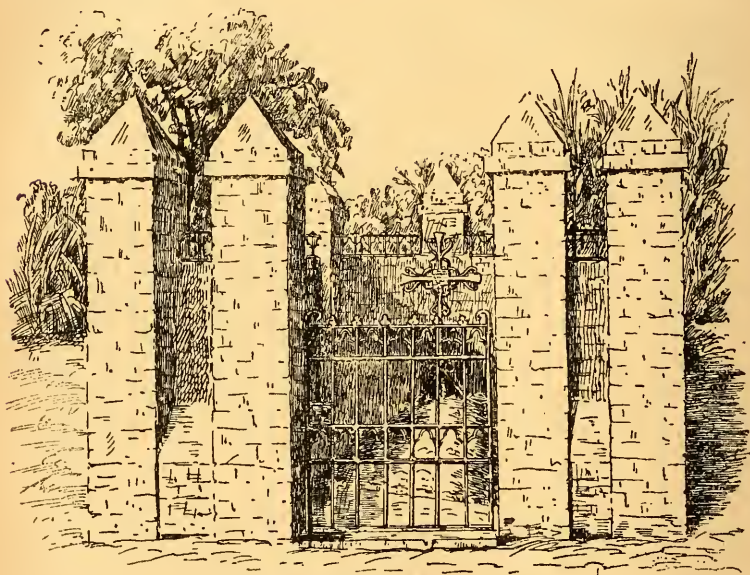
This work increases rapidly now Mr. Jenkin, mounted on his motor-bicycle, has entire charge of the river villages, and the priest at Mponda's is free for other work.

Ever since the death of the first Bishop, his grave has been an inspiration, and a place of pilgrimage, which few travellers up the river have failed to visit.

In 1899 the site was freely granted to the Mission by the Portuguese Government, "taking into consideration the pious object in view of keeping in good order the tomb of that illustrious missionary."

A wish now arose in many hearts for a church at

Chiromo. Anne Daoma¹ wrote, "I always had a wish to go and work among my own people, but God gave me work here. Is it true there is some idea of building a church near Bishop Mackenzie's grave? If so, I should so much like to send a donation towards it," and a £5 note was enclosed.



GRAVE OF BISHOP MACKENZIE 1907

In 1906 the "dream became a deed," and a church in honour of St. Paul was consecrated here on February 11, 1907. It was to St. Paul Bishop Mackenzie thought of dedicating that church whose first post he set up at Magomero. The tiny brick church has a low

¹ The child rescued by Bishop Mackenzie. See pages 26, 42.

square tower, a carved altar, and will hold forty worshippers. In the words of Bishop Harrison (Glasgow):—

“As the lonely grave of Abraham in Machpelah was the assurance to the Israelites that they would one day possess the land, so the lonely grave of Bishop Mackenzie has always beckoned us forward, and now it will be lonely no longer, for close to it on the river bank stands the memorial church of St. Paul.”

The ups and downs of Mission work were illustrated on St. Andrew's Day 1902, when the Lakeside station, Mluluka, was given up on the eve “owing to the determined opposition of the Mohammedans,” and the missionaries sailed away by the light of the burning buildings, while on the next day, Leonard Kamungu was ordained deacon at Chia. Twenty years before, two missionaries had reached the shores of Nyasa. The grave of one was in sight of the church, and it was the other who now presented the new deacon, who has since worked at Lungwena and Kota Kota.

In spite of Mohammedan opposition, conviction is sometimes brought to these villages. In 1907 rain was scarce, and a famine was dreaded—off fell the veneer of Islam, and the people resorted to “rain-making” with no effect. And then it was the Mosque which asked the Church to pray for rain—they, as fatalists, could hardly use “occasional prayers.” Then the Rev. A. G. De la Pryme, ordering all heathen dances to cease, offered prayer in all the villages, and in *every* case, within forty-eight hours, He “Whose gift it is that the rain doth fall” sent it.

The native chiefs do not always understand how it is

that *their* slaves become the property of the white man and pay hut-tax to him. Mataka asked Sir H. H. Johnston this and got no answer. They have a song about the white man—

“ First of all to preach the Word,
Afterwards to seize the land ; ”

and it behoves us not to give occasion for such songs.

The released slave work of early days was of a different kind, and the last released Nyasa, James Kathebeni, was sent from Zanzibar to the printing office at Likoma in 1904. A year later he discovered his family ; his father, a chief, being brother to Mataka. About the same time a girl—Salome—returned to Likoma, and on the Island found her sister and aged father.

“ Some faint foretaste of the joy of them that meet above,”
must be the portion of such “ knitting severed friendships up.”

As the Cape to Cairo railway has drawn nearer, and as European Governments have exerted their influence in their “ spheres,” the duty of ministering to a small white population has been felt. First at Fort Johnston, near Malindi, and from 1901 at Fort Jameson, in north-east Rhodesia, this work has gone on. At the latter place a chaplain, under the Bishop of Likoma but not on the staff of U.M.C.A., has ministered to about forty Europeans. In October 1906, Bishop Trower consecrated St. Paul’s Church, Fort Jameson.

The Nyasa schools now include some in German territory, on the north-west, where upon the hills are still found colonies of cave-dwellers, in wondrous caves with secret exits. Counting all the Lakeside schools, we have

now fifty-eight, partly in touch with each other, educating over 1,000 boys and only about 143 girls, a bad augury for the future Christianity of the households of these boys.

All these parts of Africa are happy hunting grounds of animal life, and deaths by crocodiles are only too frequent. At Kota Kota a leopard attacked the duck-house, and when watchmen were set the leopard, with a keen comprehension of division of labour, brought a hyena to tackle them, while he devoted himself to the ducks. But finally he was trapped. At a small village, where the dwellers in grass huts had already built a church of tree-trunks, one night, Paul, "a fine fellow," hearing a cry, went out and was seized by a lion, and one limb was all that was left of him in the morning. One wonders that sportsmen, keen on big game, do not come here to find it.

But more interesting creatures abound here: magnificent butterflies by day and brilliant fire-flies by night, herds of water-buck, and graceful antelopes range through the pastures. Even the snakes and lizards are lovely. Lastly, there is the segu, the lovely little honeybird which, it is said, leads hunters either to finds of honey or to bones of dead animals it wishes them to bury. Once it led to a lion's den, and once to a splendid find of dead ivory.

This diocese has only one group of stations directly inland.

Unangu, fifty miles from the Lake, at an elevation of about 2,000 feet, is an important place, with thousands of Yao inhabitants. The history of this station will always be bound up with that of its native priest—Yohana Abdallah—the last gift of Bishop Smythies to the diocese for which he had been "in journeyings off." This station

lost its first resident priest and founder, Dr. Hine, when he became Bishop of Likoma. The first Church of the Epiphany was opened in 1894; two years later Abdallah was left in sole charge, and in 1898 Bishop Hine had the joy of ordaining him a priest. Faithfully has he served at his station during the first ten years of his priesthood.

Bishop Hine arranged for a stone church in 1900, and it was on this visit he saw the rare sight of a herd of forty-seven great elephants crossing his path, with a few baby elephants all walking in procession—silent, solemn, majestic, as though wrapped in meditation.

Mr. George and Mr. Clarke, with the Likoma masons, built Unangu church, which, till the cathedral arose, was unequalled in Central Africa. It was dedicated on All Saints' Day 1900, when 110 persons communicated.

Accidentally the roof, a marvel of good morticing and bolting, was half burnt at Easter 1904. But a master carpenter being sent up from Likoma, the padre and his flock repaired it in three weeks.

It is probably owing to Yohana's being a native that at Unangu we have had so little tribal disturbance in times of "unrest." Sometimes two contending tribes, sometimes a tribe rebelling against the Portuguese, made things difficult for the Mission.

In November 1904, the Rev. C. Davies and Dr. Howard went on a prospective tour round Mtonya and found the old village vanished, and a series of scattered villages substituted. These migrations, so customary in Yaoland, are not from dread of enemies nor from the nomadic instinct, but from the Yao habit of eating up the land by constant use of the same crops and no manure, and then shifting to virgin soil. The



MTONYA.



WOMEN'S CLASS AT MPONDA'S.

IN NYASALAND

pioneers selected Mtonya as a possible station for new work. To Mtonya next June went up the Rev. C. B. Eyre and Dr. Howard—the site having been purchased both from the chief for £5, and from the Portuguese, who do not recognize native ownership.

Dr. Howard had accumulated odds and ends that might grace a rummage sale, and he proceeded to build houses for the Mission, while his companion was building a living church, by visiting the nearest hamlet and Sunday preaching. And here, when the doctor had built church and houses, Mr. Eyre settled in his parish. This ought to be the first in a series of twenty-eight churches, extending to the coast, the whole twenty-eight days' journey being now bare of Christianity. The following September, the Bishop held a Confirmation here, and went on to Unangu.

Padre Yohana was absent on furlough, paying a long dreamt-of visit to the Holy Land. Few pilgrims have more thoroughly entered into the marvel and mystery of the holy places, or more reverently followed the footprints of Him Who "dwelt as a citizen" in Palestine. It is a beautiful trait in Yohana's character, and an instance of King Charles' saying that "Bees will gather honey where the spider sucks poison," that where most travellers see discord and breach of Catholic unity in the Churches who meet and perhaps dispute in the Holy City, the padre says, "I spent Ascension Day on the Mount of Olives, where I noticed five different Catholic branches, each celebrating the Holy Eucharist in the open air, each at an altar of their own, with different rituals. Ah, I will not forget that grand sight all my life, smoke of incense going up from each altar, Armenians,

Coptics, Romans, Greeks, and Abyssinians. I thank the Lord for allowing me to witness that sight."

In 1906 the Portuguese gained an almost bloodless victory over Malinganile, the terror of the district—a mere youth who had succeeded the older chief.

The same year the Bishop appointed a second Archdeacon, the Venerable C. B. Eyre, in charge of Yaoland, with the title of Archdeacon of Mtonya.

The following year Kalanje, the heathen chief of Unangu, died, and Yohana writes of him:—

"He defended the cause of the Gospel amid all troubles . . . When our church was burnt he sent all his wives to bring up bamboos . . . This year, when we had no rain, he came and asked us to pray for rain in the church, and he used always to stop his people and not make noise when he heard the Angelus bell. I believe and trust and pray that his kindness to God's Church will be remembered in our Lord's Presence."

Though women's work does not keep pace with that for men, it has never been neglected. And when Miss Aubrey went home in 1898, Kathleen, an old Mbweni girl, became schoolmistress, with the happy result of an increase in numbers. There are now a large number of women teachers under the direction of English ladies. They do well at examination. Six passed in every subject, and one who failed badly begged to begin at once to prepare for next time. Certificates have been granted to women teachers at Likoma since 1905. A syllabus has been prepared for them, which would do credit to our own land. Another happy result of the increase of Christian households is that the Island girls can now live at home without dread of contamination.

At Mponda's, too, while Miss Fage taught on her baraza, Nurse Parsons attended a stream of patients, her blessed work of healing teaching visibly of Him Whose "touch has still its ancient power."

Two important pieces of work have been accomplished during these later years. First, the completion by Archdeacon Johnson of the Bible in Chinyanja, and secondly, the completion of the Chinyanja prayer book in 1908; which was completed and entirely revised by the Archdeacon, working, at first, with the Rev. A. G. B. Glossop and Rev. H. Barnes, and then with Miss Bulley in his place. The work has been accomplished by three of the busiest people in the Mission.

Before ending this chapter something should be said of the difficulties missionaries meet with.

One of the chief of them is the deep-rooted belief in witchcraft and black magic. A first step that the adherent has to take in the direction of accepting Christianity is when at his solemn admission as a catechumen he renounces the native customs which are not to be reconciled with Christian teaching or practice, and the greater number of the customs so renounced are inextricably mixed up with his ideas of witchcraft. One of the last things that the baptized Christian really learns is to absolutely and entirely expel from his life and thought the tacit acceptance of these very ideas which he had so long before renounced. And this is not surprising when one remembers how short a time it is since our own ancestors in this enlightened land had sufficient belief in witchcraft to put people to death as witches, and when one reckons up the people of one's own acquaintance to-day who refuse

to sit down thirteen to dinner, or who hold some other quaint superstition in a spirit of unreasoning fear. The very atmosphere of a heathen village in Central Africa is full of unreasoning superstition, and the Christian can no more escape it than he can escape the infection of malaria. It is no exaggeration to say that from the cradle to the grave the African, whether Christian or heathen, is surrounded by an atmosphere of unknown terrors. This is, of course, least in the Christian who is beginning to understand and feel that, whatever be the malevolence of spirits, he is always in the hand of a supreme God and Father. For the heathen, the fear of the evil influence of spirits, which may be induced to work him mischief by the arts and charms of his earthly enemies and ill-wishers, is present every moment and is unrelieved by any belief in a Supreme Governor; for him no death, to take a single case, is what we call natural, but is caused by some mischievous ill-wisher among men or spirits, and therefore every death is investigated, not by a careful inquiry into natural causes, but by resort to the diviners who claim to be able to reveal the secret workers of the harm. In law, again, the heathen most commonly resorts to the poison ordeal to clear himself from charges of theft, murder, and witchcraft; in the smallest as in the largest concerns of life he turns constantly to charms, to defensive or offensive magic. What seem at first sight his best actions may on investigation prove to flow from the mutual distrust and fear of a superstition-ridden race; for fear and suspicion are the ruling passions of his life. The only way in which the heathen can be brought under the dominance of love and trust instead of fear and suspicion

is by the growing sense of entire dependence on a Father in Heaven Whose power is over all and Whose love is no less than His power. The Gospel of Jesus Christ alone has power to teach them this, and it is only by slow stages and by generations of faithful work that the evil spirit of superstition and witchcraft can, even by this mighty power, be cast out from the heathen races that lie still in darkness.

In Bishop Hine's charge of 1899 a note of disappointment was struck in that he could see little of missionary zeal in converting others, common in some parts of Africa, and he asks if it is a result of our cold half-hearted example, and recommends days of retreat and instruction to draw teacher, reader, and the ordained to see the greatness of their work; insisting on a regular and sufficient wage for native clergy:—

“ We want,” said he, “ faithful men, may God grant them to us—who have the welfare of His Church keenly at heart, who are willing in a spirit of humility, which is the spirit of Jesus, to work out in their own strength, relying on His strength, God's eternal purpose in gathering into His flock those who are now in darkness and the shadow of death.”

It is when we read of the ordinations at Likoma on St. Thomas' Day, 1906, that we feel these counsels have borne fruit. Then were Padre Eustace and Padre Augustine ordained to the Priesthood after respectively six and eight years' diaconate, and Leonard Kangati became a deacon, and read the Gospel. The priests were placed in charge at Lungwena and Msumba, and Leonard at Chia under Padre Augustine.

The report for 1907 gives nine as the number of native

priests now working under U.M.C.A. and twelve deacons, 26 readers, and 286 teachers of both sexes, so that more than three quarters of the entire staff are Africans, forty-seven years after Mackenzie first set foot in his promised land.

Their quality may be judged from Bishop Hine's story of one who gave up well-paid government employ to learn, with scanty means and no wages at first, to be a teacher.

Another lad, Arthur Mvenya, was sent in 1893 from Zanzibar, where he had been trained as a teacher, and was at once put in charge of Chipyela boys' school, where he remained till his death, fourteen years later. "An ideal headmaster" his priest called him, and for eight years he was also a reader.

But alas! that we sometimes have to mourn for failure in those who had run well. Is there a diocese in the world free from disappointments in work and workers? As Bishop Hine, addressing the Likoma Conference, 1899, said:—

"We hear now and again of some great fall from grace, some grievous sin which a teacher has committed. We treat him with severity, and we are right in doing so. We remove him from his work; but does it ever strike us that we may be responsible for his fall? . . . We have found fault with his slackness, and left him perhaps sore, disheartened, miserable, and given him nothing to encourage him or help him to do better. . . . We put such a person in a place full of sin, and expect him to live an exemplary Christian life."

Such words show how fully alive the leaders are to the weak points in their flock. Surely He who makes of the frail and broken shells the marble that endures, can use even our failures for something better than we think.

“In disappointment Thou canst bless,
So love at heart prevail.’

It is these failures which the critics of Mission work throw in our faces. They are those who would have flung the fall of St. Peter and the squabbles in the Church of Corinth in the faces of the Apostles. But it is refreshing to end with one or two well-weighed utterances of those who really know.

It was the Hon. A. Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies, who in 1904 congratulated the Warden of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, on his splendid roll of missionaries.

“In their efforts we have an abiding guarantee that Englishmen amid the wealth, prosperity, and material greatness of the Empire do not forget their mission of diffusing a higher spiritual civilization.”

Lord Selborne spoke of “the profound contempt which I have no desire to disguise for those who sneer at foreign missions.”

Sir George Grey, Governor of Cape Colony, said that Mission stations were less costly than armies, and that native wars are more expensive than Christian teaching, and he called on the Church to find the men, if he found the means, with the immediate result of four Kaffir Missions and two Colleges.

Such utterances may help us to bear the burden laid on us, and to disregard the criticism of those who question, not merely our methods of bearing it, but even the necessity of lifting it at all, and who would “take away the key of knowledge and not touch the burden with one of their fingers.”

CHAPTER XVIII

WAR AND PEACE AT THE MAINLAND STATIONS

Locust Famine in Usambara—View of Work at the Bondé Stations—Kigongoi opened—Hegongo—Korogwe—P. R. H. Chambers, and W. H. Kisbey—The Rovuma Stations—Masasi raided.

“THE blessing of peace,” so fair and desirable, has truly been the portion of most of our mainland stations in later years, while to others have been granted the sterner lessons and testing of war.

But not unmixed with trouble to try them as gold in the fire, was the lot of the Usambara country during the two years that elapsed between the last visit of Bishop Smythies, described in Chapter XIII, and the first visit of Bishop Richardson in January 1896.

For the locust famine began in May 1894—a great and terrible army, darkening earth and heaven, they came and spread as a scourge through the land, reaching even to South Africa. But the Bondé country suffered most heavily. Here everything that grew was eaten up for one whole year, while crops suffered much for a second year, and even in 1896 some crops were devoured, a most unusual thing, for locusts usually pass from land to land, laying their eggs in advance of the country devastated.

The Mission, however, made good use of this time,

and bought and sold rice to the famishing people, so that though school work languished, lessons of mercy were rapidly learnt.

Since then famine has again been in the land. For in 1898 the greater rains failed, and also the latter and smaller ones, and when hope returned in January and rain fell, the locusts re-appeared to eat up every green leaf as the tender shoots came up. The people, unfed, could not work.

“Numbers are absolutely destitute and have hardly a rag to wear. Women carry loads if they are able, but often they are too weak, especially if they have little children . . . Wrecks of humanity prostrate themselves at our doors, imploring assistance; if we give it not, it means a burial. Whole families come and say, ‘Here we are, we have arrived,’ as if they had been invited. . . . We make work for them. We have done some drainage work, and are starting brick making. A very large number who are given work are really too weak to do it, but it is better than giving food for nothing.”

Nevertheless, Archdeacon Woodward could report the next year that work of a permanent value had been done by the famine-stricken, and that one man had successfully grown a shamba of sugar-cane, which acted the part of a sweet-shop to the Mission boys.

Much relief was sent from friends in England, and the Kaiser, on a visit to England, expressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury his thanks for “the splendid work accomplished during the famine in East Africa by the British Missionaries at Magila, acting under the Bishop of Zanzibar.”

Since then there has been no serious famine, nor plague of locusts in Usambara country; and one blessed

result of the famine was a greater desire to be taught; many came forward to receive the cross, and schools were asked for all over the land.

But there is a worse famine than the material one—a “famine of hearing the words of the Lord.” And it is often this preventable evil we have to mourn, as in the report for 1907, Archdeacon Woodward, writing of Magila Archdeaconry, says:—

“It is a serious matter that we go on making catechumens and baptizing without being able to keep properly in touch with the older converts, some of whom lapse for want of shepherding—yet how can one refuse them?”

It is to our native clergy and teachers that we must more and more look, as shepherds of the flock. Between 1894 and 1896 the following had been ordained—the Rev. Samuel Sehoza, Yohana Abdallah, Cypriani Chitenje, Daudi Machina, and Hugh Mtoka. Samuel Sehoza had been a free mission pupil at Umba, and after education at Magila, Kiungani, and Dorchester College, on St. Bartholomew's Day, in Iona, the island of the great missionary Saint Columba, the young African deacon was ordained by the Bishop of Nyasaland (Hornby), assisted by the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. He was ordained priest in 1896, and for some years he worked at Misozwe, where, on St. Luke's Day, 1904, he had the great joy of finishing a permanent church and having it consecrated. Through his faithful ministry the old church had grown too small for the congregation. Little by little he collected funds and enlarged St. Luke's till, on the patron saint's day, it was consecrated, and thirty baptisms took place.



KOROGWE.

Rev. Percival R. H. Chambers, first Priest-in-charge.



CHURCH OF ST. LUKE, MISOZWE

REV. FRANCIS
MZIMBA JOHN M. LIMU.

DAUDI SEZUA.

REV. HENRY
SEMNG'INDO.



REV. PAUL
KAZINDE.

REV. CANON
DALE.

REV. BENEDICT
NJAWA.

REV. REUBEN
NAMALOWE.



REV. PETRO LIMO.



REV. CECIL MAJALIWA.



REV. DAUDI MACHINA.



REV. SAMWIL CHIPONDE.



REV. YOHANA ABDALLAH.

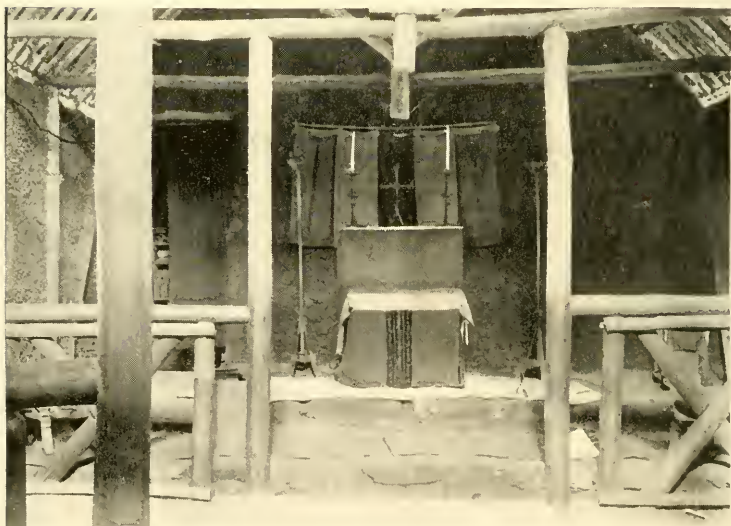


REV. SAMWIL SEHOZA.

AFRICAN CLERGY.



THE FIRST CHAPEL



THE CHANCEL.

KIZARA, EASTERN USAMBARA.

But not alone the outer fabric claimed his loving care. His heart burnt for the many villages around where there were none to teach, and he succeeded in raising such interest in eight villages that they put up small out-schools, and the Bishop, moved by this earnest work, sent the Rev. W. G. Webster there in January, 1905, and placed him first at Kizara and then at Kigongoi, in the East Usambara mountain, high up in the hills.

The Rev. W. G. Webster being invalided, Padre Samuel Sehoza worked at Kigongoi for some time, but 1907 found him back at his old home at Misozwe, where there is an excellent boys' school, and his wife Luiza has a girls' school. When the Bishop visited this station on the Patronal Festival, twenty-five were baptized, thirty-three confirmed, and eighty-four made their communion.

Mkuzi, another of the older stations, has been, since 1897, under the care of Padre Petro Limo (ordained 1893). Here, when Bishop Hine paid his first episcopal visit, the people came out "in truly African style" and met him, with dancing, singing, and gun-firing. It was now he named the church St. Peter, and confirmed fifty persons. The Patronal Festival was kept that year with high doings. A beautiful *missa cantata* (unaccompanied) at seven o'clock, when eighty communicated. Next day a grand feast of rice and meat was provided, and the dance which followed was *not* unaccompanied, for drums and old oil tins were requisitioned as a band. Padre Petro made the children pay him 1¼d. a month for schooling, and this, we are told, was a great help towards teachers' salaries. He needed it, for, clustered round St. Peter's, he had established seven schools,

and the station of Uмба, where most of the Christians had, alas, given up their faith, was also put under the young African priest.

If there is less to tell of Mkuzi than of other stations, it is because the quiet work,

“ The trivial round, the common task,
Should furnish all we need to ask.”



MKUZI

And that does not include the making of history, though it may well include the making of the

“ road
To bring us daily nearer God.”

Meantime the name of the head station had been changed. Named originally from the beautiful Magila mountain, the whole district had come to be called Magila, and the archdeaconry is still so named, but several

reasons prevailed for giving the station a definite name, and Msalabani was chosen—"at the Cross," from the dedication of the church. This station has been for years under the care of Archdeacon Woodward, who went out in 1875. Here he is the head of the African branch of the Society of the Sacred Mission, which has sent out so many excellently trained laymen to work as laymen in the Mission field, unless called higher to the priesthood.

A most interesting account of a visit to Magila was given in 1904 by Pastor Meinhof. He came by train to Mhesa—so different from old times of walking—or riding and tying with a donkey.

"On the way we enjoy the sight of flourishing plantations of coffee, tobacco, and maize, and at last we reach the gate of Magila, which, with its stone houses and neat church enclosed behind the walls, gives the impression of a medieval monastery. Archdeacon Woodward, for many years head of the station, greets us before we reach the gates, in the heartiest manner. The slight form, neat figure, pale face, and an especially refined bearing, suggest a European savant rather than an African pioneer. . . . Magila lies in the malarial zone, and formerly had a bad reputation for health. Woodward tells us that now, by medical advice, as long as the sun is high in the heavens, no meat is taken, nor wine—in the latter they are always extremely abstemious. Everyone keeps as quiet as may be, and avoids being out in the sun. Since this mode of life has been adopted, the general health has improved. . . . Magila is mainly a boarding school. Besides a small school for the surrounding heathen, there is a sort of middle school for such boys and girls as wish to learn more than the first elements. These children live on the station. They are fed and clothed; English friends provide for their maintenance. A large number are from Christian families, from the

out-stations. Others are heathen, who receive, if they wish it, instruction and baptism. Of course, it is quite voluntary; no compulsion of any sort is employed. . . . The classes are excellently arranged, school materials of the best, the scholars can read and write fluently in Bondé and Swahili; the upper classes have even a fair knowledge of English. Besides this, there is not wanting at Magila instruction in handicrafts. . . . When work is over, everyone plays joyously. Woodward has no nerves, and assures us that as a born Londoner, a certain amount of noise is necessary to his well-being. . . . Added to the general noise, on holy days the church bells ring longer than on other days. There are six of them. After a method which is pleasing to the Bondé ear these bells, which are of different pitch, are rung. . . . The English Established Church has retained many old Catholic forms, many more than the German Lutheran. The whole makes on us the impression of being in a Catholic Church. . . . Father Kelly, who has undertaken the training of men in England for the Mission field, was on a visit to Magila. He wished, though he knew no Swahili, to speak to the people, so an interpreter was called in. Kelly's theme was this: The Gospel must be taken to Bondés by Bondés! The hearers must learn it is their duty to carry the Word to others; they can make the Bondés understand their message in a way the European cannot. . . . I asked Woodward, 'How do you get the boys?' He said, 'They just come,' and so it is. Others come too—the miserable, the suffering, the starving. The reader will understand it pleased me well at Magila, and that, in spite of all difference, I saw evident signs of the one Apostolic Church under the rule of the One great and good Lord."

This account lets us in to the life of a Mission station as others see us.

All round Msalabani the traveller now sees the cultivation and general appearance of tidiness that German

settlers impart to their surroundings. The tribes around are taking employment under the white man; the old Masai cattle-raiders are now peaceful herdsmen; the Wanyamwezi work in the plantations, and even the feared Manyema come in now and occupy the old market site, Mafele, near Mkuzi; and everywhere in this district the old native tongues are beginning to pass out of use, and the composite Swahili "is making leaps and bounds."

The girls' school at Hegongo is up the mountain, and from 1904 to 1909 was under Miss Dunford and Miss Gibbons, who were too busy to find the spur of an African mountain lonely, even when a lion came at night and roared in the garden, and then retired to a hut near at hand. Miss Mills, who was there at the time, was much disappointed at missing this inspiring visitor. St. Dorothea's orphanage, where the famine children had been put, is a little higher on the hill. Miss Walker undertook the visiting of the women of the surrounding district in their own homes from 3 to 6.30 every afternoon. All this women's work is of the greatest importance for emphasizing the fact that the Christian Faith, as opposed to that of Islam, considers a woman's soul of as great a value as a man's.

There are now five central schools in this district, Msalabani, Mkuzi, Misozwe, Korogwe, and Kigongoi. Here the more promising and advanced pupils come, and around each station are Mission schools, under native teachers. The first-fruits of these were gathered on August 5, 1906, when sixty hearers were given the catechumen's cross. Many of these were girls, and three were married women. Kigongoi was re-opened at the

end of 1908, the Rev. F. E. Pearse going as priest-in-charge; two ladies followed in 1909 for school and dispensary work.

These catechumens come regularly on Sunday mornings to their central station, by 7.30 a.m., and are present at the Litany and first part of the Celebration. They are then dismissed with a short form by the native deacon, the priest bidding them depart as in the earliest Liturgies. Then they go quietly out and sit in groups on the quadrangle till 9.30, when their names are called, and they march to church for their special service, instruction, and catechizing in the Bondé language by the native deacon.

There is no district where conferences of native Christians are so well organized and effectual as in the Bondé country, Rev. Petro Limo being the presiding spirit.

One held in August 1897 was the third of these gatherings. Very severe are the resolutions passed at these times—such as putting under censure those attending a mixed marriage, even of relations. Another was held in 1904.

In February 1906 was held the sixth half-yearly conference of schoolmasters at Msalabani. This is a cross between a conference and university extension meetings. Lectures are given on the German and Swahili languages; on some work on the Christian Faith; some portion of Holy Scripture; and perhaps on church music, very needful for the unmusical Bantu. Besides this, debates take place on school difficulties, many of which concern the Mohammedan competition prevalent everywhere. These conferences last three

days perhaps, and they rub up the teachers and hinder the feeling of isolation.

In June 1908 Msalabani kept its fortieth anniversary since Rev. C. A. Alington and Vincent Mkono settled there in 1868.

In October 1904 the Bishop of Zanzibar visited the old site of Vuga, in West Usambara. Here, where old Kimweri had lived and been visited by Dr. Krapf in 1848, and his descendant by Bishop Smythies in 1893, there were but a few native huts, where once was a great native town. We had never been able to establish more than one Mission school in this district, and knowing that an effective Lutheran Mission station held the land, the Bishop visited them, and finding that we should do little, if any good, by continuing to hold school or services in their midst, he formally held an interview with Pastor Johanssen, and withdrew the one school, holding firmly to the work in Eastern Usambara. He was much pleased with the Lutherans, who had mastered the Shambala tongue, which we had only attempted; the schools are excellent, and the people are taught to bring a good water supply from the hills to irrigate their gardens and shambas. So we have withdrawn from the land, where we never really had a firm footing, to advance, we hope, with surer tread in other directions.

At Korogwe, in Zigualand, was built the second consecrated church in the Mission, St. Mary the Virgin, good, solid and square-ended. A wattle and daub school of superior make was erected, and under Padre Chambers the work progressed, with some observance of Sunday, and a decrease of heathen customs. Then the good priest was banished to England by a second

attack of hæmaturic fever, but he determined on returning to Africa. The Bishop wisely refused to let him take the risks of mainland work. But even Zanzibar proved too much for him; he had to be again sent home, and on St. Clement's Day 1899 he died at sea, before reaching Aden, and was, like St. Clement, buried in the sea. Percival Roderick Harcourt Chambers had offered himself to the Mission at seventeen, but waited patiently till he had taken his Cambridge degree, and served a three years' curacy in England. Then he went out, and his patient waiting had taught him to use patience in reaching the dark corners of the African mind, and to win the confidence of the natives at Korogwe.

To him succeeded the Rev. W. H. Kisbey, whose lot it was to carry out the plans of his predecessor, and to develop them far beyond the early ideas. A Mohammedan tried to oppose him, but retired with only four converts. Mr. Kisbey then boldly resolved to carry the war into the enemy's country, and crossing the Luvu River, which flows out at Pangani, he made a tour, preaching in many villages, asking why Mohammed could not alter their evil customs and teach the brotherhood of man. A practical question was, "What did the rich Arabs do for you in the famine?" The result of this expedition was three schools, built by the people ready for the coming of the wished-for teacher. Next year Mr. Kisbey found work beginning at Visalaka, at Kwamdani, and at Lewa. The schools were built by the people themselves, and presents were exchanged on their completion, and at Kwa-Mwandu, where the chief is a Mohammedan, he had a pathetic interview with him. One of his boys was just undergoing the degrading

initiatory native rite, and something in the missionary's presence troubled his dark mind as to allowing these disgusting customs, and then praying to Allah at sunset. "I want *you* to have my children," he exclaimed, when they parted at night; "and as for me, will you pray for me?" Who shall say what faint gleams of light he saw "in a glass darkly," and what a stretching out of the hand was here! May we be able to respond with the hand-clasp of a brother, and guide them to the clear light of the Gospel.

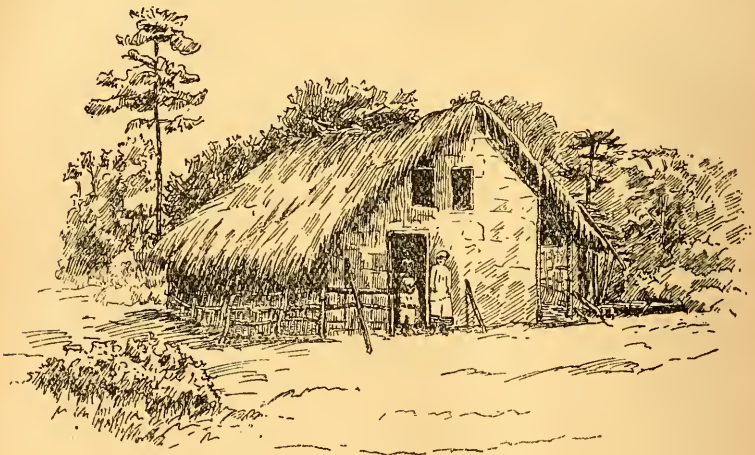
At the Patronal Festival, September 8, the Rev. Petro Limo came from Mkuzi, and at the first evensong of the Festival thirty-eight purple-clad candidates for baptism went in procession to the river and were baptized, returning in their white chrisom-garments. Next day eighty-eight communicants took part in the Eucharist, at which Padre Limo preached. He afterwards presided at a conference of adult native Christians on native customs, and on how far Christians might join in them. In the evening a great dance began to an *obbligato* of drums and tin cans, and the boys kept it up till morning, as "all sleep was banished from their eyes."

When Bishop Hine came here for the first time he was much struck with the Wakwavi, who have fled from the Masasi to live in peace among the friendly Ziguas. They dress better than most natives in garments of skins, set off with metal and bead decorations of a ponderous if not imposing sort.

At Korogwe itself, a new church designed by Mr. Frank George, with the usual African apse, was being built by a Greek and his workmen. This was consecrated April 22, 1904, and dedicated to St. Michael

and All Angels. It is a really large church, longer, though not quite as broad as Zanzibar Cathedral. The visitors from the other stations came by train, the railway having reached Korogwe. The whole proceedings took three days and ended with a *Te Deum* on Sunday.

Some Christians who were baptized on this day have since, entirely by their own free will, built a little wattle



KWA MAKAU, TEACHER'S HOUSE

and daub church at Mayuyu (or Kwa Mdanu). This church the Bishop opened in October, there being then twenty Christians in the place under Hugh Mhina, a teacher, and one of Archdeacon Jones Bateman's old boys.

Mr. Kisbey has extended his work in every direction. There are several island villages on the Luvu or Pangani, including Korogwe itself, and each has its school and teacher, while in Zigua land proper are a dozen schools—a good menace to Mohammedanism; and so is also

the work among women, started this year at Korogwe by three women workers.

The Bishop visited the Zigua country in 1907, taking a fortnight to get round the stations. The villages were poor, owing to cattle disease, which swept off the fine herds ; and in the schools were ups and downs. It was somewhat down at Mayuyu, with only nine boys in school, and the people impoverished by loss of cattle. At Ngungwini, on the contrary, there were fifty boys. In one village a converted Mohammedan is the teacher, and a good one, with forty-seven boys, fourteen of whom are catechumens. The strength of the church here lies certainly in the young. The priest-in-charge can only do this journey of sixty miles, from Korogwe, three times a year ; indeed, some parts of his district are 100 miles off, and the people walk into Korogwe for their communion. What should we think of a parish extending from London to Southampton, even if the towns in it were turned into villages ? How is the Mission to strengthen its stakes, to say nothing of lengthening its cords, without extra hearts and hands, to gather the harvest waiting in these enormous districts ?

When first Bishop Mackenzie and Livingstone tried together to enter the continent it was by the Rovuma. How little those pioneers thought, as they returned from their first abortive expedition and turned southward to the Zambezi, that they were passing the sites of future Mission stations, destined to be established even sooner than those Shiré and Nyasa ones they hoped to found, and which should not lack that Fatherly chastening, the mark of Divine benediction on any mission.

Mission stations in this district are movable posts.

There is the old Masasi, raided in 1882, and then deserted, the Mission being transferred to Newala, the daughter station. This station was moved up on to the Makonde Plateau, but after some years it was transferred first to Mkoo and finally to Luwatala, while a new Masasi arose under the Rev. E. B. Smith, now overgrown and deserted in its turn. There, however, still exists a Masasi in a more favourable site, and at the old Newala a church stands and holds its own, though many of the people have migrated to the plain.

Sundry out-stations have been started, and some survive. Chitangali, the village of the Christian chief Barnaba Nakaam, passed away, but many of the Christians settled with their native pastor, Rev. Cecil Majaliwa at Mwiti. This remains on the list, under the care of the native deacon, Kolumba Msigala. Here, in November 1907 Bishop Hine confirmed seventy-three persons, the boys being all able to say their catechism in the vulgar tongue, with a correctness that English Sunday-school teachers might envy.

When Bishop Smythies was about to depart he sent for two boys from Kiungani and gave them his last counsels and benediction. This farewell they regarded "as a very great gift beyond all price." Did the mantle of the great Bishop, as he passed from Africa, fall on his two humble disciples? They were Yohana Abdallah, priest of Unangu, and Daudi Machina, made a deacon in 1895. Daudi married Florence Majaliwa, the daughter of the Rev. Cecil Majaliwa, and was moved to Newala under the Rev. T. C. Simpson. After more than five years' diaconate he was raised to the priesthood, ordained by the Bishop of Lebombo, acting for Bishop Richardson, on January 24,



THE CHURCH AT LUWATALA.



MASASI.

IN THE ROVUMA COUNTRY.

1901, after which he again lived at Mkoo and worked there till 1903, when the whole village and their padre settled at Luwatala, where there are now 300 Christians. He is own brother to the Rev. Samuel Chiponde.

The other sub-stations to mention in this district are Chiwata, seven hours from Masasi, also under Barnaba Nakaam's chieftainship, and in charge of deacon Hugh Mtoka. He was one of the little slave-boys rescued by the *London* in old days, and to Miss Mills first, and to Kiungani afterwards, he owed his education. His work, first as a teacher and then as a deacon, lay entirely in the Rovuma country, and here on the day of the beheading of St. John Baptist, 1899, he was taken suddenly, after "a steady and consistent" ministry, and laid in his grave among his people, who mourned for their teacher and friend.

For some time after his death there seems to have been no resident deacon, but in 1900 came Rev. Danieli Usufu, who was ordained priest on Palm Sunday, 1908.

There are several other stations in the district, of which Majembe, under the deacon Cypriani Chitenji, and Lulindi and Miesi, under the deacons Reuben Namalowe and Benedict Njewa respectively, may be mentioned.

But the history of Masasi and Newala exceeds in interest that of all the others.

When Bishop Richardson first came to the Rovuma he was welcomed by the Rev. R. F. Acland Hood and Rev. T. C. Simpson at Newala.

At this time Matola, the friendly chief of Newala, was very ill. Baptism had been necessarily delayed on account of his wives. He was a catechuman, and had helped the Mission consistently, but it has been the rule

of the Mission to admit polygamists to the catechumenate but not to baptism unless the way should have been made clear that the wives might be put away without injustice to them or other moral wrong. All this must have weighed with the chief, but as death approached he considered himself at last free to ask for Hóly Baptism, and having provided for the repudiated wives, Mr. Simpson baptized him, and Yohana moved him to Newala, where the Bishop just saw and spoke to him before his death on October 14. His successor, young Matola, seemed unfriendly, but this was only at first. The case of old Matola is at once an answer to the challenge as to adults being ever converted, and a reason for their scarcity.

In 1899 the Rev. Francis E. Zachary came out and was sent to work at Newala; but almost at once Newala was abandoned as a centre, the people being scattered in small hamlets, owing to the greater supposed security of the land under the strong hand of Germany. The Mission force was therefore called in to Masasi, from there to work the country around. Archdeacon Carnon was the head, taking his title from Masasi, the veteran Rev. William Porter and the Revs. T. C. Simpson, J. Nichols, and F. E. Zachary, and a layman, George Sims, working with him.

But not long was Africa to keep the young priest, Mr. Zachary. As a boy at Lancing he had longed for mission work, and after passing through Oxford and Ely and a curacy, he went out, after a Retreat in Cambridge, where he heard the answer to his question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

He had worked through Lent at Mkoo, and passed away on April 16, of fever, possibly brought on by sun-

stroke, thus ending his earthly ministry for Africa. The blow was felt all the more that on Good Friday the Rev. E. John A. Nichols had died at Masasi of fever, thus nearly halving the number of clergy on the Rovuma.

When Bishop Hine left Likoma in 1901 he came overland, by way of the Rovuma, with a band of thirty carriers without fire-arms, and so though they met herds of antelopes the creatures remained unharmed. The porters turned up smiling and singing at the end of an eighteen mile tramp each day. The Bishop walked into Masasi on November 12, and spent a month in going to all the stations, confirming and visiting. The old deserted sites made him "ready to cry," but there was much to cheer him in 373 persons ready for him to confirm in the district. In Africa, be it remembered, a confirmation does not mean from six weeks to two months of weekly classes; but instruction, line upon line, over and over again, in class and singly, for from one to several years, with earnest preparation of the heart and many searchings of the missionary's own heart as to whether, after all, the candidate is ready. The Mission follows the old Eastern custom of confirmation as the immediate complement of baptism for adults.

How well the instructed native knows the need of much explanation, and gives it too, is shown in Bishop Hine's account of Sila, one of the older interpreters. Perhaps we, who in England listen languidly to discourses in our native tongue, with gratitude in inverse ratio to the length, can hardly understand what a function an African sermon is:—

"The missionary makes a few observations of a simple character for about three minutes, and then waits in an increasing state of amazement, listening while Sila, speaking

ten times as fast, translates (!), or expands, or multiplies, or explicates in Yao these apparently plain statements into whole volumes five or six times as long. You drop the little seed, and by Sila's practised handling of it the congregation can reap whole acres of valuable and instructive lessons."

The Masasi raid of 1882 had made the Mission shy of sending women to work in this country, and it is an evidence that all was now thought to be eminently safe that in December 1903, twenty-seven years after the station was founded, Miss Clutterbuck, Miss Holloway, and Miss Sharpe arrived at Masasi, having already had, respectively, nine, ten, and seven years' African experience. Their journey up from the coast was a sort of ovation, people waiting everywhere to see what English women were like, the nearest previous approach being three German Benedictine nuns, who didn't prepare the mind much for an ordinary Englishwoman. At Masasi the girls danced and sang backwards before them.

The ladies were delighted with beautiful Masasi, but it was sad to see the church falling down, and the new one not begun, its component parts lying around, waiting for a builder.

Soon Miss Sharpe had opened a dispensary, while the other two worked among the women, school being kept by Rose, the native teacher trained at Mbweni.

Earlier in this year, the Bishop had written :—

" Though less is heard of Masasi perhaps than any other centre, it is not because there is no progress to note. Progress there is, real and enduring ; the growth of the Christian Faith in the hearts of the people, a church worked by clergy and teachers living among their own people, and what is more important, living *like* their own people."

But much was soon to be heard of Masasi, and in a way that exemplified the truth of the Bishop's statement.

All seemed going on well. On St. James' Day 1905 the first stone of the new church was laid, and under Mr. Tomes the walls were rising, when the most unexpected storm burst on the land. Sunday, August 27, dawned, and news came officially from the German Government that danger might be expected, and warning them to be in readiness. Nothing immediate was expected. The *Sortes Liturgicæ* were remarkable. Christ weeping over Jerusalem must have caused them to feel hopefully that their Christians were not as the Jews—that they “knew the time of their visitation” and were well prepared. Then the songs of pilgrimage which formed the Psalms for the day must have echoed in their hearts, feeling that the time was at hand to show if the native church was “(as the grass growing upon the house-top,” or as the good seed which, sown in tears, should be reaped in joy.

In the afternoon the Archdeacon, who had been absent, returned. News had also come of the massacre by natives of the Roman Catholic Bishop, Cassian Spiess, O.S.B., with two Brothers and two Sisters at Nyangao on the Lukeledi, away to the north-east. Still it was rumoured that the German authorities were putting down the rising, and the day passed quietly. But at night two Benedictines came in from Lukeledi, with news that the rebels were pouring down towards Masasi. Archdeacon Carnon and his fellow-workers consulted. The rising was a purely native one against, not Christianity, but the foreigner. If the white men went, the flock would be safe; if they stayed, they would involve

their people in their fall. Just half an hour was given to the eight workers, and with a blanket each, and what they could carry in their hands they started, taking the two Benedictines with them; the Rev. W. C. Porter, Archdeacon Carnon, Rev. H. Spurling, Miss Sharpe, Miss Clutterbuck, Miss Holloway, with Tomes and Harrison. Padre Porter, who had been in the Magwangwara raid of 1882, was too ill to walk, and was slung in a blanket between two natives. Thus they reached Chiwata, where Barnaba Nakaam and Padre Danieli Usufu met them and gave them two carriers, who were a great help. But the rebels were hourly expected, and they hastened to reach the Makonde plateau. And so they made their way through desolate country, where natives fled at their approach, past the tracks of lions, with constant rumours of rebels on their traces. At length, after 120 miles' walk, with little rest, and less food, those brave women, the sick man, and the rest, footsore and worn out, with their clothes in rags, arrived at Lindi, on the coast, on September 2. Here they met the Benedictine nuns from Nangao. They had been taken by the rebels, and, making ready for death, had knelt while Padre Leo gave the Absolution. The natives believing the sign of the Cross to be witchcraft, fled, and they escaped; but one sister was separated from them and probably killed.

Here, at Lindi, Archdeacon Carnon decided to remain, ready to return on the first opportunity.

“Through everything,” he wrote, “there is the consolation one has of feeling how faithful our own people have been right through it to us, and to the powers that be. . . . Now is our native clergy's opportunity. You will beg all

our friends at home to pray very much for grace for them, that they may be very strong and true in this great trial. . . . There is not a European alive in the vast southern *hinterland* of German East Africa."

For we know now beyond a doubt, that this was not the raid of one strong nation, like the Magwangwara, to establish their supremacy; it was the natural, and not entirely reprehensible feeling of hatred of foreign rule or foreign interference. It was the same spirit which animated our forefathers in the English (as distinguished from the Continental) Reformation, that no foreigner "shall tithe or toll in our dominions." But when this natural feeling is carried out in a way of which Canon Porter could say, "The Magwangwara affair was quite respectable, compared with this murderous, savage, heathenish, almost devilish outbreak," then it became horrible and a thing to be resisted.

Down poured the rebels upon Masasi, and the Christians endeavoured to defend it, and carried away and hid the church plate and other fittings and valuables. When nearly all the church and station were destroyed by fire, they managed to drive off the invaders after killing twenty-eight of them.

They were kept off from Chiwata, but the rising became more general, and the Magwangwara took the war-path again to join it. All the Rovuma Christians aided the German Government, in resisting invasion, and keeping order. It is getting increasingly impossible to believe the axiom of the "commonplace person" that the raw native is far superior to the Christian. The rebels were armed with guns, mostly muzzle-loading, and made bullets out of telegraph wires, or used the globe stoppers

of soda-water bottles. They also had the native poisoned arrows. The witch-doctors tried to increase the natural, if inglorious, dislike that, from Hampden downwards, we all feel to paying taxes, by adding a religious element, saying the spirits demanded the blood of all Europeans whose guns, under their charms, would discharge water and not fire.

The German troops were not at first enough to repel them entirely, and the whole story is a warning to us that if the coloured races act together, being as ten to one throughout Africa to the white races, they could easily exterminate us. It must be remembered it was the foreigner, not the Christian, and not even the European only, against whom they rose; Arabs and Indians were swept away as well.

The Germans, of course, conquered in the end, and the country was desolated; for the enemy destroyed the loyal houses, and the Germans the disloyal. Several battles were fought, and the rebel prisoners were sent to Lindi, where many were put to death.

Meantime the native Church had risen to its duty. Rev. Daudi Machina was resident now at Luwatala, thirty miles from Masasi, and, with the help of the native deacons, used such buildings as still remained standing for the services of the church; school being held in the store, which was spared, and the only other building left standing seems to have been the cattle-shed. But for six months Padre Machina itinerated from station to station, that the faithful might not be deprived of the Bread of Life, which he alone in all that vast tract could give, taking care that the work went on everywhere. He also took an inventory of the things saved

from the raid. These were almost exclusively church property; to save that had been the first thought of the Christians. Daudi wrote a brave and faithful letter to his "Father," Archdeacon Carnon, to pray him to stay in Zanzibar as it was not only useless, but dangerous, both for himself and the Mission, to return at present. He told him, and it is his only complaint, that he had not wine enough for the Celebrations. This, however, seems to have been supplied later. The whole tone of the work is shown in the advice he gave in preaching at Masasi a week after the raid:—

"I tried to comfort them, saying that Almighty God had sent this blow to put our faith to the test. 'Now is the time for every one to show the fruits of the good seed which has been planted in our hearts for so many years by our Father.' . . . I see clearly it will be a long time before peace settles on this land. Again, as soon as the land is quiet I will let you know. . . . Wait till God makes His purpose known. I have plenty of strength to travel from place to place, and I know God will help me."

The letters written at this time are full of energy and quiet strength on the part of the young African clergy who were holding the post so well. It is the letters of the poor Archdeacon that express deep sorrow, and love, and longing to be back in his true home, and yet with the reserved force that knows how to submit, how to "stand and wait."

At Christmas they had hoped to the last that they would keep the Feast together. But the Governor counter-ordered the caravan, just as it was starting, and the Archdeacon remained in exile at Lindi, while the

indefatigable Daudi managed between Christmas Day and the New Year to celebrate Holy Communion at several places. It was a cheering record, in the midst of war, and temporary famine caused by war, and the consequent late sowing season, to find 120 communicants on Christmas Day. At Luwatala on St. John's Day Masasi had its Christmas Feast with eighty communicants only, because of those gone as soldiers; on Saturday at Chiwata there were thirty-five, the men mostly at the war. At Mwiti on Sunday, 104, and forty-two at Majembe for the Feast of the Circumcision—381 communions made, and something like 100 miles travelled by the faithful priest. People talk of coloured men as a lazy lot; one would like to put them to the same work. He ends by saying, "The deacons are all well; every one is trying to do his work as well as he can." The Chiefs Matola and Nakaam, the latter a Christian, the former friendly, had been helping Government against the Wamakonde, whenever they could see them, which was not often.

At length, with literal joy and singing and dancing, the exile came back in February—even now under a military escort. Everywhere people rushing out to welcome him, and escorting him on the way, till he reached Masasi, at midday. The sight was sad enough. Not only the station in ruins, but registers, translations and books, the work of years—all gone.

Solid marks of sympathy did not tarry; a friend sent to the office £50 and more help followed.

Canon Porter was back at his post in March, full of ardour and with a desire for revenge, by sending the attack of a Christian Mission to the centre of rebellion.

Bishop Hine came to the district in October. Everywhere, instead of depression after the war, there was cheeriness, with marks of advance. At Luwatala they wished for a higher grade school as at Masasi.

The Bishop visited the different out-station schools. At the smaller school at Mchauru a Kiungani teacher, Alphege, managed his twenty-five Makua boys. The other school in the village had thirty-two children under Mikael, another result of Kiungani. These youths have thirteen adult Christians, nineteen catechumens, and ten hearers. It is of such schools that the Bishop writes, "I have a great respect for all these humble plodding teachers who go on year after year, grinding away at their schools and their classes, gathering their little flocks of sheep into the fold of Christ. Here is the 'Light that shineth in darkness, and the darkness cannot overcome it.'"

The Bishop enjoyed his visit to Newala, which was in charge of a candidate for Holy Orders, who worked under Padre Daudi. There were only 150 Christians, some of them scattered, but there were twenty-two ready for confirmation, and a celebration of Holy Communion with fifty-two persons—a very good number for these regions. So to Majembe and Mwiti the Bishop fared, thence to Chiwata and Masasi, confirming about 400 in the tour.

At Masasi the Bishop found the station nearly rebuilt, "a row of beautiful new houses, a new dining room, a new school, church, and a new house for myself, all finished in about three months." It was like a transformation scene. Mr. Tomes was hard at work at the permanent church. Several new schools had been opened in the district. One link with the past was the

fetching up of the altar from old Masasi of Bishop Maples' time to use in the temporary church.

A great day for Masasi was St. Bartholomew's Day, 1907, when the first ordination took place in the half-finished church, of which the Bishop said, as he knelt there at 5 a.m. for the first celebration, it looked like a ruined abbey. The Archdeacon preached at the ordination service, Padre Daudi and the deacon Yustino assisted the Bishop at the altar, and then the three readers were made deacons, Paul Kazinde, a Nyasa, and Reuben Namalowe and Benedict Njewa, both Makuas—the first of their race to be ordained.

Since then we learn the church is nearly finished. It is very large, larger than existing needs require, but thus it recalls a striking sermon preached long ago in England, on the conversion of Africa, by Bishop Samuel Crowther, on the text, "And yet there is room." Room indeed for more workers, and room for many more Christian natives, as long as in all Africa, including men and women workers of "all denominations," there exists not more than one worker to every 7,000 natives. There *is* room and to spare!

But there is only room for those who are prepared to endure hardness, and to face hard work and difficulty. One part of the work, though not the hardest, is to master the languages, Swahili, Bondé, Zigua, Makua, Yao, Chinyanja, spoken in East Africa. But those who have the gift of learning languages tell us these are easy to acquire. Swahili and Chinyanja are the only two that can be adequately learnt in England. The foundation of Swahili is Arabic, incorporating Chinyanja, Indian, Persian, Portuguese and English, all more or less corrupt



CANON WILLIAM C. PORTER.



ARCHDEACON ALFRED H. CARNON.



THE CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.



REV. JOHN HAINSWORTH.



REV. FRANCIS ED. ZACHARY.

WORK AT MASASI.

in transit. Nevertheless, like some European languages, it is a very good vehicle for thought, and the work of the missionaries is making it capable of expressing the deepest truths of the Christian religion. So that it will be to the simpler African tongues what Greek is to us—the language of theology—the tongue in which the Creeds are studied, and which will best convey to the mind the Divine mysteries.

But if there is some variety in wrestling with languages, and thus getting more in touch with our fellows, there is often monotony to face, and oftener loneliness. The native life is itself monotonous, and if they have few cares and some joys they have also the fear and terror of spirits, which pervades the whole of heathen native life. Is it not worth any sacrifice to bring Christ into such lives—to teach them “always to taste the deliciousness of their employment”?

But to do this we must taste it ourselves. And if in the wide exile from home and friends, and European culture, there must be some monotony and loneliness, the missionary feels, in Archbishop Alexander’s words:—

“ In dust and drudgery may be
The appointed task for me.”

and he will remember it is not by excitement but by drudgery that the world’s great tasks are done:—

“ So dust be dust of gold and drudgery divine.”

And knowing this let those who read this record ask themselves: “Have I ever offered one intense prayer for Africa?” “Is there any reason why I should not give myself to satisfy the thirst of the Master’s heart for Africa?”

CHAPTER XIX

HALF A CENTURY OF WORK. THE LAST DECADE

The Abolition Edict—Episcopate of Bishop Richardson—Translation of Bishop Hine to Zanzibar—Work at Ng'ambo—Plague in Zanzibar—St. Mark's College opened, and removed to Kiungani—Work begun in Pemba—Working of Abolition—Sir John Key—Home Organization—Livingstone's Jubilee—Consecration of Frank Weston, Bishop of Zanzibar.

FOR thousands of years the cry of African slavery had ascended, and for more than forty years, from many a heart the cry, "How long" had gone up, as the net, cast in African waters, awaited the call, "Draw in now." Many a grave had marked the way to the end now attained, and a voice seemed to cry aloud from those by the Shiré, from the lonely burial place by the Lulimala, from those of the hard workers who had made possible the Church in the Slave Market, asking if they had laboured in vain.

And now the long tarrying ended and the answer came. The Sultan of Zanzibar, on April 6, 1897, assembled his chief men, and announced the decree which abolished for ever the status of slavery. Sir A. Hardinge, Consul General, was, of course, the chief mover.

This decree was acceptable to the Arabs. Emancipation would have freed every slave at once, without

arranging the means of livelihood, and where was compensation for the masters to come from? As now arranged, the slave can emancipate himself, on payment of some compensation, and on showing a possibility of earning his livelihood. Emancipation would thus be gradual, instead of immediate.

But, like the Englishman, the Arab regards his house as his castle, and his harem as his own property. Zanzibar not being a British possession, the harem slaves could not then be touched, and this caused much searching of heart to many good and ardent friends of enfranchisement. Immediate steps were, however, taken to prevent this decree from being a dead letter.

It is rather curious that on this auspicious day (April 6) this history of the Universities' Mission (founded on the older one of Mr. Rowley) was first published.

With regard to the working of the abolition edict, all that need be said, till we come to consider the state of Pemba, is that abolition meant more and not less work to the Mission, and this for two reasons. First, the difficulty of securing that the tens of thousands of slaves in Zanzibar and Pemba had the chance of emancipation, and that both those freed and those "practically freed" were not really in unseen fetters—in other words, that freedom was real and not pretended. The second task devolving on the Mission was the "white man's burden" of teaching the released man how to use his freedom, by religious, moral and economic training, "not as a slave, but as a brother beloved." In this connection Canon (now Bishop) Weston's words should always be remembered, that the slave-trade, and therefore slavery, "is wrong, because it treats a child of God as the property of a man."

It is, perhaps, best here to mention that at the anniversary of 1905 both Archdeacon Woodward and Sir C. N. E. Eliot were able to say that the much-criticized methods of abolition were proving successful, that "there was practically an end of slavery . . . at present it is impossible for any one to be born a slave or to become a slave in East Africa."

In our last chapter, reference is made to the consecration of the Rev. William Moore Richardson, vicar of Ponteland. He had, among other posts, served as chaplain of All Saints' Convalescent Home, Eastbourne, and as second Master of Bloxham. He was warmly greeted in Zanzibar, and, going straight to his cathedral, followed by hundreds of his flock, joined in a festal evensong, with *Te Deum*. It could not be said of him that he went to his own house, for he had none, though he had rooms at Kiungani and Mbweni, while in many stations it is customary to call one hut or small house the "Bishop's."

Speedily he visited the stations on the mainland, and also ordained four deacons in the cathedral, among whom were Daudi Machina, and Cypriani Chitenje.

A Synod was held on St. Luke's Day, 1896, the third synod of Zanzibar, the laity being excluded. At this meeting was first planned a cathedral chapter, in the hope of keeping an efficient body of clergy in the town of Zanzibar.

Bishop Richardson said he only regarded himself "as a stepping stone," and this he proved; leading the work quietly, and step by step, and bridging the interval between the episcopates of Bishops Smythies

and Hine. And one at a time we will now give these steps.

In 1896 there were in the Mission altogether twenty-nine English ladies and about thirty young African women teachers; of the ladies nine were nurses, the remainder being engaged in teaching. Of this number a good proportion were stationed in Zanzibar. One nurse, Miss Ada Sharpe, was at the Mbweni Dispensary.

In 1899 the ladies, the old house at Mkunazini having been pulled down, were transferred to new quarters in a house rented to the Mission close at hand. At this time earnest attempts were made to teach industry to the native Christian women. Whereas in agricultural districts the women do the greater part of the outdoor work, and the men are rather the people to find work for, here in Zanzibar even housework and washing is done by men and boys, and the women have an idle time. Sewing classes were held by Miss Phillips and were "a grand opportunity for making friends." At the end of a year she was actually able to say that the expenditure had not exceeded the expenses, a successful sale of their work making them even hopeful of a profit some day!

To this in 1902 was added St. Katharine's, a lodging house for unmarried girls in Zanzibar, as such girls cannot live respectably alone in Zanzibar. They had work in the town, which occupied usually only the mornings. They provided their own food out of a very small payment made to them for doing the work of the house where two of the ladies lived and supervised the girls with a light hand.

Miss Gertrude Ward, in a paper on "Work among Girls,"

shows how careful we must be to change no native custom that is not wrong, merely because it is not European. Over-educate the African, and you unfit her for her position as an African wife. Unfit her for that and the men will look for heathen wives who will follow the tradition of their fathers and mothers.

And yet few women in all the world need Christian teaching and influence more than these Africans, of whom it is said that even the youngest girl is rarely quite innocent.

Three years after St. Katharine's was opened, both that and St. Monica's sewing class were still running well on their useful course. Besides being a house for the unmarried, St. Katharine's found work for several married women, who have little to do in their own homes in the morning and thus they are kept out of the temptations that beset the idle. Housework, cooking, gardening, laundry-work, and the care of the cathedral are their employments. In the large garden flowers grow luxuriantly for the cathedral altar, which must be renewed daily. It is these Christian girls who, when they become wives and mothers, and still more, when in their turn they become mothers-in-law, will rule the households, and may change the foul and heathen customs of the Africa of the future.

Miss Ruth Berkeley, revisiting her old Mission haunts in November 1906, found the girls hard at work, washing and ironing. When first they did this unfeminine work, as it was thought then in Zanzibar, they used to scream with laughter at the extraordinary garments English women required.

There are disappointments to face, and we at home

often think little of these. Girls being free to go in and out, sometimes stray away and are lost in the evil haunts of a Mohammedan city. Then there needs Christ-like compassion and untiring love to bring the wanderers back, and sometimes there is granted to the workers that joy which is in the presence of the Angels of God.

When St. Benedict promulgated that eminently common-sense document, his Rule, "*ausculta, O fili,*" he ordered his monks, besides the hours of devotion and study, to spend seven hours daily in handiwork, and we know how grandly they carried this out, how the workers in stone and wood raised those magnificent buildings whose abbey churches still remain, how they drained and tilled the often barren lands, till the earth yielded her increase; and how in the scriptorium the whole learning of old time was preserved and new studies carried forward. And so in all our missions, side by side with the evangelistic and devotional work has gone the industrial element, and the men of prayer are taught to be men of work and skill.

Of course, the training of clergy and teachers is still the most pressing need for Africa, but those who cannot do this may still be built up into a God-fearing and useful laity. First Mr. Bishop and then Mr. Herbert Lister made gallant efforts, and in 1894 the latter had seventy boys attached to his industrial home, learning to be smiths, carpenters, masons, cooks, bookbinders, and even workers in silver. Silver crosses of their work have appeared for sale at the office.

When Mr. Lister went to Pemba, Mr. C. W. Roberts took this work till his death in 1898.

The Director of Agriculture at Zanzibar suggested in

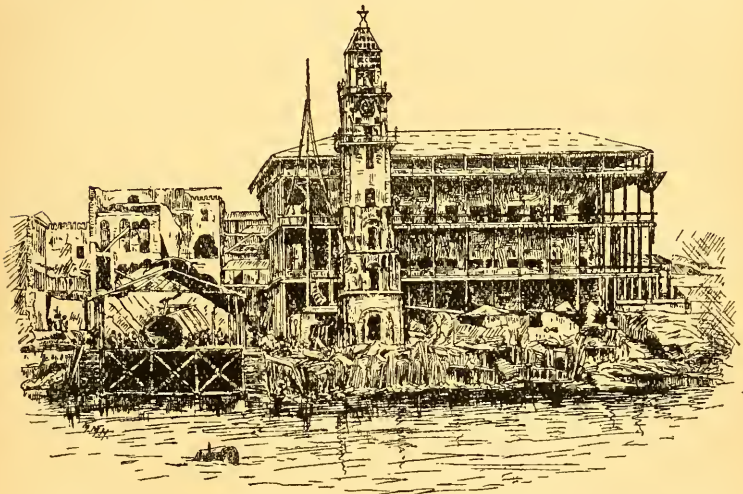
1900 the removal of the boys from the evil influences of the town and teaching them trades, mechanics, and keeping accounts, instancing the work of the French Fathers at Bagamoyo, whose schools are a source of income to the Mission. But two things have to be borne in mind. Missions do not exist for the sake of making useful employés for governments, though incidentally they do this. And secondly we recollect that the downfall of one Mission was largely due to this "profit" which turned it into a trading concern.

The advice was, however, followed so far as to move the Home out of the town, where in the "Bishop Smythies Memorial Home" at Ziwani, the boys were to be taught by master-workmen belonging to the Mission, under an English superintendent. This was large enough for forty, and was opened July 18, 1901, under Rev. P. H. Baines and Mr. Sanderson.

But in 1903 it was removed to Pemba, and put under the care of Brother Makins, S.S.M. It was found that here the boys can live a healthier life, physically and morally, and while still carrying on handicrafts, can learn agriculture, especially on the famous clove plantations, half of which will either go out of cultivation for lack of labourers, as the old slave population dies off, or else the curse of foreign labour will be introduced in Pemba.

All over the Mission the training work went on, and in 1904 the Rev. Cyril Frewer could point to many masons, carpenters, etc., sent out, until more than three-quarters of the masons at Pemba were Christians, or catechumens, while an industrial exhibition was held at Dar-es-Salaam, where excellent potatoes, grown in

Usambara, appeared side by side with cocoa-nuts, cotton and cereals. Zanzibar sent its exhibits of wood-carving, fishing-tackle, pottery, leather work, and ironwork. In such a show Londoners must have felt quite at home, while the native competitors were able to learn that important lesson, that "I have done my best" is not the farthest goal. Somebody else's best excels theirs, and



THE PALACE AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT

they must try again, for "the good is the enemy of the best."

The changes of Sultan, during these years, did not involve any change for the Mission. In 1896 Hamed bin Thuwaini died after three years' reign, and Khalid bin Barghash, twice a usurper, tried to establish himself in defiance of the British Consul, but the opportune arrival of the *St. George*, and the bombarding of his

Palace, caused him to flee, and his cousin Hamoud bin Mohammed became Sultan of Zanzibar. The Christians and workers, including Bishop Tucker of Uganda, who was in hospital as a patient, were carried on board the ships during this proceeding, but in three days all were back at their posts. This Sultan reigned until 1902. He had sent his son, Seyid Ali bin Hamoud, to England as a Harrow schoolboy, he had then travelled in Europe and South Africa, had attended the Coronation of King Edward VII., and now returned to succeed his father. He did not attain his majority till June 7, 1905, when there were grand doings, attended by the Bishop and all the members of the Mission, and a state procession next day. May this young sovereign reign in righteousness.

Of much greater importance during these years is the change in the spiritual rulers of the Diocese.

Early in 1900 Bishop Richardson, feeling that the work would suffer if he continued in office, with health beginning to fail, "felt compelled after five years' service in Africa to resign his office into younger and stronger hands." That it was a grief to him to do so we can well believe, when we remember that in these few years much had been done. As we have seen, women's work had been put on a more definite footing, the Archdeaconry of Magila had been revived, and the Archdeaconry of Masasi created, while, as will be related at more length, the work in Pemba had been started and St. Mark's Theological College opened. Every part of his Diocese had felt his watchful and prayerful care.

Zanzibar welcomed, on December 15, 1901, their old friend Bishop Hine, and if activity was needed, here was the man. In that last fortnight of the year, he held

two confirmations, a retreat, and an ordination, and visited Pemba. On the very day of his arrival he was enthroned in that cathedral built by Bishop Steere, occupied by him and the saintly Bishop Smythies, and by the devoted Bishop Richardson. It was indeed a great task to undertake, but in the Bishop's own simple words, "I have received the Archbishop's summons and I feel bound to obey. So I become Bishop of Zanzibar."

And now that cathedral, hallowed by so many memories, was to receive the crowning grace of consecration. It was on the festival of the Prince of the Apostles, he who first preached the sermon, and proclaimed grace, to "all that are afar off." Thirty years before the first stone had been laid, and on Christmas Day, 1879, it was opened, but consecration can only be where tenure of property is secure.

"St. Peter's Day opened with the pealing of the cathedral bells for the six o'clock celebration, a beautiful beginning for so eventful a day. By 7.30 we were gathered again to join in the consecration of the cathedral we all love so well. As we stood expectant, we saw the procession, headed by the cross-bearer, and followed by the Bishop, such a striking sight—the beautiful green of waving palms, the rich colours of the vested clergy and choristers, and the gay banners. The Bishop knocked three times with his pastoral staff, saying, 'Lift up your heads,' etc. A native priest responded from within, 'Who is the King of Glory?' The Bishop replied, 'Even the Lord strong and mighty. Open.' Then the doors swung back, and with 'Peace be to this house' the Bishop entered. The nave, from which all seats had

been removed, was filled with a large native congregation, while the Europeans, among whom were many of the Consular and Government officials, had seats in the west gallery. . . . The Rev. Sir John Key read in English the legal document or deed of consecration, which was laid on the high altar, and signed by the Bishop. The altar itself was then blessed with holy oil. The two other altars and font were also blessed, and the Bishop pronounced the formal sentence of consecration from the gallery at the west end. Then followed the Choral Eucharist, sung, of course, in Swahili, the Bishop celebrating at the east of the altar, facing westward in accordance with one ancient custom.”¹

The cathedral being consecrated, a chapter was formed of thirteen stalls. The Bishop's throne in the midst is dedicated to St. Bartholomew. The titles were chosen with great care, and are as follows :—

1. St. Athanasius, as an African Saint.—*The Chancellor of the Diocese.*
2. *Mater Misericordiæ*, the most appropriate to Africa of the Blessed Virgin's titles.—*The Archdeacon of Masasi.*
3. Holy Cross.—*The Archdeacon of Magila*, this being the title of his Church.
4. St. Augustine.—*Archdeacon of Zanzibar.*
5. St. George, to show the English origin of the Mission.—*Canon Porter.*
6. St. Cyprian, another African Bishop.—*Canon Dale.*

¹ It should be remembered that the altar, *behind* which the celebrant anciently stood, as in the first cathedral (Christ Church) at Canterbury, was at the *west* end of the basilica, and thus he faced east from the apse behind the altar.



THE CHANCEL SHOWING THE CANONS' STALLS ADDED IN 1907.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, ZANZIBAR.

7. St. Michael and All Angels.—*Bishop Richardson.*
8. St. Mark, first Patriarch in the Dark Continent.—*Canon Sir John Key.*

The remaining four stalls were reserved for African clergy in the future, and will probably be known as St. Simon of Cyrene, St. Philip the Deacon, St. John Baptist, Saint of the Wilderness, and St. Paul, the chief missionary.

These stalls form part of the memorial to Bishop Smythies. The Bishop, as Dean of the cathedral, installed the first canons on June 11, with an address on "dwelling together in unity." And this chapter was to be the centre of church work for the diocese, *e.g.* the chancellor, Canon Weston, was put in charge of education.

The memorial to Bishop Smythies was completed by fifteen beautiful panels being put in above the stalls, in copper *repoussé* work, and representing, in nearly life-size, Old Testament types of Christ—the scape-goat, David, etc., and above again, forming a rainbow of colour, thirty smaller figures of angels. Thus, through distant ages, will be kept before the African mind the memory of a great statesman Bishop who might be called "The Theodore of East Africa."

In connection with the two East African cathedrals we have described, may be mentioned the Bishop of Zanzibar's interesting expedition to Uganda, for the dedication of the new cathedral, where so great a work is being accomplished by the Church Missionary Society. The living native church, greatly self-supporting, building its own thousand thatched churches and schools, was to find outward form in a great cathedral, crowning one of

the twin tops of Namirembe, its three peaks or spires standing well above surrounding buildings and reminding one how

“ Three solemn parts together twine
In harmony's mysterious line ;
Three solemn aisles approach the shrine.”

It will hold 3,500 people, and was built by native labour. St. Paul's, Mengo, stands for a witness of that true civilization in which religion opens the door and secular improvement follows: the missionary preceded the civil administrator by thirteen years.

Bishop Hine preached in the cathedral, on the fourth Sunday after Easter (May 21), and the next day the two bishops went together to search out the exact site of Busega, the place of burning, where on January 31, 1885, three boy martyrs were burnt to death under Mwanga and died, praising God in the fires. The remains of the bones of three boys were found. They were reverently buried. It is glorious to remember that for each martyr who perished that day there are now 10,000 Christians in the land. Verily the promise had been more than verified, “ A little one shall become a thousand.” The Bishop was a few days afterwards present at the consecration of the new cathedral at Mombasa.

We are sometimes asked why there is so little to show of work among the actual natives of the Island of Zanzibar. The reason is not far to seek. Among the tens of thousands of inhabitants in the most populous city of East Africa, all, including many of the Indians, are either Mohammedan or leavened by Islam, and every one who knows, understands the awful difficulties involved in

making converts from the only real anti-Christian religion in the world. All others were either before Christ or apart from the knowledge of Christianity. This alone arose in the face of it. The second reason is that they cannot hear without a preacher. So seldom is there a priest to spare for this work, and even then, what special training is needed! Nevertheless, attempts are made.

In 1903 a school was opened at Ng'ambo for Arab, Indian and Swahili boys. They generally can read and write their own languages before they come, but a lady from St. Monica's crosses the creek and holds school for these young men and boys in English, Holy Scripture and arithmetic. Here they can inquire about Christianity, and so join the hearers' classes. Miss Foxley taught here, the average number being about thirty, a married native teacher helping her and living in the house; and these last held a boys' club there. In January 1908 Miss Foxley tells us of this school to which Canon Dale can now give a little time. There are several native teachers at work—one a policeman, a Comoro man, who naturally kept order well. There have been several baptisms, and all are under Christian instruction. One of the most gifted does not yet believe, but is surely not far from the Kingdom of God, for he has started a club to keep the boys from drink, and is a veritable "brother of pity" when any sad task has to be done. The Indian boys, if influenced by Christianity, are usually withdrawn.

"There was one little pickle, a thief and a dreadful swearer. He quite changed all that, and one day said, stretching his small hands to heaven, 'I have finished to know, there is but one God who made Heaven and earth.

To Him I pray, and I shall never worship idols again.' The next day he was taken away, but he will not forget."

Thus the boys are laid hold of, but where are the girls? It seems impossible to get the parents to allow girls to attend Christian instruction. All, therefore, that can be done is to try the grown-up women, a far harder task. Nevertheless they are gathered at Mkunazini on Sunday mornings. Such gleanings in the fields of God they are, here a Yao, there a Zigua, whose paths have led to the great city, heathen wives brought by their husbands who have perhaps long ago been under Christian influence far away. One girl was brought by her "sister"—the sister being one who with her had trod the slave path and sailed in the same slave-dhow—and henceforth by the bond of mutual suffering and degradation was reckoned an "*ndugu*"—sister. Another had been a small pawn to fate, for one master had literally pawned her as a child to another for a debt; both dying, she was quarrelled over by the wives, till the Commissioner set the little bone of contention free. May she attain to the true freedom of Christ!

The Arab ladies are visited in their own homes, and some of these are now advanced in Christian instruction enough to be baptized; but if the husband remains Mohammedan it is nearly impossible to baptize the wife. Could she ever practise her religion outwardly, though she might, and sometimes does, believe it in her heart? The Rev. Godfrey Dale has probably as great an insight into the native mind and work as any one in Zanzibar, and gives a weekly instruction at the Ng'ambo school. He too attacks the men. Having a good command

of Arabic, he began holding discussions in the native quarter at Ng'ambo. Nothing delights them more than to hear a good set discussion. It reminds one of the methods of the old Greek philosophers come back again. Gradually he gave out that he would be at Mr. Madan's house for two hours once a week to answer questions:—

“ The first day we had a few, but the second time quite thirty were present. . . . Some of our topics have been that the Gospel in our possession is the original Gospel, not an adulterated copy.

“ The Crucifixion an historical fact, in spite of statements in the Koran to the contrary.

“ The real teaching concerning the Incarnation. Christian teaching about Heaven and hell. The object of all religious acts. Did the Koran abrogate the Bible ? ”

This shows the set of the Arab mind towards Christianity as well as anything. At last there came a day when they simply asked to be taught, and Mr. Dale told the Gospel story of the birth of Christ.

Mr. Dale pleads earnestly for a man who could give time to this work—a man who has studied and can study the difficult points of controversy, and who, of course, has mastered Arabic. With two Arabic professorships at Oxford, two at Cambridge and one in London University, could not one man be found fit for this work ?

But it is in hospital work, perhaps, that the native heart is most easily reached, and especially is this the case among lepers. There is a government institution for these four miles from Zanzibar city, superintended by French sisters. Here no one is allowed to proselytise, but there are several Christians of our church who are communicated four times a year by the priest in

charge of the cathedral ; while quite voluntarily about ten have come forward for instruction, and Canon Dale teaches the men and one of the Mission ladies teaches the women. With ordinary care there is little risk in visiting lepers in Africa, and it is a blessed task to bring to those " who have the sentence of death within themselves " the good tidings of the Life that is in Christ.

A great trouble, which might have been greater but for good arrangements, befell Zanzibar in 1905. The plague, which had, as it were thundered in the distance, at Bombay and other ports communicating with the city, had never approached the island. But now it came. Great efforts were made by the medical officer of health of the Zanzibar Government to prevent the spread of the disease ; and by government order vast numbers of rats, which are considered to be instrumental in spreading the disease, were slain. But the Hindoo teaches mercy not merely to animals but to vermin, which seems superfluous, especially as the rats were the first victims of the plague, and carried it everywhere. Immediately government ordered a universal cleaning, and the convicts cleared the rubbish and burnt it on the edge of the creek. Nurses were telegraphed for to Europe and an isolation hospital erected outside the town. The usual difficulties arose, and fatalism, laziness, and superstition had to be combated. But Miss Brewerton, the well-loved matron of Zanzibar Hospital, went to organize the Plague Hospital. With her she took two native women, who worked admirably. One of these was Kate Kadamweli,¹ Mama Kate, as every one

¹ See page 100.

called her, "that primitive Christian" as the Bishop denominated her.

"Kate was undismayed, she thought only of what she could do for the poor creatures, and that it was a service pleasing to God, and her fearlessness, gentleness, kindness and sense made her of the greatest assistance to Miss Brewerton."

She was a perfect nurse, and would disturb her rest to comfort or say prayers by a severe case, or would write to console the friends. The new nurses from Europe came, and Kate remained as interpreter. With a little persuasion, the people came in troops to be inoculated, and thus the plague died out, with much less loss of life than in most places.

Kate Kadamweli became a widow in reality (as she had been practically for years) in June 1907, when Francis Mabruki died at Mombasa, where he held a government post. Thus of Bishop Tozer's first five boys, only John Swedi and Robert Feruzi remain, a good deacon and a good layman.

Kate did not long survive her husband, dying of lung trouble in hospital. The Bishop wrote of her "what a saint she was. One of the best, gentlest, sweetest women I have ever known. Every one loved her." She lies in Mbweni churchyard, where she was followed by a greater crowd of people than had ever been seen at a funeral.

At the hospital a staff of five nurses undertake the posts of matron, dispenser, nurse for native ward, nurse for Europeans, night nurse. The native work is sometimes marred by the inconsequence with which a patient will arrive and vanish without waiting to be cured.

Occasionally a distinguished patient is received—as for instance, a child of the Sultan's—a sixteen-month old baby. During 1908, 11,000 out-patients were treated, making it the most far-reaching work in the diocese; at Magila 8,656 cases were tended.

But the dispensary work brings the nurses into contact with a wider circle, and Arab husbands will come to beg for a nurse to visit their sick wives. A dispensary at Ng'ambo has been opened, which is leading the way to many an Arab home.

It is now time to give some account of the various centres of work in the Island.

When the industrial work was moved away, Kiungani became simply a training college for teachers and clergy. Among those who worked there with Archdeacon Jones-Bateman should be named Mr. Madan of Christ Church, Oxford, Rev. G. Dale, William Chambers, and E. H. T. Prior.

In 1897 an irreparable loss was sustained in the death of Percy Lisle Jones-Bateman, Principal of the college and Archdeacon of Zanzibar, who for seventeen years had worked in the Mission, and for eleven years had been Principal of St. Andrew's, Kiungani—a tower of strength to boys and workers. A high sense of principle and duty was the mark he impressed on his boys, whom he knew and loved well. Attacked by fever, he was sent with Nurse Whitbread on a voyage; he sank and died at St. Denys, Réunion, almost his last words being, "I thought I was receiving the Blessed Sacrament" as he stretched out his hands when dying. He had, however, received what proved to be his viaticum from the Rev. J. Coles (S.P.G.) at Tamatave, where

they had touched. His kind nurse, Miss Whitbread, after nine years' service in Africa, died of hæmaturic fever in Zanzibar Hospital four years later. Of her it was said that she always found out the best points in the natives, and taking those she worked on them.

At Kiungani the average number of boys had been for several years 100. Coming from all parts of the Mission field, tribal jealousy is sometimes apt to break out among the boys, and there are occasional cases of insubordination, theft and running away; but, on the whole, the lads themselves wish to help in the cause of order. In 1899 some new subjects were introduced—drilling by a sergeant, with the added attraction of a brass band, the instruments given by St. Matthew's, Westminster; Arabic writing, so much used in Government notices, was another subject.

Here the attendance at two services a day is obligatory, Holy Eucharist and evensong; mattins, sext, and compline are voluntary. In Lent we read of voluntary self-denial in order to send money to Lebombo, whose Bishop had visited Zanzibar.

In 1899 the theological students were removed from Kiungani to St. Mark's College, Mazizini. Thus they would get more quiet and more special study than could be had among the hundred at Kiungani. The Rev. Frank Weston was appointed warden. There was a stone house for Europeans, with seven rooms and a *baraza*, a temporary chapel and lecture-room, and quarters were also built for married and for unmarried students, the former bringing their families with them. It was one of the last acts of Bishop Richardson before leaving Zanzibar, to dedicate St. Mark's.

At Kiungani, the Rev. F. J. Evans had succeeded the Archdeacon, with Rev. W. King, then a deacon, as Vice-Principal. Later on he became Principal, on Mr. Evans' return to England, and before the opening of St. Mark's he received Priest's orders in the cathedral. He had worked sixteen years in the Mission, and was but thirty-one when, on February 24, 1900, he died in England, having been invalided home. The loss of his "experience, vigour and single-hearted devotion to his task" was sadly felt. Educated at the Cathedral School of St. Paul's, and trained by Sir John Stainer, King was the leading treble of its famous choir at a time when Gounod pronounced it to be unsurpassed in Europe. He joined the Mission when only sixteen, and at his death was reputed its best Swahili scholar.

On January 19, 1901, the Bishop of Lebombo, by request of the Bishop of Zanzibar (cabled from England), ordained Daudi Machina priest and Danieli Usufu deacon.

But the work at St. Mark's received inadequate support from England, and for want of Priests, Canon Weston had to be recalled to Kiungani, and for some time St. Mark's was closed; then it was moved to the shamba at Kiungani, where there was already a bungalow. Of course, there were compensations, the two were still separate, but one staff could manage both; and it should be remembered that St. Mark's College still exists in its translated form, and that the work is being done, though the workers are under-staffed. One most promising helper came out in 1906—Rev. E. W. Corbett, Vice-Principal of Dorchester College, who was at once appointed to Kiungani to help Canon Weston and Mr. Deerr, who were managing the two colleges between them. Padre Corbett seemed



REVS. W. G. WEBSTER, M. MACKAY, DR. WESTON, F. E. PEARSE. (1902.)



ARCHDEACON P. L. JONES-BATEMAN.



ARTHUR C. MADAN.



REV. WALTER KING.



ARCHDEACON C. H. GOODYEAR.

KIUNGANI STUDENTS AND WORKERS.

exactly the man for the post, into which he threw himself heartily, seeing the best in the boys.

“You have only to worship with them,” he wrote, “to know that God loves to draw near to them. The midnight Celebration on Christmas Eve was my first public Swahili one; it was a revelation and an inspiration. I felt them worshipping, praying, adoring round me. . . . I cannot imagine a happier life for myself.”

But a still happier one was in store for him, and after an attack of severe illness, he sank to rest on April 8, 1907. His Bishop (Dr. Hine) wrote of him:—

“His work here, only four months, has made a wonderful impression on the people of Zanzibar. His great social gifts, his splendid musical abilities, his deep intense faith, and his earnest, heart-searching preaching has touched people’s hearts in a way I never saw equalled before. It was a life of service and a most beautiful example of a Christian Priest.”

Canon Weston wrote:—

“Had he lived, he would have been a great teacher in the things of God, a rank he will no doubt attain, but not here! . . . For myself, I thank God that in his short pilgrimage on earth, Ernest Corbett was allowed to pass my way.”

In parting from Kiungani, it is encouraging to note that the standard has been raised in the last few years, and that there are sixty-one boys there. Augustino Ramadhani, a native schoolmaster, is a great help, giving his whole heart to the work. But on the other hand, Kiungani loses its Principal, to find him again as Bishop of Zanzibar.

What may be called the pastoral work of the Mission is seen chiefly at Mbweni and Kilimani. The former contains, besides the families of the old released slaves, a

number of sick and aged persons, sent from various quarters to end their days there. These, like the children, are provided with "patrons," when any kind person will adopt an old person instead of a child; and we are told that £2 10s. *od.* per annum will provide for a partially sick or aged person, but £5 for one wholly aged or infirm. Of course, children are more interesting to adopt, and last longer. Therefore, Kilimani, the little boys' home, with boarders, and a day school, is in greater favour with patrons. By the anniversary of 1900—the Feast of St. John Baptist—Miss Mills had her *baraza* built round the house, and the eighty boys were paraded for drill with a drum and fife band, whilst baskets of their making were sold for the enlargement of the Home.

The numbers at Kilimani, in common with those of all the institutions whose origin lies in the released slave days, have diminished, or rather the work has changed in character, for besides boarders, they now have day scholars in the little boys' Home. The report for 1907 gave the numbers as twelve boarders, and twenty-four day scholars from Mbweni Shamba.

This home has been the special work in Africa of Miss Dora Y. Mills, who in 1905, after nearly twenty-six years in the Mission, having suffered from repeated attacks of fever and illness which made her very deaf, felt it her duty, as she could no longer carry on her work effectually at Kilimani, to ask the Bishop's leave to retire. She came to England the same year, and began working for the Mission at the office. Kilimani has since been managed by Miss Stevens, with a native assistant.

A great contrast to Kiungani and Kilimani schools



TENDING THE SICK AT MBWENI.



AT LIKOMA.



AT MALINDI

HOSPITAL WORK.

was presented by the Mbweni school for the children of the inhabitants, chiefly old freed slaves. So thought Miss Nelson on her arrival in May 1901. It was dark and badly ventilated, and though air did not come in water did on rainy days, and the floor was so uneven that good desks when offered could not be accepted. At this time Archdeacon Griffin was in charge here, but health compelled his retirement in 1902, and to him succeeded as Archdeacon Mr. Evans, but as Priest in charge of Mbweni Canon Dale.

The lovely position and excellent work at Mbweni struck the new Bishop of Likoma when he visited it on St. Patrick's Day, 1902. He speaks of "its lovely situation, its Christian church and village, its clergy-house, and chiefest, I suppose, its girls' school, training the future wives and mothers of our Central Africans. A very warm welcome met me here, and I had an opportunity of hearing songs by both the elder girls and the infants, and also of seeing the industrial side of the house, and of visiting the beautiful chapel."

Among these girls had worked Miss Margaret Berkeley, sister of Miss Ruth Berkeley, for many years, but she had to resign in 1906. Miss Thackeray still lives at Mbweni, on her own shamba, retiring in 1902 from active work. When lately she visited the Bondé country she saw the fruit of her labours in many a happy home, where her former girls were heads of households or teachers in schools. She is a standing record of the possibilities of healthful life and good work in that climate.

On the shamba of Mbweni the families cultivate their own plots and grow or get all that is necessary to their simple lives. We are told the cocoanut trees there bring

in an income of from £130 to £200. Nearly every one in the village is a Christian, but all around is a sea of Mohammedanism, and the poor people don't know how to answer the objections to their Faith raised by the followers of the false prophet. An early Christian Apologist is much needed there.

The numbers actually living on the shamba are reduced. It must be remembered the population consisted largely of released adult slaves, and happily the supply of these has stopped, so that as the old ones die off and either leave no children, or children with employment elsewhere, Mbweni is thinned out. But the church and schools serve a larger district and are attended by the inhabitants of neighbouring shambas. The numbers at the girls' school are reduced, and for the last two years the girls have been taken for a holiday home to an old palace of the Sultan's at Chuini. It is rather an exalted idea to have our African children "in kings' houses."

Kichwele, in the Zaramo country, near Dar-es-Salaam, is an offshoot of Mbweni, formed in 1893 when the latter was in danger of over-population. Under a native deacon, Denys Seyiti, who died in Zanzibar on August 3, 1902, this little Christian village flourished and attracted the neighbouring Wazaramo. It has had its ups and downs, and can we wonder at the "downs" when we read late in 1897, "The people in Kichwele have not had a chance of communicating since January. If you handed me £5,000 it would not avail to help us without men." This was the time when the treasurer had sent the startling order, "Accounts seriously overdrawn; make all possible retrenchment at once."



THE FIRST CHURCH, 1897.



Rev. Canon Sir John Key.

THE PRESENT CHURCH, CONSECRATED NOV. 1907.

WETI, PEMBA ISLAND.

England was, however, stirred. Thousands of pounds poured in, and for the time retrenchment was avoided. But the failure of money was as nothing to the failure of workers—for money will not enable them to “hear without a preacher.” The “bitter cry” of Africa here again woke a generous answer—and among others it gained for the Mission the Rev. Frank Weston from St. Matthew’s, Westminster, who sailed in 1898, to do ten years of strenuous work as a priest, and then to become Bishop of Zanzibar.

But the greatest advance has been the spiritual invasion of Pemba, the sister island of Zanzibar. “Let us go over into Pemba,” had been the cry of a rescued slave-boy whose mother was left in the beautiful but sorrowful clove island with its slave population, and to Pemba the Mission went as soon as the Abolition Decree was promulgated. Thither also went Mr. Farler, formerly Archdeacon of Magila, as Consular Agent in Pemba for the Zanzibar Government. Mr. Lister, former head of the Industrial Home, joined him here, and together they worked so that the Abolition Edict should be a living power. In a year 2,000 slaves in Zanzibar and Pemba had freed themselves, and 2,278 more had signed contracts with their masters as free labourers. This practically freed them, the only limitation being that they could not pass from master to master. It was probably an easier position than the villeinage of early English history.

Sir John and Lady Key (then Mr. and Mrs. Key) went to begin mission work, and have left a name that will be enshrined in the hearts and in the history of the early Central African Church. They settled at first

a mile out of Weti, the best port of Pemba, though not the capital. But Chaki-Chaki was the site of a Friends' Mission, and it seemed better not to begin by overlapping. Work was begun on a clove shamba to provide occupation for enfranchised slaves. It was commonly said that cloves would go up in price, as free labour would never produce as many as slave labour. Gladly would we in England have paid more for the pleasant savour of our apple-tarts, but it has been proved that free men will work as well as slaves, and that the clove harvest is in little danger, and in 1899 this shamba alone exported nearly 10,000 pounds of cloves.

The one mile from Weti saved the shamba and St. Peter's Church from the fire that destroyed Weti in December 1898. The next year a new Weti was built, nearer the Custom House, and then work began there too. School work, dispensary work, and evangelistic work were carried on by the first missionaries so energetically for seven years, supplemented by the building operations for which Sir John imported Christian masons from other parts of the Mission, that in 1904 the Rev. C. C. Frewer could write as follows :—

“ These men ” (*i.e.* the imported workpeople) “ saw the fatness of this island and resolved to have a share in it ; never had they come across land so rich, so well watered with bountiful ‘ rains of grace.’ And so these workers saved their money during the building operations, and were enabled to purchase little properties, ranging in value from fifty to 500 rupees. The Arabs, because they no longer have slaves, and by reason of their extravagance, are only too willing to sell.

. . . And this movement does not end here, with the imported Christians. Those slaves released in Pemba, who on getting their freedom came and settled on Kizimbani shamba " (*i.e.* the Mission shamba), " and were so assiduously taught their Christianity by Sir John, have also caught up the idea ; six at least of them are actually holders of property to-day. And so it comes about that the sober industrious Christian is coming into the possession of the effete Mohammedan ; and the regeneration of the slave is followed by the regeneration of the land, and what was so often a howling wilderness of sin and weeds is likely to become a fair garden of the Lord."

The permanent house and stone church now stand close to Weti itself, while a girls' school is built on the site of the old house on the shamba a mile distant. But all the work so far is among the released slaves and their children. The Wapemba are untouched in their traditional darkness of superstition, venerated with Mohammedanism.

It is said an Arab tribe, the Shirazi, inhabited Pemba till driven out by the Portuguese. But they left their slaves behind them, and when, after a brief term of Portuguese ascendancy, another tribe of Muscat Arabs possessed the land and wished to enslave them, they showed their mosques and claimed the freedom accorded to all the faithful. Thus they became a tribe, the Wapemba, who though officially Mohammedans have brought old Persian superstitions with them, and believe in and worship spirits, sacrificing chickens in default of the human sacrifices preferred by the spirits. Every year they have a great dance and procession in August to turn out foreign spirits, which are caught in

bags and sent off from the island in a fleet of little toy-boats.

But there is a boat at work already bearing not lost spirits, but our workers along the coast, and Christian nurses speed to the relief of the sick and sorrowful. Keen for a spiritual conquest are they, as the Vikings of old who haunted the *viks* or bays and inlets of our native shores. The boat is known as the *John Key*.

At the end of 1904, Sir John Key left Pemba, after twenty-two years' work in Africa, and amid the sorrow of all, including the Arabs, he returned to England with Lady Key.

Since then the names of the Rev. Cyril Frewer, the Rev. Malcolm Mackay and Archdeacon Evans have been associated with Pemba work, while among other native teachers, Leslie, the son of old Matola, the Newala chief, is working well, and forming a link between the European worker and the raw native mind.

On Tuesday, November 5, 1907, Bishop Hine was able to consecrate Weti Church, in honour of St. John Baptist. About 300 can be accommodated in it. It is, of course, built of the coral stone of the island, and is very white within and without. Mr. Mackay had the joy of seeing this achieved before departing for Kiungani, the Rev. W. Ransome was also present, and the old friend of the Mission, Mr. Lister, now government collector.

In this year died John Prediger Farler, British Consular Agent in Pemba, a member of the U.M.C.A. for fourteen years, and for ten years of that time Archdeacon of Magila. "The just manner in which he

conducted the business of his office made him very popular, both with the Arabs and the natives."

In 1908 Sir John Key offered six months' service to the Bishop and went out, arriving in June, and receiving a hearty welcome, flags and drums and shouts from the Christians, and even the Arabs and Indians welcomed back their "*baba*" with affection. A church is to be built at Chaki-Chaki. Before he left Sir John bought a shamba at Mkoani, where a school will shortly be opened.

The home organization, the "providence" of the Mission, has worked, as usual, hard and well and wisely. On May 29, 1897, the office was moved from Delahay Street to 9 Dartmouth Street. Over the door is the Mackenzie cross, overshadowed by the palm. "I said I will go up to the palm tree," might be its motto—through suffering to triumph. Its well-ordered and airy offices, the beautiful little chapel, and the guest rooms for missionaries on furlough, are all an immense improvement on the tiny and inadequate quarters occupied for so many years. It was dedicated by Bishop Creighton on All Souls' Day.

The League of Associates continues its career of helpfulness—praying, working, giving. It was founded in 1903, uniting in a threefold bond the workers in Africa and England: replacing and doing something more than the Prayer Union. At the end of 1908 there were 800 associates enrolled.

The immense burden that rests on the committee and treasurers in collecting, and acting as stewards for the Mission Fund only fully breaks on the mind when, with the annual balance sheet before us, we proceed to pull it

to pieces. In 1907 the Diocese of Zanzibar received £16,100, and Nyasa £13,000. The administration of such sums means a great deal. Canon Weston called attention to the large proportion of this which is spent on institutions connected with the old released slave work, and remarks:—

“ To an outsider it appears to demand so much labour and money as to put it outside the sphere of operation of a mission to Central Africa. To those who have been granted to see from within, it is more than worth while to bear the burden.”

For, consider, not merely the number of adherents reckoned to the Mission between whom this must be divided in the “vulgar modern custom” as Lord Grimthorpe called it, “of percenting everything,” what are we attacking with that poor £16,000 in Zanzibar Protectorate? We are told of 250,000 persons in Zanzibar alone. With every £100, if it were devoted to Zanzibar, we have to attempt to rescue twenty-three souls from the servitude of Satan. Are not the souls worth it? Taking one month at random we find just ten men and fourteen women workers resident at one time in the Island of Zanzibar (this is not counting native laymen), so here we are face to face with 250,000 mainly Moham-medan, and we attempt to attack them, with, say, twenty-five persons—on an average, one worker to 10,000 souls. Strange to say this is a lower average of workers than usual in Africa, for it has been reckoned that over the *whole* continent, counting all Christian workers, there is about one to 7,000 or 8,000.

In 1899 Bishop Tozer, the second bishop, passed to

his rest; it was he who caught the well-nigh extinguished torch which had dropped from the hands of his predecessor and handed it on with rekindled and steadier light to his friend and successor. For the good of the Mission he gave health and strength for ten years, and for its good he resigned in 1872. Truly with him "Success is nothing, but the work is all."

The year 1902 was marked by the deaths of three good home workers, Dr. Isambard Brunel, T. Parry Woodcock, and our chairman, John Wogan Festing, the Bishop of St. Albans: all three for many years had been treasurers; but to the Bishop especially the Mission owes an immense debt for his admirable tact and wise guidance, his remarkable business capacity, and his true and sympathetic love of the work.

The year 1907 will ever be remembered in African annals as the Livingstone Jubilee. It was arranged, chiefly by the Cambridge Committee, that we should, as far as possible, recreate that great day fifty years ago, when the first inspirer of the U.M.C.A. stood in the Senate House and called on the Church of England to do her duty.

It was this scene which we recalled on December 4, 1907, when there were present 500 undergraduates in the gallery; a goodly contingent from Oxford; and most of the high University officials. The floor of the Senate House was packed with the friends of the Mission, men and women. The Vice-Chancellor took the chair, and opened the proceedings with an invitation to the undergraduates to appear on that day fifty years hence in that place.

The Bishop of Southwark spoke on the glorious

roll of saintly bishops, and at the result—slave-trade abolished, village communities living in peaceful industry, “languages captured and used for Christ,” and the “heroic, even martyr spirit of the evangel—a thing of the present and future.”

Then the Bishop of Ripon proposed the first resolution.

“That this meeting commemorates with grateful thanks to Almighty God—

“1. The lecture delivered by David Livingstone in the Senate House on December 4, 1857.

“2. The inception of the Universities’ Mission to Central Africa as the direct result of that lecture.

“3. The progress and development of the work during fifty years.”

The Bishop dwelt on those last hard sixteen years of Livingstone’s work “till the night when he said to his attendant: ‘All right, you can go now’; and they found him in the May morning dead, kneeling at his bedside with his face buried in his hands.”

Personal reminiscences of fifty years since were given by Mr. J. W. Clark, who seconded the resolution.

But what truly thrilled all hearts was when Canon Weston, “from the thick of the fight” stood up to speak first of Livingstone’s call and its answer, and then, of the reverberation of that call; recalling the heroes whom the Universities had given to the work in the past; and telling of the great Mohammedan power which has firm hold of North Africa and is trying to grip Central Africa, and asking, “What is Cambridge going to do?”

The Archbishop of Canterbury proposed the establishment of a third Diocese as the outcome of all this

commemorative enthusiasm. With pardonable pride he claimed as Scots the greatest African travellers, and warmly urged the possibilities of the coloured races in a speech which was seconded by the Bishop of Ely. Then the Master of Trinity spoke in support, and reminded us that this was not a Jubilee only; this was the Centenary of the abolition of the slave trade by England in 1807, when Wilberforce found the first fruition of twenty years' toil. Others followed, including the Dean of Westminster, who came straight from Livingstone's grave, with its already answered prayer for the release of the slave.

The outcome of this great meeting has been a new call which has gladdened the hearts of all those who have worked for and watched the progress of this work. Hitherto the Mission has had the privilege of being first in Central Africa. Zanzibar was a Bishopric long before it was a British Protectorate; our missionaries were at work in the German sphere thirty years before any German appeared on the scene. Archdeacon Johnson knew the shores of Lake Nyasa twenty years before a B.C.A. official ever saw that lake. This cannot be said of Northern Rhodesia, but it seemed a right and fitting thing that the Mission should celebrate the jubilee of its inception by founding a third Bishopric, to be called probably by the name of the place in Northern Rhodesia where Livingstone died, and where his heart was buried. In furtherance of this scheme, the Bishops of the South African Province in Synod decided that the Zambezi should be the northern limit of their province. Their resolution ran:—

“That if the Universities' Mission to Central Africa is

desirous of occupying that portion of Rhodesia which lies to the north of the Zambezi, the Bishops of the South African Province are ready to consider that river as the northern boundary of the Province of South Africa."

And thus this tract of country, twice as large as the whole of England and Wales, was thrown into the hands of the U.M.C.A., who accepted the charge as a call from God, the outcome of the Livingstone Jubilee, and one more step towards securing the wish of his heart. The new Diocese includes the two countries of North-Eastern Rhodesia with its capital, Fort Jameson, and North-Western Rhodesia with its capital of Livingstone. So enthusiastically was this proposal received, that the £11,000 required for the endowment of the new See was, thanks to the home workers and the sum received from the Pan-Anglican Thankoffering, raised in ten months.

But as we kept this day of a good beginning in England (December 4), so they kept it also in Zanzibar, where special services were held in the cathedral. At the "At Home" at Kiungani, the Bishop brought forward Tom Peter Sudi, the Kiungani gardener, and said:—

" "Here is one of the men who saw Livingstone die, and helped to embalm his body, and brought it down to the coast."

The Bishop continued, turning to an old man:—

" "This is Robert Feruzi, one of the only two left of the first Christians baptized by Bishop Tozer. He went through "Darkest Africa" with Stanley, and is now working on a Government plantation in Pemba."

At the celebration old John Swedi, the deacon, acted

as chaplain, and Padre Sehoza preached on "Show Thy servants Thy work and their children Thy glory."

" 'People of two races, Europeans and African, are met here to-day to offer their thanks to God. . . . The Europeans, who brought us the light of the Gospel, are looking back to-day over fifty years of danger, and trouble, and sickness, and death. And to-day they understand that the good Hand of God has been upon them to guide and prosper them in their great work. . . . People of Africa! We were born in different parts and belong to different tribes, but we were all living in darkness and the shadow of death. God led us through many hardships, by long journeys, through hunger and thirst, and even death, without our understanding that it was the good Hand of our God upon us, leading us in love. But to-day we understand the reason why we left home. . . . But what did it cost to bring us the light of the Gospel? 1. The lives of about 100 Europeans. 2. Many others who have gone home broken down in health. 3. A very large sum of money. . . . We pray that those who may be granted to live for the next fifty years may see greater things than these we witness to-day.' "

Afterwards Miss Thackeray and Tom Peter planted a memorial cocoanut tree, under whose shadow, perhaps, the next jubilee will be kept, but "when the tree is grown the planter is dead." Yes, the first planters of our African *Yggdrasil*, Tree of Life, are all in the land of the Living, and not here. But the Tree has grown, and not alone in the island, but on the mainland, as the Bishop put it, "Let it be known that the 4th of December is a consecrated (*wakf*) day, it being the 50th year since our Mission was proposed. Now, in every place where there are two or three Christians I wish them to try to have a service of prayer, intercession and thanksgiving,"

and so from many a little band of Christians, when not even a reader could be found, prayer and hymn arose, and they gathered together for a love-feast afterwards.

It was not long after this event that the Bishop of Zanzibar felt that the time had come to lay down the heavy responsibility of his Episcopal charge. For twenty years he had worked in Africa, for he arrived in Zanzibar in January 1889, and for rather over twelve of those years he had been Bishop, first of Likoma, then of Zanzibar, the longest Episcopate of any U.M.C.A. bishop. As his successor said of him :—

“ In the whole of his Diocese, in the Mission, or the Government services, you will find no one quite so competent and many-sided as he is . . . he is a doctor, and an excellent one, moreover, he is a man of wide reading, and a preacher ; his judgment is always sound.”

To follow him, and those who have gone before, is indeed a hard and humbling task. But the choice of the Archbishop fell on one already well known in the work, and who besides knowing things African intimately brought to his high office the rare qualification of a mind well trained in definite theological learning. The Rev. Frank Weston was born in 1871, educated at Dulwich College and at Trinity College, Oxford. At Oxford he first heard the call to the Mission from the lips of Bishop Smythies, and after serving in the Trinity College Mission at Stratford, and at St. Matthew's, Westminster, he went out in 1898 to Kiungani, till he became first Warden of St. Mark's College, and has lately had the double charge of Kiungani and the Theological College, besides being

Chancellor of the Cathedral and Director of Education for the Diocese. The consecration took place on October 11, in Southwark Cathedral, when the Archbishop of Canterbury was assisted by the Bishops of London, Southwark, Nyasa, Bishop Hine and six others. The Bishop of Honduras and the first Bishop of Khartoum were consecrated with him, and so the successor of Bishops Mackenzie, Tozer, Steere, Smythies, Richardson and Hine, has gone forth to bear his part in the making of the African Church.

Enthroned on November 7 in his cathedral, he at once held a Retreat, Synod, and Conference.

Some little account of missionary difficulties should be given. And in this Mission especially, health is a big difficulty. In October 1897 the Medical Board put out a very important statement, from which we gather that life and hard work is possible there, as witness the length of service of some of the seniors.¹ But of the all too frequent deaths, about two-thirds occur in the first three years. It is the acclimatizing that tells. No doubt some of the deaths are due to the preventible cause of neglect of hygienic precautions in new comers. But nearly all the rest are more or less due to overwork. In view of this, how tremendous a responsibility lies on those who either themselves draw back from God's call, or who seek to hinder those who would go. Surely none would dare to withhold "their dearest and their best" if they realized that it meant another grave in Africa for all overworked members. They would tremble to be as

¹ Early in 1908 the six senior members averaged twenty-eight years each of African service.

Pharaoh in presence of the command, "Let My people go that they may serve Me."

The other difficulties to note are those occurring in dealing with the work. One which has been much pressed upon us in a very able paper written for the Pan-Anglican Congress by the Bishop of St. John's, Kaffraria, is the marriage question: 1. The marriage of Christians to heathens, either before or after baptism. 2. The crux of polygamy.

This latter is all the harder, that Bible times and early Christian days provide no examples. Even heathen Rome said "one at a time." Divorce was easy, and apparently a man might be accepted as a Christian who had undergone divorce (but he only had one wife at the moment), though this might be a bar to the Episcopate. But polygamy pure and simple is what we are confronted with in Africa. Both heathen and Mohammedan custom encourages it; and we must not find fault with African heathen for knowing no better than the Patriarchs. But after much thought and many experiments, it seems agreed now that the Christian law cannot be set aside. No baptism can be conferred on an actual polygamist. Were this permitted, we should have no very good reason to urge against the custom among those already Christians. But as to the wives? Here custom differs. As long as it is quite certain she cannot be used as a slave, and sold or given away by her husband, she is often allowed baptism. It is not her fault that her husband has other wives. The man is sometimes allowed to be a catechumen, sometimes not, but must wait for baptism till death sets him free of any but one wife, or till his own death-bed, as in the case of Matola of Newala.

There remain the cases where it has been considered permissible for the husband to put away all wives but one, and to provide for the rest as for his sisters. But here comes a great difficulty—which wife is to be kept? The first is not in every case the chief wife, and native good feeling would be against setting the chief wife aside. Again, an old missionary told Bishop Key that he had never known a woman so set aside who had not fallen into sin. The one solution of the whole matter in South Africa is that the custom is dying out. But in Central Africa it is not, so far, for the Arabs keep it going. Nevertheless, the writer has known a Malay woman return to her father's house, solely on the ground that her husband took a second wife, and she wasn't going to stand it. But she lived in Cape Town, where the advantages of monogamy were in evidence.

With regard to permissible divorce where the native law encourages it, and where the dissolution would make Christian life possible for the believing partner, we have to remember Bishop Hine's weighty ruling, that by these individual cases we are creating a precedent for African morality in the future, and if we lower the Church's standard (which is Christ's standard), we are responsible for the purity of His Church; "to keep that inviolate is more urgent by far than the convenience of any individual member of it."

There are many perplexities surrounding the system of education. The out-schools, grouped around central schools, are often so isolated that if a really well-educated teacher be put there, all alone, with less supervision and less means of grace than at the central schools, he sometimes fails. Archdeacon Woodward pointed out that as so

much has been spent on the certificated teachers, and their moral and intellectual outlook being higher, we should take care of them and keep them for a long time under control and with the mental companionship of the central stations. But the well-disposed boys who are unsophisticated and uncertificated can often do the rougher work of an out-school. A carpenter for whom no employment could be found was sent away, and immediately he opened a small school and it increased to ninety in a few months, and the Archdeacon found that in that short time they could read easy words and answer perfectly half the Bondei catechism. The self-made teacher was quite content with no salary and just what the people could give him. The innate African generosity and burning desire to share all they know will probably make this plan a success.

But the great difficulty of all, as we have said, is Mohammedanism. It is so easy to graft the customs of Islam on the native customs. There is so little for the native to give up, compared to what he must forsake for Christ. Archdeacon Johnson points out that men who were slaves, on return from the coast to Nyasaland, bring this sort of Mohammedan propaganda with them. "Their familiarity with the shady side of white life, their continual shifting to get work, their own origin in the country, all make them the devil's own missionaries to substitute a *black fraternity of evil* for religion!" And this brotherhood is spreading, in Nyasaland especially. It supersedes the old tribal submission to chiefs, and may be a powerful society some day for driving the white man and all missions from the land, unless the Missions have struck deep roots in native and not imported soil.

In the face of all these difficulties, is there not a clear call for men and women of "education, standing, enterprise, zeal, and piety," as Livingstone said, to go out and face these problems? It is the raising up of a nation, or rather of many nations, to which we are called. There was a day when the African was no whit behind other nations in power of ruling, in art, science, philosophy, and theology, nay more, in holiness of life. Africa claims as her own such names as Æsop, Euclid, Hannibal, Cyprian, Demetrius of Alexandria, probably Augustine of Hippo, certainly Hadrian the African, appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, but who refused, and found us Theodore, and accompanied him as Abbot of St. Augustine's Abbey, Synesius, the squire bishop, Cyril the Great, and St. Anthony. Is it impossible that ours might be the hands to uplift these races, to cleanse away the blighting moral and physical evils left by slavery, to teach them to become rulers in righteousness, heroes, teachers, theologians, saints? We can but set them on the paths that lead upwards, the rest they must work out, each nation for itself.

And great will be the reward, for in that day when the sowers meet the reapers, when those who have in the first fifty years sown the good seed, meet those who perhaps centuries hence have entered into their labours, and have come again with joy, will not the sheaves be there? Will not these African races take their place among the "nations of them which are saved"? Yes, they will surely come, rejoicing and thanking God for their first Apostles and Evangelists, even as we Anglo-Saxons look back to "Gregory our father, who sent us baptism," because of his loving kindness to slave children of England.

In the words in which St. Theophanes, the Confessor-Poet of the Grecian Archipelago, sang of the saints of Africa in the eighth century:—

“These the Trees our God has placed,
Trees, with fruit immortal graced;
Bringing forth for Christ on high,
Flowers of Life that cannot die,
Egypt hail, thou faithful strand!
Hail, thou holy Libyan land!
Nurturing for the realm on high
Such a glorious company.”

CHAPTER XX

SLAVERY¹

By MR. C. S. SMITH,

*H.B.M. Consul-General at Odessa, late Consul at Zanzibar,
Retired Lieutenant R.N.*

A HUNDRED and twenty years ago Europe allowed slavery in her colonies, and submitted to the enslavement of Christians in countries as near to her doors as Algiers. In spite of many engagements to the contrary, the Barbary States still held Christian captives in slavery. Even in Scotland the institution still survived, for colliers and salters had not yet attained complete freedom. No law against the traffic in negro slaves, or their transport by sea, had yet been put in force by any Christian State. To-day the laws of no Christian State allow slavery except in certain recently acquired districts in Africa, though the tribes still prey on each other over large areas in Africa the reign of law steadily spreads and as it spreads protects the weak. Before the nineteenth century began there were objectors to slavery, but they were few.

With regard to the special subject of African Slavery, it appears that from time immemorial² slaves have been taken from Central Africa to the Mediterranean

¹ Reduced from the chapter in the first edition of April 1897.

² Mr. Scott Keltie, *Partition of Africa*, p. 81.

States, to Egypt and Asia. It was about the year 1470 that Christian nations began to export black slaves¹ by sea. Portuguese ships were then exploring the West Coast of Africa, and a Portuguese company began to carry slaves to Lisbon. In 1492 America was discovered. The West India Islands were occupied, the aborigines died out before the white man, and the need for labour brought about a rapid development of the slave trade. By 1508 Spaniards were taking part in the trade. By 1537 the yearly import of slaves into Lisbon, the emporium for the West Indies,² had risen to between 10,000 and 12,000 slaves per annum.

Slavery was not, even at this date, accepted by all persons as being right. In 1540 the Emperor Charles V. tried to stop it by orders that all slaves in the American Isles should be made free. They were manumitted, but slavery soon resumed its sway. About the same time Cortés wrote in his will :—

“ There have been and are many doubts and opinions as to whether slaves can be held with good conscience or no, and until now it has not been determined. . . . I command Don Martin my son and heir, and those who may succeed him, that in order to ascertain this they should take all necessary steps so as to discharge my conscience and their own.”

In 1562 Englishmen joined in the traffic.³ Sir J. Hawkins fitted out three ships, and took three hundred negro slaves from Guinea to Hispaniola. This was the first of many expeditions. By the beginning of the seventeenth century slaves⁴ had come to be regarded as the staple

¹ *Partition of Africa*, p. 38.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 64.

² *Ibid.*, p. 61.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 66.

commodity of the African soil, and the desire amongst European powers for the monopoly of the slave market caused a great rivalry for the possession of West African colonies. The disgraceful war of 1665, which ended with the appearance of the Dutch fleet at Gravesend, was caused by an English squadron expelling the Dutch from their settlements on the West Coast.

During the eighteenth century the foreign slave trade was at its height.

“ It would be difficult to estimate the number of Africans deported from the Continent from the time of the first European connection with it; but during the eighteenth century alone it was probably not less than 6,000,000. . . . Take it all in all, the profit from the slave trade during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was equal to that arising from gold, ivory, gum, and all other products combined.”¹

Until near the end of the eighteenth century most people had thought negro slavery a very proper institution. The institution was recognized in the Bible, and of course Ham had to work out his curse. The pious John Newton, the author of “ How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds,” was a slave trader before his ordination,² and it was common amongst religious people³ to look on the maintenance of slavery as an open question.

However, towards the end of the century public

¹ *Partition of Africa*, p. 81.

² “ Afterwards he ‘ gravely, though composedly, condemned ’ the practice ”—Stephens’ *Ecclesiastical Biographies*:—The “ Evangelical ” Succession.

³ I do not know how they rescued menstealing from amongst things “ contrary to sound doctrine ” (1 Tim. i. 9, 10).

opinion in England was rapidly taking up a strong position against the slave trade.¹ In 1772, in spite of previous authoritative opinions in the contrary direction, Lord Mansfield decided in the case of the negro Somersett, whose master, Mr. Charles Stewart, sought to take him from England to Jamaica, that—

“The state of slavery is of such a nature that it is incapable of being introduced on any reasons, natural or political, but only by positive law. . . . It is so odious that nothing can be suffered to support it but positive law. Whatever inconveniences, therefore, may follow from the decision, I cannot say that this case is allowed or approved by the law of England, and therefore the black must be discharged.”

African slavery was thus decided to be illegal in England ; but if the slave returned to the place of his slavery, there was nothing to prevent his reversion to the slave status.

“In 1787,² Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others formed themselves into an association to secure the abolition of the slave trade. In 1788 a Bill was passed in the British Parliament to regulate it. At this time the annual export of slaves from Africa amounted to 200,000.”

In 1793 the association just mentioned established a colony for freed slaves at Sierra Leone, manning it with negroes collected from Jamaica, London, and Nova Scotia, and a considerable number of white people. The original colonists were not happily chosen ; the results were disappointing.³

The first edicts forbidding slave trading were issued on

¹ *Partition of Africa*, p. 83.

² *Ibid.*

³ Zachary, the father of Lord Macaulay, was one of the first Governors. For interesting details, see Sir George Trevelyan's *Life of Lord Macaulay*, chap. i.

the same day in 1792 by Denmark and Norway. In 1794 an Act of the United States was passed forbidding slave trade to any foreign country. In 1807 an Act of the British Parliament made the trade illegal for British subjects, and a law of the United States forbade the import of slaves into the Union. Between 1807 and 1815 most of the other Christian Powers assumed a similar attitude, and on February 8, 1815, at the Congress of Vienna, the Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, France, Sweden, Russia, Portugal, Prussia, Spain, and Austria declared, "in the names of their Sovereigns, their wish of putting an end to a scourge which has so long desolated Africa, degraded Europe, and afflicted humanity." But it was left to each Power to choose for itself the time and method for causing its subjects to abandon the practice.

In 1822 the Duke of Wellington declared to the Congress of Verona that the traffic in slaves was being carried on to a greater extent than ever before: that he could prove that in seven months of 1821, 38,000 slaves had been shipped from the African coast, and that between July 1820, and October 1821, not less than 352 vessels (of which each would carry 500 to 600 slaves) had entered the ports and rivers of Africa. He added that the trade was generally carried on under the flag of France.

In 1831 the French Government agreed to a Treaty with Great Britain, conferring a mutual right of search. In 1833 an Act of the British Parliament abolished slavery throughout the British colonies, and assigned £20,000,000 for compensation to slave owners. It came into force August 1, 1834. The slaves were to pass to freedom through seven years of apprenticeship, but this was found unsatisfactory both to master and slave, and

a subsequent Act of Abolition conferred complete and immediate freedom. In 1841 Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia concluded a Treaty granting the right of search under stipulated conditions to each other's vessels of war, engaging to prohibit the slave trade to their subjects, and to declare it piracy.

By the year 1858 the Brazilian Government had succeeded in stopping the import of slaves into their country. In Cuba the Spanish authorities were not in earnest, and under the flag of the United States some 30,000 slaves were yearly imported. The published reports show constant complaints that the United States did not maintain the stipulated squadron on the African coast, and that their laws were inadequate. If the flag was rightly assumed, and the ship's papers in order, no British cruiser might seize a guilty vessel. Again, if no slaves were on board, though all the equipment showed that the ship was on a slave-trade venture, not even a ship of war of the United States might detain her. However, in 1862, the United States agreed to a mutual right of search. In December 1865, the constitution of the United States was amended, so that slavery ceased to exist.

In 1885 the duty of putting an end to the slave trade in Africa found mention in the Act of Berlin, and in 1889-90 the Representatives of seventeen States¹ met in Conference, thoroughly discussed this and kindred subjects. Their conclusions were embodied in the Brussels Act. As this Treaty contains one hundred Articles, it is impossible to

¹ Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Spain, Congo Free State, United States, France, Italy, Netherlands, Persia, Portugal, Russia, Sweden, Turkey and Zanzibar.

do more than briefly summarize it here. It opens with a declaration that the most effectual means for counter-acting the slave trade in the interior of Africa are the following :—

“ 1. Progressive organization of the administrative, judicial, religious and military services in the African territories placed under the Sovereignty or Protectorate of civilized nations.

“ 2. The gradual establishment in the interior, by the Powers to which the territories are subject, of strongly occupied stations.

“ 3. The construction of roads, and in particular of railways, giving easy access to inland waters, and with the object of superseding the present means of transport by men.

“ 4. Establishment of steamboats on the inland navigable waters and on the lakes, supported by fortified posts established on the banks.

“ 5. Establishment of telegraphic lines.

“ 6. Organization of expeditions and flying columns.

“ 7. Restriction of the importation of firearms and ammunition.”

The Act of Brussels was ratified by all the Powers that signed it with the exception of France, which provisionally reserved, for an ulterior understanding, the clauses relating to visit, search, detention, and trial of suspected vessels.

It will be allowed that the history outlined above clearly shows the leading part taken by Great Britain in the movement of Christendom against slavery and the slave trade. A naval force has always been maintained in slave-trade waters. Its brilliant exploits have been many, and some have been recorded, but they who know the nature of the service will allow that these are surpassed in merit by the unrecorded patient performance of dull duty

in boat work, under the depressing influences of bad climate, poor food, and monotonous loneliness. Diplomatic influence has constantly been employed; its activity may be gauged by a glance at the Index to "*Hertslet's Treaties*," where it will be seen that the mere enumeration of the slave-trade Treaties and laws in which Great Britain is interested (exclusive of those with African chiefs) fills thirty pages. As regards money, besides the constant charge for the slave-trade squadron, and the £20,000,000 voted in 1833 to compensate holders of slaves in British Colonies, £600,000 was given in 1815 to Portugal, and £400,000 in 1818 to Spain, as compensation for abolishing the slave trade.

EAST AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

For many centuries the East Coast of Africa appears to have been a source for the supply of slaves. Sir Bartle Frere said before a House of Commons Committee, that—

"Before any authentic Greek history it is quite clear that there was a very considerable trade on this coast."

Sir R. Burton¹ says :—

"The Zanzibar slave depôt is so situated that its market was limited only to the extent of Western Asia. From Ras Hafun to the Kilimani River was gathered the supply for the Red Sea, for the Persian Gulf, for the Peninsula of Hindustan, and for the extensive regions of the East."

In the early years of this century very little was known of the East Coast of Africa. In 1811, Captain Smee reported that till then the English had had very little communication with Zanzibar, though the French

¹ *Zanzibar*, vol. i. p. 458.



THE OLD SLAVE MARKET, ZANZIBAR
From a picture in the possession of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society

frequently went there from the Mauritius for slaves and Mocha coffee. Previous to his arrival only one English vessel had touched at the island since Admiral Blankett's visit in 1799. Blankett heard that no British ships had been there within the memory of the oldest person then living. The infrequent communication would largely account for the delay which took place before any Treaty was made with the rulers of Muscat, to which, until 1862, the Zanzibar coast belonged.

The following is Captain Smee's description of the Zanzibar slave market. It continued unchanged until 1873, when it was closed. But as long as the barter of slaves takes place, so long must the incidents described by Captain Smee continue. I do not know that they are less odious for taking place in private.

“ The show commences about four o'clock in the afternoon. The slaves, set off to the best advantage by having their skins cleaned and burnished with cocoa-nut oil, their faces painted with red and white stripes, which is here esteemed elegance, and the hands, noses, ears, and feet ornamented with a profusion of bracelets of gold and silver and jewels, are ranged in a line, commencing with the youngest and increasing to the rear according to their size and age. At the head of this file, which is composed of all sizes and ages from six to sixty, walks the person who owns them ; behind and at each side two or three of his domestic slaves, armed with swords and spears, serve as a guard. Thus ordered, the procession begins and passes through the market place and principal streets, the owner holding forth in a kind of song the good qualities of his slaves and the high prices that have been offered for them. When any of them strike a spectator's fancy, the line immediately stops, and a process of examination ensues, which, for minuteness, is unequalled

in any cattle market in Europe. The intending purchaser having ascertained there is no defect in the faculties of speech, hearing, etc., that there is no disease present, and that the slave does not snore in sleeping, which is counted a very great fault, next proceeds to examine the person: the mouth and teeth are first inspected, and afterwards every part of the body in succession. . . . The slave is then made to run or walk a little way to show that there is no defect about the feet; after which, if the price be agreed to, they are stripped of their finery and delivered over to their future master. I have frequently counted between twenty and thirty of these files in the market, some of which contained about thirty. Women with children new born hanging at their breasts, and others so old they can scarcely walk, are sometimes seen dragged about in this manner. I observed they had in general a very dejected look; some groups appeared so ill-fed that their bones seemed as if ready to penetrate the skin."

The first steps taken by Great Britain against the slave trade on the East Coast were in 1822, when an engagement was obtained from the Imam of Muscat, by which he promised to prohibit and prevent the sale of slaves to any Christian nation, and to allow H.B.M. ships to seize all Arab vessels loaded with slaves found to the east of a line drawn from Cape Delgado to Diu Head, passing 60 miles east of Socotra Island. In 1839 this treaty was confirmed, and on the ground that "the selling of males and females, who are free, is contrary to the Mohammedan religion," the sale of Somalis was made piracy. In 1843 a measure, known as Act No. V. of 1843, was passed by the Indian Government. It has had the effect of bringing slavery to an end in the countries where it is law.

In 1845 it was agreed with Muscat that the export of slaves from the African dominions, or from Africa into the Asiatic possessions of the Imam, should be prohibited under the severest penalties. British ships of war might seize any vessels carrying on slave trade under the Muscat flag except those transporting slaves from one port to another of the African dominions, which were described as between Lamu and Kilwa.

The pressure of the British Government was unceasing, and in 1863 the Sultan Majid decreed that no slaves should be embarked save under permit from Zanzibar, which was only to be given to natives of the Dominions, and for the transit to Zanzibar. In 1864 he forbade the leasing of houses to Northern Arabs, and the transport of slaves by sea between January 1 and May 1.

In 1870 a Committee of the House of Commons examined the whole question. At this time the shipment of slaves amounted to 25,000 yearly; of these, the greater part found their way to Arabia, Persia, Egypt, and Somaliland. The contraband traffic to Zanzibar and Pemba did not fall short of 12,000 annually. In 1873 the late Sir Bartle Frere was sent on a special mission to Zanzibar, but effected nothing. After his departure Seyid Barghash, who was then Sultan, yielded to the representations of Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Kirk, the British Political Agent, and on June 5, 1873, ratified the Treaty of the same date renouncing the transport of slaves by sea, and closing all public sale markets in his dominions. The most important part of the Treaty follows:—

“From this date the export of slaves from the coast of the mainland of Africa, whether destined for transport from one part of the Sultan’s dominions to another, or for

conveyance to foreign parts, shall entirely cease. And His Highness the Sultan binds himself, to the best of his ability, to make an effectual arrangement throughout his dominions to prevent and abolish the same. And any vessel engaged in the transport or conveyance of slaves after this date shall be liable to seizure and condemnation by all such naval or other officers or agents and such Courts as may be authorized for that purpose on the part of Her Majesty."

In other Articles it was promised that all public slave markets should be closed, and that freed slaves should be protected.¹ A few months later the Sultan's decrees were emphasized by the establishment at Zanzibar of H.M.S. *London*, an old line of battle ship well equipped with boats suitable for detached service in watching the coasts of the Sultan's dominions, more especially of the Island of Pemba, which, on account of its clove plantations, had long been an insatiable importer of slaves.

In 1876, always under Dr. Kirk's influence, Seyid Barghash issued decrees prohibiting the fitting out of slave caravans.

Seyid Barghash was a man of good sense. By no means a pliant ruler, he had in slave-trade matters largely followed the advice of Great Britain as represented by Sir J. Kirk, so much so that our Government found it advisable to help him to train and equip a small force of soldiers, giving him a present of arms, and lending the

¹ In 1875 a supplementary treaty was signed explaining that vessels were not to be condemned on account of the presence on board of "domestic slaves in attendance on or in discharge of the legitimate business of their masters, or of slaves *bonâ fide* employed in the navigation of the vessel."

services of Lieutenant Mathews, R.N.¹ By 1883 he had made himself a name that was feared. He had shown his power by sending a force to Pemba to arrest the murderers of Captain Brownrigg ² of H.M.S. *London*.

The time had come to make a fresh departure. The *London*, which was rotten, was sold and broken up, and three vice-consuls were stationed on the coast in order to stop the slave trade by throwing light on dark places, and by assisting the further development of lawful commerce.

But great political events interfered. Germany began to seek for colonies in Africa, and until the continent had been partitioned little could be done towards the abolition of slavery. It is unnecessary to trace in order all the political changes that have taken place. Any delay that may have been caused in reaching the goal of our slave-trade policy in Zanzibar has been more than made good by the extension of our influence in the Nyasa region, where Sir H. Johnston steadily introduced good order, and subdued slave-trading chiefs.

In Zanzibar itself progress was made, for in September 1889, Sir G. Portal obtained from the Sultan Khalifa a decree freeing all slaves introduced into the Dominions after November 1, 1889, and all children born of slave parents after January 1, 1890. On August 1, 1890, at Sir C. Euan Smith's instance, the following was decreed :—

“ We declare that, subject to the conditions stated below, all slaves lawfully possessed on this date by our subjects

¹ This officer for nearly twenty years faithfully served successive Sultans. By his services to them and to the British Government, he had become General Sir Lloyd Mathews, and was Prime Minister of Zanzibar till his death in 1901.

² *Vide infra*, p. 405.

shall remain with their owners as at present. Their status shall be unchanged.

“ We absolutely prohibit from this date all exchange, sale, or purchase, of slaves, domestic or otherwise. There shall be no more traffic whatever in slaves of any description.

“ Slaves may be inherited at the death of their owner only by the lawful children of the deceased.

“ Any Arab or other of our subjects who shall habitually ill-treat his slaves, or shall be found in the possession of raw slaves, shall be liable, under our orders, to severe punishment, and, in flagrant cases of cruelty, to the forfeiture of all his slaves.

“ All slaves who, after the date of this Decree, may lawfully obtain their freedom, are for ever disqualified from holding slaves under pain of severe punishment.

“ Every slave shall be entitled, as a right, at any time henceforth to purchase his freedom at a just and reasonable tariff to be fixed by ourselves and our Arab subjects.

“ From the date of this Decree every slave shall have the same rights as any of our other subjects who are not slaves to bring and prosecute any complaints or claims before our Cadis.

“ Given under our hand and seal this 15th day of El Haj, 1307 (1st August, A.D. 1890), at Zanzibar.

“ (Signed) ALI-BIN-SAID,
“ Sultan of Zanzibar.”
(Seal).

“ If any slave brings money to the Cadi to purchase his freedom, his master shall not be forced to take the money.

“ (Signed) SEYID ALI-BIN-SAID.

“ Zanzibar, 3 Moharrem, 1308.
(August 20, 1890).”

The measures taken by the Imperial British East Africa Company on the mainland coast must not pass unnoticed.

On May 1, 1890, Mr. Mackenzie induced a public assembly of all the chief people in Mombasa to agree to a proclamation in which all tribes living for three hundred miles inland of the British coast-line were described as free and incapable of slavery. The proclamation was in general terms and bore a retrospective construction. It need hardly be observed that during the Company's administration of the mainland coast every Company's officer did his best to stop slave trading.

The islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, to which alone slaves have been taken in any numbers since 1881, are each in area about the size of Bedfordshire. The nearest part of Zanzibar is about seventeen miles, the nearest part of Pemba about twenty-seven miles, from the mainland. The channel that divides Zanzibar and Pemba is some twenty-four miles across. To show how severe the blockading service entrusted to the navy used to be, the writer may observe that he belonged to H.M.S. *London* one year and nine months. Of that time he passed some fifty-two weeks on detached service in boats. He sailed (or steamed) some 7,200 miles, and of 513 dhows sighted he boarded about 420 and made seven prizes. He captured about 190 slaves. The following account, extracted from the *Times* of January 5, 1882, gives a good idea of the methods by which the *London* for about ten years maintained with her boats a steady blockade against the sea-borne slave trade:—

“ There are four ways in which the watch kept by our boats and by the soldiers of the Sultan is evaded, and by which slaves are brought into Zanzibar and Pemba: 1. A great number of slaves are shipped in a dhow as its cargo. 2. The slaves are shipped singly or in pairs in small dhows

and canoes. 3. The slaves are made to pass themselves off while they are afloat as free.

“Let me describe the way in which Her Majesty’s ship *London*, on her part, endeavours to stop this supply. The *London* is an old two-decker, which was in the year 1874 sent out to Zanzibar, where she has since remained, and where she fulfils the combined duties of hospital, prison, factory, victualling-yard, depôt, and man-of-war. She is provided with a large number of boats, which are sent on detached service. These boats, five of which are steam, vary in length from 42 feet to 26 feet, and carry crews from twelve to six men strong, including always a native interpreter. They are armed with rifles, pistols, and swords. The larger boats carry, in addition, a 7-pounder gun.

“The officer in charge sends each boat to a particular station to keep a constant look-out and to search every dhow that can be supposed to be coming from the mainland of Africa. The boat goes to her station, and when she is not chasing remains anchored. A constant look-out, day and night, is then kept for the whole forty-two days, or perhaps more, that the boat is at Pemba.

“When a dhow is sighted, the boat gets under way to chase her at whatever hour it may be, unless it is convenient to go to her in the dinghy, which is a small boat for three men, about ten feet long, one of which belongs to each big boat. Suppose a dhow to be sighted making in for the land at a distance from the boat too great to allow of the dinghy being sent to board her, the awnings are at once furled, the anchor weighed, and sail made. On approaching the chase a rifle is fired across her bows to make her lower her sail. Supposing the people in the dhow do not hear, or do not choose to take any notice of this first shot, it is repeated until they do, each time pitching the bullet a little closer. The dhow’s not stopping need not be proof of her being a slaver, for a trading dhow does not always like a delay of an hour, and if she sees a chance of getting off without being searched

she will attempt it. Suppose, however, that on this occasion the dhow cannot escape and lowers her sail, the boat on coming up to her heaves to, and the officer or coxswain goes to the dhow in the dinghy with the interpreter and another man. If she is full of slaves, which is seldom the case, there is no doubt about what should be done ; but if she is full of cargo and passengers, then comes trouble. Every person who can be suspected of being a slave must be taken apart and cross-examined in order to prevent his being smuggled across in the way I have above described—for in the presence of the owner or agent a slave would be too much frightened to confess his condition. After the examination of all suspicious-looking persons on board, the cargo has to be searched ; that, however, can be very quickly done, as the officer can readily judge whether any one is likely to be concealed in it. I think that slaves are not often smuggled across in cargo. The dhow is finally allowed to depart when the officer is satisfied of the honesty of her proceedings, or is convinced that she is, as the blockaders express it, 'no good.' In the other case, when the dhow is full of slaves, the proceedings are much simpler ; of course, I mean when no resistance is offered. The resistance which resulted in the sad death of Captain Brownrigg is the first which has been made for many years. Arabs usually sulkily acquiesce and comfort themselves with fatalistic proverbs, such as 'God is great,' 'Praise be to God.'

"The arms are taken from the slave dealers and Arabs, and the slaves are fed and given water. These poor creatures are always hungry and generally ill-favoured. The dhow is taken to a safe place in Pemba, and put in charge of a prize crew of two men, while the slaves and dealers are all taken into the boat for passage to Zanzibar.

"On reaching Zanzibar, the slaves and prisoners are put on board the *London*, and are as soon as possible sent to the Consulate in order that the following case may be tried : 'Our Sovereign Lady the Queen against the dhow or native vessel——, her tackle, apparel, and furniture,—— male

and——female slaves,' etc. The Consul acts as judge, and hears the evidence given by the captors and the defence offered by the prisoners. If it is proved to his satisfaction that the vessel was engaged in the slave trade at the time of capture, or that she had been so engaged in the course of the voyage thus interrupted, she and the slaves are forfeited to the Queen, the dhow is burnt, and the slaves are freed. The prisoners are sent to the Sultan of Zanzibar, who imprisons them for periods the length of which depends upon the Consul's recommendation. It should be here mentioned that on detention the dhow is measured, and upon the tonnage thence obtained a bounty is paid to those belonging to the *London*, and to the Admiral on the East Indian Station."

At the time when the writer served in H.M.S. *London* (1879-81), there had for some time been no resistance offered by slavers. Many hundreds of dhows had been searched and many taken without any attempt at defence. It was thought that the dangerous days were passed, and it was difficult to be always on the alert. It must be confessed that proper precautions were seldom taken by the boats' crews before boarding dhows. The writer himself captured five dhows full of slaves. They were all taken in hours of darkness, but on only one of these occasions, as far as he remembers, had he caused his crew to have their arms ready. Two of the captures were made in a little ten-foot dinghy, others in a twenty-eight-foot steam-cutter, but he never encountered more than a passive resistance. An impressive warning was in store for boat cruisers in the sad death of Charles Brownrigg, the much-liked Captain of the *London*.

Captain Brownrigg, the senior naval officer at Zanzibar, was a man of a very active temperament. From time to time he used to go away himself in a boat to inspect the

boats on detached service, and whilst away he would board and examine any dhows he might encounter. On the morning of December 3, 1881, he was in the steam pinnace *Wave*, near Kokota (West Coast of Pemba). All told, his crew numbered nine Europeans and two natives. A dhow under French colours was sighted. Captain Brownrigg put on uniform, but did not let the boat's crew take their arms for fear of giving offence.

“ The vessels were hardly together, and Captain Brownrigg had not had time to look at the papers, when the captain of the dhow gave an order, and her crew, who had been lying down concealed, suddenly rose up, poured a volley into the pinnace, and then boarded her. Captain Brownrigg, immediately on seeing the hostile attitude of the Arabs, had shouted out to the chief stoker, ‘ Full speed ahead ’ ; but this order, unfortunately, was not obeyed, and he was now left alone to stand the brunt and to defend himself as he best could against the Arabs, whose whole attention was now directed towards him. He had his sword, and had seized a rifle, and was standing in the stern-sheets abaft the awning or canopy. Three or four Arabs had jumped on the top of this canopy, and, having the advantage, were able to slash and hack at him freely with their long double-edged Omani swords. Captain Brownrigg shot two of the Arabs with his rifle, and then laid about him with the butt end, but he was soon blinded by a deep cut across his face just below the eyes, and his head and limbs were chopped and gashed in every part. The Arabs were so securely placed as to be almost beyond his reach, and he was consequently at a great disadvantage, despite of which he stood his ground for some time, making a most gallant and desperate defence quite alone and unaided, and he even succeeded in despatching another Arab by a blow of his telescope before he sank down exhausted under his wounds, when he was shot by the Arabs through the

heart and then through the head, and fell dead on the body of his native servant, Tellis.

“ Captain Brownrigg and the seaman Aers (the bodies of the other two men not having been recovered) were buried in the old English cemetery outside the town of Zanzibar on Monday morning, the 5th instant, with due honours and in the most public manner.”

It was found on investigation that the dhow had no right to French colours.

SLAVERY IN ZANZIBAR

Once settled in his master's house or plantation, a slave was not usually badly treated. Cruel masters, no doubt, there were, but the occasional brutalities committed by them do not seem in themselves a sufficient reason for abolition. No one suggests that paternity should be abolished on account of the cruelty of some fathers. There were masters who turned out of doors a sick slave if they thought he would not get well, but, generally speaking, the slave received his due without difficulty. He was always looked on as entitled to keep and clothing, on a modest scale, and when he wished to marry his master would help him with the dowry which was paid to the woman's master. A plantation slave was given a house and plot of ground and two days a week to cultivate it. Slaves employed as fishermen, sailors, boatmen, caravan porters, town porters or *hamali*, domestic servants, artificers, and hawkers are entitled also to the necessaries of life, but they have to hand over the greater part of their receipts to their masters. With regard to female slaves, many find their vocation in or about the harems of the rich, others work as coolies in coaling ships,

as water carriers, or as cultivators. They assist in house-building by carrying lime or by pounding the concrete roofs. I have said that slaves were not generally over-worked. Exception must be made in the case of porters in native-led caravans, and, if report be true, occasionally in European caravans. Agricultural slaves in the time of the clove harvest, that is in August, September, October, and November, were also worked very hard. It is necessary that the clove bud should be picked before it opens. At other times, for example, when picking such of the fruit (mother of clove), as is required, the pressure is probably not severe. No work was so thoroughly disliked by slaves as work in clove plantations.

If the legal position of a slave be examined, it will be seen that by Mohammedan¹ law he has few civil rights. Without the sanction of his master he cannot possess nor dispose of private property, nor marry, nor sue any person, nor engage in trade, nor claim any legal or civil right, nor even take an oath in a Court of Justice. The general result of these disabilities is that there is no incitement to a slave to be diligent or to do his best. Being subject to the irresponsible will of the master, a girl cannot be virtuous, nor a man manly, and there is always the original injustice of having been enslaved, an act of violence that must continue to be perpetrated over and over again as long as slavery lasts. The sterility of slave couples is a serious symptom of the unwholesome state of slave society.²

¹ Mohammedan law permits slavery and regulates it. I am not aware that it enjoins it. To a Mohammedan the institution seems natural and necessary.

² To show what may be expected under better conditions, I quote from a letter received from Miss Ruth Berkeley. "Miss Thackeray

ABOLITION

On April 3, 1897, the great step was taken of abolishing the status of slavery in the Islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, the mainland possessions being left for the time. The decree may be briefly summarized as follows :—

Any claims respecting alleged relations of master and slave to be referred to District Court, which is constituted *ad hoc*, and will enforce no rights over any person on the ground that such person is a slave. Any one proving loss from such deprivation of rights lawfully possessed before the decree will be awarded compensation, which will not be claimable by a creditor in respect of debts, for which the person of the slave thus freed could not have been legally seized. A person freed as above must show that he has a regular domicile and means of subsistence, and pay rent if he lives on another's property. "Concubines shall be regarded as inmates of the harem in the same sense as wives, and shall remain in their present relations, unless they should demand their dissolution on the ground of cruelty." If such cruelty be proved the dissolution shall be granted, and a concubine who has not

and I both think that native Christians have a very large proportion of children compared to slaves, but we are not able to judge as to whether they would have families equal to English ones, as our children have most of them been married for only a few years. We have several families of four under seven yearsold, but the mothers in many cases are very young, and so do not take proper care of the children, so that many die of improper feeding or of chill. There is no doubt that when they do not marry quite so young, many more children will be reared than are now. We have one family of eight under sixteen years of age. One thing is remarkable, and that is that almost without exception the Christian women have *some* children, while it is very common for the slave women to have none at all." Freedom alone cannot be so efficient as freedom *plus* Christianity, but one may hope a good deal from it,

borne¹ children may be redeemed with the sanction of the Court. Any person claiming under the decree may appeal from the decision of the District Court.

That the decree limited the privileges granted to concubines disappointed many persons, who argue that if slaves who are concubines had been treated as other slaves, those who are contented would stay where they are, whilst the discontented would be able to seek relief. There is undeniable force in Sir A. Hardinge's remark² that the institution of concubinage belongs to the borderland between polygamy and domestic slavery, in which the one blends with the other. The child of a concubine only needs the father's acknowledgment to be legitimate, and a concubine is regarded socially as in almost the position of a wife. She can be sent away at any time, it is true, but in this she is no worse off than a wife. The question of the position of concubines is thus seen to be, in a way, part of the far larger question of the condition of women in general in Mohammedan lands.

The following important particulars, supplied by the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, are of interest:—

“There seems to be no doubt that the condition of the natives of the islands has greatly improved since 1897. Justice was practically unknown before the advent of the English, and cruelty was rife; now there is no cruelty, though slavery still exists in name and in fact, in spite of the decree, and the servile spirit is maintained, without the hardships. There is a difference between the treatment of a slave and a free person in the Courts.”

¹ Slave concubines who have borne children to their masters have already, in custom if not in strict law, the strongest claim to freedom.

² *Africa*, No. 6 of 1898, p. 77.

But it seems that this being the case, and most of the worst features of slavery being removed, the slaves do not care to apply either for emancipation or for free contracts. The Arabs make their own terms with them, and since 1900 only a few hundreds each year have been actually emancipated. In some cases the slaves fancied that the compensation paid to the masters by Government made them Government slaves. The secretary adds that :—

“ The Secretary of the Friends' Mission in Pemba writes to me that he believes the numbers liberated under the decree in Pemba have been under 6,000, and that in Zanzibar the number is less. We estimated two or three years ago that not more than 10,000 had been freed in the two islands, and now almost no emancipations are taking place.”

It must be recollected, of course, that as death thins the number of slaves at present existing, slavery cannot be replenished—as children are free-born and purchase is abolished. Should the numbers then not diminish with the death-rate, it will be necessary to ask the reason why.

It was said of Wilberforce that his offering at the footstool of God was the fetters of thousands of slaves. We reverence and admire his work—let us follow his faith and work, “ considering the end.”

APPENDICES

I

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY

THOUGH the Constitution of the Mission is not of a very complex nature, yet it has undergone several changes which require to be elucidated.

It should clearly be grasped that when started, the field of work was to be included within the Province of South Africa, and under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Cape Town. For this there were reasons. A Missionary Bishop was a very new venture. He would go out without definite limits of his authority, and it would not be well to make him at the same time auto-cephalous. Everyone going to or from the Zambezi at that time must pass by way of Cape Town. Though no communication would then be easy, yet there were less difficulties in the way of making a basis at the Cape than elsewhere.

But even South Africa was not an organized Province with a Constitution at that time, in the same sense as she was ten years later, after the Synod of Cape Town, 1870. Robert Gray had been consecrated in 1847 for the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope and its dependencies, with the Island of St. Helena, and with the spiritual oversight of all South Africa under English dominion or influence.

Thus the Crown Colony of Natal and the Sovereignty (as the Orange River Colony was then called) were all visited by him in 1850, and missions to the Kafirs and Zulus were planned.

In 1853 he resigned his Letters Patent, in order that the dioceses of Graham's Town and Natal might be formed out of what he declared to be "almost the largest diocese in the world." Thus South Africa became a Province, with the Bishop of Cape Town for its Metropolitan—for it is a theory that there cannot be a Province without at least three Sees. Afterwards the See of St. Helena was added.

Then on his visit to England in 1858, at a public meeting at Cambridge on November 1, he says: "I proposed the formation of a Committee for establishing a Mission along the Zambezi, and offered to co-operate, urging that the Church should do at least as much as the Independents, who have already raised £7,000 and sent forth six Missionaries."

But a Missionary Bishop was a novelty at the time. The Church of England since the Conquest had never sent forth such, and no Mission of modern days had ever had a Bishop to lead forth its first attack. The difficulties of jurisdiction, legal status and subordination of Missionary Bishops were keenly felt, as may be seen from the Reports on the subject, of the Upper and Lower Houses of Convocation to be found at length in the "Life of Bishop Mackenzie," by the Bishop of Carlisle.

The law officers of the Crown meanwhile graciously declared that no opposition would be offered to the Metropolitan consecrating a Bishop for a country without her Majesty's dominions—but that such Bishops would not be able to perform *legal* acts of an episcopal nature

within the Queen's dominions. Notwithstanding this restriction, the Bishops of the Universities' Mission have assisted at Consecrations and other similar functions in England.

The following Report of the Committee was presented on November 1, 1859.

In presenting a Report of their proceedings up to the present time, the Cambridge Committee of the Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa wish first to recall the special circumstances which led members of this and the sister University to undertake the work of establishing a Mission to those regions—a work befitting the two great centres of Christian education in this country.

The Mission owes its origin, under God, to the impression produced by the visit of Dr. Livingstone to this University, revived and strengthened by the subsequent visit of the Bishop of Cape Town.

The feelings awakened by these visits resulted in the formation of a Committee, pledged to take steps towards establishing a Mission to Central Africa.

The first step taken by this Committee was to invite the co-operation of the University of Oxford. This was promptly and heartily accorded.

A highly influential Committee was immediately formed in that University, and large subscriptions were promised. A public meeting was also held in the Sheldonian Theatre on May 17, at which the Bishop of Oxford presided, which was attended by a deputation from the Cambridge Committee.

These proceedings were followed by a Meeting held on May 26, at No. 79, Pall Mall, at which a London Committee was formed, consisting of members of both Universities. Thenceforth all measures taken for effecting the objects in view have resulted from the correspondence and concurrence of the three Committees.

In adopting the name of "The Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa," the Committees are far from intending to imply that they do not seek the co-operation of those who are not members of either University—on the contrary, they earnestly trust that their design will call forth active sympathy and aid from all classes throughout the country, and that the clergy generally will give their cordial assistance to the secretaries in making arrangements for sermons and meetings in behalf of the Mission.

They also wish it to be distinctly understood that they disclaim any intention of founding a new Missionary Society, or of interfering with the operations of those already existing. It is their hope that in a short time they will be able to hand over to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts the management of the Mission: but it is necessary that its establishment and maintenance, for the first few years, should be provided for by means of a special organization. The Committee hope to be able at an early period to send not fewer than six Missionaries under the direction, if possible, of a Bishop. With reference to the field of labour in which they shall be employed, the Committee have agreed that it shall be selected so as not to interfere with existing Missionary operations. The Bishop of Cape Town has engaged to open communications on this subject with Dr. Livingstone, who on his part has kindly promised to aid the undertaking.

From a comparison of statements furnished by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Church Missionary Society, and the London Missionary Society, of the expenses of sending out Missionaries to South Africa, and of maintaining them there, it has been estimated that a sum of not less than £1,000 will be requisite for the outfit of a Bishop and six Missionaries, and that the annual expense of maintaining

the Mission cannot be less than £2,000. The amount actually promised up to the present time in donations is £1,610 7s. 4d., and in annual subscriptions for a term of years, £176 3s. 6d.

It will thus be seen that great efforts are necessary to raise the requisite funds. It will be understood that the great object of the Mission is to make known the Gospel of Christ ; but as the Committees are well aware that, in Dr. Livingstone's own words, "civilization and Christianity must go together," they think it advisable to state that it will be their aim to encourage the advancement of science and the useful arts, and to direct especial attention to all questions connected with the slave-trade as carried on in the interior of Africa.

In conclusion the Committees beg earnestly to commend this great work of evangelizing the heathen in Central Africa to the earnest sympathy of all. They venture once more to repeat the appeal of Dr. Livingstone ; that now the way is open—but that it may be shut again—and they pray that it may please God to bless and prosper their undertaking, and to raise up men to go out as labourers into the fields which "are white already to harvest."

At a Conference of Delegates held on November 2, 1859, the following resolutions were adopted :—

1. That the plan of this Association be the establishment of one or more stations in Southern Central Africa, which may serve as centres of Christianity and civilization, for the promotion of the spread of true religion, agriculture, and lawful commerce, and the ultimate extirpation of the slave-trade.

2. That to carry out this plan successfully, the Association desire to send out a body of men, including the following :—Six clergymen, with a Bishop at their head, to be consecrated either in this country, or by the

three Bishops of Southern Africa ; a physician, surgeon, or medical practitioner, and a number of artificers, English and native, capable of conducting the various works of building, husbandry, and especially of the cultivation of the cotton plant.

3. The Association contemplate that the cost of establishing such a Mission cannot be estimated at less than £20,000, with £2,000 a year, promised as annual subscriptions to support the Mission for five years to come.

4. That the Secretaries be desired to open communications at once with the other Universities, with the clergy and friends of Missions at large, and with the great centres of manufacture and commerce, to invite them to aid by their funds, counsel, and co-operation in carrying out this great work for the mutual benefit of Africa and of England.

5. That the Rev. Charles Frederick Mackenzie, M.A., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, Archdeacon of Pietermaritzburg (Natal), who is now in England, be invited to head the intended Mission.

6. That the Bishop of Oxford be requested to convey this invitation to Archdeacon Mackenzie.

When Bishop Mackenzie was consecrated in Cape Town Cathedral, January 1, 1861, he took the oath of canonical obedience to the Metropolitan. And on Mackenzie's death, it was Bishop Gray who hurried to England to find a successor, in consultation with the Home Committee. There was, previous to 1870, no provision for an African Diocese electing its own Bishop.

Bishop Tozer took the same oath, and carried out his canonical obedience by consulting Bishop Gray before moving the Mission to Zanzibar. There is a very important letter of Bishop Tozer's bearing on this point, dated Cape Town, June 14, 1864.

“ My dear Lord,—

“ A resolution of the General Committee (April 18, 1864) has been sent to me by this mail, which ‘ sanctions the proposed transference to the country lying at the north of Zululand, and the attempt to reach thence the regions for which the Mission was originally designed.’

“ I gather from this, as well as from the minutes of the Cambridge Meeting, which have been forwarded, that Zululand commends itself at home, primarily from its supposed suitability as a *point de départ* for Central Africa ; while the idea of absolutely removing the Mission to any country which would not prove eventually a stepping-stone to the central tribes is deprecated.

“ I confess that I don’t see how a settlement in any part of Zululand can be said to meet the requirements of the case.

“ Your letter mentions two other fields open to the Central African Mission, viz. Madagascar, and the eastern coast of Africa, north of the Portuguese possessions.

“ Even were we obliged to abandon Central Africa altogether, for which I see at present no necessity whatever, I should be disinclined to disturb the existing arrangements, which leave Church of England Missions to Madagascar, under the control of the admirable Bishop of Mauritius, whose zeal on behalf of the Malagasy is notorious.”

Bishop Tozer then goes on to speak of the possibility of penetrating the interior from the north-east coast about Zanzibar. The arguments in favour of this plan are thus stated in a memorandum drawn up by Dr. Steere :—

“ The first point necessary to determine, still keeping Central Africa in view, is the position of the depôt and rallying place . . .

“ . . . Where, then, is the commercial centre of the

Eastern Coast? It must be a place in constant communication with Central Africa on the one hand, and with European commerce on the other. There can be no doubt that Zanzibar, and Zanzibar alone, can answer to such a description.

“ Natives of every part of Africa are there to be met with. It has a more regular and frequent communication with Europe than any other town in Eastern Africa ; and where an English Consul and his surgeon and English merchants can live in the service of the Crown and for the sake of gain, it must be possible for an English Bishop and his clergy to exist in the service of God and for the sake of souls. There is a large heathen population, and African Mohammedans deserve some care. There is work calling for an English chaplain in the care of the English residents and visitors, and in giving attention to the cruisers, which are generally small ships, and have therefore no chaplains of their own. To the carrying on of this work it is to be hoped that the Government would give some assistance. Mr. Drayton, who is now on his way to England, was thoroughly satisfied by his visit to Zanzibar of the want of a Mission there, and the Consul (Colonel Playfair) has declared himself willing, if called upon, to give his testimony and exert his influence in favour of its establishment. Thus to plant our depôt at Zanzibar would be, not only to occupy the acknowledged key to Central Africa, but also to wipe out the reproach upon the English Church, that it neglects its proper duty there.

“ From Zanzibar, better than from any other place, Missions could be despatched to Kilwa, or to the country explored by Speke, and by either of these routes to the lake country and to the Nyasa ; or, again, to the belt of land under the equator, which is reported to be the healthiest and best in the continent, as well as to the Island of Johanna, and, should a better prospect

open, to a fresh attempt upon the Zambezi and the shores of the Mozambique. Without any considerable increase of the Mission funds, a clergyman might be supported at Johanna, two more near the equator, and two at Kilwa, while the Bishop (and possibly a chaplain in charge of a Central Missionary School) might be stationed at Zanzibar."

The Bishop of Cape Town, writing on July 19th, says :—

" On my return from Natal, last Wednesday, I found Bishop Tozer here ; and after conversing with him and with the members of our Committee here, do not think that I ought in any way to seek to induce him to change his views. I have long thought Zanzibar to be an important field for Missionary operations, and have endeavoured to induce the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to take it up. The climate is, I fear, likely to prove a great difficulty."

But the change of basis in 1864 from the Shiré to Zanzibar brought about the breaking of the links which bound up Central Africa with the Southern Province. If it had been difficult before for the Metropolitan to exercise his functions, it now became impossible. No steamers at that time ran regularly up the Coast—letters went round by England—and in 1870, at the Provincial South African Synod, it was announced that Central Africa had ceased to form part of the Province, which in future will never pass the natural boundary line of the Zambezi.

Thus cut adrift from Cape Town, Zanzibar fell provisionally into the hands of Canterbury.

What exact power the Archbishop exercises is difficult to decide, but the relations are friendly and to the great

benefit of Eastern Africa ; neither have they ever been strained unreasonably.

In the choice of a Bishop, the Committee of the Universities' Mission has always been consulted. Generally they, after conferring with the clergy in Africa, have nominated and the Archbishop has appointed. But recently the Archbishop has reserved to himself the right of nomination and appointment with the assistance of the President of the Mission and other Bishops. This arrangement is only temporary, until Central Africa, having more Bishops, becomes itself an organised Province.

II

HOME ORGANIZATION

THE Home Committee have played such a very important part in the Mission, that a sketch of their position and work must be given.

They have never, in any sense, arrogated to themselves the power of ruling the Mission or cramping the action of the Bishops and Missionaries. But they have more or less vigorously provided the sinews of war, and organized the work in England,—acting as a “providence” to the Mission,—from the first year, when they reported £1,610 7s. 4d. in donations, and £176 3s. 6d. of yearly income, to 1908, when there was a grand total of £38,876.

The first Cambridge Committee had for its moving spirit the Rev. William Monk, curate of St. Andrew's-the-Less, who inaugurated the Cambridge Committee. That Committee called on Oxford to cooperate in the work, and named the Mission “The Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa,” thus paying a delicate compliment to the sister University, and showing the generous spirit of Cambridge. Later on, the Universities of Durham and Dublin having joined in the scheme, it was for awhile called by the cumbrous name of all four Universities—a title which has been happily merged in “Universities Mission to Central Africa.” The University of Dublin ceased to cooperate in the Mission after the first few years.

Less picturesque, but not less self-denying than the work of those on active duty in the Mission-field, have been the patient, drudging, arduous labours of the Home Committee, which are a veritable “tarrying by the stuff,” which King David considered as worthy of reward as the warfare of their fellows.

The Committee has had for successive chairmen, the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce), the Bishop of London (Jackson), the Bishop of Carlisle (Goodwin), the Bishop of St. Albans (Festing), and the Bishop of Southwark (Talbot); and as secretaries, the Revs. W. Monk, G. H. Smyttan, Forbes Capel, Cecil Deedes, R. M. Heanley, W. H. Penney and Duncan Travers.

The Constitution of the Committee has varied slightly at different times, but in 1895 was fixed as follows:—

The object of the Universities' Mission is the establishment and maintenance of stations in Central Africa, which may serve as centres of Christianity and civilization, for the promotion of true religion, and the ultimate extinction of the slave trade. In order to accomplish these designs, the plan of the Mission is to maintain in Central Africa, under the government of Bishops, both bodies of clergy and lay helpers, including medical men and artificers, European or African, capable of conducting the work of building and husbandry.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE HOME ORGANIZATION OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA

1. There shall be a local Committee at each University taking part in the Mission, and a General Committee, all the Members of such Committees being in communion with the Church of England. The General Committee shall meet in London, and shall be constituted as follows:

(a) A Chairman, who shall also be President of the General Meeting of Subscribers, which shall be held in London in the month of May or June of every year.

(b) A Vice-Chairman, who shall take the Chair at the Meetings of the Committee in the absence of the Chairman.

(c) A certain number of Vice-Presidents, one of whom shall preside at the General Meeting in the absence of the President, viz.:

(1) All Archbishops and Bishops in communion with the Church of England, who shall signify their willingness to serve on the Committee.

(2) Six or more Subscribers chosen at a General Meeting.

(d) The Chairman, Treasurers, and Secretaries of the Committee at each University taking part in the Mission.

(e) Fifteen Members chosen at the General Meeting.

(f) The Treasurers and Secretaries.

(g) One Commissary to be appointed by each of the Bishops of the Mission.

At the General Meeting those elected Members of the Committee shall retire who have not attended three Meetings of the Committee during the year ending December 31st then last past, but they shall be eligible for re-election.

Meetings of any Sub-Committee, or attendances at the office on behalf of the Secretary, shall for this purpose count as Meetings of the Committee.

(h) The Clergy of the Mission when in England, who shall have the right to attend and vote at Meetings of the Committee

after the conclusion of the Treasurer's business and any special business.

(i) Such Lay Members of the Mission when in England as may be invited by the Chairman to attend and vote at Meetings of the Committee after the conclusion of the Treasurer's business, and any special business.

2. The General Committee shall manage the affairs of the Mission in England, and shall make annual grants of money to each Bishop at its discretion for the service of the Mission in Africa.

3. The General Committee shall meet not less than six times in the year.

4. The General Committee shall appoint a Medical Board, and no Missionary shall be sent out from England who has not appeared before the Board.

5. No Missionary shall be sent out from England who has not been approved by the Bishop under whom he is to serve, or, in his absence, by a Board consisting of one clergyman nominated by the Chairman of the General Committee for the time being, and two clergymen nominated by the Bishop for the purpose.

6. Three Treasurers shall be appointed at the General Meeting, who shall manage the financial affairs of the Mission in England under the direction of the General Committee.

7. In the event of any vacancy occurring amongst the elected Members of the General Committee, or amongst the Treasurers, the General Committee shall have the power of filling up the vacancy until the next General Meeting of Subscribers.

8. The Secretaries of the General Committee shall be appointed by the General Committee.

9. The accounts of each Local Committee shall be made up to the 31st December in each year, and the balances up to that date shall be forthwith paid to the credit of the Treasurers in London.

May, 1895.

Whatever funds were raised in England and received by the Committee have always been placed in the hands of the Bishop or Bishops, who, at their own discretion, have used them for the various works in their dioceses.

The direction of the work in Africa was from the first "vested in the Bishop and such English priests as he may have with him in Africa." This is so far modified that, now there is a native ministry, native priests have equal rights with others.

The missionaries themselves have (since Bishop Steere's consecration) worked without salary, living in common, and provided only with a small sum *to those who need it* for clothes and pocket money.

III

THE AFRICAN MINISTRY

From the days when John Swedi and his friends were set apart for the sub-diaconate, there have always been some youths under training

for the ministry. At first it was impossible for them to be entirely trained in Africa, and hence, after careful teaching at Kiungani, and after a trial post on the mainland, they were sent to England to complete their studies. Thus, Cecil Majaliwa was trained at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and Petro Limo and Samwil Sehoza at Dorchester. But others came to England who did not turn out so well, and as a better and larger staff could be spared for Kiungani, the theological teaching was carried further, and it became not only unnecessary but unadvisable to send the boys to England, because—

- (1) It cost more.
- (2) It took them away from African surroundings and habits.
- (3) As a consequence it taught them the use of luxuries, which neither they nor their future flocks could afford.

On the other hand, perhaps, an English education gave them a better education more easily, and a certain knowledge of the world which, to some of them, might possibly be useful.

The Theological course at Kiungani is much the same as that known as the Cambridge Preliminary Examination, and is quite as searching as that at most of our theological colleges, and there is the immense advantage of being able to test the moral fibre of the students by periods of work among their own folk.

The following is a list of the native clergy in May 1909:

PRIESTS.	Ordained.	DEACONS.	Ordained.
Cecil Majaliwa	1886.	John Swedi	1879.
Petro Limo	1893.	Cypriani Chitenji	1895.
Samwil Sehoza	1894.	John B. Mdoe	"
Yohana Abdallah	"	Yustino Mkandu	1901.
Daudi Machina	1895.	Kolumba Msigala	"
Augustine Ambali	1891.	Leonard Kamungu	1902.
Eustace Malisawa	"	John Saidi	"
Samwil Chiponde	"	Silvano Ngaweje	1903.
Danleli Usufu	1901.	Benedict C. Njewa	1907.
		Paolo Kazinde	"
		Leonard Kangati	"
		Francis Mzimba	"
		Reuben F. Namalowe	"
		Henry C. Semng'indo	1908.

IV

SYNODICAL ACTION

With the revival of Church principles and of the study of the Fathers of the Primitive Church during the nineteenth century, men came to see that the free synodical action of the clergy is a proper complement of the fundamental principle of the Apostolic succession—or that in the words of St. Ignatius, the Bishop should sit "surrounded by the crown of the Presbytery." The Synod of Exeter was held in 1850 by Bishop Philpotts—but the way to a more permanent revival was led

by Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln.* And it is upon the Lincoln model that the Sacred Diocesan Synod of Zanzibar was constituted in 1896. Bishop Richardson instituted some very considerable inquiries, and the Archdeacon of Zanzibar consulted several eminent canonists, including Archbishop Benson, while the Rev. Walter Firminger paid a visit to Bloemfontein to study the practice and constitution of the Synod in that Diocese.

Previous, however, to this date two Synods had been held in Zanzibar. The first in Christ Church on May 5, 1884, Bishop Smythies presiding. There were present:—The Ven. Archdeacon Farler; the Revds. A. H. Hamilton, P. L. Jones-Bateman, J. K. C. Key, Chauncy Maples, W. C. Porter, Duncan Travers, H. W. Woodward, F. A. Wallis, F. J. Williams, and H. C. Goodyear. Also Mr. Madan and Mr. Bellingham, laymen, who, however, did not vote.

Nine years later Bishop Smythies held the second Synod, June 30, 1893. On this occasion he issued a general dispensation from fasting to such of the European members of the staff as might require it, and he read a letter concerning some changes in arrangements for the staff.

At this Synod were present:—The Archdeacon of Zanzibar; the Revds. H. W. Woodward, W. C. Porter, J. K. C. Key, C. Majaliwa, J. C. Salfey, W. M. Mercer, J. E. Griffin, A. H. Carnon, P. R. H. Chambers, E. S. Palmer, C. R. Tyrwhitt, G. P. K. H. Du Boulay, P. Limo, J. C. Haines, J. Grindrod, and some laity.

But the Synod of 1896 which met at Zanzibar on St. Luke's Day was of a much more formal character. The *Veni Creator* was sung, and after a solemn Celebration the laity were all dismissed and the Sacred Synod was held, and there were present:—The Archdeacon of Zanzibar; Revds. J. P. Farler (as Chaplain), A. H. Carnon, G. Dale, W. K. Firminger, J. E. Griffin, C. Majaliwa, W. C. Porter, S. Sehoza, T. C. Simpson, H. W. Woodward, J. Godfrey, D. Machina, D. Seyiti, and J. Swedi.

The fourth Synod of Zanzibar was held on June 24, 1903, immediately after the Consecration of the Cathedral. There were present the Bishop of the Diocese, presiding; the Archdeacons of Magila, Masasi, and Zanzibar, the Revds. Canon Key, G. Dale, W. Kisbey, F. Weston, J. Brent, C. Majaliwa, F. E. Pearce, S. Chiponde, P. Limo, C. Frewer, W. G. Harrison, D. Machina, M. Mackay, S. Sehoza, H. Spurling, J. C. White, and J. Swedi, Brother Moffatt, S.S.M., as clerk.

A conference was also held at which it was decided to move the Industrial Boys' Home out of Zanzibar, to build a church in Korogwe, and to put up stalls, etc., in the cathedral in memory of Bishop Smythies.

Here follow most of the acts of these various Synods as are still in force.

ACTS OF THE SYNOD HELD IN ZANZIBAR, 1884

I

1.—That the offspring of mixed marriages should not be baptized until of age to answer for themselves, without sufficient guarantee that they be brought up as Christians.

* The Lincoln Diocesan Synod met in 1871, consisting of those either beneficed or holding the Bishop's licence. The Exeter Synod was representative.

II

4.—That a man who is married shall declare at his baptism that he will hold to his own wife and marry no other during her lifetime.

III

7.—That Banns of Marriage should be published in all cases; a clause being inserted to guard against polygamy, and that all persons at their marriage should make a declaration that they have no wife or husband living, such declaration having been already made at the time of notice being given of the marriage.

IV

9.—That a Christian who takes back his wives after his Baptism be excommunicated by the lesser excommunication, and be put into the position of a hearer.

V

14.—That in the opinion of this Synod it would not be contrary to their Christian principles for our converts at any station to defend themselves if attacked by an outside foe.

VI

16.—That in dealing with up-country tribes where circumcision is a tribal custom independent of Mohammedanism, Christianity should not interfere with it; but that to an adult desiring to be circumcised as a concession to Mohammedan influence it should not be permitted.

VII

17.—That definite rules as to preaching, hours of work, etc., should be furnished to Deacons and Laymen in charge of stations, and that a monthly report of the work be rendered to their immediate superior. Also, that a record of the work done in the district be kept at the Central Station.

VIII

18.—That definite instructions as to Mohammedanism be given to all catechumens.

IX

20.—That it is not desirable to send boys to Europe, if some means can be found of training them in Africa.

ACTS OF THE SYNODS HELD AT LIKOMA, NEWALA, MAGILA, AND ZANZIBAR BETWEEN JULY 1887 AND FEBRUARY 1888

X

1.—That in the opinion of this Synod no man continuing in the state of polygamy can be admitted to Holy Baptism.

XI

4.—That all members of the Mission should exercise the utmost caution in furthering the liberation of any persons who may be in a state of slavery in the country in which they are living, and that in the case of any of our people wishing to redeem or receive children there should be a definite understanding that such children should be in all respects free and should be brought up as Christians.

XII

5.—That no boys should be received into the houses of the Mission except for some definite work, or as pupils in the schools, and that no difference should be made in the food and status of the boys received.

ACTS OF LOCAL SYNODS

NEWALA

XIII

1.—That in case of any of our people wishing to redeem an adult we should obtain every possible guarantee that the person so redeemed should be in all respects free as in the case of children, and that no service should be required as a compensation for the money paid for redemption.

MAGILA AND ZANZIBAR.

XIV

That when in danger of death anyone who has the proper dispositions of Faith and Repentance, and desires Holy Baptism, may be baptized though he be a polygamist.

ACTS OF THE SYNOD HELD IN ZANZIBAR, 1893

XV

3.—That in all books or translations issued by the Universities' Mission in native languages, while our own positive beliefs are stated and taught, the object shall be kept in view of so putting them as not to reflect on the beliefs of other Christians who hold the Apostles', Nicene, and Athanasian Creeds, so that our books may be read by them without offence.

XVI

7.—That it is most desirable that we should impress as far as possible on all Africans ministered to in spiritual things by African teacher that it is their duty to furnish their teachers with temporal things and that we should therefore, in bringing up all our African teachers, strenuously discourage all Europeanisms and luxuries which the Africans they will minister to will be quite unable to supply.

XVII

8.—That this Synod desires to encourage Africans in every way to purchase, however cheaply, our Swahili Bibles and New Testaments.

ACTS OF THE SACRED SYNOD OF ZANZIBAR, 1896.

XVIII

10.—That all candidates for Priest's Orders shall be required to produce testimonials from three Clergy in the Mission who are or have been Priests-in-charge, one of which shall be from the Priest-in-Charge of the Station under whom the Candidate worked as Deacon, and that a "*Si quis*" shall be read in the church where the Deacon has served. That in the year previous to his ordination to the Priesthood, every deacon without exception shall spend at least three months at the Diocesan Theological College for purposes of study and meditation.

XIX

12.—That certificates of Baptism, Confirmation, First Communion, Marriage, be given, as is done in other dioceses.

XX

13.—That the Bishop be requested to consider a rule whereby priests ordained in the future shall not hear confessions unless licensed by him.

XXI

15.—That the attention of the clergy of the Mission be called to the following rubric in the Office for the Administration of Holy Baptism for adults in the Book of Common Prayer.

When any such persons as are of riper years are to be baptized, timely notice shall be given to the Bishop or whom he shall appoint for that purpose, a week before at least, by the Parents, or some other discreet persons; that so due care may be taken for their examination, whether they be sufficiently instructed in the principles of the Christian Religion; and that they may be exhorted to prepare themselves with Prayers and Fasting for the receiving of this Holy Sacrament.

And that it is recommended that Church Councils be formed to test the sincerity of candidates for Holy Baptism, and that the attention of Deacons be directed to the following portion of the charge in the Office for the ordaining of Deacons. It appertaineth to the Office of a Deacon . . . in the absence of the Priest to baptize infants.

XXII

17. (1)—That the Synod re-affirms Act 7 of the Synod of 1893. "That this precept be strongly inculcated by the Priests-in-Charge of Stations in their instructions to candidates for Holy Baptism." See Act XVI.

(2) That the following methods of obtaining such support be put on record—

1. Collections in Church.
2. Collections of food.
3. Cultivation of Church lands.
4. First-fruits.

XXIII

23.—That a solemn assent to the provisions of the Bishop in Synod be required of all candidates for Holy Orders and of all Priests and Deacons admitted to spiritual work within the Diocese.

As a result of the acts of Synod, the Bishop signed and promulgated the following deed of foundation of the Cathedral Chapter.

WILLIAM, by Divine permission Bishop of Zanzibar, to our beloved in Christ, Walter Kelly Firminger, Priest-in-Charge of our Cathedral Church of Christ, Master of Arts; greeting:

WE do by this deed inform you that, for the greater glory of God and of His Only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, in Whose Sacred Name our Cathedral Church is dedicated, having taken counsel with our Sacred Diocesan Synod, it is our purpose by this Deed or Document:—

TO authorize, found, and establish a Capitular body of Canons, who shall be attached to our said Cathedral Church, and who shall be ruled over in all that concerns the control and administration of the

aforesaid Church and the corporate affairs and interests of the said Cathedral Chapter by a Sub-dean to be hereafter appointed by ourselves, it being provided that by this Document our Episcopal rights, as hitherto exercised, are in no way defined, limited or altered.

WE do, therefore, by this Deed or Document, found and create a Capitular Body to be styled and known as the Cathedral Chapter, and to be constituted as is forthwith determined :

Item. *THE SUB-DEAN*, who shall be invested with the same cure of souls and office hitherto held and executed by yourself as "Priest-in-Charge of the Cathedral" and as "Priest-in-Charge of Mkunazini," and who, subject to the reservation stated above, shall in all ordinary matters act as Dean.

Item. *THE ARCHDEACONS*, appointed by the Bishop of the Diocese to administer such Archdeaconries as have or at any time shall be duly created within the Diocese.

Item. *THE CHANCELLOR*, who shall more especially be charged with the supervision of all educational institutions belonging to this Diocese.

Item. *THE CANONS*, who shall be five in number, not less than two of whom being hereby bound to reside within our Cathedral City.

Further: In accordance with the counsel of our dearly beloved sons, the Clergy of this Diocese in Sacred Diocesan Synod assembled, we do until such time as may be appointed, reserve to ourselves or our successors, the right of nominating and appointing to the Canonries hereby created, and to any such as may in the meanwhile fall vacant.

Further: We do charge the aforesaid Chapter when and as soon as any three priests have been thereunto appointed, to take counsel together in Chapter, and draw up such Statutes, Laws, and Constitutions as are requisite, and to submit the same to ourselves for ratification and acceptance.

In witness thereunto, we have caused our great seal to be appended: this twenty-third day of October in the year of our Lord MDCCCXCVI, and of our Consecration the second.

✠ WILLIAM ZANZIBAR.

ACTS OF SYNOD, 1903.

XXIV

That definite rules with regard to Public Discipline, and the form to be used in administering the same, be drawn up, distinguishing between that which may be dealt with by the Priest-in-Charge, and that which is ordered to be referred to the Ordinary.

XXV

That the Paper on Mixed Marriages now before the Synod be accepted as expressing the principles which guide the Diocese.

XXVI

That the Archdeacon of Zanzibar acting with the heads of Stations be responsible for issuing the Diocesan Kalendar to be ready for distribution in the Advent of each year.

XXVII

That no one be admitted to the Diaconate who has not done at least one year's good work as Reader in sole charge of a station.

XXVIII

That the duration of the Diaconate be left unstated ; but that no one be admitted to the Priesthood who has not done at least two years' good work in sole charge of an out-station.

That the Bishop be asked to put out in the Vernacular a pamphlet containing the minimum of doctrine required by a Christian.

The following are some of the more important of the

ACTS OF THE SYNOD, 1908.

XXXVII

That it is of great importance to encourage the growth of centres of worship in villages or in groups of villages : and that the Bishop be asked to authorize very simple forms of prayer for daily use.

XXXVIII

That the Bishop be asked to authorize a new system of the public use of the Psalms, and a new Lectionary.

XLI

That the Deacons of the Mission be given an opportunity of Communion at least once a week.

XLII

That the Synod, recognizing the duty of keeping Sunday as holy to God's service, recommends that a determined effort be made to induce all Christians living near a Church to attend a short service and instruction on Sunday in addition to being present at the Holy Eucharist, the hour of the service to be fixed according to the circumstances of the district.

XLIII

That the Christians of the diocese be reminded of their duty to share in the service of the Eucharist every Sunday ; and that where necessary the hour of that service be put a little later to allow of the presence of people from a distance.

XLV

(a) That in each district there be established as soon as possible a Practising School for the Method of Teaching, and that the students of the district rank as House teachers of the Central School.

(b) That in one district in each Archdeaconry a house be established in connection with this School for all boys of the Archdeaconry who have finished their course at Kiungani.

(c) That the normal course in such Schools be six months.

(d) That no district Priest may claim to have such a Practising School who does not possess a European teacher approved by the Bishop for this work.

XLVII

That it is desirable to increase largely the number of African women teachers, in all possible ways.

XLIX

(a) That a boarding-school for girls be formed in each Archdeaconry on a small scale, the school to be in charge of an English teacher.

(b) That in the boarding-school African women be employed to teach the girls all that concerns the domestic life of Africa.

(c) That each boarding-school be under the inspection of a Committee of Priests, African and European, to be nominated by the Bishop.

L

(a) That every teacher in the diocese be required to hold two certificates: the one for General Knowledge, the other for School Method.

(b) That the examinations for these certificates be central, and be arranged by the Bishop every year.

(c) That the Bishop's attention be called to the large number of uncertificated teachers who are employed in all parts of the diocese.

LI

(a) That the African priests, deacons, readers, and teachers be required to meet together once a year in local councils, under the presidency of one of themselves, and to send a report of the meeting to the Bishop.

LIV

That candidates for Holy Orders be selected, as a rule, once a year in each Archdeaconry, the selection to be made in a meeting of all the priests of the district; and that priests who cannot be present in person be required to give their opinion on paper.

LV

That the Synod approves the revival of the office of Sub-deacon in order

(i) to give a status to men of zeal and piety who are unfit for the Diaconate;

(ii) to shorten the time that is usually spent in the Diaconate.

LVII

(a) That it be a recognized part of the educational curriculum at Kiungani that the first class be instructed:

(1) to read Swahili-Arabic characters;

(2) to have sufficient knowledge of the Life of Mohammed and of the teaching of the Koran.

(b) That a Life of Mohammed and a book of elementary Knowledge of Mohammedanism be printed.

V

ENGLISH MEMBERS OF THE MISSION

The sign ✕ is placed against the names of those members who have died in the service of the Mission.

Date of Joining.	Name.	Degree, University College, Occupation.	Remarks.
1860.			
Oct. 4.	✕CHARLES FREDERICK MACKENZIE (<i>First Bishop</i>)	—	Died Jan. 31, 1862.
Oct. 4.	Anne Mackenzie	D.D., Cam.	Withdrew Apr. 26, 1862.
Oct. 4.	Horace Waller	Lay Superintendent	Withdrew 1863, died Feb. 22, 1896.
Oct. 4.	Lovell James Procter	P. B.A., Dur.	Withdrew 1863.
Oct. 4.	✕Henry Carter Scudamore	P. Cam.	Died Jan. 1, 1863.
Dec.	Henry Rowley	Schoolmaster	Withdrew 1863.
1861.			
Apr. 6.	Richard Martin Clark	Shoemaker	Withdrew 1863.
Apr. 6.	Samuel A. Gamble	Carpenter	Withdrew 1863.
Apr. 6.	Alfred Adams	Agriculturist	Withdrew 1863.
Apr. 6.	J. Andrew Blair	Printer	Invalided 1861.
Apr. 6.	✕Edward Hawkins	P. M.A., Ox.	Died Oct. 8, 1862.
Apr. 6.	✕John Dickinson	M.B., Dur.	Died March 17, 1863.
Apr. 6.	✕Henry De Wint Burrup	P. Ox.	Died Feb. 22, 1862.
1863.			
Feb. 2.	WILLIAM GEORGE TOZER (<i>Second Bishop</i>)	D.D., Ox.	Invalided Apr. 1873.
	✕EDWARD STEERE (<i>Afterwards Third Bishop</i>)	D.D. Ox., I.L.D.	Died Aug. 27, 1882.
	Charles A. Alington	P. B.A., Ox.	Withdrew Jan. 1869.
	✕George Edwards Drayton	D. Cant.	Died Nov. 28, 1867.
	✕Caroline Drayton	—	Died Nov. 17, 1867.
1865.			
	Helen Rainforth Tozer	—	Withdrew.
	Mary Ann Jones	—	Invalided.
	Harry Goodwin	—	Withdrew.
1867.			
Oct.	Walter Lea	P. Lon.	Invalided June 1869.
Oct.	Maria Lea	—	Withdrew.
Oct.	Sarah Ann Pakeman	—	Withdrew.
1868.			
June	✕Richard Lewin Pennell	P. M.A., Ox.	Died April 15, 1872.
June	✕Lewis Fraser	P. B.A., Cam.	Died Dec. 10, 1869.
June	✕Samuel Speare	—	Died Nov. 13, 1873.
Nov.	Samuel Davis	D.	Withdrew March, 1870
Nov.	William Minchin Edwards	—	Withdrew.
1869.			
May	Caroline A. F. Packe	—	Withdrew.
	Elizabeth J. Heath	—	Withdrew.
	Frederick Chapman	—	Withdrew.
1870.			
Mar.	John Morton	Schoolmaster.	Withdrew.
	✕Benjamin Hartley	—	Died Feb. 15, 1874
Aug.	✕Ormsby Handcock	P. Dub.	Died Sept. 29, 1870.
	Charlotte Roden	—	Withdrew.

Date of Joining.	Name.	Degree, University College, Occupation.	Remarks.
1872.	Sarah Fountaine	Schoolmistress	Withdrew 1879. Rejoined 1888. Withdrew 1893.
1873.	Benjamin Karn	Schoolmaster	Withdrew.
Feb.	Christian Dawson	—	Withdrew.
Feb.	*Arthur Nugent West	P. B.A., Cam. . . .	Died Dec. 25, 1873.
Apr.	James Midgley	P. M.A., Cam. . . .	Invalided.
1874.	John Gough Poole	—	Withdrew.
	Alfred H. Boys	—	Withdrew.
	Fanny Bennett	—	Withdrew.
1875.	Edward S. L. Randolph	P. B.A., Cam. . . .	Withdrew 1879.
	*Josephine Bartlett	—	Died April 10, 1895.
	John Prediger Farler	P. M.A., Cam. . . .	Withdrew 1889.
	Henry John Mitchell	Cant. . . .	Withdrew.
Mar.	Frederick Alfred Wallis	P. Lin. . . .	Withdrew 1889.
	Herbert W. Woodward	P. St. Stephen's Ho., Ox. . . .	—
	*John Henry Moss	—	Died Jan. 17, 1877.
	*Charles Anderson James	P. M.A., Ox. . . .	Died Nov. 25, 1875.
	James Beardall	—	Withdrew 1877.
	Katherine Graves	—	Withdrew.
	[Madame] Cappelle	—	Withdrew.
	Alfred Belleville	—	Withdrew.
	Francis Ainsworth	—	Withdrew.
	*Alice Marsh	—	Died Nov. 14, 1875.
	William Forbes Capel	P. K.C.L.	Withdrew 1877.
	Katherine Tyndal	—	Withdrew.
	Mary Anne Harriet Allen	—	Withdrew.
	*Sophia Jones	—	Died April 11, 1877.
	Emma Durham	—	Withdrew. Rejnd. 1897. Invalided 1899.
	Herbert Henry Clarke	P.	Invalided Oct. 7, 1891.
	Owen Phillips	P.	Withdrew, 1882.
1876.	*Charles Yorke	D. War.	Died Jan. 6, 1880.
March 18.	*CHAUNCY MAPLES	P. D.D., Ox.	Drowned Sept. 2, 1895.
March 18.	(Afterwards Sixth Bishop)		
	*Joseph Arthur Williams	Dor.	Drowned Sept. 2, 1895.
	William P. Johnson	P. M.A., Ox.	—
1877.	Alfred Charles Goldfinch	D. War.	Withdrew 1882.
	Francis Roger Hodgson	P. M.A., Ox.	Withdrew 1889.
	Jessie Hodgson	—	Invalided 1888.
	*Margaret Ann Hinton	—	Died March 24, 1881.
	Frederick John Williams	P. War.	Withdrew 1885.
	Caroline D. M. Thackeray	—	—
	Charles Spencer Newham	—	Withdrew 1879.
1878.	W. H. Maplesden	Shoemaker	Withdrew 1879. Invalided.
1879.	Edward H. C. Sayres	P. M.A., Ox.	Invalided 1880.
Feb. 20.	L. L. Amy Bashford	—	Withdrew 1889.
Feb. 20.	Edwin Heron Dodgson	P. Chic.	Withdrew 1880.
	*Herbert Geldart	P. Cant.	Died May 11, 1889.
	William Bellingham	Working man.	Withdrew 1888.
	Lionel Kentish Rankin	Cam.	Withdrew.
	Doré Yarnton Mills	—	Withdrew 1905.
1880.	William D. Lowndes	D. B.A., Cam.	Withdrew 1883.
	William C. Porter	P. M.A., Cam.	—
	Charles Chapman	P. B.A., Cam.	Withdrew 1881.
	Thomas Ellis	Carpenter	Withdrew 1884.

Date of Joining.	Name.	Degree, University College, Occupation.	Remarks.
1880.	Samuel Hayman	Printer	Withdrew 1883.
	Arthur Cornwallis Madan	M.A., Ox.	Resigned 1896.
	Henry Berkeley Bradley	—	Withdrew 1884.
	*Herbert A. B. Wilson	D. Ox.	Died Sept. 12, 1882.
	*Charles Albert Janson	P. M.A., Ox.	Died Feb. 21, 1882
	*Percy Lisle Jones-Bateman	P. M.A., Cam.	Died Oct. 25, 1897.
1881.	Thomas Gill	Mason	Withdrew 1888.
	James C. Yarborough	D. B.A., Ox.	Invalided 1881.
	Edith Phillips	—	Withdrew 1882.
	*Charles W. Roberts	Dor. Schoolmaster	Died Aug. 3, 1898.
	William Henry Kitson	—	Withdrew 1882.
	John K. Causton Key	P. M.A., Ox.	Retired 1904.
1882.	Harriet Smith	Teacher	Withdrew 1890.
	Mary Worsfold	—	Withdrew 1883.
	Ellen Sherratt	Nurse.	Withdrew 1883.
	*Thomas R. S. F. Whitty	Dor.	Died Dec. 19, 1887.
	James Petrie	M.B., Aber.	Withdrew.
Oct. 1883.	Richard C. Ramshaw	Printer	Withdrew 1885.
Feb. 21.	*Mary Charlotte Townshend	Nurse.	Died June 13, 1891.
Feb. 21.	Sarah Carter	—	Invalided 1884.
	Arthur Hayne Hamilton	P. B.A., Ox.	Invalided Oct. 1884.
	*Henry Charles Goodyear	P. War.	Died June 24, 1889.
July 10. 1884.	*CHARLES ALAN SMYTHIES (Fourth Bishop)	D.D. Cam.	Died May 7, 1894.
Jan. 16.	Duncan Travers	P. M.A., Cam.	Invalided 1889.
Jan. 16.	Herbert Allen	Carpenter	Withdrew 1894.
Jan. 16.	Martin Luther Irving	D. Cant.	Withdrew 1888.
Jan. 16.	Henry Kerslake	Schoolmaster	Withdrew 1887.
Jan. 16.	*John Meshack Lavender	Cant.	Died Aug. 20, 1884.
Jan. 16.	William Marsden Mercer	P. Dor.	Withdrew Sept. 1893.
April 9.	Spencer Weigall	P. M.A., Ox.	Invalided 1893.
May 7.	*Charles S. B. Riddell	P. B.A., Ox.	Died June 11, 1886.
May 7.	Ruth Berkeley	—	Invalided 1897.
May 1.	*George Hervey Swinny	P. M.A., Ox.	Died Feb. 13, 1887.
May 1.	*Edith Marla Swinny.	—	Died May 31, 1888.
July 2.	Leonard Hanbury Frere	P. Ox.	Invalided 1892.
July 2.	Evelyn Bucknall L. Smith	P. B.A., Cam.	Retired 1906.
July 2.	Robert Stanley Coupland	P. Lin.	Withdrew 1888 and 1900.
July 2.	James Lewis Matthews	Schoolmaster	Withdrew 1893.
July 2.	*William Bishop	P. Dor.	Died Feb. 19, 1902.
Oct. 31.	Danson Wride	Carpenter	Invalided 1893.
Oct. 31.	Gerard B. B. Callaghan	—	Invalided 1885.
Oct. 31.	William Robinson	Engine fitter	Invalided.
Oct. 31.	Richard Creighton	—	Withdrew.
Oct. 31.	Charles Alley	Carpenter	Invalided 1892.
Oct. 31. 1885.	Albert Read	Engineer	Withdrew.
Jan.	John Michael Halliday	Accountant	Withdrew 1889.
Mar. 18.	George Coggan	—	Withdrew.
July 8.	*Walter King	P. Cant.	Died Feb. 24, 1900.
	*Ernest Edward Winkley	Dor.	Died Feb. 4, 1886.
July 25.	*Cecil Sherard Pollard	P. M.A., Ox.	Died Aug. 16, 1886.
Sept. 2.	*Theophilus L. Taylor	P. B.A., Lon.	Died Mar. 1, 1891.
Sept. 2.	*Eleanor Mary Bennett	Teacher	Died May 16, 1893.
Sept. 2.	Margaret E. Woodward	Teacher	Withdrew 1896.
Sept. 2.	*Herbert Ley	M.R.C.S. (Eng.), L.S.A.	Died June 10, 1895.
July.	Percy Montague Wathen	P. M.A., Ox.	Withdrew 1890.
	*John Stevenson C. Wood	P. B.A., Cam.	Died June 18, 1886.

Date of Joining.	Name.	Degree, University College, Occupation.	Remarks.
1886.			
Feb.	*John Hainsworth	P. Dor. . . .	Died April 13, 1896.
Feb.	*Fanny Jervis Shaw	Nurse	Died Oct. 9, 1893.
March 12.	John Vaughan Dodd	Printer	Withdrew.
April 7.	*George Sherriff	Trawler	Died Aug. 12, 1891.
	*Clement John Sparks	P. Cant. . . .	Died Sept. 22, 1889.
	*Eliza Helen Wallis	—	Died Jan. 10, 1890.
1887.			
	*William Knowles	Mason	Died Sept. 7, 1889.
Feb. 17.	James William Mills	Engineer	Withdrew Oct. 1890.
Feb. 17.	Richard Crawshay	—	Withdrew 1887.
July 7.	*Montague Ellis-Viner	P. B.A., Ox. . . .	Died Oct. 5, 1890.
July 7.	*Agnes [Sister]	—	Died March 17, 1895.
July 7.	Anne Margaret [Sister]	—	Invalided.
July 7.	Mary Elizabeth [Sister]	—	Invalided.
Aug. 17.	*Francis William Wilde	Carpenter	Died July 20, 1892.
Oct. 2.	Emily Woodward (Mrs. Key)	—	Invalided 1904.
Nov. 24.	Alfred Charles Highton	P. B.A., Ox. . . .	Withdrew 1889.
1888.			
Feb.	Henry Watson	Schoolmaster	Withdrew 1891.
March 12.	Lydia Leah Mary Smith	Nurse	Invalided.
April 19.	Henry George Maxwell	P. M.A., Ox. . . .	Invalided Nov. 1888.
May 10.	George William Mallender	Printer	Invalided 1895.
May 10.	William Williams	Engine Fitter	Withdrew. Rejoined Nov. 1896. Withdrew 1899.
June 7.	John Henry Bone	Schoolmaster	Invalided 1895.
June 7.	Leonard Otley Warner	Cant. . . .	Invalided 1889.
June 7.	Henry Edward Symonds	Printer	Withdrew.
July 31.	Sophia Charlotte McLaughlin	Nurse	Withdrew 1893.
Sept. 28.	Ralph Belcher	—	Withdrew 1890.
Nov. 10.	*Richard Coombe	—	Died Jan. 29, 1889.
1889.			
Jan. 12.	JOHN EDWARD HINE (Afterwards Eighth Bishop)	P. D.D., Ox.; M.D., Lon.; D.C.L., Dur.	Retired 1908.
Jan. 12.	*Albert Beetham	Tradesman	Died May 11, 1892.
April 12.	*John James Viney	Schoolmaster	Died Sept. 20, 1891.
June 10.	Godfrey Dale	P. B.A., Ox. M.R.C.S.	Withdrew 1897; rejoined Nov. 1902.
July 30.	Richard Feild Castle	M.B., Cam. . . .	Withdrew.
Nov. 12.	Margaret Amabelle Berkeley	—	Resigned 1906.
1890.			
Feb. 20.	Mary Anna Boyd	—	Withdrew 1900.
March 10.	Clare [Sister]	—	Invalided Oct. 1890.
March 10.	Mary Dorothea [Sister]	—	Withdrew 1895.
May 12.	*Percy Edward Faulkner	D. Dor. . . .	Died Aug. 23, 1897.
May 12.	John Thomas Brough	Carpenter	Withdrew. Rejoined 1907. Withdrew 1908.
June 10.	Susie Grant Dean-Pitt	—	Withdrew 1893.
June 10.	Thomas Brockway	Storekeeper	Resigned 1905.
June 10.	William G. Ross	Carpenter	Invalided 1890.
June 10.	*Charles Kick	Printer	Died June 19, 1896.
Oct. 12.	Emily A. Boden	—	Withdrew.
Oct. 12.	Florence Emily Turner	—	Withdrew 1893.
Oct. 12.	John Dalebrook	B.A., Ox. . . .	Withdrew.
Oct. 12.	John Ernest Crouch	Engineer	Withdrew.
Oct. 12.	*Robert William Lewis	Printer	Died March 15, 1892.
Nov. 10.	Richard Banks Davies	P. M.A., Cam. . . .	Invalided 1891.
Nov. 10.	John Castle Haines	D. B.A., Ox. . . .	Invalided.
Nov. 12.	Alfred Henry Carnon	P. Dor. . . .	—
Nov. 12.	*Janet Emily Campbell	Nurse	Died June 6, 1892.
Nov. 12.	Margaret F. Caffin	Nurse	Invalided.
1891.			
Jan. 19.	Henry Edwardes	P. Lich. . . .	Invalided.

Date of Joining.	Name.	Degree, University College, Occupation.	Remarks.
1891.			
Jan. 19.	Frank Alfred Ford	Printer	Invalidled 1895.
Jan. 19.	Herbert Lister	—	Withdrew 1897.
Jan. 19.	Ernest St. Clair Henriques	Med. Assistant	Invalidled 1894.
April 13.	Harriette L. Burke	—	Withdrew 1895.
June 12.	Robert F. Acland Hood	P. B.A., Ox. . . .	Withdrew Jan., 1896.
Aug. 12.	*George William Atlay	P. B.A., Cam. . . .	Killed Aug. 26, 1895.
	*Frances [Sister]	—	Died April 8, 1892.
1892.			
Feb. 15.	*Percival R. Harcourt Chambers	P. B.A., Cam. . . .	Died Nov. 23, 1899.
Feb. 15.	George Mervyn Lawson	P. B.A., Ox. . . .	Invalidled 1895.
Feb. 15.	Bertram Wallace Pullinger	—	Invalidled 1893.
March 14.	Charles Barrett	—	Withdrew 1893.
March 14.	Arthur Cook	Schoolmaster	Withdrew 1896.
May 9.	James Edward Griffin	P. Lon. . . .	Invalidled.
June 3.	Thomas Corbett	Builder	Withdrew 1895.
June 3.	James Gillanders	Schoolmaster	Invalidled 1895.
Sept. 10.	*Wm. J. Harcourt Chambers	B.A., Cam. . . .	Died March 5, 1894.
Sept. 10.	Hannah Brewerton	Nurse	—
Sept. 10.	*Sarah Ann Whitbread	Nurse	Died July 6, 1901.
Nov. 10.	Frank Davenport	Accountant	Invalidled 1895.
Dec. 21.	WILFRID BRD HORNBV (Bishop of Nyasaland)	D.D. Ox. . . .	Invalidled 1894.
1893.			
Jan. 10.	Thomas Crampton Simpson	P. Lin. . . .	Retired 1901.
Jan. 10.	James Grindrod	D. Cant. . . .	Invalidled 1896.
Jan. 10.	Frederic W. Bradshaw	Printer	Withdrew.
Jan. 10.	Herbert J. Faulkner	—	Withdrew.
Jan. 10.	Annie Garrett	Teacher	Withdrew 1896.
Jan. 10.	Walter Edward Russell	Soc. Sac. Miss. . . .	—
Jan. 10.	Harriet Matilda Basham	Nurse	Invalidled 1895.
Feb. 10.	James Sedgwick Wimbush	P. M.A., Ox. . . .	Retired 1899.
Feb. 10.	*Herbert Molesworth Pearson	Engineer	Died May 26, 1894.
Feb. 10.	*Archibald H. Butler	Schoolmaster	Died Jan. 15, 1895.
Feb. 10.	Malcolm C. Kerr	—	Invalidled 1895.
Feb. 10.	*William Cowey	Miner	Died March 6, 1894.
April 10.	Laura Phillips	—	—
April 10.	Russell Blackbird Smith	Carpenter	Invalidled 1893.
May 10.	*George P. K. H. Du Boulay	P. M.A., Ox. . . .	Died April 1, 1895.
May 10.	Edmund Stuart Palmer	P. M.B., Edin. . . .	Invalidled 1902.
May 10.	Cecil Robert Tyrwhitt	P. M.A., Ox. . . .	Invalidled 1896.
May 10.	Cyril Wildsmith Chilvers	—	Invalidled June, 1898.
May 10.	Thomas Copley Matthews	Trawler	Invalidled 1895.
July 10.	*Annie Mathilde Willion	Nurse	Died June 8, 1894.
July 10.	Caroline Louisa Saunders	Nurse	—
July 10.	*Angela [Sister]	—	Died June 29, 1894.
Aug. 17.	Archibald Hitchborn	Schoolmaster	Resigned April, 1903.
Aug. 21.	Arthur George Barnard Glossop	P. M.A., Ox. . . .	—
Aug. 21.	Frederick Augustine Robinson	M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. . . .	Invalidled 1894.
Sept. 11.	*Alice Marion Gay	Teacher	Died Jan. 19, 1894.
Sept. 11.	Georgina Emma Holloway	—	Withdrew, 1905.
Sept. 11.	Mary Gertrude Palmer	Teacher	Invalidled 1895.
Nov. 12.	Walter Harold Kiseby	P. Cant. . . .	—
Nov. 20.	Margaret Breay	Nurse	Invalidled 1895.
1894.			
Feb. 10.	Walter Kelly Firminger	P. M.A., Ox. . . .	Retired 1897.
Feb. 10.	Frederick William Mellor	Soc. Sac. Miss. . . .	Invalidled 1895.
Feb. 10.	*Harry Dudfield Gerrish	D. Cant. . . .	Died July 31, 1897.
Feb.	*George Tulip	Engineer	Died March 13, 1895.
March 1.	Charles Inchbald Radford	P. Cant. . . .	Invalidled June, 1897.
May 8.	*Arthur Fraser Sim	P. M.A., Cam. . . .	Died Oct. 29, 1895.
May 9.	Eva Clutterbuck	—	—
May 9.	Alice Foxley	—	—
July 10.	Margaret Anne Cameron	—	Resigned 1901.
July 10.	Mary Stockwell	Nurse	Invalidled July, 1895.

Date of Joining.	Name.	Degree, University College, Occupation.	Remarks.
1894.			
July 28.	Matilda Brown	Nurse	Inv. 1898. Rejoined 07.
July 28.	Harriet Rachel Southward	Nurse	Invalided Nov., 1897.
Oct. 11.	Edward Henry Turner Prior	Schoolmaster	Retired 1900.
Oct. 11.	* John George Philipps	P. Dor.	Died March 31, 1906.
Nov. 15.	Florence Emily Derby	Nurse.	Invalided May, 1895.
1895.			
Jan. 31.	Lizzie Morris Dunford	Teacher	—
Jan. 31.	James William Brent	—	Resigned 1907.
Jan. 31.	George Sims	Carpenter	—
Jan. 31.	Stanley Sanderson	—	Retired.
March 2.	* Alfred Dutton	Engine Fitter	Died Sept. 11, 1897.
June 1.	Percy E. Brooke	—	Invalided Jan., 1896.
June 29.	WILLIAM MOORE RICHARDSON (<i>Seventh Bishop</i>)	D.D., Ox.	Resigned 1901.
July 11.	Alice Rees	Nurse	Retired 1897.
Aug. 10.	Ernest S. Darley	Schoolmaster	Invalided 1897.
Aug. 28.	* Frances Elizabeth Ellershaw	Teacher	Died July 9, 1897.
Nov. 16.	Gertrude Ward	Nurse	Invalided 1899.
1896.			
Jan. 30.	* Ernest J. A. Nichols	P. Dor.	Died April 5, 1901.
April 9.	Ada M. Sharpe	Nurse	Invalided Feb. 1908.
May 6.	Walter W. Auster	P. M.A., Cam.	Retired 1899.
May 6.	* William A. Margesson	P. B.A., Ox.	Died April 5, 1898.
May 6.	* Howell Williams	Compositor	Died July 30, 1898.
May 6.	Alice A. M. Savage	Nurse	Retired.
May 6.	* Marion E. Drake	—	Died Jan. 10, 1897.
June 8.	Louise Taylor	Nurse	Resigned 1908.
June 8.	Christopher B. Eyre	P.	—
Sept. 9.	Joseph Godfrey	D.	Retired 1898.
Sept. 9.	William H. W. Goddard	Schoolmaster	Invalided 1896.
Sept. 9.	Marion Gardiner	Nurse	Retired 1897.
Nov. 9.	Thomas Steuart	D. Soc. Sac. Miss.	Retired.
1897.			
Jan. 8.	Mary Mabel Barraud	Teacher	Resigned 1909.
Jan. 17.	* Ernest Alfred Gee	P. Dur.	Died June 11, 1902.
Jan. 17.	Frederick James Evans	P. M.A., Dur.	—
Jan. 17.	* Henry Fitzhugh	Printer	Died July 19, 1897.
Jan. 17.	Henry Sanders Miller	Printer	Retired 1903.
Jan. 17.	Henry Mathews	Carpenter	Resigned 1899.
April 8.	* Herbert Julius Hancock	P. B.A., Dur.	Died Oct. 17, 1900.
April 8.	* Ralph Manning Vyall	Accountant	Died May 30, 1899.
April 10.	Laura M. Windsor-Aubrey	Teacher	Retired 1901.
April 10.	Ellen Pegler D. Sanigear	Nurse	Invalided 1898. Rejoined 1908.
April 10.	Mary Dale	Teacher	Retired, October 1897.
May 9.	Janet Phillips	Teacher	—
June 28.	Harold E. Bridger	Teacher	Resigned.
Sept. 10.	Jessie Norgate	Teacher	Retired 1900.
Sept. 10.	Ellen M. Nelson.	Teacher	Invalided.
Sept. 10.	Maude B. R. Stevens	Teacher	—
Oct. 28.	Joseph Campbell White	Soc. Sac. Miss.	—
1898.			
April 9.	Amy Boorn	Nurse	—
April 25.	Elsie Beatrice Ashwin	Teacher	Invalided October 1898.
Sept. 9.	FRANK WESTON (<i>Afterwards Bishop of Zanzibar</i>)	P. D.D., Ox.	—
Sept. 9.	Arthur Makins	Soc. Sac. Miss.	—
Nov. 3.	Mary Agnes Andrews	Teacher	—
Nov. 5.	Edith Kathleen Minter	Nurse	—
Nov. 5.	Robert Wright Kelsall	Accountant	Invalided.
Nov. 5.	Joseph Edmund T. Heppell	Engine fitter	Retired.
Nov. 5.	David Lewis	Engine fitter	Resigned 1903.
Nov. 5.	Caradoc Davies	P. B.A., Ox.	Resigned 1905.

Date of Joining.	Name.	Degree, University College, Occupation.	Remarks.
1899.			
Jan. 9.	Martha Ivett	Nurse	Retired 1900.
Jan. 9.	Sarah Ensor	Teacher	Resigned 1901.
Jan. 9.	Annie Gibbons	Teacher	—
Jan. 9.	Mary A. Molesworth	Teacher	Retired 1905.
Feb. 25.	Frederick William Stokes	P. A.K.C.L.	Retired 1902.
Feb. 25.	Herbert Barnes	P. B.A., Lon.	Invalided 1904.
Feb. 25.	Alexander G. De la Pryme	P. M.A., Cam.	—
Feb. 25.	*William Guy Harrison	P. B.A., Cam.	Died Dec. 5, 1905
Feb. 25.	Robert Howard	M.A., Ox., M.D., B.Ch.	—
Feb. 25.	Edward M. de Jersey	B.A., Ox.	Retired 1899.
Feb. 25.	John Percy Clarke	Builder, D. Dor. '04.	—
Feb. 25.	Howard Freer	—	Invalided May 1899.
Feb. 25.	Emma Kenyon	—	Retired 1903.
Feb. 25.	Martha Schofield	Teacher	Retired 1906.
March 9.	Josephine Choveaux	Teacher	—
May.	Charles McLean	Printer	—
May 9.	Mary F. Ram	Nurse	Retired 1902.
May 9.	Edith A. Field	Nurse	Retired 1900 and 1905.
May 9.	Margaret Howes	Nurse	Resigned 1907.
June 9.	*Francis Edward Zachary	P. B.A., Ox.	Died April 16, 1901.
August 9.	Alice Julia Smyth	Nurse	Invalided 1901.
Sept. 9.	*Emma Frances Lyons	Nurse	Died June 2, 1902.
Sept. 9.	Gertrude Blackburne	Teacher	—
Oct. 9.	Ronald Moffatt	Soc. Sac. Miss.	—
Oct. 9.	George A. James	Storekeeper	Retired 1903.
Oct. 21.	Frank George	Architect	—
Oct. 21.	Horace Davis	Artizan	Retired 1900.
Dec. 9.	Morley J. B. Richards	P. B.A., Ox.	Retired August 1900.
1900.			
Jan. 9.	Louisa Gunn	Nurse	—
Jan. 9.	Frederick H. Higgins	Printer	Retired.
Feb. 9.	Malcolm Mackay	P. B.A., Ox.	—
Feb. 9.	Robert Prior	P. M.A., Cam.	Retired 1906.
Feb. 9.	Eva D. Davis	Teacher	Retired July 1902.
Feb. 9.	Joseph E. A. Cote	D.	Retired 1902.
April 24.	Philip Henry Baines	P. B.A., Ox.	Retired 1907.
April 24.	Robert Swinnerton	Engineer	—
April 24.	Jane E. Jameson	Teacher	Invalided 1907.
April 24.	Margaret Walker	Teacher	Retired 1908.
April 24.	Robert J. Dell	Printer	Retired.
April 24.	Ernest Fletcher	—	Retired 1902.
May 24.	William Charles Pratchett	Carpenter	Retired 1901.
May 24.	William Hollinworth	Printer	Retired 1902.
May 24.	H. Ethelbert Le Good	D. Cant.	Retired 1901.
July 9.	Helen Smith	—	Invalided 1902.
Sept. 8.	Francis Eling Pearse	P. B.A., Dur.	Invalided 1906. Rejoined 1908.
Sept. 8.	William George Webster	P. Cant.	Invalided
Sept. 8.	Mary A. Bowen	Teacher	—
Oct. 8.	Mary Newton	Nurse	—
Oct. 8.	Caroline H. Glover	Nurse	Retired 1901.
1901.			
April 20.	*Edith Louisa Frankham	Nurse	Died Sept. 23, 1903.
April 20.	Mary Armstrong	Nurse	—
April 20.	Sarah Elizabeth Hopkins	Teacher	—
April 20.	Norah Lucy Mann	Teacher	—
June 15.	Marion Frances E. Ward	Teacher	—
July 9.	Margaret E. Lloyd	Nurse	—
July 9.	Isabella Hill	Nurse	Resigned April, 1903.
July 27.	*Frederick William Folliott	P. M.A., Cam.	Died Nov. 10, 1901.
July 30.	Marian Reynolds	Teacher	Invalided 1902.
Sept. 9.	Alice Sophia Murton	Nurse	—
Oct. 9.	Harry Edward Ladbury	Clerk	Invalided 1905
Oct. 9.	Arthur Jeffreys Douglas	P. M.A., Ox.	—

Date of Joining.	Name.	Degree, University College. Occupation.	Remarks.
1901.			
Oct. 9.	Richard Henry Marsh	P. M.A., Cam. . . .	—
Oct. 9.	Walter Benjamin Suter	P. War.	—
Oct. 9.	Philip Young	Engineer	Retired 1903.
Nov. 9.	Hannah Katharine Nixon Smith	Teacher, 3rd Cl. Cl. Trip., Girton; 2nd Cl. Hon. Th. Ox.	—
1902.			
Jan. 9.	Dora C. Abdy	St. Hugh's, Oxon., 1st Cl. Eng. Lit. . .	—
Feb. 25.	GERARD TROWER (Bishop of Nyasaland)	D.D., Ox.	—
Feb. 25.	Otho Fitzgerald	P.	Retired 1902.
Feb. 26.	* James Henry Partridge	Trawler	Died Feb. 19, 1906.
Feb. 26.	Alfred Brimecombe	Trawler	Retired 1908.
March 8.	Richard Edmund Pegge	—	Resigned.
April 7.	Flora E. Rogers	Nurse	—
May 9.	Katherine Mary White	Teacher	Retired 1905.
May 9.	Mabel La Cour	Nurse	—
June 9.	William Ernest Deerr	B.A., Cam.	—
June 17.	Hilda Medd	Teacher	—
Sept. 9.	Henry Walter Spurling	P. M.A., Ox.	Invalided 1907. Rejoined 1908.
Oct. 24.	Albert Henry Crabb	Carpenter	—
Oct. 24.	George W. E. Knight	Printer	Retired 1905.
Nov. 1.	Jauet Dale [Mrs.]	Teacher, Lady Marg. Hall	—
Nov. 4.	Alice Barnard	Laundry Mistress	Retired 1904.
Nov. 4.	Priscilla Eliza Williams [Mrs.]	Nurse	—
1903.			
Jan. 13.	Cyril Charsley Frewer	P. B.A., Cam.	—
Jan. 13.	* Wilhelmina L. E. Ellis	Nurse	Died June 8, 1909.
Jan. 13.	Samuel Edward Stubbs	Tailor	Invalided 1904.
April 7.	Mary Winifred Bulley	Teacher. Girton, 2nd Cl. Cl. Trip. and Ox. dip. of Edn.	—
April 7.	Jessie H. Matthew	Nurse	Invalided 1905.
May 9.	Caroline M. Coates	Teacher	Resigned 1908.
May 9.	Lucy Helen Lewis	Nurse	—
May 9.	Florence Pope	Teacher	Withdrew 1908.
June 9.	Charles H. Harrison	Carpenter	—
Sept. 25.	Alfred G. H. Sargent	Evan. Bro.	—
Sept. 25.	Albert K. W. Spurr	Evan. Bro.	Invalided 1906.
Sept. 25.	Louis Horace Willcocks	Printer	—
Nov. 3.	William Coleman Piercy	P. M.A., Dur.	Withdrew 1906.
Nov. 3.	Amelia Goffe	Nurse	Invalided 1907.
1904.			
Jan. 11.	Samuel Lyon	Engineer	Retired.
Jan. 11.	Ernest Albert Craft	Accountant	—
April 2.	Mary Wallace	Nurse	—
April 2.	Phoebe H. Tirbutt	Teacher	Retired.
May 7.	Frederick M. Roskelly	Engineer	Retired.
May 14.	John E. MacLennan	Accountant	Withdrew 1908.
July 12.	Gustav Colin Sharp	Agriculturist	Withdrew.
Sept. 2.	Katharine Candy	Nurse	Retired 1908
Oct. 1.	Mabel Fage	Teacher	—
Oct. 1.	Charles Reginald Howard	Doctor	Retired 1905.
Oct. 7.	Frank Herbert Baker	—	—
Nov. 29.	William Edmund Tomes	Architect	Retired 1907.
1905.			
Jan. 9.	Frances Ellen Foden	Teacher	—
Jan. 9.	Louisa Rich	Nurse	Retired 1906.
Jan. 20.	Albert Mortimer Jenkin	P.	—
Mar. 11.	George Herbert Wilson	P. M.A., Ox.	—
May 10.	Francis Thomas Stead	P. Cant.	Withdrew 1907.

Date of Joining.	Name.	Degree, University College, Occupation.	Remarks.
1905.			
May 10.	Eleanor N. Campbell	Teacher	—
July 7.	Robert A. Russell	P. War. . . .	—
July 7.	George Hewett Burnett	D. War. . . .	Retired 1906.
Nov. 9.	Tom Hopkin	Carpenter	Retired 1908.
1906.			
Jan. 6.	Henry A. Haviland	M.B., Cam. . . .	—
Feb. 16.	Augustine Shannon	Engineer	—
Feb. 16.	Frank Winspear	P. Dur., Dor. . . .	—
Feb. 16.	Maud A. Jenkyn	Teacher	—
March 17.	Edgar James Taylor	Nurse	Retired 1907.
April 9.	Frances Mary Plant	Nurse	—
May 9.	Honor Mary Bennett	Teacher	—
May 12.	Malcolm Frank Browne	Engineer	Withdrew Dec. 1908.
June 23.	Harold A. M. Cox	P. B.A., Cam. . . .	—
June 23.	Ethel Grace Parsons	Nurse	—
July 6.	Annie M. P. Dunn	Nurse	—
Sept. 26.	*Stanley Vine	—	Died April 16, 1908.
Sept. 26.	Mary Greenwood	Teacher	Retired 1908.
Oct. 27.	*Ernest W. Corbett	P. M.A., Ox. . . .	Died April 10, 1907.
Nov. 24.	Walter G. A. Ransome	P. M.A., Ox. . . .	Invalided 1908. Rejoined 1909.
1907.			
Jan. 19.	Constance Thompson	Nurse	—
Jan. 19.	Charles W. Ker	P. B.A., Ox. . . .	—
Jan. 19.	Margaret Wallis Wilson	Teacher	—
Jan. 19.	Douglas H. Fear	Schoolmaster	—
March 15	Edwin Ayers	Engineer	—
Oct. 9.	Ernest F. Spanton	Priest	—
1908.			
Jan. 17.	Ada Fielding	Nurse	—
May 1.	Edward J. A. Guthrie	Engineer	—
	Edith F. Horne	Nurse	—
June 24.	Annie Isabel Dalzell	Nurse	Withdrew 1908.
June 24.	Reginald H. Harris	Schoolmaster	—
June 24.	Thomas H. Birley	P. M.A., Ox. . . .	—
July 25.	Tom Hallson	Gardener	—
July 25.	Osmond Snodin	Engineer	—
Sept. 9.	Ethel Atwood	Teacher, B.A., Lon. . . .	—
Oct. 9.	Clement O. Andrews	P. M.A., Cam. . . .	—
Oct. 9.	Egbert C. Hudson	P. B.A., Camb. and Lon. . . .	—
Oct. 9.	Richard de B. M. Bird	Teacher	—
Oct. 9.	Evan Wynne Morgan	Teacher	—
Oct. 16.	William E. R. Kemplen	Lon. Un. . . .	—
Oct. 16.	Clare E. Hodgkinson	L. Marg. Hall, Ox. . . .	—
Oct. 24.	Dennis Victor	P. B.A., Dur. . . .	—
Nov. 9.	Edward J. Barnes	Handyman	—
Nov. 9.	Edgar Rye Townend	Accountant	—
Nov. 9.	Edward C. Atkins	Printer	—
1909.			
Jan. 9.	Augustine B. Hellier	D. B.A., Ox. . . .	—
Jan. 9.	Janet E. Dutton	Teacher	—
Feb. 6.	Frank P. Boucher	Architect	—
Feb. 6.	Ethel L. Burridge	Nurse	—
Feb. 9.	Mabel Packham	Nurse	—
May 9.	William Vincent Lucas	P. M.A., Ox. . . .	—

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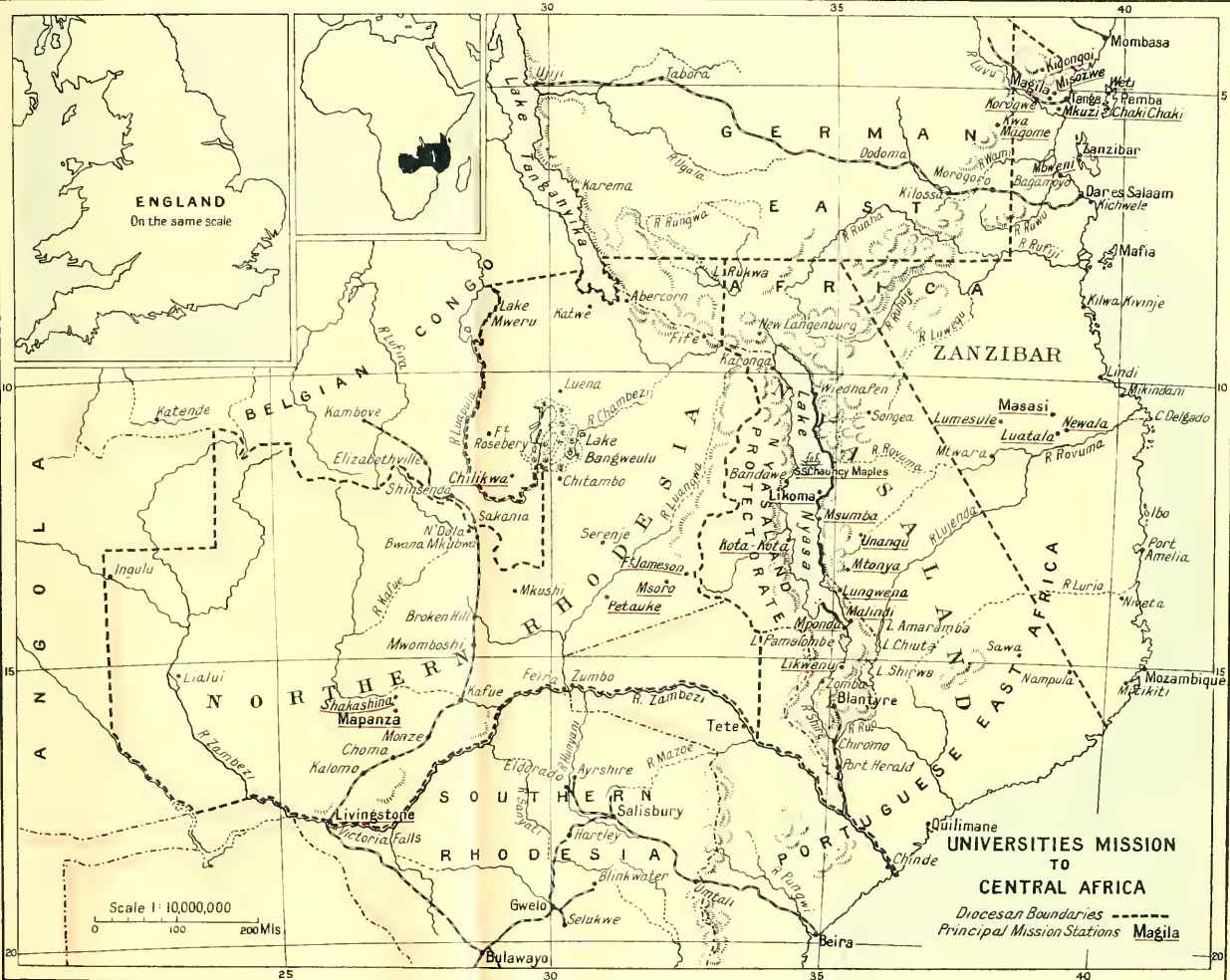
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