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*Pioneer Missionary in East Central Africa for Nineteen Years, and  
Bishop of Likoma, Lake Nyasa, A.D. 1895.*

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS LETTERS.

By HIS SISTER.

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JOURNALS AND PAPERS  
OF  
CHAUNCY MAPLES

D.D., F.R.G.S.

*LATE BISHOP OF LIKOMA  
LAKE NYASA, AFRICA*

EDITED BY  
ELLEN MAPLES

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.  
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON  
NEW YORK AND BOMBAY

1899

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## PREFACE.

HEREWITH I redeem the promise made in the preface to my brother's *Life and Letters* that I would publish some of his journals and papers. This collection is rather varied in character, but it is all united by the one word—Africa—the land of his adoption, the land of his life's work.

My grateful thanks are due to Mr. G. F. Scott-Elliot, to Mr. Oldfield Thomas, and to Mr. F. Vaughan Kirby for their valuable help in revising the zoological notes; also to the Rev. Duncan Travers, secretary of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, for his permission to reprint those papers which have already appeared in the publications of that mission; and to the secretaries of the Royal Geographical Society and the Manchester Geographical Society for according me the same permission with regard to articles from their journals.

And, lastly, I wish to thank cordially Miss Woodward, of the Universities' Mission, for her kind help in translating Swahili and other African words, and my brother-in-law Mr. Charles Medd, who has not only given me valuable advice but has also prepared the index.

ELLEN MAPLES.

LONDON, *November*, 1899.





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## JOURNEY TO THE METO COUNTRY IN 1881.

[*Note.*—My brother was the first European—at any rate in modern times—to travel through this country. But since his journey the late Mr. Joseph Thomson, and also I fancy one other Englishman, has penetrated into the Meto district. A short account of Chauncy Maples' journey was given in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society on 16th January, 1882. But his journal kept during the journey is here published for the first time.—E.M.]

I now desire to give some account of a journey I have made, for missionary purposes, in the unexplored country lying between Masasi and Mozambique, a wide tract at present almost an uninterrupted blank on our maps. The journey occupied two months and a half, and was taken in company with the Rev. A. C. Goldfinch and ten of our own Masasi men as porters. With this little band we travelled in safety and comfort over 900 miles of country, and did our best to lay down our route as correctly as was possible with a compass as our only aid to calculations. In the whole distance from the point at which we left the Rovuma, to the mouth of the Luli—travelling by a very circuitous route in order to visit the headquarters of the Makua tribe in the land

of Meto—we found we had miscalculated some twenty miles. That is to say, when we found ourselves on the coast at Luli, according to our reckoning we were still some twenty miles from it, this error being almost entirely an error of longitude. From these observations it will be seen how far the accompanying map may be taken as approximately correct.

I left Masasi on 13th June, 1881, and early on the 15th reached our station at Chilonda or Newala, as it is more usually called. Here I was joined by my colleague, Mr. Goldfinch, who set out with me the following day. On reaching the Rovuma we walked along its northern bank for some six and twenty miles in a north-easterly direction till we arrived at the Maviti towns of Mkula and Mkombota.<sup>1</sup>

*18th June.*—We slept delightfully all last night under a glorious starlit sky and on beds of softest sand. Much to our surprise, neither lion disturbed us by its roar nor hippopotamus with its snort, only the whirring of a thousand insects and the croaking of countless frogs broke the stillness of the tropical night. After the usual bowl of cocoa and hunch of bread in the early morning, we left our islet and plunged through the shallows for a hundred yards or so, when the sharp eyes of Selenji, who has proved himself a veritable path-finder, detected an opening in the long grass on the bank of the stream which indicated a track. We quickly left the river and kept to this track, until, at right angles to it, it was crossed by the path we followed yesterday. Into this we turned; and again following the course of the stream at a distance of some two or three miles from it, we pursued our journey

<sup>1</sup> This introduction is taken from the R. G. S. paper mentioned above. From the 18th June the Journal begins.

to the north-east. The country was low and flat, and prettily studded with the palmetto, the borassus and fan palms ; it also seemed a "gamey" country, for we ourselves put up several very fine antelopes of the sort known by the Yaos as *ndogolo*,<sup>1</sup> in colour and shape resembling donkeys, but wanting the long ears and thick head to complete the asinine features. Goldfinch stalked one of these animals for ten minutes, but got no chance of a shot. In one place we had to cross through some black-looking water that suggested crocodiles most uncomfortably. Happily, no one was taken by one of these uncanny creatures, neither were we put to flight when shortly afterwards we found ourselves landed in the very lair of an old hippo which had evidently just quitted its home for a mid-day browse in the long grass adjacent. A blistered foot gave me a good deal of pain, and it was late in the afternoon ere we arrived at the Maviti town of the Gindo chief, Mkula, at Mwangoni. Mkula himself is one of the Maviti who took an active part in 1878 in the famous treaty of peace concluded between these people and the neighbouring tribes through the intervention of the Arabs and ourselves. It is very pleasant to find that that treaty is, to this day, thoroughly well observed by all the parties concerned, and that these Maviti, formerly the terror of all who would cross the province, now live peaceably in towns, cultivating sham-bas, and keeping their hands from blood-shedding and the arts of war. Mkula soon put in his appearance, although when we arrived in his town he was engaged in a religious duty which is common to all the tribes in these parts, it being the custom at the beginning of the

<sup>1</sup> Possibly water buck (*Cobus ellipsiprymus*).

mtama harvest for the chief to lead the way to the shambas and there himself to cut the first ears of corn and bring them back with him as a kind of offering to God (?) or the evil spirit (?), and in this way to ensure a blessing upon the harvest for all those of his people who have cultivated corn that year. Having obtained leave to cook and camp in his village, we prepared our food, while Mkula supplemented it with presents of flour, rice and a goat. His surprise, however, knew no bounds when, upon his offer of a house, we told him our custom when travelling was to sleep outside. Evensong brought the day to a close, and we were soon being lulled to sleep by the trumpeting of a company of mosquitoes.

*19th June.*—To-day we are keeping the Sunday rest. Alas! there was too great publicity to allow of my celebrating the Holy Communion, so we rose leisurely and after breakfast called our people together for matins. We somewhat shortened the service by leaving out one lesson and when prayers were over, I preached for some time to Mkula and his people. The theme was the simple one—God sending His loved One, to His loved ones, to redeem them from death—Jesus Christ our Salvation and the Salvation of all mankind—God's judgments against the wicked and His good things prepared for the righteous. I did not of course omit to allude to the change for the better that God had worked in my audience—these Maviti—during the past three years in that they had left off plundering and harrying neighbouring tribes, and were settling down into peace and quietness. After the preaching was over, I concluded with a prayer that God would shed forth His light more abundantly and cause His way to be known amongst these Maviti people. After this Goldfinch and I sauntered down to the Rovuma, distant one hundred



yards, and there enjoyed a most delicious bathe. It appears to us that from one side of the river to the other at this spot the distance is not less than five miles. Very long and wide islets are dotted about everywhere so that it is difficult to say where the main stream flows. Opposite to us lie the Maviha hills, while to the south-west is visible the little hill beneath which Akwiganga has built his town—which we hope to reach in good time to-morrow. Mkula's town where we are staying to-day and that of Mkombota hard by, form the chief Maviti settlements on the Rovuma; the great head man of the whole tribe is Mkumba, who now lives twenty miles from here on the hills to the north-west. Let it be remembered always that Maviti (of these parts) and Wagindo are synonymous.

*20th June.*—We lost no time in starting this morning a full twenty minutes before sunrise. We paid our toll to Mkula which he received, as is the etiquette, in proper silence, and were off in the direction of Akwiganga's hill, south south-west from Mkula's. Soon we were breasting the Rovuma and making trial of its shallows and depths; anon we crossed islets and then on again through the water. On one of these islets our guide who had undertaken to escort us as far as Akwiganga's declared his wish to return at once, but there was a very wide bit of the stream yet to be crossed and we did not know in what predicament his departure might not have left us. A gentle shove in the back served to show him we were not to be trifled with, and he was soon knee deep in the water again. Ere we gained the opposite bank we discovered how much we had needed his lead across, for in this last channel the water reached to our shoulders, and so strong was the current that for one moment I thought I should have been carried away

by it, more especially as my right foot was causing me a good deal of pain and almost refused to do its work. However we all reached the south bank of the river without any mishap, and two of the shortest of our men into whose mouths the water had almost entered as they were crossing, amused us much by grasping each other's hands the while capering on the sand and laughing out mutual congratulations.

Some two miles beyond the river we came to a narrow and sluggish stream called the Mtumbwi, very deep and full of crocodiles or alligators. At Akwīganga's we found it was true that "Mwenzewi" was away, and he appears to have been so long absent on his travels that his house has fallen into ruins. Here we dismissed our Maviti guide, and took on another, who promised to take us to Ntiaka's, which is the village I reached as my farthest limit in my journey taken with J. A. Williams in November, 1877. We walked near the Lidede river—a very broad stream, reminding one forcibly of the Thames in its prettiest parts, and in two hours reached Ntiaka's. Here again we found that the chief himself was away from home, but we were made comfortable and given a camping place by some of his young men, one of whom undertakes to show us the way to the nearest Maviha town to-morrow. The Lidede abounds in crocodiles (*are they all alligators?*); we saw scores of them sunning themselves at the top of the water. And close to this village, where the stream is no longer the broad lake-like expanse of water that we gazed on two miles farther down, there are fish of all kinds to be caught. We shall be glad of some to-night if they are forthcoming. While on the subject of food on journeys let me mention how much sustenance we seem to have got



from one tin of Schweitzer's cocoatina: it lasted us till Saturday, and we wish we had a dozen more such tins, as it is we have none. Barometer 1630 feet—111 miles from Masasi.

*21st June.*—The morning began with a dispute about a guide. Two men wanted to do the work of one with double pay; moreover they wanted to be paid in advance. We would not accept their terms, and started off alone. A stranger in the village with more manners than his friends followed us, and without a word about pay offered to take us to within easy distance of the nearest Maviha town. We walked eight miles with him, and then rested at a small stream running towards the Rovuma. Here he left us, after showing the path and telling us how it led on to the village of Nachileu. This village we reached after a walk of another eight miles, and were hospitably received by a very harmless people in spite of all the unfavourable reports we hear about them.

The village consists of eighteen houses built in a complete circle of a circumference of 150 yards. The houses are all circular and very roughly built. Only some of the men wear peleles<sup>1</sup>—the custom is no longer universal amongst the Maviha with the males. We hear that Maviha villages extend southward to the River Msalo, but that there is little inter-communication between village and village, there being a constant internecine warfare going on. We had hoped in leaving Ntiaka's to have found a road straight through the Maviha country to Meto without being forced to go round by Kaluma's, but after many inquiries we were obliged to abandon that route on account of the scarceness of water and food.

<sup>1</sup> Pelele = lip-ring.

22nd June.—After penning the above yesterday we got two good opportunities of preaching to the villagers. I began somewhat informally while sitting on a *kitanda*<sup>1</sup> to speak to them of God in heaven looking down with love and sorrow upon them, and of the promise of salvation to all who should turn from their evil ways and seek Him. After I had been preaching about a quarter of an hour one of the principal listeners said: "These words are all good, but leave them now and wait till the evening till our chief and all the others come in from the shambas, and then we will gather together and ask you to preach to us again". We took his advice, and meanwhile cooked and ate our evening meal. Then came the chief Nachileu. He was most friendly and thoroughly interested, both in us and the news we brought. Towards sunset we said evensong, and then Goldfinch preached to a larger audience than I had addressed in the afternoon. It was most encouraging to watch the great interest which Nachileu evinced as he listened. Afterwards he begged us to stop with him a whole day, and seemed much disappointed when we told him that we must press on now as we had a very long journey before us. We promised to come and preach to his people again, with which promise he was fain to be satisfied. This morning he accompanied us six miles on our way, and bade us a hearty farewell when the time for parting came. He gave us a guide who undertakes to escort us to Kaluma's and promised to attend to our words.

All along our road to-day we have passed by Maviha villages and through Maviha shambas. We have counted so far twenty-one distinct villages in all: each village contains a population, we believe, of about sixty souls

<sup>1</sup> A small wooden stool.

in eighteen houses, and is encircled by a large *boma* : through the *boma* there is one strong barricaded door which is always carefully barred at night. It is a matter for thankfulness to have been providentially guided to pass through this large Maviha population, for we hope that we have thus been enabled to sow the seeds of much missionary work amongst them in the future. We thoroughly like the looks of the people, and are not a little pleased at the hearty friendly way in which they are receiving us. Food is not scarce amongst them, though they trouble themselves little about clothing. The women go more nearly naked than any we have yet seen ; one little bit of cloth six inches square is absolutely the only 'dress' some of them don. We have to-day walked thirteen miles, and are squatting in a Maviha village whose chief in face is ridiculously like the Earl of Beaconsfield. He is very garrulous, and intensely excited at our arrival ; he has set before us twenty-two eggs, and has sent women to fetch water from the village well, which may be five or six miles at the bottom of the hills. I have suffered much pain all day with my blistered foot, and much fear I shall have to call a halt for two or three days when we get to Kaluma's in order to get it well. From the heights just outside the village here we get a glorious view over the plain country and across the river to Masasi, which lies north-west and by north, and as the crow flies some sixty miles away. Our route as may be seen from the map has been most circuitous—purposely so, be it remembered—up to this place, but henceforth we shall keep a south-west course until Meto is reached. From Masasi we have now walked 137 miles.

Goldfinch and I have been pricking up our ears to try and catch something of the Maviha tongue. We find that it is by no means unlike Yao and Makonde, and

that it would not be difficult to learn, inasmuch as all the syllables are clearly pronounced, and fall definitely upon the ear in easily distinguishable periods. We noticed a great preponderance of the dentals, several of the words being the same as in Yao, with a dental for a sibilant; thus the Yao *kwisa*, *liso*, *mji* (muji), *mesi*, are in Maviha *kwida*, *lito*, *mudi* and *medi*. We observed also that the common word *kwenda* or *jenda* (to go) appears as *kuhena*. No opportunity of preaching to the people of this village could be found, so we went to sleep about nine o'clock, wrapped tightly round in our rugs, for the air was cold and keen on the edge of the hill.

23rd June.—My foot being so much worse to-day, I was carried all the way to Kaluma's—eight miles—by our men, taking turns. They carried me bravely and without a murmur, although I am not a light weight. We passed by a large Maviha population for the first five miles, and then through Makua country to Kaluma's village, where we are now resting and writing. It is likely we shall stay here all to-morrow to give my foot a further rest and fill up our food bags. We have made arrangements to attach ourselves to a returning party of Makuas whose home is Meto, and who want to start on Saturday. There is little to mark as to the general features of the country, which are much the same as at Masasi. Tamarind, strychnine and india-rubbers are the chief trees we notice as we pass through the forest. The barometer is failing us here; for, whereas we have been coming down all day, it has been going up, and shows an elevation of 3200 feet, which is absurd. We do not know what is affecting it, but it is clear that we cannot at present determine heights by it. It appears that on ahead of us, and between this point and the



Msalo River, we shall pass through a Makonde and Gindo population. [The terms Donde, Gindo and Maviti are synonymous; this is to be carefully noted.] Our stock of bread which we took from Newala is finished, and we depend chiefly on rice and ugali,<sup>1</sup> which give me frightful dreams and disturbed nights. We do not starve: there is biscuit, tea and cocoa in plenty; and eggs are often procurable. Scraped beef gives a colour and flavour to the rice and ugali. We might fare far worse!

*Friday, 24th June.*—Still at Kaluma's, but with a fair prospect of being able to buy enough food to enable us to make a start through the "hungry country" to-morrow. Kaluma is a churlish man who has given us absolutely nothing—a treatment we seldom meet with. Our men actually went to bed without a meal because neither beans nor fowl could be procured. I have now shot three pigeons for them and they are cooking away briskly—time 9 A.M. My foot is nearly well, and I trust to step out bravely to-morrow. This morning, Goldfinch has gone a hunting, while I am lying down in order to get rid of a very uncomfortable disorder consequent upon a diet of ugali and rice, and which need not be more particularly specified here. In the night a snake for which there "was no medicine" as our people say (meaning that its bite is always fatal) made its appearance gliding from one of our fire logs. I slept through the alarm, but Goldfinch says it was put to a fiery death. It is said that rhinoceroses abound in the Maviha country and near the Msalo.

*25th June.*—Last night we concluded what seems to be a satisfactory arrangement with a Makua guide who

<sup>1</sup> Porridge (of Indian corn, or millet, etc.).

undertakes for two dollars to show us the way to Meto : this will be at a tariff of sixpence a day. We gave Kaluma as a present a shilling's worth of *kaniki*,<sup>1</sup> and he walked three miles with us to the brow of a hill where the Makua party bound for Meto met us and where we all started off together. We have come sixteen miles in a west-north-west direction, which must be very much out of the direct route. No doubt this circuitousness is on account of the water, which seems likely to be scarce in many places, but it is annoying to be making what appears to be wrong longitude and contrary latitude ; no wonder indeed that we should be told Meto is still fourteen days off. The walk to-day was monotonous enough. The barometer appears to be coming to itself again—it has fallen to 2000 feet, which is a very probable elevation for the spot where we are encamped by a river named the Mparahauka.

*Sunday, 26th June.*—"The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." This was our maxim for the day when scarcity of water and food compelled us to pack up our loads betimes and forego the Sunday rest. Neither was our journey a Sabbath day's journey—in truth before the day was done we had put twenty-one miles between ourselves and our halting place of the night before. I myself had been much weakened by the previously mentioned stomachic disorder, but again chlorodyne came as a most powerful remedy, and I was able to proceed with the rest, now no longer troubled with a sore foot. After walking ten and a half miles we came to the dry sandy bed of the Matiu river. Here we halted and obtained water by digging four feet deep ; the water was muddy in the extreme, but grateful enough to our thirsty selves and

<sup>1</sup> American cloth.

to our men. Here we cooked our porridge, rested three hours, and filling one small tea-pot with water went on our way till sunset. For eighteen miles of the whole Sunday's walk we were going west-north-west, as it would seem right out of the true way, but we now know that our Makua friends are making this enormous détour in order to avoid the Maviti whom they dread. At 5 P.M. we passed the hill (seen for many a long mile) called Nampiti, and an hour afterwards camped for the night in the bamboos. Our great thirst, and mere drop of water to allay it with, forbade us eating much, though we divided a small tin of meat and slipped it down with a little rice; with the water we made tea, and after doleing out to ourselves a niggardly supply, bethinking ourselves of the greater thirst we should probably feel to-morrow, we said even-song, lit enormous fires, and went to sleep under the stars.

27th June.—We drank the remaining few drops of tea and then walked off at once, without stopping a second for three and a half hours. This sharp walk—south-west all the way, which was what we wanted—brought us by 9.30 A.M. to the Makua town of Mkonona. Here we are buying food and resting. There do not appear to be very many people here, but Mkonona rules over both Makua and Makonde, whose villages are always distinguishable. Our path from Kaluma's takes us alternately through *msitu* and *mwitu*. These two words and their distinction are to be noticed. *Msitu* is thick tangled forest and brushwood with deep shades from the overhanging creepers and parasitical plants and no grass; pleasant walking in the sunny parts of the day. *Mwitu* is forest where trees are more sparsely growing—no creepers, no shade, and very long grass. Here one walks fast and the path goes straighter, but it is

punishment under a very hot sun. Fine tall shade-giving trees are almost non-existent in these parts. Occasionally — very occasionally — a tree in bloom is passed, and we feel grateful for a whiff of its perfume; very occasionally too is it that we notice a new flower or hear the song of a bird. All interest has to be found in the people, not in the country they inhabit. Only two or three of Mkonona's people were standing about us in the evening when we desired to preach, so we determined to keep silence in this village until a more favourable opportunity. The evening closed in with a nasty disturbance caused by our guide from Kaluma's, who protested angrily against our leaving his "journey" and taking the new route. He claimed moreover \$ $\frac{1}{2}$  for bringing us thus far; this I positively refused, but not wishing that a bad story against us should be made out of the matter I eventually gave him a \$ $\frac{1}{4}$  and sixpenny-worth of beads over.

28th June.—In the morning Mkonona, our host, showed such dissatisfaction at our present to him—a half-dollar cloth—that, upon his threat of refusing to let his man guide us, we had to open one of the loads and give him what he craved—a cloth called mkoko; price, \$1. Then free of him, we tramped on briskly, and Goldfinch and I broke the morning air with many a song as we pursued our way gaily in the direction we believed *the* right one for the Msalo and Meto. Due south the compass showed our path to be, and there it kept all day, so that now that we are resting in the evening, after a seventeen miles' walk, we have the satisfaction of feeling that we have made latitude all day. We passed many Makonde villages, with their extensive shambas. Makonde everywhere are famous for the very large tracts of country they bring under



cultivation. Eleven miles brought us to the water—not a stream, but a series of wells six and eight feet deep, into which the water at this time oozes slowly, and is immediately drawn by the women waiting by the side to fill their *mitungi*.<sup>1</sup> A very vivacious male specimen of the tribe came and held forth to us with much gesticulation on the subject of the late raid made upon the inhabitants of Chisanga by the Maviti, who all mustered for the attack, it appears, near Chiwaru's, in whose town we hope to spend next Sunday. Let me once more state that Maviti, Wandonde, Wagindo (or Wangindo), Mazitu, Mwangoni are all different names for one people, namely, the Wagindo; they are *not* to be confounded with the Maviti on the other side of Nyasa, the well-known refugee Zulus who have settled there. Our Maviti are chiefly congregated about the rivers Rovuma and Msalo, and we are finding out much more about them on this journey than we have ever known before. Goldfinch has begun to carry his shoes and walk in his socks; this to save his shoes. His only pair is already in holes, and we have still two months of walking before us. We are now more than 200 miles from Masasi, *not* as the crow flies. We bought four fowls at the watering-place to-day for three half-pence each, a cheaper rate than we have ever yet known in Africa. Goldfinch and I carried in our hands a little precious water for a cup of tea to-night and to-morrow morning. We are not encamped at water now, and shall have to walk, we understand, twelve or fifteen miles to-morrow before reaching any. This is all very well in June or July; in October or November it would be unendurable.

Eleven and a half miles of most monotonous walking

<sup>1</sup> Water jars.

alternating through crackling bamboos and tall grass brought us to another Makonde village and its agreeable watering place—a kind of small mere grown over with the lotos lily and surrounded by really shade-giving trees. Here we determined to remain till to-morrow, for the men have been on very short commons lately and I could not but accede to their request for a day of two meals and plenty of rest; indeed one or two of them begin to look rather out of condition, so as a matter of policy as well as clemency it is best to make to-day's walk a very short one. While we have been lazily stretched on the grass I have had three unsuccessful shots at wild duck; either my hand has lost its cunning or else it never had any—I am unable to decide which is the true way of putting it. Anyhow I have disgraced myself sadly, and again we shall have to cram down our distasteful porridge with grated beef instead of something more substantial. Meanwhile some of our noble band of ten have gone with beads and cloth to buy some more flour in the town. The town has four houses and a gross population of twelve, including infants! We saw to-day while in the *msitu* some of the antelope known here as *ngolombwe*,<sup>1</sup> but the guns were with our men half a mile behind us and we got no chance of a shot.

30th June.—Goldfinch slept off an attack of fever which had troubled him yesterday, and we woke up to find ducks skimming over the mere. I secured one which fell dead to my gun. We had prayers and hurried on.

Fourteen miles of dreary, dreary bamboos and grass, and then we reached some large flat stones in which were several large naturally formed basins, whence we

<sup>1</sup> Dinker (*Cephalophus grimini*).

drew sweet cool water and cooked therewith; then on again in the late afternoon for two hours, and so at the end of the day reached the river Mwiriti, in whose dry bed we are now camped. We have passed the watershed of the Rovuma, for this river by its course evidently flows into the Msalo at some point to the east of us. It is a pretty spot, with really fine trees overhanging its banks; its width here is about fifteen yards, and in the rains, must have a good volume of water passing down to the Msalo. We hear we shall reach a Yao village to-morrow night, and the next day (Saturday) get to Chivaru's—may it be so. Just as I was writing the above, Goldfinch, who had sallied forth with a gun and whom I had heard fire twice, returned with a plump guinea fowl, advising me to go and try my luck; there was still half an hour of light left, so I followed his example and brought back three fine birds to the camp. With what a relish we ate one of them, and the men even cooked a second time in order to enjoy their share fresh. I forgot to mention that this morning when we had been on our way about one hour we heard a lion roar, perhaps half a mile off. It sounded as it came to us through the fog, like a great organ note on the bourdon stop—very melodious. What fine vocal chords lions must have, and what larynxes to be able to send forth their roars so far!

*1st July.*—A very monotonous walk—sixteen miles—and in the evening, encamped in the forest within a few miles of the town of Che-Nchine.

*2nd July.*—We walked five miles, and then to our joy came to shambas and a town—a great relief to the eyes after the weary, stony, forest walk through stunted leafless trees for nearly sixty miles. We did a little brisk shopping, and bought twenty-three eggs (these

afterwards all turned out bad), seven fowls, and some flour, then the chief came and paid his salaams—one Unde or Che-Unde (which in Yao means Unde, Esq., or Mr. Unde). He evidently wanted to keep us in his village to sleep there that night that he might reap a “clothing” benefit, but we were determined to press on, so I shook hands and wished him good-bye very politely, if hastily, whilst he was waxing warm in his objections to our early departure. Three miles farther on we cooked and rested, then at two p.m. started off again, and seven miles more walking brought us to Che-Nchine, the real head man of the Msalo Maviti; his headship and name (*i.e.*, of Chiwaru) he has made over practically, to a younger man who lives near a rock named Nikoche, four miles farther on; to this latter man’s town we wend our way before the sun is up to-morrow, and hope to have a restful Sunday and Monday with him, as well as abundant opportunity for preaching. We are now in the very centre of the Maviti, and these are actually the people who made the raid upon Chisanga and Ibo so recently. As to this raid we mean to ascertain full particulars to-morrow, and to do what we can to rescue some Arab or Portuguese (?) ladies who were carried off, and are now actually lodged at Chiwaru’s. We have heard of these ladies at many places on our route since leaving Kaluma’s, and we grow very curious to know who they can be. Is it just possible, we think, that they are Portuguese ladies from Ibo? In mentioning them the people give us particulars which do not sound like descriptions of *Arab* womankind. Our host of to-night, Che-Nchine, talks Makua, and many of his people have the well known Makua horseshoe tatooed on their foreheads. We are now 265 miles from Masasi, and have



completed twenty days of travelling. Where we cooked to-day we were visited by a very pleasant-looking man, who told us that two days ago he had dreamed that his town was going to be visited by some strange people from a far country; he was sure it must be ourselves who were meant, when he woke up this morning and heard of our arrival, therefore he brought us a present—not wanting any return payment—of a fowl and some flour. Our dreaming friend's name was Che-Matope.

*Sunday, 3rd July.*—All thanks to God for His mercies to us to-day, and for opportunities given for making known to a newly found people the name of His Beloved Son. We left Che-Nchine's quite early and accompanied by him and some half-dozen of his people walked on five miles till we came to the pleasantly situated town of Che-Chiwaru. Nikoche Rock—four to five hundred feet high—rises majestically at the back of the town to the south, and other tree-clad crags and rocks bound it on all sides. We marched up to the round baraza of the town and found some 150 people—full-grown, stout-built Maviti—waiting for us there, having heard over night of our arrival at Che-Nchine's. In a few moments Che-Chiwaru presented himself, and we quickly engaged in conversation, then seeing that the opportunity was one to seize ere the crowd should disperse, I asked leave to preach. “Why not,” said he, “the English have come with words and of course we want to hear them?” So I preached for three-quarters of an hour on God's hatred of sin and love for sinners to a *most* attentive audience; at the conclusion I warned them that they had grieved God greatly by their raid upon Chisanga and commented strongly on their well-known plundering ways. I told them this, I said, as sent by God to declare His judgments against the wicked and His mercies to those who

should turn from their wickedness ; we concluded the preaching with a prayer that the words uttered in our feebleness might be written with power in their hearts, and that they might learn to know the truth, that the truth might make them free. Afterwards we held matins on the baraza and again conversed with Che-Chiwaru, meanwhile Che-Matope—our friend of yesterday—arrived, keen as ever to see us again, and with a very fat young goat as a present. Then I asked all about the women who had been carried off from Chisanga, and was assured that there were no white women but merely Swahili slave women from the shambas. I afterwards saw the women themselves and satisfied myself that we had been told the truth. At mid-day we climbed one of the neighbouring rocks to get a view over the country. Wherever the eye rested the character of the country was the same—one great waste of stunted forest with rocks and huge granite boulders, some bare, some covered with trees, cropping up everywhere to the south-west ; we saw the distant Meto hills to the west-north-west, the great hill known as Mkanje ; to the north and north-east we thought we descried the blue outline of the Maviha hills, yet everywhere we noticed the bare, arid, unproductive-looking country—stony ground indeed—with here and there some greater depth of earth allowing the cultivation of millet, etc., and so also the settlement of scattered detachments of various tribes. Yet this is most certainly the headquarters of the real strength of the Wandonde or Maviti,<sup>1</sup> and here we are in the largest town of their greatest chief. Chisanga is but four days (120 miles) from here and in the same latitude, if our calculations

<sup>1</sup> But *vide infra* for the true state of the case.

be correct. After our midday meal, Goldfinch and I were glad to take a long sleep, waking up in time to go to the baraza and preach again—this time Goldfinch preached and followed up the morning's teaching. I thought the people even more attentive than they had been in the morning. When they first heard our Lord's name—Isa Masiya—several of them repeated it as though wishing to be quite sure not to forget it. We said our evensong and sang "Ee Mfanga Ulimwenga" by firelight and talked together, Goldfinch and I, long into the night, stretched on two comfortable beds, a grateful change after twenty nights during which "our lodging" had been "on the cold ground".

*4th July.*—We woke up after a most refreshing sleep, to the strains of the dying goat, which according to order was being slain; an hour afterwards we were eating his liver, heart, etc. Che-Chiwaru came into our room very early to say that he had pondered our words in the night and had now laid aside all his fear of us, and was convinced we were good people; also he had determined to respect the terms on which we had made friends yesterday, and to give up war. He wished all the Mwangoni to hear our words, and was exceedingly sorry we persisted in our determination to leave him to-morrow; yet he was overjoyed to hear that we thought to send some one to build in his town and teach him and his people God's words. "If you do this," he said, "you must come in a dhow to Chisanga, which is close to my town, and I will send my young men to meet you there and bring on all your loads." Then he told us: "If some more of the Wandonde chiefs come in to-day do not fear to tell them those words you said yesterday to us: those words about leaving off war and the like. I want all the Maviti to hear them, and I fear that if they don't get to see you

they will feel jealousy at your having visited me and not them." Che-Chiwaru is most friendly, and I sincerely trust that we may indeed be able to get either Janson or some one from Zanzibar settled with him, as missionary to the Maviti, before long. Of the intelligence, vigour and rough friendliness of these dreaded people there can be no sort of doubt. Some difficulty at first might be experienced in passing through Ibo and Chisanga (Portuguese territory), but this I feel sure could be got over with a little management, and the Portuguese can hardly fail to see the advantage accruing to themselves as regards the security of Chisanga from raids of the Maviti, from the establishment of a peace-making English missionary in the centre of the tribe they have had cause of late to dread. Last night we heard that one neighbouring chief who had been bidden to come and see us to-day was going to try by a kind of ordeal whether we be true men or bad; a certain poisonous tree used on these occasions was to be laid under contribution to supply a juice to be mixed with some food and given to a fowl—if the fowl vomits the food and poison, we are good men, if it retains the food and so dies, we are a thoroughly bad lot, and the chief won't come to see us. To think that our moral character should rest on the stomachic action of a skinny African fowl!

*5th July.* — Yesterday afternoon we witnessed a strange spectacle, and were made to understand the drift of Che-Chiwaru's words anent the Maviti who might feel jealousy, for we were woke up from our afternoon siesta by the news that the Maviti had come with their shields and assegais, and were ready to see us; as we sallied forth from the house we saw about twenty men of different ages, some mere youths, advancing with very pretty action and movements of



their shields to the baraza. On seeing us they at once began the Maviti war dance, and went through some of the strangest evolutions I had ever witnessed. They seized their assegais between their teeth, uttered terrific whoops, leaped in the air, anon poising their assegais and making a feint of casting them at us, then they thrust their tongues into their cheeks and yelled hideously and rushed round us with vehement gesticulations, whooping all the time. At last there was a lull. Che-Chiwaru, Che-Nchine and ourselves sat down in the chairs of honour in the baraza, while these wild warriors laid down their shields and assegais and grouped themselves on the grass under a tree a few yards from the baraza. Then the talking began. Che-Chiwaru was approached by their spokesman, who in somewhat angry tones demanded of him the news of his guests—our two selves—and the reason of our visit. The others, much excited by their war dance, wherein some of them appeared to us frenzied, applauded, and then Che-Chiwaru replied. He spoke in Kindonde, but we gathered that he very carefully told them that our visit was one of peace, that we were English, not Banians, Arabs, or even Portuguese, and that we had already counselled him and his people in the name of God to give up war. We thought him every inch a chief if not a king as he walked majestically up and down before these fierce warriors and delivered himself in telling periods. When he sat down I rose up and declared the truth of his description of us, and for twenty minutes or so spoke to them in God's name of His love for mankind and for them. Not at all interested in what I said, but merely wishing to know the main purport of our visit, they stopped me before I had spoken to them of Redemption by again break-

ing out into their war dance. This I took as a sign that they considered my part was done and they wished others to speak. I noticed all the while that Che-Chiwaru, Che-Nchine, Matope and the other elders were by no means at their ease, and even appeared to be doubtful as to the issue of this strange *mgambo*. The reason for this I did not then understand, but can make it clear to-day. More words followed from several other speakers, and then towards sundown Che-Chiwaru called me aside and said the warriors wanted to go away, but I would have to give them something for their chief (!) and something for themselves all round as a kind of blackmail. Feeling sure that this was no ruse on Che-Chiwaru's part to get cloth out of us, but on the other hand that he really was more or less frightened of these people himself, I gave the cloth (it amounted to three dollars), and with some satisfaction saw them depart, after shaking hands with them all round and being assured that we were now free to pass through the country unmolested and that our lives and property would be respected. We had a pleasant good-bye chat with Che-Chiwaru in the late evening, and this morning early took our departure. From our two guides freshly engaged at Che-Chiwaru's to take us another four or five days on our way, we have now found out the truth<sup>1</sup> about the relative positions of Che-Chiwaru and these wild Maviti who seemed to be half under his authority and again ignoring it. It was as follows: The country about Nikoche Rock has been from time immemorial held by a Makua chief with the hereditary name *Chiwaru*; if one Chiwaru dies, another enters into the chieftain-

<sup>1</sup> And this will somewhat contradict what I have written above in ignorance.

ship and takes the name *Chiwaru*. Four years ago a roving band of Wandonde—*alias* Mwangoni, *alias* Wangindo, *alias* Maviti, *alias* Mazitu—who had originally been a portion of the East Nyasa Maviti, who in their turn had been associated with the first Maviti (Zulus) of those parts, having harried the people about Kilwa and the north and then passed south, came to the Chiwaru's country and parleyed with him as to peace or war. The issue was that they bent their bows backwards—the recognised sign amongst them of a treaty of peace—and declared their wish to live in the country round about his district in peace with him and his people. Roughly they have kept to that treaty, but they claim to keep their marauding habits, driving away and killing all chance strayers into the country, robbing and dispersing Yao caravans, even making raids upon the coast districts, and sometimes even stealing flour, fowls and goats, from Che-Chiwaru's people. Che-Chiwaru seems unable to keep them in order or restrain them to any very great extent, though at the present time the only way to obtain a safe passport for travelling through the country is to appeal to Che-Chiwaru and to meet these Mwangoni as we did at his town, and pay for our footing. The news of our visit to Che-Chiwaru will penetrate to all their scattered bands, and we can now move amongst them in perfect safety. May it be ours in the future to bring about the same peaceful condition of things amongst the Maviti of the Msalu that we did four years ago with the Maviti of the Rovuma! Fifteen miles south-west from Che-Chiwaru's we arrived at the Msalu River, which is, we think, in latitude  $12^{\circ} 40' 0''$  and longitude  $38^{\circ} 25' 0''$  at this spot. It is forty yards wide, now nearly dry, with a level bed of gravelly sand; huge trees over-

hang its banks, beneath whose shade we have cooked our dinner and are now writing our journals. With its windings the river may be here 200 miles from the mouth where it runs into the sea a little north of Ibo. It is said to take its rise in the mountain range just east of Nyasa lake. Goldfinch and I are very probably the first Europeans to make the acquaintance of this river at this distance from its embouchure. This morning we startled from its sleep a very fine antelope as large as a cow, and with a huge hump and shaggy neck. It is known as *ndandala*,<sup>1</sup> and has horns two feet long, spirally twisted in the middle. It stands very much higher at the neck than at the hind quarters, so that the back slopes like that of a hyena; the animal itself somewhat resembles the bison. I suppose this antelope is well known, but I am not aware what is its English name. At four p.m. we left our pleasant halting place and camped for the night four miles farther on, on the banks of a dried up stream named Mwedi, which in the rains carries down a good volume of water to the Msalu. I should mention that this *Msalu* river by a true Makua is called *Mkalu*, while on the maps and Admiralty charts it is written "Mosala".

6th July. — We crossed a small river in three branches called the Mwedi, and thirteen miles brought us to Nikokwe, a very high rocky hill or rather range of granitic hills rising nobly out of the surrounding *bara*, like the Masasi group. Here, too, as at Masasi, a succession of Makua villages lie along their base, and here, too, the country seems unusually fertile and productive. The Makuas came out in large numbers to stare at the "white people from the coast, Europeans" passing

<sup>1</sup> The kudu.



through their country. As yet we are unable to guess at the probable population of Nikokwe, but it seems likely that there are between 1000 and 2000 people living in these villages. Nikokwe is just thirty miles from Nikoche, and the River Msalo runs exactly half-way between the two. The highest peak of Nikokwe mountain may be 2000 feet from its base and 4000 feet above the sea; it is of a soft gneiss, like all the other stones and rocks in this most rocky country. A few miles away, however, there is a hill where, we are told, flint is dug and fashioned into shape for use in flintlock guns. Nikokwe itself is said to be in Meto, by which name evidently a very large district—beginning just south of the Msalu and ending we, as yet, know not where—is designated. We believe that we are now within sixty miles of Mwaliya's town—the centre of Makua greatness. Cashew apple trees are cultivated throughout the district, and from the fruit a very strong spirit, said to be as strong as proof rum, is distilled. As I write we are surrounded by a circle of staring, chattering Makuas, offering their various comments on our hair, hands, colour, clothes, etc. To all this we are insensible and indifferent, having served a long apprenticeship as a strange species of animal on exhibition—it is just as such that they speak of us—"What food does he take?" "What are his habits as to sleep, rest, drinking water?" etc. Happily, they stop short of "Pretty creature, let me stroke him"; the British lion would be aroused, I doubt not, if they went so far as that!

As the men were clearing away the evening meal and packing their loads, I preached to the 150 people or so who had assembled to watch us, telling them what I could of the message of salvation in the short time I had before it was necessary to press on again.

Then, saying good-bye, we walked on another one and a half hours, and encamped when it was quite dark at a village eighteen and a half miles from our resting-place of the night before. Here, after evensong, the ladies of the place came out to see us, and from them we bought flour, cassava and sweet potatoes at a very low rate of exchange. It was very late ere we got to sleep, to be waked many times by a sharp cutting wind which blew all the night through.

7th July.—Through countless Makua clearings and villages and beneath cashew apple trees—also innumerable for fifteen miles—we walked, when we arrived at four p.m. at the town of Kawariya, who, we trust, will find us a guide to take us on to Mwaliya, for here our two guides from Che-Chiwaru leave us and return to their homes. The scenery has been very fine to-day, depending, albeit, entirely for its beauty on the varied crags and rocks and spurs that are scattered about in such profusion in this part of Meto. All the morning I was plagued by a disordered stomach owing to the potatoes and muhogo<sup>1</sup> of last night. Could one but have bread and meat every day these daily walks would seem as nothing; on a diet of porridge, fowls, etc., they are very tiring. Late in the evening after prayers Kawariya and one of his wives came to *ongea*<sup>2</sup> with us, and ask questions relative to our journey and its object. This gave us an opportunity of saying a few words about God informally, for which we were thankful. Afterwards the wife brought us some honey bread, not unpalatable, and then we chatted on till our host departed, and we were soon in sound slumber. A little difficulty about a guide, whom Kawariya seemed in no hurry to provide for us, somewhat put out our quick

<sup>1</sup> Cassava.

<sup>2</sup> To chat.

English tempers in the morning, but we got away in fair time.

8th July.—A distant glimpse of Mwaliya's hills, our goal, nerved us on to some rapid strides for the first two hours of our walk, but when we had completed two and a half we were glad to stop in a village where a good-natured looking "lady" was cooking beans, and bargain with her for the mess. To beans she added a large dishful of porridge, and with these we ate our morning's fowl not without relish. She seemed really pleased to cook for us, and we gave her a *douceur* beyond the bargain and distributed needles to the whole village. At last we have reached parts where Yao is not understood, and we have more trouble in consequence, the more so, as our Makua interpreter is lazy and "snuffy". I am meditating addressing him somewhat sharply to-night on his inconvenient failings. Meto is indeed a land of plenty, surpassing even Masasi, and notable for the cashew apple tree everywhere. We notice, too, a different look about the women and men of the land. The former certainly are far more comely and plump than the Makua ladies of the north, the contour of their faces is more shapely, their figures never gawky, and their *peleles* a more tolerable size, so as not altogether to disfigure their mouths. The men appear of stouter build, though the distinction between Masasi and Meto males is not so marked. Perhaps the pleasantest thing that has occurred to-day was the warbling of a bird that really tuned up melodiously over our heads as we rested under a tree. Goldfinch and I, comparing notes about it afterwards, both declared that it had taken us right back to England and to childhood's days when the songs of birds were things not unnoticed in English woods and gardens. There is a power in these great

stretches of country as we tramp through them silently for hours together to bring to our minds more vividly than does life at the station, thoughts sad with the sweet melancholy of far-off days, a music most of us like to listen to sometimes! When we had walked fifteen miles the men were so tired that we stopped at the well of a neighbouring town, and spread out our things and began to prepare the evening meal, but when we had just finished opening our loads there advanced towards us a very mighty looking personage dressed in a very elegant and, I doubt not, costly garment of light flannel embroidered and lined with red silk. He bid us in lofty Arab fashion leave our loads to be tied up again and go on with him to the town to be his guests. Of course, we could only obey this true specimen of an Arabised native, so courteous in manner, so liberal in hospitality. To our surprise we found that his abode consisted of a large fenced area within the town, containing about twelve houses, all beautifully finished off as to barazas, walls, roofs, etc., and scrupulously clean. One of these houses he immediately gave up to us, and, bidding us place therein our goods, marched us off to the precincts of the kitchen, from which there soon issued an ample meal cooked and served in the true Arab way, and not wanting in all the delicacies procurable from the coast. Goldfinch had a little fever and could not do justice to the hospitality of our host, which knew no bounds. His name is Mwenja, and he shares the headship of a large number of Makua towns with one Ikuluwe, and these in turn both hold sway under the great head of all the Meto Makuas—Mwaliya himself. A curious custom prevails amongst them on making friendship. They *fronga* a *pindu*, that is, they tie round their loins (or say they do) a piece



of cloth which nothing but an exchange of presents can untie. They warn you that they are going to do this overnight and in the morning come to get the *pindu* untied, and the name of the present which loosens the knot is also called by a natural transference of ideas—the *pindu*. We have had to untie several *pindus* in this manner! Our host, thinking naturally that we follow Arab customs—for as yet we have had little time to declare ourselves and our mission—asked if he should bring the fowl that his women were about to cook for us that we might slay it in the usual Arab manner.

9th July.—Our host will not hear of our leaving him to-day. We must not be behind him in good manners, so, as to-morrow will be Sunday, we are to be his guests until Monday morning, when he undertakes to “personally conduct” us to Mwaliya’s. The day began early with the accustomed “mouth unloosening,” a kind of light refreshment preparatory to the full morning’s meal. This took the form of some bananas dried and prepared with honey—very toothsome; and now Mwenja is just calling me off to the morning’s meal, so I return to this journal afterwards.

Casual visitors kept dropping in throughout the day to see the white strangers—their clothes, how they eat, what they eat, etc. None seemed to care for our words when we began to tell them of God who sent us. Ah, for our poor host; what a sad aimlessness in his life. His work; what is it? Why, almost according to his own account it is this, to multiply to himself wives and concubines, to drink to excess day by day, to eat, to grow rich by slave selling, and ivory dealing, to wear fine clothes—exactly the old maxim of heathenism followed out, “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we

die". The day wore on slowly and, one must say, sadly, for the sight of all this contented heathenism, this utter indifference to the real meaning of LIFE, is indeed at times depressing, though the word of God is sure, and though even here He has not left Himself without a witness. In the afternoon we allowed ourselves to be dragged about to various brothers of Mwenja, and got some idea of the general "style" of Meto Makuas. Mwenja told us that had we come two months later we could hardly have passed through the country, for then the cashew apple trees are in fruit, and the spirit is manufactured from them which maddens the people into all kinds of violent acts and bloodshed. He gave us a terrible picture of this vile and potent spirit upon these poor misled Makuas—misled, for it was the Portuguese at Ibo who first taught them how to distil it. This I give on the authority of Livingstone, who mentions and deplors the fact in the first volume of his *Last Journals*. The spirit is called in Makua *ar-ripa*. As I write this journal in these parts, every stroke of my pen is being watched, commented on, and greeted with the well-known Makua "Coo, Coo, Coo!" or according to our spelling, "Ku, Ku, Kuu!" Until we reached this place Meto seemed to be the *ultima Thule* of the Makua horizon, but here we begin to hear Mozambique spoken of, and the places and people on the road thither mentioned. It is most pitiful the ill-treatment the poor vowels meet with in this strange, uncouth, most difficult Makua tongue. Goldfinch says it is a wonder they have not all rebelled and left the language in a body long ago! You can never be sure how your vowel is going to be sounded in the commonest word; you get "i" where you ought to have "a," and "a" where hitherto you have always expected "e".

I am convinced that no one without a very good ear for sound would ever be able to speak Makua or to understand it when spoken. Neither Goldfinch nor I as yet pick up anything appreciable in the tongue.

10th July.—Matins at 7.30, followed by a long preaching through our Makua interpreter to about fifty people assembled to watch us at prayers. I must freely confess that never yet in Africa when or after preaching have I noticed anything beyond idle curiosity stirred up by any words I have spoken or any truths I have declared. Matola at Newala is the only man who, to my thinking, has shown anything like a *continuous* and *lively* interest in the news of the life to come and the redemption of man by the precious Blood. I feel forced to say this, admitting that what I have never noticed may yet have been there, and knowing that seeming African indifference cannot change the fact that makes us missionaries, which is—that God wills to have every man saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. The Holy Spirit alone knows who are the Lord's, and we know, too, that only those come to Christ whom the Father draws; our work is not the discovering of the elect of God, but the preaching to the masses of "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come," that from them may be drawn those who are fore-determined of God as inheritors of life everlasting.

Elderly dames again surround us, and while I write they tug at my coat or pull off my hat or feel the thickness of my shoes to such an extent that one's good nature is severely tried, and one's hope of putting together two sentences in intelligible English grows fainter every moment. Indeed I must leave off, and for a hundredth time go through a complete exhibition of rug, waterproof, coat, gun, watch, binoculars, etc., etc.

In the evening Goldfinch preached to a somewhat larger assemblage of people than that of the morning, and some slight questioning took place afterwards.

*11th July.*—Strengthened with our meat meal of Sunday night, we were able to do a good day's walk, and by the evening had completed twenty-four miles. This brought us just as the moon was rising to the outskirts of a village, where at a private house we camped for the night, bidding the good matron thereof cook us porridge and set before us bananas. We crossed the Mtepvesi river very early in the day about three miles south of Mwenja's, and in a latitude considerably south of that where it joins the sea. Roughly speaking the three rivers Rovuma, Mtepvesi, and Msalu all flow south-west to north-east, and, as we hear, the Luli, which we shall be crossing soon, does the same. The Mtepvesi was quite dry when we crossed it, though the channel was deeply cut and the width nearly ten yards. Goldfinch and I were in high spirits to-night, and sang rounds and canons under the bright moon at its full. At first it was cloudy, but the fleecy masses rolled away and then we felt the force of Wordsworth's fine line, "The moon looks round her when the heavens are bare". It was long ere we slept.

*12th July.*—We knew that early this morning we should, after a short walk, reach the great man Mwaliya himself, so we stepped out briskly through really lovely country where no trees but the mango and the cashew and the cocoanut palm were allowed to grow, and these three, especially the two former, grew in great abundance. We were walking through a beautiful valley, some eight to ten miles broad, with a range of hills on either side and a wide expanse of country visible beyond, where the hills trend away into the champaign country to the



west. The hills lay east and west, and at the end of them is situated the capital of all Meto—Mwaliya's town, with the name of the sultanship, "Mkaya". To our astonishment we observed that the natives here weave a rough coarse cloth on ingeniously constructed looms with a strong kind of thread. The great man kept us waiting about an hour before he would see us, during which time a salute was fired off in our honour, which we afterwards had to answer with *his* gunpowder. At length we were told Mkaya was ready to see us, and we were forthwith ushered into his presence chamber, a room hung with calico, old pictures of Paris fashions from the *Illustrated London News*, cheap-looking glasses, coloured prints of orange girls, the Inner Temple new (!) dining hall, etc. The great man was seated on an old table—his throne!—and was enveloped in a silk cloth which hid his face. This was to impress us with a sense of the dignity and magnificence of Mkaya, but he could not keep it up. As soon as we entered he jumped down from the table and threw the veil from his head, when to our intense surprise we beheld grinning and laughing good humouredly before us a mere stripling boy of nineteen, very drunk, and very excited at receiving English visitors. This was a great disappointment to us, for the fame of Mkaya reaches everywhere where Makua is spoken, and so far as territory and extent of dominion is concerned this poor, misguided, dissipated youth is indeed great. He was very voluble in his liquor, and poured out to us in hiccoughing accents tales of his power, and twenty times over told us he was "Sultan Mwaliya," "Mkaya," etc., etc. Then he dragged us about with him from baraza to baraza and house to house, then he set food before us—very, very high goat's flesh and rice—then

he drank again and again and sang childishly to the notes of an old concertina which he feebly fingered. A number of toadies and minions stood by and laughed at his drunken freaks and frolics, and ever and anon repeated his name Mkaya to him in a fawning, cringing way that disgusted us.<sup>1</sup> We plainly saw that our

<sup>1</sup> I may add to the above description the following reminiscence of this visit written by Bishop Maples in the *Nyasa News*, in August, 1893:—

“We have had odd experiences with native chiefs in our time, some amusing, some annoying, and some decidedly awkward and embarrassing. Here is a specimen of one of the former: In the heart of the Makua country, at that favoured spot Meto, which, we believe, we were the first white men to visit, about a dozen years ago we fell into the hands of a villainous young reprobate of a chief who made merry with us after his own fashion. We were two Europeans with a party of ten carriers. On that occasion our rascally host insisted on looking upon us in the light of a show, and honesty compels us to confess that he “ran” us most successfully. Fortunately we were not compelled to contribute to the performance anything more than our mere presence, which, however, he contrived to render ridiculous (or entertaining enough) to suit the tastes of those for whom he catered. He made us take our seats on a couple of crazy old Portuguese chairs, and decorated our heads with prodigious turbans of flaring red ‘leso’. Then he took up his own position, cross-legged, on a rickety table opposite us, and being provided with a concertina of German make and discordant tone, he made it give forth doleful sounds by way of ‘band,’ and the show began, and the audience was summoned. The room in which we two poor dummies had thus been set up on view was very small, and so the spectators—hundreds upon hundreds of Makua men, women and children—had to be brought in to see us in relays of thirty or forty at a time. To judge from the applause, we made quite a fine show, nor was it necessary to give tongue or even to exhibit any signs of animation, for the ‘band’ played the whole time, and sometimes Mwaliya inserted a vocal ditty to help it out. It was tedious, however, and rather trying to the temper, as was proved by the behaviour of my companion, who, when we had been seated thus for a considerable time, suddenly looked round upon me and at once became aware of the idiotic appearance we presented. This ruffled his feelings, for it caused him bitterly to reflect that he, too, must be looking very like an escaped inmate of Bedlam. He began to wax wroth, and I could see that his feelings were wounded



chance of finding him sober or getting him to collect his people that they might hear the message from God, was exceedingly small, so we applied ourselves chiefly to the question of getting a guide to take us hence to Mozambique. This he promises us for the day after to-morrow. A very large "journey" from Makanjila's arrived here to-day with slaves and ivory in enormous quantity. We have parleyed with the Arab who conducts it. He tells us he left Mataka's twenty days ago and saw Johnson<sup>1</sup> there in very good health. The slaves and ivory are all bound for Chisanga, this road through Mwaliya's being now the chief one by which Makanjila carries on his business with the coast through the Arab slave and ivory dealers. The camping ground of this caravan covers not less than three acres, and the "vibanda" are being built with great care as if for a fortnight's occupation. The slaves are mostly Nyasas. We have tasted some very fine *madufu*<sup>2</sup> to-day, which reminds us of Zanzibar. Nor are they the only reminder of the island; the whole of this part of Meto, with its mangoes, cocoanuts, and well-cultivated shambas constantly brings back to our thoughts Zanzibar scenery, though here the additional feature of the

on their most delicate side, for his *amour propre* had received a rude shock. He was for making a disturbance and protesting against the show in its entirety, concertina and all, saying he would stand all this tomfoolery no longer. I, however, calmed him, by reasoning with him to the effect that it was safest and best, in view of the character of the man who had thus temporarily engaged us, to go through with the business good humouredly to the bitter end, especially as we were playing to a wholly African, and therefore not very critical, audience. At last the show began to pall on the spectators, and was in fact broken up by Mwaliya himself, who invited us to go with him to inspect a huge caravan of slaves that happened at the time to be camping on his grounds *en route* for Chisanga, and hailing from Makanjila's." C.M.

<sup>1</sup> Archdeacon Johnson, of the Universities Mission.

<sup>2</sup> Young cocoanuts.

hill ranges is an extra beauty. The air is remarkably fresh, and we fancy the district must be extremely healthy, but, alas! the question of a missionary living here under the present Sultan is at an end. Poor boy that Mwaliya is; he has begun early his course of dissipation and licence! It is not likely that he will live long unless he puts some restraint upon himself. One wonders how these Makuas can put up with him, but they will put up with any amount of folly, immorality and drunkenness, and only rebel against their sovereign when to these vices cruelty and injustice are added. At present the boy is but a good-humoured fool, but it is more than likely that his caprice will lead him soon into something beyond folly, and then perhaps he may be deposed and a more tolerable Mkaya raised up to take his place. Under such a change of circumstances we should make a push to begin mission work in Meto. The coast Arabs evidently use this boy as their tool, and, since it suits their purposes, fawn upon him and flatter him as do his own Makua people. We notice here just a dash of Portuguese civilisation, though it does not appear that any white man has ever been here before us. All the houses in Meto are round, and built with walls of a particular kind of grass closely bound together with strips of bamboo encircling the house, and tied each about a foot from the other. The grass has a firm strong stalk, and grows luxuriantly throughout Meto. The house we occupy is roofed with *makuti*,<sup>1</sup> and its walls plastered within and without with black mud. All the rooms have strongly made wooden doors, like the houses at the coast, and windows with iron bars similarly constructed. Food is scarce to-day, owing to the caravan mentioned above, buying

<sup>1</sup> Coccoanut thatch.

it up everywhere. Our men look cross and discontented, and well they may with this poor drunken boy for their host and ours. Mwaliya's chief servant is a half-caste Portuguese dressed up in a set of old Portuguese regimentals. There is also a Swahili major-domo and adviser as he appears to be, who tells us to go to him when we want anything. We have wanted a good many things, notably food, but "going to him" didn't produce much.

*13th July.*—Exactly one calendar month since we left Masasi, and now we have accomplished the main object with which we set out and have spied out the land of Meto with the disappointing result that missionary work here is at present out of the question. The men have gone out with cloth and beads to buy food while we stay wearily here, longing for our departure, and hoping that a man named Bululu, who has been introduced to us as our guide to Mozambique, may not be denied to us at the last. As I have already mentioned the air in Meto is very keen and fresh, a fact accounted for by the elevation of the country, which is 2300 feet above the sea level. The latitude of the Meto capital I have judged at about  $13^{\circ} 25' 0''$  and the longitude  $37^{\circ} 58' 0''$ , though it must be remembered that compass bearings and estimated walking distances are my only guide in determining the geographical position of places on our route. In the afternoon the opportunity we little expected we were given, and Goldfinch and I were able to preach consecutively to a large number of Mwaliya's people, while he himself was sleeping off his liquor. Some few of the caravan leaders were present to hear us, and questions were asked about the resurrection, one man saying he thought that if he died that was the end of him. "Because he did so," I answered, "and because so many of those who were listening to me did so, they naturally

lived on in indifference to everything but the pleasures of the moment. Because we knew of a resurrection we could not live as they did, and now that they, too, were told of it they must try and give up all that endangered immortal souls, as God would help them to do if they turned to Him." We saw no more of Mwaliya to-day, and felt very like captives, it having been very plainly intimated to us that we should not be allowed to go away until he chose to give us leave.

14th July.—In the morning the Arab caravan leaders met us at Mwaliya's baraza and asked all our news, and whether we carried any passport from any one, with us. They, of course, knew all about the Masasi station, and I soon saw that they would, if we were civil, persuade Mwaliya to treat us well and tell him to let us go when we wished. I therefore told them everything about our journey and our mission, and added that I had at Masasi a passport signed by Seyid Barghash, but that I had not thought it necessary to bring it with me into regions where the coast districts were not under his rule. One of their party, one Abdallah, Makanjila's head man on large caravans, said that they and he had been discussing our affairs a good deal, and would do their best to obtain leave for us to depart to-morrow, but that Mwaliya was very capricious, and had not been very well satisfied with the present we had given him. I accordingly added four more dollar cloths to the things I had already presented, and we were told to our great relief that he now condescended to look on us with favour and to listen to our plea for departure and a guide. As to the guide, we had begged for one who should take us *viâ* the Walomwe Makuas and the Irati Mountain to Mozambique, and he demurred a good deal to this, saying that the Walomwe and he were



not on friendly terms, and that the road was fraught with danger. He proposed that we should go to Chis-anga and Ibo, but I was obstinate and pressed for the other route, not fearing any danger and being most anxious to visit the Walomwe and take our message to them, as well as to see the Irati Mountain, which is so high that it reaches above the snow line, and in the hot season is said to send down rivers of melted snow to the valley below. The natives say "the mountain goes up so high that when you see the top you see no further. Beyond the top there is a space of a few feet, and then there is God; there are no clouds, no sky above it." The mountain is visible from Mwaliya's in very, very clear weather with its snow-capped peak, and must be about due south-south-east from the capital of Meto and distant therefrom some 140 miles, it being described as a five days' journey of hard going. If I have placed Mwaliya's in its true position, Irati Mountain would be about 100 miles west-north-west from Mozambique. I have placed it thus on the map, and reckon this snow mountain as a half discovery of ours. It is interesting, occurring where it does, as perhaps illustrating the theory of a line of isolated snow mountains extending down the east of Africa at a certain distance from the coast, Kenia and Kilimanjaro being followed up in the north by snow peaks yet to be discovered, while in the south this Mount Irati possibly completes the chain. My obstinacy about a guide for the Irati road continued, and at last Mwaliya said we should have one who would take us to Irati, and that there we must find another to take us through to Kabasera and Mozambique. With this I was content, though still we greatly feared that the whimsical, capricious young king of Meto would turn round again, and

detain us some days longer. Added to this we heard some very sinister tales of him which, unfortunately, show too clearly that his follies have a dark background of crime, he having cut the throats of several of his wives and others who had displeased him, very recently, and the anxious faces of the Arabs this morning told also of the difficulties they have in getting away from his town. Indeed, Abdallah informed me that he was a very troublesome customer indeed, this great little Mkaya, and that last year when he was engaged on a similar business he could scarcely get his caravan away from the place at all. In the afternoon Mwaliya came to us joking and laughing and pretending to talk English in some sentences of gibberish, which many of his people believe to be the language of Portuguese and Englishmen. He bade us follow him to the Arab slave camp where he was going with his sister, a very fat female, said to be the true Sultan or rather Sultana of Meto, though, being of the other sex, the government is practically handed over to the young brother. She was carried on an old Portuguese palanquin (purchased probably at Ibo), and we followed her under an umbrella which Mwaliya produced for our use on this occasion. A Makua rabble followed us, and so our ridiculous cavalcade proceeded to the camping-ground, where we saw a large quantity of ivory and a vast number of slaves; porters, leaders and slaves together in all are two thousand! Such is the size of slave and ivory caravans passing down from Yao land to the Portuguese sea-board and coast towns. All thanks though to the Arab leaders of this caravan; they did us a good turn, and acted in good faith throughout their dealings with us. Of this I have no sort of doubt. In the late evening my men called me for



"words," begging me very humbly to listen to all they had to say. It amounted to this. They had heard so much throughout the day while talking with one Makua and another of the town of the dangers of the Irati road to Mozambique, and of the murderous ways of the Makuas inhabiting the country between Irati and the coast that they one and all feared to go. They did not refuse to go that way if I ordered them, but they begged me to take any other road, not caring if they had to travel on for another year, nor minding whether we returned to Masasi *viâ* Mtarika's and the Yaos, or by Chisanga. They were so unanimous, and withal so respectfully earnest in their manner that I felt strongly it was the voice of God speaking to me and bidding me avoid that road. I therefore told them so eventually, at the same time declaring that neither Goldfinch nor I thought that any special danger awaited us. We went to bed, determined the first thing in the morning to tell Mwaliya of our altered wishes and beg a guide for Mozambique *viâ* Luli and the coast districts about Table Mountain, Madebane and Mserere. Yet our fears that we were not to be allowed to go on our way on the morrow were not allayed, and we went to bed with anxious thoughts.

15th July.—Very early we sent to Mwaliya, telling him that now we only asked for a guide to Mozambique by the Luli route, and the answer came back that I should be given one, and that I was to tell my people to cook and eat and then he would start with us. I sent back to say that we were ready to start at once. Forthwith Mwaliya came himself. He was quite sober and, for him, wonderfully quiet and grave. Both Goldfinch and I suspected mischief. I had forewarned our men not to have recourse to violence or fire their guns,

come what might, and now, bidding them shoulder their loads, I followed Mwaliya, who solemnly led the way by a bye-path into which we all filed, Goldfinch following, our ten men and some of Mwaliya's retinue following him. I cried out to Goldfinch, "I think this is a plot, but come on and let us not mind," and he, as I afterwards found out, shared my feelings, and thought we were coming to some evil. We walked in a circle, till after going three miles, we arrived with our faces set to the south-east at a large village where several hundreds of people—men, women and children—were assembled to see the great king and his guests spend the day amongst them. *Masikamo* (I embrace your feet) is no idle form of words in Meto; all the people from the very old to the young, kneel down to this young despot Mkaya and embrace his feet with both hands before speaking to him. As we sat on a kitanda under a shady tree to be seen and stared at, this was going on the whole time. Then Mwaliya lost his gravity, and began playing about before us in high glee, vowing he would send his guides wherever we wanted, and that we should arrive in Mozambique to spread his name everywhere. Then he made a great stir, and got very angry because the good villagers were slack to set food before us. "How is this," he said, "here am I and my guests and no one brings goats or fowls, or eggs or porridge. I'll soon see about this," and, suiting the action to the word, he actually went round to several houses and collected eggs and fowls willy nilly from the owners, and came dancing and laughing into a house which he had had prepared for us with them in his hands. The food was cooked while he played about us as usual, telling us of the extent of his dominions, and once more repeating the nonsensical gibberish which he makes do duty

for English, and which he will doubtless at length persuade himself is English indeed. Then he had a letter written by his chief counsellor, Hamadi, to various people on the coast, telling them to do us honour as his friends and to see that we sent back the guides amply rewarded for their services. This he pretended to read when it was finished, but he held it upside-down! Then he made the head man of the village bring a goat, which we slew and cooked for carrying to-morrow. Then, alas, just after I had got a few words with him on the subject of his predilection for pombé, he went to a house and came out completely intoxicated with that beverage. Then came the parting. No, I mistake, he had parted with us before, and had given me and placed on my wrist his own ivory bracelet as a pledge of friendship. But the parting was a lengthy affair, and it was quite dark ere we saw the last of this poor misguided boy king, for king he is, and extensive indeed, for these parts, is the kingdom of Mkaya in Meto. We cannot understand the servility of the Makua people to so worthless a sovereign as poor Mwaliya, yet it seems that they really do respect him, and pay him a homage which is not extorted from them by fear, but is freely and heartily given. A noisy *ngoma*<sup>1</sup> broke our slumber, though we breathed more freely than we had done while still guests in Mwaliya's Anglo-African house, with the picture of Paris ladies in the "newest fashion" of twenty years ago.

16th July.—We made our fleeced host contented with a present that covered all the fleecing; he was happy. So were we with our steps once more moving on the road to the coast, and all our men glad to be out of Mwaliya's capricious hands. We walked east-south-east for fifteen miles and encamped at a well just outside

<sup>1</sup> Drumming and dancing.

a small town, and are now busy filling up the food bags with flour for the next five days.

*17th July.*—Little food was bought after all last night, so we started with but nine measures of flour in our bags. We said matins at 6:30, and then came a "Sabbath day's journey" of five short miles to a suitable spot near a village for our Sunday's rest. Here we were obliged to buy flour for the day's use, and had it not been Sunday we should have bought eggs and bananas in abundance and at a cheap rate, for food is plentiful and beads in great request at the neighbouring town. We certainly are much disappointed in the Makuas now that we see them where they dwell thickly in the centre of their own country. They seem hopelessly dull and stupid, only a shade or two better than the poor and dirty Makonde folk. Perhaps we had formed too high expectations as regards Meto people from all that we had heard beforehand in praise of Meto. A second crop of beans is actually being raised independently of the rains, so moist is the soil in this most fertile district. All the bananas are of the long kind, and are dried in large numbers, and form a very real part of the food of the country. We like them dried even better than when fresh, and they make excellent puddings if mashed and boiled with eggs and goat's fat and mtama flour. Our walk from Mwaliya's has been through level forest land with numbers of villages at short distances apart, and plenty of wells. So far our course is nearly due east, and we now are, I believe, in exactly the same latitude as Luli, with two degrees of longitude to traverse before the mouth of the river is reached if we continue eastward up to Luli. I shall then know that we have placed Mwaliya's in its right latitude, and of its already being fixed as to longitude I am pretty well



assured by the distance, in days' marches, that we know to be between us and the coast. We preached this afternoon to a rather noisy assemblage of the villagers, who came down to our camping-ground to inspect us and our effects. I fear little impression was made, owing perhaps to the fact that most of the company were giddy youths, women and children. In the course of the day a poor half-witted creature came and laid before us various little presents of ground nuts, cassava, etc., out of fear as we thought.

*18th July.*—Flour and bananas arrived very early, which we bought cheaply. Our poor half-witted friend came too, and ran away dancing with joy when I gave him a hand of calico. We got away at about half-past seven a.m., and walked ten miles to a spot where the inhabited district is said to end, and with it ends Mwaliya's dominion to the east. Here we are resting and preparing for the 100 miles or so of barren country that lies before us ere the coast districts are reached. Four of our men are buying up flour and fowls in the neighbouring villages, two are cutting up and roasting eight fowls already bought this morning, two more are washing our clothes in the stream by which we are encamped, while the remaining two are preparing our food—a mess of curried goat and porridge. I have had a good bathe, the first since we dipped in the cold waters of the Msalo, now left far behind us to the north. Goldfinch had the fever upon him rather strongly last night, and is far from well this morning. He says he hopes I shall have it soon, too; he is right, 'twere better by far to have a few ordinary fevers now than to be taken with a coast fever when we get down by the sea, which is a calamity not unlikely to happen to either one of us.

*19th July.*—Our men returned very late in the even-



ing after an almost fruitless search for food, so we were forced to stay here to-day while they ransack the country round for provisions. It is disappointing being kept in this uninteresting place a whole day, but it is the first time on our journey that we have been detained on account of the difficulty of procuring food, so that it would be unreasonable to complain. In the leisure thus afforded I may take opportunity to sum up some of the results of our tour. In the first place then I would chronicle my great desire that we may speedily be enabled upon our return to Masasi to set work going amongst our near and friendly neighbours, the Maviha. Undoubtedly, all that we saw of them filled us with hopes that they will not be slow to welcome a teacher, and their proximity to Masasi will be an additional reason for hastening on the establishment of a branch station amongst them. Secondly, the scanty population through which we passed when we left the Maviha country and pursued our journey through Kaluma's, Mkonoma's, and the Makonde districts proves the inadvisability of fixing any station in any of these places. Thirdly, I still think we should aim at doing something soon for Chiwaru at Nikoche, and that his town should be reached *via* the coast and Chisanga. Lastly, all our hopes as regards Meto vanish into thin air under the present despot Mkaya. Still we have both there and everywhere, where a score of men were gathered together to listen to us, declared God's name and that of His Son. We have denounced sin, and told of a loving and pardoning Father, and of a Saviour's yearning for the souls of men and sacrificing Himself for them. In the course of our journey, too, we have found out the exact whereabouts of the Makua population within workable distance from Masasi, and we

have made friends with their chiefs and their Sultan, and we have visited Meto, the centre certainly of all the northern branches of the Makua tribe, and spent three days in its capital. We have, in a department not quite so closely connected with our own work, made, as we believe, an important discovery—that of the snow mountain Irati—besides determining the inland course of one large river, the Msalu, only known hitherto on the coast. We also dare to hope that under God our visit to Chiwaru's and our parley with the Maviti and sermon to them may lead them in time to quieter modes of life, and to discontinue their plundering incursions into their neighbours' territory.

We are all determined that the great part of our work in this country must be *preaching*. We do not think that it will be given to us to make many converts; we do not think the country is ripe for conversion in the strict sense of the word. We deal with men dead in trespasses and sins, wholly indifferent to a hereafter, completely given up to material things, with intellects scarcely capable as yet of taking in spiritual notions. Thus we have all been led to believe that our work will be for years to come, mainly that of arousing dormant consciences and training them; Dr. Duff would have said, actually "creating" them. The question—When ought a catechumen to be baptised? is often discussed in England, and I have seen it asserted in answer, "It is sufficient for him to know the meaning of, and to be able to say with his understanding and heart, 'I believe in Jesus Christ, who died to save me from my sins'". I, too, think this sufficient, but let those who know something of the Fall as it is shown in African races declare the years and years that in most cases must elapse before one of these men will with understanding

and heart—especially “*and heart*”—say the seeming simple formula which is sufficient for candidates for baptism. Let us guard jealously here the great sacrament of the Gospel ordained by Christ Himself for the salvation of those whom the Father draws to Him. Who that has lived a few years as a missionary in Africa, on the mainland, has not had experience of hollow professions of repentance coupled with hardened hearts, and no real resolutions to turn from the pleasures of sin. Yet God knows the day when all Africa will be redeemed, while we in our day see the land travailing and groaning in pain until now, and, while we see it, can but lift up our hearts and say, “Lord Jesus, come quickly, and by Thy might redeem this land from Satan, sin and death”.

20th July.—Late last night our men arrived with a sufficient quantity of rice, flour and fowls to enable us to start to-day. We were, however, delayed till nearly nine o'clock before we finally left the Namanka, and made a very poor day's march of barely twelve miles, when we camped in the bed of a river named Ngaluma, full of huge boulders and deep pools, where good fresh water was abundant. Our walk was a very stony one, and in every respect uninteresting. We crossed and recrossed a small river, the Mtakata, three times on the road. As far as we can make out there are another 140 miles to be traversed ere we gain the coast at Luli mouth, but in any case we hope to be there by Sunday week. Soon after we reached our camping-ground this evening I sallied forth with my gun after a strange-looking bird that I thought would make us a supper, but the strange-looking bird—a kind of large sand-piper—was very fleet of foot and swift of wing, and so cheated me altogether. Now that we have left all villages behind

we are delighted to find that our path takes us due east. If this continues to the coast, it will thus prove that I have laid down Mwaliya's in its true latitude, that is, due east from Luli.

*21st July.*—An early start and a walk of fourteen miles, which brought us by twelve o'clock to some water. As the next water is said to be "very far," we are forced to stop here to-day and content ourselves as best we may with the very poor walking of the last two days. An hour after starting we met a small Makua caravan on its way from Luli. On inquiry we found that they were just five days from Luli, which in miles at their walking would be 150. They carried heavy loads of bark for the manufacture of bark cloth, which is more in use than woven cloth in the poor districts round about Meto. We crossed to-day a well-trodden path running north-east and south-west, the road from Chisanga to the Walomwe's country and Irati. I make out that we are now on the same meridian of longitude as Irati, but, alas, there is no hill near to climb whence we might obtain a glimpse of its snow-capped peak.

*22nd July.*—Another short, monotonous, unsatisfactory walk of eleven miles, and then a halt by water where lions and other large beasts have left footmarks of recent visits. Food begins to fail us; porridge will be our fare till we cross this barren stunted forest land. Goldfinch and I spent an hour or so this afternoon in trying to get a beast with our guns, but none came near us either within eye or ear shot. The next water is said to be fourteen miles away, so we are forced to stay here till to-morrow.

*23rd July.*—A better walk to-day, for when we put down our loads at sunset we had completed nineteen



miles since the morning. We reached a place near a large stone wherein was a small basin containing just enough water for us to quench our thirst with and cook the evening meal. It was rather higher ground than our camping-places of the last few days, and we felt cold at night.

*Sunday, 24th July.*—We walked one mile on to a large flat stone with a deep fissure some twelve yards long and two and a half feet wide, whence we drew a good supply of fresh pure water. We first got a good wash, then built our grass hut, then held matins, and now, time, 9.30 a.m., are enjoying our Sunday's rest. It is said that a twelve miles walk to-morrow will bring us to the first village on the other side of this barren waste, and right glad shall we be to be thus nearing the coast and, as it is said again, to buy fowls at ten for a shilling! One of our men bought for his old cloth a quantity of bhang (*Cannabis Indica*) from a caravan that passed us with a view to selling it at a profit at the coast. I have forbidden him to do this. He is to throw the bhang away, and when I return to Masasi I shall seriously consider the question of forbidding the growth of bhang in our people's shambas there. Several of the Masasi men grow it now, and from time to time take it down to the coast and sell it to the Banians, who smoke it; its deleterious and intoxicating effects are well known. Our path has lately made too much southing to please me. I fear after all that we shall emerge at the coast at Luli, but thirty miles below it on my map owing to an erroneous fixing of the position of Mwaliya's.

*25th July.*—We walked badly to-day, requiring very frequent halts for rest owing, no doubt, to the fact that we have been living on porridge and beans and biscuit only, with no meat, not even fowls, for the last four days. We were, however, rejoiced to come again to



inhabited country, and to have left the seventy miles of dried up forest land with all its wearying monotony behind us. We halted for the night at a town near a small hill in the country of one Mwigama, and here we shall have to stop all to-morrow to buy food for the rest of the journey to the coast, there being no town large enough between this spot and the Luli town to ensure our being able to buy flour enough to suffice us. *N.B.*—Fowls are not ten for a shilling here but only six; still in England twopence each would not be thought expensive for laying hens.

26th July.—We rose early and got a grass hut built for our shelter from the sun's heat in this open exposed place. Just as we had finished this piece of work the chief man of the district, one Mwigama, sent down to our camp to ask why we did not come to the town and to beg us to do so. We sent back word that we had already built our *sakasa*,<sup>1</sup> and did not wish to leave our present halting-place. Shortly after sending this answer we heard that he was coming to pay us a visit, and the shouts or rather yelps of his people attending the kitanda on which he was borne announced his near approach. We rose to meet him, and the four men, bearing the kitanda with their chief reclining thereon in his finest clothes, brought their burden to the front of our hut, but did not deposit it. This was awkward, for it was hard to pay our salaams while he remained, so to speak, poised in mid-air. I accordingly asked why the kitanda was not at once placed on the ground, and the ridiculous answer was made, "We can't let him down till you pay us a trifle for bringing him here". I demurred to this as an absurd custom we could not recognise. Forthwith they let him down and

<sup>1</sup> A temporary grass hut.

he paid us a twenty minutes' visit, during which I told him, through our interpreter, what brought us to his village, whence we came, and whither going, etc. He made no answer, but requested to see our guns, and gave us a very, very small goat. We made a suitable return present, and then the demand for cloth was again made by his bearers. This time I fear I was rather artful, for I said: "I should feel shame in paying a great man's men for bringing him to see us. Had they no honour for their sovereign? Would they do nothing for him without payment? Where was their loyalty?" and so forth. They were silenced, and our uninteresting visitor was shouldered again, and again yelps were set up which died away in the distance, while we, fatigued and lazy, returned to our mats and slept soundly. Goldfinch had fever again in the evening, and was unable to eat anything.

*27th July.*—Goldfinch no better, but walked pluckily on during the whole of the long eighteen miles we have come to-day. We met a caravan starting from Luli richly laden with cloth, beads and barrels of gunpowder. They are people in the pay of Banians, going far up the country to buy ivory and possibly slaves. We find that in these parts our beads are unfashionable, the Masasi favourites not being in request here, but instead of them opaque white, rose pink and jet black are wanted; also, our half-dollar cloths are of no use at all. The country through which we passed to-day is more undulating and a trifle more interesting than the levels, ranges and stretches that lie between here and Mwaliya's. As far as we can tell we are now from forty to sixty miles from the mouth of the Luli, but native report varies on this as on most other questions.

*28th July.*—Goldfinch awoke refreshed by a good

night's sleep, and reported himself quite well. Accordingly we braced ourselves up for our walk and started betimes. We came after walking seven miles to a dry river bed, where we cooked our porridge and rested through the heat of the day. Starting on again at about two p.m., a short walk of four and a half miles brought us to the brink of the river Luli. Where we came upon it, it was a broad sheet of golden sand with streams of varying width, now joining, now disuniting again, and then forming countless islets, running along it. From bank to bank we judge its width to be one mile. We have enjoyed a delicious bathe in the swiftly flowing shallows of this fine African river, which realises indeed the allusion to African rivers in Heber's hymn. Some huge birds are hovering about, and others, cranes, I think, are stepping daintily along, and anon drinking from the brink as they pursue their course along the sandy stretches. It is just seven weeks to-day since we were encamped on the Rovuma sand as we are to-night on that of the Luli. Of the two spots this, I think, has the palm for beauty.

*29th July.*—We actually arrived at 4.30 p.m., after a seventeen miles' walk, at the port (?) of Luli, scarcely four miles from its mouth. It is a tiny town, boasting no stone houses, no fort, no Portuguese governor. Perhaps there are as many as one hundred houses in all, and these poorly built of grass, with cocoanut leaves for thatching. Somewhat to our dismay we learned that there were no dhows at Luli, neither would any be able to leave the port till after the fifteenth of the moon, when the full tides would be up. This piece of information made us resolve to proceed at once on foot either down the coast to Mozambique or up it to Chisanga. The trade of Luli consists of semsem (sesamum), gum-copal,

millet and rice, bought up from the natives, who come down to the coast to sell it, by the Banians and other traders, and forwarded by them to Mozambique, where they all have houses of business. There is no export trade whatever up the coast from Luli; there is no money in use. All transactions are carried on with cloth and beads, as we carry them on up in the interior. There is nothing scarcely but the actual presence of the sea and that of Banians to remind us that we are in a coast town. Swahili is hardly spoken at all; Makua is the language of trade. There are a fair number of Comoro people in the place, but no sign whatever of Portuguese occupation, though this coast town is a bare hundred miles from their principal port, Mozambique itself. So much for Portuguese colonisation. It is, I believe, close upon four hundred years since the coast here fell into their hands! Except when the tide has been on the flood three hours or so, and from then till some time after its turn, the water of the Luli at the town itself is perfectly fresh and sweet, and so shallow are its waters that at low tide it is possible to cross from here to the town on the opposite side almost dry shod. The fierce-looking Walomwe Makuas come down from their mountain fastnesses in Irati to this town to exchange their grain, etc., for cloth and gunpowder. We have seen a large number of them with their frightfully conspicuous tattoo marks.

*30th July.*—The Banians readily let us have twenty dollars' worth of cloth and beads, for which I gave them a note to the Consul at Mozambique. With our stores thus replenished we were able to start off on our long trudge back to Masasi with no fear as to the where-withal for food-buying failing us. We walked but six miles, crossing the Ngaluna river, whose acquaintance



we had already made up the country. I forgot to mention yesterday that my calculations as to the position of Meto, etc., were wrong about thirty miles when we arrived at Luli, that is to say, the true Luli is some thirty miles east in longitude from where I expected it to be, and in latitude fifteen miles north. I am bold enough to think this no very great error in a circuitous walk of 500 miles with but a compass and common-sense to guide one. It must be remembered that I began calculations from Masasi and Newala, the true positions of which places have not yet been determined by sextant.

31st *July*.—I woke up thinking of E—— and her birthday to-day, and in a way drank her health in the morning basin of coffee. We said matins, and started off through perfect forests of borassus palms, alternating with long, level plains, almost treeless, until we reached our guide's town, where we cooked our midday meal and rested. We could not, however, keep the Sunday rest owing to the scarcity of food and water, and so we walked on till we reached the sea again at Mkufi, where there are Banians as at Luli trading in corn. We crossed a river near sunset and walked briskly on, revelling in the keenness of the monsoon as we followed the sea beach along firm white sand for about a mile and a half. Then falling in with houses and water we stopped for the night, and are enjoying the luxury of a clean house and two *vitanda*<sup>1</sup> to sleep on. The river Mkufi is not, I think, marked on the maps,<sup>2</sup> neither is the Mkaluma, which we crossed yesterday. There are cocoanuts hereabouts and badly smelling mangrove swamps, which we rather fear, knowing their fever-bringing tendency.

<sup>1</sup> Bedsteads.

<sup>2</sup> Of course it is marked on the charts.



It is a treat to be once more at the sea, listening to its ceaseless roar, and to be looking through the moonlight on its white-crested waves, stirred up by the strong south wind now blowing. The half-hour on the sands after sunset called back many a seaside walk taken at the same hour in past years at home with E—— and K——, and other dear ones who are no longer on earth; pleasant memories all of them, vividly brought back to me to-night by the sounding sea as it dashed its great rolling billows one after another at our feet as we hurried along on the African shore of the Mozambique channel. Yes, our weary, travel-stained feet are now carrying us rapidly north, and if all be well we should be nearing Masasi by the end of the month which begins to-morrow.

*1st August.*—Along the sands again with a delicious south wind blowing till we came to the first coast village in the district of Shanga. Here we cooked and ate cocoanuts and bought a few fowls. By twelve o'clock we were moving northward again by a road through many villages until near sunset, when we went down on the shore again at a village in Mrebwe. Here we fell in with a pleasant Swahili man, who said he had a small dhow in a harbour near, which was at present doing no work. We entered into an agreement by which it was arranged that this boat should take us for twelve dollars, to be paid in cloth, to Chisanga. I was glad to conclude this bargain, for now that the work of our tour is over I want to lose no time in getting back to Masasi, where there is much to be done.

*2nd August.*—Just after sunset we started in the dhow, and worked out of the river by moonlight with the oars until eleven p.m., when we cast anchor in Pomba Bay.

*3rd August.*—Took in ballast before sunrise, and then spread sail, whistling for the south wind.

*4th August.*—Contrary winds. We made in tacks about eight miles, and then at 3:30 gave up all hope of reaching Arimba, and ran in to the mouth of the River Tari, dropping anchor in a snug little creek nestling with its glittering sand in a forest of mangroves. We bought from a canoe some two dozen fine fish, bream, a species of red mullet, and a large fish, unlike any English sort. This last was excellent when we had given it a good boiling in sea water. Here we slept.

*5th August.*—Before dawn we sailed out of the river before the light wind which generally blows off the land in consequence of the vacuum there created by the ceasing of the process of radiation of the heat during the cool of the late night and early morning hours. Soon this gave way to the sea breeze of the day, a fair east and south-east wind. We slipped rapidly past cape after cape, and by four o'clock dropped anchor at Chisanga, where we were hospitably received by a kindly Arab gentleman.

As we passed through Chisanga this morning we saw and recognised the party of slaves with their Arab masters whom we had met at Mwaliya's. There was no attempt to hide themselves; they were all walking freely about the town, and building their grass huts just outside it. It is clear that on the Portuguese African main the Arabs are not afraid to carry on the illegitimate traffic in spite of the authorities, who ought to be active in stopping it. I think I have already mentioned that this caravan numbered 2000 souls, a very large proportion of them slaves.

*8th August.*—Every one is asking, "Who are these

people, these two Englishmen, who have dared to penetrate into the very capital of the Maviti country, who have parleyed with our dreaded foes, and who have returned thence unharmed?" It is quite amusing how much the people about here think of us in consequence of our visit to Chiwaru. They thank us for going and saying what we did to the Maviti and their Sultan, and firmly believe that henceforth the raids upon Chisanga and its vicinity will cease.

9th August.—Twelve miles brought us to Mwojia's, and we encamped by the water very, very hungry, and Goldfinch with fever. By two o'clock an all too frugal meal consisting of boiled rice with a spoonful of sugar was served to me by our cooking men, Hasain and Juma. This after our long walk finished me off, and I felt the fever fast coming on again. Mwojia came to the well to see us, and we were forced to go and take up our quarters in his town. He was very civil, and at once gave us a really handsome present of rice and a fat goat. We were as courteous as we could be while shivering and shaking with fever. Of course, it *was* difficult to make ourselves agreeable. Mwojia has all his wits about him, is a Makua, and takes no pombé. His town is very large, and his jurisdiction extends to many small towns to a radius of ten miles or so. If Karawa's town contains five hundred houses, this town of Mwojia's has at least eight hundred or nine hundred. The people are most particular as to fashions, and will sell no food for any of the beads we carry. Thirty miles more inland and those that are scorned here will be in great request, while goats may be had for the asking. A few words with Mwojia as to our teaching and mission, and then I wrapped myself shivering and shaking in the ample folds of my Austrian blanket. Sleep came

about 3.30 A.M., when my poor head had split itself quite in two, and perspiration had at last come to its relief.

*10th August.*—Goldfinch and I emerged from our sleeping places looking at each other with the same thought expressing itself in our faces—How could we get through the day's walk? But we started, and, strengthened by a meat meal at midday, managed eighteen miles by the time we halted for the night near a small Yao town. On the way we passed several Makonde towns, and left the Maviha hills to the north. Vast fields of mtama wherever we found Makonde. They *do* bring the ground under cultivation for this grain, and, if stupid, timid and dull, know how to lay by a goodly store of grain each year.

*11th August.*—Last night, after I had finished writing my journal, the head man of the town, one Namaru, came down to our encampment to visit us. He was a very very stout man, and certainly one of the pleasantest chiefs we have met on this journey. I talked with him for a long time, and found that he had known Livingstone, having in past time lived on the Rovuma near the Matiu. He gave us a fowl and some flour, promising to come and bid us farewell in the morning. An unpleasant occurrence, which threatened to put us to rout, was quelled by him to our great relief, for a number of drunken Yaos bore down upon us as we were quietly cooking, and began pointing their guns at our guide. The excitement of drink revived in them an old grudge, and but for Namaru's interference we might have fared very ill at their hands.

*13th August.*—This day two months ago I left Masasi, and now we are hurrying back there anxious to waste no time on the way, and more anxious still to hear home



news. How one does think of them all in England while plodding on through these African wastes!

*14th August.*—There are the footsteps of old king lion along the sand; are we fated never to see him? I must confess to a childish eagerness just for one peep, but so far he has persistently hid himself, here letting us see his footprints, there letting us hear his sonorous roar, but beyond these distant signs of his proximity he will not venture; bashful as any young lady just “coming out”. The sensitive plant grows along the bank here, and we have seen some ducks on the wing.

*15th August.*—We are now leaving all the Maviha to the right of us. No one, it seems, is willing to pass through their country, and none know of any road that traverses it. All laugh at the Maviha, all affect to scorn and despise them, yet as certainly all are afraid of them.

*20th August.*—Goldfinch’s fever strong upon him. Kaluma gave us a guide to show us on to the road to the Rovuma, and we immediately on leaving his town began mounting the hills to the north. Soon, though, we were descending again, and in two hours halted by the side of a beautiful pure spring, by which grew tall ferns and mosses and large-leaved aquatic plants. Here we rested half an hour, and then plodded on again through stony, hilly country for three long weary hours. Goldfinch had started before me, and I passed him without knowing it on the way. Quite overcome by the fever he lay by the roadside unable to get on. The men brought me news of this as I waited for him near the Rovuma, and I sent some of them back with water and brandy, and in the evening he came on and was considerably strengthened by taking a basin of Liebig made very hot with curry powder. We made our camp at a



spot about a mile from the Rovuma, where some Matambwe cooked their salt. The tiny remnant of this almost extinct tribe hug the Rovuma, and live chiefly on its fish; they seem a poor miserable people indeed. In a very few years' time probably not a trace of them will be left.

21st August.—I am glad that our tour is nearly over. The constant walking day after day has been, of course, trying, and we have upon the whole dawdled very little. Our average number of miles per week counting in the rest days has been eighty-six, and we have now completed eight hundred since we started. Goldfinch is nearly well again to-day.

22nd August.—After I had penned that last sentence Goldfinch's fever returned, and he had a very bad night. We got away very early, and soon sighted a large herd of *ndogolo*, the antelope I mentioned before. I had a shot at one at 300 yards, but missed him. His flesh would have served us well, as our men were very short of food at the time. An hour afterwards I fired at a *swara*,<sup>1</sup> an antelope very like our own red deer. I hit him, but he was evidently not mortally wounded, for, upon being struck, he gave a bound into the air that astonished us all, and was soon out of sight in the thick brushwood. I hope it will be well understood that I use my gun only to aid the resources of our camp *cuisine*, or in plain words to get food, and it will have already been observed by the reader of this journal that my slaughterings in this interest have not been many, the fact being that I know very little how to handle a rifle. It was sunset when we reached Chilonda. I went straight up to the house and exchanged greetings with Matola, while Goldfinch made a *détour* in order

<sup>1</sup> Or swala. Probably *Æpyceros melampus*.

to visit his vegetable garden and bring away some of the spoil for supper. Excellent cabbages, turnips and green peas. Matola was very full of the visit he had lately received from Mr. Thompson,<sup>1</sup> who, it appears, is in the service of Seyid Barghash, visiting the Rovuma on the old coal quest. Our old friend Chuma was with him, and he has spoiled for us the old rate of buying and selling by giving just double what we were always wont to give for a fowl. Thompson seems to have made himself quite at home, spending two days at his own or Matola's invitation in our house. Matola, at his request, guided him as far Ngomano, and is full of stories about him.

*23rd August.*—After breakfast Goldfinch made some bread, and wrote a hasty letter for me to carry off to Masasi. At one P.M. I started with my nine men for the last stage of our long journey. We reached Mjombe's in two and a half hours, and shortly after five P.M. encamped for the night at Mkoo. I ate my porridge alone, having left my companion in travel in his home at Chilonda.

*24th August.*—We started at 6.15, bent on a long day's walk, so that we may arrive in good time tomorrow. We walked sixteen and a half miles before cooking the midday meal, and just as we were about to halt I saw four beautiful zebras who had scented or heard us, and were galloping away at great speed. Before sunset we made up our walk to twenty-two miles.

*25th August.*—By 9.30 A.M. we were shaking hands with Janson Porter and *all* our people on the baraza of our house at Masasi, and thus ended our journey. God

<sup>1</sup>The late Joseph Thompson, F.R.G.S.

be praised, who has led us in safety back to our homes after an absence of two and a half months.

# ITINERARY.

		Bar.	Miles.
June 13.	Masasi . . . . .	2700	...
...	Masuguru . . . . .	2100	18
" 14.	Mkoo . . . . .	1980	18
" 15.	Kilonda . . . . .	2670	13
" 16.	Forest . . . . .	1790	14
" 17.	Rovuma River . . . . .	1400	13
" 18.	Mkula's . . . . .	1400	20
" 20.	Ntiaka's . . . . .	1630	12
" 21.	Nechilem . . . . .	2600	16
" 22.	Mkoba . . . . .	...	13
" 23.	Kaluma . . . . .	...	8
" 24.	... . . . .	...	...
" 25.	Mparahanka . . . . .	2000	16
" 26.	Nambiti . . . . .	2100	21
" 27.	Mkonona's . . . . .	2130	10
" 28.	Forest . . . . .	...	17
" 29.	Forest . . . . .	...	11½
" 30.	River Mwiriti . . . . .	2120	20
July 1.	Forest . . . . .	2350	15
" 2.	Nchine's . . . . .	2500	15
" 3.	Chiwaru's . . . . .	...	5
" 5.	Forest . . . . .	...	19
" 6.	Nikokwe . . . . .	2500	15
" 7.	Kawariya's . . . . .	...	15
" 8.	Mwenja's . . . . .	...	15
" 11.	Mkaya . . . . .	...	24
" 12.	Mwaliya's . . . . .	...	5
" 13.	Mpupua's . . . . .	...	3
" 16.	Forest . . . . .	...	14
" 17.	Forest . . . . .	...	5
" 18.	River Namanka . . . . .	...	10
" 20.	River Mkaluma . . . . .	...	12
" 21.	Forest . . . . .	...	14
" 22.	Forest . . . . .	...	11
" 23.	Forest . . . . .	...	20

Carry forward . . . . . 457½



## PAPERS FROM NEWALA.

[These papers first appeared in 1886-87 in *Central Africa*, the Universities' Mission Magazine. The series was never completed.—E. M.]

## No. I.—INTRODUCTORY.

UNDER the above heading we propose each month to publish a paper until the series is complete. The main object of these papers will be to set before our readers a picture of missionary work as it is now being carried on in the Rovuma district of our own mission field. Paradoxical as it may sound, it is nevertheless our desire to pen these papers because we believe we have nothing particularly striking to narrate. We have long felt that the halo of unreality that often seems to cling to reports of missionary work is due to the anxiety of those who furnish them to describe striking scenes, and to dwell on the more telling illustrations and the more palpable tokens of success, instead of giving workers at home the simple story of the seed growing silently, and of the kingdom of Heaven "coming not with observation," which is in reality the true account of the progress of the Church here in Africa, not less than it is that of her life at home. If, therefore, in the course of these papers we are charged with becoming "dull," we shall not greatly grieve, so anxious are we to avoid giving the slightest ground for being taxed with having written a sensational or coloured report.



While our main object, as we have just said, will be to give an account of missionary work, we have purposely chosen a title for this series of papers which will allow digressions such as will, we hope, prove of some interest to our readers, on the tribes, the languages, the country and its natural history, the slave trade and other subjects. By such digressions we trust to be able to give a more real picture of our position out here, as well as of the conditions, so far as externals are concerned, of our life.

CHAUNCY MAPLES.

No. II.—THE CHRISTIAN VILLAGE AT NEWALA.

THOSE who have noted the vicissitudes which our work at Masasi and Newala has undergone during the past eight years, will scarcely need to be reminded that the Christian village at Newala has for its chief inhabitants those members of the released slave community formerly settled at Masasi, who, after the Gwangwara raid in September, 1882, were allowed to remain there. More than half the number of the released slaves at Masasi, fearing another descent upon the village by our formidable foes, returned to Mbweni soon after the raid, and because they had been the troublesome and unsatisfactory portion of the community, they have never since that time returned to the mainland, though their entreaties to be allowed to do so have been urgent and oft-repeated. The smaller half of the Masasi people, on the other hand, whose conduct on the whole had been during the previous six years exceptionally good, were permitted, and indeed encouraged, to remain at Masasi until a plan for their future location could be formed. Such a plan gradually took shape in a resolution, which,

after much deliberation and differences of opinion, was at length unanimously adopted, to migrate to Newala. This migration took place in July and August, 1883, and was, both as regards the people and the Mission property, easily and rapidly accomplished. A large house had been got ready for us by our friend Matola, to whom we had entrusted the building, while at the same time we furnished the necessary funds. He also housed and guarded the Mission property, as we sent it on from Masasi previous to our own departure, which did not take place until everything had been removed and nothing was left but bare walls.

Our houses at Newala stand on a spur of a hill that lies immediately below the steep escarpment of the Makonde plateau; and some half-way, in point of height, between the plateau and the level alluvial plain, through the centre of which, at a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles, flows the noble river Rovuma. The position is a fine one in every respect. The elevation above the sea-level of the hill whereon we have built our village is in excess by 300 feet of that on which our houses at Masasi stood, and being itself very considerable, is, no doubt, the prime cause of the healthiness of the situation.

From the back of our house we command an extensive view of the great plain of the Rovuma and the distant hills beyond, rising as they do in lonely isolation, and with a kind of solemn grandeur all their own, from the wide-spreading reaches and levels of uninhabited forest. Conspicuous in this view is the broad river itself, and if of its water we see but little, owing to the distance from which we survey it, yet its golden sand, faithfully realising the poet's description of the typical "sunny fountains" of "Afric," glitters and grows al-

most dazzling, under the glow of the tropical sun, as we gaze upon it from our gardens. During the rainy season, when the atmosphere—clear as it is at all times in Africa—is still more transparent, there seems to be scarcely any limit to the view as we look southwards across the Rovuma. Then it is that the summits—and, indeed, often very much more than the summits—of hills whose height we are ignorant of, appear on the horizon at a distance which we think we cannot be wrong in placing at from ninety to one hundred miles. 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 imagination, will realise 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, and with the society of not more than one or two of our fellow-countrymen from year's end to year's end, are not unmindful that this lasting joy is given by God Himself to be for us an especial boon and solace. But the vast expanse of country which is stretched out before us as we gaze southwards—this well-nigh boundless champaign, with its play of light and shade from the rolling clouds moving across it, and keeping it, as it were, in perpetual motion—does not exhaust all that we have to note in speaking of what the eye rests on with delight as it looks from the hill where our village is perched. Turning our backs on the Rovuma plain and looking northwards, quite a different scene presents itself. We are no longer gazing upon that magnificent sweep of trackless forest with its silent far off solitudes, and its jagged masses of rock and hill here and there cropping up from the level tree-clad plain. We now have

before us a view that is bounded suddenly, and scarcely more than two miles off, by the sharp-cut outline of the level top of the Makonde table-land. It is the bold southern escarpment of the plateau that we are looking at, in places almost perpendicular and bare of foliage or greenery of any kind, but standing out with the rich bright red of the ferruginous sandstone of which the whole plateau consists. In other places the cliff-like appearance is changed for a more gradual slope which is thickly covered with trees and thicket, and in one part, with which we are well acquainted, is overgrown by the common bracken fern, so familiar in our forests, parks and heaths at home. From our village to the foot of the escarpment the ground is very broken and irregular, and in many parts under cultivation, so that the little valleys and dales separating the numberless hills which occur in this space have been thickly planted with bananas, which not a little enhance the pleasing effect of the undulating ground which lies between our village and the Makonde country.

An African village does not take long to build when the materials employed do not go beyond what Africans in all ages have considered sufficient for house-building purposes. In a very few months, therefore, we were snugly housed; and, long before the rain set in, had even built a church of no mean dimensions. This edifice—if so imposing an name may be given to a church built entirely of bamboos, poles and thatch—cost, from first to last, not more than £20. It measures eighty-five feet in length by a width of twenty-eight feet, having its last bay railed off for a school which is practically a separate building. The building is, we think, of sufficient strength to last seven or eight years, provided no untoward event occurs to cause its destruction earlier.



The high winds, which for six months of the year blow with violence from the north, have rendered necessary some shoreing up of the poles which carry the roof, and which had been loosened and thrown out of the perpendicular, but the mischief has been stayed in time to save the building and to secure for it, in all probability, as long a term of endurance as if no list had occurred at all. We must reserve for the next paper some account of our villagers; and this will lead us to notice the internal and spiritual conditions of our work at Newala, while at the same time we shall try to make mention of the characters of some of the leading members of the community.

#### No. III.—“OUR VILLAGERS.”

THOUGH “Our Villagers” are for the most part those members of the released slave community formerly settled at Masasi, who were allowed to migrate to Newala when the station was occupied in July, 1883. Yet a slight addition to the population has been made since then: as for instance, when from passing slave caravans some near relative of one or another of our people has been ransomed, and given a home in the village; or, again, when our numbers have been increased by the occasional birth of an infant. But with these exceptions the people are just those whom we brought with us from Masasi, no released slaves having been permitted to leave Zanzibar in order to join us.

At the present time there are sixty-two adults, besides some twenty-two children. Of the adults forty are baptised, the remainder being either Catechumens or hearers.<sup>1</sup> Of the children there are sixteen baptised.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 74.



The others being the offspring of parents who are not yet Christians remain as their parents until such time as these last are brought to baptism, or until they themselves are old enough to be baptised as adults. Most of our people belong to Nyasa tribes, a very small minority being either Yaos or Makuas. Perhaps because they live far away from their own proper country, or because of a certain "clannishness" peculiar to them, our Nyasa people remain very exclusive, and are most unwilling to mix much with the Yaos and Makuas, who live around us. It is much to be lamented that they fail us in the very respect in which we had hoped that they would have been a great aid in influencing by their Christian conduct those outside whom we are seeking to evangelise. For while the good conduct of the villagers, as a whole, is certainly a matter which we may record with heartfelt thankfulness, and while it cannot but have a proper effect on our neighbours, much of the good influence which might be spread by the mere existence amongst them of a really God-fearing community is undoubtedly diminished by a certain indifference—in some cases, we fear, amounting to contempt—which is shown by our people themselves towards those who are without. While we are seeking in every way to attract others to our teaching and to our Church, our own Christian people manifest a kind of spirit which savours of the desire to stand aloof from them, and to maintain separate and peculiar interests which they are not eager that our neighbours should share. History seems to teach that this has in the past not unfrequently been the peculiar temptation to which young churches have been exposed—the temptation to cherish fondly their own privileges without really desiring to extend them to

others who have not yet received the like spiritual advantages. We strive, by constantly putting before our people the duty of recognising their missionary vocation as a Christian community in a heathen land, to induce in them at least a sense of shame at their own selfishness, that so they may be stirred up to lay aside all that now prevents them realising in practice what in theory we may hope they have long since grasped, namely that in Christ Jesus there is "neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free—for ye are all one in Christ Jesus". We mention this serious fault because we are anxious to give our readers a true idea of what our people are, neither hiding their bad points nor magnifying their good ones.

Most of the people in our village having come to us in the first instance as adults, are not able to read or write. Since they have had their own living to get, and to provide also for their families, it has not been possible for them to find time to be taught the three R's. All the instruction, therefore, that has been given has been confined to teaching them the doctrines of Christianity by means of the various classes held for them for that purpose. So far as has been possible we have followed the ancient discipline in this respect, and have caused our people to pass through the various grades of "hearers" and "catechumens," while under preparation for holy baptism. In this way such teaching as has been deemed necessary to prepare their minds for the reception of Christianity, has been imparted, while a somewhat long period of probation has afforded opportunity for testing the reality and growth of their avowed desire to "turn from these idols" and follow the true God, a definite apprehension of whose Being, attributes, and dealings with mankind, it is

sought to convey to their intellects by means of these classes. As for the most part, and so far as we are permitted to trace it, the desire for better things, and for a new birth unto righteousness, has only very gradually been formed in their hearts, so also it has been but very slowly that in their minds has arisen a real apprehension of the Christian revelation, and a strong sense of this fact with regard to these people, has led us always to prefer a protracted course of instruction and a long probation. This, however, must only be understood to be our general rule, to which, from time to time, there have been marked and happy exceptions; as, for instance, when God's grace abounding has, as we have believed, been made manifest in the heart of now this one and now that, in such a way as has led us, long ere the more usual time we allow for probation has elapsed, to exclaim, "What hinders this man from being baptised?" If such exceptions are rare, they nevertheless are among the very greatest encouragements that we meet with in our work, and have again and again, in times when the flame of hope has flickered low, and when faith in the regeneration of Africa has dwindled and become very faint, aroused in us new energies, and sent us to work again with fresh and more earnest prayers.

While the adult members of the village go out to their work and to their labour day after day, and are mainly occupied in gaining their bread by the sweat of their brow, as they hoe their fields and plant and reap and gather in their grain, some few among them who are not quite on the same footing as the rest, support themselves and their families by engaging in a higher work than that of tilling the soil. It is of these that we will speak in our next paper, when we introduce our readers

to the educational part of the work that goes on within the village itself.

Before leaving the subject of "Our Villagers," we must mention that these support themselves, and are thus in entire independence of us in this respect. They build their own houses with material they find themselves; they reclaim from virgin forest the tracts of country they cultivate, where they plant their cereals, vegetables and other esculents. They never suffer from want or hunger, save indeed when a failure of the crops reduces all alike to a state of starvation. Their clothes they obtain by working for us, either in building or cultivating, or going on journeys to the coast to fetch up our letters and goods. Thus they thrive and are prosperous, and have realised, in a degree that perhaps scarcely any other body of released slaves has as yet been able to do, the blessings and advantages of freedom.

#### No. IV.—OUR SCHOOLMASTER, EUSTACE MALISAWA.

By birth a Yao, and hailing from the well-known town of Mbweni, or Mataka's, our schoolmaster, Eustace Malisawa, came to the Mission quite a little boy, just twelve years ago. He was one of a large number of slaves captured and taken to Kiungani at the time when Mr. West, almost single-handed, was acting head there, Dr. Steere having gone to England to receive his consecration and appointment as successor to Bishop Tozer. Those who knew Eustace as his character began to take its shape and develop during the brief period that he spent at Kiungani, remember that he was conspicuous for the interest he took in the services of the Church, an interest, no doubt, that singled him out for a work



which the sacristan of the Kiungani chapel suggested to him, namely, that of finding flowers for the altar. The taste and liking for this employment which he then imbibed has not deserted him after the lapse of more than one decade, and it is interesting to watch, at the present time, the care he still bestows on this now self-imposed labour of love. While it was early in his career that he exhibited a spirit of reverence and devotion somewhat unusual in one in his circumstances, and with his antecedents, it was also early that he gave expression to his wish to become, in due time, a teacher of his own people, the Yaos. Such desires, as might be most naturally expected, are very frequently felt and declared by boys at Kiungani. In some cases they become faint, and disappear altogether when the temptations of opening manhood assail those who have, as little boys, been very visibly influenced by them. It is for this reason that, while all care is taken to encourage those who feel them, to cherish these desires, no very high expectations can in many cases be formed on the strength of them. Although Eustace was by no means a dullard, he was very far from being one of the brightest or most forward of the boys in the school. Indeed, when in reply to his earnest request that he might be allowed to follow us to Masasi, in order to help us in our work there, we at once gave our consent, it was because we believed in the resoluteness of his desire to be of use in the missionary work that lay before us, rather than in anything which pointed to his having a special capacity for the duties of a teacher. We took him with us, and we took him full of hope in July, 1877. Then for three years, during which he passed from boyhood to youth, he worked assiduously at his books in order to fit himself for the post he now occupies. It was during that time



it would seem it was given to him to realise more thoroughly the true meaning of life amidst African trials.

At the end of the year 1880 he married Amy Zanapo. From the time of his marriage until the migration from Masasi he conducted the day school there, and since that date he has been constantly employed in the same work at Newala. The difficulties of the post he occupies and the tact and sound judgment required for the successful fulfilment of all the duties connected with it, can only be properly estimated when the conditions of such schools as ours at Masasi and Newala are duly taken into account; for it must be borne in mind that our scholars are for the most part the children of parents who never express the slightest wish that their children should be taught, and who utterly refuse to assist us in persuading them to come to school; in not a few instances they even oppose their coming. In others again they are disposed to bargain with us, and frequently suggest that we should come to terms, and arrange to pay them for sending their sons to school! The utmost they will do is only to say that the children may come to us if they like, but that if they don't wish to come there must be an end to the matter. Thus, as will be perceived, attendance at school is not furthered by the parents of the boys. Then, as to the lads themselves—what forces can be set in motion in order to induce them to come to us, and to give up their life of absolute freedom, and to exchange the *dolce far niente* for the discipline and regular routine of school life? Will it be said that if we are careful to put before them very plainly the advantages of education it is likely that the boys will be willing enough to press forward in order to share them, or that at least such an argument must influence the parents, and that if we gain the

parents we have gained their children? But all arguments of this kind, however urgently pressed or clearly stated, have always failed of any result. Again, it might be thought that even in the wild children of Africa a desire to learn something that would raise them above their fellows would be almost certain to render them willing to exchange a life of idleness for one of study. Perhaps in the case of just one or two this has been the motive of their coming to us; learning for its own sake may also have been the inducement to one or two more.

But there remains the fact that day after day, and year after year, a fair proportion of boys from the neighbourhood of our stations of Masasi and Newala, have been first attracted, then held together, influenced, educated, and elevated by our schoolmaster, Eustace. The boys have trusted him because they have never failed to experience under his training that due admixture of kindness and firmness which gives him a power of controlling them, at once most effective and most beneficial. Not a few of those who have been, and still are, under his charge, seem to have imbibed something of his own force of character, while they have also learnt from him to cultivate habits of industry and diligence.

Eustace possesses several good qualities which are, unfortunately, rare in Africans. He is conspicuous for his punctuality, his assiduity, and his painstaking methods of setting about his work. He is essentially *thorough* in all that he does and in all that he undertakes; hence he is reliable at all times, and especially to be depended on, as he has proved repeatedly, at a crisis. There are many young men who have been brought up in the mission, who, judged by the standard of intellectual attainments,

are far better fitted than he is for the position he occupies as our schoolmaster, yet there is no one that we know of whom we would take in exchange for him, or whom we believe capable of serving so usefully in that capacity.

While his work brings him almost exclusively in connection with the children of our Yao and Makua neighbours, his every day life in his own home, after school hours are over, connects him with the released slaves, amongst whom, as one of our villagers, he has his abode. He does not forget in his intercourse with them to put into practice the Terentian maxim, adapted with an important alteration, *Christianus sum, nihil Christianum a me alienum puto*, and, although in no special way charged with a message to his Christian brethren, he has on several notable occasions vigorously set himself to work to uproot certain errors and vices which were springing up amongst them. Scarcely two years ago some of our Nyasas from the village having gone down to Mbweni for a while, and becoming infected while there with the taints of the Islamism of Zanzibar, by which they were surrounded, began upon their return to try and induce some of their friends to observe certain rites belonging to the religion of Mohammed and utterly at variance with Christianity. Eustace at once, with great earnestness, addressed himself to the task of driving away and banishing these strange doctrines, and was signally successful in winning back these backsliders from the error of their ways, and that, too, without the faintest whisper of what was going on coming to the ears of the priest in charge at Newala until some time after the mischief was stopped and the last traces of the evil had been eradicated.

It is Eustace's wish, as it is also ours, on his behalf,

that he may one day become a reader. There are, however, at present certain difficulties in the way of his promotion to this higher office. Doubtless these can be overcome in time, and he himself is content to wait patiently until that time comes. In his present position he is quite invaluable, and it would be no part of true wisdom to take him away from work for which he has proved himself so well fitted until we can be certain that in the higher position he would be likely to acquit himself equally well. He has the good sense to feel this himself, and when it was recently put before him in this light he cheerfully acquiesced in all that the bishop had to say to him on the subject.<sup>1</sup>

As yet Eustace and his wife have not been blessed with any offspring, but as though to make up for what has perhaps been a trial to them, a few years ago he found his own sister, a little girl of twelve years old, in a passing slave caravan. He had the happiness of being able to ransom her as she was actually passing down to the coast to be sold and shipped away, and now she lives with him, a member of the Christian family, having been baptised here at Newala a year ago.

#### No. V.—“OUR ANIMALS.”

WE promised ourselves and our readers at the outset a good deal of liberty in these “Papers” as to our choice of subjects on which to discourse.

Flowers, trees, birds, reptiles, minerals, languages, native arts, native superstitions, as we meet with these things at Newala, will all claim separate notice amongst our digressions by-and-by, and therefore we shall at

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Eustace Malisawa was ordained deacon in 1898.



present confine ourselves to some remarks about our *fauna*, and to that special branch of it under which are included all those animals which are known scientifically as *Mammalia*.

Zoological geography, as elucidated for us by the able pen of the famous author of the *Malay Archipelago* in his later, though scarcely less widely known volume on the *Geographical Distribution of Animals*, leaves us in very little doubt as to the reasons why in the part of Africa whence these papers are written, we must not be surprised to find that although the *fauna* is so rich, and the larger *Carnivora* and *Ungulates* are so abundant, yet there are no specimens of the great family of the bears and none of that of the deer. Establishing his reasoning on the firm basis of the splendid "yield" made by the sister science of geology in recent years, he leaves us no ground for wonderment that while here at Newala the lion, the leopard, and the hyæna infest our forests, living mainly upon antelopes of different sizes; in the neighbouring island of Madagascar these animals do not exist. Following his "zoological geography" we are not puzzled when we find numerous cases of similarity between the forms of insect life here in tropical Africa and those in South America; while we can at the same time realise why a still greater similarity exists between the *fauna* of South America and Madagascar, than between either of these countries and our own tropical Africa.

Of the thirteen orders of mammals, as enumerated by Mr. Wallace, only four are unrepresented in the neighbourhood of Newala. Two out of the four unrepresented orders are those of sea animals—fishes we should call them but for the fact that the *Cetacea* and the *Sirenia* are not really fishes but mammals. The



other two unrepresented orders include the *Marsupials* and the *Monotremata*, which are confined to a very limited area of the earth's surface. Thus we may say that the class *Mammalia* in our district is, as regards its orders, very completely represented, while the families that make up these orders are also, especially in respect of the *Carnivora* and *Ungulata*, very strong in point of number, showing also both as regards genera and species a proportionate variety. The presence of several families of the larger carnivora with various genera, such as the lion and the leopard, among the *Felidæ*, and two species of the *Hyænidæ*, will account for the far smaller number of *Insectivora* than are to be found in the adjacent island of Madagascar, while to the same cause is doubtless due the fact that the great number of ungulates, especially of the family *Bovidæ* with its various genera of large antelopes, is kept from completely overrunning the country, which, with its extensive forest ranges, is so well adapted to their development and increase.

Some six years ago, we paid a visit to that happy hunting ground of geologists, Kent's Hole, near Torquay. We stood in the cave and peered through the gloom of the interior by the aid of the doubtful flickering of a farthing dip, until we traced, hard embedded in the lower breccia, the bones of the hyæna, the bear, the lion, and we know not what other fierce mammals besides, that had lain there for many myriads of years. We were looking then at these relics of a bygone geological æon as they lay beneath a stalagmite floor that was gradually forming over them at a time when a wide sea separated south and central Africa from its northern coasts, when these in their turn were doubtless at the same time linked on to that enormous palæarctic continent of which our little England is a tiny frag-

ment chipped off but yesterday. Thousands, doubtless hundreds of thousands, of years rolled on, and the lion and the hyæna and the leopard, but not the bear, for it couldn't, and we know the reason why, quitted the rapidly freezing continent and travelled southwards. Troops of deer would fain have followed them, but the conditions of the intermediate country were not favourable, and they were baffled, so never reached tropical Africa. So, too, when the bears found the Atlas Mountains to be their *ultima Thule*, the *Felidæ* and the huge *Bovidæ* pursued their journey alone, and finding some sort of causeway—nor is it difficult to determine where such a causeway must have existed—they crossed what had once been ocean, and as immigrants, took up their permanent abode in the vast continent south of the Sahara. Thus it may be that here at Newala, in the year of grace 1886, we hear sometimes at night the cries of the hyænas and the roars of the lions, the bones of whose ancestors we saw gleaming through the darkness in the solid breccia below the stalagmite floor in Kent's Hole, Torquay, just six years ago.

But *revenons à nos moutons*—lest we should out-digress our own digressions. Let us now speak of various mammals in their habits and their peculiarities, so far as we have become acquainted with them during our residence among them. In the order of mammals known as “primates,” we of course encounter very interesting types of the *genus humanum*, but perhaps these will require a special paper, since their habits and peculiarities have naturally come in for a larger share of our attention than those of the animals of whom we will now say a word or two, *viz.*, the monkeys. The larger apes of the family *Simiidae* are not to be found in East Africa, and it is probable that all the monkeys that we have

noticed here belong to the same family, that of the *Cercopithecidae*, and in that family to two genera—one or perhaps two species of the genus *Papio*, the baboon; and two, or perhaps three, of the genus *Cercopithecus*. We remember that when we were travelling in November, 1877, through the woods between Masasi and Chitangali, we saw a huge baboon standing erect, watching us as we passed. As far as we remember we thought it to be of the size and stature of a full-grown man, and it was tawny in colour like the smaller baboons, its congeners. Probably it was but an unusually large specimen of the same species of baboon that is common everywhere hereabouts. These baboons are specially abundant in the Masasi hills, from which they constantly descend to the gardens below, where they make great havoc amongst the standing corn, stealing and eating bushels of the grain itself. They have also been known, from time to time, to carry back with them to the hills small children, whom they have found straying from the villages. Tame specimens of this baboon are not unfrequently domesticated by the Yaos and Makuas. The other two specimens of the *Cercopithecidae*, which are common in our district, belong probably to the genus *Cercopithecus*, and mainly frequent the dense, deep green foliage of water-loving trees, palms, and creepers, which abound in the ravines and gullies. Here these agile creatures may nearly always be met with, and their chattering may be heard as they play about amongst the branches of the luxuriant tropical vegetation, which is so highly developed wherever perennial springs and fresh running water woo the “cool winds that from the glade,”—and feed from their unfailing sources the trees that do there—“crowd into a shade”.

But perhaps more interesting than any of the three or four monkeys with which we are familiar at Newala is that other animal belonging to the first order, and classed as a primate under the family of the *Lemuridæ*, which is known generally as the *Galago*. Both at Zanzibar and in the great Yao forest this little animal, first cousin to the celebrated lemurs or Madagascar cats, literally abounds. It is nocturnal in its habits, and feeds chiefly on insects and fruits, with a special *penchant* for bananas. Africa is the only home of the galago, and here it has a very wide range, being found in one or another of its fourteen species so far away from Zanzibar as the Senegal river and the southern borders of the Sahara. If we reckon it as a lemur, it is nearly the only one of that family that occurs out of Madagascar. It utters a loud shrill cry when excited, but this is rarely heard except at night. Six years ago we took a galago to England for a friend who wished to send it to a nephew of hers. It arrived in the summer months, and being not very highly prized, was soon consigned to the care of Zoological Society. There very much was made of it, and it was given a special cage in the corner of the monkey house. Of course, we visited it several times, as being the only friend who had known it in the land of its birth; but, alas, even these visits availed not to restore its broken spirits, or to reconcile it to the altered circumstances attendant upon a residence in a foreign country. It soon succumbed, and one day when calling at the monkey house to make the usual inquiries, we were informed that it was dead, and an ungainly sloth occupied its vacated cage!

The second order of mammals, the *Chiroptera*, seems to be represented in our part of Africa mainly by one part of the six families into which this order is divided



—the *Pteropidæ*, or fruit-eating bats. Members of this wide-spreading family, we cannot say of how many different genera, are very common at Newala.

We have found specimens whose extreme length from end to end of the flying membrane, have reached two feet, with head and bodies proportionately large. A very light-coloured smaller variety has also been noticed. Beyond the voracity with which they consume our bananas, we have nothing to narrate of them, and therefore pass on to notice some more interesting mammals which belong to the third order, the order *Insectivora*.

It is in this order that we find the curious little animals known as *Macroscelididæ*, or elephant shrews. They abound in the woods near Newala, and it is a favourite amusement with the children to set traps for, and catch them. They are in size equal to a large rat, having a strong musk odour—a fact connected with them hitherto, we believe, unnoticed by naturalists—and with a prettily marked skin of rich brown above and white in the neck and belly. They have a trunk-like snout, hence their name, and very long kangaroo-like hind legs. Weak and defenceless as these little creatures are, probably their possession of glands containing musk has been the cause of their survival in a country where so many carnivora abound. The large family of *Soricidæ*, or shrews, contributes several species near Newala, but on the whole, the *Insectivora* as an order is very feebly represented in East Africa; and the reason, as we have already pointed out, is not far to seek, and will become at once patent as we proceed to give the details of the unusually large number of *Carnivora* which the fourth order of mammals presents in this country.



The family of the *Felidæ* in this order is, as has been noticed, very conspicuous here. First and foremost of the family, ranks of course, the king of beasts, the *Felis leo*. Although it is rare to find these noble animals herding together in large numbers, there are few places with which we are acquainted in our neighbourhood which have not at some time or other been visited by one of these highly developed carnivora, and many are the lion stories that we might relate. Personally, we have never seen a lion in its wild state, although we have heard his roar, close enough to our camp fires to be unpleasant; as a rule the East African lion is not distinguished for any peculiar degree of ferocity, but he is nevertheless a dangerous creature when once he has made trial of human blood.

It is then that the natives bestir themselves and band together to hunt him down. Lions are known to break through the roof of native huts, and to kill all the inmates they find there, but they prey chiefly upon the larger ungulates, such as the sable antelope, the eland, and the kudu, whom they hunt down, kill, and eat to the bone. Three and a half years ago one of our Christian men was killed and completely devoured by a lion, while, with one of our missionaries, he was visiting the Gwangwara villages. Next to the lion comes the African leopard or panther—for let no one suppose that the different names denote a different animal—which is also very abundant. It is the plague of the poultry yard, but rarely attacks man unless molested by him, when it becomes at once exceedingly dangerous. Our East African variety is of considerable size and remarkable beauty. There are no lynxes near us at Newala, though at Nyasa they are, it is said, sometimes met with. Other genera of the *Felidæ* are, on the other hand, fairly common with us.

The family of the *Viverridæ* under which are classed the civet cats and genets is very numerous both in East Africa and Madagascar, the common civet cat (*Viverra civetta*) we have sometimes tried to domesticate at Masasi and Newala, where it has been brought to us very young. It has a black head and long muzzle, and its body, though very dark upon the whole, has stripes. A lighter coloured variety, much larger and very different in appearance, with a shorter head and lighter stripes, is perhaps equally common. Far more attractive than either of the varieties of the civet cat is the beautiful sleek little animal called the genet, whose fur is so highly prized in Europe for dress trimmings, muffs, cuffs, etc. In domestication this lovely creature soon becomes very tame, and does excellent service sometimes as a rat-catcher. Several other species of the *Viverridæ*, which we have not been able to identify, are found here.

The *Hyænidæ* are found throughout Africa, and certainly meet with the contempt they seem to deserve by reason of their skulking, sneaking habits. Possessed of a strength of jaw second to not one even of the great *Felidæ*, as the bones they grind almost to powder will amply attest, the hyænas are nevertheless cowardly to a degree. They act the part of scavengers, and prey on carrion and corpses. Times of great hunger will sometimes urge them to carry off a defenceless child, but they are rarely known to attack a man. In African folk-lore and beast-fables the hyæna is always the animal who is the butt of the rest, the laughing stock of the hare—the hare being to African stories what reynard is to European fable—and the victim of every conceivable trick and practical joke that the other animals, either singly or in combination, can devise to play off on it.

Both the spotted hyæna and the banded variety are known in our latitudes. Although their so-called laugh is rarely heard, one of the most ridiculous cries we know is that which the hyænas raise as they prowl around our houses at night trying to get at our poultry.

In the family of the *Canidæ* we find a variety of wild dog, which is met with in huge packs, carrying death to the antelopes it hunts and devours, but skulking away from the presence of man. A very prettily marked fox-like animal, timid and retiring in its habits, also belonging to this family, haunts our East African levels.

Among the *Mustelidæ*, in which family, weasels, otters, gluttons, badgers, ratels, and their allies are grouped, some interesting genera inhabit our regions, though we have not been able to identify many of them. Specimens of genera under each of the three sub-families reckoned under the *Mustelidæ* are known to us, that is to say, varieties of weasel (*Mustelinæ*), otter (*Lutrinæ*), and ratel (*Melininæ*). The ratels are, as their zoological name implies, honey eaters, besides being carnivorous.

Under the seventh order of mammals, that of the *Ungulates*, one family is conspicuous for the large number of genera and species East Africa, as we know it, supplies. It is that to which belong all the famous antelopes that attract hunters from every part of Europe to traverse its wild forests in pursuit of them—the family of the *Bovidæ*. In the sub-family *Bovinæ* we have the buffalo, fierce and untameable, very unlike the species domesticated in North Africa and Europe. In the sub-family *Tragelaphinæ*, most abundant is the *Oreas* or eland, the cow-antelope, which it has often been hoped will one day become domesticated in Europe. To the same

group belongs the beautiful kudu with its long spiral horns and striped skin, almost the handsomest of all the antelopes. Agile as it is, it nevertheless falls an easy prey to the lion, and when it flies from its cruel pursuer throws its head back, and thus causes its huge horns to lie along its back and allow a freer passage through the trees that lie in its path. But to our thinking a yet more handsome animal than the kudu is the jet black sable antelope, with its glossy skin and ribbed horns so magnificently curved. The water-buck, another fine animal, and various species of bush-buck, reed-buck, and other smaller antelopes are common, and last, but not least, in the large family of the *Bovidæ* is that eccentric creature the gnu (*Connochætes*). No animal appears so fierce, and is yet so harmless, as the horse-tailed gnu of East Africa. Unwary to a degree, it allows a sportsman to approach quite near it before showing any sign of stirring, then, with a feint of rage, it lowers its head, and runs full tilt for thirty or forty yards, only to stop and stare again at the intruder, who then easily gives it its *quietus*. We have often watched with amusement the manœuvres of herds of these strange-looking animals we have met with on our journeys, and have several times been able to notice their curious habit of taking with them one solitary zebra in their herd. A very odd sight indeed is presented when one zebra leads a herd of these awkwardly ambling gnus, whose uncouth appearance and eccentric behaviour form so striking and ludicrous a contrast to its own graceful action and sleek and shapely form.

We have said that out of the thirteen orders into which the mammals are, according to some of the highest authorities, divided, nine are represented near Newala.



It is scarcely correct, however, to exclude from our reckoning the sixth order of mammals, which embraces the family of the *Manatidæ* or sea-cows, for in this family a famous species peculiar to the Indian Ocean is found on the coast near Lindi, the well-known 'dugong' or seal-like animal that frequents the mouths of great rivers and is herbivorous.

The *Cetacea*, too, are not unrepresented as an order, if we include under our district of East Africa the ocean whose western extremities lap its shores.

While noticing a large family of the eighth order, we are led to remark upon some representative genera in other important families belong to it.

The *Equidæ* are found in two species of zebra, than which, to our thinking, there is scarcely any African animal more sleek and beautiful in its appearance. As might be expected from their marking they are noticeable at a great distance, and it is a striking sight when for the first time one comes upon a large herd of them grazing. They are, however, wary animals, and are easily startled, galloping off at a racing speed as soon they catch sight of man. They are dangerous when wounded, and know how to use both their teeth and their legs if they are approached after they have been partially disabled and are not able to run.

Rhinoceroses and hippopotami, which abound in Africa, are, as palæontology teaches us, comparatively recent immigrants, yet there are no animals which we more commonly think of as Africa's most representative species. Few people who steam down the Thames, Africa bound, trouble themselves with the reflection that far below its muddy bottom in the miocene deposits there lie the bones of ancestral types of both these huge mammals, but if, after landing in Africa,



they have occasion—as we had recently—to paddle up the Rovuma in a canoe, they will have more need to notice and steer carefully out of the way of the living descendants of these animals, of whose existence Africa in miocene times was wholly ignorant.

In the family of the *Suidæ*, the true *Sus* or wild boar, is, as is well known, not found in Africa. The wild boars of Zanzibar island are an importation, and are really the descendants of the domesticated pig which the Portuguese introduced there more than three centuries ago. The family of swine, however, is represented by two notable genera, the *Potamochærus chæropotamus*<sup>1</sup> and the *Phacochærus* or wart-hog. Near Newala it would be difficult to say which of these two kinds of swine is the most common, since they are both so abundant. They are hunted by the natives, and are said to be easy shooting; that they are very good eating we have often proved by grateful experience.

Coming to the eighth order, with its one family, the elephant, we have little to say that every one is not perfectly well acquainted with, unless it be to give the details of the laudable attempt initiated seven years ago by the King of the Belgians, to tame the African elephant by setting before it the noble example of its useful Indian cousin, but we forbear to tell the sad tale of the successive disasters that brought that project to its untimely end.

Let us rather hurry on to speak of the ninth order, that of the *Hyracoidea*. This order, comprising one family only, the family of the *Procaviidæ*, is the most exclusively Ethiopian of any group of animals we have yet mentioned. It literally overruns Africa, but is

<sup>1</sup>An interesting account of this animal is given in the *Life of Frank Buckland*, pp. 384, 385.

found nowhere else except in Arabia and Syria, where we are familiar with it from the report of modern travellers as well as from the notice of it in the Old Testament. The hyrax, in the Syrian species, is the well-known and so-called coney of the Psalms, the Book of Proverbs, and the Pentateuch. Altogether it is mentioned four times in the Holy Scriptures, and the passage in the Book of Proverbs strikingly notes its chief characteristics.

Often and often as we have seen these shy little animals peeping out in pairs from the holes and crevices in the great mica schist boulders and crags at Masasi, have the words of the wise man recurred to our minds, "the coneys are a feeble folk, yet make they their holes in the rocks". The species of hyrax, or dassy, with which we are familiar in East Africa seems often to leave its lair in the clefts and crannies of the rocks for a scamper among the branches of lofty trees. It is pachydermatous, and in its skeleton and dentition somewhat closely resembles an animal appearing most unlike it to the casual observer, namely, the ungainly rhinoceros.<sup>1</sup> It is not a rodent and has no claim, whatever its exterior appearance may suggest, to be classed with the true coneys and rabbits. It has a very shrill cry, which, when heard through the stillness of the tropical night, penetrates to a great distance. We have not had any opportunity of bringing up a dassy, though it is an animal said to be capable of domestication.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Many of our readers will remember that in the *Reign of Law*, the Duke of Argyll illustrates his description of the law of correlation of growth by an account of the hyrax and its structural peculiarities.

<sup>2</sup> As the word "coney" is now nearly obsolete in the sense of rabbit, the Old Testament Revisers have retained it in the text as the representative of the Hebrew *shaphaw*, contenting themselves with putting "hyrax" in the margin.

In the order of the *Rodentia* with its sixteen families at least nine are represented, though space forbids us to notice more than a very few of them here.

The family of the *Muridæ*, the rats and the mice, is, to our great discomfort, only too well known at Newala.

That of the *Spalacidæ*, or mole-rats, is another very distinctive African race, occurring elsewhere only in the more temperate parts of Europe and Asia. As their name implies, they are burrowing animals, and so far have affinities with the mole, but they are nevertheless true rodents, and cannot, therefore, be classed with insectivorous moles.

The *Myoxidæ* (dormice) and the *Sciuridæ* (squirrels) also contribute several species in the Yao forest and Rovuma country.

The *Anomaluridæ* and *Octodontidæ* are other families of rodents, of which certain genera are East African, and, of course the almost ubiquitous rabbit and hare—the “reynard,” as we have mentioned before, of East African folk-lore and fable.

Last, though not least, among the rodents of Ethiopia we must speak of the “fretful porcupine,” than which there is scarcely any commoner animal, or one that does more damage in the gardens of the natives who live around us. Like a pig in its habits, and to a great extent in its appearance, it still more closely resembles that animal in the flavour of its flesh, which, especially when it is young, is a great delicacy.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>In the original paper in “Central Africa” my brother here expressed his belief in a story told by the natives to the effect that “the porcupine, when being stalked by the lion, suddenly stands still, and stamping its fore-feet upon the ground, projects from its body with considerable force a quantity of its quills, by which the lion is so severely wounded about the face, neck, etc., that not only is it forced

Two families of edentate animals are familiar to us at Newala, namely, the *Manidæ* and the *Orycteropodidæ*. The curious manis, or scaly ant-eater, the chief representative of the first of these families, has several times been brought to us both at Masasi and Newala.

In Asia, where it is also met with, it was given the name pangolin, by which it is perhaps, on the whole, better known.

No doubt it was first called *Manis*, because of its dismal appearance and its nocturnal habits. It is covered from the head to the tip of the tail with large horny scales, which overlap each other like the tiles of a house. It rolls itself up in a ball when frightened or sulky, and is furnished with long claws on the fore feet with which it digs for the ants which are its food. Like other ant-eaters, it has a long tongue covered with a glutinous substance by which it entraps its food. The specimens we have seen of this very curious looking animal have averaged about two feet in length, and the head has often appeared completely hidden by the large scales, from beneath which it peeps like the head of a tortoise from its shell.

The lion preys upon the manis, catching it when asleep and rolling it over with his paws so as to be able to rip it open when it is laid upon its back and there are no scales to offer any obstruction. The different kinds of manis are entirely confined to the Old World, being only found in Africa and Asia.

The *Orycteropus*, common near Newala, though we have never seen it, is the famous *Aardvark*, or earth-pig

to turn tail and leave off tracking its quarry, but also it often dies in consequence of the wounds thus received". Men of science, I understand, give no credence to this story, but it has been told by more than one traveller.—E. M.



of South Africa. It is not entirely toothless, though it feeds wholly on ants and small insects. It has powerful digging paws, and burrows so deeply and with such rapidity that it is extremely difficult to catch.

With the order of the *Edentata* our remarks upon the mammals come to a natural end, for the next two orders closing the series are, as we have said, unrepresented in Africa. But we must not omit to remind our readers that the edentate mammals, which are now only found in South America, Africa and Asia, were in pliocene times, developed into three huge types of mammals, with which we are familiar under the name of megatherium and mylodon, the so-called antediluvian animals from South America.

Since both South America and Africa must have been the original home of the *Edentata*, it is thought probable that geographical investigations, could they be carried on in the fluviatile deposits of Africa, would bring to light traces of huge mammals belonging to this order, far larger than the elephants which now roam its forests, equal in bulk to, and resembling in structure, the megatherium; such animals as must have gradually disappeared before the incursion, in the miocene period, of the ungulates and carnivora from the north, and which now only show traces of their occupation in the feeble remnants of the order, the ghostly *Manis* and the deep burrowing *Orycteropus*.

#### No. VI.—BIRDS.

It may interest those who take a delight in our English birds to know a little about their relations out here, from an unscientific observer's point of view, but they must not mind their preconceived ideas being a little rudely shaken,



or the bright picture they had formed being a little clouded. All the same, if we could describe them to you in proper terms your picture, though perhaps clouded, would be every bit as interesting. Perhaps the first thing that strikes us here is that the birds are less numerous and brilliantly-plumaged and more musical than we had expected. Of course, there is no songster here like the nightingale, but there is no lack of thrushes whose song is very full and rich. Many have notes musical in themselves, but they can hardly claim to be called songsters, being more peculiar than anything else. In many cases it is utterly impossible to liken these notes to anything. One of the birds which every one gets to know very soon is the *tipi-tipi*, a bird, we believe, of the cuckoo family. Its clear notes are best described by the term liquid, and remind one at once of water being poured out of a narrow-necked bottle. It is most common up on the Makonde plateau, and lets you get close up to it before it starts off with its noisy heavy flight. The turaco is another bird which one soon gets to recognise both on account of its notes and its brilliant plumage. The notes are not unlike those of the *tipi-tipi*, but without their soft measured cadence; it is a beautiful bird with deep red wings and very glossy plumage. It has a very comical action when perched on a tree, reminding one forcibly of those little toy birds whose head and tail fly up together when you pull a string somewhere. Very often a full deep note may be heard repeated at irregular intervals, like a note on the violoncello. This comes from the *lititi*. If you care to follow it up, you will see four or five huge birds grubbing about in the ground. They have long beaks, and their wings are tipped with white, and flap away very clumsily low down among the trees. They are

known as the lititi. The common crow here is distinguished by a broad snow-white band round its neck.

It is surprising how many miles one can walk through this wooded country hardly seeing a single bird, perhaps a solitary black fly-catcher here and there, and nothing else. This is generally noticeable in those long monotonous tracts of country covered with trees, but without any bush between them, only grass, which is all burnt up in the dry season. Except in very favourable localities, the scarcity of birds is always marked, owing, no doubt, to the great number of their natural enemies—hawks, snakes, monkeys, galagos, etc. Such a favourable locality, for instance, is the Rovuma, where there are as many birds as one could wish to see, white-headed fish eagles, huge white cranes and herons, pelicans, geese, vultures, and many sorts of water-fowl. But that is a twenty-mile walk from here, and we have no decent-sized river nearer Newala. The following families we believe to be more or less represented about us and the Rovuma: Thrushes, warblers, tits, orioles, fly-catchers, shrikes, crows, sun-birds, flower-peckers, swallows, finches and buntings, weaver-finches, wagtails, wood-peckers, honey-guides, barbets, plantain-eaters and turacos, cuckoos, kingfishers, hornbills, hoopoes, scansors, swifts, parrots, pigeons, tetraonidæ (grouse-partridges-quails), phasianidæ (guinea-fowls), falconidæ, fishing-hawks, owls, sand-pipers and curlews, plovers, bustards, cranes, herons, ducks and geese. Whether starlings, larks, and bee-eaters are represented, we cannot venture to say yet. The secretary-bird, which one might have expected to have found, is not known here. The birds of prey bear a large proportion to the others, though vultures are never seen here, they stay down by the Rovuma. We have kept a good many different

sorts of hawks and falcons of various kinds, the handsomest we know being a large bird with a cream-coloured breast, yellow legs, and a very piercing eye, with a bright yellow iris. At present we have only two large brown eagles, who quietly dispose of everything in the way of dead snakes, fowls, rats, goats, pigs, or any wild animal which has died on the premises.

If you will try and imagine yourself standing in our yard here at Newala, any morning, we will try and see what are the common birds we shall be able to recognise, either by sight or sound, without stirring out of it. Here come a pair of green parrots, screaming as only parrots can scream, but they are soon out of sight, though constant visitors. Farther off, down in one of the small valleys on either side of us, we shall hear the notes of the birds already referred to, the tipi-tipi and the turaco, very often, also the deep booming of the lititi. Now that the mtama is cut, a pigeon or two is pretty sure to be cooing away in a tree close by. Very soon you may hear a harsh and plaintive screech, which natives say is like a child crying. Do not go out of the yard to see what it is, a flock of five or six large black and white hornbills is in the woods close by, and you are sure to get a glimpse soon and can't mistake them with their clumsy flight, looking as if they were going to fall after every few strokes and then going on again. But now look upwards, perhaps you may see, especially if a goat has been killed here in the morning, a fine eagle (*Aquila Heliotarsus*) come soaring down the valley. If you wait a bit he will come within 150 yards of you, and you can see that he has a coal black head, a very short tail, a red beak and legs, and is white underneath the wings. If you shoot him, which I hope you won't, and it would

be a hard job, you will find he measures six feet from tip to tip, and is as grand a bird as you could wish to see. Higher up, almost out of sight, you will see his mate, and a pair of *nyanga*, commoner eagles with longer tails, wheeling slowly around. Lower down, a large brown hawk is sure to appear soon within a few yards of us. But the one most skilled in robbing a fowl of its brain, and then flying off again as if nothing had happened, is a small ashen-coloured rascal, the size of a kestrel. Add to all this a few clerical-looking black and white crows circling about, and you have some idea of the bird world within a few hundred yards of our houses here. Guinea-fowl, though generally to be seen if you go to the right places, do not come very close to the village, and if you want to get any for certain you must take a day in the woods. There are two sorts, the *kololo*<sup>1</sup> and the common guinea-fowl, the former being much the handsomer bird, having a crest instead of a horn, and a soft steely-blue tinted plumage. If you hear an astonishing chattering for a few minutes close by, which stops suddenly, it comes from a flock of about ten or twelve birds, very common here, who are probably searching a rotten old tree for insects. They remind one somewhat of magpies, and are handsome birds with long tails, coral-red bills, and glossy plumage. We believe them to be the red-billed *promerops*. Kingfishers are very common, not being at all particular about water. Once when we were out shooting pigeons, two very small kingfishers made repeated attacks on a pigeon, which had just been shot, as soon as it touched the ground, making stabs at it with their beaks as they flew swiftly by it, much to our surprise.

<sup>1</sup> *Guttera edouardi*?



In the more open country a small bird may be seen, black, with a very long and heavy tail, which seems very much in the way in a high wind. We do not know if this may be the whydah-finch<sup>1</sup> found in West Africa.

#### NO. VII.—“OUR SCHOOL.”

UNTIL nearly the end of last year, our school was mainly a day school. Now, it scarcely contains a single day boy, the scholars being almost all of them boarders in our house.

Experience taught us that it was well nigh impossible to undertake the proper training of the lads while they were not housed under our own roof. We have therefore changed our former method, and, as at Magila, aim at an even increasing number of boarders.

Some slight additional trouble, and, of course, an additional expense is incurred; but the gain to the work probably far exceeds the outlay, and we are able now to exercise a moral discipline in the education of the boys that was only practicable in a very small degree before the present arrangement.

As we write, our numbers stand at twenty-seven boarders, with some three or four day scholars; there is, therefore, an average daily attendance at the school of thirty-one boys. These numbers are exclusive of the children of our own villagers, some fifteen or sixteen in all, who are taught in a separate school by our under schoolmaster, Alan Almasi.

Our schoolboys belong to the three tribes—Yao, Makua, and Matambwi, and most of them are from the neighbourhood. The Yao boys are nearly all sons

<sup>1</sup> Probably a cuckoo.



of Matola's people and of himself. The Matambwi are all from the village of a friendly chief named Man-yamba, who lives on the Makonde plateau, three miles away, while the Makua contingent is formed by twos and threes coming from several neighbouring Makua villages, in particular from that of a friend of ours named Mlissa.

Our scholars are children of heathen parents, and are, with the exception of three or four who have been in the school a longer time than the rest, themselves unbaptised.

Education is carried on in the Swahili language, which is very soon picked up by the boys from their schoolmaster, and of which most of them understand a little from the very first.

Amongst themselves, the boys talk a great deal of Yao, Makua and Matambwi, with sometimes an admixture of Makonde, to which the Matambwi language stands more in the relation of a dialect than of a separate tongue.

Although at Newala we are situated close to the headquarters of the Makonde, owing to the exclusiveness of the tribe, and to other causes, we have as yet made no way towards evangelizing them, nor can we count amongst our schoolboys a single child of Makonde parents. Doubtless, however, the material furnished by our Yao neighbours is far more promising to work upon, and we are already finding that at Newala, as at Masasi, it is the work amongst the Yaos that shows the most satisfactory results.

Every week-day, except Saturday, is a full school-day, on which five hours and a half are devoted to study, and the day's routine at our school is as follows: Soon after 5.30 A.M., yet not before it is quite light, it is our

custom to give the boys a call and assemble them for morning prayers. These over, some few of the boys who have work to do immediately set about it. Two or three make up the fires and boil the water for our breakfast; another feeds the poultry and counts them; another collects and puts away the lamps which had been in use the night before; two or three others wash up pots and pans which were used for cooking the last evening's meal; while the two boys who out of school hours cook for us make any preparations that may be necessary for the morning meal.

Then at 6.15 A.M. the church bell is rung, and at the half-hour we assemble in church for matins. It is optional with the boys whether they go to the service or not, but most of the elder scholars avail themselves of the opportunity of attending service at least once a day.

After matins there is an hour to spare before morning school begins, during which we Europeans have breakfast. The boys have no food before midday, and have never shown the slightest desire to break through the native habit of taking but two meals a day. We believe that our plan of giving them two good meals, one at midday and one in the evening, cannot be improved upon. The other method of giving them three meals, two moderate and one full one, yields, whenever it has been tried, but scant satisfaction, as, indeed, it is likely to do, being so decided a departure from their own native habit in this respect.

Laying the breakfast table and, after the meal is over, clearing away and washing up the things, gives occupation to a few of the boys, who for this work each month receive a small remuneration, while the others sometimes fill up the interval with a game of

football, which of all games is the one they play best and like best.

A hand bell is rung at 7.45 A.M. to call the boys to school, and at the stroke of 8 o'clock—we have in a former paper spoken of our schoolmaster as a paragon of punctuality—school begins in right earnest.

The first half-hour is devoted to religious instruction with the first class, some seven or eight of the most advanced scholars, who are taken apart from the rest in a room by themselves. At present the instruction given to these boys during this half-hour is in preparation for baptism, and is in its character both dogmatic and hortatory; a more distinctly “Bible Class” being held for the same set of boys in the afternoon.

From 8.30 to 9 o'clock our native reader on some days, one of ourselves on others, gives religious instruction to all the rest of the school, imparting it through the medium of the Yao language, and adapting it to the needs of those whose ground-work of belief when they first come to us is but a vague and shadowy recognition of a Supreme Being. Appealing to their moral sense the “law written in their hearts,” he is careful to unfold to them, in their due order, those teachings about God which are included under natural theology, in preparation for further explanation of the Christian Revelation, which he subsequently imparts, though not until the moral law and its sanctions are thoroughly made clear to their understanding and brought home to their consciences.

As our school is but an elementary one, as soon as the religious instruction is over, the rest of the morning is given up to steady application on the part of all the boys to the three R's. It is really refreshing to look in at the school during these morning hours, and to witness

the vigour with which spelling, reading, "tables," dictation, etc., are going forward. It is then that we feel the value of our good schoolmaster, Eustace, and wonder what the school would be without him. "Hearty at work, hearty at play," is as true at Newala as it is in England.

At 11 o'clock, the recitation of "tables," the incessant din of alphabet and spelling stops suddenly, and, with a shout, school is dismissed, or rather dismisses itself, and in less than two minutes the foot ball is again to the fore.

This is the time when the boys' energies are at their height, and some really good playing up may be seen. Just one or two boys there are who do not join in the game, apparently *funking* on account of their shins. These are conspicuous for calling out loudly when some of the players infringe the rules by using their hands for other purposes than merely "touching-down" the ball, etc. Their admonitions are scarcely heeded, however, it being pretty well agreed amongst the players that those who don't play can know nothing about the rules of the game.

At 12 o'clock, soon after which hour we dine, the ball is put away, and the boys make preparations for their own dinner, a few of them waiting upon us and serving our meal. Their food consists of a mess of porridge made from the flower of the durra (*holcus sorghum*), which in Swahili is called *mtama*, and some relish, either fowl, or one or other of the various kinds of beans that the country produces. Occasionally the porridge is made from Indian corn flour, and sometimes boiled rice is substituted, but the staple food of the country is the porridge made from the durra, and it is undoubtedly more nourishing, if not also more toothsome, than either rice or Indian corn—*experto crede*.



Anxieties on the score of digestion are not present to boyish minds, as no sooner does the porridge disappear than the foot ball is again called into requisition, and another good game often precedes afternoon school.

From 2 to 4·30 P.M. the boys are again in school, the senior class devoting these hours to a Bible Class, arithmetic, and geography, and the rest of the school returning with unabated energy to alphabet, spelling, and writing. No lessons are done after 4·30 P.M. Then follows, after school closes for the day, an hour's play time, with evensong at 5·30.

The evening meal is prepared and discussed between 6·30 and 7·30, and at 8 o'clock, or soon after, we call the boys together for evening prayers, after which they very soon turn in, and are shortly all asleep.

Thus an ordinary week-day is spent in our school at Newala. Saturday mornings are devoted to a general clearing up, the afternoon of that day being always a half-holiday; while Sunday also brings its own employments and round of services to vary the daily routine. Saints' days are whole holidays, and at Christmas, Easter, and midsummer, the inside of a week is devoted to holiday making.

As we have already said, ours is but an elementary school, intended to afford a simple education in reading and writing to as many of the youths of the neighbourhood as can be induced, by the attractions our school presents, to come and be taught. Really promising scholars have an opportunity of gaining further instruction in Zanzibar, and to the college at Kiungani we shall hope, in due course, to send on those who show ability and habits of application while they are with us.

The school at Newala, it must be remembered, is only one part—perhaps not even the chief part—of the



work that has to be done at the station. It is, therefore, impossible for ourselves to devote more than a small proportion of our time to its care. We sometimes indulge in hopes for an increase in our school until double our present number is reached; yet, ere we could allow the school to grow to this dimension under our hands, we should have to bid for another European helper, who would come here with the sole object of taking charge of these boys, and being in fact their school-master.

#### No. VIII.—“WITCHCRAFT.”

WE take in this paper a subject, the importance of which can scarcely be measured in Christian countries where the traces of what was once a prominent feature of social life are now only to be found fossilised in language,<sup>1</sup> or in such survivals of ancient customs and beliefs as, having long since lost their former significance, still linger on in practices which in their present guise give even to the initiated but a bare glimpse of that vast system of occult art which originally engendered them.

It must be obvious to our readers that the subject is one which we missionaries have to study most closely and particularly, for it is indeed a great difficulty to know how to deal wisely with magic, as it comes before us in its multifarious manifestations, a difficulty which cannot be properly solved unless we first are satisfied in our own minds as to what witchcraft is in itself, and the degree of heinousness attaching to its practice. We

<sup>1</sup> The large number of words our English language retains in use at the present day, which point to what may be considered as one of the ramifications of the art of magic, namely “divination,” will readily occur to every one.

have to ask ourselves whether it is pure imposture on the part of those who traffic with it, whether there is any reality in the supernatural power it claims for itself, whether in some of its branches, perhaps only improperly included under such a condemnatory name as magic, as for instance "trial by ordeal," it may be, if not actually permitted, at least treated very lightly and passed over with simple admonition against its repetition in cases where newly made converts are found having recourse to it. To deal wisely with such a subject can of course only be the gift of Him who is Himself the Spirit of Wisdom, and if we, in these last days, would learn of Him how to treat practices so opposed to the doctrines we seek to propagate, we are certainly bound to make diligent inquiry into the attitude taken up, and the methods employed, by the true religion, first under the Jewish dispensation, and afterwards under that of Christianity, in combating witchcraft in the various forms it assumed amongst the different nations, the chief part of whose religion it was found in one shape or another to be.

Turning first to the Old Testament, we ourselves are led to concede that upon a review of the large number of allusions to witchcraft, of the legislation with regard to it, and the stories connected with its practice that occur therein, there is not sufficient ground for the view which many authorities of high repute maintain, that the Jews held a belief in the preternatural character of its processes and phenomena. Probably on this subject controversy will never be silent. It is, and will always remain, a moot point. Neither will the cause of Divine Truth suffer if the question be allowed to remain an open one, and be regarded as a mere matter of speculation and opinion. What is of im-

portance to notice is the fact that while in false religions, notably in Mohammedanism (*vide* Koran Sur : cxiii.) witchcraft and charms are spoken of as capable of causing harm to God-fearing men amongst those against whom they are worked, there is no trace of such belief in the Bible. The Koran, and not the Old Testament, inculcates a fear of the charms of sorcerers. The Old Testament encourages feelings of contempt and of abhorrence for witchcraft, not feelings of dread. Yet it treats it as a great sin, and imposes the severest punishments on those who practice it, herein exhibiting a striking note of the true religion which goes straight to the heart, condemning and punishing the sin that is there. For if, as our Lord tells us, "he who hates his brother is a murderer," and if, as we may be sure, even the earlier dispensation with its "love your friends and hate your enemies," contained within it much that would prove, as time went on, the death-blow to that concession to the "hardness of their hearts," then we need not be surprised if we find the Old Testament, while it refuses to assert that witchcraft embodies any real supernatural power, yet condemning it in the strongest terms, and imposing upon its infatuated followers the direst penalties.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For different views on the attitude of the Old Testament with regard to magic, articles in the *Bible Dictionary*, *Blunt's Dictionary of Historical and Doctrinal Theology*, and Sir Walter Scott's *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, may profitably be consulted. We regret that our library at Newala does not afford us access to the works of Lecky and Buckle, where mediæval witchcraft, is, if we remember rightly, exhaustively discussed. In mediæval times, Cornelius Agrippa (*De Occultâ Philosophiâ*) attacked the reality of witchcraft, and of him, if again our memory is not at fault, there is an interesting account by Mr. Henry Morley, in a book on Kabbalistic Arts, the precise title of which we cannot recall.

In the New Testament all the notices of witchcraft leave the question still open as to whether the powers claimed by sorcerers were or were not really exercised. But here, as in the Old Testament, magic is condemned and classed with the worst forms of impiety. The whole Bible, therefore, while it is silent upon the occult powers and claims of witchcraft, condemns it in the most uncompromising manner. Upon the speculative question the evidence is, upon the whole, though of a negative character in itself, *against* the supposition of the possession of supernatural powers by sorcerers. Upon the moral question of the practice of magic, the Bible sounds no uncertain note. From first to last it denounces in the sternest manner magic in all the forms in which it presented itself in those nations with whom the Jews and the infant Christian Church came into contact. Passing on from Apostolic times to the early ages of the Church, we find a widespread and almost universal belief in the reality of the phenomena of witchcraft. Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Lactantius, Origen, the author of the *Clementine Recognitions*, *Minucius Felix*, amongst ante-Nicene authorities, all bear witness to this, and confess the belief themselves, while St. Cyril of Jerusalem, and St. Augustine, amongst post-Nicene fathers of the Church, are not less distinctly on the side of the same belief. From the Christian point of view of these writers, and of all who, like them, inclined to it, witchcraft was the result of a league, either explicit or implicit, between the practice of the art and the Evil One; nor are we to suppose that because we find these fathers of the Church ridiculing magic as a delusion (as, *e.g.*, Tert. *De Animâ*, cap. 57), that they the less believed in the reality of its phenomena. They held, indeed, that demons were the real authors of the wonders worked



by the wizards, and consequently, that wonders—"lying wonders"—were worked; but they also believed that these demons could be controlled by an exercise of faith in all Christians whom those in league with the demons attempted to bewitch. Hence they speak of witchcraft with abhorrence and contempt, but never once as though they believed in its power to work faithful Christians any harm. Having regard to the motives that, in most cases, prompted the practice of magical arts, as well as to the imposture which, as it was admitted, made up at least a very great part of it, the Christian Church from early times has condemned all recourse to magic, and has often legislated on the subject. This legislation has, however, been at no time coupled with any authoritative declaration as to the reality of the occult powers which magic professed to exercise. From the Council of Ancyra (A.D. 315), to that of Tours (A.D. 813), decrees were over and over again enacted for the suppression and punishment of witchcraft within the Church, while the civil administration also took up the matter scarcely less vigorously, and imperial laws, with the severest sanctions, were from time to time made for the purpose of putting a stop to what was felt to be, in the early Middle Ages, a serious and a growing evil.

Such an inquiry, the main lines of which we have now indicated, is certainly of absolute importance when we have to deal with witchcraft as we find it stirring and active in the races and tribes to whom we have come preaching the Gospel of Christ. We want to act with force and decision in a matter of so much moment. We want to be clear about our own attitude towards it. We want to be sure, if it may be so, that we are acting as Christ Himself would have us act. The Bible may lead us to one view of the subject as a matter of speculation,



and the Christian Church to another ; that is to say, we of this age may think that the authors of the books of the Bible, and those Jews and Christians of whom they write, held one view, and that the early Church held a different one, as to the preternatural character of the "wonders" of witchcraft. But to think this is not to prejudice either the inspired writers or the Holy Fathers of the Church. What is of the last importance to note is this, that both the Bible and the Church agree in condemning witchcraft in the strongest terms, and classing it with all the grosser sins. It is not the precise power that may or may not reside in witchcraft which is allowed to determine the attitude that must be observed towards it, but the motive that prompts its exercise, and the evil which, even upon the theory of its being imposture from beginning to end, always accompanies it. Whatever view then may be held as to the preternatural claims of witchcraft, it is a machination of the Evil One, and as such meets with its deserts at the hands of those whose office it is to strive to defeat and destroy his inventions. We are, as missionaries of the Christian Church, pledged to no particular view as to the character of sorcery considered in relation to occult and abnormal powers, but we are pledged to strive by every means to put down those evils wherever we encounter them, and wherever our position gives us the power of acting in antagonism to them. The following observation in Professor Réville's *Les Religions des Peuples non-civilisés*, we take liberty to quote in support of the necessity for a study of this subject :—

"The craft of sorcery has been the universal practice of every religion, and even at the present day it constitutes the principal element in the customs and beliefs of a very large part of the human race."

We have already given reasons for our view that there is no necessity laid upon any Churchman who has in a missionary capacity to deal with this subject, to reject all belief in the preternatural character of the phenomena.

It appears also that neither is he on the other hand bound to retain this belief. So far as Church authority goes, he is free to hold what opinion he likes on the matter. He may form his own judgment upon his own experience of the facts as they come before his notice.

Few people, probably, are able to take a calm and dispassionate view of the processes of witchcraft. According to their prejudices, or to their preconceived ideas, they will for the most part be led to an opinion on this curious and perplexed subject.

In saying this we by no means desire to insinuate that we ourselves are among the few whose critical faculty is undisturbed by such bias. But if we now declare our judgment on this matter of the hidden powers with which witchcraft is credited, to be in a state of suspense, it is due in great measure to the fact that we have honestly made an effort to eradicate from our minds, when reflecting on what we have witnessed of the working of the black art, any bias which we have recognized as likely to give an undue influence to our opinions.

Reason will be shown for our belief that if the phenomena of witchcraft ought not to be dogmatically and decisively relegated to the sphere of the preternatural, as little can they all be explained on the theory of sorcery as a system of mere imposture.

It will be shown why we believe that diseases and deaths, which have been held by all the natives,

Christian and heathen alike, to have been caused by withcraft, may yet be explained by natural causes, while at the same time there is certainly room for the opposite theory as a possible, and perhaps in some cases a more probable explanation.

And first with regard to the common but very shallow view that all wizards and witches are, as such, sheer impostors. To our mind there is no case in which it is more dangerous to judge of the whole by its parts. Imposture there is undoubtedly in witchcraft, and that, too, in no small measure; but that wizards have ever been a more intellectually enlightened, and less superstitious class than the other members of the tribes from which they have sprung, and that they have systematically traded upon fears and superstitions and beliefs, which, while they were deeply rooted in the minds of their relatives and friends and fellow tribesmen, yet found no place in their own, is a theory not borne out by the facts.

It is a theory moreover contrary, as we think, to common sense. In point of fact wizards and medicine men for the most part hold just those superstitions which are held by those amongst whom they live. This is indeed what first suggests their "profession" to them. They never get wholly disabused of a belief in their own powers, however often they fail when trying to exercise them.

They constantly and consciously—we freely admit it—practice imposture, and pretend to have done what they know they have not done. But in spite of all this, they do believe that they have the power to work harm to people, to procure charms against them, to cause illness and death, in a word, to exercise generally a maleficent influence by occult methods which they

think they know how to employ. No doubt there are many missionaries who deny all this, who say that wizards, on being taxed with deceit and imposture, will generally aver that artifice was the beginning and end of all their reputed incantations and enchantments.

To our mind this proves nothing. If wizards were to tell us this, we simply should not believe them. Facts, to our thinking, are altogether too strong against the theory, and a wizard is the last person in the world we should expect to give a true account of himself.

There are men in our part of Africa whose chief business it is to concoct charms of various kinds, which they sell, as some would say, to their dupes. Our own observation however, goes to show that those who fabricate the charms believe in their efficacy themselves.

If we question such men, we find that they use charms themselves, trust in them, and never take a journey without wearing them. Yet they must know that their charms are made just in the same way, and are of precisely the same character, as those they themselves make for others. If this be so, what becomes of the theory that wizards are people who do nothing else but trade on the fears and superstitions of the people?

The fact is, that superstition and the belief in the possibility of being able to work evil by mysterious means, and thus to gain immense power, first sets them upon taking up with sorcery. Only conversion to Christianity, which convinces them of the sinfulness of such commerce with the Evil One, ever induces them to give it up. Otherwise they never abandon it, because they never disbelieve in their powers, no matter how often they fail, or how often



the enchantments have to be eked out by imposture and lies. We have already said that we ourselves have been led to suspend our own judgment as to the reality of their powers.

But we are firmly satisfied that the wizards themselves, as well as the whole native community from which they spring—converts to Christianity not being excluded as a body—believe implicitly in the preternatural character of the workings of witchcraft. As might be expected, nearly all protracted illnesses and diseases of which the causes are not quite obvious, are in this country put down to the agency of witchcraft, and as a consequence, a very large number of the deaths that ensue upon these maladies are said to have been caused by the same influences.

We have known not a few cases where one man whose ill-fame as a trafficker in sorcery has long been established, has threatened his enemy with disease and death. Soon after the threats have been uttered, the man thus marked out for destruction has sickened, and after a longer or shorter number of months have elapsed, has died.

There have been no signs of poisoning, and there has been no apparent or natural cause for the illness; nor have its symptoms been such as to warrant a dogmatic assertion that it was this or that well-known malady. Yet even if it were known to be, say some form or another of phthisis or other common disorder, in the absence of any natural or apparent cause, the hypothesis of its causation by occult powers belonging to magic would not thereby be refuted.

The explanation that attributed the disease and death to the agency of witches would, if the reality of such powers be granted, still be admissible. But we think



that probably there is another and far simpler cause for these diseases and deaths, at least in the majority of the cases, which native belief attributes to witchcraft.

It must be remembered that the African mind, in its heathen condition, is wholly given up to a belief in, and consequently a fear of, sorcery.

Does a man fall ill, he immediately thinks he is bewitched, and casts about him to find out who has worked the evil upon him.

If he recovers at once, he forgets his fears and lays aside his suspicions ; but let the illness continue a few days with the same, or but slightly increased symptoms, and his fears are exaggerated.

Meanwhile his imagination plays havoc with him, and works him up into such a state of mental agony that his body, after a little time, is unable to bear up against it, and he gets weaker and weaker, and at last dies, a victim to the ravages of mental disease, which his own fears and over-wrought imagination have brought on and consummated, rather than to any bodily illness.

We Christians can hardly gauge the power and strength of such fears and imaginations as those to which the mental constitution of a heathen African makes him a prey.

Certainly, of the extent of the mischief they may work, experience of these things in Africa alone enables us to form an adequate idea. Most natives of East Africa, we are convinced, have only to know that some noted wizard has threatened to bewitch them, for their imagination to begin to sow in them the seeds of the illness to which, at length, they actually succumb. Lack of space forbids us pursuing this intricate subject further. We will, therefore, sum up what we have said

by declaring our belief that a very large number of the diseases and deaths which have witchcraft for their reputed cause, are merely such as are common in our own country and are not to be attributed to other than natural causes ; that others, also a very large number, may be put down to the cause we have just now enlarged upon ; that a far smaller class *may* have been brought about by preternatural and abnormal powers exercised by wizards who have established direct intercourse, implicit or explicit, with the Evil One and his ministers.

We say we believe this last explanation to be a possible and even probable theory with regard to certain cases which have come within our own field of experience.

In holding this view we are at one, as we have shown, with what was once the almost universal belief of the Church. In this more material age, however, when "course of nature" and "laws of nature" are the watchwords of science, Theology—the Queen of Sciences, as of old, people loved to call her—which has indeed nobly withstood the attempt to thrust in upon her own kingdom when discoursing of supernal powers and heavenly agencies, these, the ruling gods of the lower and physical sphere, nevertheless, has been so far influenced by them as to adopt them as the explanation of certain phenomena which an earlier, and it may be a less scientific age, though surely one not less enlightened as regards matters which transcend the realm of sense, did not hesitate to attribute to supernatural agency such an agency indeed as would result upon a compact between the sorcerers themselves and the "Prince of this world".<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Witchcraft is no empty, guiltless, legerdemain, and neither is it an empty fraud, disclosing itself to intelligent cultivation ; it is, in its

Witchcraft then, whatever be its ultimate explanation, is an evil, the enormity and extent of which it would be difficult to exaggerate.

It witnesses to the fearful degree of malice and hatred which rules in the heart of an unregenerated heathenism. Here, in Africa, it is the main cause of the disruption of society, of the estrangement of families, and of the enmity between tribe and tribe, between community and community, between husbands and wives, between parents and children. It is ever exercising its baneful, paralysing influence amongst the uncivilised and un-Christianised people around us at Newala.

Its makes its appeal to the worst passions and to the most craven fears to which mankind can be subject. It raises up a barrier of suspicion and distrust between those whose natural ties should make such feelings an impossibility. It is answerable, in how great a measure we dare not say, for the degradation and misery, and we had almost said hopelessness, of the people amongst whom we find ourselves at work. With our experience of witchcraft in its practical effect both upon society at large and upon the individuals who give themselves up to the practice of it, or who become its victims, we are at no loss to explain the heavy denunciation of it in the Bible, or the severity of the legislation that was framed to deal with it in post-Biblical ages.

Thus it is an offence which we are careful, if ever it makes its appearance in any of our own flock, to punish in the severest and most summary manner.

Nothing but the most evil notions of the heart could prompt its practice, and, for this very reason it is

often sufficiently undeniable reality, the fearful opposite of the sacred miracle, which apart from God sets in movement created powers. Delitzsch's *Biblical Psychology*, p. 360.

deserving of the heaviest penalties. It needs not to search out and measure what its effect may be, and in accordance with that, mete out the punishment. In practical dealing with one who has set up as a wizard, no inquiry into his powers is necessary.<sup>1</sup>

'Tis then that this matter, a speculative one as we have shown, may be cast to the winds. We are dealing with a person who deliberately, the question of sheer imposture being set aside, tries to bring to naught a fellow creature. According to the law of Christ such a man has broken the sixth commandment, and is in fact a murderer.

Legally, it is true, he could not be arraigned for the crime of murder, but from the Christian standpoint he is guilty of murder as a sin.

Only by pointing this out to the whole community, and dealing with the offence as we should deal with the violation of the letter of the commandment that succeeds "Thou shalt do no murder" in the Decalogue, can the plague be stayed.

The Christian Church acted with great severity towards witchcraft in her early days when she found herself almost everywhere a Missionary Church. Now, in these later days, the question of witchcraft touches her but little at home, but wherever she extends herself and expands missionary-wise, *in partibus infidelium*, it behoves her to follow strictly the example set her in this respect in that early age of holy devotion and strong and simple faith.

<sup>1</sup> "The true distinction between the several kinds of sin, consists less in the acts done than in the dispositions which produce them." *Confession and Absolution in the Bible*, by W. Elwin, p. 369.

MATOLA A CATECHUMEN.<sup>1</sup>

[This paper was written in 1886.—E.M.]

AT last all obstacles having been removed, and all opposition to Matola's reception of the cross having been silenced, our old friend was admitted a catechumen by the bishop at Newala on the last Sunday of the Church's year. This is not the place to give in detail the "obstacles" and "opposition" which we have just mentioned as having so happily been removed. It is enough here to state that the obstacles and opposition were not of Matola's own making, but that on the other hand they were a witness to the marked way in which he realised the definiteness and importance, and binding nature of the cross-taking; this realisation not allowing him to pledge himself to anything which he could not be quite sure that he would be able to perform in his position as a chief and ruler of men not yet emancipated from the traditions and customs of a savage if not a barbaric age. It will be remembered, we think, what alarm was spread among the villages and communities over which Matola either rules or exercises important influence, when some two years ago the idea gained ground that he was about to receive a cross and be made a catechumen. Among much natural misunderstanding as to the effect of such an event, there was also a pretty

<sup>1</sup> This name is familiar to all those who have read Bishop Maples' *Life and Letters*.



universally spread notion amongst the Yaos and Makuas of the neighbourhood that if once their chief were to be made a catechumen, he would be forbidden to take part in their wars even when waged in a just cause; and that generally, instead of a building up and enhancing of their security and prosperity as ruled by him, the very reverse would happen. Matola, who knew his people well, very wisely though no doubt reluctantly also pressed for a delay of his entrance into the catechumenate until these fears and alarms (which in a few cases, especially as regards some very near relations of his own, had taken effect in a definite threat of desertion and a resolution to quit him and sell themselves into slavery) could be allayed. Some people may have misjudged him and thought him needlessly timorous if not somewhat weak and pusillanimous in the matter, or they may have even mentally accused him of regarding man before God, but those who have known him longest and who have had the best opportunity of estimating his motives will not thus have thought of him when he petitioned to be allowed to wait until his people should be satisfied that none of those evil consequences they so much feared would take place if he were to become a catechumen.

The day fixed for his admission was, we have said, the last Sunday of the year. An unusually large number of the Mission staff, including no less than four priests besides the bishop,<sup>1</sup> were present and took part in the important ceremony of the day. Holy Communion having been celebrated at 6.45 A.M. by the bishop, preparations were then made for the seating and accommodation of the large number of people who were expected

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Smythies.

to be present at the "Yao service". The aged chief Machiriko, who in years gone by had guided Dr. Livingstone in his march along the Rovuma Valley, had walked ten miles in order to be present, and was one of the first to arrive on the baraza. Some eight other chiefs from the neighbourhood who nearly always came to the Yao prayers on Sunday morning were also there, and talked and chatted while the bell was being rung. We had decided that we would depart from our usual custom for once, and bid all our own villagers, Christians and non-Christians, to attend the Yao service which, however, is adapted for the use of heathens, and arranged in order to suit their wants and condition. Matins therefore was said much later in the morning and was shorn of its usual accompaniment of a sermon. The bell for the service at which Matola was to be admitted having been rung for half an hour in order to give time for all to assemble, the people then adjourned from the baraza to church, Matola taking his usual place with the other chiefs on a bench always reserved for them. While a soft voluntary was being played, the clergy, followed by the bishop and preceded by the native reader carrying the processional cross, issued from the vestry and took their places in the choir, the bishop occupying a chair placed for him immediately in front of the place where those about to be admitted to the catechumenate knelt to receive the cross. The service then began with the usual Old Testament lection, *viz.*, the Ten Commandments; then followed the hymn "Thy Kingdom come, O God"; then a short New Testament lection, St. Matthew xvi. 21-28, and this was succeeded by the "Office for the admission of a catechumen" beginning with the 23rd psalm, sung in Swahili. At the conclusion of this psalm, two of the clergy left their stalls in the

choir and walked down the church to the place where Matola was standing, and brought him thence to the place where he was to stand and make his promises, and afterwards to kneel and receive the cross. They stood on either side of him immediately in front of the bishop, and then the questions were put to him by the priest in charge, and answered clearly and without hesitation. Then followed the versicles, the Lord's Prayer and two other prayers on his behalf, and then he knelt down while the bishop, taking up the service at this point, pronounced the exorcism and afterwards solemnly vested him with the cross. Before he returned to his place, the bishop addressed him in a few words appropriate to the occasion, reminding him of the meaning of the cross, and emphasizing the fact that while certainly he might look for fresh supplies of God's help now that he had openly declared himself desirous of following God's holy law, yet that the reception of the cross did not imply that he had come under any new law, but that only it served to remind him of the strictness of that law which was the law by which all along God had sought to guide him, and which he in fact had tried himself both to recognize and keep. The bishop's words, said in English, were translated into Yao, that all who were present might fully understand the meaning of the solemn service in which they were taking a part. Matola then returned to his seat; the bishop keeping his place during the sermon which followed and which was preached in Yao. The whole service indeed, with the exception of the hymn and psalms, was held in Yao—the only language that would have been intelligible to the mixture of Yaos, Nyasas and Makuas who were gathered together on the occasion. After the sermon

was over a few more prayers were said and the congregation dispersed. Some food was got ready for the chiefs, several of whom had come from a long distance, after which they returned to their homes, Matola dining with ourselves according to the general rule on Sundays at Newala. Writing these words, as we are doing from Newala, and knowing that they will be read by many who are zealous in that best help they can render us—the help of intercession—we cannot refrain from asking those at home to whom the story of Matola is familiar and who are aware that one great stumbling block still lies in the way of our friend becoming also our brother in Christ, that they will earnestly ask God to open a way by which he who, in ignorance and long before the news of the Gospel had spread to his land, had become a polygamist, may be enabled without injury to those who have borne his children, to come out of that state which the law of the Church in all ages seems to have determined to be a barrier to admission to the Christian Covenant. It is a matter indeed for deep thankfulness that we can say that in a very real sense our chief at Newala is a God-fearing man. It is also a matter for rejoicing that we have thus been able to see him admitted a catechumen, and to chronicle the fact. It remains only to pray that the day may not be very far distant when we can point to the climax of this true conversion, and to speak of our friend as also our brother in Christ.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Matola died in October, 1895, six weeks after Bishop Maples' death, and was baptised only a short time before his own death.



## IN TWO ISLANDS.

[Written at Likoma in 1887.—E.M.]

LIVING long months together on a tiny sea-girt patch of land—if by sea may be understood, by not too great a licence of language, our great land-locked lake Nyasa—one's thoughts again and again revert, in many a contrast, now favourable, now adverse, to that other sea-girt land, six thousand miles away, where lives all the life, and where kindle all the hearts that have made our sojourning here a possibility and a fact. It would only provoke a smile were we to enter gravely and minutely into a comparison even of the natural features of this island, and the island in the northern seas whence we came.

Still as old memories and early associations come surging back to the mind, connected with field and forest, sea and stream, earth and sky, as we knew them and cherished them there in England, it is impossible not to mark the contrasts, and hail the resemblances, that daily are presented to our minds, and are gratefully and fondly dwelt upon by the imagination.

It is true that the beauties of this sunny little island, with its countless bays of yellow sand fringing the deep cerulean of the lake, are for ourselves somewhat sobered and deprived of that power of enrapturing us, and holding us as within a magic circle, which, had we but seen them in earlier years, it would have been theirs to exercise. Sadly, perhaps, for some reasons, but thank-



fully certainly for others, the note the poet struck we must confess ourselves to be familiar with ; for we too, are fain to say with him—

But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Though, on the other hand, we can gladly echo his brighter and more chastened strains—

For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad, music of humanity,  
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue.

As the years go on, may it never be said that nature, while we are true to Him who gave both it and ourselves our being, has power only to kindle emotions of which this life is the be-all and the end-all ! It must be that the great uplifted sky, the coursing clouds, the wide air, the boundless sea, the solemn hills, the towering rocks, the forest wilds, the rejoicing streams, wherever they be, are there to teach us lessons in preparation for eternity, and to yield us thoughts to be for us no transient possession, but ever to live and linger on as born for immortality. So we love to think oftentimes, in this far-off isle, of many a favourite haunt in England, where, in days gone by, the power of nature to stir our souls and tranquillise our spirits was deeply felt, while in quiet reverie the eye now rests on other scenes that lie under other skies.

Such an one, a well-loved memory of the past, we may here recall—those “wide fields of breezy grass” round and about Oxford, when the fresh verdure of spring or early summer was shown on all sides in vivid splendour, when a wealth of white May blossoms made

all the hedgerows gay, decking the deep lanes and crowning the slopes near Wood and Water Eaton, and casting their softly falling petals upon the bosom of the Cherwell; when daffodils and pale primroses there and again carpeted the rich turf, and the tiny celandine and wood violet with their dainty beauty lent their deeper hues to a scene of fairy-like enchantment; or where the larger stream, majestic Thames, "wandering at its own sweet will," and passing Iffley lock, pursues its course to Nuneham Woods, where, to the water's edge, as we well remember, blue hyacinths once hid, not the soil only, but every plant and blade of grass beside—who can forget *those* wide water fields that lie along the southern bank of the ancient river all the way from Iffley to Abingdon, where scarce a hedgerow breaks the long, large spread of marshy meadow land! There, indeed—under the changeful April sky with naught between, just the waving grass, restless as the billows of ocean, and ever answering to the lightest touch of each fickle breeze that played over it—just that below and the wide expanse of ether vanishing on high in depths of purest azure—there, indeed, was the place where now and again one might catch, as the sun, emerging from behind a fleeting April cloud, poured a sudden flood of golden brightness upon the glistening grass beneath, one might catch, I say,

The gleam,

The light that never was on sea or land,

The consecration and the poet's dream.

Ah, but there *was* something besides the "breezy grass," something that was powerful to fill the soul with ecstasy, even beyond that which the fields themselves with the sky above them and the breezes with their wondrous many-toned voices could so well induce, and

that something, not indeed the "meanest flower that blows," but, not the less, one that could give to those that had the eye to perceive it and the heart to drink in its rich treasures "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears". Myriads of blossoms, hanging bell-like from their slender stalks, lifting their heads on all sides above the grass, and all of one sweet, modest flower—lavish and luxuriant where it grows, but select in its locality; never changing its wonted *habitat*, and confining itself to comparatively few districts.

Let them go on with their changes and "improvements" in Oxford as they will. Let them pull down Magdalen Tower even—it rocks shamefully though we all know that to be a necessity of its standing at all. But let them never deprive Oxford water-meadows of their fritillaries, or we have done with our *alma mater* for ever! Purple ones, or maroon rather, in richest profusion, and others of virgin white—there they are, year after year, just for a few weeks, for every one to enjoy and delight in and learn from. What converse hold they with one another, those myriad, myriad blossoms, as they quietly and gravely hang their bells earthwards? We know not. But let them but feel the breeze hurrying across the neighbouring uplands towards them, and all at once they toss their heads heavenwards and ring their bells madly in a perfect intoxication of innocent and merry mirth—those saucy, gleeful fritillaries. A veritable κτήμα ἐς αἰὲν those fritillaries, which no flower, no visible outward semblance or shape that reflects a spiritual and inward reality that we have seen here in Africa can pretend to rival.

But what have we in Likoma to delight the eye or the ear, and through those senses to speak to the spirit within?

First, undoubtedly, the glorious lake, visible on all sides, now calm, now boisterous and tempest-tossed ; one vast and boundless expanse of eternal blue, with all the lessons to be learnt from it, and others besides, that the salt sea and the mighty ocean have taught and will teach on till the end of time. Then there are the great baobab trees—ugly, monstrous, grotesque. Yes, if you will but look at them again, you can think differently. Regard their vast girth, and the strange shapes their massive trunks assume, and you shun the epithets you first applied to them as unmeaning and shallow. Just so with the rocks—you may call them cold, hard, uninviting ; but go to the psalms for another point of view, and then these multitudinous and fantastic rocks that lie about us on all sides are full of teaching.

It is true flowers are few in Likoma ; yet I have marked one fair lily, which in England would take its place as a choice hot-house plant, a flower which, in childhood's days, an eager eye would have spied out with delight, and an eager hand would have plucked greedily, and added to the wilding nosegay.

In the dry, parched season it is difficult to realise how rich our islet is in foliage, but in the rainy months this is at once apparent, and the large variety of trees is one of its most remarkable and pleasing features. The soil is sandy and unfertile, rocks and stones are everywhere, yet the trees and shrubs, and bushes, peculiar to this part of Africa, will grow, and do grow with amazing luxuriance. In the branches of the trees bright-plumaged birds build their nests and give forth their song, their notes often strongly resembling those of some favourite warbler of the woods at home.

We have our contrasts, therefore, and also some striking resemblances in the sounds and sights of nature

here and those in England; and over all the same sun shines, gladdening each day, and the same moon and many of the same stars render glorious each night. There are the same teachings about eternity, and the same consolations for time. Wide countries and an ocean separate the two islands, but only minds that will not be taught, eyes that will not see, ears that will not hear, and spirits that will not receive, can fail to realise that the true unity of nature as it comes from Him who is Unity, is to be looked for and found, not in the outside appearance of things, but in that inner meaning they have, which is indeed the only real part of their existence, their only real being, and which the great poet of nature was wont to call "the life of things".



## SOME NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO THE GWANGWARA TAKEN IN 1887.

[The Gwangwara are a warrior tribe of Zulu origin. They are often called Angoni. The branch of the tribe to whom this visit was paid are now (1899) in German territory.

In this journal a great many incidental, religious and other reflections occur. These I have for the most part omitted, as they interfere with the flow of the narrative, and are of a very personal and sacred character.—E.M.]

*28th September.*—Yesterday morning early, my party of seventeen and myself left Mbampa bay, on Lake Nyasa, but the hills proved such stiff climbing that by the time the sun was nearly setting we had scarcely proceeded ten miles on our journey; we constantly lost our way, and no one was willing to show us it. The fear of the Gwangwara rests on all these people hereabouts, and they are afraid of compromising themselves with him by whom, so to speak, they are just allowed to live, and but little more. To-day, and up to this hour, 1 P.M., we have had some very stiff climbing indeed and are now halting for our midday meal and rest at an altitude of 5200 feet above the sea, or about 3800 feet above the lake; we are therefore a few hundred feet higher above the lake than Snowdon in Wales is above the sea; and this altitude has helped us to renew old acquaintances in the home country, for not only are these granitic mountains in the shapes

they assume and the boulders that are scattered upon their faces, powerful reminders of England and Wales, but we have also to-day seen such old favourites as bracken, brambles—yes, I have to-day eaten a black-berry!—St. John's wort, thyme, and, I think one or two humbler friends of the floral world. It is so pleasant now, sitting under the shade of some tall fronds of bracken, to hear the gentle breeze pass through it above my head, with its far off whisper that brings me a whole flood of old memories and dear thoughts of bygone days, and in the silence of these solitary hills to meditate on things more everlasting even than they.

Alone on a journey, without any European companion that is, I can eat when and how I like. My plan is this: A cup of cocoa, without anything to eat, on rising; two hours later I eat a couple of ship biscuits as I walk along; at midday, or when we halt—it is sometimes earlier—I have more cocoa, pea soup, rice and sugar; in the evening I take tea, pea soup again, rice, and a little tinned meat or a fowl. I have other things with me, and can vary this diet when I please by taking jam in lieu of sugar for instance, or meat instead of soup at midday; but at present the above rations suit me best. In my party of seventeen there are two Christian boys, Daudi and Yusuf, very good, but rather slow and decidedly unaccustomed to travelling. I fear I am inclined to be sharp with them. High up in the mountains, in some of their steepest parts, we found canoes in process of being hollowed out. It does seem a problem how these canoes, heavy and large as they are, can be transferred to the lake. Yet they are, and by simple methods too, for these folk of the Nyasa regions are innocent of all knowledge of pulleys,

cranes, chains, and the like. Very picturesquely situated are some of the houses and holdings, perched up in the clefts of the rocks and all about the lofty crags and boulders hereabouts.

29th September—*St. Michael and All Angels*.—And this is the day when, eleven years ago, I was made God's priest.

We still ascended when we started this morning at 5.50 A.M., and I daresay we nearly reached 6000 feet ere we began a gradual and pleasant descent. At the summit, which we reached at 6.30 A.M., soon after sunrise, the view was grand in the extreme, nothing but broad sweeps of billowy hills on all sides, so wild and solitary and suggestive. On one side black, sullen clouds were coursing over them, and even bathing their tops, hiding the disordered heaps of schistic boulders that were scattered everywhere. As we walked, anon we crossed a babbling stream or a marshy "sponge" grown all over with the bright green fronds of the marsh fern (*Aspidium thelypteris*). I noticed also wild parsley, St. John's wort, and thyme like yesterday. Then there were trees a perfect mass of rosy blossom, just like an apple orchard in April or May. Although growing at so high a level the trees did not look blasted or pinched by the cold winds, but, on the contrary, seemed to flourish in spite of them. We caught distant glimpses of the lake bathed in the morning haze, which helped to make it look very distant.

By the time we stopped for our midday halt we had walked nearly eleven miles. We rested and cooked by a "sponge" near some *masuku*<sup>1</sup> trees. For the first time in Africa I to-day saw some *bonâ-fide* tree ferns.

<sup>1</sup> *Uapaca kirkiana*. The fruit is something like a medlar.

Last night, for a few spoonfuls of salt, we bought some excellent peas.

At 2 P.M. we started again and walked between six and seven miles, halting soon after 4 P.M., the stragglers not coming to camp till nearly 5 P.M. Then all hands set to work with a will and made a secure encampment—only a very bold and very hungry lion would be likely to break into it. The moon is about two days from the full. The walk this afternoon was very delightful, and the path easy, and commanding a fine and extensive view all the time. I noticed several flowers that were new to me, and a quantity of yellow everlastings. I have not seen an animal of any kind—large or small—since leaving Mbampa. I find Mrs. Burton's *Inner Life of Syria* diverting reading and am glad I have it with me. At our halting place this evening, the barometer shows an altitude of 4350 feet.

30th September.—We walked a long sixteen miles to-day and between 4 and 5 P.M. reached a village which is under subjection to Sonjela, the Gwangwara chieftain to whose presence we are wending our way. We are now nearing the Rovuma and are likely to reach the old familiar river in the forenoon to-morrow. The walk has been uninteresting to-day; the sky cloudy and dull; one very stiff hill to ascend and descend, but no *mountain-eering* as on the first two days. We finally halted for the night at a village where food abounded. The boys wanted me to buy them some honey—there was some to be had for a little salt. I refused because it was Friday and we ought not to be busy about dainties. I could do it with a good conscience as my own fare to-day has been of the plainest; good boys, these two, they at once accepted the refusal and admitted the principle of it.



*1st October.*—Eleven miles of walking brought us to that—to me—familiar stream of Rovuma, here a sluggishly flowing river about ten yards wide. I first crossed the Rovuma in 1877 with Joseph Williams, some 140 miles from the mouth; then again about the same place in 1881 when travelling to Meto with Goldfinch; then in 1885 I came up it in a canoe from near the mouth, to a place thirty miles from Newala; then again last year I crossed it higher up, and now this year, ten years after my first crossing, I have crossed it again, this time by a rustic bamboo bridge. In two days more we shall again cross this river close to its source in a “sponge,” as Porter and others have reported its origin. Alas! I fear I lost my temper with my two boys Daudi and Yusuf because I found them cooking their own food before they served mine. I am sorry I did what I did—tossed the cooking pot and its contents yards away when I found it on the fire with their potatoes inside. However, there were mitigating circumstances; I had repeatedly spoken to the boys gently about their slow ways and want of attention; deeds I think were wanted, but mine was, I must confess it, an unbecoming one. The barometer showed the Rovuma at the crossing place to be 2400 feet above the sea. We have walked fifteen miles to-day and have come sixty-eight miles from Mbampa—more than half-way to our destination, Sonjela’s.

*Sunday, 2nd October.*—We started at 5.50 A.M., our usual time, bent on “a Sabbath day’s journey” only. Accordingly, after walking three and a half miles, we halted at an ideal spot for a quiet Sunday’s camp: a running stream falling over broad rocks, with plenty of cool shade, and trees hard by. By about 8 A.M. all the men were up to the spot I had fixed on and began



cutting down trees and branches for our *masakasa*.<sup>1</sup> Meanwhile I had a delicious bathe—the first real bathe I had been able to get since leaving Likoma. Soon after 10 A.M. the encampment was finished, very firmly and strongly built, quite lion-proof. Then the men had food and at 10·30 I held matins and preached to the seven Christians of our party.

*Tuesday, 4th October.*—Nothing of note occurred yesterday during our march ; we had but few hills, and early in the afternoon reached the village the bishop (Smythies) encamped in ; so we halted there, having made about sixteen miles in the day. To-day our walk has covered the same number of miles and we are now encamped for the night ; there are cows here, and therefore a prospect of some milk in the evening. We have come, according to my reckoning, 103 miles from Mbampa bay, making seven days of walking, not including the Sunday's walk as a "day". It is a fine rolling country hereabouts, and apparently fertile, for the people, and their villages and gardens everywhere, seem well to do. I noticed to-day a small blue iris ; I do not remember ever to have seen this flower in Africa before. All the women in this district go about entirely naked, wearing scarcely six square inches of cloth or bark cloth fastened in front by a string of beads which passes round the loins ; the men's clothing is a trifle less scanty.

*Wednesday, 5th October.*—We crossed the sources of the Rovuma to-day soon after nine o'clock ; they rose in a hollow partly surrounded by some fine rocky hills which we had sighted yesterday. Between 2 and 3 P.M. we reached Senangula's, whose houses are, as it were, the barbican to Sonjela's fortress. Our walk to-day was twelve miles, and we have come in all 115

<sup>1</sup> Temporary hut or shelter.

miles from Mbampa bay. Senangula, who is Sonjela's chief man, put in an appearance about an hour after our arrival, and, at our request, despatched messengers to the great man to announce that his guests had arrived. In the evening Senangula came again to say that Sonjela was well pleased to hear that we had come, and would see us to-morrow. To Senangula I gave a present of about twelve fathoms of Turkey red, and a string of tiny bells, which are things much coveted here; he seemed unusually pleased. I slept in a large clean house, very comfortably. Two of Sonjela's sons, really very aristocratic-looking lads, came down in the evening to see me, and soon began begging for presents, requests which I put off by saying we had only just arrived, our loads were not undone yet, etc., etc. Doubtless to-morrow or the next day I shall give them some small present. They spoke Zulu and talked of Porter and his visits here.

*Thursday, 6th October.*—Patrick Mabruki was called away early in the morning to Sonjela's for "words," but he came back with no message, and we have waited all day (4 P.M. now) without any message from Sonjela. This does not mean anything, however; it is the etiquette of the country. Three or four quarts of nice fresh milk were sent down to-day, and I have been feasting on it. An hour ago, the poor woman (Nangimbo) whom I hope to ransom<sup>1</sup> came down to pay a visit. She has lately had a child by her Gwangwara husband, but she complains of her troubles, and is as anxious as ever to be ransomed. I asked her about the other three or four women who are still missing, and she told me of two of them as still alive,

<sup>1</sup> This woman had been captured during the raid on Masasi in 1882.

but at a distance. Two or three more of Sonjela's sons or nephews came down this morning, and I gave them each some handkerchiefs, with which they appeared pleased; they were rather young dandies, but not so nice-looking as the two who came down to see me last night.

*7th October.*—Early this morning we left Senangula's, and between 7 and 8 A.M. we reached Sonjela's. We first saw his wives, two rather aristocratic women, the senior being very light coloured, and looking as if she had seen a great deal of trouble. They both understood Yao when I spoke to them. Soon afterwards Sonjela received us into his presence, and we spread out our present—one load of salt (56 lb.), and one bale of calico. This was the ostensible present: we added afterwards what pleased him immensely—sixty fathoms of Turkey red (bandera), and strings of little bells for tying on the arms, legs and loins. He expressed himself vastly delighted with this present, and said we had treated him very well. Then I preferred my request, which was that he would allow us to go on to the other chief of whom he is so jealous—Mhaluli—in order to give him the present we had brought for him—a bale of cloth. At first Sonjela refused, but I pressed him, saying that it had been in our power to have visited Mhaluli first before coming here, but that we trusted that our friend Sonjela would throw no obstacles in our way, nor prevent our going on to Mhaluli when we wished it. I also hinted if he did *not* let us go, I should warn the Consul (of whose coming visit I spoke to Sonjela) *not* to come first to him, but on the other hand to go to Mhaluli. This talk has had the desired effect, for Sonjela promises the first thing to-morrow morning to despatch a messenger to his

rival to ask him if he will see us, and to announce our arrival here. Parties of Sonjela's young wives, girls and children have been in and out of my house to chat — conversation eked out with little gifts of sugar, biscuits, etc. They conversed sensibly and were not at all shy. Some of the girls had been stolen in a raid upon Mataka's town some years previous. They were evidently Yaos; they seemed quite happy, well-fed and well-clad. Sonjela is a younger-looking man than I had expected to find. He has a keen eye, and is evidently wide awake, though there is nothing particularly striking about his manner or bearing. His face certainly does not indicate a mild disposition, and I should think his temper is easily roused.

One catches a few Zulu words, but on the whole I am convinced that Yao is the most serviceable language up here, the one best understood and most generally talked.

*8th October.*—Sonjela did not appear again, but I heard his voice early this morning, though up to this time (8 A.M.) he has not paid us a visit. His two wives, however, have been in and conversed pleasantly; they are quite the best-mannered African ladies I have ever met, and very intelligent, any one living here should have no difficulty in teaching them. I have been buying several of the little grass baskets which are a specialty here. They are so well made that they will even hold so thin a liquid as water without leaking; they will leak a little at first, especially if they have not been used for some time, but soon they leave off entirely, though feeling rather wet at the bottom. When holding the native beer, milk, gruel, and such like, one may handle them and keep one's hand as dry as a bone. Mr. Swinny used to drink his tea out of



one that he got here last year. The climate appears to be very healthy, and the country round rich and fertile. The ox has come, a very fine black one, with five others—why those others? At first I thought our friend was going to give us all six, but it soon transpired that the five others were the foil to set off the gem! They were decidedly lean kine, and so certainly had the effect of setting forth our beast as a most magnificent animal. Before I could attend to dividing the meat into shares, I was called off to poor Sonjela's "at home," which, though an "early," could by no means be called a "quiet and early". It was in fact a pombé drinking bout to which I was asked. It was just 1 P.M. when I went to a large round house of which the floor was smooth and glassy, being made like the floors of Zululand, of cow dung. The only light that illuminated the room came through the low doorway, and so when I entered I with some difficulty descried mine host seated in the middle, while all along the walls sat some twelve of his wives, the head one being seated just by the door-way on the left, and all the others on the same side; a few men—four or five—sat on the right side of the door-way, I taking my seat near them. Some four or five huge jars of pombé stood in the middle with some of the afore-mentioned baskets near them to serve as tumblers. As I entered, one of the wives was filling a basket to her lord, and he was talking merrily and very fast, not having then drunk anything. His wives laughed, as in duty bound, at every word the poor man said, and fawned upon him with *ee sambo ee's*, and other adulatory phrases and appellations. He then bade me tell him something about England, our Queen, etc. He was evidently vastly pleased that I had come to visit him, and asked various questions



about the English. One was, "Do your people ever fight, and what with—with sticks?" "Yes, with sticks often when people are angry with one another." "And with knives ever?" "Oh! yes, with knives sometimes; some of our people are *not* good people." "What is done to them?" "Well, they get caught at once, and locked up." "And if a man kills another what is done?" "Why, then he has to die too." "Ah! that's quite right, Mzungu." And so on, and so on, drinking all the time.

I took myself off in half an hour, after he had been talking a deal about us in the following fashion: "Yes, Wayungu are good people. They are not like other people whom I subject, and who have to come and build near me, and who then come and ask me for a goat or an ox, and I say, 'Why, you've not brought me cloth or ivory, and *you* ask me for an ox. What next?' But these Wayungu, they come here and bring me cloth and fine presents, and they never even ask for a present back, though I give them an ox all the same. Look at the Mzungu, my wives, see how he laughs with me. I'll go back with him to Likoma and see his town, I will," etc., etc.

I was recalled at about 5 P.M. to find the same scene going on, though the pombé had by this time mounted into Sonjela's head; still, though hilarious, he was hardly fuddled. He led a song of which I was both the burden and the refrain. His wives echoed it, shook rattles, and one of them stood up and danced. They had all been drinking freely, but it would not be fair to say that any one of them was drunk. They got up, and danced, not ungracefully, and certainly there was nothing unseemly or objectionable about either the songs or the dance, though to those not accustomed to Africa

both would have seemed uncouth. After the dancing had been going on for a quarter of an hour or so, Sonjela got up and went out. He did not reel as he walked, but he went straight to another house where he will probably sleep heavily till to-morrow. A scene like that I have now described would have shocked me more when I realised less, in old days, the lack of all opportunity of knowing better that a man like Sonjela has had. Because I *do* now realise this I never feel inclined to frown too severely at excesses like these *at the time*. Thus when he invited me to go this afternoon I went, and believe that I was right in going. One bears with, in a heathen, for the sake of gaining influence and opportunity of doing him good in the future, much that it would not be right to tolerate for one moment in a Christian. There are words of St. Paul *à propos* of this, which, I think, indicate our duty. In saying this I am not defending my attendance at poor Sonjela's party this afternoon, for I think it needs no defence. I am only explaining it.

*Sunday, 9th October.*—We had matins and sermon very early, they were over by 7.40. I wrote letters in the afternoon, and at about 4 P.M. went for a stroll with the two boys; we sought out a quiet place under the trees, and there we sat down and I taught them from St. John's Gospel. Up to this time (5.30 P.M.) we have neither seen nor heard anything of Sonjela to-day. Yesterday Patrick carried on some secret investigations in order to try and find out the intentions of our host with regard to Newala. From all we heard, a raid upon our dear friend Matola seems imminent. Sonjela, it appears, is very angry at the warlike preparations Matola intends making, the digging of the water reservoir in the thicket, the plan of buying

cannon, etc., all which he has heard of. I mean to speak earnestly to Sonjela on behalf of Matola.

*10th October.*—Up to this time (9.30 A.M.) we have seen nothing of Sonjela. But patience, patience, patience. He is in his way a busy man; day after day he goes hither and thither to the scattered peoples who live in these villages where he is supreme, for “words”. It is of no use being in a hurry. And, besides, the messenger from Mhaluli has not yet returned, and we can do little till he comes, though I much hope that some time this afternoon I may get an opportunity of talking with Sonjela. He called Patrick on Saturday and said to him—“These Europeans are good people, for they’ve brought me very good cloth, but now I want them to give me ‘medicine’ to smear on it, so as to preserve me from being bewitched and to cause the death of all who try to steal it”. He then said—“Tell the Mzungu I want him to bring me a white woman for my wife, not a fat one, but very tall and thin, and very white and very beautiful”.

*12th October.*—We have been here a week to-day, and it has been weary work. There was nothing to record yesterday, save that Sonjela in the morning divided up the cloth we gave him amongst his men, and afterwards had them in to pombé and games (?) I was called in and went. Sonjela was tipsily facetious, but I did not stay long. Patrick went with me and explained the “games,” so far as explanation was required. One man got up, danced about and sung words to the effect that when they went on raids and risked death they would take care not to risk it except for booty, and so forth. The drinking and singing went on all the evening, and so another day passed. Meanwhile, however, the messengers from Mhaluli returned, and two of Sonjela’s

wives, quite tipsy, alas, reeled out of the house where the drinking was going on to tell me so. Hearing this we resolved on insisting on seeing Sonjela this morning before he had time either to go away or to drink. Accordingly, at 8 A.M. this morning, we followed him to his house and gained an entrance, though he evidently did not like our coming for quiet words, and more than once said we might go. We asked him to tell us what message Mhaluli had sent, and learned in answer that Mhaluli did not want to see us, as we had not brought a sufficiently large present; had we brought five to ten bales, instead of one, then he would have been glad to have seen us, and would have called together all his people, made a treaty with us, etc.—all of which may be true or false, it is impossible to say. I then pressed Sonjela very firmly and politely about the ransom of the woman. He, evidently more or less afraid of me—for savages like him are made up of a mixture of cowardice and bravado—answered that he had no power or authority, all power belonged to his man Senangula, we must go to him, etc. Of course this was only a put off. I then took the opportunity of explaining to him that, if any of us came to live here, he must understand clearly that we could not be always giving him presents, nor would we endure to be treated as he treated others, etc., etc. He was so anxious to put an end to the interview that I thought it would only anger him if I were to mention Matola, and so we left his presence, after arranging to take our departure to-morrow. Patrick has gone off to try once more to induce the man who carried off the woman to give her up. We shall start, I trust, with the morning's light to-morrow.

13th October.—Patrick came back unsuccessful last night. The owner of the woman said: "If the European



who has died, and who came here last year had come to me about her, I was prepared to give her up: but it is impossible now, as she has borne a son, and she must stay here to bring him up. Perhaps when the boy can shift for himself the woman may be ransomed." It is very unfortunate but *que faire?* we must rest satisfied and let the matter end there, at any rate this year. We paid our adieux to Sonjela this morning and the interview was a short one. He sends a man with us as guide and also to bring back some medicine from us for a little child of his which has a swelling on its neck. We started at 6.45 A.M. and in ten minutes our paths diverged, so saying good-bye to Patrick and the seven who are returning to Newala, we ten—seven men, two boys, and self—together with our guide walked briskly on to the south-west. Our guide wears a goat skin before and behind, carries a large shield of cow hide, a spear, and a stick. He wears round his head a narrow strip of cloth, and on this are tied some strips of leopard skin, which gives his head the appearance of that of a young girl who wears ringlets. In the middle of his head—on the thick hair covering the pericranium—is stuck a cockade consisting of a little bunch of small feathers, with one long feather from the tail of a cock in the middle. And now I have described this warrior's complete rig out. He showed a disposition to swagger, but I successfully put a stop to that, by rounding on him very sharply when he made us take rather a *détour* in order to pass through a village where much pombé was being swilled.

We have walked well to-day and completed twenty miles: we walked on till 5.30 P.M., and then reached a village where we are now camped for the night. So far, we are still on the same road by which we came; but



the first thing to-morrow morning we quit it for a more southerly route. When we crossed the Rovuma sources to-day I referred to the barometer and found it registered the altitude at 3350 ft. : in this village it is 3300 ft. I was heartily glad to get away this morning. Thieves, robbers and murderers, that is my verdict on the Gwangwara band. *But*—and it is a great *but*, remember—they are heathen, and, we must add, savage heathen, or heathen savages. We of the nineteenth century can afford to be prudent, cautious, discreet, but we *cannot* afford to lose our faith in God's grace to turn these savage hordes into children of Christ's church. One might descant at length on the kind of men wanted for this arduous and difficult work, but it is best to say that prayer is wanted more than men. "*This kind*," said our Lord to His disciples, when their power to drive out an evil spirit had been unavailing, "*this kind* goeth not out save by prayer and fasting." The words came back to me as the Gwangwara hill sank below the horizon behind as I walked away from it to-day, after a visit of a whole week in which scarcely one single word was I able to say of our real mission to these breakers of God's laws, these servants of the Prince of the power of this world !

*Friday, 14th October.*—Up betimes and well off before 6 A.M. ; we walked over the crest of a hill for four miles, and then descended to a pleasant rill where sparkling water was dashing over the rocks. I at once divested myself of all my clothes and enjoyed a most delicious bathe—the first I had had for ten days. We then walked on till 11 A.M. by which time we had completed twelve good miles, and there we stopped three hours, cooked, slept, and read *comme à l'ordinaire*. At 2 P.M. we started again and in an hour's time were walking

through a fine open country near an imposing hill called Chingombero; we walked on till we reached the farther side of the same hill and arrived at a village just beyond another hill called Chunlungi where a man named Lingoi has a settlement. Our walk to-day was a very long twenty miles; yesterday's, a short twenty miles. Certainly we have come forty miles in the two days. The walk to-day was a most pleasant one, though hilly. I found one beautiful little orchidaceous flower, and by the various streams my little favourite fern—*Aspidium thelypteris*—was always there to greet me. The Newala palm I saw too, it has not been common on this walk. I forgot to mention yesterday that in one of the villages the guide picked up a little boy of about twelve or thirteen years old to accompany him on the march. The boy is rigged out with spear, shield, "and the usual trimmings". This boy, like all the other boys in these villages, will have to go and fight with the rest, and will accustom himself to the killing of men and women as others do to the killing of fowls and goats, from even this tender age. The people of the village in which we are now encamped are most liberal with fowls and flour; and they don't seem to expect me to make them any return. Alas! fear of me, *because I have just been to Sonjela's*, compels them to this generosity; from the way in which the food has been brought to me, there is, I am afraid, no doubt of this. I shot a deadly snake that lay in our path this morning. A thrush-like note was a pleasant sound that greeted my ears to-day as the evening stole on, but few are the birds and few are the animals that we see or hear in these long silent day's marches. This part of Africa does *not* teem with game, though down by the Rovuma to-morrow or the day after we may see some.

*Sunday, 16th October.*—Yesterday we had a very dreary monotonous walk of fifteen miles ere we reached villages or water. It was 1 P.M. when we arrived at the Mhuhulu, there we stayed till 3.30 P.M., and then dragged on another long five miles till we reached a rather prettily situated village where we slept. Directly we sat down in the village a woman brought me some pombé which I found very refreshing after the long walk. Our men are very tired after the sixty miles of walking in three days, so here we shall stop till to-morrow. All the men seem thoroughly rested and ready for an early start to-morrow. It has been very hot to-day, and I have been lazy, though much interested in an article in the *Church Quarterly* on Lord Shaftesbury.

I noticed the *Sultana impatiens* growing in all moist places, and the marsh fern with it. I gave Daudi and Yusuf some instruction this afternoon on the books of the Old and New Testament.

*Monday, 17th October.*—Started at 6 A.M. and walked till 8.20, when we reached water, and as the guide told us we should find no more till we reached the Rovuma—a statement that proved utterly false—we cooked there. Then at 9.40 we were *en route* again, and on we walked through the heat of the day—and it *was* hot—till 1.45. We then, quite exhausted, rested for two hours, and then one hour's more walking brought us to a village on the banks of the Rovuma, close to the confluence of the Msinje with the larger river. Here, after a twenty-one miles' walk of great monotony and dreariness, we are sleeping for the night. Early this morning we came upon a herd of hartebeests, but my gun was not handy, the man who carried it being far behind. We walked through prairie fires to-day.

*Tuesday, 18th October, St. Luke.*—We had crossed the

Rovuma in two boat loads by 6 A.M. Shortly afterwards we lost our way in the tracks of animals. We then struck out in a south-westerly direction, and finally fell into a Gwangwara track which took us, probably by a very direct route, to the river Mola, which we reached at 11.30 A.M. after a walk of thirteen miles. At this spot the Mola widened out into a sort of large pond out of which we pulled a dead civet cat. The river was full of fish, which, alas! we did *not* pull out, not having any fish hooks with us, and bent pins proving but a very sorry substitute. The river Mola falls into the Msinje and is itself a stream of considerable length. We started on again at 2 P.M. and completed our twenty miles of walking by 4.45 P.M., reaching the village of Maganga situated on the Msinje river. Here we regaled ourselves with green Indian corn—always rather a delicacy—and I had a shot or two at the hippos in the river, which was well stocked with them and with crocodiles at this spot. The river here may be about fifteen yards wide. We shall leave it to-morrow morning, and then, if we step out, reach it again higher up in the evening. We saw a good deal of large game in the course of our walk, but I could not get near enough for a shot. We have now come one hundred miles from Sonjela's, walking these in five days. In the shady spot on the banks of the Mola river where we stopped to-day for our midday halt, my olfactory nerves were greeted with the fragrance of a flower whose perfume is exactly the same as the finest attar of roses. Breidenbach & Co. should make the acquaintance of this flower, and add to their fame by bringing out a new scent which would, I think, surpass all their former productions in perfumery. The flower itself in size and appearance is something like that of a nettle,



but it is blue in colour, and the *plant* is very different and its leaves also.<sup>1</sup> I remember this flower near the Mbangala river on the road from Masasi to Majeje.

19th October.—Away at 5.45 A.M., walked till 8.10 A.M., rested, and then on again at 8.45 A.M., crossed the stream Liyesa at 10 o'clock and reached the Msokole at 11.20 A.M. The sun having been very hot and the men very tired, I consented to sleep here, we having walked already fourteen miles. In any case we shall arrive at Chitesi's<sup>2</sup> either on Friday night or on the forenoon of Saturday in good time for the *Charles Janson* which, according to arrangement, should be there to meet us then. We have come 114 miles from Sonjela's.

20th October.—We left the Msokole at 5.45 A.M., and after a thirteen miles' walk arrived at the Msinje, which we crossed on foot, and ten minutes afterwards entered the village of Mkomawantu. Here we rested from 11 till 1.45 P.M., at which time, just as we were starting, the guide tried to insist on my paying him then and there for his services, and at a rate which he fixed. Of course I refused, and told him that we Wayungu were not going to be intimidated by the small fry of the Gwangwara horde. I dared him to take our load of cloth; he tried to stop our going by actually seizing the gun of one of our porters. I, knowing he will not dare to keep it, bade my men proceed, very peremptorily. They wavered, but at length followed, and I have no doubt the guide already regrets his behaviour. I am convinced that dealings like these are the right ones for us to pursue with these Gwangwara bullies. We have probably not heard the end of this matter, but unless the gun is returned, I shall certainly not send Sonjela

<sup>1</sup> Possibly *Acanthaceæ Barleria*.

<sup>2</sup> On the shores of Lake Nyasa.



the medicine. We must, I think, insist on our property being respected by the Gwangwara, and at the outset ; otherwise I do not see how we can go and settle up there with them. We walked another five miles, and reached a village which I suppose is within twenty miles of Chitesi's. We walked eighteen miles to-day, 132 miles from Sonjela's.

21st October.—Off at 5·45 A.M. and in two hours reached water, and rested half an hour ; then on again to Denjira—a swamp and cool shady pond just beyond, where, having walked ten miles, we stopped and cooked. On again at 11·45, and by 2·15 reached Lasi ; on again and soon overlooked the lake ; at 4·30 reached the shore, and had a delicious bathe ; by 5·30 we had reached Chitesi's, having walked twenty-four miles to-day, making the distance from Sonjela's 156 miles. Our journey is now at an end. The *Charles Janson* will be here to-morrow, and take us across to Likoma. The guide has turned up, and I have refused to speak to him till he hands over the gun.

## LIKOMA: AN ISLAND IN LAKE NYASA.

[Written in 1888, and first published in the journal of the Scottish Geographical Society and afterwards in the journal of the Manchester Geographical Society.—E.M.]

MORE than a quarter of a century has passed away since Englishmen for the first time gazed on the waters of Lake Nyasa. So long ago, indeed, as the year 1854, the pioneer missionary, John Rebman, collected and sent to England some interesting information as to the existence and situation of the lake, as well as regarding some of the races dwelling on its shores. It was, however, reserved for Drs. Livingstone and Kirk to share the honour of being the first Europeans not only to reach Nyasa, but also to navigate its water. They, indeed, cannot be said to have discovered the whole of the lake, for, sailing northwards, they thought they saw the mountains closing in at the north end, at a point about 11 degrees south of the equator. According to their reckoning, therefore, it appeared to be about 220 miles long. Subsequently, a circumnavigation of its waters was made by Commander Young, who found it to extend some 130 miles beyond the point believed to be its extreme limit by its first discoverers. The twenty-seven years that have elapsed since Dr Livingstone's first journey to the lake have been marked by many important discoveries in the lacustrine regions of Equatorial Africa; and no small progress has been

made towards opening up these remote districts to Christianity and civilization.

In this short paper I propose to try and give a clear account of the natural features of the island in Lake Nyasa, where we of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa have recently formed a station and begun the work of evangelization.

At the outset I may mention that Lake Nyasa is the southernmost of all the great equatorial lakes of Africa; that it is about 350 miles in length, and that it has an average breadth of forty miles, the middle part being broader than either of the ends. It lies nearly due north and south, and is for the most part very deep, shelving often very suddenly from the shore. Liable to heavy storms, and swept often by boisterous winds, high seas are of common occurrence, and waves are raised on its surface which would not discredit the briny Atlantic itself. The waters of Nyasa, however, are innocent of brine, yet clear and blue as the Mediterranean. It has a coast line which, though very rocky in places, is but little indented by deep bays and inlets. The only islands of any size which are both inhabited and cultivated are Likoma, which I am about to describe, and its neighbour Chisumulu. A few rocky islets close to the shores of the lake, towards the north end, are the homes of a few refugees who dare not live on the mainland hard by for fear of the predatory tribe, the Gwangwara. But these poor fugitives build their houses on rocks only a few square yards in area, where there is neither space nor herbage even for their goats, and where there is not soil sufficient to allow of any cultivation. Other tree-clad rocky islets there are at the southern end of the lake, in some cases rising to a considerable height out of its waters, the homes of

otters, crocodilés, hyraxes, and smaller animals; but on these no human being has fixed his dwelling-place.

With these reservations I shall be understood if I say that, practically, the only islands on Lake Nyasa are Likoma and Chisumulu. They are situated abreast of one another and some twelve miles apart, Likoma being about five miles from the eastern shores of the lake, and Chisumulu between ten and eleven. Of the two islands, Likoma is much the larger, being perhaps three times the size of Chisumulu, with a population proportionately greater. In shape our island is rectangular, lying north-east and south-west. It averages four and a half miles long, by about two and a half broad, and roughly speaking, may be said to comprise an average of twelve square miles. The population, for reasons that will appear in the course of this paper, is unusually large, there being nearly 220 people to the square mile. Dr. Livingstone, although he passed up the lake to a latitude considerably north of Likoma, sailing along the western shore, failed to discover the island. Probably it was entirely hidden from his view by Chisumulu, which he mentions in his *Zambesi and its Tributaries*, and which he places wrongly in the middle of the lake, exactly half-way from either shore.

The first traveller who landed on Likoma was, I believe, the late Consul Elton, who with his fellow-voyagers walked all over it in 1877, and who in a work, published posthumously, entitled *The Lakes and Mountains of Eastern and Central Africa*, has recorded his impressions and made several notes of what he observed during his visit. Since that date the island has been occasionally visited by other travellers and missionaries, while two years ago it was fixed on as a favourable spot for missionary operations by the Universities'

Mission to Central Africa, and accordingly has become the centre of the Nyasa branch of its work.

The island lies equi-distant from the northern and southern extremities of the lake. Exactly opposite it, on the eastern shore, are situated two very large towns of Nyasa people ruled over, the one by a man named Chitesi, and the other by Mataka. All the inhabitants of the island acknowledge more or less the suzerainty of one or the other of these two men. Some few people, indeed, who are immigrants from the further side of the lake, assert their independence of both, but as they are for the most part quiet and inoffensive, it rarely becomes necessary for either of the chiefs in question to "show their teeth".

The lake is very wide near Likoma, so that even from the island's western shores to the western side of the lake the distance cannot be less than forty miles. Sailing in a direction west-north-west from Likoma the further shore is reached at Bandawe, the point where the Livingstonia Mission of the Free Church of Scotland has now its principal station, and of which Dr. Robert Laws is, and always has been, the very life and soul, supported as he is by a band of workers worthy of such a leader. As we look from our island across the lake to the mountains, at the foot of which our Scottish friends are established, our view is obstructed by a high hill on Chisumulu, which effectually prevents all possibility of communication by means of signal-flashing with mirrors. The communication we do hold with them from time to time, is by means of the brave little steamer *Ilala*, which for nearly a dozen years has plied ceaselessly on the lake, and which now, very far from being on her last legs—if so unnautical an expression may be employed with regard to her—is the property



of the African Lakes Company. The steamer belonging to our mission, named the *Charles Janson*, in memory of a saintly fellow-worker, who has been called to his rest, also crosses occasionally to Bandawe, and enables us to carry on regular communication with the outside world, by bringing up our letters and stores from the Shiré, which river they are placed upon by the Lakes Company, who undertakes the charge of them from Quilimane. In addition to these two steamers, there are a man-of-war's galley, a yawl, and a Delta metal centre-board boat, fitted for engines, and also for sailing. The galley and the centre-board boat belong to us, the yawl, originally presented by Harrow School to Mr. Cotterill, who accompanied Consul Elton's party ten years ago, has now passed into the hands of the Scottish missionaries at Bandawe. These four vessels make up the entire sum of the European craft at present afloat on the lake. A great deal of traffic is carried on by the natives in their own canoes or "dug-outs," which are propelled only by paddles, the use of the sail being either unknown or avoided by them. There are also five or six large dhows, built after the usual East African type, and used almost entirely in the nefarious slave traffic. These belong to one or another of the powerful Yao chiefs who have built their villages on the lake shores.

In a full account of Likoma Island one will be expected to say something both as to its origin and as to that of its name. Treating of the second point first, I may mention that it is through Captain Elton's mistake that it has hitherto appeared as Dikomo in the maps. The name simply means "beautiful," "pleasant," or "desirable". Of the origin of the name different accounts are given. Some say it was called Likoma

because of its beautiful appearance, as it lies like some rich gem set in the deep blue waters of the lake. But others state, and I am constrained to say that I incline to their opinion, that the island obtained its name because of the safe asylum it affords from the incursions of marauding tribes, with all the rapine and bloodshed that follow in their wake. Natives, we know, have but little regard for scenery and the beauties of nature. On the other hand, they have a very real dread of war, and are keenly alive to the advantages of a place where war seldom, if ever, approaches.

The origin of the island itself, is of course a geological question, and one which is far too large for adequate discussion here. I can but drop a few hints to guide those whom the problem may interest, and who have the ability to pursue it further. An answer to the question can only be given in connection with the still larger question, "What was the origin of Lake Nyasa?" And in the present state of our knowledge of the mountains on either side of the lake, and the lithological character of the rocks they comprise, we can do little more than sketch out a few broad outlines.

As far as is at present known, there are no traces of recent volcanic disturbances in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyasa, except, indeed, the remarkable series of lavas, tuffs and agglomerates at the extreme north end, which form the so-called Konde Range and the Livingstone Mountains, and which Mr. Thomson, the traveller—no mean authority on such a subject—considers to have been in the main the product of one huge crater whose eruption took place in the later carboniferous period. The origin of the lake must, I think, be traced to hypogene agencies, such as are to be found in the secular cooling and consequent contraction of the

globe. These would give rise to the subsidence of the crust where it has had an excess of density, and in consequence of its upheaval along lines of weakness, such as we may suppose to exist beneath the mountains that now flank each side of the lake. The present basin of the lake no doubt was the seat of this subsidence, and thus the lake itself may be accounted for. Doubtless also the adjacent mountains were upheaved in two enormous and perhaps plateau-like masses of considerable breadth on either side of the lake in the first instance, and at a very remote geological period. Subsequently, subaërial influences affecting these masses have, by erosion and denudation, carved out valleys and depressions and ravines, and have thus given to the plateau an appearance of a series of mountain ranges. I am of opinion, however, that the practised eye of the geologist would not recognise these as, geologically speaking, true mountain ranges; while at the same such an one would account for Lake Nyasa on the theory of a local subsidence of the earth's crust, consequent upon the contraction of the inner nucleus due to secular cooling, rather than on that of erosion due to subaërial influences, which, however, sufficiently explains the inequalities of level in the mountain plateau above. If this be the true account of the origin of the lake, then the island of Likoma is to be regarded as an eminence which, when the subsidence of the district now forming its basin took place, was never submerged. An examination of the lithology of the rocks of the island, as well as of its surface soil, would seem to prove that at no time were they under water, since no traces of lacustrine deposits can be detected in any of them; nor are there any sedimentary rocks to be found, save only here and

there a few shales, which are so rare and fragmentary as in themselves to be incapable of proving anything as to how, when, and, what is more important, *where* they were first deposited. Possibly, it must be conceded, the waters of the lake may have stood at from twenty to thirty feet higher than they do at present, submerging a small portion of the present island where the land lies low, but I think there are signs that the waters never went beyond this limit. A somewhat similar account of Chisumulu Island would have to be given, though since a considerable part of it is low ground and very fertile, a closer examination of its rocks would probably reveal traces of submergence over a far greater area. A remarkable feature in Chisumulu is a high dome-like hill which I have had, as yet, no opportunity of visiting, but which, from the vegetation that clothes it as well as from the crops raised on it, I should guess to be composed of some entirely different rock from those of Likoma, which are entirely schistose, with here and there a few shales. The schist of Likoma is very soft and decomposable, in parts micaceous and in parts hornblendic, yielding rapidly to the effects of weathering. It is subject especially to that form of decomposition and disintegration which is brought about by the expansion of the rock when the temperature is high, followed by sudden contraction owing to the fall of temperature at night, causing it to split and flake off, and rendering it more friable than it would be where the climate is not subject to such extremes of temperature.

The denudation of these soft schists caused by water is even more marked than the decomposition effected by the sudden changes of temperature. Each rainy season commits marked ravages upon their surfaces, and helps



forward with amazing rapidity the waste and degradation of the rocks that are ever going on. Comparatively compact pieces of rock, laid bare by one season's rains in the bed of some runnel of water from the hills, are completely washed into coarse grit in the succeeding rainy season. No doubt the exceedingly heavy down-pours that characterise the tropical rainfall are more powerful as erosive agents than the gentler and more moderate rain of the temperate zones. There are few very large blocks of schist or striking boulders—the hills for the most part presenting surfaces strewn over completely with comparatively small fragments of the decomposing rock. As the rain eats away at the softer parts of the rock, the while diminishing the bulk of the surface stones, these latter get dislodged and roll down the steeper sides of some of the hills, breaking up into several pieces as they fall. Hence, as a rule, the larger stones or fragments of rock are to be found at the tops of the hills. Where the hills descend more abruptly into the lake, some very large blocks are found at the water's edge, the smaller *débris* having yielded long since to the power of the waves.

From what has now been said about the geological features of the island, it will cause no surprise to any one to hear that the soil is comparatively unproductive. Yet it would be a libel on it to describe it as wholly unfertile. Although there are but few parts of Likoma where rice, millet, maize or other cereals can be grown with any success, cassava flourishes anywhere, as also does a favourite kind of hard ground-nut. The oleaginous ground-nut is also cultivated, but will not grow so freely. The people live almost entirely on porridge, prepared from the flour of the cassava root, the above-mentioned nuts, and fish from the lake, which are often taken in



large quantities and in considerable variety. In size the fish of the lake range from a small species like a sprat, which is taken in shoals, and called *usipa*, to a large kind of mud-fish, often weighing 4 lbs. or 5 lbs. There is also a very large fish which is described as resembling the porpoise. This is never taken in the nets, though it sometimes gets into them, breaking and tearing them to pieces. On the whole the fish of Lake Nyasa may be said to be superior in quality to most of the European fresh water varieties.

It must be confessed that the island lacks a good supply of fine timber, though the large number of gigantic and grotesque baobabs which it boasts, together with some other kinds of trees of no mean proportions, prevent it appearing wholly given over to brush and scrub. Amongst smaller trees and bushes, however, there is an unusually great variety of fruit-bearers, including a wild custard apple (*Anona senegalensis*), a species allied to the *Landolphia*, or indiarubber vine, which bears a very favourite though very acid fruit, and a whole series of shrubs yielding different kinds of smaller fruits and edible berries. One of the latter resembles, both in taste and appearance, the whortleberries or "hurts" so common in the old country. It is needless to say that none of these have been brought under cultivation. A well-known poison-shrub—which yields a seed now in great request as a medicine in England, and likely, some think, to rival or surpass digitalis as a remedy in cases of certain affections of the heart—is also common.<sup>1</sup> A plant called *tingu*, whose stalks afford a strong fibre, is largely grown by the natives to supply them with string for their nets,

<sup>1</sup> *Strophanthus*.

the weaving of which forms the principal industry of the islanders.

There is little grass in Likoma, yet large flocks of goats and no inconsiderable herds of oxen manage to thrive well, finding ample sustenance in the scrub and bushes and plants on which they browse. During the rains a plentiful crop of wild flowers spring up, of which the most noticeable is perhaps a yellow one, not much unlike the corn marigold. On the neighbouring island a much larger species, far more closely resembling the English flower, is found. A great number of the trees and bushes bear elegant flowers, and it is possible nearly all the year round to have at least a few flowers for purposes of decoration. There are, however, few that have a fragrant perfume, and I have failed to find even one kind of jasmine—a plant which is common in a very large tract of Equatorial Africa.

Turning now to the zoological features of Likoma, we find it to possess none of the larger mammalia. The largest wild animals are monkeys, belonging to the sub-family of *Cercopithecinae*, of the genus *Cercopithecus*, which I believe to be represented by only one species. The interesting little animal known as the galago, which is peculiar to the African continent, and which enjoys a very wide distribution therein, with a large number of differing species, abounds in Likoma. There may be two species common to the island, both of which are very small. This little animal, my readers will doubtless be aware, must not be confused with the lemur, or so-called Madagascar cat, although its affinities with that animal are so close as to allow of its being placed in a sub-family of the order *Lemuridæ*. The coney of Scripture, the hyrax, is everywhere, true to its description, “making its home on the rocks”.

Otters abound about the lake shores, also crocodiles, and another large saurian whose skin is in great request for drums. Wild cats roam about stealthily in the wilder parts of the island, and snakes in considerable variety, many of them deadly are unfortunately only too common. A huge python, though seldom seen, is certainly an inhabitant of the island. Water tortoises, which are of no great size, frequent the shallow parts of the lake close to its shores.

Amongst the birds the most conspicuous are the great fish-eagle, a kind of diver, several species of horn-bill, the ubiquitous crow, and a large hawk. Smaller kinds are, a remarkably beautiful kingfisher, two kinds of dove, a swift, and what must be, I think, a whydah finch. A great number of smaller birds, which I am not able to identify, are common in the island. With regard to domestic animals, I may mention that a large number of a very poor kind of dog, like the pariah dog of so many Eastern countries, is kept, and also cats—these last being remarkable for being always jet black, although the wild cat of the country is an unusually well-marked tabby. Every village has its flock of goats, and there are about one hundred head of cattle, distributed through two or three herds. Fowls and pigeons are bred in abundance.

Having glanced at the geology, zoology and flora of Likoma, it is now time to speak of its present inhabitants.

Savage Africa has little or no history. Where people have no culture whatever, there can be no written record of the past. Where also they do not build in stone or brick, or any more durable material than reeds, and wood, and grass, and where even the use of metals is confined to the forging of spears, arrows,

and hoes, little can be expected in the way of an archæological record. Tradition, vague and obscure in the extreme, is all that we have to fall back upon; and this can hardly be trusted for more than half a century of past time. Thus, in asking how long the island has been inhabited, we have little to guide us to an answer beyond our own wits and reason. It is highly probable, I should say, that, owing to its natural advantages, it has never been long uninhabited since this part of Africa first received its population, and when that was, no man living has data enough to allow of his making even a conjecture. As has already been said, its population amounts to about 2500. Perhaps from one-quarter to a third of the people belong to a tribe on the western shore known as the Wankomanga. The rest are all Nyasas or Wanyanja, and are of the same tribe which is found on both sides of the lake in very great numbers. Some of their largest towns lie between the latitude of Likoma, and one degree to the south of it. Others are found on the eastern side of the lake, and at the southern end. The eastern limit of the Nyasa people is bounded by the country of the Yaos or Ajawa, while to the west of those who live on the further side of the lake, are found the Wabisa and many others. At the extreme north end there are a few people who speak the Nyasa tongue, although a very little to the north of Likoma such tribes as the Wanindi and Wakinga take the place of the Nyasa tribe, strictly so called.

The name "Nyanja," or "Nyasa," simply means a large piece of water, or as we should say, a "lake," or "sea". It is impossible to determine at present the etymology of the word, though I have no hesitation in saying that Rebman's derivation "Ni-aucha" (love me)



must be rejected altogether as fanciful and absurd. It has already been pointed out that the inhabitants of the island are distributed through a number of villages independent of each other, but all more or less under the rule of two powerful chiefs on the mainland opposite, each village having also its head-man, who exercises a sort of minor control over the rest of the villagers, and who is the referee and judge in disputes, or *milandu* as they are called. On the whole, the islanders may be said to be a peaceable people among themselves, rarely fighting the one village against the other. On the other hand, petty quarrels between one man and another are common enough, and there is no real principle of unity to bind them together. Society properly so called is a thing yet to come, but come it will as Christianity slowly but surely sows in the hearts of these people the seeds of true civilisation, and points them to the only principles which can build up true social life, and give them a bond of unity.

The main business of the islanders is net-making and fishing. At one or another of these occupations they may nearly always be found employed. If they are not twisting fibre into string for the nets, they are making the nets themselves, or mending them, or casting them. These nets are often very large, and are shared by several families, so that every take of fish is divided up amongst the different families owning the nets. Fish are far more plentiful during, and immediately after, the rainy season, though one favourite kind of small fry is almost peculiar to the dry months. Tending the flocks and herds gives employment to some few men and to a larger number of boys.

During the whole of the rainy season, which lasts between four and five months, and for a considerable



time after it is over, hoeing, planting, weeding, and agriculture generally occupy the chief part of each day for the women. At other times of the year pot-making, beer-brewing, and various other odd pieces of labour fill out her day for the housewife, who has besides to keep the house clean, prepare and pound the meal, and cook the food for the household. Tobacco is used largely by the Nyasas, not, however, in the form of snuff, and but very seldom chewed. It is smoked in "hubble-bubbles" made from gourds, fitted with a clay mouthpiece. Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters, all smoke, even the very young children being encouraged to take their whiff when the pipe is passed round, so that it is common for many of them who are scarcely in their 'teens to be constant smokers. But tobacco is not by any means the worst form of stimulant in which they indulge. The islanders are also great drunkards, the evil of drink extending, as in the case of tobacco, to the very young children, who have *moa* (native beer) given to them, even before they are properly weaned. Hence, quite young boys and girls have nearly always a strong taste for the liquor, and very often indulge in the same excesses to which their elders are addicted. As yet, however, the island is happily free from the curse of the European liquor traffic. The native beer, though fairly strong, is the reverse of volatile, and, being very thick, is food as well as drink, so that the effects of large quantities are rather in the direction of inducing a state of torpor and drowsiness in those who have become intoxicated. The brain probably does not become so excited as when the drunken fit has been caused by spirits.

The Nyasa language, or Chinyanja, as we call it, which is the language of the island, is one of the prefix-

pronominal languages belonging to the Bantu family of agglutinative tongues. It would seem to occupy a middle position between the dialects of the Zangian genus and those of the Zulu or southern branches. It is, as compared with some neighbouring languages, such as Yao or Makua, an easy tongue to acquire. Rebman, who more than thirty years ago compiled a dictionary of Chinyanja, was the first to point out its relation to the Swahili of the coast and the so-called Kaffir dialects, and to show that its affinities with these indicate its position with regard to them. It bears in its words so many signs of phonetic decay as compared with Zulu, that it is impossible not to regard it as an older tongue, or, to speak more correctly, an earlier off-shot from the original mother tongue of the Bantu than any of the Zulu or Kaffir varieties. A comparative philologist would, I feel assured, support this view of its age, and, if my memory does not deceive me, it has already been put forth by the man who has done more than any one else towards constructing a comparative grammar of this family speech, Dr. Bleek. An interesting and lucid account of the main features of the Bantu family may be found in Professor Sayce's *Introduction to the Study of the Science of Language*. The whole of the New Testament is now translated and published in Chinyanja, besides a number of school-books, and a very fair, if not very comprehensive, grammar and vocabulary. The whole of this work has been done by the Livingstonia Mission. Dr. Laws, from whose pen most of the linguistic work emanates, has in type the pages of what, it is to be hoped, will prove a very full and copious Chinyanja lexicon. Members of the mission of the Established Church of Scotland at Blantyre have also given much attention to translations in the same

language, and are beginning to publish tentative editions of versions of the Gospels and other books of the Bible. So far as I have been able to judge, I should say that Chinyanja has a greater tendency to develop dialectical differences than Chiyao, its nearest neighbour, which, on the whole, is singularly free from them. A reason for this may be easily assigned. The Yao people are great travellers, while the Nyasas, comparatively speaking, are stay-at-homes. Words, therefore, with the Yaos do not get the same chance of becoming isolated or restricted to one village or small district. With the Nyasas they are more or less subject to such isolation; moreover, the lake itself, which stands in the way of constant communication, helps largely to bring about the dialectical variations of East and West Chinyanja.

It would require a separate paper to set forth fully the religious beliefs and superstitions of the people. Only a few leading features can be dwelt on here. Briefly, it may be said, the people know of God's existence, but it is to all outward appearance an almost wholly infructuous knowledge, leading them neither to worship, fear, nor obey Him. None of them probably would deny His existence, or even His omniscience or omnipotence, though they neither think of Him as a God of love, nor as One to whom the affairs of men are a constant care. They look around on the world outside them, and at themselves, and say, "God made this and us," but here, for the most part, they stop. A few occasions there are when they supplicate God's blessing on the crops, but only certain members of the community take part in those prayers, and I do not think it can be said to be a universal practice with them either to invoke or make propitiatory offerings to God. The subject is a very obscure one, and probably

in course of time very much more than we at present know may be found out about it. I feel bound to add, however, that by far the greater number of the people show at the outset profound indifference as to the ultimate issues of life, and of the future state. Exceptions here and there, more especially amongst the younger people, there certainly are, and one and all are willing enough to listen to our preaching; but to say that, as a mass, they are eager to hear the good news of God would be, I must sadly confess, an entire perversion of the fact. As missionaries who have had a somewhat long experience of African natives, this causes us no surprise; and we know, happily, that it constitutes no real reason for being disheartened.

As might be expected, nearly every one lives in almost daily dread of witchcraft, and the belief in it that prevails is the cause often of shocking crimes. Few natural deaths, for instance, occur without its being said by some one that they have been caused by witchcraft. Nor does the matter rest here, for in a large number of cases resort is had to professed medicine-men, who proceed to *ombeza ula* (*Anglicè*, "to consult the oracle"). The *ula* is generally a bag, or skin, or gourd, containing various gruesome-looking articles, such as bones, teeth, pieces of wood, etc. This is shaken by the "doctor," who presently undertakes, by virtue of what it has taught him, to point out the people who bewitched the deceased parties. All believe in the truth of the *ula*; consequently no further questions are asked of the unfortunate creatures whom it is supposed to have pointed out. These are forthwith condemned to die, though sometimes their friends are able to buy them off, and thus save them from undergoing the sentence. More often, however, the terrible sentence is actually



carried out. It is but two months since an appalling case of this kind happened within two miles of our mission-houses, when four wretched victims were burned alive without our hearing one word of it until the dreadful atrocity had been accomplished. Had we known what was going to be done, we could probably have rescued the four poor women from their cruel fate by buying them off with cloth and beads. The ramifications of witchcraft—trial by ordeal, and the like—run through the whole of the social life, such as it is, of these people, creating fear, and suspicion, and mistrust on all sides, breaking up families, severing friendships, and interfering, no one can tell how greatly, with the progress of civilisation and enlightenment.

The great event of the year with the Nyasas, as with so many of the savage tribes of Africa, is the dancing, feasting and special rites that go on at the time when the *nkole* is held. Every year the young girls from the various villages, from the ages of nine and ten to sixteen or seventeen, who have not previously undergone the ceremony, leave their homes, and for two or three months live in booths under the charge of several women, whose business it is to initiate them into all the mysteries of the *nkole* which consist mainly in certain mutilations which are unnatural and degrading in themselves, as well as being subversive of all ideas of decency. Many of the songs and dances at this *nkole* are of a highly immoral character, and the whole ceremony is a deplorable instance of heathen custom utterly at variance with Christian principles and practice. A girl before she is initiated is called a *butu*; after she has been through the *nkole* she becomes a *mwali*. No girl is exempt from these loathsome ceremonies, or ever marries till she has been through them. It will be



obvious to any one that no young girls can take part in such scenes as these without becoming contaminated, if not wholly corrupted by them. It is, alas ! the time the young girls look forward to with the greatest eagerness, and look back upon with the greatest satisfaction, so terribly low are the ideas of morality in heathen Africa. The *nkole* is also held for boys, who live in booths far apart from the booths of the girls. In most tribes the *nkole* would be, in the case of the boys, the time when they undergo circumcision, but the Nyasa races are almost peculiar in this part of Africa in not practising this rite. Thus for the boys the *nkole* is only a time for dancing and feasting, and for them there are no bodily mutilations. As in the case of the *nkole* for girls, the songs are of a depraved character, and it is a time when all sense of decorum and modesty is abandoned, and the utmost licence prevails. The only way in which we can hope for the girls' *nkole* to be given up is when the children of those who are now children themselves, and whom we are gathering into the church by baptism, shall be kept back by their Christian parents from undergoing these detestable rites. It must inevitably be a very long time before this degrading *nkole* will wholly give way before the advances of Christianity, for of all native customs that are deep-rooted and ingrained in the life of the people, this, perhaps the very worst of them, stands pre-eminent.

Our steamer, the *Charles Janson*, starting as a rule every Monday and returning on Friday, makes a weekly trip along the eastern shores of the lake to a distance of about eighty miles, and visits some seven or eight large coast villages which lie to the south of Likoma. In one of them we have a flourishing school entirely maintained by one of our Zanzibar scholars. In this village lies

buried one whose saintly character will be ever lovingly remembered by all who knew him, Charles Janson, in memory of whom the steamer bears its name. Regular instruction in religious truth is given daily to the men on board the steamer, and we are anxious that she should in every way keep up her position as a veritable *Church ship*. She is a missionary and not a trader, and we want to help her to carry out her profession. Hence we even grudge the time that she has to go off her usual trip in order to carry up our stores and letters, and look upon this part of her work as an unavoidable necessity; though it may be confessed that when the good little ship heaves in sight, when we know our letters which we have been waiting for, it may be three or four months, are on board, we are not so ready to think of her long trip as one which has to be regretted!

Our buildings, it is true, are not as yet of a very permanent character; but, such as they are, they are convenient and commodious, though all the materials, such as bamboos, poles and grass, have to be fetched over in canoes from the mainland. We have planted a few of the fruit-trees that flourish on the coast, guavas, limes and lemons: some young fig trees also that have been planted this year show signs of taking kindly to the climate and soil. At present, the tomato is the only vegetable that flourishes, though it should be added that little has as yet been done to prepare the soil for other seeds.

## ON THE METHOD OF EVANGELISING UNCULTURED RACES.

[Written for the monthly paper of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta. Date, 1882.—E.M.]

IT has been recently said by a great authority in more especial allusion to natives of Central Africa, "The great difficulty with most tribes is to get them to regard one's religious teaching with anything but the most profound and polite indifference". Undoubtedly in this fact lies the very kernel of the obstacles encountered by missionaries in their efforts to evangelize these barbarian races. In Africa we have to induce the thirst we come to satisfy. For the most part we are free to confess that the natives do *not* desire to know more about God than their own ignorance has taught them, they do *not* evince any curiosity about spiritual things, they do *not* care to know what will happen to them after death, they do *not* want to give up their own superstitious practices (although they are often honest enough to confess them quite futile), they are *not* seeking after truth, they are not conscience stricken, nor do they even seem to be aware that in committing offences they are sinning against God. Their general attitude then towards the preaching of the Gospel is that of "the most profound and polite indifference"; and as we are further told on the same authority, "the over-coming of this indifference is really a great feat, however it may be accomplished".

It is obvious that in preaching to African "savages," a different method must be adopted from that followed by those who deal with a people vaunting its own religious system, whether it be Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, or any other of the great religions of the Eastern world. With these last the missionary's plan is clear. It is his business to make a thorough study of the system which he trusts to see supplanted by the Christian faith. He must search out all the elements of truth that lurk in it and show their true place in the religion which alone is The Truth. He must also faithfully expose its inconsistencies, and not shrink from openly declaring all its errors. All this he must do before he can fitly preach Christ to the people whom he desires to win to His fold.

In Africa, on the other hand, we have but a set of unconnected superstitions in place of a systematized religion. We have no definite dogmatic errors to contend against, and such religious forms and ceremonies as can be said to exist are of so vague and indeterminate a character that they cannot be looked upon as grave obstacles in the missionary's path. Still, if the absence of a religious system makes one particular form of study unnecessary, and indeed impossible, it ought not, for that reason, to be assumed that in point of real difficulty the evangelization of cultured races exceeds that of barbarous people. The question in either case is how to bring the Gospel home to the hearts of the people we hope to convert; how, that is, to present Christ's truth in such a way as that those who hear the Gospel may receive it.

Now in the case of the cultured heathen who has his own religion from which it is desired to convert him to Christianity, not only a study of that religion in itself, but what is—as I suppose—a far more difficult thing to



accomplish, namely, a thorough investigation into the manner in which that religion has taken hold of his heart, and as to the particular points in which lies its subtle attraction for him, is a thing absolutely essential. This last knowledge can only be attained by long and patient study of the national character, and the study will be a baffling and perplexing one indeed. That religion which of all others is most opposed to Christianity doubtless owes its wonderful and almost miraculous success to the astuteness of its founder. Mohammed took the measure of mankind before he wrote the Koran, and legislated for a people whom he knew how to suit. He knew in fact exactly how and where to attract men's obedience. He took man on the side of his weakness, he gave him every indulgence, and with regard to the few positive religious dogmas he set forth, they were those which, as his thorough knowledge of the characteristics of the Orientals, to whom in the first instance he would have restricted Islam, taught him, would be sure to meet with hearty acceptance. Mohammed, however, as an Oriental *himself*, legislated and even formed a religion for Orientals. The European missionary goes to the Oriental and the African with a faith to give him which is his own and which he must unfold in respect of the fulness and completeness of its doctrines, just as he received it himself. No two minds are constituted alike, and therefore no two minds grasp doctrines in a precisely similar manner. How differently then will the European, and the Oriental, and the African savage regard Christian dogmas upon their presentment to them in the first instance. But since Christianity is not a *lifeless* set of doctrines but a vital religion it is, of course, not the different constitution of the mind alone but the whole *character* as moulded and shaped through



the ages by a thousand varying conditions and a vast number of ever changing circumstances that calls for a close and keen study. Great gifts, not to say a special genius, are really requisite if this work is to be carried on successfully.

There is in the character of the native African, lying at its very root, something which renders him, as it at first seems, supremely and hopelessly indifferent to all religion whatever. It is not sufficient to explain this fact by the superficial conclusion that it is merely the indifference of the carnal mind, or the carelessness of a people given up to a gross materialism. This no doubt is all that is required to account for the indifference of those who ignore the claims of religion nearer home ; but no one can work for the spread of the Gospel amongst the natives of Africa without feeling that this explanation is wholly inadequate to meet their case. A real knowledge of the African character gained from a close study of individuals and communities is absolutely necessary. And to attain this knowledge the missionary in Africa is bound to bend his energies. He must strive to discern all the variable traits and divergent lines and strange motives that go to make up a character which, when he first meets with it, appears such a hopeless puzzle. It is not too much to say that unless we gain an approximately true idea of the character of the people, we can scarcely hope to present Christianity to them in the light in which they will freely accept it. Christian dogma in its great essential features must remain the same all the world over. The faithful missionary will not bate one jot of the orthodox faith, but the methods of presenting this doctrine are and must be manifold. Christ comes to one man in one way, and to another in another ; and, as He comes to

individuals, so also to nations. One man is moved to believe in Christ, first won by His tender humanity, by the desire to cling to Him "who is touched with the feeling of his infirmities" and who bears all his griefs. Another looking at Christ the conqueror of death upon the Cross, and startled as the whole face of nature veils her face before Him, exclaims "truly this man is the Son of God," and forthwith bows his knee in humble adoration, a convert to the conquering king.

No preconceived idea of how best to preach Christ will be likely to be of use when we find ourselves face to face with our heathen hearers. And here let me say that the predominant feeling one has when one first becomes acquainted with those heathen to whom we have come to preach, is that of utter puzzlement as to the strange mixture of virtue and vice, the unaccountable contradictions and inconsistencies that seem to make up their character. All that keeps us from utter despondency is the thought that it is the Holy Spirit who works conversion, He alone who can implant vital Christianity, He alone who can guide us out of ignorance into light, and cause the Word spoken by our mouths not to be spoken in vain. This thought indeed must always be the ruling one with the missionary who desires faithfully to declare to the heathen the whole counsel of God, but we are none the less constrained by our calling to study for ourselves by every power that God has given us, and with constant prayer to the Holy Spirit to guide and develop these powers, the best mode in which we may preach to them the saving truth of Christ. Bishop Selwyn has a noble passage somewhere in which he sets forth this truth, and shows that a missionary to do his work effectually must throw aside all prejudice and enter into bonds of

the closest intimacy with the races to whom he goes to preach. "We want," he says, "a large supply of 'Oberlins and Felix Neffs,' who, having no sense of their own dignity, will think nothing below it; and who will go into the lowest and darkest corner of the native character, to see where the difficulty lies which keeps them back from being assimilated to ourselves. They have received the Gospel freely and with an unquestioning faith: but the unfavourable tendency of native habits is every day dragging many back into the state of sin from which they seem to have escaped." Bishop Selwyn is here speaking of those who have accepted Christianity, but the principle emphasized applies alike in the case of the unconverted.

In view of the profound indifference to our religion which, as has already been said, is characteristic of those we come to convert in Africa, it seems only natural to spend some time in patiently investigating what are the "things of Christ" which, in regard to the special features of the native character, are the most likely to overthrow that indifference from its throne in their hearts; and which, by removing this prime barrier against all religious truth, may pave the way for a full and complete acceptance of the entire Christian faith. Doubtless to a great extent we must be content to make many mistakes from sheer ignorance, only remaining careful to pray always that our mistakes may not hinder His will in regard to the conversion of the people. Yet in a measure we may lessen the number of these mistakes by such a study as I have indicated. It is, I hold, a solemn duty to endeavour by constant and careful observation of the native character to find out how the Person of Christ may be held up to our heathen hearers in that particular aspect under which

the doctrine shall be most likely to win them to its acceptance. Thus such questions as these will present themselves. In order to gain over these tribes from indifference to the faith to a humble subjection to it, should the Humanity of our Blessed Lord or His Divinity be first held up to them? Or again, should the terrors of the Lord be dwelt upon with more emphasis than His mercies, or *vice versa*? I say such questions as these do indeed call for a decided answer in the *first beginnings* of missionary work, *i.e.*, before any of those who hear have given in their names for definite instruction and preparation for baptism. When once the first stage is past, and the several catechumens' classes have been entered, such questions can have no place, for the faith is then unfolded in its due proportions to people who have plainly declared their willingness and desire to be obedient to it. But for the first touching of the heart, for the kindling of sound slumbering consciences, for the removing of indifference, I repeat, one has to ask: "What shall I tell them of Christ that I may draw them to Him?" To illustrate my meaning I may take the question—in order to draw African natives to Christ should His Humanity or His Divinity be rather set before them? Now this question is answered by a reference to native character in one important respect wherein it differs from our own. We know that many an unbeliever amongst ourselves has been drawn to the true faith through being attracted in the first instance by the tenderness of Christ's humanity, by His human sympathies. How often do we make the human sympathy of Christ our theme, and how attractive an one it is, in England—Christ the human friend, touched with all our sorrows, tempted with all our temptations, and acquainted with all our griefs. We



love to think of the Son of God walking this earth as "the man Christ Jesus". Hundreds of hearts are melted into love by the tender Humanity of Christ. Grief with us is a real thing. At one time or another we all learn it, and it comes to us often with overwhelming power so that we well nigh sink under it, so intense and poignant are its pangs. For us then to feel that Christ knew our griefs, suffered them, bore them, aye and *bore* them *away* for our sakes, is one of the greatest incentives we can have to love Him as our friend and follow Him as our Master. But what of these African natives? Careless, indifferent, mirthful always, rarely allowing sorrow to touch them, never to possess them, as little acquainted with the gentler courtesies of life as they are with the sad and serious side of it, wholly ignorant of the solemnity of humanity and without one single wish to improve their own share of it; where, one asks, in the present stage of their existence, where can the perfect example of Humanity be expected to touch and move and attract them. But whether or not this is the main reason that prevents them from being attached to the Son of *Man*, the fact is certain that here where I am writing,<sup>1</sup> it is the doctrine of Christ the Eternal Son of God, the King of men and angels, together indeed with the central fact of the Incarnation—the Sacrifice of the Cross, that by the grace of the Holy Spirit has proved the attracting power compelling belief in, and attention to the preaching of Christianity. Even while saying that the Sacrifice of Christ's death has drawn them, I cannot but add that it was the fact of the offering made by the Person of the Son of God that seems to have filled them with awe and brought

<sup>1</sup> At Masasi, in East Central Africa.



them to the very foot of the Cross, rather than His suffering Humanity shedding His life-blood for us that has constrained their belief and adoration. In a word, the Majesty of Christ has compelled their allegiance and brought them to Him in fear and awe with a sense that they *must* obey. They have yet to learn, and now that the first step has been taken, they will learn, the love of Christ. We look forward to the time when to their first confession of faith—"truly this is the Son of God" they will learn to add that which, while it recognises the Human nature of Christ, so fitly makes that confession complete, "we love Him because He first loved us".

As a consideration of the native character has shown why the Humanity of our blessed Lord is not that aspect of His Person which in the first instance draws uncultured savages to Faith in Him, so a like consideration will avail to show why Christ from the side of His Divinity would be more likely to draw them to a practical recognition of His claims upon their belief and allegiance. And first it is to be noted that God in His attribute of infinite and absolute power is thoroughly believed in by all the native races of whom I speak. It is true indeed that all idea of His holiness is absent, and an utterly unworthy notion of His justice prevails, but as the Omnipotent one He is recognised by all. From this fundamental article of their own faith we start, and on it we found the doctrine of God's eternal justice and concern with the affairs of men. Next we speak of His kingdom upon earth, and exhibit Him as conferring the government upon His Son and sending Him down to us to take His great power and reign. By this time we have reached a doctrine which will not sound strange in their ears.

Massing themselves as they do under their local chieftains, and accustomed from childhood to look to them for guidance and direction and support in all matters, in return for which they yield them a cheerful and hearty obedience, ready to fight for them, to work for them, to wait upon them at any and all times of their life ; with all this practical and daily recognition of their duty as subjects of a king, they hear of the Omnipotent one as *their* great king, and not their's only, but the king of all nations and kindreds and tongues. They have of themselves known His Omnipotence, and they have not disbelieved us when we told of His justice, of His care, and of His love towards the children of men. Hence they profess themselves ready to serve the Higher King with all the hearty loyalty and obedience they have yielded in their relations to their earthly sovereign. Messiah the anointed one they bow before, ere they have learned to realise that He and Jesus the Saviour are one. That God's Son is God, co-equal in majesty power and might, co-equal in the Godhead, with the Father, suggests no doubt to their mind. Henceforth God the Omnipotent is for them Messiah their king and they press forwards for admission to His kingdom.<sup>1</sup>

This one illustration will perhaps suffice to show that in preaching the Gospel to savage races who at first oppose to it supreme indifference, it is necessary to lay aside preconceived schemes for setting forth the Word, and in order to win them over to come and be taught, to select such articles of the faith as may be most calculated, from what we have learned of native character by studying it on the spot, to bring about a

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Canon Medd in the "One Mediator," Bampton Lectures (1882), refers to this passage as an illustration of the value of the due presentation of the Royalty of Christ (*cf.* p. 279).

practical conviction of its Truth. According to this method one doctrine will be chosen before another, or will be more constantly dwelt on. It will be necessary also to watch closely for signs of interest amongst our hearers. These will not be altogether wanting, and where they present themselves we shall learn how and in what particular subject our preaching is taking effect. Having found this out, we shall press that subject and by it, through the grace of God, make a breach in the thick wall of indifference, and so gain entrance into the citadel of men's hearts. This point once reached, our difficulties are well nigh at an end, and we can immediately proceed to the regular routine of classes and preparation for baptism for which we have no uncertain rules to guide us. The creed can then be taught clause by clause, to this can succeed the exposition of the Lord's Prayer, while a careful instruction in the moral law may be given side by side with them. No missionary to Africans will allow that his difficulties lie in his instructions to his classes. All who work in this part of the mission field will probably with one consent confess that the great difficulty is that which assails them at the outset of their labours, the penetration of the barrier of indifference.

I cannot leave the subject with which I have been dealing in this paper without adding a few remarks on the preacher who goes to the uncultured tribes of Africa. If indifference to the word preached is the main obstacle in the way of gaining acceptance for the Gospel, we must admit that at the outset at least much will depend upon the personality of the preacher himself. The very name by which all white men are known to these Africans is "The strange one". The European is essentially odd, or strange, to them at first. His

dress, his food and way of feeding, his manner, his temper, and his whole mode of life are utterly "strange". Some of the most ignorant of the natives after they have been accustomed to a white face for several years still look upon its owner as an uncanny being, somewhat other than human, and certainly not possessing passions and feelings like their own. And so long as he remains such an one to their thinking, it is hardly to be expected that exhortations to follow his faith, to worship as he does, and to fear God as he does, will come with any great force. No, the European missionary *must* become an African to win Africans. He must, so far as is consistent with his Christian principles, assimilate himself to them. He must especially guard against appearing peculiar and strange. He must, "having no sense of his own dignity, think nothing below it". Where he can adopt the native dress without giving offence to his own European brethren, as is possible in places remote from the haunts of white men, he should not be slow to don it. If it be possible to do so without injury to health, he should take native food and eat in native fashion. Above all, he should be careful always to think of his black flock as his brothers for Christ's sake, and to do nothing and say nothing to encourage the idea that white races are necessarily superior to black ones. He must be sincere and thorough, more of the friend than the mentor, and where he finds himself unable to love he must be careful to make no pretence of it. He must not look for gratitude or be anxious for his sympathy to be reciprocated. He will rarely be rewarded in this way, and still more rarely if he be one who craves these things. Many missionaries have a way of treating grown men as though they were children. None are quicker than the natives to discern this, and



none more ready to resent it inwardly, though they always cleverly disguise this feeling. He who begins his work by patronising the natives may gain a kind of attachment to himself from them, but never their affection. No doubt adult Africans are often childish in some important respects, but they are men and they know it, and a missionary never gains real influence over them if he persists in treating them as babes. Freedom of intercourse between the missionary and his people, rendered possible only by a thorough knowledge of their language as they speak it, is the first essential to the conversion of a tribe. Trust and confidence in the missionary preacher, brought about by a feeling of thorough intimacy with him, soon leads on to a belief in his doctrine if only he is careful constantly and urgently to declare it. Let a body of natives once get really attached to a missionary for what he is to them, and not for what he gives them in the way of material things, and they will not be slow to follow his teaching.

There are some who are fond of distinguishing between "those who work in missions" and "real missionaries". By the latter title they denote those who are successful in gathering in converts. If the distinction be not a fair one, it is at any rate intelligible. God has endowed some men with a certain *converting power*, which to others, often holier men, He sees fit to deny. While, as it cannot be too often reiterated, *all* conversion is the work of the Holy Spirit, there are yet given to some men apart from all intellectual gifts, and apart also from the highest spiritual gifts, certain qualities and graces which in His inscrutable counsels are specially blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of the heathen. Thus it is that we find some-



times men who in the mission field live, it may be, far holier and more self-devoted lives than others, and yet who are not, to all appearance, so successful as those others in bringing converts to Christ. I say, to *all appearance*, for we in our short-sightedness are apt to look only at present results and to imagine that in a given sequence of events we can gauge accurately both cause and effect. But in truth the work of conversion cannot be measured by human intelligence. It is beyond our ken. We cannot state with any precision how conversion has been brought about, either in the case of individuals or nations. We cannot say this man has failed to do so. While one is drawing men to Christ by cultivating personal intimacy with them as he preaches, another may be bearing his full share in this work by his intercessions and prayers, though his preachings may come with less effect owing to his lack of those qualities and graces which instinctively draw the natives to regard the other as a friend, and so to lend an attentive ear to his teaching.

In conclusion it is to be borne in mind that I have throughout this paper been dealing with the case of heathen Africa where it has not been touched by coast, *i.e.*, Mohammedan, influence. A very different account would have to be given of tribes among which a Mohammedan propaganda has been for some years carried on. "Profound and polite indifference" is the inheritance of centuries of heathen darkness in the heart of Africa, and it is against this that the missionary has to bend the weapons of his spiritual warfare, and in regard to this that he has to make the method of his preaching a matter of first importance.

# ON THE POWER OF THE CONSCIENCE, THE SENSE OF THE MORAL LAW, AND THE IDEA OF GOD AMONGST CERTAIN TRIBES IN EAST AFRICA.

(A Paper read before the Oxford Graduates Missionary Association on 6th March, 1891, and reprinted by permission from the publications of the Universities' Mission of Central Africa.)

IN the remarks I have to offer on the subject of the conscience, and of the moral law, and of the idea of God amongst certain East African tribes, I wish to be understood as speaking of those people alone who may reasonably be held to have derived none of their beliefs from the Mohammedanism of the coast, and whose religious instincts, whatever they be, cannot be traced to any other revelation from on high than that which is implied in the witness to God of a man's own heart.

So far as my experience and observation have gone, I have never been able to trace in the heathen of Central Africa any vestiges of an historic revelation. On the question as to whether these people's ancestors shared any religious beliefs belonging to an early age wherein a revelation had been vouchsafed, I am anxious indeed not to dogmatize. The question is bound up with that of the origin of the Bantu race, their original home, and their ethnological descent, about all which matters we are almost wholly in the dark. All that concerns me now is to chronicle the fact that a careful inquiry into the subject has resulted—for myself at least—in the

belief that whatever religious instincts we find, whatever apprehension of the moral law, whatever notions of God, whatever of obedience to the dictates of conscience must all be accounted for independently of what we more commonly understand by "revealed religion".

While the customs and rites observed by the different tribes with whom, in the course of the last fifteen years I have lived, are indeed very various, their religious beliefs are for the most part homogeneous; and therefore what I have to say as to these latter may be taken as generally applicable to all Africans with whom I have come in contact who have not obviously been affected either by Mohammedanism or Christianity.

To speak first of the native idea of God. The common name for God which we find in all these tribes is some variant of *Mulungu*, or, as it stands in Zulu, *Unkulunkulu*. It is undoubtedly derived from the adjective stem *kulu*, meaning "great". As found amongst the Zulus in its full reduplicated form, it would seem to mean a "great-great grandfather"—a first ancestor, perhaps, of a family or tribe. Metaphorically the word then got transferred to the Being who, according to their belief, originated all things. By a process of mutilation the reduplicated form got worn away into *Mulungu*; but it is of importance to note that reduplication is in fact there, for it is one of the chief uses of reduplication to intensify the force of the word reduplicated. Thus, if *nkulu* means "great," *nkulunkulu* means "great-great," or, as we should say, "very great". As applied to ancestors it does, I think, denote both distance in time from present descendants as also their moral superiority. Just as children in Africa look up to their elders as the representatives of power and moral force, and so call them *akulu akulu*,

“our great ones,” so the present generation always applies the same word to their early ancestors with, perhaps, much the same idea of moral superiority. One would say therefore that this word *Mulungu* is probably the best their languages afford to which to attach their idea of God. Other words there are in use, the most important of which is *mzimu*, which, however, amongst the tribes with whom I am acquainted is only used for “spirit,” whether of the living or the dead, and has never been generally employed by them for the Supreme Being whom they call *Mulungu*. We adopted this word *mzimu* for theological purposes, and, with a natural epithet, applied it to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. Another common up-country word for God is *Chiuta*, but of the origin of this word I have no account to give.

Now comes the difficult question, What is the native heathen idea of God and how do they think of Him? As a Creator, as an originator certainly. The visible world, the things of sense around them, these people refer to God and God alone, and they say always unhesitatingly, God made them. Further, they think of God as the Personal Giver and Sustainer of life, whether of animal or lower forms. Thus from Him, they say, comes the rain that causes the corn to sprout and the trees to bud. They recognise as from Him the food that nourishes all animals, with man at their head. Physical life and health, then, they believe to be the gift of God alone. Man in his whole complex being, body and soul, is God’s creation. Of death they have a different account to give, and they know nothing, and almost all of them believe nothing, as to a life beyond the grave.

One may say that they know nothing of “gods

many or lords many," and that their belief in one God, if, as I shall show, an infructuose one, is at least, and however derived, a step in the direction of true religion. No one who knows them would credit Africans in their heathen state with being a thoughtful or reflective people; yet, as it seems, to a belief in God as the one Supreme Creator of the visible world their reason, rather than their conscience, has compelled them.

As is well known, there is no idolatry, properly so called, in the part of Africa where our mission is at work. It is not, I think, a true statement to say that Mohammedanism has swept these away, and, so far, has been a *præparatio evangelii*. Probably the almost total absence of anything approaching to worship amongst these people, coupled with the absence of polytheistic notions, has mainly to do with the non-idolatrous character of their religious instincts. So far as the people realise their own personality, and know themselves as beings who "will," and who are "self-determining," so far are they led also to think of God as truly a Personal God. They appear to think of Him as supreme, though in a somewhat negative sense, and as enjoying a kind of inactive supremacy, the fruit of indifference to the moral issue of the world He has set agoing.

To God then, conceived of as a personal being and as a spirit, they do refer their own being and existence, their own lives as well as those of all creaturely existences. Up to this point in the belief of God, as it seems to me, their *reason* has led them. Thus far, if we may adopt the old distinction, natural religion has brought them, and thus far it has prepared them for what we more commonly term revelation. Nor do I think that there have been any peculiar difficulties in our way while attempting to determine their views about God up



to this point. It is when we enter the region of morals and try to find out how far their belief about God is really a religious one, how far their sense of personal relationship with God, based on their realisation of Him as their Creator, leads them on to know Him as having entered into a *moral* relationship with them—it is when these questions press for an answer that we feel our subject becomes so perplexed.

The questions as to their idea of God and as to their moral faculty are, of course, inseparably bound together. What they think about God in a moral connection can only be upon the information of their consciences ; and so we have to ask, What do their consciences tell them about God and the Moral Law? How do they judge of right and wrong? Is the Moral Law for them supreme over all? Do they desire what is right *because it is right*? Whatever answers be given or suggested to these and kindred questions, the existence of conscience is, I am sure, a fact which no one who knows these people could possibly call in question. Obscured though that faculty be, uncertain perhaps to the last degree its pronouncements, untrained—nay, wholly perverted by disuse and neglect, the faculty nevertheless is there, and needs only to be aroused to prove its power and force. No amount of dulness of moral perception, no depths of moral degradation and depravity amidst the dreary wastes of heathenism which I have met with in communities or individuals, have caused me to doubt the existence of the moral faculty in any one of the individuals of any heathen tribe. And that this is so is not so much a matter of faith as of experience. For as a matter of fact I know of no case where, when the appeal to the conscience has been properly made, it has failed altogether to meet with response. The response may

have been unfruitful through a will too weak to move at its bidding, but a response there has been, a confession of the heart—what is this but conscience speaking?—that the appeal is a just one, and such as he to whom it is made is bound by the deepest law of his being to listen to and acknowledge. In speaking of the appeal being “properly made,” I refer to the faithful preaching of God’s revealed word, and of the true declaration of Him in His moral attributes to those who already know of Him as the one Personal and Supreme Being who made them, and whose reasons have informed them of a certain necessary, though not *moral*, relationship as existing between Him and themselves. Whether we hold that as a consequence of the fall, these people when we come to them first, seem to be utterly without sense of any *moral* relationship between them and their Maker, or whether we find some other explanation of this phenomenon, it is nevertheless, I hold, certain that reason having helped them to a knowledge of God as their Maker, the moral faculty within them does at once, upon the revelation of God’s moral being through our preaching, compel them to a recognition of the justice and the righteousness of the appeal so made to them, “Be ye holy, for I am holy”. God it is, they then realize, who thus speaks to them, and their moral faculty informs them, with no uncertain sound, of their *duty* to listen. *Obligation* in this respect is, as soon as the personal relationship between the man and his Creator is realised, *the* point insisted upon by the conscience. Here at least there is no variation. Here conscience will ever make itself heard. Personality truly realized recognizes its responsibility to that Personality to which it confesses itself to be subordinate, and thus our Africans gain their first idea of *duty to God*. We are not perplexed or

dismayed then because consciences are dormant, and as though dead. Yet if we believed them to be non-existent we should feel at once that as missionaries our work would have to cease. It is true indeed that when we first go to heathen Africa we do not find her eager for, or even seeking light, because the arousing of consciences alone can kindle that eagerness or set her about that search, and because to arouse consciences is in truth the first work that has to be done for Africa. What we do know is that the heart of Africa has only to be touched by the story of revelation, and at once we witness the promises of Christ beginning to be fulfilled, as one after another our heathen hearers come to "know the truth," and by it are "made free". We know this already by many happy experiences of it in Central Africa. We know also that for philosophical speculations about God these people do not care. We are not afraid, so to speak, of interesting their heads rather than their hearts by our preaching. When we begin to speak to them of God, we find out at once that it is religious teaching about Him to which they will listen. Nothing purely philosophical about God has any meaning at all for them, or any interest. If we find them materialists, they are nevertheless practical. Indeed, these people of ours are nothing if they are not practical; and so religion as a practical thing makes its way surely with them whenever consciences are stirred and wills are roused. There is no spirit of dilettanteism about African races which would cause them to welcome Christianity as an interesting theory for discussion, and for comparison with other theories or philosophical systems, and generally to be trifled with, and treated as nothing more serious than a new subject for the intellect to exercise itself upon. Our Africans do indeed seem

to grasp at once that Christianity is a discipline of life, and as such they at once accept and assimilate it, whenever they accept it at all. In this respect especially, as I should imagine, they may be contrasted with the Aryan races of India as we come in contact with them to-day. Nor are they less different from those Athenians of old who were willing to accept St. Paul as a speculative philosopher, but "mocked" when they found him a mere missionary! With Africans we feel that we have but to carry on their belief for them, to exhibit Him whom they already know as their Creator, as also the Author of that Moral Law of which in some sort they have a perception, and which they feel themselves bound to observe and obey; we have but to do this, and at once a sense of duty to God, and obligation to obey His behests, is aroused, and so the claims of religion upon them are allowed.

This, too, is the point at which a sense of moral depravity as *sin* begins. It is certainly true, I think, that the uninformed conscience of heathen Africa has nothing to say about sin as sin, though when awakened it becomes indeed its very chief function to show sin to be "exceeding sinful"—a fact of which we have the most constant experience. One principal way of awakening the conscience is by preaching and instructions to bring out for them the full Christian teaching on the moral Being and attributes of God. Thus preaching is seen to have a kind of sacramental efficacy in regard to man's moral faculty, and is naturally the chief means we employ for preparing the foundations of that Christian temple of the Holy Ghost which each individual upon his conversion and baptism does in fact become. I do not think I could cite one single instance where this method of appealing to the conscience has



failed of all effect whatever. And it is this, as I have already said, that makes one believe in conscience as indeed the ultimate religious element in the inner being of every heathen however degraded—the universal witness of the heart to God, even prior to its being realised as such by its possessor. Let people theorize as they may, the conscience is always there to appeal to ; and so we believe it to be as much a part of man's being as he comes from the hand of his Creator, as his very reason itself is. To go preaching the truths of revelation to heathen in Africa is to have forced upon one at every point the conviction that conscience is indeed an essential endowment of our nature.

For myself, I know of nothing more difficult to account for as regards the religious instincts and intuitions of heathen Africans than the strange dissociation that seems to exist between God as they think of Him and the Moral Law so far as they perceive it. Their ideas of God, however, and at whatever time conceived, seem to have been unprogressive, and to be totally disconnected with what they feel and realise as to the Moral Law. Not because they were philosophically or speculatively inclined—for to be so is far from them—but by the plain workings of their reason arguing from nature animate and inanimate, as taken cognizance of by their senses, they seemed to have arrived at such a notion of God the limitations of which I have already pointed out. Travelling along a different road they have arrived at a sense of the Moral Law, but so far as we can tell, there seems, now at least, to be no connection in their minds between the two ; nay, more—there is plain evidence of the divorce between them. Is this to be accounted for by attributing it to the moral deterioration of a fallen humanity, the natural Nemesis of disobedi-

ence to the calls of a conscience once more illuminated than now? Are we to apply to them St. Paul's words, and say that "when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened"? The solution of the difficulty does not seem very obvious or clear. Morality in the case of our heathen people in Africa does somehow appear to be divorced from religion. To break the Moral Law, so far as their apprehension of it carries them, is *wrong*, is an offence, but *not against God*. It is not, therefore, strictly speaking, *sin*. Morality finds its seat mainly perhaps in the laws, such as they are, that give order to heathen society, and which, so far as they go, do protect the rights of individuals, and make social life possible and safe. Theft, murder, adultery—all these things are felt to be wrong, and there are none who commit these crimes who do not at the same time admit them to be *wrong*, and who consequently admit also the justice of their punishment. Heathen are generally tolerably alive to a sense of moral responsibility as regards their dealings with one another, however much they may act contrary to it. They acknowledge each other's rights. As moral beings, in however rude a state, they could scarcely do otherwise. Yet they seem entirely dead to any thought of accountability to God for transgressions against morality. Their morality is, and perhaps for this very reason, essentially unprogressive, and we may suppose that as we find them to-day, so were they absolutely the same in all moral respects centuries ago. Their religious ideas do not seem to have been helped by their morality, nor has their morality apparently gained any help from their religious ideas, if indeed their belief in God, being such as it is, can be termed

religious at all. Stagnation, and that at a very low level, is what we find both in their morality and their religious beliefs. In consequence of the divorce between morality and their belief in God, we find the Moral Law saying nothing to these people on the subject of obligations God-ward, nothing of the *duty* of faith, or of reverence, or of worship ; on all such matters conscience has either ceased to speak, or has never spoken at all. But the Moral Law, as I have already noticed, does emerge and make its presence felt when the relations of men to their fellows, whether in the family, tribe or community, are concerned. The rights of individuals are protected by it, the reasonableness and justice of it approve themselves to the moral faculty of those who pay the penalties of its transgression, and who really feel when they suffer that they are being punished for evading plain obligations which are absolute, and not arbitrarily imposed. However it comes about, certain offences which are to the hurt of a fellow man within the same tribal community are distinctly recognised as morally wrong, and so are punished. Is it that the moral sense of these communities, which thus leads them to condemn these offences, mainly results from a long experience of social needs, and is due to the "capitalized experience of the tribe" which has realized that society would break up were these offences to be allowed to go unpunished? Even if such be the explanation of the fact in question, I do not see that the validity of conscience, or even its Divine origin, are thereby called in question. One can admit "the long experience of social needs" as a principal factor in the evolution and development of conscience, without denying it an origin truly Divine. One can think further that God, when He gives man along with all

his other faculties the moral faculty, implants it as a germ in such a way as that its growth and development—prior to His own historic revelation of Himself to man's moral consciousness—may be mainly fostered by recognition of, and obedience to, social obligations and laws, which his daily life with his fellows renders necessary. Thus perhaps, and of set purpose, the consciences of heathen Africans are being divinely trained and kept alive, preparatory to the great enlightenment which comes to them when God, as we Christians know Him, is revealed to them.

It is probably too much to say that a heathen African feels himself morally responsible for what he does to the hurt of his fellow, on the ground of their sharing a common humanity. On such a theory of the sense of obligation it would be difficult to explain slavery, which certainly does not present itself to the African conscience as morally wrong, any more than polygamy, for instance, is conceived as such. Moreover, there is, I am of opinion, but a very slight sense, if indeed any at all, of moral wrong-doing in the case of hurt done to a member of a different community or township.

All we can say, I think, with any certainty is that in heathen Africa a Moral Law is recognized, and that, so far as observation goes, it seems that the basis of its obligation upon individuals is not to be found in any conviction of personal responsibility to God as enforcing it. What we find amongst the heathen in Central Africa is, to use Dr. Martineau's felicitous expression, "conscience acting as human before it is felt to be Divine". What they have to be taught is, that the Moral Law, to which their consciences feebly witness, is bound up with the Personal God whom we



find them thinking of apart from it. They have to learn in fact that God *is* the Moral Law, and that herein is its authoritative force for them. As heathen, must we not say also as fallen beings, they vaguely felt and feebly followed a sense of duty. Thus far their untaught consciences led them. As heathen, too, they retained in their knowledge an idea of God as supreme and all-powerful, though shorn of the moral attributes of Holiness and Love. Perhaps, then, this idea of God, all imperfect and pagan as it is, has been the chief cause of the fact that our teaching is never disputed when we declare to them God and the Moral Law as one. This connecting of the Personal God of whom they knew something, with that law to the binding character of which their consciences in some sense witnessed, supplied them, as it may be, with the explanation they lacked for its authoritative voice. Knowing themselves personally free, they yet felt an obligation laid upon them to do, or leave undone, this or that action. This sense of obligation they felt as a thing innate within them, and really not deriving its source, or taking its sanctions, from the humanly imposed laws governing their society, and which said "You must do this" and "You must not do that". They did distinguish between the "you must" of these laws, and the "you ought" of their moral faculty; and though, as it seems, they had not yet seriously asked what was at the back of that feeling of *obligation* in regard to their sense of right and wrong, to give it its supreme authority, yet we brought them the answer that certainly satisfied their reason, and moreover the one answer that could, and did, touch their consciences into a fresh and vigorous life. *The authority behind the Moral Law was God.* This was the solution of the ques-

tion that not only satisfied their reason, but also approved itself to their conscience. Person alone could be the true account of the authority with which the Moral Law, and the obligation to fulfil it, forced itself upon their consciences ; and it was therefore but a short and easy step for them to take, to complete their belief in God as the all-powerful Creator, by acknowledging Him as reigning also in the moral sphere.

## CHARLES SULIMANI.

[Written in 1891.]

It has been suggested to me that some account of the career of our first Masasi convert, who has lately met his death under sad circumstances, may prove interesting to our readers.

Sulimani was the first of the Masasi Makuas to attach himself to us after the released slave settlement had been founded there at the end of the year 1876. At that time he was a tall lad, about seventeen years of age, who, under ordinary circumstances, would have been considered too old to be admitted into our boys' school. He displayed, however, such a keen desire to be taught, that we stretched a point in his favour, and allowed him to take his place as one of our boy pupils at Masasi. My first acquaintance with him dates from August, 1877, from which time until my return to England in 1879, I had a large share in his training and education. I can remember nothing more interesting in all my African experiences than the opportunity then afforded me of watching the development of Sulimani's conscience as he put himself under the influence of our teaching, and learnt through it to know himself a sinner, and to become aware of his need of a Saviour. For nearly six months before his baptism I happened to be alone at Masasi, without any European companion. It was then that, in getting to know my friend very intimately, I was able to trace the work of God's prevenient grace illuminating his conscience, and pre-

paring his soul for the great Sacrament he was about to receive. Hearing at that time of the death of a dear brother, I, in memory of him, gave our first convert Sulimani the name of Charles when I baptised him on Christmas Day, 1878. Before the close of that year he had helped me to prepare a small handbook and vocabulary of his own Makua language, as well as to translate a portion of the Gospel in the same interesting tongue. In the year 1879, and during part of the following year, he continued his studies under two of our missionaries, and was prepared for Confirmation. On my return to Zanzibar in July, 1880, I met him there shortly after he had been confirmed; and before starting again for Masasi we paid a visit together to Magila, at which place, after careful and earnest preparation, he made his first communion.

Although in the sequel there is much to be told that is sad and grievous in dear Charlie's life, I cannot forbear saying, now that he has gone from us, and rests, as we may believe he *does* rest, forgiven in Paradise, that at that time his contrition for his sins was as deep, and his devotion for our Lord was as tender, as any it has been my privilege to witness. Indeed, affection was a special trait in his character, and while at the time of which I now speak it was primarily drawn out in that devotion to our Blessed Lord to which allusion has just been made, it was also noticeable in the way in which he seemed, even through all the period of his back-sliding, to cling to some of us, his teachers and early friends. Never, I think, in all the dreary time some years later, of which I shall have to speak, did his affectionate regard for his old friends desert him. And here I may mention that of Mr. Clarke especially he always spoke and wrote to me in terms of affection, as



of one whose interest in him he always felt sure of, and to whom he owed a great deal for much loving care bestowed upon him in the past.

Charlie then, as will be seen, was essentially one who never forgot those friends who first taught him his Christian faith, and to them at last he turned when, after a very sad falling away into sin, he was by the mercy of God led to penitence and a return to the state of grace from which for a time he lapsed.

In September, 1880, Charlie accompanied me to Masasi, and was soon after this date promoted to the office of a reader. Some time in the succeeding year I ransomed him from slavery, and a few months afterwards he was married to a Christian widow named Ruth Zafrani, a member of our released slave community. Throughout the year 1881 and for a great part of the following year he did good work in preaching and in interpreting at the various villages in the Masasi district, in which at that time we were busily engaged in trying to spread the truth, to rouse dormant consciences, and generally to prepare men's hearts for the reception of the Faith. It was sowing time with us then in those villages, and Charlie zealously and diligently helped us to sow.

Then came a time when our work at Masasi was shaken to its very foundations, and we sustained the severe shock of the ever-to-be-remembered Gwangwara raid.<sup>1</sup> At no time in his career did Charlie so thoroughly prove himself the true Christian he was, as on this trying and memorable occasion. When at the first onset of our fierce assailants more than half of our poor released slaves were carried off captive and taken to the enemy's camp, Charlie's wife was among the number, though

<sup>1</sup> See *Bishop Maples' Life and Letters*, p. 182.

he himself had not fallen into their hands. Without a moment's hesitation he at once gave himself up to them in place of his wife, lest she should suffer dishonour. He remained captive but one night only, for the next morning sufficient cloth for his ransom was sent down to the Gwangwara camp, and Charlie was accordingly restored to freedom. It is clear from all the accounts that were given to me at the time, that by the fearless way in which he spoke to, and reasoned with these savage marauders, he gained considerable influence over them, and thus helped largely to the, comparatively, good understanding and quasi-peace which was eventually brought about between us and the Gwangwara raiding party. It was by the exercise of the influence he certainly gained, that the holy vessels which at the time of the raid had been carried off from the church, were, along with a number of other ornaments of the building, restored to us. Charlie, when the Gwangwara asked him, "Why do not these white men and you fear us, seeing that we can kill you all!" answered at once, "Because you can only kill our bodies with your spears; it is our souls we care about, and you can't touch them, and so we don't fear you". I heard from others at the time that Charlie had made this answer, and that the Gwangwara were not only awed, but actually made afraid, by these words. Doubtless it was the first intimation they had ever received that there was anything about a man they could not kill. Yet they believed it when Charlie told them, and, cowards at bottom like all bullies, they trembled at the news. Charlie first, by giving himself into their hands to save his wife, and afterwards by the bold way in which he denounced them for their cruelty, impressed them greatly; and in their way they even took to him, so

that in many of our subsequent dealings with them he played rather a prominent part. When the Gwangwara, after their fortnight's stay at Masasi, finally left the village, Charlie sought us out at Newala, and was the first to bring us the news of all the sadness and the sorrow that the raid had caused, and to tell us that our assailants had left the country. He found my four native companions and myself in a very reduced and exhausted condition after the privations and anxiety of that weary waiting time, when, with Matola and his people, in the recesses of the Makonde thickets we lay hid, almost without food and with no shelter, till news should reach us, and till the Gwangwara scouts should retire from their ambushes at the foot of the plateau near the temporarily deserted village and gardens. I shall not easily forget the assistance Charlie rendered on that occasion, when, finding me too ill to walk, he, with one man only to help him, carried me the greater part of the way back to Masasi.

During a part of the year 1883, if my memory does not deceive me, Charlie remained at Masasi with Mr. Porter when the rest of us migrated to Newala. I am unable to remember much about him at that period, but shortly after the close of the year there came the time when we sorrowfully saw him entering upon a course of action which finally involved him in temptations under which he fell grievously into sin. Up to the time of which I speak Charlie always appeared to me to be marvellously sustained by sacramental grace, and I remember with pleasure how carefully he would prepare for his communions, and how entirely he seemed to rely on a worthy reception of the Blessed Sacrament for his soul's health. A sad change came indeed, and of that, since I desire to give, so far as I am able, a faithful

account of his career from my first acquaintance with him until his death last year, I must now speak.

After Charlie had been redeemed from slavery, he conceived the idea of seeking means to effect the ransom of several of his brothers, who still remained slaves. In order that he might secure their freedom, he saved up his wages, and in course of time ransomed one or two of his relations, his mother having been previously given her freedom by Mr. Porter, who kindly found, and paid over, the ransom-money to Mkuti, her master, who had formerly owned Charlie also as his slave. When Charlie had thus ransomed some of his own relations, the idea seized him of ransoming other people as well. I cannot myself doubt that, in the first instance, his motives for doing this were really kind and disinterested. Soon, however, they became mixed, and it was clear that he sought to gain power for himself by setting himself up as a kind of petty chief or ruler over the little community of people who owed their liberty to his liberality.

Seeing his danger, we warned him of it, and he was again and again urged to hand over the government of these people to one of the local chiefs, who would have been their natural ruler. Charlie was obstinate, and declined to follow the repeated advice that was given him. Soon the course he persisted in became a source of great danger to him, and so he fell away into sin, in which he became more and more entangled, and to which for a time he seemed to yield himself altogether. Yet I do not think he ever became really hardened. Probably a tendency he always had to be despondent when tempted, became more fully developed when he had fallen, and so he kept away from those who sought to help him and lead him to penitence, and many months passed ere there seemed any hope that he would break off the evil



connection in which he had involved himself. Some-time in 1888 I received a long sad letter from him when I was at Likoma, in which he told me the story of his sin, and also of his own dissatisfaction with his state. Towards the conclusion of the letter he quoted St. Paul, and said, "Though I have had many masters in Christ, I have only one father," and he added that he should, upon the bishop's return to Newala, place himself in his caravan, so that he might come and seek counsel and advice from me. In 1889 he carried out his intention, and it was he who, as readers of *Central Africa* will remember, was providentially preserved from being carried off by a lion as the party neared the shores of the lake.<sup>1</sup> That strange adventure made a deep impression on Charlie's mind, and he told me he felt, when he realised how the fierce animal had failed in his attempt to carry him off, that God had saved him from the lion's paw that He might give him space to seal and deepen his contrition for his sin.

While in Likoma with us I can bear witness that dear Charlie did all that it was right for him to do to make his penitence sure. I said good-bye to Charlie at Likoma in July, 1889, never in this world to see him again. He returned to Newala, and shortly afterwards entered the service of the German officials at Lindi. I believe he did this, acting on advice given him by some of our staff at Newala, it being thought a good thing for him that he should be actively employed in such work as they were likely to give him, and for which he had certain qualifications. An expedition, whether peaceful or warlike I am not informed, was fitted out by the Germans to proceed to Mchemba's

<sup>1</sup> This story may be read in *Bishop Maples' Life and Letters*, p. 311, and also in *Bishop Smythies' Life*, p. 150.

town, and Charlie had to act as guide. Machemba, it appears, had determined to fight the very first German party that should venture into his district, and so, no sooner did the expedition make its appearance, than Machemba's armed men sprang from their ambushade and shot down the leaders of the party, Charlie Sulimani being the first to fall. He was buried the same evening, and, as the place is known where his remains were interred, I hope that some day a small cross may mark the spot where my dear friend lies. It may seem an inglorious end. Still I do not myself regard it as a very sad one. Rather there is reason to be thankful that Charlie, whom God in His mercy led to become a true penitent, should so soon have been removed beyond all possibility of further temptation. I at least do rejoice that He who in His love for his soul stretched out His hand and lifted him out of the engulfing flood of his sins ere death overtook him, has him now in His own safe keeping. There let him rest. Charlie was no saint; rather he was, as I have shown, one who gave way to a great sin. Nevertheless he loved much, and, as I shall always believe, it was because of this that the place for repentance which he literally sought with tears was not denied him.

This is, after all, apart from its African setting, a very ordinary story of the passage through this world of a Christian soul. Conversion, baptism, sanctification, post-baptismal sin, falling away from grace, then penitence in its several stages, leading to restoration to Christ's fold, and lastly death. If this is the story of thousands of Christians in every country and clime, so it is the story of very many of our converts in our own mission field; and if, moreover, it illustrates, as it undoubtedly does, God's abounding mercy and love towards individual

souls, I will not regret that, in thus telling the story of so erring a Christian as my dear friend Charlie at one period of his career undoubtedly was, I am giving the story of our first Masasi convert.

SERMON PREACHED ON THE ANNIVERSARY  
DAY OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION,  
IN 1895, AT ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH,  
WELLS STREET, LONDON.

"Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on towards the goal unto the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus" (Philippians iii. 13, 14).

FEW words of St. Paul, almost the first, and quite the greatest of all Christian missionaries, are more familiar than these. Few could be singled out more charged with hope and encouragement for missionaries who would follow in his footsteps. None are more stimulating, none have greater power to give us nerve and energy as we press onwards, and pass one after another the various landmarks and posts that point out the successive stages of our way on the great race course of our life's journey. And to a thoughtful student of St. Paul, to one who considers carefully the terrible disappointments and discouragements that fell so thick upon him as life went on, and that culminated almost at the very time when this epistle was written—a prisoner bound and chained, forsaken by so many friends, his exhortations in so many quarters forgotten or derided, his teaching wrested and perverted, his very sincerity and humility doubted and discredited,—to one who considers these things—that this man could say "forgetting those things that are behind, I press forward," is a testimony



for all time that faith in God and His promises is strong enough to enable a man to stem any flood, to dare any foe, to rise triumphant over any opposition, and to leave him who possesses this faith dauntless and unconquered to the end.

Certainly an anniversary like ours of to-day, is a time when we should do what we can to encourage one another to "press on". For our particular work in Africa may, like St. Paul's, be well thought of after the imagery of the race course. We, like the charioteer in the Circus Maximus, can note the posts we have passed and can count them one by one. We, like him, can see other landmarks ahead of us, far away in the distance, receding as it were before us. For the final mark to which as Christian missionaries we press on, does indeed recede before us, being as yet no fixed object within our view: only we are ever approaching it, for we are travelling over stages by which eventually it will be reached, and as we pass them, we leave them behind for ever. But if St. Paul, as he presses the metaphor, speaks of "forgetting those things that are behind," if amongst his past experiences there was indeed much that to forget were wisdom, and that to leave behind were the only sure condition of progress in his course, yet we may be sure that to him, as to all of us, there was also much of "what was behind" that to reflect upon and to remember, contrasting past with present, must have been fruitful in many lessons of hope and encouragement far too precious to be neglected. There is then a sense in which we do well to encourage one another to press forward by being mindful of "the things that are behind". And surely on our anniversary it is as appropriate as it is helpful to draw from the experience of the past—contrasting it with what we know

of how we stand to-day—whatever of promise for the future, God seems to be vouchsafing to the Church in Africa, which He has permitted us to take a share in planting.

I would then ask you to bear with me for a while as I attempt to trace the change that nineteen years have brought about in one particular branch of our work—that part of it in which are summed up and centred our chiefest aims and endeavours, as well as our highest hopes and confidence at the present time. To dwell on this subject just now has a deep significance, for it is a time when many of those who have longest supported and tended the interests of our mission, and who have cherished the union of its various parts, and the ties that have held them all together, are beginning to fear a disruption of that union, and to argue sorrowfully that now that we have two dioceses<sup>1</sup> instead of one, the day cannot be far distant when the mission will be divided also. At such a time then it would appear a matter of the highest importance for all of us who fondly hold to the thought of an undivided mission, to consider closely what has been in the past, what is in the present, and what may yet be in the future, the influence and outcome of the work carried on at Kiungani, which has always as its first object the training of a native ministry—that organisation without which after all, no truly National Church can ever take root and flourish. Certainly, at the present time, whether on far-away Nyasa, or at Magila, or at Newala or Masasi, or again in Zanzibar itself, the hope for a national indigenous Church to be surely established in all these districts, rests largely—I had almost said wholly—on what is done at Kiungani,

<sup>1</sup> The diocese of Zanzibar and the diocese of Likoma.

and therefore it is that Kiungani is emphatically, and we pray that long may it remain so, our great bond of union between the one diocese and the other, as well as between the scattered districts belonging to each.

Nor is this a new idea. It is unnecessary for me to remind you how firmly this belief was held and acted upon by our late bishop, whose death cast so sad a gloom over our anniversary last year—Charles Alan Smythies, that true and zealous servant of God, whom so many of you who are here to-day had learned to regard with deep feelings of mingled affection and reverence, and whom *all* of us in Africa at least esteemed and venerated as a missionary and bishop greater by far and still wiser than most others, who in their own day before him, have justly been accounted both wise and great. And going back to an earlier period, it was a wish dearer than all others to the heart of Bishop Steere throughout his episcopate, that Kiungani, in spite of the small promise it then exhibited, should nevertheless develop into that which we who shared his early aspirations in this respect, are even permitted to have seen it become, now before our own day has passed away. Small promise indeed did we see nineteen years ago in Kiungani School as it then existed ! I recall vividly the almost heart-breaking disappointments and discouragements that seemed then to thwart all our efforts to elevate the moral and spiritual tone of the place, as well as to raise the standard of the intellectual attainments of the boys under our charge at that time, as one after another fell away into callous indifference, or sordid self-seeking, or, as was so often the case, into gross sin. At that time too—and it is a matter to be carefully noted, *all* our scholars were released slaves, the worst material we could possibly have had for our purpose—boys feel-

ing at every stage of their existence that in spite of these missionaries who had taken them up and fed and clothed and taught them, they themselves were yet people without belongings, without relations, and that therefore it mattered little what became of them; a feeling always insidiously powerful in helping the downfall and ruin of a lad when he begins to yield to temptation, just as the thought of the existence of relations who care for him and to whom he is beholden, is a powerful deterrent often from a reckless rushing to ruin. Yet at the very time of which I now speak there *were* glimpses of hope, and signs of better things; and one was even then being educated there, a lad fifteen years old, who has since become the priest in charge, from the first, over that station of Chitangali, where the Church is now so firmly and deeply rooted.

Such, however, very briefly was Kiungani in 1876. Contrast it now with 1895, when instead of released slaves, more than half the lads at the college are free boys from our up-country schools, whose moral and mental organisation is plainly seen and proved to be of a higher order altogether, of a wholly different calibre from that of the *wenyeji* as they are called—those, that is, who represent the old released slave element, and who still are a constant source of anxiety and disappointment to the authorities, as were the boys of the same class in the old Kiungani days, when indeed the college had no other inmates.

At the beginning of the present year, it was my privilege to pass rather more than a fortnight at Kiungani, a visit more prolonged than any spent under that roof during the eighteen years that have elapsed since the time when it fell to my lot to take a subordinate part in the management of affairs there. It was



towards the hottest time of the year in last January that I stayed there, and spending each night on the roof, I lay awake for hours, thinking of the past and present of Kiungani. The white town of Zanzibar gleamed fairy-like and fantastic in the moonlight a mile away to the north, the sea, noiseless almost in the tranquillity of the tropical night, gently laved as of yore, the sands at the base of the cliff on which our college stands. The tall cocoa-palms lifting high their graceful crown of fronds, whose smooth surface here and there reflected the bright moonbeams streaming upon them. Orion looking down from the silent sky, that constellation as familiar to us in the tropics as it is to you in these more northern latitudes—all these surroundings seemed just as they were eighteen years before, but I knew that beneath the roof on which I lay, a truly mighty change had been wrought, a change we had long prayed for, but had hardly dared hope to live to see. Kiungani had become not in theory only, but in very fact, a college where not just a bare one or two, but many, were each year and each month giving proof by the earnestness of their lives, and by the zest and zeal with which they applied themselves to the daily routine of the place, with its hours devoted in wise proportion to study, meditation and prayer, that they were doing all that in them lay to prepare for and prove the vocation wherewith they believe themselves called to go forth one day with full equipment from that place, to be faithful stewards of the mysteries of God to their own fellow-countrymen far away amongst our scattered up-country mission stations of the interior. With what joy I thought of this one and that one sleeping in the rooms below, whom ten years before, after much anxious deliberation and with some

misgiving, I had taken down from Newala—young boys then—but who now, at the head of the college, and with a splendid ten years' record, are on the verge of ordination to the diaconate. Daudi Machina, Samuel Chiponde, Cyprian Chitenje, and of more than all perhaps, though he was no longer there—Yohanna Barnaba Abdallah, who entered Kiungani at the same time, but who, already ordained, has now, partly by Bishop Smythies' planning, and still more by his own eager desire, cast in his lot with us in Nyasaland, and at the present moment is, we may trust, making full proof of his diaconate at our new station in the heart of Yaoland. There at Unangu, as you know, an experienced member of our staff<sup>1</sup> has been engaged in, and still directs, a work which as it is of peculiar interest, is certainly also of very special difficulty.

It is natural for me to speak more particularly of the lads I personally know and love, but the names just mentioned do not exhaust the list of candidates for holy orders who now as students at Kiungani are making their final preparation for the laying on of hands, which, at no very distant time hence, will set them apart for ever for the work of the ministry.

Yes, we may, I think, on this our anniversary, joyfully give thanks that something of the high ideal with which Kiungani was founded years ago is at last being realized. For Kiungani we may now thank God and take courage. And, as we thank God, we may also pray that the guiding head and heart<sup>2</sup> He has designed to make use of these last ten years in this high and sanctified work may long be spared to continue and carry forward that work to still further development, and still more

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Hine, the present Bishop of Likoma.

<sup>2</sup> Archdeacon Jones-Bateman, who died in 1897.

wide-reaching results. If it be true, as Bishop Westcott has recently pointed out, that "our chief duty in non-Christian countries is to prepare for the foundation of national churches, in which the characteristic endowments of each people shall be preserved and used for the enrichment of Christendom"—this is but another illustration of the urgency of the need of a *native* ministry. In native ministers, native characteristic endowments will not be wanting, but they will have been transformed, ennobled, sanctified and consecrated in a peculiar degree; hence, since a principal feature of a pastor's work is that he should be an ensample to his flock, we can see how such an one can be an ensample in a directer and surer way than is possible for foreigners like ourselves, whose native characteristics are strangely unlike, in many important respects, those of the African tribes for whose conversion to Christianity we are labouring. A certain *rapport* appears to exist naturally and from the first between a native minister and his flock, evidently based on the characteristic endowments common to him and to them, which, having become spiritualized in him, enables him to become to them such an example as, if they *will*, they *can* follow. Thus native churches will be able, as has been said, to take a true position of their own "equally removed from timid imitation of the West, and from wayward self-assertion". And, just as we can at once recognize this to be the plain and simple logic of the matter, so the facts are actually proving before our very eyes. Some of you are aware what has been noticed about the Chitangeli Christians, who, as I have said, form the flock of our earliest and oldest native priest. It is, I believe, a fact that few of us would be inclined to dispute, that the spiritual condition of these converts

is, by comparison with others, at an unusually high level. To account for this, surely *one* reason, perhaps the principal one, is not really far to seek. Has it not been an *easier* matter for the priest in charge there to get his people well forward than for others, because he is one of themselves by race, and because his characteristic endowments are what theirs are, and thus the response to his teaching and to his ministry has been readier and more spontaneous because, so to speak, more naturally accorded?

During the four years that have passed since I was last in England, two remarkable books that have attracted a very large share of public attention and comment have been published. Both of them deal largely with a subject that has an intimate and necessary connection with the work of missions and especially with such work as ours in East Africa. The outlook of the former<sup>1</sup> of these two volumes, nay its entire stand-point, is one of gloomy pessimism. The writer, master of a clear English style, and a thinker through all his pessimism—cool, calm and dispassionate, looks out into the future and sees there in the evolution of the history of the race, a steady decline of all those peoples to whom belong at the present time the chief forces and highest results of civilisation considered as well on its moral, as also material, side. He sees the gradually approaching yet certain future ascendancy of the yellow and dark races of the earth over the white. He sees religion totter, decay, and finally die out and disappear, no longer a factor even in the world's progress. He sees old institutions, and especially those whose origin and existence are owed to the Church, on all sides

<sup>1</sup> *National Life and Character.* Pearson.



abandoned ; family life becoming extinct, individualism crushed out and banished, and nothing left for man to do but yield himself up to this inexorable fate that awaits him, and with stoical calmness to face a future, the darkness of which no ray of light from another world is suffered to penetrate, no gleam of hope is allowed to relieve. The book indeed presented an awful picture of the times that the author believed to be coming upon this world of ours, and its sombre conclusion in the same mournful minor key, that seemed to admit of no possible modulation back to the strong glad confident C major of this life, could scarce fail to cause one to shudder, however little the reasoning could be trusted, at the bare thought of all this being the end and climax of a race whose progenitor we at least still believe to have been made in the image and likeness of God!—a race whose glory it is that for each of its individuals who will to know and follow Him, there is prepared a life eternal with Him in the heavens !

The second book,<sup>1</sup> dealing with similar subject-matter, but from an opposite point of view, presents to the former volume a brilliant and a startling contrast. In it we have the author also looking out upon the future of society, and reading into it the lessons of the past, but reading them into it with all the insistence and hopefulness of one who believes that one thing and one thing alone has existed in the world, still exists, and will continue to exist, powerful enough not only to preserve the race from decay and effeteness, but also to raise it to a reach of development and advancement scarcely yet so much as dreamed of even by those who, like the author, believe steadily in its future triumphs.

<sup>1</sup> *Social Evolution.* Benjamin Kidd.

Whatever may be the views of the writer of this book on Christian dogmas considered severally, one thing is certain, the history of well nigh two thousand years has proved to him that the central teaching of the founder of our faith, enforced as it was by His own transcendent example—the teaching of self-sacrifice—has so eaten itself into human life and society as to have already proved itself to be the absolute determining factor in the question, both of the real progress of the race and of the growth or decay of this separate nation or kingdom or that. The author of this most remarkable and inspiring volume shows incontestably that religion and the Christian religion, because it is *the* religion of altruism, existing absolutely by it, through it, and for it—the Christian religion alone can give to a people those qualities which, developing as they do a perfect social efficiency, enable, now this race or nation and now that, to rise till something of its great destiny begins to be realized, and thus the coming of the kingdom of heaven is hastened upon earth.

More and more, as time goes on with the world, does it become evident that in every department of life, as has been so well pointed out lately, “in the long run it is character that tells”. And character is not built up in the eager pursuit of studies and occupations in which the principal faculty of our complex being exercised is the intellect. Rather, character is to be developed by being put to school under one school-master whose laws and precepts, nay, all of whose lessons, are addressed primarily to our hearts, to our consciences, to our wills.

No need to waste time in proving to you, as could easily be proved, that our East African people are in point of possible mental development and intellectual

attainment, given only their opportunity, not one whit behind the white races. I do not lay stress on this, for it belongs to that class of facts of which the interest they excite is in excess of their real importance. What I *do* wish to emphasize is the fact that our Africans, behind almost all other races of the earth to-day in point of social development and civilisation, are now at least beginning to lay hold of and appropriate that which will not only make them individually inheritors of the kingdom of heaven, but which will raise them as a race socially in the scale of humanity till they take a place among the leading nations of the earth, and afford one more instance of the power that belongs to Christianity alone to change the character of a people in such a way as to start them on a course of development which may result in the loftiest issues that are possible to human life, both as regards its earthly manifestations and position, as well as its final consummation in the future, when all that is earthly shall have passed away, and when the "earnest expectation of the creature" is realised in the full "manifestation of the sons of God".

Those of us who have been able in a measure to study the African character from close acquaintance with it, are convinced that it possesses many traits and qualities, that only await the consecrating touch of Christianity in order to bring out and exhibit new sides of Christian life such as our Western and European natures have not in them to develop, and consequently, perhaps, such as they are not intended in the Divine counsels to set forth. Depend upon it, African Christianity in the future will have some rare and startling surprises for those who think that all that missionaries have to do is to reproduce in the

natives of that country the particular type of Christianity they have known here at home, and according to which their own religious life has been shaped.

But we have more particularly to direct our thoughts and prayers at the present time to something nearer in time and closer in interest to us, than the more or less distant *future* of the African race, tempting and fascinating as the subject of that future becomes when we consider it in the light of the serious problems and discussions which are so much in the air at the present day, and to some of which the two books I have spoken of have so strikingly called our attention.

We *are*, no doubt, to "stretch out to what is before," and so we may, as we have just done, lift up our eyes to the far-off goal posts, and the sight may serve to stimulate and encourage us. But our chief business is with that part of the course which we are still traversing, as bit by bit we tread it, and then leave it behind for ever. Let us then bend all our energies and expend all our strength upon that. Let us not by straining our eyes too persistently to the goal, neglect due attention to the roughness and the impediments it may be that lie in that part of the racecourse that is immediately beneath our feet. With these it is that we have to do. These it is we have to conquer, doing battle with them, and ever "pressing forwards".

Ah ! and how disheartening are some of them ! The sickness and the early death of so many true yoke-fellows in our work, so often the best of them, those who in our purview it has often seemed we could least spare, and could never get on without. Then the apathy and the dulness, and the profound indifference often, of so many to whom we preach, so many whom we would fain influence and bring to the foot of the



Cross. The dulness, dryness, and too often indifference of ourselves—the missionaries. The sense of loneliness and depression that so often possess and almost overwhelm many of us. Worse still—the defection of trusted converts and the backsliding of others of whom we could have said “ye *did* run well”. Hopefully as we may speak of this or that branch of our work, bravely as we may try to think of the signs of progress we are permitted to see, now in this place, now in that, there is always the other side—the sad side that sometimes we seem to think well to hide from our friends at home lest they should faint in their efforts, and sometimes in a burst of frankness we think it better still to tell them of—and it is this sad side of missionary experience that seems to bring us into sympathy with St. Paul as he says, “Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended,” and it also leads us to the thought of the *vocation* with which we are called to missionary work. It was after all a vocation of God to him—and not as though we were called to missionary work that we might accomplish certain results, of our own anticipation, in a few years’ work amongst native heathen people in Africa, but simply a special call to God, with just the added knowledge that Africa was where He would send us, and missionary work was what He would have us do. So it is this thought that we all of us have to keep in our minds about it, you, our supporters at home whose is the vocation to God through the mission as it is also ours, the missionaries in the field. Let us always cling to this thought—our missionary vocation is but a vocation to God primarily and chiefly. Firm in this belief, even if what we do seems unsuccessful and our converts are few, we *cannot* by this fact be moved, we *cannot* because of this grow slack, or get

discouraged, and our plain duty is not altered by these things. If we have a true vocation of God to take part in a mission whose field of labour was chosen long before we felt ourselves called to join in its work, whether here or abroad, then at once these great words of St. Paul are our own to use of it, where we fail, as also where we seem to succeed, "Brethren, I count not myself yet to have apprehended : but one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus".

[This sermon was preached in May, and in September of the same year Bishop Maples' life in this world was over—his eager pushing on and pressing forward in the earthly race was finished. But his work, the work he loved, is carried on by others.—E. M.]

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON PREACHED ON  
BEHALF OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY  
IN AUGUST, 1884.

[I give some extracts from a sermon preached by Chauncy Maples on behalf of the Anti-Slavery Society in August, 1884, because in those days the subject of slavery was so constantly before the eyes and in the hearts and minds of our missionaries in East Central Africa. Now, in the last year of the century, slavery in Africa is rapidly diminishing as civilization spreads—north, south, east and west—with ever increasing strides.—E. M.]

As has been well said: "Christianity is not concerned with any political or social institutions *as such*, for these belong to particular nations and particular phases of society". Christianity is for all time, and therefore, when it found itself face to face with the heathen world and heathen society, into whose very texture slavery was interwoven, it had but one thing to do—to enunciate universal principles, and to declare motives which, when acted upon, and steadily pursued, would at length undermine the evil, to annihilate which is a part of its mission. In this way we account for what some people have thought strange in the New Testament, I mean the entire absence of direct teaching as to our duties with regard to the suppression of slavery. To many minds this has been a sore puzzle. If, people have

asked, if it be true that slavery is so dire an evil, so great an offence in the eyes of Almighty God, why do we not find some powerful and direct denunciation of it in the Bible, which is to us the revelation of God's will and commandments? Why do we not find written there as plainly as it is written, "Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not commit adultery"; this command also, "Thou shalt not enslave thy fellow-man, thou shalt not make him to be thy chattel". But to desiderate this, is, I humbly submit, to misunderstand the very essence of Christianity, and to rob it of its Divine character, and to doubt the verity of its fundamental principle of propagation—"Not to destroy, but to fulfil". Not to wreck the world and then build it up again, but to strengthen what is still left standing; to infuse new life and power, and so to give the increase to, and to revivify what had grown old and was ready to decay. So it is that the principles of the Gospel being what they are, are indeed stronger than any number of definitely laid down precepts to bring about reform. It is in these that we recognise its strength, its vitality, its divinity. It is Christianity consisting, not in a stiff code of "thou shalt," and "thou shalt not," but in a living spirit ever ready in the hearts of men to lead them to follow out its principles in real life, and immortalize them in action; it is this that achieves those moral conquests over the sin and wretchedness of the world that are the real witnesses of the truth of our most holy faith.

With the word "anti-slavery," my brethren, I come to plead a great cause to-night. Many of you, I doubt not, will have read in the newspapers yesterday some account of the great anti-slavery meeting held in London



on Friday last, but I fancy those meagre reports will have conveyed but a very inadequate idea of what is already pronounced to have been a meeting surpassing in general interest any that have been held in connection with the Anti-Slavery Society during the past forty years, while it is even stated that the assembly itself was one of the largest of the kind on record, not even excepting those of a date prior to the abolition of slavery in the British dominions. I will make no apology for drawing attention to this meeting from this pulpit to-night, and for thus trying to spread some of the enthusiasm for humanity, for the love of Christ, which, as I believe, that meeting must have stirred up in the hearts of many who were privileged to be present. It was a grand and an imposing occasion. It was an encouraging, an elevating spectacle. The heir-apparent to the throne, supported by the highest dignitary of our Church, as well as that of the Roman communion in England, leading statesmen of both Houses of Parliament and Cabinet Ministers, the direct descendants of the first men who led this mighty crusade, the Wilberforces, Buxtons, and Forsters of fifty years ago, all turned aside from their daily toil in the service of the great nation they represent, and for upwards of two hours and a half, harangued that vast assemblage in Guildhall, to induce them to make further sacrifices and expend fresh energy in a cause which for pure disinterestedness has not its equal; a cause which is itself an open avowal that all who support it are actuated by one desire only, the desire to follow in very deed and truth, and to carry out into glorious self-sacrificing action the principles of the one Master, the one Mediator between God and man, even Jesus Christ. Right well was it said by one of the speakers, "the cause is not only noble in itself, but ennobles those who

support it". Yes, for it makes a large and splendid appeal to our common Christianity. It is no party question, either of Church or of State, either of this communion or that. Politicians, Churchmen, Roman Catholics, Dissenters, for once found themselves absolutely united to give their assistance and support to a society which seeks to follow up and complete that great act which just fifty years ago was brought about by the indefatigable exertions of Sharp, and Wilberforce, and Clarkson—I mean the abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire, when £20,000,000 of the public money was cheerfully expended in order to crown with success one of the greatest moral conquests which England has ever achieved. I have hinted already that one great witness to the Divine authority of our Christian faith, one outstanding proof of its truth, must ever be recognized in its care to work quietly and surely, by inculcating principles rather than in laying down precepts. It is the Christian ideal, the Christian spirit and temper that gradually but surely works itself into society and then reforms its institutions and purifies its morals. Christianity has ever been content to bide its time, to be patient; it works itself out in the world by knowing that in the end it must triumph; hence it is not in a hurry. Men prophesy its downfall, they fancy they see signs of its decay, they are ready to declare it effete, when all at once some great victory is achieved by it at a point where it was hardly perceived to be engaged in battle. This at any rate has been the case with the subject before us to-night.

Eighteen centuries ago, the then known world could not so much as conceive of society as being possible without the institution of slavery, which now, after Christianity has been leavening the world for eighteen

centuries, civilized society has actually stamped out within her own dominions, and now seeks in the name of the Christian religion to stamp out where it still lingers in Mohammedan and savage countries. It might be said that now that we had completed the abolition of slavery in Christian countries we had done our duty, we have wiped out the disgrace that rested upon us in past time as the great promoters of the West African slave trade. Surely we can leave Mohammedan races to continue or discontinue slavery as they will, and the same with the natives of Africa, themselves amongst themselves. But truly the noble work of emancipation has ennobled its promoters; and the speakers on Friday one after another plainly declared that as Christians we must never be contented with what we have done while there still remains aught to do. They told us—not the dignitaries of the Church, nor the leading Nonconformist speakers, in them it would have been natural—but Cabinet Ministers and leading politicians told us, that while we were there to commemorate the great work of fifty years ago, we were to think what those great men whose names were on our lips that day would say if they could come once more again among us, that they would say “we want no glory, we want no thanks; but take blame to yourselves if you do not strive to complete the work which has been begun”. We were told also that if it be said, what have we to do with Mohammedan institutions, the answer was, simply that Christ died for Mohammedans as well as Christians. While another speaker, in the same faithful spirit, declared that we had not to do with the question whether the negro race was calculated to rise to a high position in the world’s future history: our only course was to do our duty by them, to give them a free chance, to let

them be fairly matched in the race of life. It would be impossible I think to exaggerate by describing it the high pitch of Christian enthusiasm reached by the speakers on this memorable occasion. Again and again they emphasized our country's high position as being a stewardship for which we shall have to give an account. It was futile, it was worse than futile, it was mischievous to congratulate ourselves on our greatness ; it was only safe to use the thought of it as an incentive to noble enterprise and endeavour in the cause of Christian civilization and progress. Our position had given us great opportunities ; we were to see that they were not neglected. England's mission was not to magnify herself and speak of the greatness she had achieved : it was to look to the happiness and advancement of the world. While we did that, while as stewards we remembered our high calling and were faithful to it, we could look trustfully to the future ; and if men asked, as they sometimes are inclined to do, whether this great empire is destined to survive, or whether after a period it, too, like the great nations that have preceded it, must melt away and decay, the answer was, the issue is in our own hands. If we use our position in a noble manner and in a true spirit, which is the task committed to us, our days are not numbered, but rather we may have to look forward to accomplishing more and more victories for the benefit of the human race.

I have preferred thus to put before you, in urging the claims of the Anti-Slavery Society, the lofty and dignified arguments made use of at the jubilee meeting rather than words of my own, because, while they are sound and urgent in themselves for the purpose for which they were employed, they are also a splendid witness to this glorious fact. Christianity is still a



living, aye, and a mighty power amongst our rulers and our statesmen, stirring up to self-sacrifice and devotion those who, by the Providence of God, are at the very head of the nation, guiding its destinies, guarding its interests, extending its influences. A cause sometimes loses when pleaded by those who are paid to be its pleaders officially. It must gain immensely when those who, from time to time, rise up in its advocacy are compelled by no other reason than the fact that the cause itself is one which is bound up with their own eternal beliefs and responsibilities—when the cause is one which makes claims upon them which no consideration connected with this world's business can set aside. Nothing but the fact that the anti-slavery cause does make such claims on every member of God's family individually, could have brought together that assembly of supporters in the Guildhall on Friday. It was because they believed in the "story of the cross," because they believed that Christ died for all men, that that vast assembly gathered together and there came to an unanimous decision that, in spite of all obstacles, the work must be carried on, slaves must be set free all over the world, and that England must make fresh efforts and exercise all her power towards bringing about this glorious consummation. Give liberally, Christian brothers and sisters, in such a cause, believe me—

High Heaven rejects the lore of nicely calculated, less or more.

I myself have no personal or official connection with the Anti-Slavery Society. Indeed, I believe most of its officials and its keenest supporters are not Churchmen, but belong to the Society of Friends. How largely the whole action of the Society is due to their liberal support, you may judge when I tell you—though with

feelings of shame—that the list of annual subscribers to the Society does not reach 200 names. Of course to some of you, when you hear this, the thought will immediately occur—well then, if in all England only 200 people subscribe to this Society, its claims can't be very urgent, no matter what you may say, and there can be no reason why I, a humble worshipper in the parish church of Newbury, should do more than the twenty and odd millions of Christians in Great Britain, who do not subscribe. A very cunning argument and a forcible one, no doubt, but be sure it came not to you from the Holy Spirit. I have no time to tell you how much is needed before slavery can be stamped out, though the greater part of eight years spent in the interior of heathen Africa has indeed furnished me with sufficient evidence. I have never taken a journey in Africa exceeding fifty miles without meeting slaves on their way down to the coast. I have seen vast tracts of country utterly laid waste by wars entered upon for the capture of slaves. I have had under my charge many scores of native Africans, who formerly had been slaves, and who, released by the consular authorities of the East Coast, became Christians and established themselves at our mission stations. Of these I have had the pain to see many carried off again by force into slavery, and not a few perishing because they tried to resist their captors. I have been a witness of the utter disregard of human life that is the characteristic feature of the East African slave dealer. I have, in a word, had constantly before my eyes the signs of the utter hopelessness, and helplessness, and misery, and degradation of races bowed down by the curse of slavery and the slave trade. It is the thought of these things that induced me to ask per-

mission to bespeak your support for the Anti-Slavery Society to-night.

Brethren, a time is coming—how soon God only knows—when this “fretful stir, unprofitable, and fever of this world,” will have an end, and lo! He who once was amongst us as one that serveth, will be with us again. He, the Eternal Son of the Most High God, He who in the beginning made the heavens and earth, and who in the fulness of time took upon Him our nature that man might live by Him, and died on the cross and rose again, that we might rise again from the death of sin by the power of His risen Life. He it is, who will come again that we may render to Him an account of our stewardship, and that we may hear from Him the final sentence sealing our joy or our woe. Not as members of this nation or that, not as peoples shall we be judged on that day, but as individuals of the great human race, above all as separate members of the family of Christ, we shall be called to answer for what we have done or left undone here. Then indeed it will be manifest who among us has ever kept before him as a principle, which he has carried out into action as occasion has presented itself to him, this great truth—that in Christ Jesus, world-wide humanity is to find its freedom, aye, and its only captivity. It will be brought out into the clear light of day who amongst us has realized—as with his mind’s eye he has gazed on the vast African deserts and forests, through which the slaves are hunted, and captured, and tortured—has realized that *because* he was a Christian, *because* Christ died for all men, then he too was bound to regard even those far off children of the one Heavenly Father, “not as slaves, but as brothers beloved”. Happy he who in that day is able to feel that while he was in this world,

he realized and acted up to this mighty principle of the Gospel, for to him will be spoken these blessed words, "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these My little ones, thou hast done it unto Me—enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord".



## ARTICLES FROM THE NYASA NEWS.

## No. I.—POLYGAMY: "WHO SUFFER?"

[These articles are reprinted from the *Nyasa News*, a quarterly paper started by my brother for the Europeans in British Central Africa in February, 1893. The first two numbers were called *An Occasional Paper for Nyasaland*.

The last number of the *Nyasa News* was published in December, 1895, three months after the Bishop's death. From February, 1893, till February, 1895, Chauncy Maples was editor, publisher, chief contributor, and head printer of this paper, which was printed and published at Likoma. The four last numbers were printed after he left Africa at the end of 1894.—E. M.]

From the *Occasional Paper for Nyasaland*, February, 1893, afterwards called the *Nyasa News*.

THE question of polygamy is one fruitful of much debate in missionary circles, and during the last few years has often been the subject of discussion, not to say of controversy, amongst church people at home. In Europe the matter as to the difficulty of dealing with polygamy from the side of religion is apt to be confused, when under discussion, by a sentimental appeal such as our knowledge of African thought and feeling shows to be plainly beside the question. People at home, for instance, say "if you compel a polygamist to give up

his harem, a cruelty is inflicted on the discarded wives ". It might be so, were the wives not allowed to seek other husbands. Yet we know of no veto on their doing this ; while, as to the assumption that the discarded wives will consider themselves injured, give themselves up to despair, or even deeply grieve, because a man who is father to their children no longer requires them as his partners, it may be dismissed as wholly contrary to facts as we meet with them here where polygamy prevails. Except in the case of the wives of a polygamous chief, it is most rare, so far as my experience goes, to find women who are either inconsolable or even greatly affected because their husbands desire to separate from them. The generality of (heathen) African women appear to me to be by no means unready for a change when their husbands propose separation, not troubling themselves much to inquire into the reason why their spouses are tired of them, provided they themselves are not accused of unfaithfulness, in which case, it is true, fear of the poison ordeal agitates their minds not a little. It is a mistake, certainly, to suppose that in heathen marriages in Nyasaland any real deep feeling of attachment on the part of a wife towards a husband who has other wives exists *as a rule*. Occasionally, it may be granted, such a feeling will be found ; but these cases are the exceptions, *not* the rule.

Although the matter of the disposal of the extra wives has been considered (wrongly, as I cannot but think) to have increased the difficulty of the question, yet the churches are pretty well agreed in deciding against the baptism of a polygamist, so long as he continues to cohabit with more than one wife. For some of us the matter of church authority, and the practice of primitive times, have been sufficient to close

the question ; while all of us, I suppose, hold that the New Testament sounds a clear note, and declares polygamy for Christians to be a state of sin. All, then, are unanimous in condemning it, and there can be no missionary in Africa who, if he knows his business, can consent to allow a convert to regard his polygamy in any other light than as a most serious obstacle in the way of his baptism into the Christian Church. Polygamy is plainly immoral, and is to be resisted and fought against as a great social evil wherever, as here in Nyasaland, it is found to prevail.

But my object in bringing forward the subject now is to draw attention to the hopeless case, considered from the point of view of morals, of the poor women who are the wives of our East African polygamist, such as we know him living in our midst. [The article then proceeds to deal with the moral evils as regards, in particular, the "wives," incident to polygamy.]

Considered as "a remedy for sin," from the point of view of religion, or as a preventive of gross sin (if social morality be the sanction regarded), the marriage of a woman who is polygamous hopelessly fails. Polygamy stops the way, so to speak, and helps to make women bad, even in the eyes of those heathen, to whom the marriage of a man to many wives is not regarded in the light of a moral delinquency, still less as a *sin*, meaning thereby a transgression of any known law of God.

A man, says our heathen code at Likoma, may marry as many wives as he pleases, provided he meets the demands of the maternal uncle and mother-in-law in the way of betrothal money or its equivalent in cloth, goats, etc., as well as in hoeing and housebuilding for them from time to time.

[The article enlarges on the moral evils of polygamy, especially as regards the wives, and then proceeds]: Perhaps the husband accuses the wife of unfaithfulness. He forces her to drink *pande*<sup>1</sup>; perhaps she dies, and then there are the reprisals and the endless *milandu* in consequence; or the *pande* may be given to a dog or a fowl. If these creatures vomit, the charge is held to have been falsified; if they die the woman confesses, and compensation is given. It is the manifest unfairness to the woman, the almost hopeless chance of her being able to live a good moral life—religion apart—for which polygamy is plainly responsible. Thus polygamy is to be held as one of the greatest of social evils against which we missionaries have to fight. Moreover, in saying this, one is only treating of it as it has to do with men and women in the lower part of their nature. The subject of the barrier it raises against all spiritual growth, or even moral improvement, is, perhaps, not one that can be discussed in our pages.

#### NO. II.—UNANGU.

From the *Nyasa News* of November, 1893.

FEW readers of the *Nyasa News* have any acquaintance with the regions that lie between the eastern shores of the lake and the coast districts, for almost the only white men who have as yet traversed this country have been members of the Universities' Mission. Livingstone and Roscher more than twenty years ago, and somewhat later Bishop Steere, were amongst the first who gave us any information about Yaoland proper, one important centre of which we

<sup>1</sup> The poison ordeal.



propose now to describe. At a somewhat later date than that of these well-known travellers, there passed through the Yao country at different times, W. P. Johnson, J. Beardall, C. A. Janson, S. Weigall, C. A. Smythies, J. A. Williams, ourselves, and others, all of whom took this route from Lindi to the lake, while Mr Johnson, whose name we naturally place first on this list, a dozen years ago made a stay of upwards of a year at Mwembe, or Mataka's town, which is in fact the very heart's core of Yaoland. Unangu, the subject of our present article, lies about eighty or ninety miles west-north-west of Mwembe, at a distance of just fifty miles from the lake shore at Mluluka, and due west of it. Jumbe's dhows pass constantly backwards and forwards between Kotakota and Mluluka, which latter place may be regarded as the port of Unangu. The latitude of Unangu is, within a few miles, the same as that of Kotakota, Jumbe's town lying exactly opposite Mluluka, as Mluluka lies exactly west of Unangu. Starting from Mluluka, a lofty range of hills is first scaled, and a good camping ground, some fourteen miles from the lake shore, is reached at a tiny mountain stream named Chindumbi. The flora here reminded us of the plants common to the Zomba mountain, and we noticed tree ferns by the water side. Near this spot at a time of year when the country is not dimmed by the smoke from the bush fires, Unangu may be easily discerned, but when we passed through in the month of September, the great twin peak rising from the plain could not be seen until we were within one day's march of it. After leaving Chindumbi, the path winds pleasantly along breezy hill-sides, clad with the usual acacias, mimosas and the ubiquitous *msuku*, till it emerges in a long valley, at a

lofty elevation where trees are not, and where a second mountain range comes into view. One mile along this valley brings us to a fine watering-place at the foot of an almost perpendicular limestone cliff, on the brow of which, and on every ledge where it was possible to build, houses were perched. The stream that runs through the valley gives its name Mnjiri to the place, and the Yao chief is one Lingoli. Beyond the cliff on which the houses stand, there is a steep grass-clad gorge, beyond which again lies another cliff higher than the first one, and equally perpendicular. These cliffs, being as they are the result of a bit of the mountain being cut off sharp, seem to show that this whole range is limestone, though we have no opportunity of tracing exactly where the older metamorphic and volcanic rocks give place to the limestones on the eastern side of the range. On leaving the Mnjiri the path still ascends, till at an elevation of between 3000 and 4000 feet above the lake level, we come to a fine sweep of hills, bare of trees, except where here and there is seen a thick clump standing out solitary and conspicuous, reminding one strongly of Chanctonbury ring on the Sussex South Downs.

One hour after leaving Mnjiri we find ourselves on a plateau, the prominent features of which are the slab-like rocks that spring out of the ground, and that close inspection proved to be slates. Here schists, gneiss and granite are nowhere to be seen. All is slate and limestone. Two or three of the large bosses of limestone have been chosen as sites for "hill-cities," forming as they do almost impregnable fortresses, secure against the attacks of the marauding Magwangwara. A very striking tree, which we had not met with before, grew hereabouts, and formed a pleasing feature of this part

of the country. Although not a conifer, and neither a cypress nor a cedar, it reminded us in its foliage of the latter tree, for which, but for the vividness of its green, we should at first have mistaken it.

Six or seven miles to the east of the Mnjiri valley, the high land begins to drop again to the plain, out of which sixteen miles away there rises magnificent and majestic against the sky, the double-humped mountain of Unangu. Limestones and slates were left behind as we descended to the plain, and we were again in the land of metamorphic rocks, schistose boulders and great granitic hills and rocks. The vast plain in the midst of which, amongst many striking hills, Unangu stands out grandest and loftiest of all, is at an elevation of some 2000 feet above the level of the lake. The rivers that water it are the Lukulesi flowing into the Locheringo, which in its turn flows away to the north, parallel to the Msinje, and like it, eventually discharging its waters into the Rovuma. As Unangu is approached, and to a distance varying from perhaps seven to fifteen miles from its base, few trees are to be seen. And it would seem that this is the result, not so much of the bush fires, as of the cultivation that has been going on through all the years that Unangu has been as thickly populated as we find it at present, the ground having been cleared year after year for the extensive gardens that have been required, in order to the sustenance of so many people.

Unangu rises, as we have already said, somewhat abruptly from the plain, and for two-thirds or more of the circuit of the steep sides of the mountain, houses are thickly clustered to the height of 1000 feet, beyond which level the remaining 600 or 700 feet of the hill is perpendicular rock, red and yellow in parts with lichen, and scarred and weathered, with scarce a cranny where

tree or plant or blade of grass could insert their roots. Such is the western hump of this remarkable mountain, while between this and its less bold eastern eminence, there is a saddle from which rises a more broken mass of rock, which, we are informed is, more properly speaking, Unangu itself. Seen from a great distance on its south-eastern side, Unangu presents the appearance of a lion couchant, and under certain conditions of sky and cloud when it shows up a dark indigo colour, it is one of the grandest natural sights we have ever had the good luck to gaze on. On several occasions in former years have we thus seen it looming up in the distance, fantastic in its form, and suggestive of a whole world of old romance, so that it was with no slight feeling of pleasure and satisfaction that at last this year it fell to our lot to go and spend a few days at the mountain's base, and climb up its brow to where climbing ceased to be possible.

But we visited Unangu for reasons other than to satisfy a curiosity we had long felt with regard to its locality. We have in fact matured and carried out a plan long had in view, for with the permission of the chief Kalanje, we have now established there a station of the Universities' Mission, and two members of our staff are, as we write, busily employed in putting up houses on the site that has been assigned to us. The population is very large, and there are some thousands of houses thickly sown all up and down the steep slopes of the mountain side. Unangu is rich in springs whose waters never fail. Fat goats and fine cattle seem to abound; though fowls are somewhat scarce. Good peas and beans are largely cultivated, nor are the usual cereals wanting. The side of the mountain that is most thickly sown with houses is that which faces the setting



sun; and here, and very high up on its precipitous incline, the chief Kalanje has domiciled himself. He seems to be the active ruler of the district, though another older than he, named Akung'wesi, appears in some sort to share the honours of chieftainship. We are inclined to think favourably of Kalanje, and to be pleased with the reception he gave us. As to his slaving propensities we prefer here to say very little.

Unangu is in Portuguese territory, and Kalanje's ivory caravans are among the very largest and most important of those that pass from the lake districts to the coast. In past years, many and many a time have we fallen in with them as they wended their way to the coast passing through Masasi, Newala, Majeje, etc., and finally emerging at Kilwa, Lindi, Kiswere, and elsewhere, on what is now the German seaboard. Kalanje sports the Portuguese flag on his hill, and his caravans also find their way to the Portuguese coast possessions. We have considered it sufficient to tell him that it is no part of our duty as missionaries to report upon his doings to authorities, English or Portuguese; while at the same time we have warned him that if his dhows are caught by the *Pioneer* or *Adventure* transporting slaves from west to east of the lake, probably the cargo will be confiscated, and the dhows will be destroyed; though we will give him no occasion to charge us with showing him up, or being the cause of the capture. That in the event of summary measures being taken with his dhows by the gunboats, should they be found transporting slaves, the lives of our missionaries at Unangu would be exposed to considerable danger, is a fact to which they and all of us are fully alive; but risks like these we cannot shrink from running, and we are fully prepared to take the conse-

quences of deliberately placing ourselves in a position where we become the guests of a host who some day or another may suffer punishment at the hands of those of our fellow countrymen who have determined, and are now prepared, to use force to put down an evil that we are not one whit behind them in protesting against and condemning. Said Kalanje to us: "Are you English one people with those who are trying to stop the slave trade in this country and on the lake". To which we replied: "Yes, but if you give us leave to live with you, the English on the lake shall learn nothing from us as to what goes on here; were we to inform against you, we should be taking an unfair advantage of the hospitality you show us".

The chief also made many pertinent remarks in the course of conversation with us. Here is one of them: "Since all the ivory is getting finished up, pray tell us what we are to do if we don't sell slaves in order to get cloth and other necessities from the coast". We felt that the Administration would be better able to answer this question than we were, and we refrained from generalities about "legitimate trade". We could not help thinking though, that where honest work and good pay for it is to be had, it would be an excellent thing for the idle do-nothing youth of this district if they could be induced to work for wages in those parts of Nyasaland where Europeans want native labour, and are willing to pay well for it. We venture to throw this out as a hint to others whom the matter may concern. For ourselves our work is before us, and we have to redeem, if we can, these Yao youths and their friends, from that odious veneer of "coastiness" that has in it neither morality nor religion, nor even the seeds of anything that can be dignified by the name of civilization.

In a Yao town the youth who have been to the coast once or twice are usually found to be given up to utter idleness. They oil themselves, cut their hair into odd patterns, wear beads and shells, and lounge about from baraza to baraza in search of pombé, seasoning their talk with Swahili oaths and coast obscenities, but they can seldom be persuaded to do an honest day's work, and the resident missionary knows very well it is useless to try and get them to build his house or cultivate his garden for wages. How they manage to get their living is a wonder, for they appear never to hoe in their gardens or to assist their relatives in house building. They are, however, looked upon as the *élite* of the town, and as altogether superior people on account of their connection with the coast. Hence they are pampered and favoured by the rest of the community, and the stay-at-homes seem ready enough to find them in food and drink, free of charge, in return for the glory and privilege of entertaining these young bucks.

One hears something of the so-called Mohammedan *mwalimu* or *waalimu*, as the case may be, at Yao towns like those of Makanjila, Mponda, Mataka, and it might be supposed that their business consists in an active Mohammedan propaganda. The facts of the case, however, seldom bear out this supposition. These gentlemen are for the most part in residence merely as the scribes or clerks of the chiefs in whose employ they are engaged, and from whom in some cases they may get their living. One does not find that as a rule they teach even the rudiments of reading and writing, still less those of their religion, if religion they can be said to possess, to the Yao youths of the towns in which they dwell. That some of them lead disreputable lives, and are versed in refinements of vice such as even the

heathenism around them is loth to share in, is a matter well-known to some of us who have had opportunities of a near acquaintance with these representatives of the light and learning of the coast, in Yaoland. There can be no greater mistake made about a Yao chief than to suppose that because he calls himself a Mohammedan and entertains a *mwalimu* in his town, he is really a believer in Islam, and a true follower of the prophet of that creed. It is not too much to say that Islam, as a devout Mohammedan understands the term, is a creed unknown to the Yao people, because a creed, that *as such*, has never really been preached to them. Whatever merits Islam as a religion may have, we do not hesitate to say that this spurious, so-called Islam, that has penetrated to Nyasaland, has, considered from the point of view of morals, brought about a worse state of things than that of the heathenism it has in some cases displaced and supplanted. While there have always been, and still are, many devout Christians, men of learning and repute, who are willing to regard the faith of Islam as a *præparatio evangelii* for those who, coming out of heathenism, have embraced it, and while there are other Christians, we regret to note, who deem that Islam is on the whole the best creed for the regeneration of the African, there are none, we feel sure, who, if they really understand the matter, would for one moment allow that the Mohammedanism affected by certain Yao chiefs and their people, can lead to anything but hopeless degradation, and the subversion of all true morality.

Christian missionaries in other parts of the world where they encounter Mohammedanism may well feel that in striving to win converts to Christianity they are bringing about opposition between two creeds that are



really religions, but they scarcely have room to feel this in Nyasaland. Nothing that in any fairness can be called a religious creed has taken root anywhere here save Christianity alone. No other faith than the faith of Christians has touched the hearts or won the intelligences of African-born man, woman or child in this country.

Perhaps some apology is needed for this excursus on the subject of Mohammedanism, for we proposed only to write of Unangu, but we would like our readers to know how we as missionaries feel as regards preaching the pure gospel of Jesus Christ in towns where Mohammedanism is said to be the accepted creed of the people. The reflections we have made above are in fact our answer to those who object to our leaving the heathen field in our labours, and who consider that Yao towns where there are Mohammedan teachers, are sufficiently well enough off as to spiritual matters to do without our Christian propaganda. We wish to make it clear that our knowledge, gained of considerable experience, leads us to believe that the exact opposite of this is the truth, and that at the present time it is just those towns that most need the power of Christianity to be brought to bear, if they are to be saved from the moral ruin that threatens them, and the corruption in which they are already steeped. We have heard the other side of the question emphasized. Here at least we urge and emphasize our own.

To return to Unangu, we may remark in conclusion that it is our belief it will prove a most healthy spot, a veritable sanatorium where those of us for whom the climate of the lake has proved too trying, may regain health and vigour, and where also they may continue for long spells of time at work, from which in less

favoured spots they would be debarred by fever and manifold sicknesses.

No. III.—LIKOMA SCHOOL.

From the *Nyasa News* of February, 1894.

EDUCATION being one of the most important subjects that can engross the attention in connection with the development of the civilization of the natives under European guidance, we think it may be interesting to our readers to make a few remarks upon our school methods at Likoma, giving also the Christmas report of our examiners upon the work done by the boys during the past half-year.

School work has been carried on here in Likoma under the auspices of the Universities' Mission since the end of the year 1885, that being the date at which the mission first occupied the island, and formed its station here. From the first and until the present time, the school has been a boarding school. Our boys have always been fed, clothed and housed at the mission expense. Several attempts have been made at various times to educate day scholars on the island, but these have never met with any success, and at the present time all who are taught in the boys' school live up at the station. During the eight years or so that our school has been carried on, a fairly large number of boys have been through our hands, and while many of these have long since gone out from the school into various trades and occupations, so recently as last October there was still one boy in the school who had been with us from the start. Only from the middle of last year did the school enjoy the advantage of being carried on by a European schoolmaster, it having been

superintended up to that time by our trained native lads from Zanzibar, under the supervision of one or another of the clergy here.

Our times of school are five and a half hours each week day, except Saturday, when no school work goes on. These hours are distributed as follows: From 8 A.M. to 12 P.M. with an interval of half-an-hour, from 10 A.M. to 10.30 A.M. School meets again at 2 P.M. and is dismissed at 4 P.M. From first to last the average number of boys has been about forty, but during the last three or four years a somewhat higher average has been reached. A fair number of our scholars have come from the villages on the mainland, chiefly those in the neighbourhood of Msumba, but some also from nearer home, and others again from distant places, such as Monkey Bay and Nkope, while one hails from as far south as Lionde's. A few of our Likoma scholars have gone down to Zanzibar for extra schooling there, and several of these who have now returned to us are doing good work at one or another of our stations as teachers in those schools. A few months ago we sent down to Zanzibar ten of the most promising of the schoolboys from Msumba and Pachiya, most of whom had at one period or another been in our school for varying lengths of time. All of these are pledged to do teachers' work upon their return to us two years hence.

Our highest aim in educating the boys is to fit as many as we can for the position of teachers and evangelists when they go out from us. Meanwhile, however, a very large number of the lads who are taught in our school are obviously unfitted for such occupation, even after some years spent in the school; though these are by no means lazy or unfitted for *all* work. Several trades, notably printing and carpentering, have afforded

scope for the employment of a good number of our superannuated schoolboys, and it has been our practice to apprentice as many as have shown themselves deserving to one or other of these departments of work. Yet no boy has ever been allowed to begin on either of these trades until he has learned to read with fair fluency, and to write a legible hand in the school. Rough mason work has been taken up by a few of the boys, while a small number of old schoolboys serve as cooks. For the rest, we have *trained* to no other work any of our schoolboys, having no industrial establishment on a large scale in operation. Two or three of our former scholars have from time to time served as deck hands or stokers on the *Charles Janson*, but for the most part the steamer hands are catechumens and Christians who first came under instruction when they were adults, and who therefore have never been schoolboys.

Although we discourage as far as we can, the use of the Swahili tongue in our schools, force of circumstances has compelled us hitherto to make a good deal of use of it, and it is a language well understood by most of the boys in the head classes. Chinyanja reading books have not yet been produced in great variety, nor are we accustomed to encourage the use of the Bible *as a school reading book*, or even to put it freely into the hands of the unbaptized. We have, however, a few first reading books in Chinyanja, including a kind of primer, *Æsop's fables*, and a translation of an historical reading book prepared originally in Swahili, and extending to 130 pages of closely printed matter. The suggestion made in one of the notes by M. T. K. in the last issue of the *Nyasa News* to the effect that the various missions should aim at adopting a uniform code, and



try also to make the examinations as equal as possible, struck us as a very excellent one.

NO. IV.—MELANESIANS AND ANYANJA: A FAMILY  
COMPARISON.

From the *Nyasa News* of May, 1894.

WE hear some of our more scientific readers exclaim as they glance at the above title, "What, are we to be asked to believe that Melanesians and Anyanja are of one race, and come from the same stock, because of some fancied resemblance, or coincidences, in the languages of these wholly distinct people? Is the writer of this article about to stultify himself in an ethnological essay whose arguments and proofs are to be drawn from language in defiance of every known law of Comparative Philology? What 'family comparison' can be instituted between these two widely separated races of men, whose only point of resemblance is the fact of their both being black and possessing woolly hair?"

We hasten to explain. We do not mean on the present occasion to deal with any large ethnological question, but merely to contribute some ethnographical facts that may be of value to professional anthropologists, as well as of interest to those who live cheek by jowl with the native race whose customs, observances and idiosyncrasies it is one of our objects to chronicle from time to time in the *Nyasa News*.

We wish to invite our readers to note how the social fabric, based, as needs must be, on the family as the nucleus of native society, exists in its various relations here in Nyasaland. With this object in view, we shall

state what we have observed and ascertained on the subject of marriage in regard to its limits and restrictions from the point of view of consanguinity, as affecting family ties, and as constituting the formal bond of the family.

Dr. Codrington's valuable book, *The Melanesians: Studies in their Anthropology and Folk-lore*, having lately come into our hands, enables us to show the resemblance that exists between Melanesian notions and those of the Anyanja, on the subject of the family and relationship, and in this way to make our "family comparison" between the two races. We do not boast an anthropological library, nor can we, where we are writing, consult the works of such writers as Waitz, Tylor or Lubbock. It would not, therefore, be possible, even were it our wish or object, to take a comparative view on a large scale of the subject in hand. Yet we are not without hope that what we now are about to write may be of some use to those whose special work it is to compare and draw deductions from collected accounts of native customs prevailing amongst native races in all quarters of the globe. If each of us would yield up a faithful account of his observations, as well as of the information he has acquired in whatever department of knowledge, in whatever lore, scientific men at home would have more reason to thank us for what we do to aid their researches and their reasoning than they have at present, forward, as they always are, and generous in their acknowledgment of the all too feeble and grudging assistance we so often accord them.

Thus much by way of introduction. And now let us plunge at once *in medias res*. Be it remembered at the outset that it is of Anyanja we now speak, and of their

customs and marriage rules as they are found to exist in our own neighbourhood here in Likoma, and on the east side of the lake.

There is an important word in Chinyanja that has largely to do with our subject. This is the word *chilawa*. We do not find it, by-the-bye, in Mr. Scott's Dictionary, though possibly some equivalent for it may exist therein. Yet *chilawa* is a *bonâ-fide* Chinyanja word, and one, moreover, of fullest import. What then does it mean? How can it be Englished? We unhesitatingly make answer—by the word “agnation”. The word, in truth, introduces us into the very heart of this matter of the family. A man's *chilawa* is simply the relationship that comes to him through his father—relationship through the male line. Thus *chilawa* is equivalent to “agnatic descent”. And it is to be noticed that it is agnation in its strictest and oldest sense, where descent through the male, and the male alone, is designated, a female intervening being held to destroy the *chilawa*. A person's surname shows his *chilawa*, shows with whom he is agnate, but is, as with ourselves, lost on the maternal side. Although a person's surname is not generally known to those who are not his near relations or intimate acquaintances, because, so to speak, he does not make personal use of it, and is not called by it, yet every one knows his own surname, and is ready to give it at once if asked for it. It is by means of the surname that a man often finds in an acquaintance whom he had not known to be a relation, one to whom he is agnatically related. Agnation, then, being the rule, one cannot deny that the father is really the head of the family, in spite of the undoubted fact that the closest relationship exists between the sister's son and the mother's brother. In Melanesia, where a similar state

of things prevails, we are told the reason is to be found in the fact that kinship through the mother, which is the "traditional bond of all native society, is what it is in practical use through the mother's *brother*, because a woman cannot render the service which a man can give". We think this is the true account of the same ideas prevailing here amongst the Anyanja.

A boy or a girl naturally looks to his or her *mchibweni* (maternal uncle) for everything. It is he who is consulted when the time comes for his niece to be married. He, too, who actually receives the presents from the future husband, he, and not either the girl's own father or her mother. Yet it is the male who preserves through each generation the family name, and hands on, so to speak, the family blood. Distinguishing, therefore, between "kin" and "blood," we may say that the mother preserves to her offspring the tie of kinship, the father that of blood.

A man may not marry the daughters of his mother's sisters, although they are not of the same *chilawa* as himself. Neither may he marry the daughters of his father's brother who are of the same *chilawa*. Both kinship and blood are considered too near, and a man really reckons these—cousins as we should call them—as his sisters. To marry them would be, according to his notions of affinity, a gross moral offence, an incestuous connection. A man may, however, marry his maternal uncle's widow, and, indeed, calls her *mkazanga* (my wife). He also may marry one of her children in lieu of marrying her, if he prefers the *filia pulchrior*.

Again, a man may marry his paternal aunt, from which it would appear that the blood tie between a man and his father's sister is not looked upon as so close as that between him and his father's brother; and simi-



larly the tie of a man and his mother's brother is not the same as that of a man and his mother's sister. Yet this is not due to *chilawa*, for a man's father and his father's sister belong to one *chilawa* (if their father is one) and that is his own.

A man's paternal aunt is called his *mnasenga*, whose children are his *asuwani* or *asiwani* (cousins). He may marry these, or if he prefers it, as we have already said, he may marry his aunt herself.

All the children of a man's maternal aunts or paternal uncles are reckoned as that man's brothers and sisters, and are all called *achakulu wake*, *achapwake*, or *achalongo wake*, as the case may be. Marriage between any of these is held incestuous. On the other hand, all the children of a man's maternal uncle, as well as of his paternal aunt, are that man's *asuwani* (cousins), whom he or she may marry. More than this may be said, namely, that it is the natural thing for *asuwani* to intermarry. A person calls his or her maternal aunts *amai*, just as he calls his own mother by that name. Similarly his father's brothers are all his *atati*. His father's sister is even called *atati*, though more commonly *mnasenga*.

Fathers-in-law and mothers-in-law call their sons-in-law and daughters-in-law *apongozi* and *vice-versâ*. Brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law call each other *alamu*.

Marriage with deceased wife's sister is held in abhorrence, but is not wholly unknown. Marriage with deceased brother's wife is held the natural thing, and is often a matter of inheritance.

If there are several sisters, the daughters of one mother, when these marry, the children of each elder sister will be considered the elder brothers and sisters of

the younger sister, no matter whether in point of actual age they are older or not. If, on the other hand, these several sisters are only half-sisters (*i.e.*, the daughters of different mothers with the same fathers) the distinction between elder and younger in their offspring will follow the real differences of age existing between the children themselves, a fact that seems to show how close a relationship is held to exist between people and their grandmothers.

Turning to Dr. Codrington's book, we read that amongst the Melanesian islanders of the Banks group, "a woman does not call her husband's brother her brother-in-law; she is nothing to him, though her children, being his brother's children, are called his".

Amongst the Anyanja on the other hand a woman does call her husband's brother her *mlamu*, while he calls her children his. That the relationship is considered a real thing, the very etymology of the word *mlamu* itself suggests.

Another passage may be quoted from Dr. Codrington's book in order to show the degree of resemblance in the system of relationship that is found amongst the Melanesians and the Anyanja respectively: "In Melanesia as elsewhere, one word describes the relationship of persons of different sexes. Men are *tasiu* to men, and women *tasiu* to women; men are *tutuai* to women, and women *tutuai* to men. There is a further difference, the sex being the same, the elder man or woman is *tugui* to the younger, the younger man or woman is *tasiu* to the elder; but *tasiu* is the prevailing use. It may be observed in this system of terms of relationship that all of one generation, within the family connection, are called fathers and mothers of all the children who form the generation below them; a man's brothers are

called mothers of her children; a father's brothers call his children theirs. Upon this it has to be remarked that this wide use of the terms father and mother does not at all signify any looseness in the actual view of proper paternity and maternity; they are content with one word for father and uncle, for mother and aunt, when the special relation of the kinship of the mother's brother does not come in; but the one who speaks has no confusion as to paternity in his mind, and will correct a misconception with the explanation, my own child, *tur natuk*; his real father, *tur tamana*; *tur tasina*, his brother, not his cousin."

There are two important particulars in which a difference is found in this account between Melanesia and Nyasaland. Firstly, here in Nyasaland, there is a word for paternal aunt, namely *mnasenga*, just as there is also a word, *mchibweni*, for maternal uncle. Secondly, the children of this aunt and this uncle stand to those of the brother and sister respectively as cousins (*asuwani*).

For grandfather and grandmother one name is used, and this word, *ambuye*, is extended to great-uncles and great-aunts.

We are anxious not to weary our readers with too long a disquisition on a subject which to many will seem dry. Yet in concluding our own remarks we would suggest that those to whom the matter is of interest, and who have taken the pains to inform themselves independently on the subject of marriage and blood relationships amongst the Anyanja, may have something to say on what we have now written, either in expansion of our brief dissertation, or, it may be, in the way of traversing some of our statements. If so, we urge them to let us have the benefit of their investi-

gations, and would ask them to contribute what knowledge they have on this subject to the general stock, through the means of our pages.

It may very well be that in different parts of Nyasaland, yet even among the same tribe, some minor differences may exist in matters connected with the family. We would like to see these pointed out, and indeed will point out one ourselves by way of taking the lead in a discussion we hope to see raised on what has now been written. In Mr. Scott's Dictionary, under the word *msiwani*, occurs the following note: "Cousins born one of a brother, another of his sister are *asuwani*; hence *chisiwani* is a complimentary *chirongo* (brother and sister) relationship, and is free (*sanyalana*, they have the free intercourse of brother and sister, not the restraint of strangers between whom marriage is possible)". By this, we suppose it is meant that *asuwani* do not intermarry. If this is the case in the districts where the author has made his investigations, it is very strange, to say the least of it, for, as we have already said, so far afield as our own inquiries have taken us, the custom is universal that *asiwani* intermarry freely, it being considered in fact more the rule than the exception for them to do so.

No. V.—MTONYA.

From the *Nyasa News* of November, 1894.

A YEAR ago I attempted to give our readers some account of Unangu, the important stronghold in Portuguese Yaoland, where at that time we were breaking up some new ground, and founding a fresh mission station. It is my object now to describe another Yao fastness which in some respects will have a greater



interest for many of our readers than Unangu, being as it is at the present time, and because of its proximity to the British Central Africa boundary, far more likely to affect, or be affected by, the movements of our fellow countrymen over the border.

In company with one of my Likoma brethren I started from the island, *en route* first for Unangu, on 18th September. We took the road from Chiteji's, through Chisindo and Chitagala, in preference to the route we followed last year, wishing to see something of these two mountains, and to keep up friendly relations with their inhabitants. At about twelve miles from Chiteji's we fell in with a herd of hartebeests (*Lichtensteini*), and secured a fine buck. Sportsmen may be interested to know that both this hartebeest and the species known as *Alcelaphus Cokii* are found in Yaoland. I have myself shot both varieties within 150 miles of each other, south of the Rovuma.

When the lofty hills at the back of Chiteji's have been scaled, and at a distance of five to six miles, a wide sweep of level country is before us, and as one turns one's eye to the south-east in the direction of Unangu, Chisindo towers majestically, and bounds the horizon at a distance of some thirty miles. This bit of country is nowhere bare of trees, though here and there a broad *lilambo* forms a favourite grazing ground for several varieties of the principal antelopes. Two or three days spent in this bit of country ought, I should say, to repay the hunter who is ambitious of enlarging and beautifying his trophies with the spoils of hartebeest and sable and eland. Portuguese Yaoland is, we repeat it, *the* country especially of the noble sable antelope. Something was said in one of our August "notes" as to the height and position of Chisindo. It remains to tell here

that the mountain strikes one as grander, from its isolation from all other hills. It appears not to boast many people. One Chisoma is the chief, a man of little power and consideration, who at present harbours a man in his community who lives by theft, and not long ago succeeded in stealing from some porters who were carrying goods for us to Unangu no less than three of our loads. Chisindo is steep without being precipitous, and immediately at its base, on the south-east side, the Msinje River brawls over the stones and boulders that lie in its bed. About half-way between Chisindo and Chitagala the road crosses this river, and then a couple of hours and more of rather steep climbing takes one into Malinganile's town, built high up on Chitagala. Malinganile formerly lived at Isombe, two days' eastward from Unangu. Two years ago, however, Mataka's people from Mwembe besieged him in that impregnable fortress, and succeeded in holding all his wells. He owed his rescue to Kalanje, and eventually moved to Chitagala, where he has become of late a very troublesome person, continually harrying and raiding in the vicinity of the Nyasa towns from Ngofi to Msumba, and carrying off, or killing, not a few of their people. It is difficult to say how many people this chief owns as his subjects, but he occupies a kind of midway position between Chisoma of Chisindo and Kalanje of Unangu in this respect, having as many more people than Chisoma as he has fewer than Kalanje. His fortress-hill lies at a distance of eighteen miles from Chisindo and twenty-four north-west from Unangu.

After a stay of three days with our colleagues, now comfortably settled at the base of Kalanje's grand mountain, we pursued our walk, joined by Mr. H—, to Mtonya. Our path lay in a south-south-westerly

direction, and in two and a half hours took us to the Luchimwa River, a stream flowing eastward into the Locheringa. Seven miles beyond this river, on the next day, we passed under Lijambe Hill, and in an hour and a half afterwards crossed the Usinyando, camping for the night on the Locheringa at a distance of twenty-four miles from Unangu. The country was very level and calls for little remark. Our guide spoke of it as a good game country, but a few bush-buck and traces of water-buck were all we saw of game on our way to Mtonya. A small plant growing to a height of a foot above the ground, with large broad leaves, and abounding between the Luchimwa and Locheringa, was entirely new to us. It bore clusters of fruit, the size of a crab apple, and when green very like that wilding in appearance. In taste it resembled the medlar, than which fruit, however, it proved far more juicy and luscious. When ripe it assumes a russet brown colour, and is by no means to be despised. The Yaos call it *mgulugututu*.

On leaving the Locheringa the country presents very little variety, being of that description which the Yaos know as *lichinga*, long levels and sweeps of tree-clad tableland with here and there a slight depression, marking the course of some tiny rivulet. About half-way between the Locheringa and Mtonya a good sized hill named Matawa is passed on the right hand, and it is in the vicinity of this hill that the Locheringa is said to take its rise. We were indeed told subsequently at Mtonya that the Msinje also rises not far from this hill, and that the two rivers, starting thus close together, begin by flowing in opposite directions, the one to the west and the other to the east, soon afterwards both taking a north-westerly direction, and flowing in a parallel course to the Rovuma, into whose waters they empty their

own. At one time we must have been on the watershed of these two rivers, for we crossed streamlets flowing in opposite directions, which, our guide assured us, were making for the Msinje and Locheringa respectively.

As Mtonya is approached, at a distance of ten miles from the range, the level *lichinga* drops rather suddenly to a different level, and from the brow of the declivity a very fine view of the mountains is obtained looking south. Seven miles further on the river Lungwena is reached, a considerable stream, emptying itself, not into the Locheringa, but into the Luambala, a river that is in itself a tributary of the Lujenda, the great river that forms, roughly speaking, the eastern boundary of Yaoland proper.

Mtonya is *par excellence* the name of the central and loftiest hill of the range, to which it gives its name, a range extending some five miles in length, and lying in an elliptical curve, pretty well east and west. We could not, speaking for ourselves, see anything in its appearance suggestive of a "wall". In no part that we visited were its precipices sheer or perpendicular, while its top was nowhere level, but everywhere either deeply serrated or peaked, the peaks and humps all being of very unequal heights. Looking north from Mtonya, and looking west, the country is a broad level for miles and miles; looking south, and looking east, it is broken up into hills and mountains. The population of the Mtonya Mountains is, we thought, equal to, if not larger than, that of Unangu. The houses extend to the extreme western end of the range, but are thickest all around and on the slopes of the central mass. The chief of the district, who is named Chiwaula, is a middle-aged man of rather prepossessing appearance, and a frank, open manner. He received us in a very



friendly way, and we had an opportunity of talking to him a little about the political situation, and matters upon which it concerned both him and ourselves to gain information. In point of picturesqueness, one gives the palm to Mtonya rather than to Unangu, with which it is natural to make the comparison. Unangu is one great isolated double-humped mountain, rising abruptly from a wide plain. Mtonya is rather a range of hills, and on two of its sides is at no distance from other hills and mountains. Mtonya has its own valleys within the circuit of its own hills, and these are studded with houses by no means built so near together as are the dwellings on Unangu. We boiled our thermometer at the foot of the range, and again at the top of one of the hills, apparently 400 or 500 ft. below the summit of the loftiest peak, and found the difference to amount to about 1400 ft. Approximately, the highest point at Mtonya may be about 5000 ft. above sea level, at much the same elevation as that of the Unangu horns.

The Yaos of Mtonya impressed us very favourably, as did their chief. There seemed to be no swagger about them, and they begged us for nothing—an agreeable and somewhat uncommon feature in a Yao stranger. Chiwaula said he had a feud with Makanjila, and that consequently none of his people now went to the latter's town. It appears that Makanjila's people are still in great force, not scattered, but all keeping together and settled at a hill called Namizimu, about thirty miles or so due south of Mtonya. Fort Maguire, we learned, could be reached in one long day's walk from Mtonya, but now it is not possible to follow the direct road thither, owing to Makanjila's people, who *swamba* in the country immediately between the two places. At present any one wishing to pass from Mtonya to Fort

Maguire makes, we were told, a wide *détour* to the north in order to avoid being caught and killed by Makanjila's men. We impressed upon Chiwaula that the authorities at Fort Maguire were *wandu wambone mnope*, whose acquaintance and friendship he ought to court and cultivate. He told us that once, about a year or so ago, the European at Fort Maguire had sent three of his soldiers with a present of coloured cloth, etc., and that he had been very glad to receive this proof of the friendly disposition towards himself of the white men who had driven out Makanjila. It is impossible to say how many houses there may be at Mtonya, or how many people the chief rules over, but I do not think it would be beyond the mark to hazard the assertion that from 8000 to 10,000 Yaos are at present inhabiting the hills we are describing. About a day's march due east of Mtonya, Mlamilo (*alias* Katuli, *alias* Kandulu) lives, with his Yaos on his hill, friendly with Chiwaula but keeping no terms with Makanjila's horde. The direct road south-east from Mtonya to Mangoche (Zirafi's) leaves Makanjila's present abode to the right, but passes through Kwirasya's hill called Liwijiri, which is distant from Mtonya some fifteen to twenty miles. Beyond Kwirasya's, and at a day's distance, Kindamba and his people are settled, and in another day from Kindamba, Zirafi's stronghold is reached. From Mtonya to Mangoche through Liwijiri and Kindamba the distance may be about seventy miles. I do not know what the number of Zirafi's people may amount to, but all whom we asked at Mtonya told us there were many more people at Mangoche than at their own mountain.

We stayed on Michaelmas day and the day following (Sunday), with our host Chiwaula, and then retraced our steps to Unangu, sleeping once on the way. We

took a few photographs when at Mtonya, and subsequently on our return from Unangu secured views of Chisindo, Chitagala and Sanga, regretting only that we cannot reproduce these pictures as photogravures to illustrate the present article. As in our journey we kept pretty closely to the path we did not fall in with an abundance of game. Traces of elephants, however, we saw here and there, and once we came on a herd of some fifteen to twenty sable antelopes. Reed-buck too we found were pretty common. The rhinoceros is very seldom indeed met with in this part of Yaoland, but now and again, we were told, native hunters in search of game, and sallying forth on that quest from Mtonya, encounter it; on the Lujenda, however, it is said to be more frequently met with; still nearer the coast, but in much the same latitude, it is far more common, especially in the Mavia country south of the Rovuma.

On the whole of our route we encountered locusts—locusts at Chitagala, locusts at Unangu, locusts at Mtonya, locusts everywhere. It remains to be seen whether this plague will have been removed by the time the rains begin. If not, it is only too likely a sore famine will succeed the present pest. So far the locusts seem to leave untouched the leaves of the cassava, but it is to be feared that this will only be the case so long as other food sweeter to their taste can be obtained. On the day we arrived at Mtonya the people were getting ready for a drinking of *moa* on a large scale which connected itself in some obscure way with a propitiatory sacrifice, that it was hoped would be effectual in getting the locust plague stayed.

## No. VI.—MISSIONS AND THEIR AIMS.

From the concluding number, published after Bishop Maples' death in the *Nyasa News* for December, 1895. Unfinished article by him.

UNDER the above heading we launch out into the deep of a large subject on which controversy seldom slumbers and criticism is ever rampant. We propose now to join issue in the controversy and criticise the criticism. Most of our readers in Nyasaland, who are not missionaries themselves, find themselves in contact with us somewhere or other in this country, and have at least opportunities, which others at home have not, of judging of our method, of gauging our work, and of in some sort estimating its value. These opportunities are necessarily used according to the prepossessions, prejudices and peculiar views of those who enjoy them, while in no one case is it likely that the individual will discount his own judgment on account of his prejudice. Much of the criticism to which we are exposed is generously meant even when on the whole unfavourable, and we gladly recognise in it a real desire on the part of those who offer it to lead us to improvement; other criticism we set aside as valueless because the standpoint of the critics is not like our own a Christian one. Only Christians can fairly judge of the fruits of Christianity. Only Christians can approximate to accurate knowledge of what may be expected, or not expected, of converts to the faith. But as there is a non-Christian standpoint from which men look out upon mission work, so also there is practically an anti-Christian one. By this last we mean the standpoint of those who, Christians in name, have not indeed come to a conclusion, based on a rigid inquiry into the



records, that Christianity is founded on dogmas that are false, but who, beginning in indifference have gone on, till at last they have shaken off every restraint, restriction and injunction that the name of Christian implies. Christianity has failed in their case, and they are thus naturally led to suspect its power in the case of all around them. Triumphantly they point to the black sheep of the mission, and exclaim, "We told you so, Christianity makes nothing of these people. You missionaries are on the whole well-meaning people, but your efforts are not wisely bestowed. Your dogmas are too high for these people. For all you teach them, 'tis but a veneer, an outside polish they put on, their hearts remain the same, there is no conversion there; beer and women and obscene dances they will cling to as ardently as ever. These people are not really Christians, don't think it. Come out of your fool's paradise and leave off your much preaching, your prayer meetings frequent, your hearers' classes, and your other harmless but ineffectual machineries for fashioning converts, and give your time rather to the industrial departments. Teach the Africans to be good servants, make them carpenters, dhobis, masons, printers and blacksmiths. Thus you and your work will be a blessing to the country, and missionaries will be the more fitting pioneers of the civilization to which they too frequently take up an attitude of antagonism."

Beneath such criticism as this, coming from the quarters where we most frequently hear it, there is much more hinted at, if not so boldly expressed. As, for instance, that the Christianity itself, which the converts adopt, is chargeable with tending to make them hypocrites; for while professing a high moral standard it lacks all power to inculcate one; or again,

the very *bonâ fides* of the missionaries themselves is called in question, and they are supposed to know that Christianity works no change of heart in the African, but to be satisfied when prayers are said by rote, hymns shouted in or out of tune, and sermons listened to with all the outward signs of reverent attention. Still we must allow that such criticism as we have put in the mouths of those whom, we have said, speak from an anti-Christian standpoint, is sometimes, and in part, heard from others who are Christians, who live in their degree according to a Christian standard of morals, and who, moreover, have a real desire to see mission work flourish, as it makes for the amelioration of the natives, for whose behoof it is put in action. Coming from such critics, the criticism has no flavour of spite, seems not to call in question the purity or the power of the Christianity preached, and is altogether above suspecting the *bonâ fides* of the missionaries themselves. It is because we know very well that some such criticism as the above is what we do in effect encounter from those whose character and position are worthy of all respect, that we think it worth while to write something by way of answer to it in our own quarterly. Perhaps we shall better do this by writing more particularly on the aims of missions or missionaries. Now in Nyasaland already there are Christian missions represented by various Churches as well as by sects. Are their aims various, or are they one at bottom? So far as they are missions for propagating Christianity, we believe their aim to be single; and that English Episcopal, Scotch Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and other Christian denominations can and do unite in professing that their one object in their mission is to help Africans both to know and lay hold of the means of salvation

offered them by and in Jesus Christ. To work for this end is, we all believe, to work *ad maiorem Dei gloriam* here on earth : for we cannot doubt but that the glory of God is manifested in the salvation of the souls of men, of which salvation it is given to us missionaries to be the humble means of declaring the knowledge. In stating our aim to be this, we of course would be understood as using the word "salvation" in its evident significance, according to which we mean that redemption of body, soul and spirit of which Christ speaks when He says, "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life" (John v. 24) ; and which as little is confined to a future state of existence, as it can be denied certainly to belong to it. Certain aspects of salvation may be explained to the detriment of others, and without regard to due proportion ; the doctrine may here be narrowed crudely, and there even erroneously set forth ; escape from hell—using that word with a coarse materiality of meaning that a better instructed theology discards—may be its one and only feature in the mouths of other teachers. The treasure is committed to earthen vessels, and the vessels are often ill-fitted to hold and preserve it uncorrupted. But still salvation through Christ can, we are not afraid of saying, be set down as that which it is the one aim of all missionaries to declare, if they are true to their Christian creed, and to their missionary calling as propagators of their creed. The thing, however, may be put in a different way and remain essentially the same. For instance, one famous Missionary, who has won the respect of all and the love of many of us, and whose prolonged absence we are even now regretting, is often wont to say that his great aim is to convert the natives, and raise up a "Bible-loving

and a Bible-reading people". We English Church missionaries would not put it in this way perhaps, seeing as we do in the Church the very Body, by participation in which the life of Christ may become the life of our own life, and preferring at once to point people to the Church as the directest source of salvation. Yet if the very essence of the Bible, from the first page to the last—of the Old Testament we will say it as well as of the New—be salvation through Christ, how shall we not too join hands with our Presbyterian brethren, and say, yes, and it is our aim too to raise up a Bible-loving community, for we, like you, are here only for the purpose of preaching salvation through Jesus Christ.

The one principal aim of all true Christian missionaries being, as we have now seen, this single one, *all* else—industrial departments, secular teaching—must be subordinated to it, or we swerve from the purpose and object of our mission, and are untrue as well to our hearts as to Himself, so also to those at home, who have found the means for establishing us in this country. No mission should be blamed because it bestows little care on industrial training, or even on higher education, if it is found to be doing its own proper work of direct evangelizing. To spend much of our own time in preaching, prayers, religious instruction, translation of the Bible, religious manuals and the like must be our principal care. Also before we train to industrial work, we must ever strive to train up teachers, by whom our own efforts to extend Christianity to the regions beyond, can be supplemented and carried forward. In all fairness, the work that a Christian mission as such is doing *ought* to be judged by the extent to which this kind of machinery has been set in motion; and, for we will

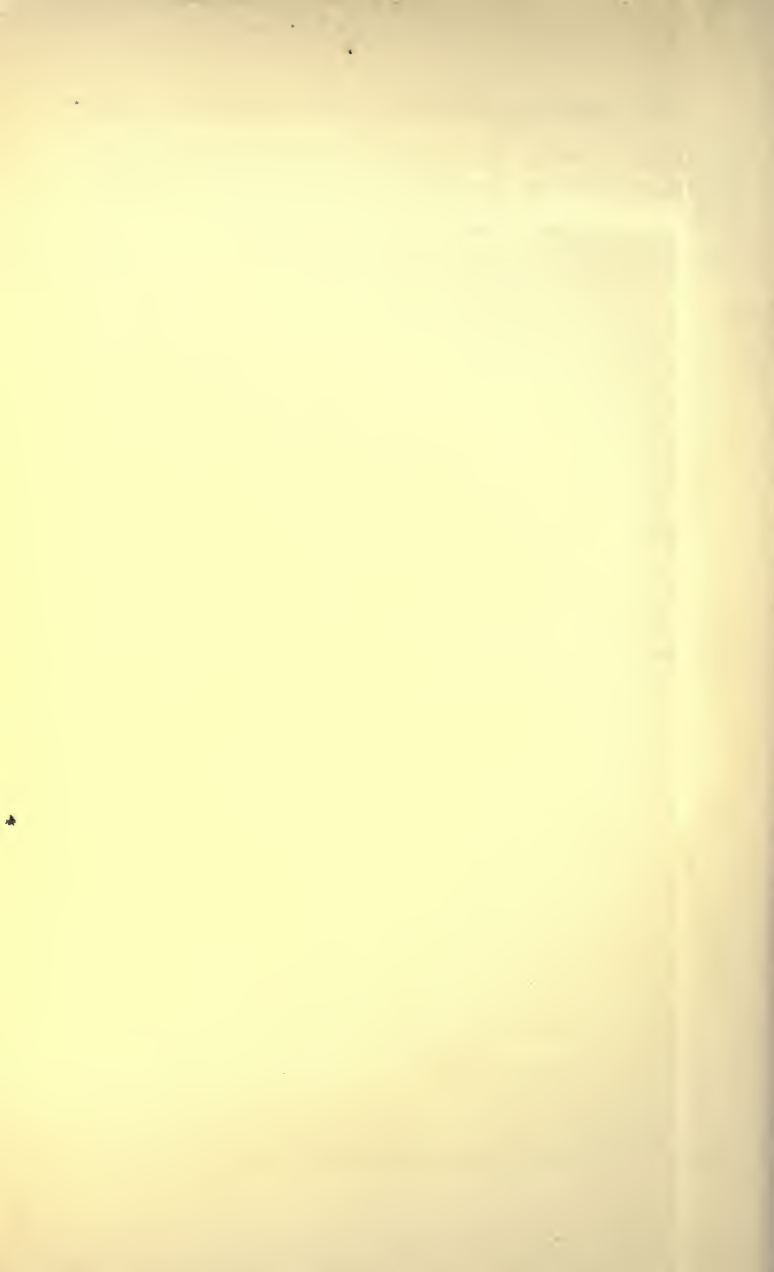


allow it, the effectiveness of the machinery, as judged by the work turned out by it, must be taken into serious consideration. Where missionaries can boast of having trained a large number of the youth of the district to industrial work of various kinds, the questions should always be asked, "How many and of what quality are the teachers you have trained, what schools do they conduct, under what supervision, what is the percentage of their scholars on the numbers of the children from which they are drawn, what standards do they reach?" And far more important, in order to a proper testing of the work, considered as that of Christian education, are questions dealing with morals, as to the prevalence of grosser sins and offences—drunkenness, fornication, adultery, the frequenting or taking part in obscene dances and heathenish customs, such as *ula*, *muavi* drinking, sacrifices at the graves, or the like. Now we hold that according as all these evils become fewer, in parts where Christianity is preached, so is the work of conversion going forward. Missionaries, we think, do not expect, and are right in not expecting, half so much of their converts as do outsiders. They know enough of the history of Christianity in the world, as a progressive religion, both in the heart of the individual and in that of a nation, to be well aware that conversion is no mechanical contrivance, by which all evil is expelled at once and for ever from a man's heart: they know it will dog their convert's footsteps to the end, just as it dogs their own. The lapse of a convert, therefore, though it always grieves, does not always surprise them. A missionary cannot be otherwise than long-suffering with a convert who falls, even if he falls again and again. Hence within a mission of some

years' standing there are always to be found some weak vessels. But there are limits of endurance beyond which—and for the sake of others of his flock, as well perhaps as for the ultimate reclamation of the reprobate himself—the missionary feels he may not go. For one who goes on in wilful wrong-doing in spite of all remonstrance, or who openly apostatises, there is but one course open to us, and that is excommunication, alike in its technical and ecclesiastical sense, as well as in that of expulsion from the mission. Such as these we believe to be very few, yet they manage somehow always to be *en évidence*, and so the idea gets about that missions are fruitful in such products. They are usually fairly well educated, and for this reason are unlikely to prove otherwise than useful—in a country where white workmen are not to be had—in the offices for which their abilities rather than their moral qualities fit them. Hence these people get work and good wages from European settlers, who do not care to be at the pains to inquire after their characters from their former masters and pastors. Very soon drunken habits make themselves disagreeably manifest, and other evidences of utter untrustworthiness present themselves. Their new master is disgusted with them, and cries out, “See the fellows the missions train; give me a raw native who has not learned how to steal, and who'll treat his master with respect”. And to this we missionaries should reply, “You have taken on a man whom, had you applied to us, we should have warned you of; you have only yourselves to blame for taking on an educated person without a character”. “Yes, but there it was, the fellow could read and write, and after all a raw native would not have done for the work we give him.

Have you no respectable men to send us, men who can read and write, but who don't steal and who don't get drunk?" To this some of us would make the following guarded reply:—

Left unfinished in 1895 when the Bishop was drowned in Lake Nyasa.

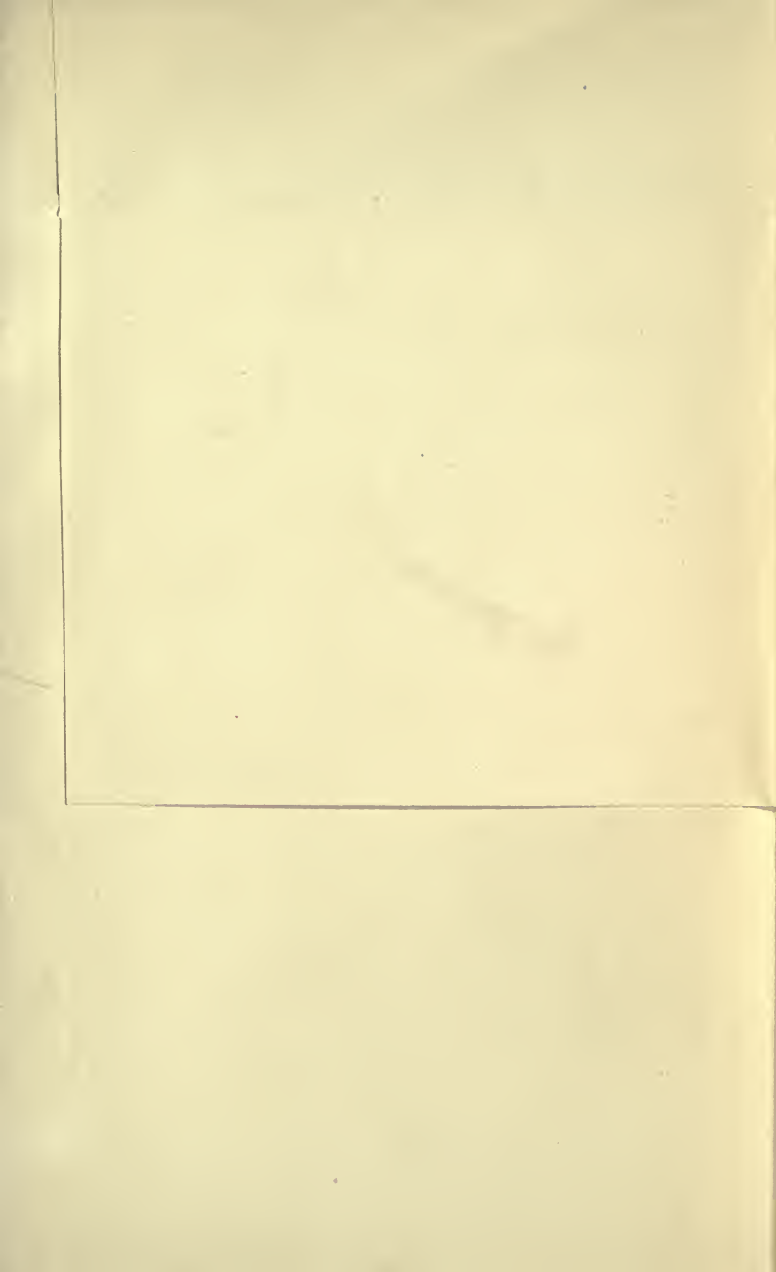




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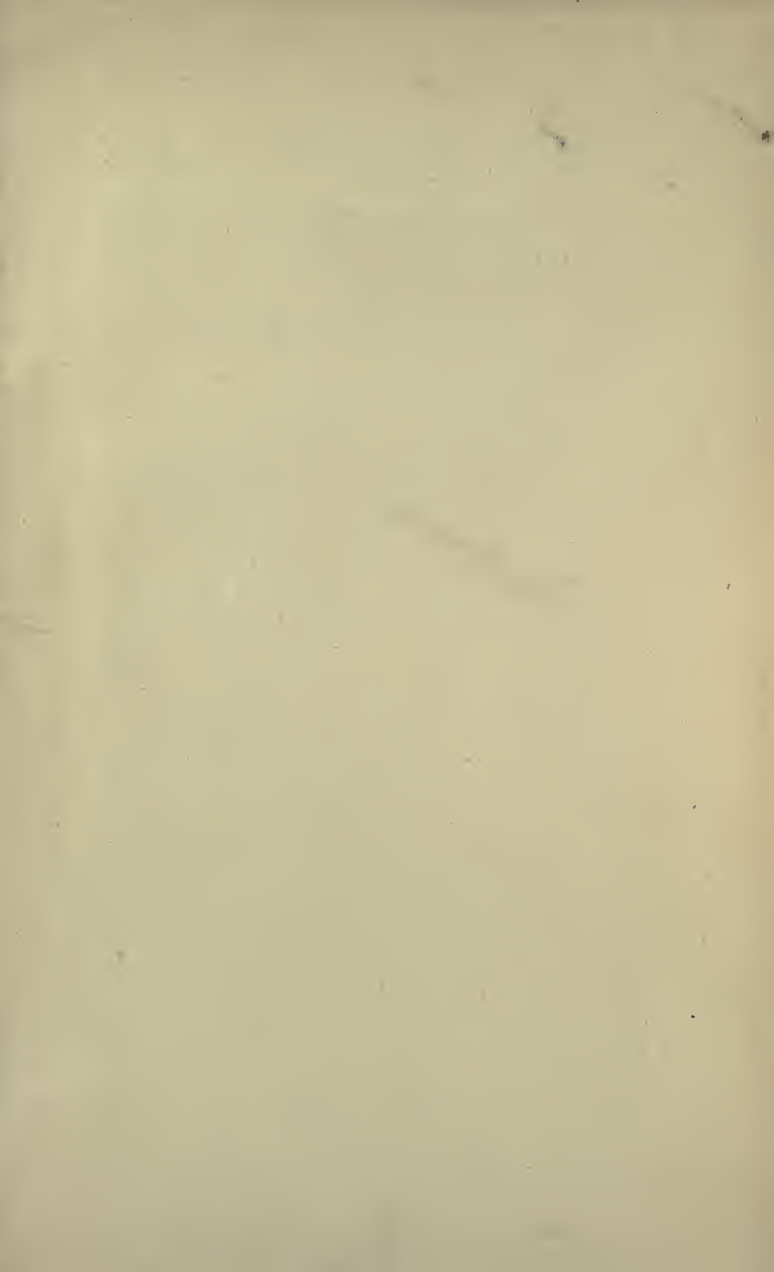














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