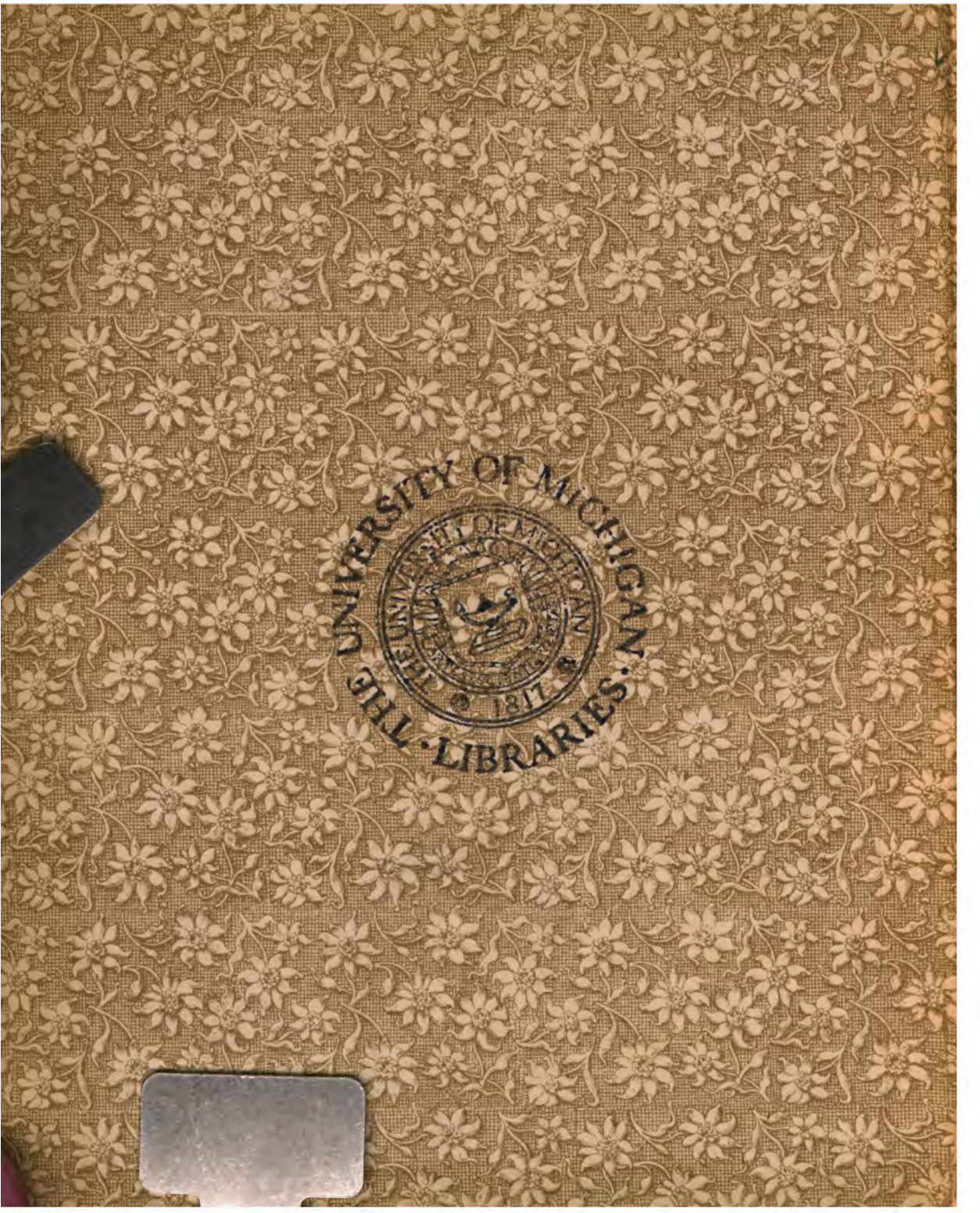
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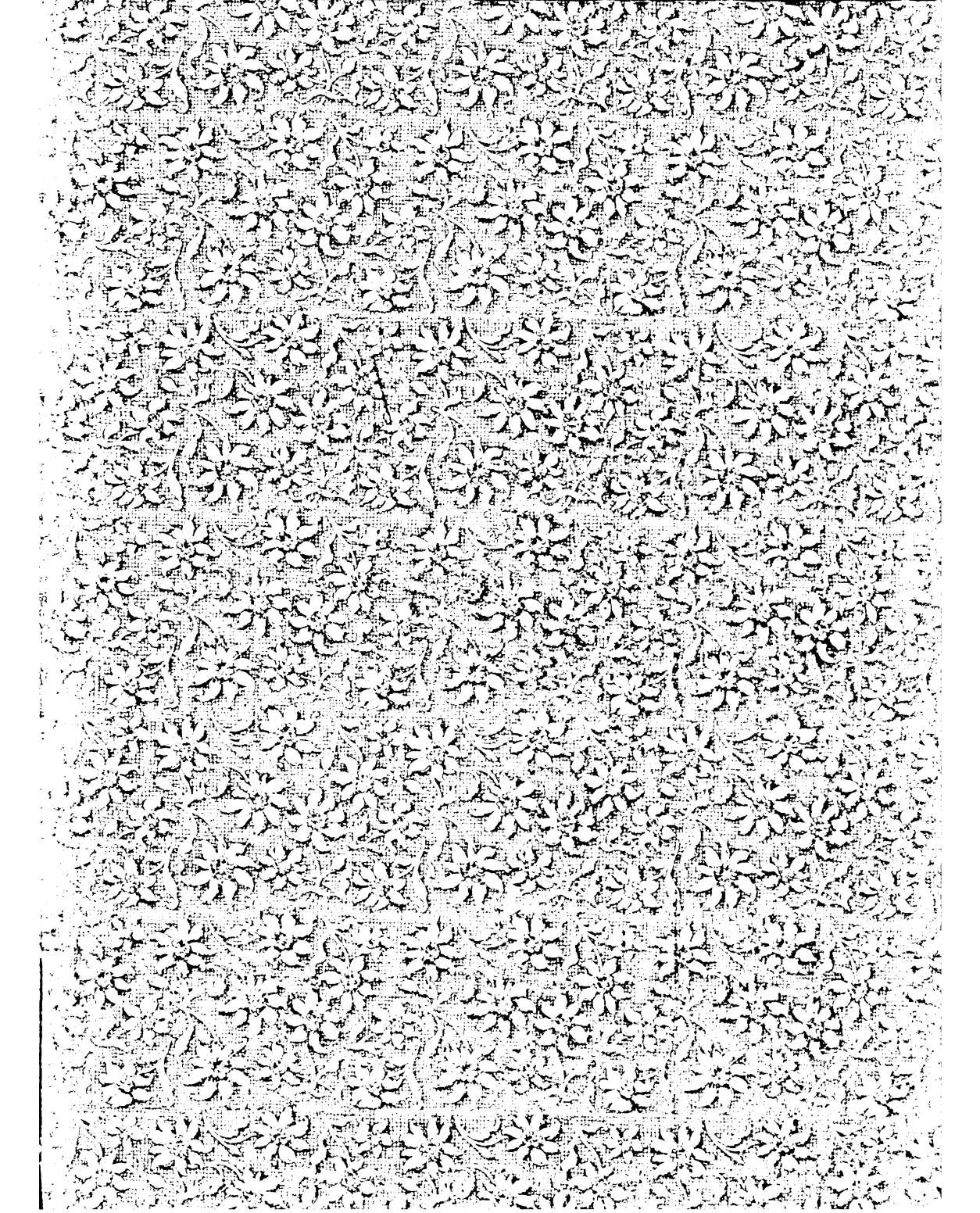

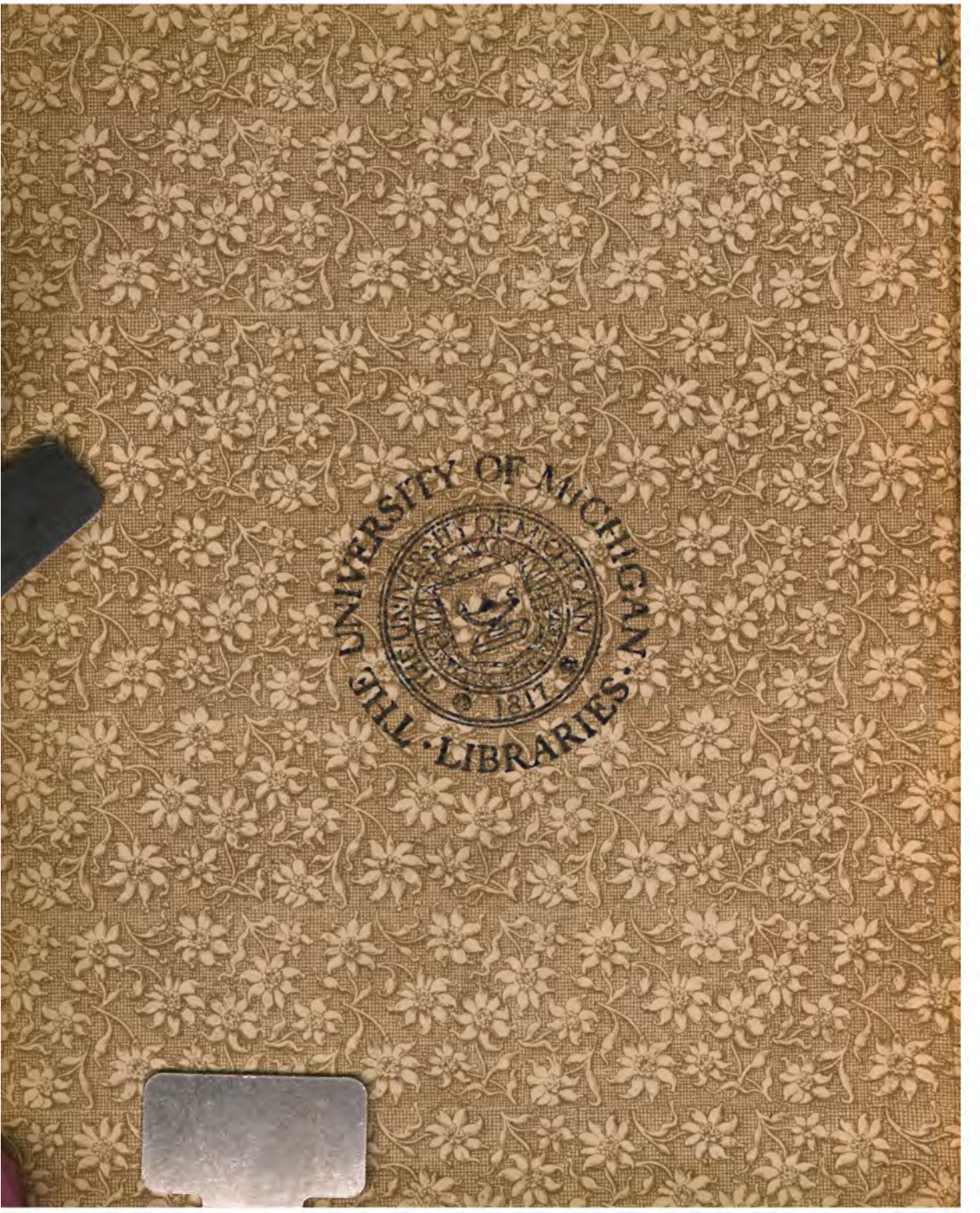
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Mother + Daddy.

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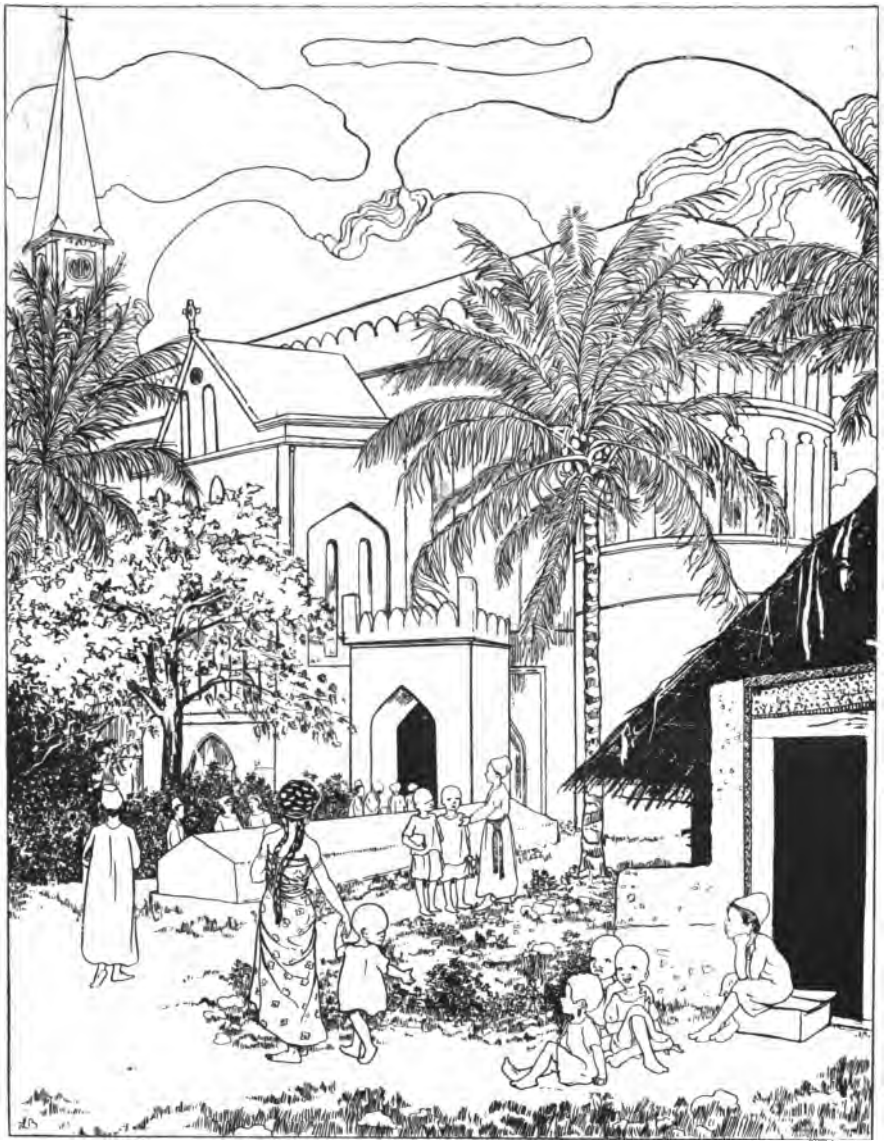

"The Slave-market was closed for ever. Then God put it into the hearts of two men to give this very Market-place to the Mission that CHRIST'S Church might be planted where Satan's seat had been."

See p. 22

Where Black meets White.

The Little History of the U.M.C.A.

BY

GERTRUDE A. T. FRERE.

Illustrated by LILIAN BELL.

LONDON:
OFFICE OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA,
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1902.

Preface.

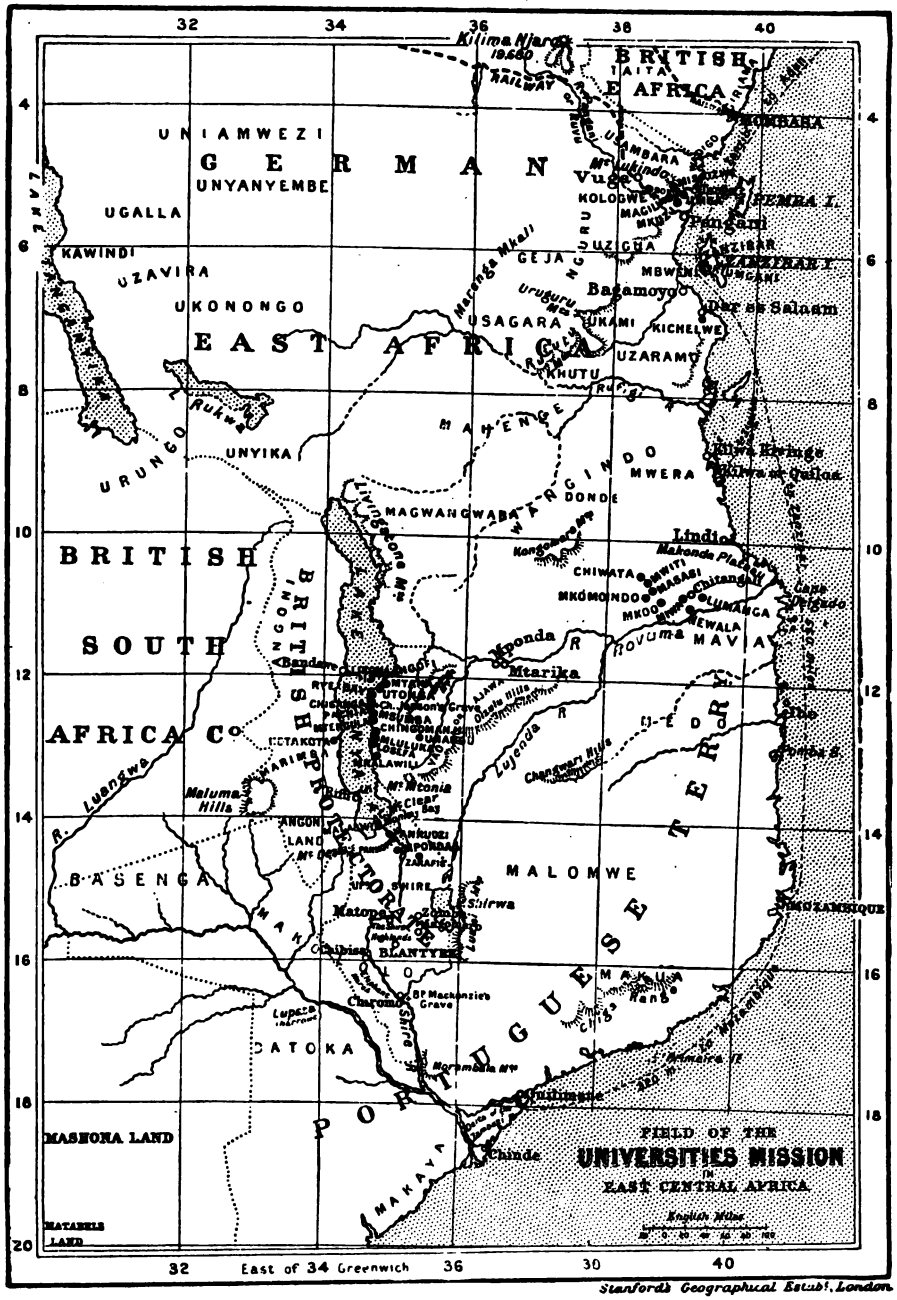
THE Author of the following Little History is anxious to acknowledge the debt she owes to Miss Anderson-Morshead, from whose "History of the U.M.C.A." much of the present information is derived.

It was the perusal of this popular book, now far advanced in its second edition, which made it seem both desirable and possible to produce a History in a form more suited to younger readers, which should not only instruct those members of the Coral League and others already interested and already helping their little African brothers and sisters, but should also open the minds of some to whom the Dark Continent is still an unexplored region, and rouse in them a desire to follow in the footprints of the great missionary heroes here presented to us.

The Author takes this opportunity of thanking those missionaries who have so kindly responded to her appeal and furnished her with stories and descriptions straight from the Field itself.

G. A. T. F.

List of Illustrations.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Where Black meets White.

CHAPTER I.

BISHOP MACKENZIE.

THE START OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time."

IT is about great men that I want to tell you, great men who have left their footprints in the sands of Africa, where you and I may follow them, if not with our bodies, at least with our hearts and minds and with our prayers.

The first great man I want to tell you about is Charles Mackenzie. He was, as perhaps you will guess by his name, a Scotchman and spent his early life in Edinburgh. No one thought him a very clever boy, but he was good at mathematics, and was very steady and thoughtful, which really is quite as good as being clever. He was very humble, and did not do things because he thought he could do them better than others, but because he felt if he did not do them *no one else would*. Just think that out, and you will see he was not always

doing pleasant, nice things, if that was his motto, but dull, troublesome, difficult things. He went to the University of Cambridge, and in time became a Fellow, but his great wish was to be a clergyman, and for this he worked very hard, not only by studying, but by trying to help others and to be unselfish.

It was not long after he had been ordained priest that a great desire came over him to be a missionary. He did not offer at once, however, as his friends persuaded him not to do so, but after a little while he received a proposal from the Bishop of Natal to go out there as Archdeacon. Though in a foreign land, it was some time before he had real missionary work to do. He was put in charge of Durban, on the East Coast of Africa, and found a large number of English people there, and English people who were not very easy to deal with. However, by gentleness and firmness he gradually made friends with them, and, meanwhile, succeeded in starting a little work among the Kaffirs outside Durban. All the time that he had so many troubles and difficulties with his congregation, he wrote home cheerfully and, even at the worst, said, "God had answered his prayer, which used to be for pain and annoyance, if He thought it wise."

But a great change was coming in his life. About this time Livingstone, the explorer, came home to England to tell of his discoveries in Africa, and, not only was his mind full of new mountains and lakes, but his heart was full of new peoples, slaves, heathen—yet brethren; sons of the same Father and made by the same Creator as himself. He spoke strongly and earnestly at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and made the people who heard him long to help. These were some of the words he used:—"I go back to Africa to try and make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work I have begun. I leave it with you."

Hardly had a plan been formed among these and other Universities when Bishop Gray, of Cape Town, came to England, full, too, of a desire to teach the people in Africa, and, though he had meant to set to work in rather a different way from that now proposed, he was willing enough to give up his own ideas and help forward other people's. A mission was to be formed of at least six men with a Bishop, if possible, at their head, and they were to settle in Africa in the place that Livingstone should arrange.

Now the question arose—Who would take charge of this party? and, at this very time, Mackenzie came back to England. He seemed the right man. He was asked, consented, spent the rest of his stay in England in preaching and speaking about the Mission, and in a year's time was back at the Cape.

On January 1st, 1861, he was consecrated Bishop in Cape Town, and later the first band of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa sailed out for their work.

Now, please, will you get our your maps of Africa, and we will see where this party went.

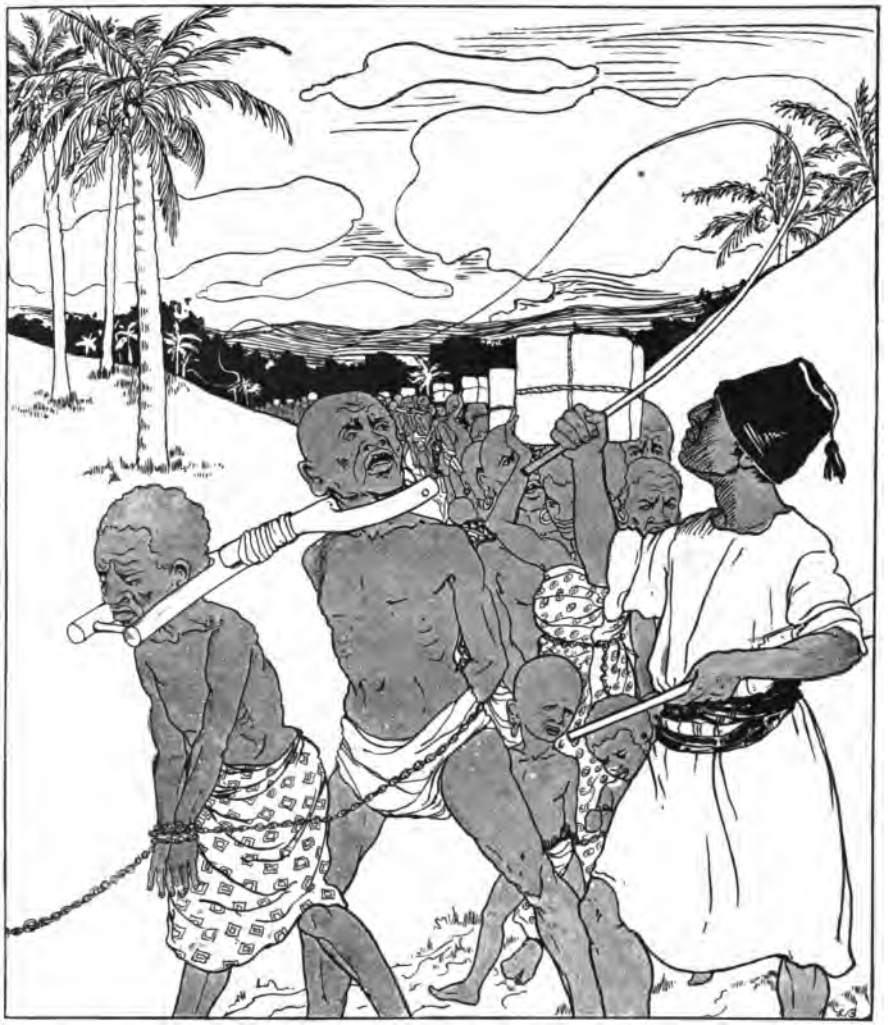
Do you think it strange that when they wanted to go to the centre of Africa they should start from the Cape in a boat? It seems so, at first, I admit, but you must remember this was forty years ago, and there were not so many roads as there are now, so the best plan was to do all they could by water. Along the East Coast they went till they got to the mouth of the Rovuma, where they found Dr. Livingstone ready to take them up the river in his own vessel, the "Pioneer," and thus, as they hoped, to Lake Nyasa. Ah! if they had only had a map like yours they would have known the Rovuma would never take them to Lake Nyasa. But maps are not made by magic, and many lives are

often spent in making them. Your atlas is a very precious thing; mind you value it.

Well, back they came, after going about twenty miles in vain, and this time went up the Zambesi till they reached its tributary the Shiré, and a settlement belonging to a Chief called Chibisa. This was about six months after they had started from the Cape. Perhaps some of you have been on a steamer on a river and thought it great fun, especially if you slept the night on the boat; but I think you would get tired of a six months' journey, and will agree with me that it is not much fun when the vessel is always getting on to a sand bank and must be shoved off again, and when, from time to time, you must land and cut wood for your engine fire—to say nothing of mosquitoes and attacks of fever and danger from the wild tribes on the banks. But all were happy and good-humoured, and no work was too rough for the Bishop, who gaily took his turn at everything. Once landed, a few of the party were left to build huts by the shore, while the others, including the Bishop, with Dr. Livingstone leading them, set out on foot to find a more healthy place to plant the Mission.

And now came the first start of actual mission work.

The men were settled in camp one evening, and the Bishop himself had gone to the river to bathe, when, winding slowly along, came a slave caravan. Poor, starved wretches, fastened to one another by yokes or chains, tired to death, were being driven along by cruel men armed with guns and great whips. The whole party was filled with pity and indignation. It was but the work of a few minutes to disarm the six slavers and set the poor fellows free, so that, when Bishop Mackenzie returned, he found a group of slaves sitting round the camp-fire, too bewildered to cook or eat. The poor things were asked if they would rather stay or go home, and managed to explain that their homes



Winding slowly along, came a Slave Caravan.

were burnt, so it was decided to add them to the party, and Dr. Livingstone handed them over to the Bishop to be the first beginnings of the Mission.

By the end of July a place called Magomero was reached, and, though not very suitable, it was thought that in some ways it would be well to settle here.

The Chief, who owned the village, had heard how the party had more than once rescued slaves, and was willing to sell half of it to them for £1, if they would stay. Dr. Livingstone himself went forward on his explorations, and work began in earnest.

First everyone had to build himself a hut, and Bishop Mackenzie, as usual, set the example. He declared his should be the neatest and best of them all, and, indeed, it was beautifully round and accurately made, but, unluckily, he forgot to put any opening, so that after all it had to have some alterations!

The Missionaries set to work to learn the language. They could not, for some time, teach much about God for fear they might make mistakes and mislead the people, but they soon began to show what was meant by truth, honesty, and obedience. One day news was brought that a village where the Bishop had once slept had been burnt by a tribe called the Ajawa, and the Chief begged the English to come and help them.

"Where are we to meet?" said the Bishop.

"At the Chief's village."

"What village?"

"The village where you slept."

"It is not burned, then?"

"No."

"Did you lie when you said it was burned?"

"I did lie," said the Chief, grinning.

"If a dog could do as you have done I should kick it," said the Bishop, "I cannot speak to you any more to-day."

Drilling.

Another day they found all the people shelling peas, which turned out to have been stolen. Some of them laughed when they were scolded, but the Bishop first paid for the peas and then gave them to the goats, saying that he would send away anyone who stole again.

Every morning one of the Missionaries, Mr. Scudamore, used to drill the boys and make them march in step, and do one or two simple

exercises, and, at the end, plunge into the river. They did not like this at all at first, but soon learnt it was best to do as they were told, and not argue.

A great difficulty arose at this time about helping oppressed tribes against the slave-raiders. When in Cape Town it had been agreed that the Missionaries should not fight to defend themselves, even if their own flock turned against them; but the question now was whether they ought not to defend the oppressed, and they found that the natives quite expected they would do so, after the way they had already freed the slaves. So it came about that, much against their will, they were led into two other fights, in both of which they were successful, and in neither of which did the Bishop himself fire a single shot, though once he nearly lost his life by bravely walking in between the two parties and trying to make peace.

These fights brought more slaves into the camp, till the numbers to be fed and taught rose to over two hundred, and all the missionary band had as much as, or more than, they could do.

You may well guess how glad they were to hear that men, and stores too, were coming out from England, and that the ladies, who had been left at the Cape, were also to join them, for there was a great deal of work to be done among the women.

First came Mr. Burrup, who had pushed up in a canoe ahead of the others in a marvellously short time, and had escaped fever in such a wonderful way that both he and Mackenzie began to think very lightly of the dangers from this dreadful African enemy. This very carelessness was, humanly speaking, the cause of their death.

It was arranged that the ladies of the party and Dr. Livingstone should be met at the Isle of Malo, where the Ruo River runs into the

Shiré. The journey was long by water, and they first tried to find a shorter one by land, but this was quite unsuccessful, and, after some waste of time and strength, Bishop Mackenzie returned and started with Mr. Burrup down the Shiré. After many difficulties they reached the island, but, on the way, one of the canoes had been upset and, in their efforts to save their goods, the Bishop and Mr. Burrup both got soaked through and were attacked by fever. The quinine had been lost in the accident and, though the three natives of the party were as kind as possible, on January 1st, 1862, the first Bishop of the Universities' Mission died, to be buried on the banks of the river by his poor sick friend who got home to Magomero only to die himself. Mrs. Burrup and Miss Mackenzie arrived at Chibisa's just in time to hear the sad news, and were taken back to the Cape, Miss Mackenzie herself being too ill to know what had happened.

A lonely Grave.

At first sight it seems sad that one so noble and so full of work should die after but one year in the country he went to conquer for God. We cannot understand God's ways, but no good life is ever wasted.

You have heard the saying, " The blood of the Martyrs is the seed

of the Church." As we, forty years later, look at the Church in Africa we can believe, if we cannot understand, that this sad beginning was the very best one it could have and thank God that Mackenzie's footprints are still in the sands of time for us to see.

CHAPTER II.

BISHOP TOZER.

THE REMOVAL TO ZANZIBAR.

IN Bishop Mackenzie's death it appeared, at first sight, as if the mission must come to an end. One after another the party fell ill, till nearly all the original staff had either died or been invalided home. When Dr. Tozer was asked to be head of the Mission it seemed like proposing to him to lead a forlorn hope. He consulted his great friend, Dr. Steere, who not only advised him to go but promised to go too and start him on his work. The Rev. C. A. Alington and one or two others also joined the party.

By the time they reached Magomero things had begun to look a little brighter. The famine was not over, but the wheat had begun to grow, and peace had been restored among the tribes.

Bishop Tozer now took a very decided step. He saw that it would be impossible to stay on where they were, as the place was very unhealthy and hard to reach. He tried moving to a spot higher up the mountain, but this also failed; so, after consultation with the people at the Cape, he moved the Mission to Zanzibar. Are you looking for it in Central Africa, or do you know better? Perhaps you know

it is on an island of the same name off the East Coast, and you wonder very much how it could be any use to settle there if you wanted to start a Central African Mission. So some of the people in England said. They thought it seemed as if the little band had deserted their post, and perhaps this was one of the hardest things the Missionaries had to bear; but still they felt they were right, and tried not to mind what others said of them.

Shangani Point, Zanzibar.
(The British Consulate, the old Mission House, on the right.)

If we look back we see that the three things the Missionaries had suffered from were war, famine, and fever. Though Zanzibar was not much more healthy, it was much better supplied with food and less likely to attacks from slave-raiders.

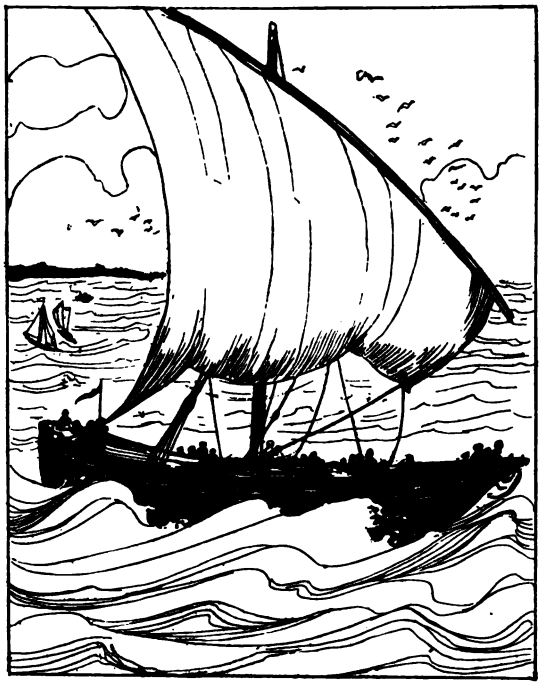
You must not imagine, however, that there were not slaves there—on the contrary, the great clove plantations owned by the Zanzibar Arabs were all worked by slaves, for many of those captured in the centre of Africa were shipped in dhows, as they are called, and landed and then sold in the Great Slave Market in the town.

The chief object Bishop Tozer had, when once they reached Zanibar, was to start a work among the native boys which should lead to their becoming clergymen; for he felt that the only real way to make Africa a Christian land is to give her native clergy. The black men understand the hearts and minds of their countrymen better than Europeans, and they can also stand the climate much better. Then, too, their living is cheaper, for the Bishop determined not to fill them with English ideas and tastes, but to keep them as simple as possible.

The Sultan was very kind, and gave a house called Shangani and five boys, captured from a slave dhow which had not paid duty. These

A Zanzibar Arab.

were the start of the Church at Zanzibar. Perhaps you will wonder what had become of those slaves who had been in the Mission at Magomero Many of them had died of famine and plague, while of the rest, some had been left in charge of a chief who promised to take care of them, and some had been taken to Cape Town.



"An Arab Dhow was going to sail."

The little school soon increased. There was, off the coast of Zanzibar, a British man-of-war, whose duty it was to try and stop the slave trade. One day (May 14th, 1865) they heard that an Arab dhow was going to sail with a large number of slaves. A pinnace and cutter were sent out in search, and, after a most exciting chase and desperate hand-to-hand fight, they succeeded in capturing it and found three hundred men, women and children, packed like herrings between the decks in a space only two feet high! These were taken to the Seychelles Islands to be freed, and the Captain told the Bishop that, if he liked to go there with him the next day, he might have some of the children for his school. The Bishop gladly consented and what was his surprise, when he reached the Seychelles, to find his sister and a friend had arrived there from

"The Officers came ashore with their dusky load."

England on their way out to work with him. I think I cannot do better than give you Miss Tozer's own account of the landing of these poor creatures:—"The slaves were to come on shore at once, and Captain Cornish " Bowden asked us to walk down to another pier a little further on and see " the first 'Cargo' landed. I went down with him, and the Bishop and some " of the officers of the boat came ashore with its dusky load. How can " I describe that landing? Tenderly lifting the tiny baby things out, " with rough, kindly words, the sailors set them down, and they squatted " patiently on the ground—some no more than three years old, but the " most about six. Then came a poor little girl wounded in the " battle, lifted so tenderly in a carpet by the sailors. Then I saw the " Bishop handing out a mother and baby, the great tearful eyes looking " wildly round as she clutched her child close. It was almost too dark " to see their faces, but the sight of those fifty little creatures squatting " round so patiently was quite touching, and I think you would have " done as I did—sit down and cry. . . . . I was only to have five boys " and nine girls, so we divided them as well as we could into tribes and " chose the boys first, and then the girls." The children were soon started in their school life at Zanzibar, where they proved very teachable and, two months later, saw something of what was in store for them, when nine boys, including the first five presented by the Consul, were baptized. Try and imagine what happiness it must have been to all these patient workers, after years of toil and sickness and disappointment, saddened by the deaths of so many of their brave ones, to be able to turn to those nine young Christians, the first-fruits of a harvest to come.

And now things prospered for a time, more land was bought, more work set on foot, and, what was perhaps the greatest joy to all, another start was made in Africa itself; this time at Magila, in the Bondé country.

The hard work began to tell on the Bishop and his sister, and it was thought necessary they should both go home to England for a rest. They took back with them four native Christians as a proof of their work. One of these, Francis Mabruki by name, went to Rickinghall, in Suffolk, for a year under the charge of the Rector, and here made great friends with a lad called Samuel Speare, who was so anxious to be a Missionary that the Bishop took him back to Zanzibar on his return thither, and he was afterwards sent to work in Magila, where, for some time, he and three other young lads were the only representatives of the Gospel.

But a sad time was in store for the Mission, one of those strange times when it almost seems as if God's Hand is against the work, so mysterious are His ways. First, in 1869, was a visitation of that dreadful disease called cholera, and not only did the Rev. L. Fraser, who had just returned from the Mainland, fall a victim, but many of the little children in the School died also. About one of them the Bishop wrote home thus :—" The evening of Christmas Day itself was saddened by the seizure of a second little sufferer, Yusuf M'junga. He died next day. 'Just at noon, and some little while after we had said the Commendatory Prayer for him, his large full eyes looking at us very peacefully, he " left us for Paradise. It was in a way sad, but yet very sweet; the sun " shining so bright; the day, the First Martyr's Festival; and the whole " house looking on in silent awe. The silence presently was broken; " the little boys said 'M'junga has gone up to Jesus,' pointing with their " fingers to the sky. How could one sorrow much?"

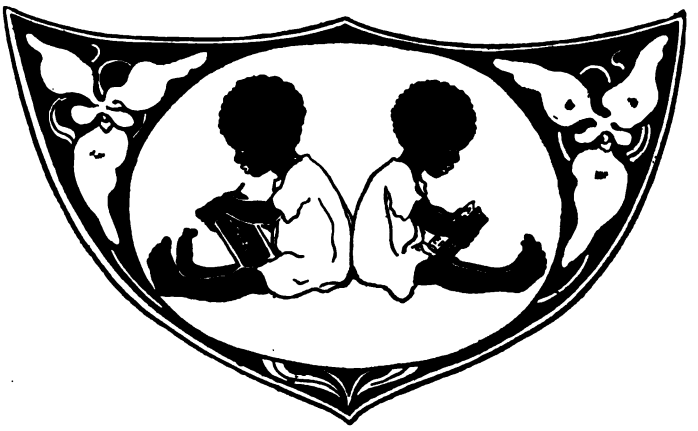
The cholera seemed bad enough, but not long after came a fearful hurricane. At 11 o'clock on Sunday night, April 14th, 1872, it began to blow hard. The sea dashed its spray right over the houses; the iron roofs were peeled off and blown away like bits of paper; the water was

washed into the houses and the staircase of the Mission House looked like a cascade. The lightning was very vivid, but, so great was the clatter and roar of the storm, that the thunder itself could not be heard About 1.30 p.m. next day the mist cleared away and looking out the Missionaries saw that nearly every vessel in the harbour had either lost its rigging or disappeared altogether. They were just beginning to bale out water, thinking the worst was over, when another gust, this time from the opposite side, the north, seized the town. This is how Miss Tozer describes it:—"It is hardly too much to say that every shutter and "window in the place was blown in, or carried away instantly. I was in "my room, from which I escaped with the help of some of our biggest "boys: the Bishop had to exert all his strength to get out of the sitting-"room (which faces north): and meeting me in the corridor, where at "this moment the end shutters, which had been barricaded with boxes "and planks, were blown in, we had much ado to escape through a pair "of heavy doors into the inner corridor, where we crouched into the "solitary corner which was any way sheltered on this side of the house— "two of the boys, terrified out of their senses, with us. The hurricane "had burst upon us in all its fury. We sat watching with a sort of "fascination the only piece of roof that was left, of which we had a full "view; and as each sheet of iron in turn flapped up, rose in the air, and "after a horrid suspense, came flying down within a few feet of us, we "could only pray in our utter helplessness that a mightier hand would "shield us from the danger. One swerve of the sharp iron sheet and we "must have been killed. Some of them flew away out of sight; but the "greater number came down into the quadrangle, past our shelter place "with a clash and clang that made our poor boys quiver and tremble in "every limb."

About 5 o'clock on Monday evening the storm was sufficiently

stilled for them to open a door and look out. All around was ruin. In the harbour not a mast or hull. The native huts swept away, the streets blocked with iron sheeting, stones and all manner of things. Fortunately all the Mission party were safe, but Dr. Steere had an attack of fever, and many children died from the results of the terrible night. And when the excitement was over and the necessity for immediate work gone, the Bishop broke down and had to go to the Seychelles Islands for rest, only to find that he must resign his work altogether and return to England.

The last four years had been hard ones, saddened at the end by the death of one of his dearest friends, the Rev. Lewin Pennell, and though he somewhat recovered his health, and was able for many years to serve in the Church both at home and abroad, he was never able to return to Zanzibar.



CHAPTER III.

BISHOP STEERE.

DO not want to introduce you to a new friend this time, but to one whom you have heard of before. You remember when Dr. Tozer was asked to be Bishop of Zanzibar he went to consult his friend, Dr. Steere, who not only advised him to go out but offered to go with him for a time.

So far we have not said much about Dr. Steere's particular work, but all the same he was not idle on this first visit, of which he said :—" It seemed to me an " unworthy thing to send one's best friend into the middle of Africa, and " to stay comfortably at home oneself, so I volunteered to go with him " for a year or two and see him settled. It is easy to understand how the " years grew to six before I found myself at liberty to return. But then, " I brought home a grammar and dictionary of the language and several " parts of the Bible translated, and other help in our work."

One great advantage about Zanzibar as a place from which to work was that the language spoken there—Swahili—is understood all along the East Coast and far inland, so that Dr. Steere, in translating the Bible into this language, was providing books which could also be read in Central Africa itself. Besides this, he taught some of the native lads to print, and so was able to send over printed copies to be published in

England. He had not been long home himself when news came of Bishop Tozer's trouble, caused by cholera, and the death of many of his fellow-workers. Dr. Steere at once gave up his living and, leaving his wife to follow (as he hoped), he started with Miss Tozer for Zanzibar, which he reached just in time to see the great hurricane, of which I told you in the last chapter.

When, the next year, Bishop Tozer had to give up being head of the Mission, Dr. Steere stayed on to manage matters until a new Bishop should be found and, after two years, very reluctantly, consented to fill the place himself.

During the time that the Mission was left, as it were, without a head, something very important happened. In May, 1873, the great Livingstone died and, just one month later, a treaty was signed by the Sultan of Zanzibar which said that, though the slaves still living on the island, and their children, should remain in bondage, no more slaves should be brought across the sea from Africa. It is impossible really to describe to you the horrors of the Slave Trade or the misery of the poor wretches from the time they are seized—sometimes singly, sometimes in whole village-fulls, till the time they are sold in the Slave Market. Many dreadful accounts are written of the journeys of these caravans to the coast, the men yoked together with hands bound often as well, no matter if they find it hard to march. If some starved and tired out lag behind, the cruel drivers will kill them with a blow on their necks as a warning

"Starved and tired out."

to others, and at the halting-place, if any seem too weak to last out another march, they are killed too. When they reach the coast they are stuffed as close as herrings in a dhow, and the greater number used to be shipped to Zanzibar to be paraded through the Market, examined and pulled about by anyone who wanted to buy, and finally sold, perhaps to be no better treated by their new owners. But, by this decree of the Sultan's, the Great Slave Market, one of the chief features of the town, was closed for ever, and its horrible whipping post, where the poor creatures were flogged, was used no more. Then God put it into the hearts of two men to give this very market-place to the Mission, that Christ's Church might be planted where Satan's seat had been. First, a mud hut was set up, and preaching started in the African's own language; soon after, the foundation stone of a Church was laid, and four years later, on Christmas Day, the first service was held in it, the people being crowded together on the shady side because, as yet, there was no roof.

Dr. Steere proved that he could not only translate books, but could build too, and teach his men how to mix mortar, set stones and make arches, and when it came to putting on a roof, it was he who suggested having one of pounded coral made into concrete, which has lasted all these years, though many wise heads were shaken when it was put up, and many wise tongues said that the walls would never bear the weight.

The Church, however, was not all that was built in the Slave Market Square. It was determined now to make this the centre of the Mission, and a little group of houses was built around for the converts to live in. The reason of this was that the Mohammedans were always trying to tempt the newly-made Christians to sin so that they might jeer at Christianity; but when the converts were all together, living close to the Mission, it was easier for them to remember their high calling and to resist temptation. Hospital work, work among the women, and schools,

all started, too, from this centre. Near here was a Boys' School and Training Institution, and at Mbweni, five miles off, was a village for freed slaves, where they were taught carpentering, building, the cultivation of sugar, etc.

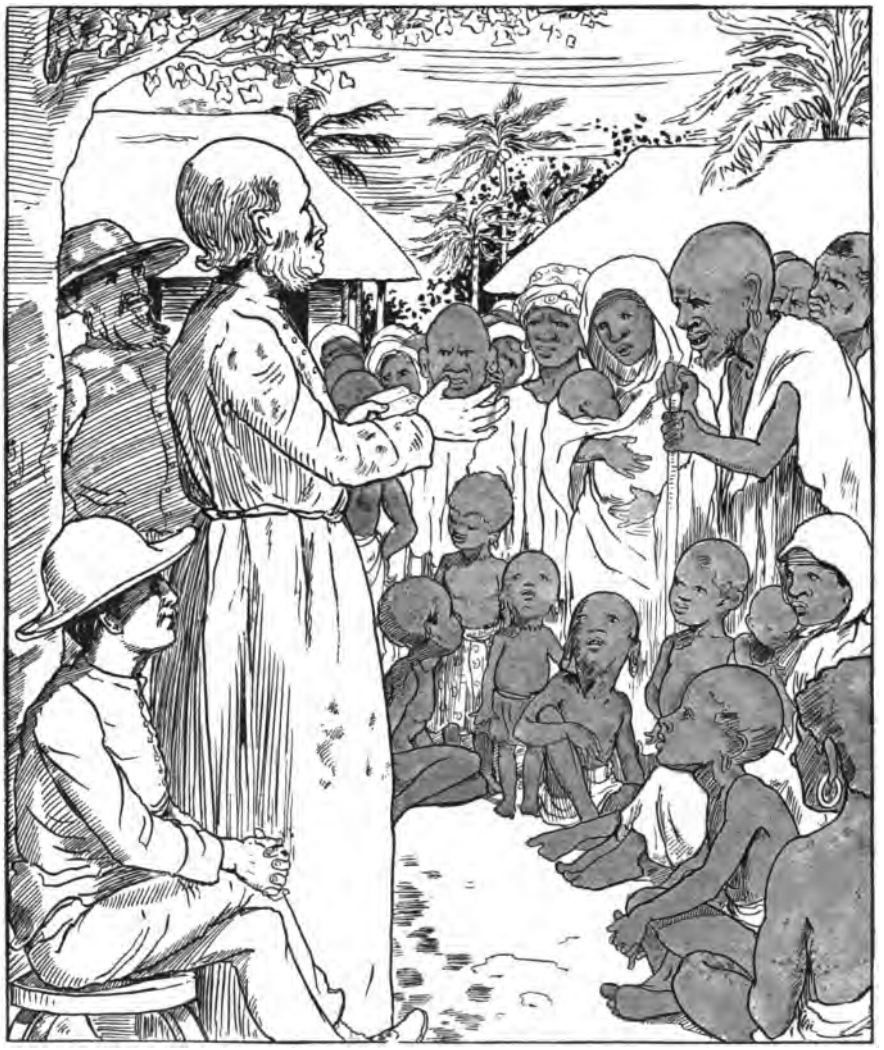
Backwards and forwards between these places the Bishop used to walk, now looking after one, now after another, with occasional visits to the mainland; for the great desire of all the party was to start work again in Central Africa itself. With this end in view the Bishop spent more than a year travelling about there in 1875. The Missionaries who

"The Bishop bravely went on alone."

started with him were both taken ill when they reached the African coast, so he bravely went alone, on foot, with no companion but the black men who carried his luggage, led by Chuma, one of Livingstone's faithful followers. He did not get as far inland as Lake Nyasa, but he saw it from a distance, and he did a great many other important things, one of which was to visit Magila.

Magila, about sixty miles from Zanzibar, is a lovely spot situated below the Shambala Hills, which are covered with vegetation. Through the plain runs a river with a rocky bed, and on these rocks the schoolboys now spread their clothes when they go down to bathe. Now, too, there is a railway station near, reached through an avenue of orange trees so thick with fruit that even the school children cannot eat it all. But, of course, the school and station were not there then. At Magila work had been started with some success. One chief, after hearing the English Service in Swahili, begged the Missionary to come and preach in his town, and at another time he was called in to arrange a peace between two fighting kings.

Soon they were able to send out offshoots from the Mission, which they always try to do as soon as possible; for one thing is certain—there is no time to be lost if we wish to make Africa Christian. If we do not hurry from place to place, the Mohammedans will be there first, teaching their religion, and it is far harder to convert a Mohammedan than a heathen. So it was agreed to go on a three days' mission to Umba, where the Mohammedans were already at work. The Missionaries told the Chief they wished to preach every evening, and he replied that they might if they liked, but all the people would be dancing as it was full moon. The first night, when they lit a fire and sang a hymn, a few people came to listen and ask questions; the next night a few more came; but, on the last night, there were no dancers left, and at the end,



"People came to listen and ask questions."

one man came forward and said:—"We became Mohammedans because "we had no religion, and the coast people came and taught us theirs; "but we don't like them, for they cheat us, and if Christianity is better "than Islam, we will follow it." You may imagine how glad the Missionaries were, and how they determined to send someone to live here and teach the people as soon as ever they could.

During one of his visits the Bishop took a journey to the district round the Rovuma River, the river, you will recollect, by which Bishop Mackenzie first tried to get to Lake Nyasa. This journey put a new idea into his head which he set to work to carry out. It was to bring some of the freed slaves from Mbweni, in Zanzibar, back to their old homes in these parts, and start a Christian village, and, by this means, to try and get others in the neighbourhood to become Christians too. For this purpose he had spent a fortnight making friends with a chief called Mataka, and trying to persuade him to receive a colony of slaves at Mwembe. He even hoped to plant another colony near the Rovuma river. Over fifty men and women were chosen to go, and the Rev. W. P. Johnson was put in charge, the Bishop himself starting with them. Each man had an axe and a hoe to carry, and besides these there was food, and bales of cloth to be used as money. It was certainly well they took food, for all the first part of their journey lay through a country stricken with famine and they could get nothing to eat. At last they reached a place called Masasi, where there was plenty, and here they begged to be allowed to stop. The Bishop wanted to lead them on to Mwembe, near Lake Nyasa, but he heard that food was hard to get elsewhere and so he consented to let them settle, if the chief would give leave, which he readily did. A Mission-house and huts were built, roads were made and fruit-trees planted, and then the Bishop returned to Zanzibar. The people round became much interested in this little village,

and watched the movements of the inhabitants. Once they nearly burnt it, but were stopped just in time by the arrival of some boys they knew from Zanzibar. They noticed how these men kept one day as a day of rest, and gradually they became convinced that they were not slave raiders, but kind, quiet people, and then they allowed their children to go to the school, and even came to hear the teaching themselves.

Mataka was very sad when he found the little colony was not coming to him, and he sent to Zanzibar to ask the Bishop what had become of the promised teacher. Poor man! he never heard the Word of God again, for he died before Mr. Johnson was able to go there, which was not till some years later. When he did go he found it was a regular meeting place for slave caravans, and he worked as hard as he could to show people how wrong slavery was. A small church was built, and the new chief even went so far as to send a son to Zanzibar to be taught. But news came from the coast that the English had been interfering with the slave traffic, and, while Mr. Johnson was away for a few days, the natives turned against him and robbed his house, and he received a message warning him not to go back. He returned to Zanzibar, not with any idea of giving in but to ask about going further and to beg for a companion to go with him.

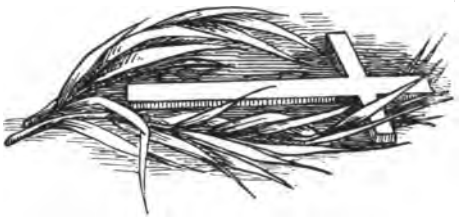
While he was taking this journey a terrible thing happened at Masasi, which I must tell you about as it will give you an idea of the difficulties of Missionaries. We may well pray: "From plague, pestilence and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord, deliver them."

For some years everything had been going on well. Another colony had been started at Newala, converts had been baptized and confirmed, a second and larger church had been opened, and the Missionaries had been allowed to make peace between two warlike tribes and some Arabs

sent from the Sultan of Zanzibar. One day a report was heard that a tribe called the Magwangwara were on the war-path and had shaken their spears towards Masasi. Mr. Maples, who was then in charge. started to meet them with five natives, hoping to make peace, but missed them on the way, and hurried back to find columns of smoke rising from the village. The enemy were so surprised at the sight of a white man that they let the party go free, and these, after much difficulty, reached Newala. Before Mr. Maples left the village it had been decided that it would be best to surrender quietly if the enemy came, for then they would probably be content to accept a ransom from the village and let the people go, which proved to be the case. Does this sound very tame? Does it seem as if it would have been braver and better to fortify the Mission House and defend it to the last, and so show these warlike tribes that Christians are brave and can teach their followers to be brave too? It is something of the same difficulty that we saw in Bishop Mackenzie's time, and we have to remember that the one great desire of all missionaries is to proclaim the Gospel of *Peace.*

And now we must go back for a little while to Bishop Steere. After a short visit to England he returned once more to Zanzibar—returned, as it seemed, to finish his work on this earth, and, gathering up the threads here, to pass to work in another world. You remember I told you that he had translated a great deal of the Bible into Swahili. Just before St. Barnabas' Day, 1882, he finished the Book of Isaiah. That week he visited all the various institutions on the island, and, on the Saturday night, began a letter to the Home Committee proposing to give up his office to a younger man as he no longer felt capable of it. Then he lay down to rest. When on Sunday morning he did not come to church, his friends went to see what was the matter and found him lying in a sleep from which he never woke. On the afternoon of that

same day he passed quietly away. What were some of the footprints that he left behind? A church where the great Slave Market had been, churches on the mainland, schools on the island, and the Bible and Prayer Book for Africans in their native language. These were some most easily noticed, but by no means all. Many, many are the lessons of humility, perseverance and courage that he left us. One we may remember in his own words: "You know," he once said gently and gravely, "it would be nothing to offer one's life if it were no sacrifice."



CHAPTER IV.

BISHOP SMYTHIES.

THE last chapter, you will recollect, left Mr. Johnson asking for a companion to go with him into the heart of Africa. Well, it was decided that the Rev. Charles Janson, then at Masasi, should join him and together, after much difficulty, they actually reached Lake Nyasa. But so trying had been the journey that on the very shores of the Lake Charles Janson died. Poor Mr. Johnson must have felt very sad, and lonely too; but he would not be discouraged, and for two years he travelled about alone looking for a suitable place for a Mission station. The great drawback to all the places here was that they were very unhealthy to Europeans.

At last, however, he had a grand idea and hurried home to England to try and carry it out. This was his plan—to have a steamer built in England in such a way that it could be packed and carried on men's shoulders to the very Lake itself, if necessary. Once there it should be put together and the Missionaries should live on it, going up and down and teaching at the different places, but sleeping on the steamer, which would be much healthier for them than sleeping on land. It certainly was a capital scheme, and, in spite of many drawbacks, it was at

last carried out. Fancy about four hundred black men marching along with cases containing bits of the boat on their heads or slung on a pole between them! If one of those native porters had run away, as they sometimes do; or if, by any mischance, one little piece had been lost; the boat could not have been made up till fresh things were sent out from England. In the burning sun the little steamer had all to be put together, like a puzzle; but the one man who had done so much to obtain it was not there! Poor Mr. Johnson had a bad illness in his eyes on the journey and had to go back to England to try and be cured. It must have been a very terrible disappointment, and very hard for him to say, "Thy Will be done."

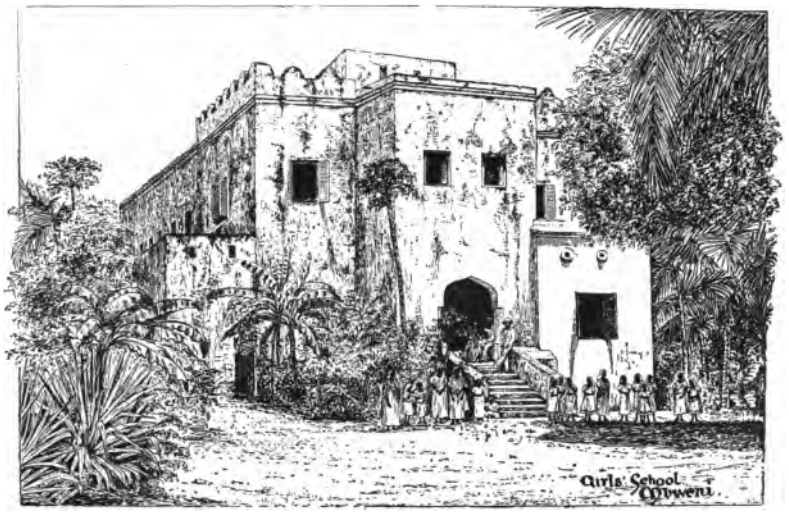
The little steamer, the "Charles Janson," was just completed, and the last rivets were being put into the boiler, when a bit of red-hot iron flew right up and lodged in the grass-room of the shed which had been run up to protect the men from the sun. A strong breeze set the whole ablaze, and soon the fire was spreading from house to house. All the stores were destroyed and three of the party burnt completely out of house and bedding. Mr. Bellingham, one of the engineers, in writing of it says rather quaintly: "It was a strange feeling to be suddenly relieved of the care of a great quantity of property and possessions. In Africa every additional thing you have is an additional anxiety and a trouble; now I have nothing of my own, and not much of the Mission's, to be anxious about." Later on, when describing how they had to make shift with what they had in the way of pots, pans, etc., he says: "The Bishop was very good, and took things in such a matter-of-fact way, not making the least trouble, and as if he had been used to this sort of thing for years." This was, of course, the new Bishop of Zanzibar, Bishop Smythies, who had come over to dedicate the steamer to the Service of God and had walked eight hundred miles for the purpose. While here

he visited a little island on the Lake, called Likoma, which was healthier than the country round the shores, and this they made the starting-point for the "Charles Janson" when it went on its trips.

On leaving Nyasaland Bishop Smythies visited the mission stations near the Rovuma River, of which one of the principal was Newala, since poor Masasi had been attacked by the Magwangwara. When the people of Newala heard of the march of this fierce tribe most of them fled to the woods to hide, but the chief, Matola, would not go, for he said: "If any escape from Masasi they will come to me, and I must be here to help them." He was rewarded for his bravery; for soon all the mission party came to live near and he was able to go over on Sundays to the little church they had built and learn more about Christianity. He had been a long time making up his mind to become a catechumen, that is one preparing for baptism, partly because his people were so much against it. They were afraid that if he became a Christian he could not lead them to war any more. But now, when the Bishop came, he was at last admitted, though it was actually ten years later before he could be baptized, on account of his many wives. This matter of wives is often a very great difficulty. One man, named Barnaba Matuka, was chosen chief of his tribe and had to inherit all the last chief's wives. He was already baptized and about to be confirmed, but before this was possible he had to provide for all these wives. Happily he succeeded in so doing, and it was his village, Chitangali (though before his confirmation), that the Bishop now chose as a mission station, sending two clergy, one of them a native, Cecil Majaliwa by name. You will often hear it said how important it is to have a "native ministry," that is to say, to be able to send black clergy to the black men. It was with this plan in view that Bishop Tozer had, years before, started a school at Kiungani, on the island of Zanzibar, and Cecil Majaliwa was one of the

pupils taught at it. Soon after Bishop Smythies came out a Theological College was formed where the clergy could be altogether trained, so that they need not go to England at all.

Other work was also going on on the island all this time. Besides the boys' school and village for slaves which we read of in the last chapter, there was a girls' school now started. Both boys and girls learn much



that is taught in England, and some of them would beat their white brothers and sisters in scripture subjects. The girls learn cooking too, and are mostly very clever at it. They do not have stoves like ours, but they have a box of sand with three good-sized stones on the top and a fire lighted between them, and some of the little ones have only a cocoanut for a cooking-pot. They learn to make a kind of bread and cakes, besides porridge and curry, but the men do the English

cooking. They are very good at needlework too, and some do field work as well, so there is not much time allowed for idling.

Now we must once more come back to the mainland and take a peep at Magila in the Bondé country, where the work had been growing under Mr. Farler. This is how Bishop Smythies describes his first visit there: "No English village could bring the same feelings of strange emotion as "that first sight of Magila. To see Christ our Lord enthroned in the "midst of heathen Africa; to see the men and women rush forward "from their work in the field to greet the man whom they look upon as "their father, and who for all these years has devoted his life to them, "this was quite different from anything one has ever experienced. . . . . "But it must not be thought we are housed very luxuriously at Magila. "Our dining-hall is what you would call a mud barn with a thatched "roof. My bedroom, which serves as a sitting-room also, is a com- "paratively new luxury, but it has a mud floor and walls. The church "is, no doubt, a marvel of skill to the natives, but it would hardly be "thought respectable for a small village in England."

Next year, however, one of his duties was to consecrate a beautiful new church which had just been completed.

There was near Magila a mountain called M'linga, where the spirits of the dead were supposed to go, and from which it was said they sent dreams to the men below ordering them sometimes to offer many sacrifices and carry out dreadful customs It was said, too, that if any man was so rash as to go up this mountain he would never be seen again. To show the people how foolish this superstition was, the Bishop and Mr. Woodward went up one market day in full view of all the people, and, having planted a cross at the top, they came down again, while the people gazed in wonder.

It is easy to talk of how Bishop Smythies visited first one place and

then another, going from the coast to Lake Nyasa, the Rovuma district, or Usambara, then back to the island of Zanzibar, and off again; but the journeys themselves were anything but easy. There were no roads to drive along, much less railroads, and the Bishop tramped along narrow footpaths, making so light of the difficulties that one would hardly believe there were any if others had not told us of them. This letter from a native may give you some idea: "We arrived at Nangwale and "left on Monday; and Tuesday we travelled in the same way. Wednes- "day at Alasiri (*i.e.*, 3 o'clock) we lost our way, we slept, there was not a "thing of food. Thursday we travelled on our way till the third hour "(9 a.m.) and presently we got to know that it was not the way to our "place. We split the wood (*i.e.*, they left the path they were on); we "were very thirsty, the great Master (the Bishop) was not able to over- "look us for hunger and thirst. But God gave us necessaries, for we "killed a small animal, and we were cured till we got water, until Friday. "God helping us to get the way we got again to the river Lugenda; we "drank water Alasiri; we arose and directly after we arose there met us "our people. We rejoiced to see them again and to get food for the "Bishop, for we had fear for the life of the Lord Bishop from hunger. "We said: '*We* are able to eat insects of the wood, but *he* will not be "able to eat and to be cured with bad things.'"

In 1888 the Bishop came to England. This was a year of great importance to Africa, and it was feared that missionary work would be much hindered. Africa was being parcelled out among the European Powers, and serious disturbances with the natives arose in consequence. To them it must have seemed that flags of foreign nations were being hoisted in all directions and their land everywhere annexed by invaders. It was small wonder that the sight of the unfurling of the British flag should excite them, so that when Mr. Johnson went with

the Acting Consul to reassure Chief Makanjila, he was seized and imprisoned and not set free till a ransom had been paid for him of two drums of paint, one of oil, and some calico. At Magila things were in a worse plight. The Germans laid claim to land here and on the coast. They seem to have thoroughly misunderstood how to deal with the native tribes, and the result was an insurrection of the Bondé people. On hearing the sad state of affairs, much of which he had foreseen, Bishop Smythies hurried back to Africa, and, after great difficulty and many dangers, succeeded in reaching Magila. The British and German Governments were both most anxious that he should withdraw the Mission, but he calmly told them that move he would not. He could easily put himself and his workers into a place of safety; "but what should he do for the sheep he had brought out of the wilderness?" Later years showed his course was the right one.

As the work increased on the Lake and a Boys' School and Girls' School were started, it became more important than ever that the Bishop should pay yearly visits. On one of these journeys a most alarming incident occurred, which I will give you in the Bishop's own words:—

"We had a narrow escape the night before last. The men had only "built a fence part of the way round their camp. Their custom is to "sleep two together with a fire between them. Not far from my tent "door Danieli Tambala and Charles Sulemani, who is my cook, had "chosen their sleeping place so that Charlie was on the outside on the "edge of the darkness. It was about 10 p.m. that he had laid down and "covered himself with his cloth. Danieli was saying his prayers with "his head close to the ground, as their custom is. We heard no lions "roaring. Suddenly a lion came close by Charlie, but fortunately, instead "of seizing him, seized a saucepan close by his head, which had my "porridge in it for the morning. He dropped it and again passed

"Charlie. Danieli had heard something, and suddenly raised himself to "find *the lion face to face with him.* His suddenly getting up so startled "it that it leapt away. . . . . It was as if God specially protected us, as "it would have seemed hardly to be credited that a lion should make "such a mistake as to seize a tin pot instead of a man."

In 1891, after laying the foundation stone of the Hospital at Zanzibar, he started off again; but this time the journey tried him so much

"The Lion was face to face with him."

that he began to feel that it was more than he could do—more, in fact than any one man could do—and he wrote home to beg that a second Bishop should be sent to Nyasaland, and then, at the request of the Committee, went back himself to see about it. At the Annual Meeting he said in his speech :—"By the time I got to Nyasa I entirely broke "down, and for two months was unable to do anything at all, and had a "succession of fevers more or less dangerous. And I felt I could not "undertake the journey again." He must have been very sorry to have to say this, but his idea was so readily and quickly carried out that he was soon able to return to Africa with his burden lightened, for Dr. Hornby was consecrated Bishop of Nyasaland.

Soon after he reached Zanzibar the Hospital was finished and opened, and the next day he had to perform the very pleasant task of ordaining a native deacon ; while a week later he ordained yet another at Magila, in the Usambara country, Petro Limo by name, a free-born African. This deacon he took with him on a preaching tour through the Magila district, visiting thirteen villages, sleeping in native houses, eating native food, and taking with them very little luggage of any sort. Part of the journey lay over steep mountain paths and through swamps and woods, where the track was often lost, but they were everywhere well received. In one little village the people were very busy selling charms to put into the river to keep away the crocodiles which used to eat the cattle as they crossed. In another place the Bishop found the natives constantly killed their little children, and he preached to a large number of them and tried to explain how wrong it was. He did not expect this tour to have much missionary result, but thought it would be a great help to get to know the people and their habits. However, they had not been long back at Magila when one of the villages sent to ask for a teacher, and Petro Limo was sent.

The Bishop paid one more visit to the Rovuma district and found Cecil Majaliwa working well at Chitangali; then he went on to ordain Petro Limo as a priest, then back to Zanzibar to visit schools, take classes, teach and preach, but soon his marvellous strength began to fail and he fell ill of fever. For three weeks he was nursed at the Hospital, and then he was put on board a steamer to go home. As his friends said "Good-bye" to him all thought they would see him again; but it was to the real Home of Rest and Peace that he went.

Three days after the start he quietly breathed his last, and the man who had allowed himself no rest on earth was taken to that Rest "which remains" for the people of God.

Let us think once more of those long tedious journeys, of the gentleness and patience needed with the heathen and young struggling Christians. Let us think of these things and ask God to give us strength and patience to bear troubles, discomforts, and disappointments for His sake that even in our little lives His Name may be hallowed.

A native deacon.

CHAPTER V.

BISHOP RICHARDSON and BISHOP HINE.

IN the last chapter we saw how the work of the Mission had spread so much that it had been divided and a second Bishop appointed. While the people of Nyasaland were eagerly expecting a Bishop of their own—Bishop Hornby—a dreadful thing happened there. Within a fortnight two terrible fires broke out, which burnt the Church, library, dispensary, girls' school, and most of the living houses. In spite of it all Archdeacon Maples, then in charge, wrote home most cheerfully, beginning: "First, what we *did not* lose—no "human lives and no tempers." And he and his fellow-workers began at once to rebuild, saying they had for a long time been ashamed of the old church, and now they would build a better one. But the rebuilding cost a great deal of money, and, owing to the burning of the houses, the ladies of the party had to be sent away for a time. When Bishop Hornby came, however, and was able to make a journey round the country, he sent home a most excellent report telling of the number of candidates for baptism and confirmation and the careful Christian lives of the people.

Soon a new station was opened at Unangu, in the midst of the Yao

(Ajawa) tribe—that fierce tribe we read of in the first chapter as carrying off slaves. Dr. Hine was put at the head of it, and a native teacher was sent from Zanzibar to help him, Yohanna Abdallah by name, son of the chief Barnaba Nakaam.

It was certainly well that Archdeacon Maples could always be in good spirits, for good spirits were sorely needed at this time. Bishop Hornby had not been out long before he was ordered to England for his health, and the doctors refused to allow him to go out again. Still the Archdeacon wrote:—"Our work grows apace and we begin to see the "fruits of it—I think I never felt happier in Africa than I do now, never "more tied to the work, never more unwilling to be severed from it." Then came the message from England asking him to be Bishop. He was most reluctant to consent, but his great friend, Mr. Johnson, persuaded him to seek advice at home before he said "No;" and so it was that the same day that the Rev. W. Richardson was consecrated Bishop of Zanzibar the Ven. Chauncy Maples was made Bishop of Likoma (that is, of Nyasaland).

But Bishop Maples was not allowed again to reach the scene of his work. On the way there he had said to his companion, Mr. J. Williams: "Well, Williams, we have been in Africa nearly twenty years; we can-"not expect to live much longer out here," and truly death came, though not (as he probably expected) by fever. As they were journeying towards Kota Kota in a little sailing boat, a violent storm got up, and the little vessel filled and sank. Mr. Williams, who was asleep in the stern, went down with her. The native boys of the crew tried to save the Bishop by supporting him on two boxes, which they pushed as they swam, for, though he was a good swimmer, he was much hindered by his cassock. They could not succeed, however, and at last he said: "Do not let me "cause your death, it was my fault" (meaning that he had been in too great

a hurry); "save yourselves. Go to the Europeans—to Mr. Johnson—and "tell them I have died." Thus, to the very last, he thought of others rather than himself.

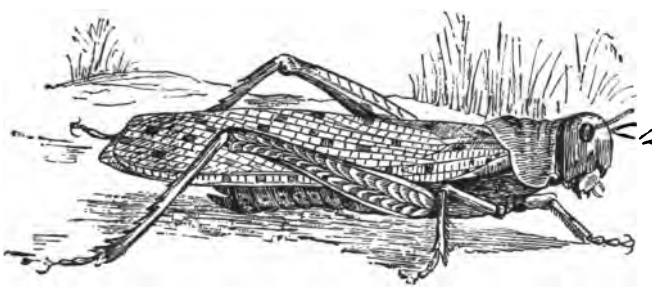
He was not the only member of the Mission who, at this time, taught the heathen how to die. Just a week before, his friend, Mr. Atlay, had been killed by some of the wild Magwangwara, speared, with a loaded rifle in his hand, because he would not fire upon his fellow-men.

While these sad things were going on beside the Lake the new Bishop landed at Zanzibar and received a hearty welcome. One of his first acts was to ordain four more men. Two of these were free men from the Rovuma district, one a rescued slave, and the other an Englishman. The free men went back to teach in their own country and there, in the autumn, the Bishop joined them. He found the Chief Matola very ill, and soon after the Bishop's visit he died. Though he was not baptised, as we have seen before, till just the close of his life, owing to his many wives, he had for a long time been friendly to the Mission and lived, in many ways, a Christian life.

It has been thought very desirable while educating the natives not to fill them with English ideas of comfort and luxury, but to encourage them to live as simply as possible; the Bishop was, therefore, very pleased, when visiting Daudi Machina, one of those lately ordained, to find his home something like that of the hermits of old. This is how it is described:—"The whole of his furniture consists of one chair, one "small table, one lamp, one native bedstead, one blanket and mat, two "plates, one wash-basin, a box for books, and that is all. The kitchen "contains one cooking pot, one water jar, and three stones on which to "set the pot." Certainly no one could complain that he was over luxurious.

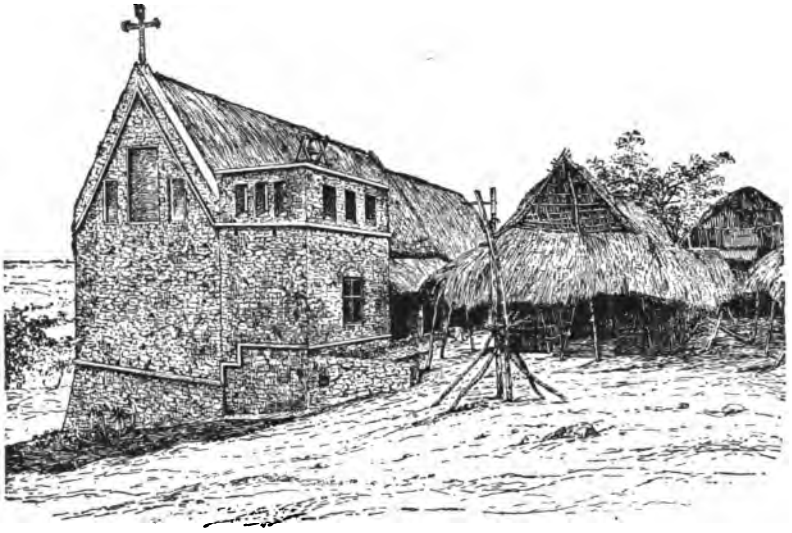
The next place visited was Masasi, both the old Masasi, now nearly deserted, and the new one which had lately sprung up. Do you ever find when going to an English village that it has moved a few miles off? You might very likely do so in Africa. When the warlike tribes make a raid upon a village all the people who can do so escape, and often, after some time, they will creep out of their hiding-places and build fresh huts in another part, calling the new village by the same name as the old, a somewhat confusing plan. Fancy if the English villages took to that! But you must remember that even four or five huts sometimes make up a village, and if you were to walk into one of the larger towns marked on the map you would think it quite a little place. When the Bishop came out of church after the Confirmation he found those dreadful people the Magwangwara, who had ruined old Masasi, outside, armed with bows and shields; but they were true to their promise to Mr. Maples and did not attack the place, only danced a war-dance, accepted some beads and cloth, and went away.

After going to Zanzibar for Christmas Bishop Richardson went into the Usambara country, where he found a railway started which took him from the coast to a village about four miles from Magila, and so saved him nearly two days' journey. Here he came to a place quite desolate and bare on account of the locust famine. You have read of the plague of locusts in Egypt, and there are many other allusions to them in the Bible, but, till 1894, they had never been known to do any harm in this part of Africa. Now they came like a great black cloud and for



a whole year everything was eaten up by them. The next year and the next the crops suffered a good deal, and, when the Bishop came, many villages were empty, while in others the people wandered about starving.

All this time the Mission was not idle; they bought rice for their own people and did their best for the heathen around them. Many children, too, were brought to the Mission School by their parents that they might be fed, and, although some went home again when the famine was over, others stayed, and we may hope that those who went back at least carried some message from the School to their heathen friends, and perhaps brought them to hear more.



The Church and School at Kologwe.

Not far from Magila is another station, Kologwe by name, where the Bishop, on this visit, consecrated a new church, built of stone, strong

and solid. It was not quite water-tight at first, however, for a letter home tells us that the very next day the rain came in and the church looked "like a swimming bath at its worst." All the party, including the Bishop, set to work at once and swept the water out, and, now that roofing and ceiling are complete, it stands a perfect, if simple, little church.

Bishop Richardson had hardly been consecrated a year before he started on his second visiting journey. He spent some time at Masasi, and describes the Harvest Thanksgiving there. Here, too, there had been famine, and all felt good cause to be grateful that the terrible want of the previous year was over. At another service at which he preached there were seven native chiefs sitting on a form from the boys' school, while their attendants and guns were grouped on the ground.

From Masasi the Bishop made his way by various stations to Newala, where he found building going on fast and a new church being raised, all paid for by the native Christians. He baptized seventy-nine grown-up people, and the next year we read that Mr. Bishop did the same for their children, forty-six little black babies whom, he declared, their mothers never thought of washing, and so great was the crowd that they had to carry the font out under the bushes so as to get more space. While here Chief Mitema came from a neighbouring village with some of his head men to ask for a teacher, who had been promised, he said, a great while ago. After a long talk the Bishop undertook to send a teacher, if Mitema would first build a school and a house for him to live in. This he readily promised to do, but, though he kept his word, one realizes how much he needed to understand the object of that teacher when, a month later, he put two women to death as witches.

At this time a very exciting event took place at Zanzibar. The Sultan died—was murdered, some said—and Seyid Khalifa Barghash,

who had already once before tried to usurp the throne, barricaded the palace and announced his intention of reigning. This was not to be allowed, and, since he would not surrender, the British men-of-war bombarded the town. The Mission Festival was being kept on this day, and nearly all the party were out at Mbweni when news came that all were to go to the Consulate. Eventually some were sent on board ship. This happened on a Tuesday—by Friday the usurper had fled, peace had been restored, and the various parties had returned to their homes without hurt or damage, partly owing to the kindness of the Consul and Admiral, and partly to the excellent order maintained in all the various branches of the work.

All this was over when the Bishop returned, and it was not many months before he started again—this time for the Usambara district. The journey was a long one, for the railway which had helped him before was damaged by heavy rains, and porters (carriers, not railway porters, you know) were not easy to get. Here he found the schools in good order and industrial work being taught; but the need of boarding schools for girls on these stations was very great, for, as Mr. Woodward said, it was hard to make much progress with the girls while they went back each day to heathen homes, and, though they are often dense, and very difficult to teach, it is most important to get at them—not only for their own sakes, but also for that of the boys, who sadly need Christian wives.

In April, 1897, the Bishop came to England for a while, and here let us leave him while we take a glance at the work in Nyasaland. Dr. Hine, whom we saw last at Unangu, was asked to fill the Bishopric after the sad death of Bishop Maples, and came home for his consecration in June, 1896. One of the things he did, while still in England, was to appeal for a new steamer. The "Charles Janson" was feeling the effects

of the hard work it had been put to in the journeys round the Lake, and Archdeacon Johnson had lately had to go most of his visits on foot, which added greatly to his labours, for it never occurred to him to spare himself. In fact, in the midst of all this travelling, he still found time for translating, had his head full of plans for industrial work among the boys, and would never, his friends said, make up his mind to come home for rest unless the new Bishop actually sent him.

By this time many stations had grown up round the Lake. One of the most important was Kota Kota, the place where Bishop Maples was buried. Here a nice little church had been raised by Mr. Auster, till it was possible to build a brick one in memory of Mr. Sim, which they hoped to do later. The schools were getting on well, in spite of changes of teachers, and the elder boys used to go to Kasamba, a village not far off, where a school was being built, to help teach the people. Houses, too, were being put up for ladies when Bishop Hine paid his visit, but the ladies arrived unexpectedly from Likoma before the houses were nearly ready, and there was some difficulty in lodging them. They were more welcome, though, than the other unexpected visitors who arrived about this time—lions—one of which Mr. Wimbush described as having broken into a house, eaten two dogs, and then jumped up eleven feet and pulled a man down from a tree into which he had climbed. A lively kind of house-breaker, was he not? Luckily he was shot next day.

Another station that Bishop Hine visited was Unangu, in charge of Yohanna Abdallah. At first there had been great difficulties here on account of the number of things stolen, but soon after Dr. Hine went away Yohanna discovered that it was the Chief Kalanji who ordered these thefts, and he decided to face the matter boldly. He called all the head men together, summoned Kalanji, accused him of stealing, and

ordered him to restore, or at least make compensation for, the things he had taken. The plan proved successful. Kalanji gave back what was left of the stolen goods and two oxen besides, and the robberies ceased.

Just before the Bishop visited Unangu again a very sad thing occurred—the boys' school suddenly fell in the night, and three out of the twelve boarders were buried in its ruins. Kalanji and a number of others came to help, but the poor little fellows were badly hurt and died soon after. It showed that the people were beginning to trust the Mission, when, instead of declaring that this had been done on purpose, they were quite willing to believe it was an accident, and did not even take the rest of the boys away. White ants were the cause of this and many other falls. They undermine the foundations of the buildings. and it is not always easy to get materials which they cannot eat through. The first buildings on a station have to be made with what is ready to hand, and it is not till later that stone and cement can be got.

At this time there was a great stir being made at home to get better houses for the Missionaries. It was felt, and is felt still, that all that can be done to preserve their health must and ought to be done. While new men are constantly wanted, it is even more important to keep in "working order" those already out there. The Bishop, in writing home, described his own new house, which was being built at Likoma, as "a fine, stone house" which was to have "*real* windows made of the glass from spoilt photographic slides." I do not think we should call them very grand windows. do you? But, when I tell you that a dreadful fire took place in the engineer's store house at Likoma, burning and twisting all the machinery, and that it would probably never have got any hold had there not been such a strong draught through the open window spaces, you will agree with me that any windows are better than none.

Now we must really go back to Bishop Richardson, whom we left

starting for England, and meet him again as he lands in Zanzibar, in January, 1898. He at once set out, as you may suppose, to visit the various parts of the Mission: first, those on the island; then north into the Usambara country; back again, and south to the Rovuma district; and, after a short stay at Mkunazini, in Zanzibar, he started for the newest station of the Mission, and one which he had never yet visited, the island of Pemba. You will find it in your maps to the north of Zanzibar.

For a year the Universities' Mission had cast longing eyes at Pemba, and in the summer of 1897, while the Bishop was still in England, he sent word to Mr. Key and his wife to say they might try and settle there. The island is under British Protection and chiefly peopled with slaves working on the clove plantations, who were gradually being freed, and to whom we are bound to send the Gospel news. It was a difficult and dangerous task, but Mr. Key did not hesitate. He first went to choose a suitable spot to plant the Mission, and found what he wanted at Weti. Here he felt they would be able to reach all classes: the Arabs (freed men and slaves), the Hindi shopkeepers, and the natives of the island, "Wa Pemba," as they are called. By the time the Bishop arrived, on December 31st, 1898, he found that Weti itself had been burnt to the ground by a number of fires, evidently lighted on purpose by wicked men, but fortunately the Mission Station, being a little distance inland, had escaped.

You know that for some time past many efforts had been made to improve the condition of slaves. Now, at last, the Abolition of Slavery had been proclaimed, and anyone in Pemba or Zanzibar, who wished to be free, need only go to the representative of the English Government, and state his case. If his story was found to be true, he was freed; and if he showed he had the means of earning a living, he might go and do so; if not, he was bound to work for the Government, at a fixed rate, till

he could better himself. The Missionaries thought that one good way of helping these people would be to buy up some of the land round the house and give portions to them to build houses on and to cultivate for their own use. The slaves promised in return to listen to Christian teaching, to have only one wife, and to do a certain amount of work for the Mission without payment, if it was wanted. If they misbehaved themselves they were to be dismissed. In this way it was hoped to bring them gradually to a knowledge of the Gospel. Besides this work Mr. Key started a dispensary, where the sick people came for medicine, and a room to serve both as school and church.

Most of the school-boys at present are released slaves, as they used to be in the first days of the work in Zanzibar, and they are not as a rule very easy to teach. When you think of all these different branches of work you will understand that what was, and is, most wanted here, as in all parts of the Mission, is workers. Those who are already there get ill much more often than they would if they were not so constantly overworked.

Going to the mainland opposite Pemba Island, to Magila, the Bishop again found terrible distress from famine. The rains had failed and the locusts had returned. Numbers of people starved. The Missionaries did all they could to help, but every spot they had was filled with sick and starving folk, and many died round about before they had been able to get to them. Mr. Woodward, writing home, told sad stories of the cruelty of the people to one another. "Famine," he said, "makes "people utterly careless and without affection. A man well known to "me, and usually well to do, climbed a cocoanut tree on Sunday to steal "a nut, and fell and disabled himself. His relations came and looked at him "and left him. The local chief saw him, and let him lie there. His wife "came (two miles or more), but had no food and could not carry him.

"We heard of it, and to-day Rev. S. Chiponde went off with food and "carriers, and found him there. That was mid-day Wednesday. He "had been there since Sunday without a drop of water or food."

Later on even, when things were looking better, Miss Dunford described how a man who had been to the Mission for rice could not wait to get home to cook it, but had sat down by the roadside to do so. He had collected three small stones, filled an old meat tin with water, put a stone on the top as a lid, and lit a fire under.

After this visit Bishop Richardson returned again to Zanzibar,where he spent a very busy time, people coming and going all day, and then he started off to the Rovuma district. Here work was going on very steadily, in spite of the fact that the Chief Machemba had rebelled against the German authorities and it was feared that the roads would be dangerous, especially to Europeans.

Once more he went back to Zanzibar to see the Theological College fairly started in its new house, and then home to England, arriving in November, 1899. Soon afterwards he announced to the Committee that he must resign his Bishopric. He had served for five years and must now give place to a younger and more vigorous man. "Who was to "take his place?" After well nigh two years it was finally agreed to ask Bishop Hine to do so, and to find a new Bishop of Likoma.

Now let us see what had been happening in Nyasaland all this time. You will recollect that at Unangu Yohanna Abdallah was in charge, and Bishop Hine was delighted with what he saw of the work there. Yohanna had been made deacon 3½ years before, since which he had worked all the time at Unangu. Now the Bishop was able to ordain him priest, and a solemn service was held on March 6th, 1898, at Likoma for that purpose. Later, the first permanent church in the diocese was

built at Unangu by native workmen, under the guidance of Messrs. Clarke and George. The Bishop wrote home sadly at this time ; all around were openings for work, but where were the men to do it? Those already there were overworked, and yet there seemed more and more for them to do each day. All was not sad, however. The work that was done was good, and, in most places, encouraging. At Likoma Kathleen,

The New Steamer, the "Chauncy Maples."

an old Mbweni girl, was proving herself quite capable of managing the Girls' School. At Kota Kota Mr. Auster was busy teaching the natives to make bricks and doors and windows for the houses. And, perhaps best of all, towards the close of the year came the news that the new steamer, the "Chauncy Maples," was on its way out. What this meant

to the workers on the Lake, Archdeacon Johnson, and his companions, it is hard to explain. It was twice the size of the "Charles Janson," being 120 feet long, and would consequently hold many more, both to sleep and to come to the services held on board. It was, moreover, new, while the poor "Charles Janson" was constantly "in dock." For over two years the Archdeacon had been pleading for it, and now at last it came—came as its predecessor had done, in pieces, to be put together again by the Lake-side. May the work done by it be blest as was that of its namesake!

Three little Maids from School.

CHAPTER VI.

A LAST LOOK.

THE time is drawing near for us to say "Good-bye," but before we do so I want you to take a little trip with me and see the work that is being done now, the actual work that you and I must help by our prayers, our money, our efforts, and, perhaps some day by our very lives, like these great men who have gone before. For still the cry comes to England for more helpers. Africa with its native clergy, and its native teachers—both men and women—cannot do without us yet.

Here we are in Zanzibar. Suppose we first visit the town. Besides the Central House, called Mkunazini, we have also close to it St. Monica's, the Ladies' House, with—when all are present—six ladies at work. These visit both the married Christians and the Arab ladies, and manage or take classes in different schools. One of them has kindly sent an account of an Arab wedding and a funeral, and also of her farewell visit before she came to England for her holiday.

The festivities for a wedding, she says, are kept up for seven days far into the night. When she and her friends went they found native dances going on in three of the rooms. In another the bride was sitting on a bed which was enclosed with a thick kind of muslin, and, when they were taken up to pay their respects, the net was raised very carefully and

then dropped behind them. "The bride was young and handsome and "she was dressed in a rich silk tunic, and loaded with gold ornaments, "some of them set with jewels. During the seven days, feasting and "singing and dancing are the only things thought of; no work is done "by the slaves, who arrive in shoals with their various mistresses, and they "have a right good time of it. They are not fond of work at any time, "and make a point of doing as little as possible."

"A funeral," she says, "is also the occasion of much feasting, and "the wailing (done by paid mourners) goes on for the seven days—and "nights in some cases. Each time a fresh visitor goes into the house "the cries and yells and howls break out afresh. The day after the Bibi "(lady) dies all the wailers go down together to the sea and wash the "garments in which she died. They are carried on a round "tray, held up high over their heads by the chief mourner. "Then they strew sand under the bed where she breathed "her last. The funeral very often takes place at night, and, "as they wend their way to the grave, the whole pro- "cession, in some cases amounting to hundreds, sing the "funeral chant; it is a very impressive sight and sound."

A Water Carrier.

Before the writer of these two accounts came home she paid some visits to the Arab women, with the Missionary who would take her place for a time, and she thus describes it:—

"When I told one of the Arab ladies that "this would be my last visit she insisted on "preparing a little feast of oranges, dates and "halua (a kind of Arab sweetmeat made of "butter, eggs, honey and spice, and, oh! so "sticky), and a delicious kind of nut fried in sugar.

"They peeled orange after orange and were quite hurt when we came to a "full stop. Then we had coffee, and, afterwards, scent was poured over "us and otto of roses was smeared on our foreheads, cheeks, in front of "our ears and on our blouses. They finally censed us and repeated the "Arabic words of Farewell, when at length I was able to get away. Their "kindly hospitable feelings were not satisfied even yet, for they made a "huge parcel of all the oranges, dates, halua and nuts which were left "over from the feast, and I had to carry this slenderly done-up parcel "all the way home. It was a newspaper package tied up with cotton!"

Now we will leave St. Monica's and visit the Cathedral built on the site of the old Slave Market. It is surrounded by houses occupied by the families of native Christians. The men work at the printing office, the laundry, or help by building, etc., and the women are water carriers, for all the water has to be fetched from wells, or they sometimes do work for the Hospital, or help keep the Cathedral clean. The children go to the Mission Schools which, like the Hospital, are close to the Cathedral. and we are told that at recreation-time a little band of them often come up to the dispensary, one acting as spokesman for the rest. Here is a story of one of them, a little girl of four, who does this. "Her name is "Caroline, and she will arrive clothed in a pink cotton frock, with beads "round her arms, neck and ankles, followed by four or five children older "than herself, and will go up to the nurse and tell her that Hugh wants "'dawa' (medicine) for headache, Bella has a bad foot, Janie has tooth-"ache, Maria wants 'dawa ya tumbo,' and so on." About a year ago there was a bad outbreak of small-pox and the nurse had to vaccinate all the children, which amused them very much. And great was their delight one morning when the doctor pretended to vaccinate their doll.

The Swahili boys and girls are very good about helping one another, and those in the hospital who are getting better are always ready to feed,

or read to, the others, or fetch them anything they want. Often, too, when a boy has recovered he will save up some tit-bit to bring to a friend in hospital.

But we must not stop long at the hospital for there is a great deal more to be seen, and if we are not careful you will be tired out before we have half done, so suppose we hurry off to Mbweni, where there is a village of freed slaves, a colony of whom have lately migrated to Pemba. This is a capital thing for two reasons. First Mbweni was getting dreadfully overcrowded; and, secondly, these families will, we hope, be an example to those in Pemba, and show them how Christians should live happily together. Will you pray for them that their "light may shine before men" and so God may be glorified? Then there is a girls' boarding school here too, and I want to tell you a story which was told to me about some of the children.

In the Hospital.

There was in the town a little slave girl called Chiku. She was not very clever and consequently was badly treated. At last her mistress lost all patience with her and turned her out of the house. Chiku wandered off into the town and lived for a time on anything she could pick up or beg, and slept on people's barazas (verandahs). She got badly knocked about and nearly starved, until one day, meeting some of the ladies from the school, she begged them to protect her, and was taken out to Mbweni that very night, a poor thin little creature with a hunted look in her eyes. After a little while she was taken into town to be

declared free, and managed to get speech of a fellow-slave called Kisanini and tell her that "Mission" was a very good sort of place to live in. Kisanini thought the matter over and determined to try and join Chiku. One day she saw a party of girls dressed like Chiku doing some shopping for a coming wedding. As they left the town she crept cautiously after them, and that night was found huddled up in a corner of the porch. She was given some supper and put to bed. She was older and sharper than her little friend, and it was not long before her mistress found her and accused the mission of stealing her "dear daughter." The girl had arrived dressed in a ragged piece of dark blue calico, but the so-called mother wore the handsome frilled trousers seen on Arab women, two pretty bright sheeties, earrings, heavy silver chains round her neck, and plenty of bangles on her arms! The Mission refused to deliver up Kisanini but promised to make enquiries. A few hours later a man appeared who said he was the brother of the woman whose child had been stolen. He was accompanied by a policeman, who demanded the surrender of the child in the name of the Government. She was sent at once, but a sensible native Christian, named Hope, was told to follow the party into town. She heard the man tell Kisanini, with many threats, that she was to say she was not a slave but the woman's daughter, and had run away in anger but now wanted to go back. When they came before the Commissioner of Slavery, Kisanini said just what she had been told to say, till Hope stepped forward and described the scene on the road; then, finding she was not alone, she declared the truth and begged to be allowed to go back to the Mission, and the same policeman who had brought her was sent to Mbweni with her and Hope. Her certificate of freedom was made out, and she and Chiku are both quite settled at school and are being prepared for baptism.

I could tell you a great deal more about these little girls and how they

spend their time, but I want you next to see the nice boys' school at Kiungani, where they have a new chapel and schoolroom, and also the Theological College, of which you have already seen some of the results in the native clergy we have read about.

And now to Kilimani to see the Boys' Home under the charge of Miss Mills. Here are the little boys who are not old enough to go to Kiungani School. Many of them are old enough to do some lessons, though, and some of them have learnt to make very pretty baskets. Not long ago they gave an "At Home," and, amongst other things which they did, they exhibited the baskets they had made and sold a number of them to help towards a new wing which they want to add to the building.

I do not know if you would like to live as the boys at the Mission do, but they are very happy. For a bed they have a sort of shelf raised a little higher than the floor and about six feet wide, and on this they lie down, side by side, with their heads against the wall, and sleep quite as soundly as little boys in England on their soft beds. When they wake in the morning they all run down to the water to have a bathe, and then put on their "kisibau"—a sort of shirt. They have two meals, one in the middle of the day and one at night, and sometimes pat themselves when they want to know if they have had enough. (Father and mother would be shocked if you did that, I think!) They eat boiled rice and a sort of porridge made of corn. Each morning they go to church, and then do their lessons, reading, writing, carpentering, or whatever it may be. At playtime they like nothing better than football, which they play barefooted, and often play very well indeed, though sometimes we hear there is no ball left, only a handkerchief tied up with string!

The Mission Baby.

Like English boys they are taught two very important things—to try and do everything well, and to do it for love of God and not from fear of man. May God help the black boys and the Britons too.

The dhow is just ready, so will you please jump in and come across to Pemba. Sir John and Lady Key came back at the end of last year after a visit to England, and have now been given money enough to build a new church and a new house, and to buy some more land for the released slaves and others to settle on. All the slaves are not released yet. Some take a long time to understand that they may be free if they like ; others, knowing it, are content to wait ; and many who have been well treated go back to their old masters when they have

"They like nothing better than football."

received their freedom. By this you will see that, though slave raids and the packing of the poor creatures in dhows and the selling of them in the markets is cruelty itself, and the whole idea is contrary to Christian principles, yet, now that these practices are forbidden by law—and stopped too, which is not the same thing at all—we may say that real slavery is a thing of the past.

From Pemba we will pass over once more to the mainland and visit the Usambara district. Magila (it is now called Msalabáni) is our most important station, so we will go there first. Do you say you would not have recognized this part of it? No wonder! It was a swamp when you were here last or, at most, it was being drained, and now it is thick with rice and all sorts of good things. The natives are so surprised they are inclined to think it has been done by magic. Now peep into the schools. Are they not full? A class in every corner; and new out-schools being built in every direction. These out-schools are very important to mission work. By their means new stations are often started; the most promising boys are sent to the head-school, and the teacher often gets grown-up people as well to be hearers and catechumens.

There is one between Magila and Kologwe I must tell you about. It is the other side of that range of hills and really belongs to Kologwe. Kwa Makau is the name of the village to which we must be directed. This was how the school was started. In August, 1898, three chiefs from these mountains came to ask the Rev. W. Kisbey for a teacher. He promised to send one, if they would build a school and teacher's house at their own expense. In a few months they had proved their earnestness and all was ready. It is a great thing to get these buildings *finished*, for the people are very apt to stop before the work is quite complete. Last July Mr. Kisbey went to pay a visit to Kwa Makau. Though the rains had been over for two months, he and his companion, Rev. R. Prior, had a very wet walk and were obliged in some places to wade, so they were very glad when at last the villagers, school-children, chief and other grandees had done their greetings and they were allowed to change their clothes. But they found it a little difficult to wash in a native water-jar, at least Mr. Prior did, for it was his first experience in that way. The teacher had much to report, and, amongst other things, showed a letter

which he had received from a Christian in Kologwe. In case you have not already seen a translation of it in "African Tidings," I will put it in here: —

"My dear Teacher,

"Many greetings! and after greetings I will tell you the news "of Kologwe. My teacher and beloved as we are in Jesus Christ, "it is many days since I saw you. What is your news? I hope "you will get me a sweetheart who is very pure, gentle and good-"mannered.

"Teacher, I pray God to protect you and your wife and help "you both. Do not disappoint me.

"I am,

"G——— M———."

Rather a funny way of getting a wife, according to our ideas no doubt, but the plan seems to answer very well.

To get into the Rovuma district it will be best to embark at Tanga and land again at Lindi, several miles south. Here the work has been gradually growing. Many villages have sent for teachers, and no chief ever refuses a welcome to us. But heathenism is hard to overcome, and the reasons for hospitality are not always the right ones. In fact, missionaries tell us that very few of the heathen send for them, for the first time, from what we call a right motive. It is sometimes curiosity, but most often an idea of getting some reward, which prompts them. In one place a preacher, whose congregations had rapidly grown and then dwindled away again, went to remind some of them of the hours of service, to which one chief replied: "Why! you cannot expect us to go on coming "unless you give us something." The most hopeful work is really among the children in boarding-schools, for here they are kept away from heathen surroundings and trained in Christian customs; and from these schools

many boys are sent to Kiungani College to be brought up as teachers, and often as clergymen. Masasi is the headquarters of this district. Newala has been deserted as a residence, for so many of the inhabitants have gone away that it seemed better not to attempt to live there but to treat it merely as an out-station.

Mkowo is another out-station, and to this one of the Staff generally comes for a month at a time. It is a very hot place, and the paths are made of loose stones so they are not easy to walk on, but Archdeacon Carnon has been having some roads made. This only means that the trees are cut down and the grass rooted up. Even this mere widening is a comfort, for in the narrow paths the grass brushing against the feet and ankles delays the traveller, and after rain has fallen he soon gets soaked.

Now we must have one more tramp, and I am afraid you will think it rather a long one, but, as you are not such good walkers as Bishop Smythies, I dare say you can have an occasional lift in the hammock, for I want to take you all the way to Nyasaland. We left this place without a Bishop, you will remember, but now the Rt. Rev. Gerard Trower, from Sydney, has been consecrated, and has left for his diocese.

The hospital at Likoma will surprise and interest you, I am sure. "It is simply a large well-built reed house. It has a window at one side "with wooden shutters. This is open when I" (Dr. Howard) "want light "at an operation or a dressing; but if I leave it open the natives always "promptly shut it. A window is not a thing that ought to exist in a "house, according to native ideas. My first lot of patients were school-"boys, who came in as soon as it was finished, and before the shutters "were made. The open window was a great grievance, and it required "several mats to stuff it up to their satisfaction. There is a verandah,

An A B C Class.

" and a low partition separates this from the Hospital, so that there is " plenty of ventilation. Still, a wood fire burning in the middle of the " mud floor, a string or two of dried fish hanging against the walls, and " an ancient shoe, which is the special treasure of one of the patients, " serve to convince one that it is truly native, and would promptly be " condemned by any self-respecting sanitary inspector."

Next there are the Schools to be seen, and one of the ladies living here has sent us an account of some of the children:—" Those who have " no homes and live on the Mission Station help us to keep our houses " tidy, and look upon the house and its contents as partly belonging to " them. Feeling like this, they take the greater care of it, and like to " make use of it as a safe place for their treasures. One does not mind " their clothes being stored away, but one does object to their fish being

" put in the box with one's clean clothes, which has sometimes happened,
" they thinking that box the safest place in which to hide their precious
" fish from cats and dogs.

" Though they at times appear stupid, placing photographs upside
" down and hanging pictures askew, yet they have a quick eye for things
" concerning themselves, especially in the matter of dress. One little
" girl, who had been with us a very short time—not more than a week—
" and who had been given a dress, contrived to get a bit of it torn out.
" She showed it to me and asked me to mend it. It was just bed-time
" and I was very tired and sleepy, but thought it would please her if I
" cobbled up the hole in the way the natives mend their clothes. I just
" drew the edges together and returned the dress. I shall never forget
" the reproachful look she gave me, or the disgust with which she held
" the garment at arm's length and said " Tumba " (a bag!) I felt quite
" ashamed, and, weary as I was, I meekly took out the stitches, searched
" for a little piece as nearly like the dress as I had, and put on the patch
" properly, when she was quite satisfied. Had she, or one of the girls,
" sewn up the hole, she would not have resented the 'tumba,' but, seeing
" me patch a European garment earlier in the day, she felt hurt at her
" 'Dona' doing such slip-shod mending."

Now we will take just a glance at two of the Mission ladies marketing, near Kota Kota, before we stop :—" The larder was empty—at least of
" fowls, the only meat we can count upon—and some visitors were
" expected, so we decided to combine business with pleasure and to take
" some of the school-girls for a long walk to try and buy some chickens.
" We reached Kwa Todwe, were hospitably received by the head-lady,
" gay with many bracelets, and presented with a great bunch of bananas.
" We tried to trade for chickens, but the husband was away, and, only after
" much conversation, were we allowed to have a couple. Then the girls

"tucked up their drapery and set off to catch them. There was a wild "chase, round the huts, under the banana trees, through the Indian corn, "and, at last, we bore them off in triumph, leaving behind their "equivalent in salt, with mutual satisfaction. On we went, getting one "at another hut and two at a third, but more were not to be had, so "we turned homewards, walking in single file between the maize gardens "and tall reeds, one girl with two fowls, another with three, two little "maidens loaded with bananas, and the fifth with a huge bunch of "flowers."

You will notice that the chickens were paid for in salt. Bartering is still much more common than what we call buying, though the use of money is increasing. Here is a Kota Kota money table for 1899 :—

3 pins = 1 egg ;	2 eggs = 1 needle ;
3 needles = 1 penny ;	2 pence = 1 fowl ;
4 fowls = 1 fathom of cloth ;	3 fathoms = 1 goat or bar of soap ;
2½ goats = 1 sheep ;	3½ sheep = 1 bag of salt ;
2 bags of salt = 1 ox.	

Well, all things come to an end and so must our trip, though we have not seen a tenth of what there is to see. Still home we must come. And what shall be the result of our journey ?

Lives of great men, not only Bishops, but great men, and great women, too, of all kinds, black and white, have, by God's grace, brought about the work we have just been reviewing. Are we going to help it forward ? Surely we must have a hand in God's work, we must not be content to stand staring and admiring. Look, as I have urged you to do before, at their footprints, made by self-sacrifice for the love of God. What are we going to sacrifice ? Are we going to give up anything for

A Last Look.

Africa—any time to be passed in prayer, in reading or in work; an money to be spent for their good? Let us, as we close this book, sa "Yes, by God's help, I will," and then begin at once, lest we forget.

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