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OF LUANZA

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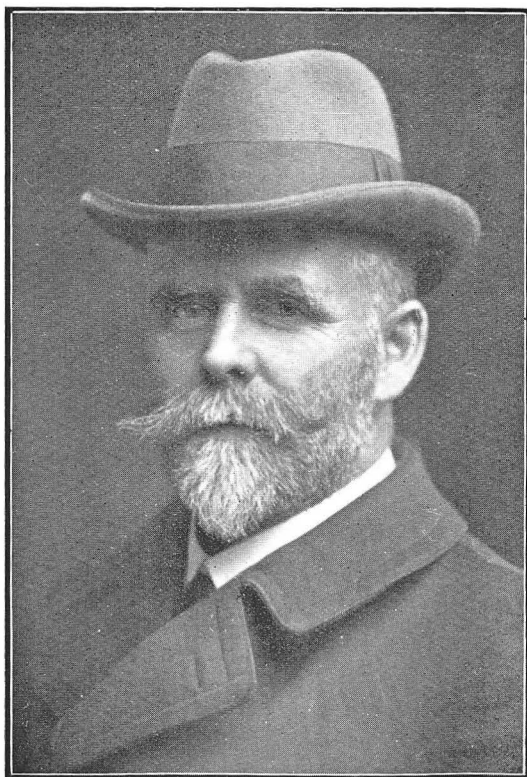
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DAN CRAWFORD.

DAN CRAWFORD OF LUANZA

OR

37 YEARS' MISSIONARY WORK
IN DARKEST AFRICA

BY

JAMES J. ELLIS

AUTHOR OF "MESSAGES OF CHRIST," ETC.

KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

JOHN RITCHIE, PUBLISHER OF CHRISTIAN LITERATURE

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

THE Publisher desires to acknowledge the kindness of Mr Robert Sharp, of Edinburgh, in supplying most of the photographs and the descriptions appended thereto, which illustrate this book. These photographs were taken by Mr Sharp during his tour of the Central African Mission Stations, on which he was accompanied by Mr Fred Elliott, who has kindly contributed a chapter giving a most interesting account of their visits.

FOREWORD

JOHN ANGEL JAMES, who wrote an excellent book called *The Anxious Enquirer*, was a man who, serious and earnest always, had ever a laugh handy. While travelling on the railway a friend heard some passengers say of this good Christian : " Well, there's a light-hearted man."

Long before, in the days of the Commonwealth, there lived Thomas Fuller, the Christian historian. Of him it was said : " True humour was the very life of him. It was always present, like a latent electricity, and was ever likely to break forth into the lightning of wit."

Mr Daniel Crawford was, indeed, a light-hearted man, and perhaps the capacity for appreciating the funny side of things was natural to him. A level-headed, keen man of business, he was always ready to flash out a pun ; indeed, it appeared as if the impulse to do so was irresistible. C. H. Spurgeon, Mr Williams tells us, " found in his garden a source of unceasing delight. I think he knew every single plant and flower his conservatories contained. ' Look,' he would say, ' is not that exquisite ? Look at the veins and colours in these leaves ; don't you think God has put His own thoughts into them ? This plant, for instance, has His laughable thoughts ; this His loving thoughts ; and this His serious ones ; all nature is full of God. His creation speaks of Him and for Him.' We went into the vinery one day, when the tree was in full leaf. He said, sniffing the odour from the branches,

' Well done, Solomon, the vines *do* give a good smell. You sniff, Williams. There is no fragrance, no perfume like it ; nothing will describe it but good. You instinctively feel that it is healthy to take in the scent of a vine. I constantly meet with facts in nature which go to confirm my belief in the verbal inspiration of Scripture.' "

Yes, there is a place for fun and a time for it, too. Those who are good should be glad, but there can be too much of mirth, and especially is it wrong when we are dealing with eternal truths and interests.

The idea that God's servants are sad and miserable is quite wrong. The earliest disciples were glad, and St Paul bade them " Rejoice in the Lord always," and they did. This winsome feature of the character built up by the Holy Spirit using the Bible has ever been noted of all the great saints. Saints, that is, who did business, and who in the world served Christ in public appointments, offices and shops. Of such was Sir Arthur Blackwood, financial secretary of the General Post Office, London. A handsome, cultured and supremely happy man. A lady who knew him well, said : " I think if I might venture to put into one word the impression that Sir Arthur Blackwood ever left on me, it would be that of ' Sunshine.' "

This is high praise. When the sun comes out the flowers appear in their beauty and all things are radiant and helpful.

Suffer the question : " Are you Sunshine ? Or do you leave an impression of harshness, sourness, or of carelessness ? Or a tempting enticement to wrong-doing ? "

The healing and ennoblement of the best equipped life may be learned from Sir Arthur, who obtained joy from

Him who died to give it to this glorious man. He himself, during an address at one of Mr Moody's meetings, paused and looked around at the vast throng before and around him. His face lighted up with intense joy. Sir Arthur said, with deliberate emphasis and deep feeling, "You do not know what a happy thing it is to be a Christian." Remember that this was a man who had access to Court, and was known to all the famous and great of the realm. He had served in the Crimea ; he had tasted the so-called pleasures of the world before he came to know the happiness that Jesus gives, and hence the immense value of his testimony. Depend upon it as quite true that it is a happy thing to know Jesus as a Saviour, to have one's sins forgiven, to be cared for and loved, and to be provided for here, as also safe for eternity.

The world has nothing new to give,
It has no true, no pure delight.
Then try the life that Christ can give,
Thou would'st be glad—why not to-night ?

It may be said that these words of Sir Arthur were spoken in the excitement of a public meeting, and that after he reached home, and when facing the stern duties or bearing the disappointments of life, Sir Arthur changed his note. No ; because a friend who knew him well bears emphatic testimony to his cheerful anticipations while sick and laid aside in weakness.

"In answer to my earnest inquiry," says this witness, "'What do you feel in looking forward?' he replied: 'What do I feel? An absolute confidence in the love of God, and an absolute certainty of being one with Christ, and Christ with me.'"

Thus was he delivered from the dreads and shrinkings

that palsy effort. He could be and do his best, knowing that God had taken charge of his life and had ordered his future.

To be able to live without care, to enjoy without the bitterness of foreboding the pleasures that God gives, one must always act as did Coillard. "All he could do," we are told, "in the midst of apparent failure was to grapple his soul to some sure word of God," such as John iii. 16.

In that case, this done, Coillard, like Blackwood, "had come to look upon his life as an ordered process in which every moment could only be understood in the light of what was to follow. The Lord would explain in due time the mystery of the road."

The life-story to be here told will show how a man who had definitely given himself to God, retained his personality and found it filled with God. He went the long trail across Africa to the interior, endured the caprices of a tyrant who regarded him as a slave, led his people out to a new location, founded a Christian city, built a hospital, schools and other missionary agencies, gave his people the Bible in their own language, endured the strain of isolation and the privations it entails, and at last passed from his work to happier service in the presence of his Lord.

It is true all this labour of love for others cost him much, but did he grudge the price that he paid for the blessing that he won for Africa? No; he shared the feeling of a wealthy Anglican parson who accepted a pittance, saying: "It is such a joy, because I have found a way in which I can express my love for Jesus." Dan Crawford expressed his love in long and dangerous

service, and was happy in what he bore and did.

Surely you feel some love for the Lord Jesus Christ? Is He dear to you as a Saviour and Lord? Then express your gratitude in an acceptance of the small services that crop up in everyday life, and so you will be happy in what you surrender and bear.

Remember what Christian said about Our Lord in the course of his conflict with Apollyon. Said Christian: "To speak truth, I like His service, His wages, His servants, His government, His company, His country better than thine; therefore leave off to persuade me further; I am His servant and I *will* follow Him."

Put aside, therefore, the enticements to delay, procrastination or compromise, become at once for ever the Lord's own true disciple, and remember that it must be wholehearted service you render or it will not be lasting, happy, or of any value.

Take it for granted that, in spite of all you may be called upon to give up or endure, happiness always follows obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ. Who can tell what good He will do for you, and by your words, deeds and life?

Life is not child's play, remember, and do not forget that as one that is devoted to Christ you must expect to be called upon to suffer, to sacrifice inclination, and what some value as the prizes and comforts of life; but that way happiness comes to the soul and afterwards eternal rewards.

Mr Quintin Hogg one day showed some Americans over his famous Polytechnic. I once asked him what suggested that Institution to him. He replied: "Well,

there were in London places where young fellows could pray, and others where they could play. I wanted a place where they could study, play or pray, and so this came." These Americans, impressed by the magnitude and variety of the operations, characteristically asked : " What has it cost to found and carry on an Institution like this ? " Mr Hogg, in his terse, abrupt style, made answer : " Well, it has meant the sacrifice of somebody's life."

Luanza has meant the sacrifice of Dan Crawford's life, and perhaps that of his devoted wife and many who counted not their lives dear for the Lord Jesus ; but then, in view of the end achieved, they do not grudge the price.

And if you are to do God's will and finish the task He intends you to do, fidelity and success will mean the sacrifice of all. Yourself and all that you have must be yielded up to the Saviour. You will part with liberty to do wrong and obtain the delightful endowment of His love. Many sacrifice liberty for love, as in the marriage covenant, but then they obtain a larger life and deeper joy. What you give up for Christ is valueless ; what He gives cannot be estimated in terms of human finance. Try it and see for yourself. It is wise to do so now.

The glory of life is brightest,
 When the glory of self is dim ;
 And they have most compelled me
 Who most have pointed to Him.
 They have held me, stirred me, swayed me,
 I have hung on their every word,
 Till I fain would rise to follow,
 Not them, not them, but their Lord.

DAN CRAWFORD

OF LUANZA

CHAPTER I

THE MAN WHO STEPPED OVER THE LINE

But, oh, my heart no Eden is,
Where flowers of goodness grow,
It is a parched wilderness,
Trodden down by sin and woe.

The God that elevates and purifies human nature is the God whom all will adore because they cannot help it.—J. A. FROUDE.

Now for my life it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common sense like a fable.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

“WHY did Jesus Christ choose Judas,” some person asked Dr Parker. “I don’t know,” was the prompt reply. “But I have a greater mystery still. I cannot make out why He chose *me*.”

So feels every heart that has known in any degree the evil of sin and the burden of guilt. Some do this in youth; others not until after they have tasted the love that God gives. But sin must be repented of and forgiven or else it will be punished. Coming to Christ is an act of repentance, and this deepens the more His love and purity are realised. Wonderfully God calls, and often in unexpected ways.

A young man in Ireland was living a careless life of

pleasured ease. He shot his first snipe at the age of eight years ; two years after he began to hunt with the hounds. Two years he spent at the University and then he wandered about the Continent, learning new ways of wasting time. Then a day came when he first realised the aimlessness and evil of his idle sauntering and indolence. His conscience was stirred by the Holy Spirit, and he began to see and realise himself as he appeared in God's sight.

He was spending his night in a boat waiting for the dawn so that he might begin shooting wild-fowl as they rose. As he lay waiting there stirred within him a sense of disgust, an agony of unrest and dispeace. In the grey that was soon to warm into light the Gracious Spirit spoke to him, and he felt the sin of wasting time in such pursuits as had occupied his mind and talents. The trouble, with most of us, is the contentment with sin and its effects ; once there is excited a stirring, a sense of want, it prompts and prepares for a revelation of Christ as a Saviour.

Fragments of truth, heard without attention, floated up from the depths of his memory and they assumed their true authority. They shaped themselves into a definite message from God, and although at first the young man had but a vague idea of what was involved in his acceptance, he then and there definitely accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

Certain now as to what was his duty the young man abandoned his sport and made up his mind to become a preacher of the good news that had brought salvation to his own soul. Through fifty years he bore definite and loving witness to the grace of the Saviour who had

redeemed him and sent him forth to tell to sinners round what a dear Saviour he had found.

God called Dan Crawford, then a lawyer's clerk in Greenock, Scotland, no better and no worse than were his colleagues and neighbours. Like most Scotsmen, he knew the plan of salvation, but a theory never built a house or even a wheelbarrow. To know what Christ did for sinners, what He says to them, what they may receive from Him, is of value, but there must also be a definite act of acceptance of Christ ; an act of trust and affection before the theory becomes practice.

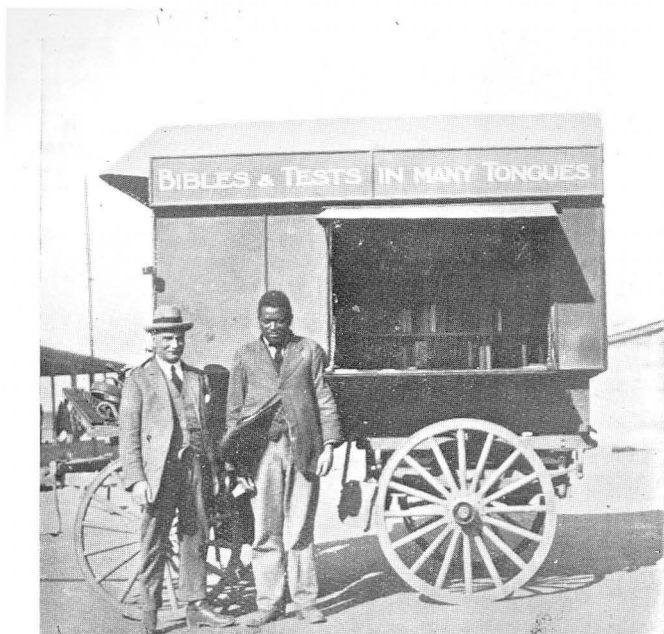
A man on a sinking ship knows the value of the life-boat, but if he does not step into it——. The ability to read a prescription and realise the virtue of the drugs ordered may be helpful, but it is taking the medicine that will effect a cure.

At length there came about a time when Dan Crawford found the Christ of theory as a Saviour in reality ; when the duty he knew to be incumbent became a realised fact ; then there began a new life for him, and happily for others here and in Africa. For those who are saved are bound to communicate that which has proved so beneficial to them ; the good news must express itself through the lips of those in whose heart it has made Jesus King and enthroned Him as Lord.

He himself tells us what happened. This is his account of how he stepped over the line :—

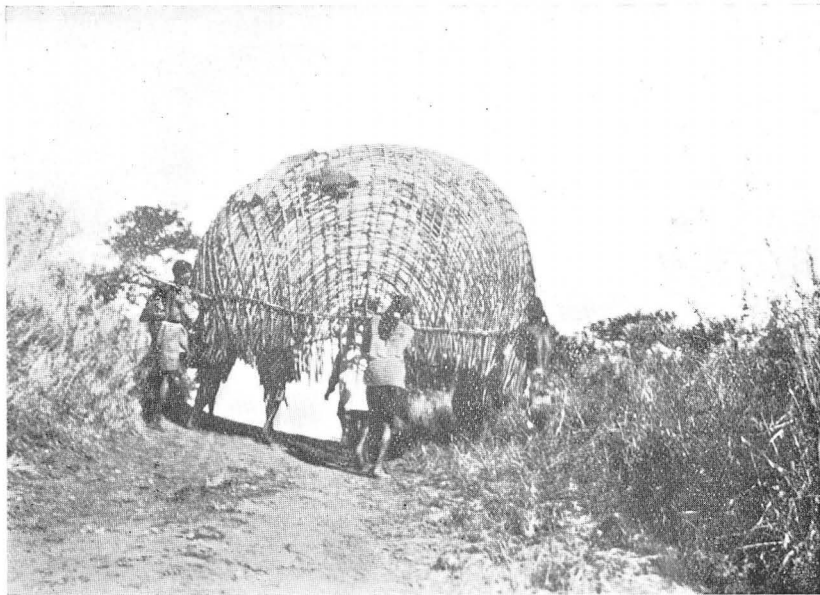
“ I am thinking of a quiet Sunday night in the month of May. The scene is the village of Gourock, on the Clyde, and a humble little meeting-place with white-washed walls all covered over with Gospel texts. The meeting that night was a small one, and I was there for

the first time. I was, indeed, anxious to be saved. For one long fortnight God had been convicting me of sin, and, oh! my misery was intense. Eternity, in all its horror to me, a Christless soul, was looming ahead—a terrible reality. My sore distress was at the thought of meeting God. During that fortnight I had got a glimpse of what I was, and the Sunday night which closed the fortnight found me at my very worst. A working man that night told the simple story of a Saviour's love, but the close of his address found me, as at the beginning, still dreading the *wrath* of God. I seemed riveted to my seat and could not rise when the meeting dismissed. I waited on, until some one came to point me Christwards. For a long time we talked together, but I seemed chained with doubts. Never did I realise before how thoroughly I was Satan's captive. Great volumes of doubt rushed into my soul. We had stood thus for nearly an hour, when one dear man of God, taking a lead pencil from his pocket, stooped down and drew on the floor a thick black line between the door and where I stood. Then, rising, he deliberately said, "Dan, you won't step over that line until you have trusted Christ." Everything seemed so terribly real to me that moment. Heaven and hell: Christ and the world: I must make a choice. It pressed upon me that I was making God a liar, and that if I crossed that line a Christ-rejector, perhaps God might call me to judgment that hour. We stood there before God, I in the balance between life and death, they pressing me to accept Christ. At twenty minutes past ten o'clock by grace '*I crossed the line.*' 'The light of the glorious Gospel' shone in, and that hour I began to LIVE. O happy hour! Jesus



Along with Mr. Mundell, who has charge of the British and Foreign Bible Society van, I visited the Compounds. Thank God for the work carried on there. They have been the means of spreading the Word of God not only in the parts where they were sold, but into other parts when the boys returned to their own homes after working in the mines for about six or twelve months.

The price asked for these Bibles and Testaments was far below the cost of production, otherwise the natives would not be able to purchase. I have seen them coming to the van asking for a Bible. "What is the price," they would say and stand and look at it for some time, turn over its pages then go away and leave it; perhaps they would do the same thing three or four times before they bought it. After he becomes the proud owner of this book he will go away reading it. Sometime later you will see a little crowd together and the boy reading his Bible to them. This Boy at the van standing by my side is known as Bob the van boy—a real bright Christian.



"FLITTING DAY" IN ZULULAND.

During a trip through Zululand we saw these boys struggling up the hill with this load. It was a Zula flitting, removing a hut from one Kraal to another. A few miles further on we saw another of the same kind. They invite their friends from the neighbouring Kraal to come and help in the task.

was mine, and I was His, and so it is to-day and will be for ever. Dear reader, you want to 'see life,' don't you? Then come to Jesus and you shall see Life Eternal. But you want to know if this Christian life is worth living? Well, I have found it a life of inexpressible joy; aye, and wafted from 'the bright and evergreen shore' comes the word, 'Tis better on before.' Does Christ satisfy? Yes, and it would be strange if He did not. God says that in Him He has treasured up 'all the fullness of the Godhead bodily,' and it was this treasure-store of God's fullness I came into possession of that night, on 'crossing the line.' As you read this, dear reader, I would seek, as it were, to *draw a line* and ask you to halt and think. You must either cross it *saved* from the doom of the sinner, or with the gathering clouds of that eternal doom hanging over you. O how I wish that you were standing just now with me on 'Redemption Ground,' taking this backward look at the great transaction done. O the 'joy unspeakable and full of glory' which flows to me from the knowledge that Christ is mine, mine to save, and to satisfy, mine even now and for ever."

A friend of ours, having nothing to do, was induced to attend an Evangelistic meeting. The text was, "I believe God" (Acts xxvii. 25). He asked himself, "Do I believe God?" After a while he came to see that we are saved when we believe God's promise and obey His commandment. He has said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out;" "Come unto Me—and I will give you rest." Believe that He means what He says and then come and all is done. You are saved and should rejoice in the fact that your sins are forgiven you.

Once sure of this fact do not be afraid to bear witness for Christ. Do not make a profession of religion ; confess Christ as your Saviour and He will save those to whom you testify. This will confirm your own faith and lead some to Christ to be in their turn messengers of peace to others, and so on in accelerating ratio until He shall come.

The first instinct of a soul that has realised its redemption is to seek to share what it has received with another. Indeed one may well doubt the genuineness of a conversion that does not compel to seeking to save the lost. Because when Christ comes into a life the impulse is irresistible. Andrew must first find his own brother Simon and bring him to Jesus.

Dan Crawford was no secret disciple. He confessed his Lord in baptism and at once identified himself with those who made much of the Atonement. He took up all the methods of service which train the worker, while they influence the indifferent and hostile. Tract distribution we all have found so helpful, because in giving the printed message one is able to add one's own personal witness to the Blessed One. Tone, manner and the note of possession all tell, and, whatever the immediate response, assuredly there are blessings that spring up within the heart and reward and enrich it.

Work among the young so as to win them for Jesus while they are as yet pliable and ignorant of the gross evils of sin is good for a young believer. No more beneficial training can any worker for Christ receive than to deliver His sweet messages to the children He loves.

Open-air work of late years has somewhat declined in favour, but at the time of Dan Crawford's conversion it

was in full swing. No one can tell what benefits have been derived from those who, unseen by the speaker, have heard the message spoken or sung at the street corner. Lord Wolseley was converted by a message he thus heard.

Is it because Christians nowadays are less courageous, or are they more sensitive as to public opinion? Would it not be a good thing if the youths and maidens were to take up this particular form of service; even if they only sang the Words of Life and prayed for the speakers there would be blessing immediate and abiding.

Above all, Dan gave himself to Bible study and prayer. The habit of regular, quiet worship, shutting the door to exclude external hindrances, to be alone with God and thus to ponder His Word and allow it to speak to the heart; and then pouring out the soul in adoration, intercession and supplication, is the chief thing in the culture of the devout life.

In some homes lack of room prevents helpful privacy, but where there's a will there's a way.

In *But if Not*, a valuable book from the Z Press, farewell is being taken of outgoing missionaries. This is the counsel of one who knew the need and its remedy: "Keep your sacred time with a jealous care. Let nothing come between you and Christ. Get your orders direct from Him before going out into the day's work. Remember—Satan will make a special effort to get you away from Him, and the chief point of attack will be the early morning hour. Why do I lay such emphasis on this? Because it is so fatally easy to let it slip; because, kept, it is the secret of power; broken, the source of weakness, impotence."

The book tells how one young missionary, not being able to get the quiet she had at home, dropped the hour spent with God. An old missionary told how she, too, had neglected the quiet time with God and had failed until she had been taught by suffering to take her orders direct from the Master and depend upon His strength.

Young people especially need this preparation before entering the family circle or leaving home for school or business. Daniel, the statesman, found it necessary to spend time thus, and you will gain when you are able to judge things in the light that will come to you direct from God.

“Give Him thy first thoughts, so shalt thou keep Him company and in Him shall sleep,” says Henry Vaughan. Terstegen sings :—

Still and sweet the silence deep,
Where no foot hath trod,
Softer than an infant's sleep
Is my rest in God.

G. H. Knight tells us with forceful truth: “What we need in these crowded days is the setting apart of many listening times.”

Yes, listen to God and then you can speak to Him, and for Him to others.

One of Dan Crawford's companions who shared with him the prayer and witness life writes thus: “One memory of that time I would venture, if it is not forbidden to draw aside the curtain for a moment from such a scene. Death gives the necessary atmosphere and reverence for revealing such intimacies. Three of us knelt in his little chamber. Daring in action, he was also daring in

thought—even in his holiest thought. He prayed that we might be three of the holiest men that ever lived. Alas! for that prayer in the only one of the band that now remains." A fit preparation for the work that the Holy Spirit had for him to do in Africa.

Then came the return to England of Mr Arnot, after his wonderful march through Africa. Among those who volunteered for service in the dark interior of that great continent was Dan Crawford. He said: "I have the confidence that the Lord will guide, and that He will keep me faithful to Himself to life's end, and whether this may be in the homelands, or among the benighted heathen in Africa, and that the happy end of the journey will be heaven."

This is the Divine way; first converted, then taught and led by the Divine Spirit, and after that sent forth to do His will.

How little we know whereunto consecration will grow. When we yield up our all to God He can do great things for us and by us too.

What can He do by you? Trust and obey and then you will see.

CHAPTER II

THE LANDS HE SOUGHT TO CONQUER

Thou, Son of Righteousness, on Afric's land,
Break Thou the fetter, set the bondsmen free,
So shall the heathen to Thy Kingdom come,
And lift their sweet thanksgivings unto Thee.

From out the darkness gleamed a single star.
And lo ! the tempest driven hailed its light :
So from the gloom of Afric shone afar
The witness of the Lord, a blessed sight,
Which many grateful saw ; and, kneeling there,
Heard first the tidings of Salvation near.

It was lovely to see how near to all he did was his religion. There was for him no line on one side of which was a bright face and on the other a solemn one. His smile went into his religion and his religion into his smile.—P. B. BLISS.

EVERY Christian life is a plan of God, with its appointed trials, comforts and especial work to do. A French Christian of long ago said, " We must seek to build some corner of the New Jerusalem," and this is the duty of all who are in touch with the Gospel. It carries with it an obligation to faith and service, and to refuse the one or the other involves great guilt and peril.

It was to Africa that God sent Dan Crawford, a land which boasts of six hundred different languages, and to that part of the vast continent known then as Garenganze, where Mr Arnot had founded a station.

Mr Arnot by the exercise of simple faith had traversed

from the south to equatorial Africa. He himself laughed at the word pioneer, because he realised that God had gone before him, and from one step to another he had been lifted by the Divine might.

He had settled at Garenganze, an empire ruled by Msidi. This man, coming with his wife and three men from the East, found the then ruler (who owned copper mines and other mineral wealth) in peril. He rescued him, and in due time obtained his realm. There he ruled with brutal cruelty, and to him Mr Arnot preached—the while treated as a slave and suffering hardships which eventually caused his death. The arrival of two missionary friends, Messrs Swan and Faulkner, set him free, and he made his way across the 1500 miles that separated him from the East Coast. Thence he came on to England, where he received a magnificent reception. But apart from those who magnified his endurance and daring were others who heard his appeal for reinforcements to conquer the heart-kingdoms of Africa for Christ.

On the 19th March 1889 a meeting was held in Exeter Hall, London, to bid farewell to the first detachment of missionaries to respond to this call, who were to be followed by a party starting later. There was no direct communication with Benguella, so there was a voyage to Lisbon, and then they transhipped for Africa. Hence the division of the expedition into two bands.

The advance force comprised Mr and Mrs Arnot; Mr Daniel Crawford, lawyer's clerk of Greenock; Mr George Fisher, assistant to a doctor in Swansea; Mr Fred Lane, from the office of Scotland Yard; and Mr Archibald Munnoch, formerly a miner at Falkirk.

With a singular discernment of their needs, Mr Henry Groves addressed the apostolic band from the words : "Ye have need of patience." He said: "God blows upon a good deal that is done, because it is done in the energy of the flesh and not in the power of God. If God were in our work a very little would go a long way. The Church of God is left here as a witness of the reality of the presence and power of the living God, but there is nothing in which the Church has so much failed as in manifesting the presence of the living God in her midst. But oh for patient waiting for the Advent! May the Lord breathe patience into these impatient hearts of ours, whether as toilers in Africa or in our daily work in this land, and may the hope of the Advent bring patience into all our labour.

"People say sometimes, 'What are you going to depend upon?' 'Upon the Living God' ought to be the answer. If you have Him you have everything; if not, you have nothing. We have to learn that money is not almighty. What the Church has to learn is that God does not need money. He wants trust in the Living God. . . .

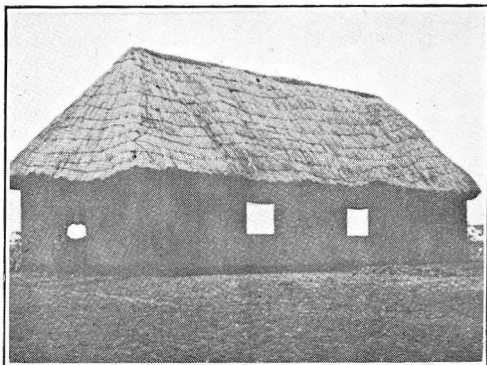
"It took forty years to teach Moses that he was nobody. God wants a nobody to do His work. The reason why many of us are set aside is because we want to be somebody."

Three days after this inspiring send-off, the Mission band started for Africa.

On the 2nd June 1889 the second party of missionaries left London. They were: Dr Walter Fisher, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.; Mr R. B. Gall, an experienced gardener; Mr Thomas Morris and his wife, a city merchant, who had



THE SCHOOL, FORT ROSEBERY.



SUBURBAN BIBLE SCHOOL, BELGIAN CONGO



A BRUSH BOY, WITH HIS WARES. A VERY BRIGHT TYPE

for some years conducted a successful Mission at Walthamstow; Mr R. J. Johnston, an evangelist from Ireland; Mr H. B. Thompson, sub-editor of an Ulster newspaper; and two ladies, Miss Gilchrist, of Hamilton, and Miss Davies, of Bristol.

While they are making their way to and across the Bay of Biscay, it will be as well to recall a few facts about the huge continent they sought to win with the Gospel.

Benguella, the port at which travellers land for Garenganze, is situated in Portuguese Africa, and has all the vices of that degenerate nation. This strip of beach and the flat land near the port runs up to steep hills, that gradually rise to a height of 500 feet. Along this table-land, dipping now into gullies and dense jungle, lies the way inland.

Africa has been described by Mr Crawford as notorious for sun, stinks and sickness. Elsewhere he describes it as a land of huts; these conical dwellings with rat-hole entrances, being dark, verminous and polluting. Save where the virile British have come, it is a land without a road. A narrow rut, like that made by a cart-wheel—the old slave track, in fact—is the only highway, and it is one of shameful memories and pain.

Here and there it ends in a forest or dense jungle, and then travelling is by no means a pleasure. Gordon Cumming thus describes these tangles of bushes, briars and thorns: "A forest of fish-hooks, relieved by an occasional patch of pen-knives." Along this kind of thoroughfare the missionaries intended to travel to their work. Had they not been satisfied with the Gospel, and were they not daily supported by it, they would never

have made light of such discomforts as were inevitable, to say nothing of the brutalities of the petty kings and the not worse danger from lions, leopards and the like.

There was at one time in London a good minister named John Campbell. He used to pray for districts about his home, and when Mildmay Park was being built over, he especially pleaded for it. On the very spot where he so often besought God, Mildmay Conference Hall was afterwards erected. When an old man, and ill, he used to attend the Committee Meetings in London. One day he was found clinging to the banisters—he could not mount higher. A friend said, “Oh, Mr Campbell, you ought not to come out. Leave this for some younger men.” But said the aged saint—“Aye, but who wouldn’t work for such a Master,” and after a while climbed up to finish his beloved task.

Personal love to the Saviour is the supreme motive that has permanent value in such service, and it ought to be characteristic of all who have read about Jesus in the Gospels. And those who read them regularly and take time to think prayerfully about Him will find that love to Him deepens upon closer and longer acquaintance.

Mr Barratt, who was martyred by the Boxers in China, was overheard, just before he fell into the hands of those roughs, talking to the little children of the house where he was a visitor. To the brother and sister he said, “I want you to love Jesus very, very, very much. Do you know, Hedley and Hope, I love Jesus more and more every day.” So should it ever be. Young people who begin to love Him will learn to love Him more and more as they learn how good, wise and tender He is. Do you love Jesus? Will you not begin now, and love will

explain much that otherwise would puzzle you. Jesus **asks** you now, " Lovest thou me with a tender love that **counts** me dear and precious ? " Answer, " Thou **knowest** all things and knowest that I love thee."

So, loving Christ, these men and women left the comforts of happy homes in order that they might tell others about Him. This was their business, and it is yours too.

A lady one day said to her husband, " While you were out, there came a man who spoke to me about my soul." " Why did you not tell him to mind his own business ? " asked the husband. " Well," replied the lady, " if you had seen him you would have felt that it was his business."

It is your business first to find Christ and accept Him as Saviour, and then to lead others to Him.

This Africa needs Christ, if only to make the people decent. What do you think of a king, very important in his own opinion, who, when he received a visitor, instead of sitting on a chair, sat upon one of his wives as if she were a couch !

And another huge man, also a king, was discovered making a purring noise like a cat, while his wives dressed his hair, he looking at himself in a bowl of water placed before him.

Apart from such inhabitants, the land is not empty, for there are lions, leopards, elephants, crocodiles, and the ratel, a kind of skunk. The ratel lives upon honey, out of which it manufactures an intoxicating drink. With its three claws the ratel scratches a hole in the wet bank of a river. Into this hole it puts the honey that it has gathered from a bee-hive. This honey it

mixes with water, and then leaves it for two or three days. By that time it has fermented and the ratel gets intoxicated, like some of the poor creatures in Britain. Although not more than a foot in height, with claws only two inches long, the drunken ratel is a fierce foe. It has been known to kill a boy in its savage onset.

One peculiarity of the ratel is that its skin is too large, like an overcoat two sizes too big for the wearer. If it is grasped, the ratel can turn in its skin and grip you fiercely. By no means a pleasant companion, is it ?

The elephant, too, has its home here, and its foes too. On a moonlight night the herd go to bathe, and much they enjoy splashing. The very young, too timid to venture into the sea or river, get a nice shower bath from the mother elephant's trunk.

Now and again, while bathing, the crocodile has been known to nibble at the toes of the younger elephants. It is dangerous to do this, for when this happens the leader of the herd grips the crocodile in its trunk, swings it aloft in triumph, and then, after tossing it about, flings it thirty yards away, probably less inclined to tickle elephant-toes in future.

Alas, many a huge elephant dies because of a leech that enters its trunk and sucks at the inner membrane. This maddens the elephant ; he dashes about at the rate of fifteen miles per hour in dreadful agony. At last it dies, and all because of a little leech that it cannot shake off. So do little sins cling and injure, and at times they cause the loss of the soul. When Judas began to covet, he little dreamed that love of gain would lead to his betraying the Lord and dying the death of a suicide. All sin is evil, both in nature and in its working. We

have need to pray for cleansing and being kept from the evil that so easily besets us.

The elephant knows his danger, and when he comes to drinking water he carefully looks over it and then waves its trunk over it so as to make sure that no leech is there waiting to make him its prey.

Here is a hunter's story. He was asked, "Well, what will prayer do for you when you go to hunt the elephant?" "All that God can do for me" was the answer. "The Bible says Thou preserveth man and beast. Well, when I hit an elephant the first part is true. When I miss, the other is true for the beast."

About crocodiles, it seems that after it has once snapped it must pause before it can unlock its teeth. One day two black women were examining the baskets at a fish-weir, when lo! a crocodile snapped at them, but missed them. At once they attacked him with their pen-knives, aye, and they killed him! They saw the chance of escape and made no mistake in trying to make friends with their enemy, or waiting until he was ready to snap again.

The lion is the dread of every district. One was killed measuring thirteen and a half feet from tip to tail.

One night while Mr Crawford was travelling he heard the lions crunching up his canoes. Now the canoes were absolutely necessary for this journey, so they fired at where they thought the lions were, and after that all was still.

In the morning it was found that one canoe was much damaged, and then they tracked the lion who had done the mischief. His leg was broken, but he rushed at one of the men and fixed his claws in the man's back. The

hunter was resolute, and he gripped the lion by the throat and actually throttled it.

One night a female lion leapt a stockade fifteen feet in height and killed a black woman. Her friends attacked and slew the lioness. The lion and two cubs then came to the rescue of the lioness, and, but for the portcullis gate, would have got inside the fence. He actually attempted to scale the stockade but failed, and was afterwards killed.

Wherever we go there are proofs of God's creative might and skill, and there are lessons to be learned from all He has made or that we see. Actually He is painting pictures on sky or in the forest, if we could but see them.

The Lord Jesus is called the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, and to those who reject Him He will be irresistible in inflicting vengeance.

And the Enemy of Souls, too, is said to go about like a roaring lion seeking our hurt; Whom resist, for Jesus will not allow him to prevail.

You will remember that when Christian approached the House Beautiful he saw two lions in the way. He at first was afraid of them, but the Porter encouraged him to go on, saying that the lions were chained. So on he went and passed them in safety.

To those who trust in Jesus and are walking in the path of duty, chained lions are no menace. The roar of the lion may alarm the timid, but it cannot injure and will not do so.

Jesu's victorious name
Puts all our foes to flight.
Jesus the meek and holy Lamb,
A Lion is in fight.

THE LANDS HE SOUGHT TO CONQUER 31

By all Hell's hosts withstood,
We all Hell's hosts o'erthrow,
And conquering them through Jesus' blood,
We on to Victory go.

CHAPTER III

THE PEOPLE HE LEARNED TO LOVE

Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them,
Thou art Lord of winds and waves ;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them,
Now they go to free the slaves ;
Be thou with them,
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

I know not by what art
This power is given,
I only know He has my heart
And I have—heaven.

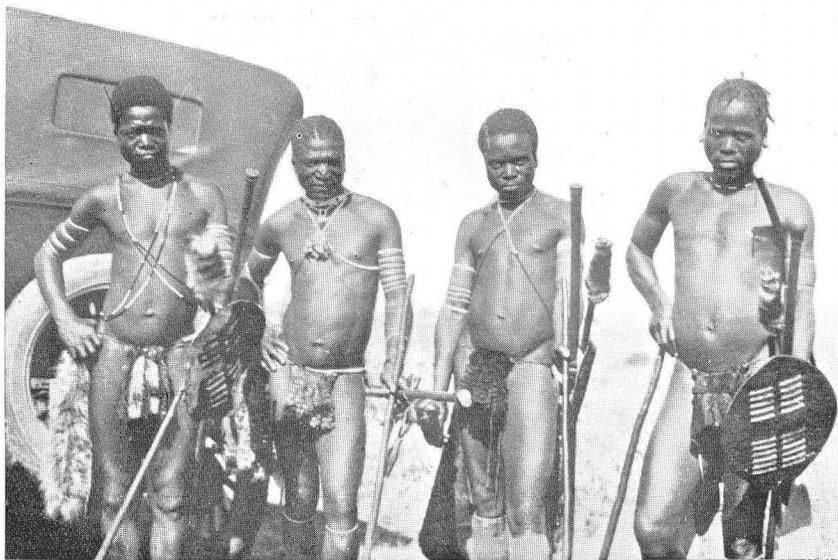
The work of saving man, like the work of creating him, is Divine throughout. Other religions represent it as man's work towards God ; our religion as God's work towards man.

C. STANFORD.

LEIGH RICHMOND, in *The Annals of the Poor*, tells us about a negro servant whom he met. He asked him, "What part of the Bible were you reading, William?" "Me read how de man upon de cross spoke to Christ and Christ spoke to him. Now dat man's prayer just do for me ; 'Lord remember me,' Lord remember poor negro sinner ; dis is my prayer every morning and sometimes at night, too ; when me cannot tink of many words den me say de same again ; Lord remember poor negro sinner." "And be assured, William, the Lord hears that prayer."



KAPAKELE—ONE OF MSIDI'S FOREMOST
WARRIORS AND HUNTERS. AFTERWARDS
VALIANT FOR THE KING OF KINGS.



A GROUP OF NATIVES DRESSED IN THE "VERY BEST."

Afterwards, at a cottage meeting at Bembridge, William was publicly questioned about his faith and knowledge. One of the villagers remarked: "I see, sir; that though some men are white and some are black, true Christianity is all of one colour. My heart has gone with this good man every word he has spoken."

Yes, the Gospel has wonderful power in uniting men, because those who receive it with it obtain likeness to the Lord Jesus Christ. But, apart from the influences which restrain even when they do not change, human nature tends to become worse and worse.

Mr Crawford had wonderful skill in reading the nature and likings of the people among whom he lived. He noticed their pride of race and their low estimate of white people. Their impersonal stare—the stare of bottomless eyes—he especially observed. It was a scrutiny not like the interrogating look of Europeans. Somehow the black race loved crookedness, and was ever on the watch to take advantage of those whom they despised, because white, and they showed contempt in their glances. Of James Anthony Froude his wife said, "A lamp burns behind Anthony's eyes;" a true description, for they glowed or darkened or flashed or sparkled, according to the mood in which he spoke. After all the eye is a revelation of character, and the eyes of the African show his subtilty and liking for crooked speeches and ways. Dan noticed that, having no lamps, they learned to see in the dark, and so had good eyesight. In a heavy rain the negro went right into the water, and when the gale had passed he piled on clothes and blankets, and took no hurt.

Everywhere the natives had the idea that water rots the

skin and therefore they were not at all fond of the bath.

Their land was one of slavery, with all its evils. Mr Crawford once met a caravan of slaves, eight hundred in number, and they were three hours in passing a given point. They had come from far and were brutally treated on the road; a merchant grown rich in this trade said that if he brought six out of ten slaves to Bihé he would be satisfied, but sometimes only three out of ten were saleable at the end of the long march.

A boy was sold for sixpence, another for one-and-fourpence, and one for a song! The trade, too, has many attendant outgrowths of wrong. Thus, one man ill-treated his slave so that she ran away. The people with whom she took shelter were soon compelled to pay him damages for harbouring her, and before long he had thus become owner of ten slaves. In another part of Africa a tribe, meeting a stranger, cut a strip of skin, one inch wide and twelve inches long from one ankle to the other, and then turned their victim adrift to die in agony.

No wonder was it that a boy of fourteen years borrowed a knife and killed a three years' old girl he owned as a slave and proceeded to cook and eat her.

One odd custom related to twins. If one were married, the bridegroom was compelled to marry the other. Should one do wrong, both were beaten.

Should a man lose his wife by death he must notify her relatives and send a costly present to each of them. Then they came to visit him and drew up a list of their debts. For instance, for his wife's cooking his food, collecting firewood, making him laugh, he must pay, and for much else beside.

Nay, more. A man was called upon to pay a debt

because he had once been a neighbour to the brother of the debtor. Many of the troubles and sins of the people were, however, due to the importation of rum. A fiery compound was brought from Europe, which produced madness. Once a man had come to like it he would sell his children to obtain further supplies. One man having partaken of this dreadful liquor was drowned as he went home. Thereupon the drink seller compelled the relatives to pay an ox and a slave for his damages!

One nasty habit the natives had, one that is prevalent in other parts of Africa, that of spitting upon anyone whom they approved. In this region not only did they expectorate, but, filling the mouth with beer, they spat it into the face and over the person of the particular friend whom they desired to honour.

We are also told about a Christian woman of mature years who looked upon dancing as a religious duty to be solemnly undertaken. "Asked her what it meant at all, at all, and she quaintly replied, 'Oh! it is only praise getting out at the toes.' Then she actioned this new idea to me—this praise-getting-out-at-the-toes idea, I mean. Making a diagram of her own body she first of all put her hand over her heart as indicating her central source of joy. 'The generator,' she called it. Granting, then, a heart pulsating with joy, with her crooked old finger she now traces on her body two opposite thrills of joy, one shooting up and through her mouth in vocal praise, the other darting over to her feet—praise getting out of the toes in dancing. A confession this with a moral, surely," says Mr Crawford, "for how much of God's joy is allowed to evaporate by the mouth in mere talk when it should descend to the feet in real walk."

The following incident, perhaps, may reveal an exceptional degree of depravity, but it indicates the possibilities of evil in the human heart unrestrained by Divine Grace.

There was a certain man desirous of fame who discovered that in his native village they had never seen chigoes. Chigoes, as you know, are a species of flea known in the West Indies. The female chigoe buries itself beneath the toe nails and thus causes painful sores. This man carefully collected chigoes and let them loose in the village. They soon found their victims, and before long the man's name was mentioned, but not with praise.

It is a base nature that delights in inflicting pain, and only those who are evil find pleasure in the suffering of others. Yet the human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Only Divine Power can change it, and this renewed there follows a different mode of conduct.

The people have many odd ways. Thus, they much approve a clinical thermometer, and suck it as if it were a sweetmeat calculated to heal them. One woman, to whom three tabloids were given, instead of swallowing them put them into her tobacco pipe and smoked, they roasting the while. Yet she did not realise that they were not doing her any good.

Odd as they were, there is a human heart even in these otherwise cruel savages. "Yet raw red flesh covered with blood is beloved of the negro, especially when it has been torn off an animal just shot; all the more relished if the muscles are still quivering."

The slave trade, with its inseparable cruelties, may account, perhaps, for the persistence of this savagery.

It is calculated that the negro victims who have perished by the hands of slavers would make a double row encircling the earth at the Equator.

Yet Mr Crawford redeemed a woman who had sold herself as a slave five times, taking thus five masters, so that she might be near her boy, who was also a slave. That boy, redeemed with his mother, when free became a true Christian and one of the best workers on the Mission.

Their methods with young children are peculiar. The urchin has not a rag of dress and is exposed to all the changes of the weather. Before it can dip its little hand into the family porridge-pot its mouth is opened so that it appears to cover five-sixths of the face, and then the porridge is crammed down. The child cannot cry, but, kick as it may, the process of filling goes on, the stomach distending until no more can be crammed behind the teeth.

These teeth are a trouble, for if a tooth appears on the upper gum, instead of first sprouting from the lower jaw, the child is killed. One boy had teeth upon both upper and lower gums and was drowned at once as a source of public danger. One chief killed three boys in succession and then repudiated his wife.

It is a critical time when the child is examined as to the order of its teeth. If they appear as desired the child is bespattered with white chalk and forthwith owned and declared justified, being carried at the head of a solemn procession.

In Garenganze there is a belief that the dead congregate in a dark wooded ravine, and there they shriek and quarrel, continuing the disagreements of their earthly life—an immortality of quarrels and disputes.

A deep instinct of immortality, however, persists in all the races of Africa, although they have but vague ideas as to how the dead survive, and none of the comfort that we derive from the Scriptures.

The persistence and prevalence of this instinct is a trace of the inwrought original revelation, and to it the Gospel makes its appeal with force.

The native huts in which the people herd swarm with vermin and are hot-beds of disease and vice. No idea of sanitation, even in a crude form, lingers anywhere. The young there learn evil ways; and disease, once started, soon sweeps through the long line of pestilential huts.

Once a day the family crowd round a pot in which a rough kind of porridge has been made. Into this they plunge their hands, however dirty, and eat what they dig out. Needless to say, sometimes with sad consequences.

They have no idea of medicine and depend upon charms and spells. Toothache they call "The lion of the mouth roaring," and they extract the offender in a rude way. A plug of hard wood is fixed against the aching tooth, and then a blow on the wood is given by the axe. The tooth is generally shifted by this process—sometimes going down the throat.

Africa, in the region to which Mr Crawford went, is not a land of clocks. Those who are fortunate enough to possess watches use the cases as snuff-boxes. One man, vexed with the buzzing noise in the belly of the watch, boiled it, so as to still the annoying click-click.

Yet they have calendars, for one prince was almost concealed by a coil of knotted cord. Each tenth knot

was doubled to represent a week of ten days, but doubtless that man found the load he carried rather a burden.

They have no idea of the flight of time or of the value of it, save as it is regulated by the sun. An aged man will gravely tell you that he is ten years of age and feel no incongruity in so speaking.

Msidi, wishing to pay Mr Crawford a compliment for alertness and knowledge, said, "Ah, you were born at half-past seven in the morning ;" the blacks, he thought, were born at night.

They keep accounts by the tally stick as did our ancestors. A notch is made in the stick and at length it is split down the middle exactly as did men of old here.

One day Mr Crawford, noticing in a hut a number of slips of calico, asked what they were. They were receipts given for payments. At times bundles of twigs serve this purpose instead of the calico.

One instance of their cruelty is that, should they capture an eagle at the hen-roost, they cut off one leg, remove one eye, and then release it to suffer and die of hunger and pain.

One sight Mr Crawford saw that shocked him. He spied a woman, wild and stark naked, in a tree. She leapt from bough to bough, her bony fingers like talons, her skin like the grey bark of the trees. Shriek after shriek rang through the forest, she twisting her face into a grotesque sneer. Mr Crawford tried to make friends with this pitiful creature, but with shrill cries she became frantic and leapt away out of his sight and reach.

What tragedy preceded this he could not ascertain ; perhaps injustice or sorrow had turned her brain.

These men, although childish and bestial in some things,

have many shrewd points, which show some wisdom and discernment.

Thus, they say, "No one ever did bite his own elbow."
"When the puddle dries the tadpole dies."

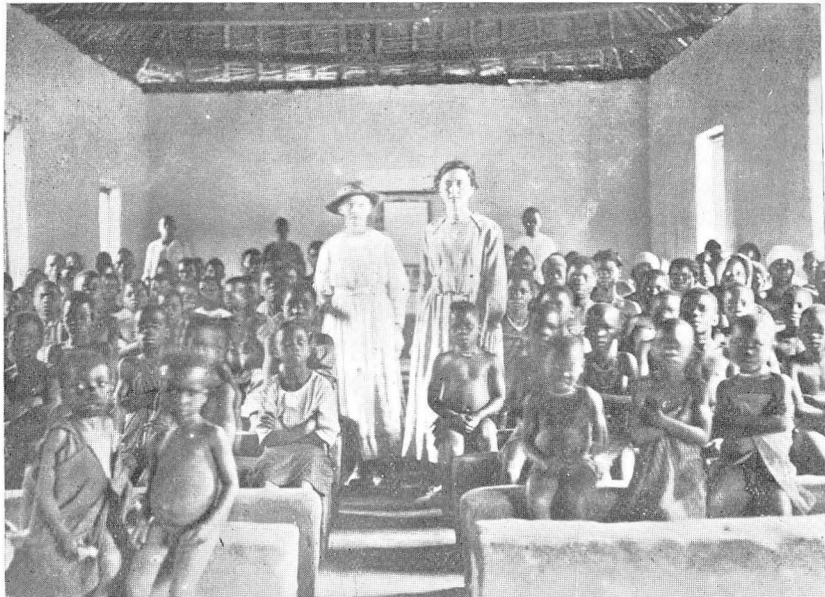
With regard to religion, Mr Crawford says, Africa opens up "in yawning expression of Gospel silence." The Gospel they ridicule as the White Man's Parable, missionaries as "those who get their living by doing nothing," or "Softies because they do not fight," or "Godites."

The natives, after a long course of teaching, in speaking about true conversion from sin, said, "A shivering man does not need to be forced to the fire." "And this is the reason," comments Mr Crawford, "there has been no authentic weeping for sin in any African Mission until a preliminary period of evangelical witness has been passed."

It is always so. There must be a preliminary realisation of God's holiness and claims, and of the heinous character of breaking His laws. The Holy Spirit alone convicts of sin, and this realisation of the awful condition of the lost is essential to a true appreciation of the Lord Jesus Christ and His salvation.

One need not wait for a full contrition for one's sins before coming to the Lord Jesus. Just as I am is the true attitude, and the appropriate prayer is: Take me as I am.

You are a sinner even if you do not know it. But if you come to Jesus, and learn of Him, you will be able then to realise your need and guilt, and that more and more as the days go by. The blessing to the poor in spirit is to those who know themselves possessed of



MRS. ANTON AND MISS ELLIOTT IN SCHOOL
AT CHIBAMBO.

This school is now very much larger than when we saw it. On that Sunday morning 300 were packed into that building to listen to the Gospel.

Now the attendance averages 1500.



A GROUP OF NATIVES AT BROKENHILL.

On arriving at Brokenhill we discovered we had to wait about three hours, and wanting to see what we could we made for the native village. As you see from this photo we could only get in part of it, and not being able to speak a single word of their language we had just to pass through followed by this crowd, which grew larger as we went along. On arriving at a certain hut we found a woman sitting at the door nursing a very small baby. Thinking it would make a nice photo the camera was produced. But when she saw it she wanted to run away. Seemingly, her husband knew something about photographs as he came and stood beside her when she gained a little more confidence. After the snap was taken we made for the station, followed by the father of the child who came running up to me with a shilling and said in the best English he knew "me want the paper." (The photo of his child he meant). It touched my heart. I only wish he could have got the picture knowing that a shilling to him meant about a week's work. They do love their offspring, and yet their heathen customs would break through it all. We longed to be able to tell them of God's love and the price that He gave for their salvation.

nothing, and this comes from close and continued acquaintance with the Lord Jesus Christ.

The unguardedness of some believers is perhaps an obstacle to faith in Christ. But an old North American Indian, speaking to his pastor, said: "The blind see not, they only follow the imagination of their hearts. They keep moving their heads very awkwardly so that you can hardly lay your hands upon their eyes. That is bad, very bad. Did you, sir, when you were a baby, never turn your head this way and that when your mother wanted to wash your face? And these people are children, very awkward and wayward." Hence he pleaded for patience with these professing Christians.

Here is another wise counsel from a Red Indian: "What's the use of holding your water-bottle beneath the trickle with the stopper in its neck? Some of you sit beneath the outpouring of God's grace and do not feel filled. Why? Because you have not taken the stopper out of your hearts."

CHAPTER IV

THE MARCH THROUGH THE ROBBERS' DENS

Not fancy's wildest dreams could paint
Such love so full, so free,
Such unimaginable grace
That Christ should die for me.

He forgot his own soul for others,
Himself to his neighbours lending,
He found His Lord in his suffering brothers,
His grace on him descending.

I am more than ever conscious of sin and consequently feel God's love and mercy more and more, and I know I am resting on a rock.—A YOUNG OFFICER IN THE CRIMEA.

MR McCULLAGH, a missionary in British Columbia, in speaking of the Red Indians, to whom he devoted his life, writes thus: "To come into life and grow up like a prisoner in the darkness of heathenism is the greatest calamity that can befall a human being. In that darkness there may be laughter, it is true, but it is the laughter of the idiot; there may be joy, but it borders on frenzy; there may be pleasure, but it is only animal; happiness there is none. From the cradle to the grave everything is make-believe, and the whole atmosphere of life is a lie—leading unto death."

These words are true of many in Africa, for everywhere there are needs that only the Lord Jesus Christ can satisfy. Africa, beyond the distresses of heathen dark-

ness, has many wrongs due to the white race. Yet doubtless even there many souls longed for what they could not find and only dumbly felt to be somewhere—a Divine Saviour. To quote Mr McCullagh again: "Years of waiting—watching for the far-away star of hope, faintly glimmering through the darkness of heathen night. Years of sighing, of vague longing after the unknown; of prayer groping through the gloomy depths of superstition and then—light."

The first detachment of missionaries reached Benguela 9th May 1889. Mr Arnot, speaking for the whole band, said: "Each servant of Christ, in a very real sense, went forth on his own responsibility to his Master, though not independently of fellow Christians with whom he had been associated at home and who gave their fellowship and counsel."

The time spent on the voyage was devoted to personal and devout Bible reading, and to the study of the languages in which they were to proclaim the message with which they were charged. They had been encouraged by Hudson Taylor, who told them "the devil can wall you in but he cannot roof you in," and his counsel proved true both on the sea and after they had set foot in Africa. Subsequently, when Mr Crawford went with Messrs Thompson and Lane in advance, he bears this testimony: "We were utter strangers to each other and represented the three nationalities of our race. Yet I recall with delight the splendid lives these good men lived before my eyes, the consecrated fellowship being a treasure."

They were able to cable their arrival at Benguela, and having secured six men, a horse, a donkey, and a mule,

Mr and Mrs Arnot, Messrs Lane and Munnoch, started for the interior, Mr Crawford with Mr Fisher being left to welcome the second party.

Owing to illness, Mr and Mrs Arnot went on without their companions, but Mrs Arnot being attacked with fever, was sent to the American Mission at Bailundu. Mr Arnot being alone, by dint of hard toil and search secured porters, and with one hundred and eighty he returned to Benguella, 1st September. The second party had reached Africa on the 7th August, one of their party dying as the ship dropped anchor at Benguella.

It may be asked why so many men were engaged. The reason is that all that was requisite for the journey, clothing, bedding, tools, medicine and food, had to be carried along the narrow trail. Then articles for barter, different coloured beads, and various kinds of calico had to be taken, each man poising on his head the weight bearable. For each petty chief through whose territory they passed required paying. Paying for the air breathed, the wood picked up in the forest, and for the privilege of stumbling along the stony thicket-path. And it was often necessary to start before the mist and miasma had risen. In that case a tiny boy went on in front, so as to wipe off the clinging wet and take the risk of lurking leopard or lion. This child was called "a dew drier," and not a carrier appeared to consider the child or the risk he ran.

The process of gathering these men was protracted. The African by nature prefers a crooked to a straight course, and it was only with difficulty that the men condescended to carry the white intruders' goods. For this same white man the black had a deep contempt,

feeling himself to be so much superior. It was only by the gift to the king of a lovely hammock that a friend had given him that Mr Arnot was able to collect the men he brought with him.

Mr Crawford went ahead to Bailundu, where the American missionaries were located and where the new arrivals were sure of a welcome.

Then the main body moved forward, but some of the ladies took fever and the carriers deserted. Three weeks were consumed by this delay, and then a fresh start was about to be made, when Mr Morris, who had been out seeking for food, was stricken down. The fever had abated when the shed he was using as a kitchen took fire and his tent was riddled into holes by the sparks from the flames. This excitement, with the exertions he made to extinguish the fire, brought about a relapse, and he went to his rest and reward.

Mr Arnot tells us that Mr Morris, a few days before he passed away, made an attempt to use the little language he had acquired to preach the Gospel. Mr Arnot stood by him to help out his speaking. To the assembled carriers said Mr Morris: "Eternal life is what we bring you in the Gospel." "You offer us eternal life," interposed a carrier, "but you have not got eternal life yourself. For you will die just the same as a black man."

"Yes," said Mr Morris, "that is true. My body, this flesh, will go down to the earth." And taking hold of the flesh of one hand with the thumb and forefinger of the other, he continued: "This flesh of mine will rot in the ground, but my soul will not die. It will go up to God." Here he pointed up, and looked up with convincing energy. Much hope had been based upon Mr Morris

as a successful soul winner, but God took him. After all, it is the power of God that wins, whoever is the instrument; He chooses His own workers, and changes them as He sees best.

Another missionary, Mr Gall, was also translated; he too had over-exerted himself while the fire lasted. Mrs Morris, the widow, determined to return home, taking with her one of the ladies, and with them also went Mr G. Fisher. So that the party of fourteen was now reduced to eight, and as yet they had not traversed one-fifth of their journey.

These losses sobered the remaining missionaries and drove them back to find comfort in God. They did not desist, but planned wisely to erect a Mission station at Kivanjulula, a few days' journey beyond Bailundu. Having gained this point they created a depot and thence sent Messrs Lane, Thompson and Crawford to camp at Kalusa and there these began gathering carriers to take supplies on to Messrs Faulkner and Swan in Garenganze.

The King of Bihé professed to be alarmed at the arrival of so many white men, and ordered them to abandon their new station; he even sent soldiers to compel them to move away. But the leader of this band was a man whom Mr Arnot had released from bondage. By tact and God's grace this danger was averted and the deportation was not enforced. But a fresh peril arose. A body of Portuguese troops were refused permission to pass through the country. Realising the danger of war, the chief Portuguese merchant settled up his affairs, arranged thirteen kegs of gunpowder on the floor of his house, fired them and died.

In the confusion thus created, the anger of the Portuguese and the fear of the king was great. A warrant

was issued for the arrest of Mr Arnot, but the fortunate arrival of the Governor of Angola led to his acquittal.

A Portuguese force, consisting chiefly of Transvaal Boers, invaded the country, and after the capture of the capital secured papers which showed that a Portuguese trader and rum distiller had sent presents of rum to the King of Bihé, and had advised him against admitting the soldiers, a crime that had been attributed to Mr Arnot.

In 1891 seven new workers arrived and a fresh base of supply was fixed at Nana Kandundu. Having placed the new missionaries in this advance post, Mr Arnot was compelled to return to England by a recurrence of the fever he had contracted in the Barotse Valley. Meanwhile the three pioneers, with supplies, were making their difficult way to Garenganze.

“To tell you of all the Lord’s goodness to us since we parted from you is quite beyond my power,” he wrote Mr Crawford from Chisamba, the most advanced outpost of the American Mission. “It was a real parting on the shore, as much so as Paul’s Ephesian one; only our shore was that of the ocean of His love, and we launched out to find the expanse boundless and non-traversable. Perhaps the exterior view of our last eight weeks’ life may have looked like that of men overboard combating with sharks; but be that as it may my soul doth boast of a clear sky overhead and songs of joy.”

Then passing through a district which they found devoid of travellers, a chief came to beg, because his child, with other children, was going on a long journey. After much debate he was pacified by twelve handkerchiefs, sixteen yards of white cloth, and eighteen yards of blue. A fortnight after they crossed a river. They

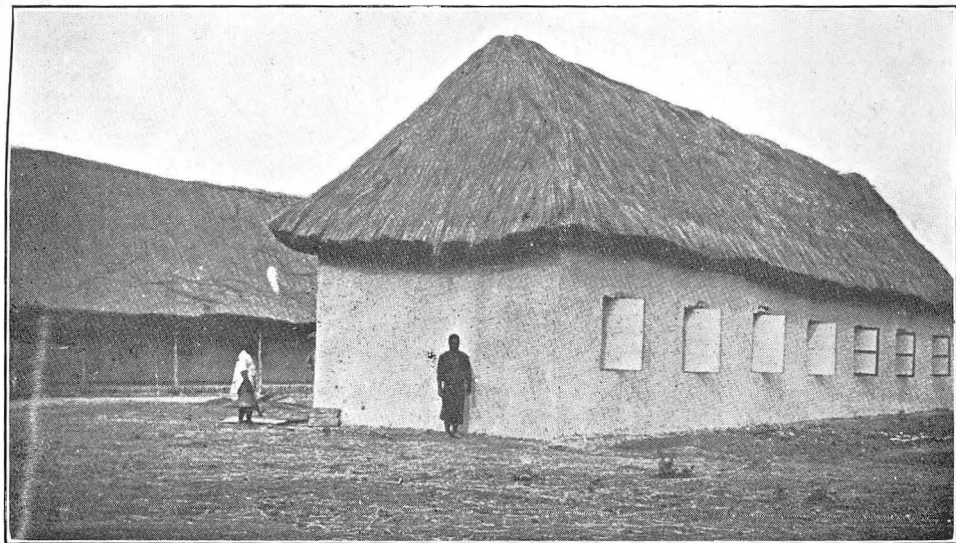
then passed through a village which guarded the passage. Two of the band first crossed, so as to receive the loads, Mr Crawford remaining to direct the crossing.

The canoes used for this crossing were dug-outs, in fact a hollow tree. A solitary paddle was used for propulsion, and as many as four men lay in the bottom of the boat, not daring to sit upright because of the danger of an upset.

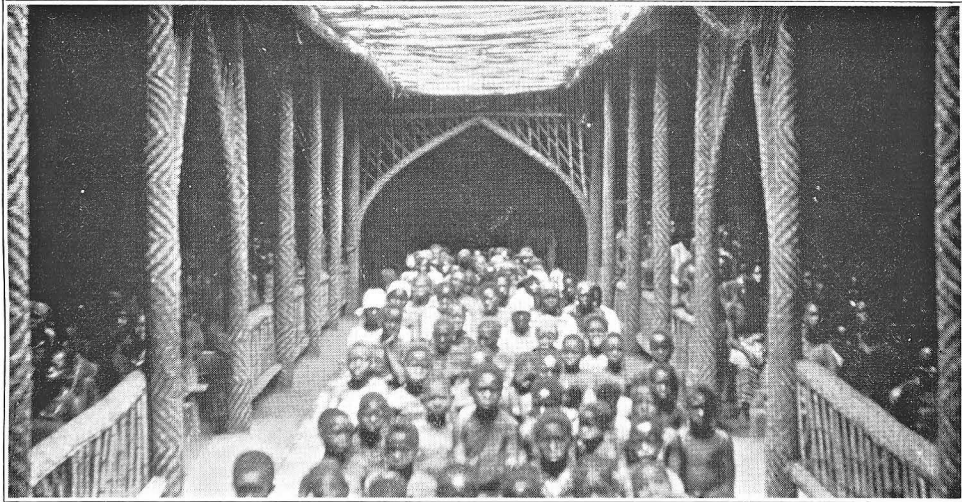
They rested after crossing, buying meal and paying tribute for the privilege of resting. This cost sixteen yards of cloth, but the chief complained that guns and powder were not brought to him. "We deemed it our duty to tell him," says Mr Crawford, "we were messengers of peace; yea, with our stammering tongue to tell him of the love of God and His message of peace."

Then next day they were called upon to pay tribute to another chief. He sent an ox and urged them to stay with him, promising to feed them well. The ox was cut up and distributed among the carriers, who had to be beaten off by their head men as they were like dogs ready to tear the beast to shreds. They had been paid cloth to buy food for thirteen days, but some of them decamped with their pay. Then the chief returned the twenty-four yards of cloth given him and asked for a blanket and a coat to be added to it. He really wanted powder, but this they refused, and in the end gave this modest gentleman another sixteen yards of cloth, in all forty yards, for the right to tread the trail and breathe the air over his patch of land.

Passing into the great Chebokwe country they met a caravan of slaves. They had travelled far and had just finished a ten days' hunger march. Aged men and



CLASS ROOMS, BUNKEYA, BELGIAN CONGO.



A MODEL HOME-MADE BIBLE SCHOOL, BELGIAN CONGO.

women, young girls and mothers with babies on their backs, all carrying heavy loads. Mr Crawford saw a girl who had dropped, unable to carry her load further. The brutal owner beat her on the head unmercifully with a club, yelling out a threat at every stroke.

After a while they came to the rubber district. The roots lined the narrow path, and here and there in the sand appeared its green shoot. The root is dug up, soaked in the river, and then the bark is laboriously pounded in a mortar to obtain the rubber.

This region is a great honey district, but although they were not able to secure any honey they got ombowe. Says Mr Crawford: "It is that which I most heartily enjoy of all the native foods. Some cannot bear the smell of it, much less the taste, but Mr Currie and I, in his little Chisamba cabin, used to consume it in quantities. To me it has the far-off taste of bread and cheese, and quite artlessly I eat away at it with this idea in my head. Actually, it is the manioc soaked for four days in the brook until it is soft and pulpy—if you like, decomposed."

Then they passed through dark forests, emerging on the banks of a river, which they left for a further tramp in the forest. On they went—through the flats, now and then checked, but patient under the delays caused by the rapacity or dilatoriness of the people they met.

"For the moment," says Mr Crawford, "a supreme feeling of contempt (alas that I must write it) comes over one when confronted with these petty road-blockers. To think that our caravan—with many men possessing their own weapons and often outnumbering all the muster one such petty chief could make—must stop a day, was hard; but oh, all such thinking is only carnal

and fleshly, aye, and when fully developed would end in bloodshed. Wondrous thought—'There is no power but God.' Further, the power is His ordinance; *ergo*, the resistance of the 'power' is the resistance of the 'ordinance of God.' Desire to arrive in good time is laudable enough, but joy in these ordinances of God supersedes all. Moreover, the thought of one's real pilgrimage homeward and that our Coming One may intercept us *en route* has a wonderful adjusting and balancing power in one's soul."

One time they were crossing a huge flat that in the rainy season was a sea, and there they saw the mirage but could find no water. After a weary tramp through the treeless waste some of the men attempted well sinking. Mr Crawford went to see the progress of their labour. "But oh! the first man I approached looked up at me aghast, and, with the sweat of honest toil on his brow, begged me to go away, else my boots would drive away the water! 'Boots,' quoth he, 'are not for desert sands.'"

In the Lovale country he found that "there is a little insect like a silkworm that spins cotton, which the natives collect and spin into thread. I have watched some of our men doing this, and one of them, with two small sticks like matches, knitted very neatly a girdle like a watch-chain."

After passing Nana Kandundu they came to the land of the Va-lunda. Neatly built spirit huts, each containing a cooking pot and a seat, were found, at times at the end of a long avenue of trees.

On the 8th November they reached their destination. They were welcomed not only by Messrs Swan and

Faulkner, but by Msidi himself, who, bedecked with much calico, sat in a green tent.

He greeted Mr Crawford most kindly, and after handshakes invited him to sit at his right hand. Msidi asked for the other travellers, and when told that they were at Candinda, not far off, he turned to one of his men and said, "Son of the dust, go and bring them." Before long all three travellers were with Msidi and enjoying a warm welcome, for the tyrant was in a good mood that day.

After a time of happy fellowship with the two brethren, who, since Mr Arnot left, had laboured in Garenganze, on the following day the newcomers paid a formal visit to the king. He was in the village of his favourite wife. Every stick of the stockade was crowned by a human skull. Here and there were several high tables, built to be the receptacles of human skulls. The very trees had the same ghastly decoration, for upon every arm was planted a skull.

With the king were two Arabs. After a little conversation the missionaries took Msidi indoors and arrayed him in a most costly Indian silk robe with a silk turban. This pleased the king, who sent for some of his chief men to admire his splendour. But he would not tolerate any reference to spiritual things: he had too much guilt on his conscience and was afraid.

After that Messrs Swan and Crawford again visited Msidi. He, with many of his chiefs, was doing homage to the departed spirit of Molenga, one of his late chiefs. All the weapons of the deceased were placed upon the ground, around the son of the late chief and the widows of his father.

The young Molenga taking a huge mouthful of beer, squirted it into Msidi's face. This he did several times. Then the widows received a like greeting, as did the weapons and other goods.

Then Msidi retaliated, all this squirting beer being solemn and unrelieved by a suspicion of a smile, much less of laughter.

After such an exhibition one understands the entries in the diary of Walker of Tinnevely: "The work has been very flat here," he wrote, "but we commit it to God, Who always causes us to triumph in every place." He was then reading Brainerd's *Life*, and doubly marked these passages: "All things here below vanished, and there appeared to be nothing of any considerable importance to me but holiness of heart and life and the conversion of the heathen to God. When I was asleep I dreamt of these things; and when I waked, as I frequently did, the first thing I thought of was this great work of pleading for God against Satan."

CHAPTER V

THE WHITE SLAVES ; AND A KING HALF PIG AND HALF WOLF

Bring to these deeply suffering people news
Of Christ's great love ; the balm of Gilead pour
Into those wounded hearts, He only He
Who died for sinners can their sorrows cure.

In peace I go, no fear I know,
Since Christ walks by my side
His love to me my joy shall be,
His words shall be my guide.

One of the most delicate tasks in missionary work is the clearing away of the wild growth in the native mind.

M'CULLAGH.

SOME years ago the (at that time) United States Minister to China was talking to a Chinaman about religion. The Chinese asked: "What right have you to teach your religion in China?" The answer was a wise one: "The right to give to others something that is too good to keep."

A similar spirit to the Chinese was in the African who said to Mr Swan at Msidi's capital: "You must have committed crimes at home or you would not live here." Mr Swan remarks: "Some might think that all that is necessary is to tell them that you have come to 'teach the people the words of God,' and they would understand at once. But is it so? Far from it, you must first

tell them who God is, where His word comes from, how it is that we are so interested in them that we come to live with them. When you remember that before any of these things can be told them, it is necessary to learn a language altogether different from your own, without the aid of vocabulary or grammar, you begin to understand to some extent how so much time passes away without any or very few results to show. Even after you fairly master the language, and tell them distinctly that you are here to teach them about God and His precious word, you are sometimes greeted with 'buvela,' or 'buramba,' the Yeke and Luba words meaning 'nonsense, untruthfulness,' etc., etc. Of course we tell him that the Word of God is for all people, but to tell him is not to convince him. We should be utterly discouraged did we not know that the Spirit of God is in the world, yea, is with us, and it is His work to convince the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment."

Yet who can tell how fragments of truth are suddenly vitalised and clothed with divine authority and influence. Thus, a man who had long been under Christian teaching without any benefit apparent, drifted far away and fell into crime. He was in prison, and, said he, "I remembered texts I had been taught: 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow.' And another said, 'Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' I remembered that I used to sing, 'I will arise and go unto my Father.' My heart suddenly said, 'I will—I will—I will arise and go back to my Father, for—for—for—for—my heart was broken.'"

He did arise and he came to his Father and was not

cast out. So may long-forgotten texts leap into sovereign authority, and the soul be saved. So as in America is it in Africa with the negro, for the Holy Spirit chooses to work by means of the book He inspired ; behind it is His full and sovereign authority and might.

To return to the two men who had witnessed for God in Msidi's capital when there came the tidings that reinforcements were at hand. Msidi, when he was told, was greatly pleased, and said, " You will be white at heart now." Mr Swan answered, " I am white at heart because my friends are coming, but black at heart because of what you have done in killing your wives." His only reply was to smack his lips and say, " Oh, they have proved a fetish to bring the white men." This gives some idea of his wickedness.

Thus the laborious journey from Bihé which had taken three months to accomplish was ended, and the five brethren were busy resting themselves by faithful preaching of the Gospel.

Then arose a question as to whether the capital of Garenganze should not be shifted owing to the dry and arid nature of its site and surroundings. The missionaries realised the wisdom of this, and Mr Swan consented to visit the east of the Lufira river and there search for a better district.

Mr Swan, despite his pains and travels, did not succeed in discovering a suitable site for the capital. Returning disappointed he found that Mr Thompson had an injured eye. Mr Lane, when buying eggs from a native, struck one smartly with the handle of a table-knife, so as to test the condition of its contents. The egg, being rotten, exploded, and a splinter from the shell

struck Mr Thompson's eye, which rapidly became inflamed and very painful. In order to recover his sight he resolved to return to Bihé for medical assistance.

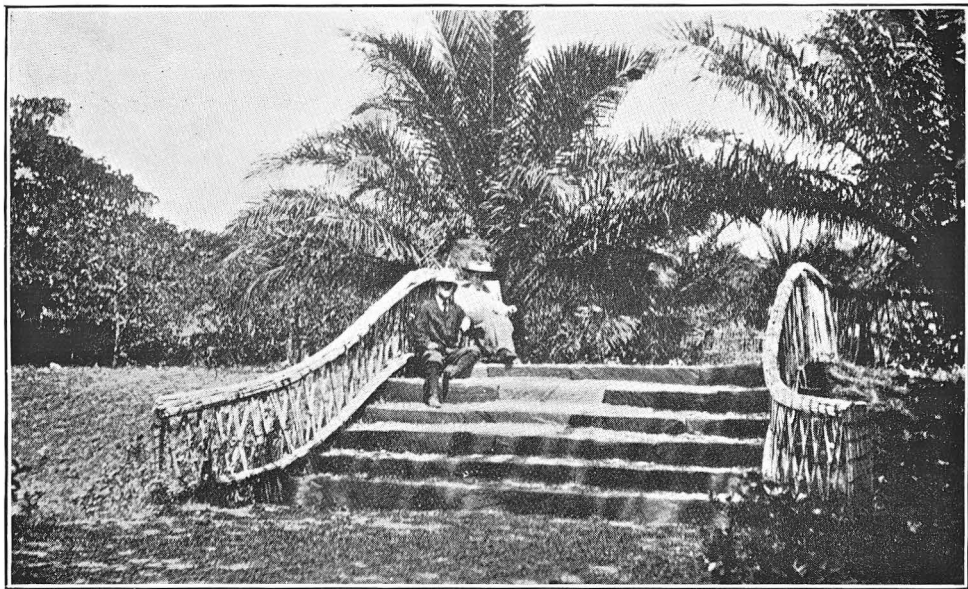
Mr Faulkner accompanied him, having decided to return to Canada as disabled for active service. Five months the journey took and then God's blessing on Dr Fisher's skill restored them both to the work they so much loved.

Mr Crawford, with the penetration of his race, soon detected the heroism of the two men he found at the Mission House that Mr Arnot had erected during his remarkable ministry in Garenganze. Says he, speaking of Messrs Swan and Faulkner, "Cut off from the outside world as they are, no doubt the banner over them is love, but so, too, there is sadly waving over their little far-away cabin the yellow flag of quarantine. Faulkner, a shining saint, has found Africa to be one long hospital of pain. Two men, all alone in the lonely interior, seem a poor, inadequate sort of a testimony, yet so normally necessary is it to be mighty in word and deed that the sick man prayed while the strong man preached, and thus he also serves who only stands and waits. Certainly, in the mouth of two witnesses, word and deed, every word was established, for while able Mr Swan preached Calvary, his good friend Faulkner carried the cross of pain. Bedridden though he was for many a day, he soon found out that when God permits you to take a back seat you can have a very good time. Besides, as the average African can look through your body like glass, Faulkner's 'living epistle' was eloquent the whole day long, and ever answering the challenge of the relentless negro stare. In Africa our faces are our coats of arms. For all of us



MR. AND MRS. CRAWFORD'S HOUSE.

The house is built on similar lines to that of the other Missionaries' houses in these parts, being made of sun-dried brick and grass thatched roof. The verandah is long and spacious, and is decorated with laced bamboo canes.



APPROACH TO MR. AND MRS. CRAWFORD'S HOUSE AT LUANZA.

the great danger in African Mission work is that often our preacher's bow is not so tightly strung in private as in public life, and the native puzzles his head over this. But there was many a song of triumph even under that drooping yellow flag of quarantine, and Richter perfectly describes the gains this good Canadian got out of his pains. The burden of Faulkner's suffering may have only looked to outsiders like a tombstone hung round his neck, whereas in reality it was only a weight necessary to keep down the diver while he was collecting pearls. God in all lands must cross His Church before He can crown it, and it was the late George Müller of Bristol who tells us of one of the pearls brought up from these depths of suffering. One day his vast enterprise on the Ashley Downs was down to zero for the orphan's daily bread, but the dinner-bell rang in heaven and a much-needed gift arrived. Where did it come from? Mr Müller says a sick missionary from the wilds of Africa was the donor—this man who had been shut up in the interior, grievously, almost permanently, disabled. Yet so grateful was this bodily wreck for a safe return to England that he struck his slender balance of resources and poured it all at his Master's feet."

True is it that every offer of service for the Lord Jesus Christ, although accepted by Him, is not followed by magnificent success. Many a young disciple, earnest to win souls for Christ, finds that his or her testimony fails to convince and is perhaps followed by illness or the crushing force of opposing circumstances. The great thing is the willing mind, and no young believer ever offered his all upon the altar but there eventually came a blessing to his own soul. The Lord alone knows

what He designs us to do by us, and we must leave Him free and do as He bids us. One He calls to eminent success; another must toil in what appears a barren field or be laid aside in weakness to pray for those who do what he is not allowed to accomplish. The chief requirement in all true Christians is to leave all to God's direction and do as He bids.

Coillard, the heroic French missionary, we are told, said "that you are never sure, so he believed, when you are dealing with God, what is going to happen next." You will always find this true because we are so blind and He knows the way He taketh.

Miss Marsh, writing to Sir Arthur Blackwood, said, "God bless you and keep you, too close to Himself to lose the sunshine of His presence." Is not that splendid? If young Christians, and especially those who witness for Him, will but keep close to their Lord they will have sunshine whatever happens and whoever threatens.

Mr Crawford points out a danger not unknown even here. He says: "Come out to Africa and learn the trials (and triumphs) of so literally dwelling in unity in a hot station. Never out of each other's sight. In moderation, I am bound to suspect my friend might find me passably, or even mildly, entertaining, but in such frequent and overwhelming doses one must pall upon one's poor brother. The trouble is that one is tempted far too often to speak one's mind, forgetful of the fact that in speaking your mind you must also mind how you speak. Even the most genial of souls soon surprises himself more than his friend by a snap of irritation quite foreign to his temperament. This is Africa at its old trick of fastening on its victim and tightening the tropical grip on his soul."

We refer to a previous page where Mr Crawford speaks of the living unity that prevailed when he and his two friends were on their way to Garenganze.

And a pleasing happening of that journey may here be recorded. He sent word to some German missionaries, whose station he was approaching, and they returned a paper upon which, in German, was written, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares" (Heb. xiii. 2).

The incident is delightful, and reflects credit on both sides.

The king, Msidi, was a sore trial to the missionaries. He despised them as poor, and, because poor, he suspected that they were not really "whites."

He himself lived in a cold, comfortless barn of wattle and daub with a grass roof, and, in consequence, no chimney. The idea of a chimney never entered the mind of a Luban. The first Luban who saw a fire burning upon a hearth deplored the waste of fuel as the flame leapt up the chimney, and sagely proposed to go up after it. That is, to squat upon the roof over the chimney and so obtain all the heat!

The king owned five hundred wives or more, and these were always busy cooking dainties for his consumption. Mr Crawford dined several times with the king, who evidently appreciated his individuality. Two or three black babies were allowed to sprawl on the floor, but other folk were shut out until they were invited to partake of the royal leavings. Knives and forks were not allowed; the king and his guest plunged their hands into the pot and carried the handful thus obtained to the mouth. "Once, indeed," says Mr Crawford, "I produced a pocket-knife

wherewith to aid digestion, but the startled king, alarmed at this lapse of decorum, seemed to imagine that I was going to dine off, instead of with, him. There is sense, too, in this anti-knife idea, for surely we lose our good teeth for the similar reason as the savage has beauties. Our innovation of knives and forks has done it all; you cannot have your cake and eat it, and if a knife does the work of the teeth then you lose the latter for the former."

One thing the king objected to was to shut his eyes while grace was said. He wanted to keep his eyes open just to see how it was done. Then he asked if he should not also say a grace for himself, and was refused.

Farther inland the savages plan their raids so as to arrive when a blessing is being asked or prayer offered. They say, "Yes, let us wait till they shut their eyes and pray, then when their eyes are shut we will steal their cattle." So, after prayer, making a sop of the gruel, the diners dip up the gravy and consume it in silence.

This Msidi, while unable to write a line, made a practice to scrawl zig-zag lines upon paper, sending this missive to his enemies. With it a hoe and a bag of bullets was also sent, so perhaps his meaning was discovered by those who knew his character.

One feature of the court life of this creature was his sneeze. The oftener he sneezed the longer was his life to be, because these wise men suppose that a sneeze is only the overflowing of superabundant life. If Msidi produced a successful sneeze, the delighted courtiers clapped their hands and shouted "Long live the king! Hail!"

Mr Crawford suspected a sinister meaning in this sneeze. Msidi knew how his subjects hated him, and

this sneeze was intended to warn them that he was yet alive and quite alert.

For all this he was a coward. When he could not sleep he took care no one else should have any rest, and he termed the medicines of the white men "Life Eternal." He shared the belief of his people that medicine administered to a relative would cure a sick person.

The women also had a way of their own with the missionary. They would beg for a bottle of physic, and then, emptying the contents, the bottle and cork were used to keep the snuff dry !

We have seen that Msidi owned five hundred and more wives. Nothing would content him but he must have a white wife. He sent to the Portuguese governor of St Paul de Loanda and asked for one of His Excellency's daughters, together with thirty tusks of ivory. He was refused, but the lazy Portuguese, who spend their days lounging and smoking, at length found the daughter of a Portuguese officer and delivered her to the king. It was a sale, and she was actually a slave.

The king at once felt himself equal to all the sovereigns of Europe, and assumed a name worthy of the occasion. It was rattled off at one breath, but perhaps you could not do that as well as he did. Here it is : "Telwatelewa autel wanekumuine putu ;" that is, "The always spoken of one, spoken of even in the courts of Europe."

One design Msidi had in assuming this title and arranging this marriage was to frighten the chiefs who plundered his caravans from the coast. To further increase his prestige, the king sent a load of ivory along the thousand-mile track to the sea. The ivory was to purchase cups, bowls and the like ; but, alas, the earthen-

ware was smashed by the rough carriers. Broken to atoms they were still valued ; the chips were worn as ornaments for the neck, the handles of the cups did duty as earrings.

This caravan trade had its dangers. Msidi captured the goods that were brought to him, compensating the dishonest traders by giving them lands and wives, the coast merchant losing his goods without the slightest chance of redress.

At the west coast the carriers soaked themselves in gin and were the prey of reprobates who shared the king's goods with his own men.

The Portuguese wife, whom Msidi had purchased for a few hundred pounds, laid claim to Mr Crawford as an uncle. She arrayed herself in loud velvet, arranged in voluptuous folds. Blue, red or yellow velvet formed her attire one day, to be followed on the morrow by velvet of brown or green hue, or even both ! Of course, the five hundred and more black wives envied her, and she repaid their jealousy with spite. Being white and having a fluent knowledge of the native tongue, she prompted Msidi to crimes and deeds of blood. Her charge on her deathbed to Mr Crawford was that he should see that she was buried in a white coffin, but she spurned Christ and His message of salvation. Now and then she realised her degradation. With tears in her eyes she sobbed out to Dan : " A slave ! Yes ! they sold me like a mere chattel when I was a young girl."

Msidi had a keen instinct for making money. He instituted a kind of knighthood which independent chiefs were eager to obtain.

The aspirants to this honour were gradually installed

into their honours. The shell was placed upon the toes and then a slave exchanged masters. Then to the ankle, knee, in all six ascents up to the crown of the head, the shell ascended, each stage being paid for. Despite the price paid this shell decoration was as greedily sought after by black chiefs as K.C.B. by Britons.

This Msidi was an unamiable savage. He would roar out (his people called this "his kettle boiling over"), but when intent on death he used a shrill treble.

The slave element is always degraded, and a sense of acute wrong prompts them to evil deeds. Msidi said "Slave blood is bad blood." The natives grunted out to the missionaries: "Yes, well might you praise God. He has been good to you." And when they were told about the Saviour's dying love at Calvary, Malemba interrupted a sermon about the Sacrifice at Calvary by exclaiming: "Ay, you white men were a bad lot to go and kill the Best One like that; we blacks only kill criminals. And then, far from being ashamed of what you have done, you come across the seas to tell us you did it."

This, we are told, was the feeling of the negroes in San Domingo when, as they broke out into revolt, they cried: "The whites killed the Christ, let us slay all whites."

In the mud Mission House that Mr Arnot had erected there were a number of slaves who had been redeemed by the missionaries. They had not the slightest feeling of gratitude for all that was done for them, in fact resented what was given and done in kindness.

Mr Crawford tells us of a Home where the black children captured from the Arab slave-hunters were trained and cared for. But the lady missionary was looked upon as their slave, and all that she gave and did evoked

no warm feeling of gratitude. At the back of each black heart was a grudge. They had been snatched away from their homes and native districts, and they resented to the missionary the accumulated wrongs of all those who had owned and oppressed the human chattel.

The truth is that where the Gospel has not changed the nature there are none of those fine feelings that make life so charming and bind up the wounds that sin has made in us. The meeting of the tides of passion and self-interest means agitation and suffering, and their double force increases the woe and suffering. But when once the love of God is realised, and the soul surrenders itself to the sway of the Lord Jesus Christ, then there is a change. Said one gracious saint, a sweet as wise one, too, who had long experience of life and a wide knowledge of men and things: "One thing I can never find altered—only one thing—the sense of a Rock under my feet. Waves have gone over my head; I have felt as if every grain of love to my Saviour had left me again and again, but I never can doubt, never have doubted, His love to me since I first heard of it when I was a mere baby at my mother's knee." The letter in which this paragraph occurs was marked by the recipient, "Never having doubted love." Yes, it is a grand thing to be able to say, "One who has never doubted the love of Jesus." But that is what but few of us can say.

One scene made a big impression upon Mr Crawford. One of Msidi's servants who had been sent out to plunder a neighbouring nation returned, having slain many and captured more as slaves.

All the capital went mad with anticipations of revelry. Old grudges were forgotten, the slaves drinking themselves



MISSION HOUSE, KATLOWE, BELGIAN CONGO.



CROSSING A RIVER, BELGIAN CONGO. PHOTO BY MR. CRAWFORD.

drunk with barley wine. The drivers roared, the drink waggons lumbered in, the sheep and oxen devoted to slaughter added their cries to the hubbub. The king was carefully arrayed by his servile chiefs. Thirty yards of calico were swathed around him, the shells of honour placed above his head, while from his neck there dangled a necklace of scissors, mirrors and other like valuables. While the robing was in progress, messengers from the victor arrived, one after the other, to remind the king of the deeds of prowess done by the commander and his other claims to honour that should not be forgotten.

At last the auspicious moment dawned. Msidi was borne aloft in state upon a zebra-skin palanquin, by the united strength of more than a hundred slaves, so great a man was he, the drummers beating their best in response to the war-song that told of the approach of the conquering army. These dashed forward, each bearing a putrid skull, the while they had a sham fight with clashing weapons. Then strutted in the general followed by the captives, headed by the chiefs, who were followed by poorer victims. Most of these were females, the men having been killed. Heaps of decapitated heads, covered with flies, were an object of interest to the spectators. They noticed one warrior had three heads tied together—dangling from his mouth. After the king had placed his foot upon these heads there was sham fighting, followed up by Msidi dancing. Next followed eating, drinking, quarrelling, and after that more executions of helpless victims.

Polygamy in Garenganze as elsewhere proved an evil root; it produced suspicion, and to be suspected even a little meant instant execution to the women of the

king's harem. Msidi was his own spy and detective, and at once slew any wife whose manners did not please him; he exulted in his own brutality.

Now and again a woman was found who dared to confront the tyrant. One woman even ventured to hint that women had some rights, and of course a rival wife repeated her awful claim. Msidi, in a mild mood, called his disobedient spouse a silly goat for entertaining such ideas and retailing them. She, retaining her opinion, but with some dash of prudence, rejoined: "Yes, my lord, but even the goats are a model marriage, for the female has as good a pair of horns as the billy." At which there was silence, but silence with Msidi was always indicative of murderous meditation.

Yet we are told that there is a kind of Freemasons' club to look after women's rights, but these will never be admitted or claimed until the Gospel exerts its blessed influence over both sexes, and creates for both a home.

One offence, Mr Crawford tells us, he committed against the king's majesty. The missionary actually went to call upon the emperor king wearing a pair of spectacles. This was a serious offence, because it affronted the black man's curiosity and desire to know. A man who puts glasses before his eyes thereby prevents the negro from fishing out the secrets, the thoughts and intents that are hidden in the depths of the eye. Besides which, the black, having neither match nor candle, much less a lamp, has the eyesight of an animal and does not require the aid of an optician.

Yet in Africa now and then a lamp or even a lucifer would be handy, as when Mr Crawford took shelter in a hut just as the thunder burst out and the rain came

down as a deluge. Then he heard a hiss, and a flash of lightning showed that he shared the shelter with a large green snake, which blocked the doorway. The white man pulled down the grass side of the hut, preferring the rain to a shelter with a deadly snake as his companion.

The negro calls his ears "the sharpeners," or "spiked ears," and the darkness of night is no check to his hearing approaching danger.

Msidi was changeable; one day he declined to accept from Mr Crawford a salute, and turned his back, muttering murder the while. "White men indeed!" he grunted. "Why, out East they killed several white men—and——"

Then his mood changed, and at the next interview he spat a mouthful of beer into Mr Crawford's face. This was a compliment as well as an act of worship and kinship.

Not long after this, Msidi, resolving upon making a water-bottle such as never before had been seen, flayed a man and made a water-bottle of his tanned skin. The human skin, we are told, is called the seamless robe by Lubans.

Msidi, fierce enough when he had to deal with wives and courtiers, was very humble when his blacksmiths called upon him. These were celibates, religious in their diet and conduct. When they were feeding their furnaces everyone must shut his door and keep out of sight. For they regard the smelting and working as God's work, and consider that they are God's instruments. One dreadful practice honoured all around was the killing of many people at the death of a chief or leading man.

One chief, whose ears had been cut off, was driven to

take refuge in a cave. This cave had been prepared as a shelter, and in it were stores of firewood and of food. The pursuers commenced to close the outlet. First they piled huge rocks against the mouth of the cave, and then they erected a bank of earth over the stones, so as to quite shut out the air.

Then, after three weeks, there was heard the wail of a woman : " Oh, let me out ; do let me out. We are all dead men." The voice was recognised, and, when questioned, the woman offered to permit her hands and feet to be cut off if it were found that she had lied. At length she was allowed to creep out of her prison, she and two other half-dead women. They told a pitiful tale. First the food was consumed, then the firewood failed. Then, first gun-barrels, after them the tusks of ivory, were used as fuel, and then came death from cold and starvation. But nobody cared, for conscience may be seared, and after a while deeds of infamy often practised are rather admired than condemned.

Msidi had so long defied defeat that he scarcely imagined it likely that he would ever cease to conquer. But one day a Mr Sharpe came to him and offered him the protection of Great Britain. Msidi refused, and then, after Mr Sharpe had departed, sent after him to reopen the negotiations.

At this critical moment the Belgians came, under conduct of Captain Stairs, an Englishman. He had intercepted Msidi's letter to Sharpe, and for four hours plied the tyrant with arguments, asking him to hoist the Belgian flag. Msidi refused, but offered to display the flag of England.

When the rest of the Belgian forces arrived, Msidi

found that not England but the Congo Free State was to be his suzerain. He was angry, and temporised. But in spite of him the Belgians hoisted their flag, whereupon Msidi ran away to a country town. He was soon followed. The Belgian force halted at the town gate and sent four head men to him with an ultimatum. They did not return, and, after waiting for an hour, Captain Bodson entered the town alone. He found Msidi surrounded by his armed followers, who also held the head men as prisoners. Bodson advances, when the king strikes at him with a long sword. Bodson at once shoots him. The king's guards fire, and Bodson falls, shouting, "I have killed a tiger! Long live the King."

The Belgian troops at the gate of the town, hearing the firing, rushed in and cut off Msidi's head. "I happened," says one, "to glance at the dead man's face. It seemed to wear a mocking smile, which somehow wasn't easily forgotten."

"Even in death," says Mr Crawford, "the last look he left on his face was a perfect picture of that curious career of his, the wolf and the pig still struggling together in the dead features—Satan's signature indeed. His head—and he was proud of it—was shaped as I have seen no other man's, the bumps towering away like Alps on Alps, marking him off as one capable of doing wild, wicked things. Ever since I have known him a look of cunning craftiness clung to his shrivelled features, his general demeanour overbearing and haughty."

The fact is Msidi was deeply in love with his sins, and had come into that condition when he could not repent. It is true there were moments when he listened to Mr

Arnot with some appreciation, but it was more the attraction of the preacher's goodness than a desire to be saved. He, alas, had reached that awful position: "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

That is the danger of delaying to decide for Christ. After a while the habit of dallying grows upon one and then one ceases to feel the influence of the Holy Spirit, and, hardened and impenitent, dies unforgiven.

This is the accepted time and now is the day of Salvation. This very moment; more you cannot count upon. Use now—it is all you have.

In Sweden a man sat by the roadside reading, a little child near him. He was reading in the New Testament. He was greeted and said, "Six times have I read the chapter. If there's such a Father to be found, the Prodigal sits here by the wayside."

There is such a Father, and when a Prodigal says, "I will arise and go unto my Father," there is joy in the presence of the angels of God and deep delight in the heart of the restored prodigal.

CHAPTER VI

THE CITY BUILT ABOVE THE WATER

Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand outstretched to shield us,
All must be well.

He who in His hour of sorrow,
Bore the curse alone ;
I through all the lonely desert
Trode where He has gone.
He and I in that bright glory,
One deep joy shall share ;
Mine, to be for ever with Him ;
His, that I am there.

“ If you want to be useful to others, seek Jesus much and often.”

MSIDI being dead, his son was appointed chief under the Belgian magistrate. The Belgians, as overlords, did their very best to disperse the people that gathered upon the stretch of sandy soil, barren and cold, that was walled in by two rocky ridges. There was wisdom in this action, for the population of the capital had been largely maintained by raiding, and its supplies had been drawn from unwilling vassals. And the massing of such a multitude, fed upon slaughter, constituted a menace that sooner or later must lead to combat.

Hence the Mission moved to Lofoi valley, about two miles down the stream, and next the Belgian fort. The

feelings of the missionaries thus shifted were not altogether pleasant, for they could not but feel that their efforts were not apparently successful.

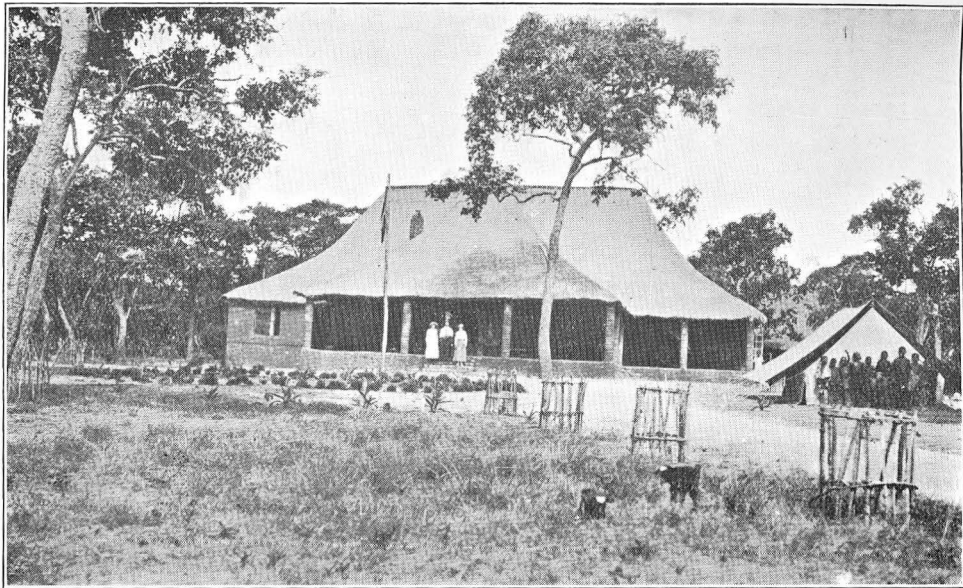
Mr Crawford, however, writes cheerfully thus :

“ Just then, while musing on the efforts proved in vain to convert, God gave me my first soul. It was a wild man who had been one of Msidi's executioners. His name was Smish, and he, converted, won two elders for Christ, so true it is that no one has really come to Christ who does not seek to win the love of others for Him. ‘ Jesus,’ says one, ‘ is such a Saviour to have done so little for.’ ”

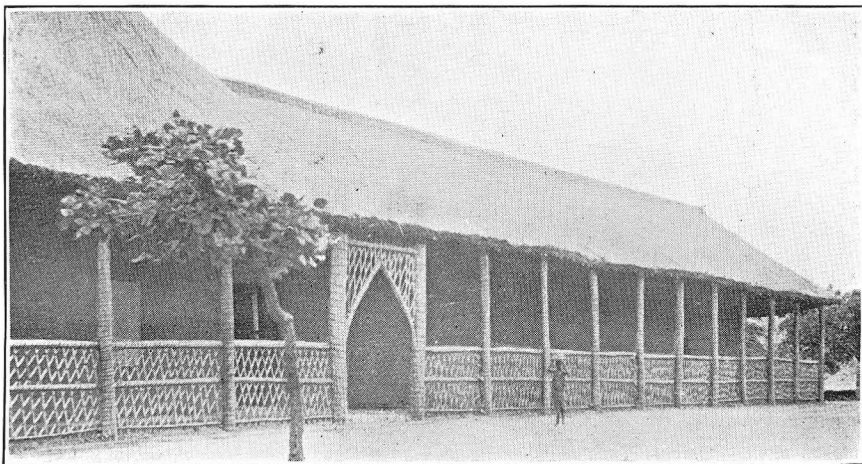
Mr Crawford, when leaving the capital, lost his way in the long grass. He had lingered, saying farewell to one and another and the caravan had passed out of his sight. Then Smish came out of the grass and showed him the path through the tangle. Hitherto that man “ had listened to the Gospel gingerly and with tight-shut lips ; no effusive reply, but rather a constrained look of reflection.”

It appears that, long before, when he put to death a young mother with her babe, the poor woman took the child and sobbed out : “ Oh, deal kindly with my bairn.” As he tore the child from the woman its cry for its mother stabbed his heart, and he never quite forgot that dreadful scene. Now the grace of God led him to true repentance and faith in Christ. He became an elder in the Church and walked humbly before his God.

Mrs Crawford, on her arrival at Lake Mweru, taught Smish first-aid, and so he went travelling about with a pack, binding up wounds, cleansing and doctoring ulcers. With a linen bag over his shoulders he visited the villages,



MR. ANTON'S HOUSE AT CHIBAMBO, BELGIAN CONGO.



BIBLE SCHOOL AT LUANZA, BUILT BY MR. CRAWFORD

reminding the people of his past and telling them that now he was a Christian he was willing to wash out and bind their sores.

His end was peaceful. Smish lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, "Father, my journey is done ; I come."

By now they had cradled their Mission at the foot of a great range of hills. They were all asleep when a flood burst upon them, its sounding roar warning the hamlets against which it flung its force. In the wild conflict of the waters mothers lost sight of their children, and all struggled to gain a foothold out of the reach of the surging waves. Shrieks of "Water ! Fly ! The death has come !" were drowned in the boom of the torrent that in ten minutes had risen waist high. The people stood on ant-hills, but the water still rapidly gained upon them.

Messrs Crawford and Thompson, after they had rushed about in the waters, attempting to save the people, began to look after their property. Then, in dripping garments, they sat astride upon the grass roof of their hut. They had much difficulty in keeping awake, but to fall asleep they knew would be fatal. A crescent moon showed them that only the tops of the banana trees were above the water. Everywhere the flood glistened in the cold moonlight. At length the sun rose, and then they saw herds of antelopes crowding each other for standing room on the little ant-hills. Swimming snakes with erect heads and fangs threatening swam about, while crocodiles revelled in this new chance of killing. A thousand rats were drowning in the flood.

Three days elapsed before the waters abated, and more than a week passed before anyone could move in the mud

and swamp left by the flood. When they did venture into the Mission House the smell of decayed food and slime drove them back.

Soon there came a change in their duties, for the Belgian captain started with a force to subdue the Arabs, who from the east were threatening an attack.

Mr Crawford was asked to take charge of the fort, and there for a time he stood on guard, not fighting, but in control.

The Belgians, having conquered the Arabs, enrolled them as soldiers. This proved anything but a blessing, for these soldiers were allowed to do much as they pleased. In one case they surprised a town, and hundreds of helpless little children were handed over to these cruel men.

These children were almost all sold to be eaten. One sentinel shot his father who had advanced in spite of a warning, and had unwittingly been shot. The sentinel allowed his comrades to eat the corpse of his father !

Then the drummer of a regiment disappeared ; he was found dead beside a half-consumed corpse. Yet these cannibals regarded the whites who ate fowls as horrible brutes.

The state of native feeling will be seen from the following incident. Some women were appointed to take the village tribute to a chief. He, with an expression of regret that he was unable to give them a goat for soup, sent them a boy to kill and eat.

But the question as to the permanent site of the Mission had yet to be settled. Apart from the dispersion of the population from what had once appeared such a favourable field there had grown up among the subjects

of Garenganze (or Katanga, as it was now called) suspicion, if not worse, against the missionaries. Says Mr Baker: "A section of the people looked upon the conquest of their country as a very clever piece of deception and generalship from the time of the arrival of the first missionary in the country to the cutting off of Msidi's head."

Mr Crawford and some men set out towards the red hills of Kundelungu. In their travels they met a chief who kept a hundred hunting dogs. This business-like leader sent two of his sleek young sons with Mr Crawford to see the great lake and river. The next day, while *en route*, a house was struck by lightning, the owner describing the disaster as "God coming down with red eyes."

In these mountains the settlers use a tall bamboo as a lightning conductor. Their idea is that lightning is not a fluid, but a red dragon that rages the skies and much approves of a bamboo rod.

The pathway through this region was very skilfully concealed. Trees were felled and laid across the road to give the idea that there was no road through the thicket. Under these trees the natives themselves easily creep and wriggle, and thus make their way where there appears to be no path. In passing through grass they walk backwards, and carefully restore the bent blades so that no one would suspect, much less detect, that a traveller had passed that way.

After a while the track was found more readily. There saplings cut obliquely and left half-severed, indicated the path, and thus they sprang upon the mountain dwellers unawares. At first the mountaineers held bow

and poisoned arrows ready, but after a little talk they became more friendly. All over the rocks were little colonies like rabbit warrens swarming with people, alert and warlike.

Fourteen years afterwards there came a man to the Mission House from these people. He carried a string with thirty knots in it. Each knot represented a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. A visit from the missionaries proved that this was true, the majority of the believers being women. In later years these women proved the most successful and diligent evangelists. They thought nothing of an eight or ten-mile walk to tell what they had learned from the best of all Teachers. Many of these untiring evangelists were aged women. God can use even the feeble and unequipped if there be a true desire to serve Him.

These heights were not without their dangers. A man was picking his way down a precipice, testing every foothold, for the ledges were slippery. A lion crept after him, the man being too intent upon his footsteps to dare to look behind. The lion eagerly leapt across two chasms at two bounds. Then, madly leaping at the man, the lion slipped and dashed down the precipice, which was hundreds of feet deep. The next day he was found dead; every bone smashed by the fall.

After much toil at last they came in sight of Lake Mweru. Of this expanse we are told that "it is a beautiful sheet of water, and the hills around are covered with wild forests."

They found that the chief to whom they were heading was preparing to fight the Arabs, who were slave-dealers as well as slave-hunters. These warriors, who were about

to start on a defensive expedition, quite rejected the doctrine Mr Crawford brought them. They did not want Christ and refused to believe in His sacrifice. "No black man could believe in such a God," said a dying man.

Three days the explorers were lost as they struck across the untracked country. They went through a forest called by the natives "the plantation of God," where, said a native, as they marched through the heavy dew, "God is good, for the thickest dew in Africa falls in hardest drought."

About noon they came across an army of elephants, £10,000 worth of ivory, and some of it of singular form. The tusks were of different shapes and colours; one elephant had a tusk curved downwards. A great bull led the army as, stamping ahead, they crushed down the jungle, thus making a broad avenue right up to the heights in the distance where showed the goal.

The negroes claim to have a sixth sense, so that they can smell their way along and also get at the thoughts and ideas of other people. They suggest that with them all the ordinary senses unite and that their collective force is this sixth sense. The probability is that, having no books to distract his attention, the whole force of the negro intellect is given to the things which to him appear all important.

In some things, such as woodcraft, they are certainly wonderful. With them woodcraft is a wonderful instinct. Without compass or map they pick their way, the while alert to see and remember the points and characteristics of the journey. Suppose the traveller drops his compass in the bush, the negro will recall all the stages of the long journey, recalling the twists, loops and winding

tracks. He remembers the shape of the ant-hill, the sycamore that is hollow, and the place where the clump of bamboos stand out. After all it is only a case of observation and keeping the mind intent upon the business on hand.

Success in every land depends upon this capacity of observing trifles that are of real importance. The failure often arises from walking with a mind preoccupied and with unseeing eyes, missing the chance and opportunity that never comes again.

As they went along, their meal-bags empty, the carriers followed the honey bird, and after an absence of two or three hours from the camp, spent by the leaders in waiting, they returned with a good supply of honey.

Mr Arnot, while at Katanga, was in the woods with a native friend. The call of a honey bird attracted them. They appreciated honey and followed the bird that went before them, calling out loudly. They went but a little way when the bird paused at a tall tree in which it perched repeating its cry. The two men examined the tree, hoping to find the honey, but they looked for it in vain. While thus busy, out of the grass at their feet, close to the tree, sprang a leopard, but by divine mercy, instead of attacking them it made off. The bird had enticed the travellers to the lair of the leopard.

So there are those who lure others to evil indulgences, carnal pleasures, or the empty attractions that this world offers. Alas, too many, as Solomon long ago saw, follow the call, and the end of their quest is death. The wise man, speaking about the paths that lead to destruction, says, "Avoid them, pass not by them, but keep to the narrow way that leads on to life."

The explorers having recovered, the honey gatherers again pressed forward, and after a while they detected a tiny track that led them into a thick forest. The larger acacia here was in full blossom, and through the flowery avenue they made their way until they emerged into cultivated fields.

They first sighted a small lake, Musengeshi, and sailed round it, and then came to a fisherman's hut. This fisherman was more than usually ill-smelling. (Mr Crawford says the odour of an African crowd is that of a bad drain.) He shook his head at the questioner, evidently puzzled. Yet he gave (for full value) two fine fat fowls, but he absolutely refused to have anything to do with the Gospel. Mr Crawford pleasantly said: "Well, I have come a long way to tell you about Jesus. I want to allure you to a brighter world, and show the way." The crabby fisherman at once retorted, "You had better get out of my way and then mine will be a brighter world because without you."

This, the old fisherman, was the man from whom they wished to hire canoes, which he had carefully concealed. The old man, irritated and cantankerous, started a wrangle—he intended to know why these white men wanted to go sailing and whither they were bound.

The while the dirty fisherman talked, Mr Crawford could see, afar off in mid-lake, the Arabs' den. Little canoes from it were darting hither and thither. The question was how, when the canoes were obtained, were they to slip across the lake without being stopped by these slavers. There were the other Arabs as bad and as powerful behind them—the problem was how to avoid both these robber bands.

At last they obtained the canoes and set out on a voyage of discovery, sailing over the unknown waters. One of the rowers, looking at the skyline that stretched far away, vast and mysterious, observed as if musing, "Who ever fought successfully with God? He killeth even aristocrats."

On they went, pressing through dense flocks of waterfowl that leapt into the air as the canoes drew near them. They secured some as food, but a spur-wing goose falling nearly killed a canoe-man—its spur being like a poniard. There were pelicans, salmon-pink, grey and white; whistling tree-ducks, lily trotters (whatever they are), herons and the lordly flamingo. They also met a stork that had been liberated in Prussia on the 5th of July.

The scouts of the Arabs came close up to them and inspected the canoes, but while they went back to report to their chief about the intruders, the pioneers slipped away. Thereupon Shimba, the Arab chief, went off and burned the village of the evil-smelling fisherman, and carried him away a prisoner in chains.

News of this raid coming to the Belgian fort, a small force came to the lake, but were repulsed by the Arabs, who were not only expert but unfair fighters.

On went the canoes and watchfully; as they rowed they caught sight of the remnants of a Union Jack fluttering in the breeze. Then Mr Crawford met an Englishman who had come from the Indian Ocean, and in his little fort they talked all the night through. The stranger gave Mr Crawford a shirt, hose and medicines. Then at length, when it came out how lonely this man was, did Dan Crawford press upon him the value and claims of the Lord Jesus Christ. He candidly says: "Too often



A GROUP OF EARLY WORKERS AT LUANZA.



CONFERENCE GROUP, KALEBA.

Back Row—Miss Elliot, Mrs. Higgins, Mrs. Turner (L.M.S.), Mrs. Anton.
 Second Row—Mr. Higgins, Mr. Crawford, Mrs. W. Lammond, Mrs. G. W. Sims, Mrs. Crawford
 (with Gwen Sims), Mr. Anton.
 Third Row—Mr. M'Kenzie, Mr. W. Lammond, Mrs. Last.
 Front Row—Mr. Ellis, Tommy Higgins, Mr. G. W. Sims, Mr. Last.

it is a fact that this Africa robs a Christian man of his victor's song, and leaves him a broken-spirited jumble of distraction." Alas, this is true here at home, but need it be so? This was in 1893.

Then the canoes rounded the north shore of the lake, going westward. They stopped as night fell and the rowers made graves in the sand, and lay in them to sleep, out of the reach of the waves as well as beyond the leaping tongues of their own fires.

While thus waiting for slumber many were the talks that Mr Crawford had and overheard. Said one of the men, a lad of sixteen years, that when he lived in the far East, among the Romanists, he had heard about God, but his family had moved to British rule, and, asked he, "Whoever heard of God among the English?" A terrible indictment of those of our countrymen who went to Africa for sport or for trade.

One Roman Catholic boy, pointing to the brass crucifix, said, "I wear God round my neck," a practical proof of what wearing such things means; yet they are worn even in the British Isles.

At length they reached the north-west shore of Lake Mweru, and there the tiny chief made tall talk about himself and his proprietary rights. But Mr Crawford had a Scotman's tact in dealing with such folk, and eventually an agreement was reached. On the following day the chief and his retinue climbed the bluff that overlooks the lake and arranged themselves around a noble tree. Then the chief with a genial nod cut a large square in the tree. Mr Crawford fired a bullet into this space, then the chief also placed a bullet near it, and thus the conveyancing was complete.

The cliff thus purchased rose like a wall from the shores of the lake. Upon the summit was a flat space, while behind a range of hills sheltered the spot from the wild west winds.

Upon this flat space, Luanza, a Christian town, was planned, and in due course of time erected. About a hundred and thirty men, women and children came from Msidi's capital. Mr Crawford soon was joined by Mr Dugald Campbell, and in 1896 by Miss Grace Tilsley of Bath, to whom he was married on 14th September 1896. One child of this family sleeps in the cemetery. The eldest son died, but the second son is alive, and Dr Tilsley, Mrs Crawford's brother, is now resident in Luanza as a medical missionary. With Miss Tilsley came a steel sailing-boat in ribs and plates, sent by friends who knew Mr Crawford in Greenock.

Long before Mr Arnot, talking with Mr Crawford, had pointed out on the map the region where Luanza stands, and said, "The man who goes there will be a real pioneer on virgin soil."

In November 1894 Mr Arnot came to Luanza to bring supplies and endeavour to find a shorter route to the east coast. He says:

"I recognised quite a number of old faces among the natives who had built at Mweru. One young man, who had been a faithful friend to Crawford, was one of Msidi's junior executioners (*see* reference on page 106). He said to himself, after the cruel execution of the woman and child, 'What the missionaries say about me must be true, I am indeed a very wicked man.' At one of the meetings he stood up and publicly confessed that 'now he knew the blood of Jesus was sufficient for the

washing away of a black man's sins as well as those of a white man.' He told us that for months he had been wrestling with the devil, who kept telling him that, 'A black sinner like him, a shedder of innocent blood, could not hope to be forgiven as easily as a good white man.' Poor people! I am afraid their early notions about 'the good white men' have been sadly upset in these remote parts since those days, so that the devil has been robbed of at least one argument. Far from making it our business—as some of our enemies say we do—to persuade the black man that he is as good as the white men, we have often enough to do to prove that he is as bad as the white men, and in need of the same Saviour."

The after life of Smish proved that this confession by the lake was real. The story, too, of how he got over the difficulty of having five wives, as told by Mr Crawford, is most interesting. Finding that Mr Crawford was not prepared to advise him what to do, and only persisted in assuring him that God knew, and by His Holy Spirit would enlighten him, he went home and did not come again for advice. Calling his wives together, he said that if one were willing to remain with him he would divide all his property between the four. One chose to abide as a poor man's wife, and the others gladly carried off their portions to their paternal villages.

The African Lakes Corporation was formed soon after this to put down slavery and promote the civilisation that the missionaries aimed at introducing.

As time went by other natives rallied to the missionaries, and along the bluff a street of healthy and clean houses was built. The break with heathenism was intended to be complete, and it brought with it many material comforts.

The Gospel always does. It first puts a man right with God and, that accomplished, he is right with God's laws and appointments and finds that even in temporal things he is helped by power divine.

Mr Crawford's native name was now changed to "Kinga Vantu," that is, "the Gatherer of the People," a significant title.

One interesting incident was the liberation of Msidi's daughter. This child was on a visit to her mother's people when the Belgians took over her country. Raiders carried her off. She was unfitted for the toil of the road, when she was redeemed and became a Christian.

The success of the Mission appears from the following incidents. A boy was anxious to come to Luanza, but his uncle refused to allow him to go. Said the lad, "You may tie me up, you may sell me, but I *will* go and learn about the words of God."

Another boy was overheard talking to a playmate. Said he, "The words of God are good words. I must know more about them. They tell they will beat me, but what if they do. They cannot take the words out of my heart."

A native named Sanje was a very successful worker among his own people. A lady in Scotland, hearing about what he did for the Gospel, offered to pay him a salary, so that instead of earning his bread all his time might be devoted to evangelisation. He refused the offer and continued his labours without fee or reward. Mr Crawford, thinking that he ought to share in the gifts sent for the support of the Mission, made Sanje a present of sixteen yards of calico, wherewith to clothe his family. Sanje did not like to hurt his friend, and

took time to consider what to do. Meanwhile he shot an antelope, which, when cut up, yielded him sufficient money to pay for sixteen yards of calico. He at once returned Mr Crawford's gift, saying, "It is evidently God's will that I should preach Christ to my people without even the appearance of taking pay from the white men."

And it was not always an easy task to face dangers real enough, and these in addition to the ordinary troubles of life. Thus at Bihé a missionary, when a mad dog entered the village, bravely stopped it and attempted to strangle it. He was bitten several times and died in agonies, a martyr to the cause of Jesus.

O Happy Home, where each one serves Thee truly,
 Whate'er the appointed task may be,
 Till every common task seems great and holy,
 When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee.

CHAPTER VII

THE WORK THAT NEVER CEASED AND NEVER FAILED

Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth,
Just to draw a moment's power
As it needeth.

Through all the land let every hand
Give service to the Master,
They work best who remember that
Well prayed is well begun,
Each living thought with action fraught
Will speed the victory faster.

When in doubt do the Enterprising thing.

—Sir FOWELL BUXTON.

THE coming of Mrs Crawford marked a great advance in the Mission. Gifted with medical knowledge, she used her skill to enforce the Gospel. One case won for her fame. A certain huge man, going to hunt, filled his gun-barrel with bullets. Of course the rebound, when it burst back, rent and tore his arm. For two years he suffered much from native charms. Then Mrs Crawford, after administering chloroform, amputated the arm, and thus gave the man ease.

Another case was that of Walepa, whose arm also was cut off, yet he managed to kill an elephant. Walepa, hearing that elephants were wont to drink at a river within reach, set out with his brother to locate them.

Climbing a tree that overhung the path, he balanced a spear over the trail. Next, to ensure a steady aim, he climbed with a gourd of water, his brother crouching below.

Then he dropped the water until it struck his brother's backbone. Carefully he now pointed the spear, and descended to wait events. Within an hour the elephants are heard, lumbering through the bush. The leading bull trumpets as he scents the water. As he does so the barbed spear descends, and the monster crashes down dead. The ivory alone was worth sixty guineas and the meat was most acceptable to the blacks, who have no very refined tastes.

Then on 5th January 1907 came another visit from Mr Arnot, and his account will show what a great amount of steady work had been put into the field to show such a harvest.

Says Mr Arnot: "The whole school came down to meet us, and this was the beginning of their boisterous welcome awaiting us all the way up the hill from hundreds of young and old. The Crawfords have a delightful wattle-and-daub house, thoroughly African, and yet most comfortable and homelike. To describe Luanza and to give any idea of the changes that have been brought about since my last visit thirteen years ago would be a long task. *Then* Arab slave-raiders were scattering the people, compelling Mr Crawford from being a wandering cane-forest and swamp missionary, to reside more or less in one place, and to gather around him the hunted and homeless tribes of Lake Mweru. *Now*, first we have here the inner circle of baptized believers, numbering forty-five, including several chiefs; second, a large

company of professing Christians and listeners, varying from five hundred to a thousand, meeting in the circular schoolroom ; third, the day school of over two hundred scholars, as well as several village schools—all too many at present for the teachers available.

“ Messrs Crawford and Sims are anxious to push on with the school work. Having now the New Testament and other reading books in Che-Luba, the time seems to have come for extending the system of village schools broadcast, for only in this way will the work of the Evangelist be supported by the written word in the minds of the people. Old fetish superstitions are crumbling away ; Arab invasion and Mohammedanism have been checked ; and the European powers are not opposed.”

Concerning the new settlement at Luanza, Mr Arnot said : “ It was fortunate they were forced out. It was hoped that Garenganze might be supplied from the west coast, and therefore they opened stations on this route.

“ But a portorage of 1200 miles through a hostile country, with risks of war and the robberies of petty tyrants, are not to be ignored.

“ And the Congo Free State are likely to close the west country trade route, so it is as well they are within reach of the east coast.

“ Now a railway runs up from the south three parts of the way, and soon a direct line of rails will shorten the distance from the interior to the sea.

“ Why is it that we seem so backward, so unwilling as a Church to advance and occupy these wholly unoccupied fields ? After all, Bihé, Chokwe, Kavungu, Kazombo, Kalunda, Kalene, Koni, Luanza, Johnston



LUANZA FROM THE HILL.
The village of Luanza lies a few hundred feet up the hill from Lake Mweru, and commands a wonderful view of the lake, which is about 100 miles long and 30 miles wide.



BOAT ON LAKE MWERU.

The Crossing of Lake Mweru is sometimes a perilous undertaking, as the boat is only a dug out, that is, a tree which has been hollowed out, and being rounded on the keel, rolls with every motion.

Falls are only thresholds to vast regions where the success of the few ought to encourage the many to follow on and surpass."

Reference has been made to the New Testament, which was now in the hands of the natives, speaking to them in their own tongue. Said one of them: "I was startled to find that Christ could speak Chiluba. I heard Him speak out of the printed page, and what He said was, 'Follow Me.'"

That Testament was printed at Livingstonia. Says Mr Crawford: "Of Dr Laws of the Livingstonia settlement we are told that the printing office which supplied literature for all the stations and for other Missions in Central Africa was a department in which he took the greatest interest." Says his biographer: "One of the largest jobs he undertook and one which gave him unspeakable joy was the printing of the Luban New Testament for Mr Dan Crawford of the Garenganze Mission, who was his guest for the greater part of a year while it was passing through the press." The author of *Thinking Black* had a great regard for the "sunny, hospitable doctor," and for Mrs Laws, "the mother of us all, who in rain and shine has battled on more than any." He said: "'The doctor is a man whereof we all say, I thank God for every remembrance of him.' Shut in as I have been for about sixteen years, with no furlough, it was the thought of a Laws in the east, a Coillard in the south, and a Currie in the far west that stiffened my back in loneliness many a time. The blight of Africa is work of the mushroom type. It was the good Dr Laws who cut into the lotus life of the negro and made him honour hard work. Livingstonia more

than any place has tabooed a mere mist of fine words. The so-called industrialism is a deep remedial force, operating for all that is good and healthy." He calls the Mission "God's lighthouse of Livingstonia shining true." And lighthouse is the true metaphor to symbolise Dr Law's work out there; lighthouses do not ring bells and fire cannons to call attention to their shining; they just shine out. Likewise Livingstonia."

After the New Testament had been set up in type, corrected, stereotyped, printed, and then bound, all by negro labour, Mr Crawford sent a band of his workers to fetch the first parcel of completed books. It took them six weeks to travel from Luanza to Livingstonia. They remained a day or two seeing the wonders the Gospel had wrought. Then, taking up their bales, they went back along the old slave track, carrying with them the Book that tells of freedom and gives it to all who will believe. "Behold to-day," said Mr Crawford, "the grand sight of the Testament caravan twisting down the hillside—a singing band of young negroes. When I called over the names, and asked: 'Nobody sick on the road?' 'Sick,' remonstrated the lads, 'the Testament does not give disease.'"

Some time after this Dr Laws, accompanied by Dr Chisholm, went to inspect the Mission stations at Tanganyika, where some trouble had arisen. Then they went to visit Mr Dan Crawford's home. One day the doctor was introduced to a number of Luban cannibals, who looked, he thought, somewhat inquisitively at him. They so impressed his carriers that their chief song afterwards on the road was: "We have been with people who eat their fellow-men."

Dr Laws addressed the workers, and years after, at a service, one of them thus recalled the visitor: "There came one day to our lake a great man who preached of God, the same one this is of whom the rumour has travelled far into the interior that he alone of all men made water to run up a steep hill. Well, he spoke to us the words of God and I forget all he said except one line, and that line I shall never forget. Once, twice, and yet again the Sing'ana said: 'The wages of sin are death, but the gift of God is eternal life.'"

One great assistance to the Mission was the schooner sent from Greenock, which rendered it possible for the missionaries to visit the tribes clustered here and there around the lake. For some six months the wind blew from the south-west, and came over the lake, making navigation rather difficult, but as the heat was then great, this was a relief to the dwellers on the plateau.

Towards October great winds blew, accompanied by torrential rains. The fishermen who used the lake had boats with a high prow and a stern that was level with the waves. The rowing was the reverse of ours. The rower faced the prow and pulled to himself.

In mid-lake there is a ceremony known as the cursing. The fisherman who did this named all the men who had been drowned in Lake Mweru, cursing them with all his might for fear they should attempt to drag him beneath the waves.

Next he challenged all the dead chiefs who had lived upon the sea-shore, and each curse was emphasised by blows on the side of the boat. And the fish caught were cursed, and cursed again while they were being cooked.

After he has landed he praises a bit, for he feels that he has done well to curse demons.

While he is busy catching and cursing fish, the fisherman's wife at home must not answer a knock at the door or see anyone. She must not raise her hand to a shelf, must not shake hands with anyone, must not cook food or admit a stranger to her hut.

Truly a life of terror, which is made more by the cursing and the foolish restrictions.

In the lake, at the north end, where the river resumes its course, a family or tribe of hippos have taken up their abode. They are guardians of the right of way. The old leader definitely hunts men, smashes their canoes and injures the men.

In 1912 Mr Crawford published *Thinking Black*, a book quite out of the usual tone and style. It was himself in black and white, and at once secured notice and comment, not always favourable

In it he tells the truth about the African and about his country, and without a doubt he aroused interest in quarters that do not much trouble themselves about missionaries.

Through the Long Grass, his latest book, was mainly about David Livingstone, for whom Dan Crawford entertained immense admiration.

The following extract from a book not published in England will tell its own tale.

In *The Book of Personal Work*, by Dr Faris (George Doran Company, New York), there is a short chapter entitled "The Most Important Task." It says: "Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the American tour of Dan Crawford the African missionary, made in

1914, was his intense earnestness. Always he seemed to have the feeling that the time at his disposal for Christian work was brief at best, and that he must work every possible minute, even if he robbed himself of sleep and recreation in the process." W. R. Moody wrote to the *British Weekly* of one phase of this unceasing activity :

"In railway trains, in private houses, in hotels and everywhere, Mr Crawford has been indefatigable in his labours in seeking to bring men and women to a personal knowledge of Christ as their personal Saviour. There are scores, if not hundreds, of those whose lives he has touched who have become conscious of a man who lives his life according to standards with which they have been heretofore unfamiliar, to whom the unseen world and spiritual verities are a constant reality."

The writer, Dr Faris, continues : "From Japan comes the story of a missionary who was just as thoroughgoing in his personal presentation of Christ to those he met. Once, while on a railway journey, he was talking with an educated native about a great scandal that had recently disgraced the country. Quickly and skilfully the missionary turned the conversation until he was presenting Christ as the cure for all such evils in national and personal life. The conversation led the native to study Christianity. Soon he became a Christian."

Here, although it is not quite in the order of time, this letter, written by Mr Crawford to friends at home in August 1925, will give a good example of Dan Crawford's methods, consecration and earnestness :

“ LUANZA MISSION,
 “ *via* ELIZABETHVILLE,
 “ *via* CAPE TOWN,
 “ CONGO BELGE.
 “ *August 1925.*

“ ‘ HATS OFF TO THE PAST! COATS OFF TO THE FUTURE!’
 (*Luanza Slogan.*)

“ DEAR FRIEND,

“ *Index of Contents.*—As is perhaps inevitable under the circumstances, I shall seek to clarify this chronicle by telling you the contents thereof: (1) at the quarter’s end you have the incoming outposts; (2) then you have the Lake-setting of their sphere of service; (3) then comes a sidelight on the life they have been saved from; (4) then you reach a new phase of my personal service in house-to-house visitation; (5) then you glimpse the power of evil spirits; (6) then about two kings and their curious non-Christian notions; (7) lastly, more about our blessed dead.

“ *What is happening here.*—I am all flushed up by the quarterly incoming of our black gospellers with their ‘reports.’ They being fresh likewise freshens me up, yes, for I am that kind. I cannot go on like a mere machine. I must get fresh enduement from on high. I must be bright or I cannot touch God’s holy things. Is it not written both in The Book and in our bones, ‘Take heed unto *thyself* (first of all) and to the doctrine?’ And so these fine young Timothys of ours gush out the old Gospel, even our local lake here (look at its shape on the map) being just like dear old Galilee of yore. I love that name—not because *it* is a lake and I live by one; no, not

that, but because there is far more gospel in it than geography. What do I mean? This: 'Galilee of THE GENTILES' means to me all the wide grace of God to 'the Gentiles' gushing out on the lost races of mankind far beyond the lake limit. Yes, it always is 'this same Jesus' and this same old lake-setting of The Story for all the world. No lake without that figure treading its waters! No storm without that voice mightier than its roar! No meal without that face uplifted in blessing! No grave without that tender heart touched with sorrow! No burden without those willing shoulders to share the yoke!

"*He sent them out two by two.*—They are all lakeside men these preachers, hence anything with lash of wave or sinking ships in it, seem to them very local and lively. When a newspaper comes I often read to them about some wild wreck out on the high seas. That reminds me: of all the metaphors outside the Bible, to me nothing can excel the detailed resemblance of a life-rope in a wreck. This is a parable of our living and growing faith in the storms of life. For a very personal reason, to me, this life-rope is a perfect symbol for a growing faith—and if it does not grow it is not faith. Did you ever try it: ever ask your soul if this life-line parable was pat to your experience? Of your early faith growing on and on, growing greater and greater. This I use 'for Kingdom of God purposes' when I tell them of what they never saw in their Far Interior. Never saw a great ship wrecked. Never saw the eager crowds on shore. Nor the sending up of the rocket. Nor the first flash of the life-line, in its first phase a mere thread—that is our *first* faith contact. Then comes

oh! the beautiful part, the 'my faith is growing' part. I mean, when those on the wreck have grabbed at it with no gainsaying. I mean, when they go on and on, pulling on it, yes, pulling (like growing faith) until the thin thread of rope thickens into a larger rope. Then beyond that larger (again the faith is growing) there is a largest. Yes, the self-same rope all the time but growing crescendo, growing from thick to thicker until it thickens at last into a third degree, into the thickest rope (thickest faith) of all. I say all this with a glorious gush of deliverance because of a very personal reason. Because there was a sad day when it was not so with me. That day (that sad day made a glad day) when God rebuked my petulance in this very life-line metaphor. It was one of my headachy 'intellectual' days and what hastened matters was when I overheard a cheap scratchy gramophone shrilling out that dear old revival hymn, 'Throw out the life-line.' But oh! no (until God rebuked me), it was not dear *that* day, for the devil told me that the Bible never spoke of any such thing; that it was a mere modern metaphor and man-made. Ah! but since then the thin life-line thickening on from (1) thick to (2) thicker and from thicker to (3) thickest has become the mightiest metaphor unto my soul. Yes, may the loving life-line of faith grow thicker and thicker unto the perfect day of escape from all the storms of sin!

“ ‘*The Hole of the Pit.*’ — To revert to these young preachers. When they tell us their life histories, tell of their wild tribal doings, we are comforted of God that He has snatched them out of it just in time. One instance is indicative of the many. This is the unholy kind of thing. The wild *Vasambai* raided all these lands to

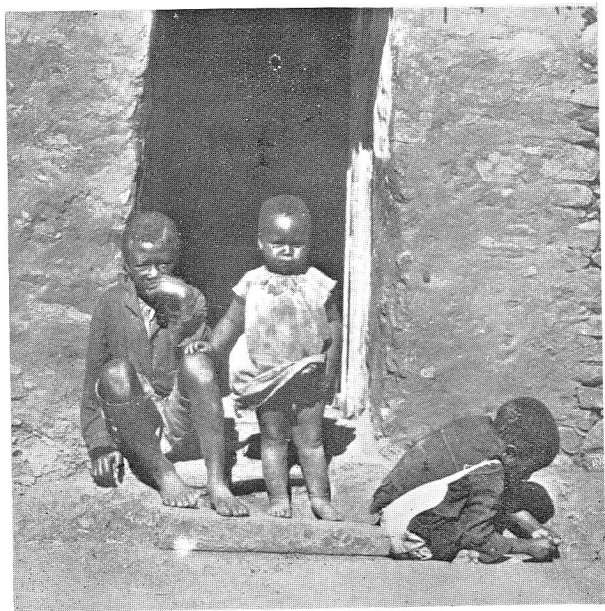


"JESSIE."

Jessie is a little orphan girl.

Any time we saw her she carried a beaming smile.

Perhaps the secret of this was that her aunt, who took care of her, was a bright Christian, and kept all around her happy.



NATIVE CHILDREN AT THE DOOR OF THEIR KRAAL.

This looks like a real homely picture; the children did not know that they were being photographed. I sometimes asked some of the boys and girls what message they had for those in Scotland. One said, "Tell them to write to us and tell us about Jesus." Another said, "Tell them to come and see us and tell us more about Jesus."

the west, turning sons against their own fathers and mothers, yes, and even making the sons parricides. An ugly instance of this occurred out among the islands whither the whole three had run in terror for refuge, the father, the mother and the son. There they were forced 'to eke out' (*tuka*) a skin-and-bone existence on meagre roots, and trapping. Finally, with hunger gnawing, the sorry son forced the pace, told his parents that they must give themselves up to the enemy. Off he went to negotiate and when he came out of the grass on the war camp they parleyed with him. Then they finally demanded a super-special proof of his submission. So super-special this proof that he, yes, he in person, must (with his own hand and before them all!) spear to death his own father, spear to death his own mother. So said and so settled: then they enrolled him as decoy warrior against his own flesh and blood.

"*Memo. for Missionaries.*—What a contrast when we win and enroll their very brothers to attack the Devil and wage the Holy War. But this chronicle does not end in futility. The parricide with his mother and father's own blood as 'seal of his zeal' is now a soldier-spy and leads off a war-party to actually wipe out his uncle's own town. But this venerable uncle shakes his glossy old skull and lays a trap for them to avenge his brother. First, on getting wind of the enemy's approach, he tells the town folks to make themselves scarce. Then (2) he dissimulates the look of his own new hut by piling up all sorts of offensive refuse across the doorway. Then (3) when the war-party arrives with a yell then they loot every house except, of course, this filthy, long-abandoned looking hut. Hut, if you please, in which

the old man, even now, is really hidden with his forty poisoned arrows at the ready. One old man the victor over a battalion! Then (5) after midnight the drama begins. Then (6) he slips out of this derelict-looking shack. Then (7) he rakes an ember from the dying bonfire in the centre of the town. Then (8) he takes anticipatory cover on the edge of the town. Then (9) he sends his dirty hut up in blazes. Then (10) calmly and cock-surely it all happens as per programme. Then (11) the sleeping *sauve qui peut* cut-throats rush out, the renegade nephew first of the lot. Then (12) the hidden uncle's poisoned arrows are whizzing into the black silhouettes. Then (13) he got twenty victims in all, did this venerable old avenger named Lukamba. Then (14) he got his 'non-nephew' (!) right in the heart with a 'tetanus arrow,' the first to fall, the putrid parricide and matricide. All this, and more than this, these young Timothy's of ours relate with a relieved sort of voice. As much as to say, and it is much to say: Of such were some of us but we, oh! hallelujah, we are saved, we are sanctified.

“*Halving the Infant.*—Another thing: these preachers are greatly roused over the Romanist pretensions. They are offensively called ‘The English!’ ‘The English!’ and then the R.C.’s make their old high-handed demand that fifty per cent. of the children should be mechanically given to them like so many chattels. They who are mere new-arrival upstarts—handed over to them! We who have taught them unto the second and third generation of the same tribe! To see those young trees of the Lord’s planting uprooted by ‘temporal power’ trickery! How would you like it? But these young Protestants know their Bibles, and this very half-and-half hoax

makes them blaze out with the old Solomon story of the halving of the baby. 'Yes,' say they, 'and who wanted to halve the innocent infant? Who indeed, if not the one who *hated* the poor baby?' No, they who so love young Africa, they do not want to see it torn in two by those who love them not. Love hates division. This brazen fifty-fifty demand of the R.C.'s makes one recall the Popish patter about the unity of The Church. And now, when they come on the scene, all they try to do is to disintegrate and desolate.

"Twenty-five Sermons from one Text.—Coincidental with their time to depart came the news of the death of my dear friend Dr A. C. Dixon, who succeeded Mr Spurgeon. So I told these young preachers about this man of God; about how we once went down to the Epsom racecourse and how we, hot of heart on a hotter day, there we preached till our throats were dry. Yes, the whole four of us, Stuart Holden, John M'Neil, Dixon and myself. Then came a closer link. We two (with the Misses Habershon) went across Channel to the snows in summer as Dr Dixon was getting ready for one of his special Gospel Missions at the Tabernacle. This is where the incident came in that I pressed home on these young preachers. Here it is. Picture that man of God day by day preparing for his long series of Spurgeon-like sermons. There he was beginning to beam with anticipative blessing, for as he mused, oh! yes, the fire burned in his very eyes. We sat on the mountain ledge and his rustling Bible told of his tracking down (what I thought) were the special twenty-five different texts for the corresponding twenty-five days of special sermons. Not at all: 'Dan,' said he, 'I'm stuck, gloriously stuck.' This meant

that he had been ravished with a one and only verse looming so large that it defied a rival! That verse was the whole Bible to him. Beyond that he could not go: he was stuck, savingly stuck! Don't all answer at once: What do you think the special verse was he got twenty-five special sermons out of? No, it was not John iii 16, for that is not a verse at all: that is the whole Bible. What then? It was the dear old, *God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross*. Yes, and although our ways parted and I never heard one of them, I would meet him off and on during the special Mission, glowing, always glowing over the great text and over the souls being daily saved by such a sharp weapon of The Word. So I sent them out in The Gospel with Dixon's slogan ringing loud: 'God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross.'

"*From 'House to House.'*—Just one month ago I entered on a long business that very conceivably can consume all my remaining days or years in Africa. This means that here apart from oh! such orthodox 'meetings' I really must get nearer the people. They are near me but I am not near them. So I am doing this: I am first of all, "beginning at Jerusalem," and taking all the Luanza streets in one-two-three fashion. Then every house in every street on and out of Luanza with no omission. No omission in visiting each and every house, no omission but only my commission, 'Go ye . . . to every creature.' Remember it is a fearful fact that a Missionary can go to Africa and yet never go—never really go to the Africans. This is the whole stab of the story of African Missions. The big Mission, vice versa, asks them to come to *it*. The big Gospel Meeting, per contra,

calls them to come to *it*. But all the woeful while, plain as a pikestaff, the old call for Sychar ministry is shouting out of The Word! Well, thank God, I have loved and lived it all my forty years for Him: hand-line fishing, personal dealing, buttonholing in a land that, no! never, in the national sense, had a button for its coat let alone a coat for its button. But oh! but, only enduement from on High will avail against the burning sun here beneath. If we cannot sing at work of this kind we had far better stop it than stop singing. What started it was Paul, the blessed Paul, who began this holy preaching from 'house to house.' And Paul make a pious pun of it all. Paul reminds us in the old days that was a 'house to house' deputy of the devil. Then it was *pro diabolus* he dragged them out of 'every house.' Big houses and small ones. Half big and half small ones. So the point in Paul's pious pun is a question and also a challenge in that question. Says the Apostle: 'If I, Paul, if I tackled "every house" for the devil in my old Saul days—and there is no "if" about it; if I did so then, how much more *now in Christ* should I face and finish every house (my cousin's house or a stranger's house!) in soul-saving propaganda? If the devil—and there is no conjecture about it—if the devil has such zealous every-house servants, why should Christ be served with less zeal?' 'Every house' in the old days meant not a visit but a visitation from Saul. Now from 'house to house' they get the visit of love, not the persecuting visitation.

"*Their chatterbox Children.*—Well, I have been a month at this 'house to house' thing and you get right home to their hearts. I always go with an elder of the Church so

that in the mouth of two witnesses the testimony for Christ should follow Christ's own dual demand of 'two witnesses.' The whole family must be there and the children's oh! so sincere chatter is very amusing. One case is so provokingly quotable that I pass it on. Over the fence one little child, a mere toddler, heard her dear little friend (about thirty inches long) receive some very sprightly maternal correction. The cries of her tiny friend made the other tiny disconsolate. Both of them just beginning to talk, what did this small girl say when she heard the spanking and the squealing over the fence? 'Oh! mother,' moaned she, 'you must beat me also so that I can console (*dishya*) my little chum.' To merely *talk* consolation, even to this bundle of screams, would be false—so thinks this thirty inches long little nobody! Even our word (philology again!) 'sympathy' merely means to 'suffer together': so mere verbal sympathy is only half the truth. And half a truth is a whole lie!

"*In the grip of Demons.*—Here at close quarters we reach the real thing. Here we find a dark mentality where through fear of death they all their lives are subject to bondage. In plain print, this means that Evil Spirits breed evil surmises in the soul. Then one day the evil surmise breeds an evil surprise. *Mupamba* is the word on all their lips for an evil omen, and this swings you away back to the black *Iliad* days. The days when, as here, any such *mupamba* is a demon-warning to avoid trouble. It blinds and benumbs their minds. Take this case of these four women with four fateful phases in their story. They who do not know what coal, 'the black stone,' is, they went out into the woods for faggots. (2) Picking out a biggish tree the four of them tackled it,

taking turn about with their little axes in the felling. (3) Their *mupamba*, their evil omen, came when the falling tree in its crash killed one of the four. This they call "a telegram from Eternity"—what a translation! Then comes aftermath. These women being in the grip of lying demons are under some hidden ban of destiny. Therefore, they should most surely obey the tribal demon-dictum and 'get right with God.' For these lying spirits profess to speak *pro* God. This is the Satanic slogan, this means they must get a devil-priest and confess to him all hidden wrong, thus (that lie again!) getting 'right with God.' This they did not do. This they did not have time to do. Do devil-priests grow on every tree? Therefore this (4) they say was why that very evening the second demon-blow fell. That is to say, the fourth phase came with a crocodile killing the second of the four, the other two remaining 'under the Club,' under the African Sword of Damocles.

"*More Demon Dominion.*—This, then is the queer kind of atmosphere one meets when one tackles 'every house' for the Lord. Ilunga's case is almost akin to this, and has five links. (1) Morning saw her off among the manioc, shipping off some roots for soaking in the river. (2) Then the great snake *Lukungwe* struck at her, coiling round the body. (3) She had a hard struggle when finally her son appeared, cutting off the snake's head with one gash. (4) Then they go back late. But though late, water must be drawn for an evening meal. (5) Then it was—oh! the dead-sure club of Ilungabwanga!—then it was (so they say) the *mupamba* was manifest, for a crocodile did kill her in one grab. Certainly it is neither exaggeration nor extenuation to say that this is the true

mentality we must tackle. These two cases could be checked-up into thousands if one were to open the African floodgates of omens black or omens white.

“*Two Kings this time.*—From over the mountains here come two kings who have just received their official investiture. I was the friend of both their fathers, so it is a far accepted act of etiquette that all such must come over the plateau to visit their grandfather here on the cliff overhanging the great Lake. Then they go back fortified to support our Bible School. Back to ‘presence’ the Gospel meeting, that is to say, to encourage all their people ‘to give God his date’ and listen, only listen to the Glad News. All these absurd African kings have a dash of dignity about them, and being kings, ‘the maximum of manhood,’ they are presumed to have no bodily deformity. They even commit suicide when any such calamity of deformity befalls them. Chilumba’s case points that way. The chief was sleeping, snoring in fact far too fatuously not to attract the prowling spotted hyena. Coincidental with his last great orchestral flourish came the intruding wild beast and, sad to say, away went the front of the royal face in the animal’s mouth. In his helplessness the king fell into the fire. Finally, seeing a life of *infra dig* deformity ahead he ‘royally’ rushed to the river and the crocodiles finished the story. Alas! never a hint that deformity of soul should have a prior abhorrence to mere deformity of body.

“*More of it.*—And so on. (1) Kapwasa was king, but even chiefs fight their consorts when drunk. What did the damage was a too pronounced push from his partner and he jabbed his eye on a bit of firewood. Then he



BURNING THEIR FETISHES.

After a large Gospel Meeting in the Hall we saw a little group standing in a ring around a few odd-looking things composed of pieces of bone, horns, etc., of which they were making a bonfire.

These fetishes are worn by the heathen African to ward off the power of evil spirits.

Now they have got something better, namely—Christ in the heart. What a great deliverance!



DR. TILSLEY AT HIS SURGERY.

Dr. Tilsley is kept busy night and day ministering to the needs of the sick. The surgery is a roomy building, but sometimes supplies of medicines run short and the good work is hindered. Funds for the supply of medicine will be thankfully received by Dr. Tilsley,

hung himself from the roof lest this deformity debar him from the kingship? Must not the king of men be a kingly man? (2) The king Kavala ended it in the same suicidal manner. He had a good "seat" and things were normal for many a month. Then came the dark day when he went a-hunting. A game pit so cleverly dissimulated its presence across his track that, deplorably, he stepped on the grass covering and down he went crack! breaking his leg. They pulled him up and returned for a hammock. But he sized up the situation, saw the long days of deformity ahead, then plunged in for 'the cheap death' among the crocodiles. (3) N. Mani died the same death of disdain. His eye got into trouble and he sought oblivion in the river. (4) The chief Kalume also committed suicide, but for a lesser reason. Chagrined that his people refused him one of the common perquisites of kingship, to wit, a bowl of beer when a brewing was on, he shut himself in and 'burned himself out of the world,' as they put it. Finally, (5) here you have Katumbo's death all because of lost dignity. He was the local Prince of Wales; his was, and always was, the succession as heir presumptive. The king died and the son succeeded, but this involved a long journey in a hammock across country to the nearest Government 'boma' for official recognition. The official was superlatively green, and not knowing even the ABC of local magnates. Therefore he struck an *ex cathedra* pose, refusing recognition. 'Say that again,' said the chief with drawn dagger. So said, so done, and there and then H.R.H. stabbed himself mortally on the spot. Ah! better far many of our young preachers who, *with real rights to local kingship*, have for Christ's sake relinquished them all

and entered on the Pauline path of Gospelling all over.

“More about these Preachers.—Born in the outlying villages they have all been in and out of Luanza as mere children. Getting a taste of it so early, he resolves to return at a maturer age or even as soon as he has anything to say about it! This means, almost literally, that the whole floating population of the country having formally passed through our hands, has indeed received an offer of life and love eternal. But oh! yes, out far, farther, farthest out is our desire, in the will of God, for these young Gospellers. *‘Put it on the map,’* push far into regions beyond, and I promise never to desert them. God never will desert His African apostles so why should I? How dare I commend them to the help of God *when I do not help them myself?* They are my ten toes, they are my ten fingers, they are my two eyes and my one mouth fulfilling the hymn’s longing: ‘Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing my dear Redeemer’s praise.’ And, of course, my help to them recalls with rejoicing your help to me. I am not a good ‘thanker’: I dread to seem insincere with ornate phrases. (That is the reason why I snap off many a phrase without finishing it!) But this I must say. To teach, and all who ‘help God by helping us’ (as they say here) I, D. C., hereby write it with mine own hand, God my God, will reward you.

“The Dead who die in the Lord.”—Pardon me if I commit the ineptitude of repeating myself, but let me now print what I have written to some in private. I have just heard from my old field out West where God’s work has lost a humble native who was a prince in Israel. Sometimes we tremble for such high-strung ones: we wonder

will, oh! will they last? Something must burst, we think. Then at last the great 'begone unbelief' day comes, and they, yes, even they die gloriously in the Lord, full of fragrant memories. Such a great loss we have suffered through the death of this dear Setosi, God's man in Christ. *First fact*: one of the elders said, 'Shall we ever see another man like him? I think not,' and few, white or black, few have shown more of the Spirit of Christ than he did. *Second fact*: when first converted, more than twenty years ago, he was a poor paltry slave, and his master was very angry and threatened to sell him for getting saved! Does not a slave-master own soul as well as body? However, as Mr Sanders writes, before this was done Setosi had a royal opportunity of showing what Christ was doing for him in the deeps of his soul. *Third fact*: so much so that one day the very slave-master of Sasenda (fact!) capitulated to Christ and said, 'I have watched that slave of mine Setosi, yes, and I can see he is a changed man, Christ has changed him, and if that is what is meant by being a Christian, then I want to be one also.' *Fourth fact*: after his old slave's death it was this same Sasenda, who, speaking with tears in his eyes, told how Setosi the slave had brought them all to the Lord, 'He went straight, never swerving to the right or left, and we just following. A long way off, it is true, as he was far ahead of us, and it is owing to his straight life that we are here to-day.' *Fifth fact*: ah, this makes you, an old African missionary, weep for joy. One after another told how Setosi brought them to Christ. One even told how *his whole village had been won through Setosi's faithfulness*. Another said a beautiful thing, a real full-

length painting of the man. Said he, 'We called him '*Isoma yakuenje*,' because among the elders he was an elder, among the young men he was a young man, to the children he was a child.' Know ye not that a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel? Was it not a *king* who said that the *beggars* of this life go on horseback while the princes do the walking? These are the real *Missionaries of Africa in Africa for Africa*. Black but comely! They, oh! they will miss much, especially in the new district where he has lived the past few years.

"*Another glorious 'In Memoriam.'*—Yes, it was a black man who carried Christ's Cross for Him along the *via dolorosa*. And he it is, the same blessed black, who carries many a lesser cross for us. Here comes the news of another most noble worker fallen, *Mulene* they loved to call him. 'Only a black man!' yes, but as white as many a white is black. As for me, I have lived long enough with both colours to know that the character of one's colour is not at all *the colour of one's character*. This stalwart was a Standard Bearer if ever Christ had one since the days of Paul. His fellow believers; oh! they wept loud and long for him. More significant still was what an outsider, a European trader, did when he heard the news of this mighty saint's death. Did? *First of all*: why! he actually dismissed all his work-people for the day. *Then secondly*: he closed up his own place of business out of sheer respect for all this dead black man's faithful and exemplary conduct among them for years! No 'friend' he of the work in an ecclesiastical sense; oh! not at all. His life and method of action against it all. Yet oh! yet God does divinely shut the mouths of even such people—yes, and actually

opens their eyes even when they are in Hell! Pray that God may save him yet as the righteous result of his deep-dug respect for this black man's sturdy Christian life lived day by day before his eyes.—Loyally yours,

“D. CRAWFORD.”

CHAPTER VIII

A VISIT TO LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE AND WHAT CAME OF IT

I sometimes think about the Cross,
And shut my eyes and try to see
The cruel nails and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me.

He needs no epitaph to guard a name,
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known ;
He lived and died for good—be that his fame ;
Let marble crumble : this is Livingstone.

What a mission it would be if there were no difficulties—nothing but walking about in slippers made by admiring young ladies! Hey! that would not suit me. It would give me the doldrums.—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

F. S. ARNOT died 15th May 1914, and in 1921 his memoir appeared. The following appreciation is interesting as a specimen of our Mr Crawford's discrimination and of his loyalty to his leader :

“ Coincident with my building a memorial Bible School for my dear old leader, F. S. Arnot, comes the *Life*, written in his best vein, by Mr Ernest Baker. Therefore let these lines be consecrated to a good man's memory, and to recall the grand old hand-to-mouth, heart-to-heart days when we sailed South together. Proud were we to be led by such a godly man, and great was the blow when right at the very beginning of my African life, in Bihé, a whole conspiracy of circumstances debarred him from

leading us on and into the unknown. He loved to school us in the discipleship of George Müller, and many a day, in many a way, Elijah's God availed. And so we parted. Long years elapsed, long miles intervened, before we ever met again, but the Flag of Faith was ever flying in the freshening breeze.

"Our farewells had been clouded with the meagreness of the supplies they could let us have. Did not those who remained need things, too? Yes, but were not the departing ones cutting themselves off from the base that would be replenished dozens of times for their none? So off we went with the hope that more supplies would follow us up in a few months. Alas for the vanity of human help and hope! Setting out with only two fistfuls of tea in my box for the long-coming tribulation, the death of Msidi turned the caravan tide away from his old capital, and our needed goods never materialised out of the thousand miles of misty country. Sure am I that one of the saddest days of his life was when the road far in to us was so hopelessly blocked that our accumulating supplies were sold off by auction in the Mission compound out near the coast. They so near supplies, we so far away from them—Arnot said it seemed a sacrilege even to attend such a sale. But better use than disabuse: better their getting them than the white ants! Many a time he reverted to this as his saddest day, for he it was who encouraged us to press on in the assurance that he would push our supplies after him.

GOD'S HAND IN ALL THINGS

"I love to recall his faith. The God who holds all hearts in His hands, He it was who went before Arnot, and

raised up other men to do for him what he could never have done for himself. Mr Baker is weak here. Arnot loved to expatiate on this phase of the romance of Faith, a standing still and seeing the high interventions of God in and through other men, other means. 'How mighty is God. How He can use all things and all men for His purpose!' So cried Arnot when Mr Blockley took him on to the Zambesi in his waggon. And many a time I have heard him repeat this key-phrase of all his African journeyings. It was not that he despised the merciful means given in kindness by his fellow-men, but that he saw God behind them all, constraining here, restraining there. Humanly speaking, he could never have gone so far but for the wonderful 'lift' he got in those South African waggons. The chariots of God they were to him; and, off and on, they totalled for him three hundred and seventy days, when sometimes as many as seventy oxen pulled them along. A slow, sleepy thing this three-to-four-ton waggon was, beginning with thirty-four days from Maritzburg to Potchefstroom. Soon you will be able to do it in as many minutes!

"Link by link, Fred Arnot's long chain of consolation has these six main points of departure. First, when, in his waggon, the elder Selous took him right on to Shoshong, the first thirty-six days' trek. He who had less pounds than shillings—here came the chariots of God for him in the shape of Selous' generous waggons, that rumbled him over rivers and deserts for more than a month. Some call this, sarcastically, 'living on the cheap'; but Arnot saw God moving the man who moved the waggons, that moved him on to meet Hepburn at Shoshong. No ticket to pay, because no pay for the

ticket! Were not the cattle on a thousand hills all God's? How much more these few dozen inspanned oxen, dragging the great waggons? Hundreds of pounds they would have cost him had he organized them himself.

"Second, came the next onward stage, when the great Tinta gave him that wonderful 'lift' on one hundred and twenty days' trek in his fine waggon. No choice of first, second or third-class carriage in this big rumbler, where you are sandwiched 'between the coffee and the pork'! Months and months of it, all God-given and gratis.

"Third, you have God producing Mr Blockley to take him in his waggon on to the Zambesi. M. Coillard had been here before Arnot, so had Mr and Mrs White, who had died, both of them, yet here again God makes this trader move on owing to the pinch of local famine. Blockley did not want to go; Blockley lost time and money by going; but he decided he would lose more if he did not go. So here again the 'faith man' got another lift, his last waggon in Central Africa. Then it was that he saw God ruling as of old by his over-ruling, and wrote: 'How mighty is God! How He can use all things and all men for His purposes!'

"Fourth, you have 'God's' Mr Westbeeck helping him on to Lewanika in canoes. God made the river, God sent the canoes, God moved the hearts of these men to help him on his way.

PORTUGUESE "GOOD SAMARITAN"

"Then, fifth, here comes the most marvellous 'lift' of all. Down to the Barotsi from the west coast comes the great Silva Porto, a Portuguese who lived on in Africa for fifty years without ever seeing Lisbon, and he plays the

Good Samaritan. For he it is who insists on taking him all the way up to Bihé, a long 180-days' affair, lying like a prince in a hammock with dozens of slaves at his call ! What a 'lift,' what a gratis act of kindness, from my old friend Silva Porto, who was soon to commit suicide in a most tragic manner !

" And then, sixth, in Bihé, this same Silva Porto helps him down to the coast, helps him back, and helps him on into the Garenganze. This is the point where the great Chinyama appears on the scene, to take Arnot into the interior ; following, of course, the trail of many previous travellers who had preceded them.

" This is the reason why Arnot laughed at the word ' pioneer ' and its misuse. Even on into the Garenganze ' honest Fred ' never hid the fact that he had only followed others. Not one but several Portuguese travellers had opened up the way ; Capello and Ivens, for instance, who wrote a great book about it, and took the only photograph for which Msidi ever sat. Germans, too, had preceded him—Bohn and Reichard—a great man this latter, a bit of whose house is still standing in the old capital of Msidi. How he used to laugh round the camp-fire at the wrong idea folk had at home of the real ' dew-driers.' We who had pressed on, vainly imagining that the Garenganze was virgin soil, here find our passion for pioneering flouted by these earlier explorers cutting us out. Hence our subsequent branching out for ' the real thing ' ; hence the ' finding and founding ' of Luanza and other stations. It was Arnot, generous fellow, who pointed out on the map, our side of Lake Mweru here, and said : ' The man who goes there will be a real pioneer on virgin soil.' Long after, he

came to see me on that very spot, when we talked it all over. We recalled the old days when I volunteered with others to follow him as our leader into the far interior; recalled the great send-off from the densely packed Exeter Hall meeting. Imagine our dismay when the honest man found it impossible to lead us. Then, better still, when he frankly said he would put us on our own feet right from the start (a good thing this!); when he refused, with a kindly twinkle, even to help us to get a caravan. At length he insisted, most wisely, that we must do the whole thing: (1) get off near the Kwanza river, (2) put up our flag on a tree as sort of Blue Peter (3) build our camp, (4) collect our own porters, and then (5) off, to sink or swim, to some glorious port!

PIONEERS IN TRAVEL

"It is difficult to imagine any study that would prove more fascinating in itself, and more embarrassing to the rival nations of Europe, than this 'who-was-first' history of exploration? 'History,' it is called, forgetful of the fact that 'history' is only the old Greek word for 'inquiry,' and not a lot of dogmatic drivel. Who, for instance, discovered the Victoria Falls? Certainly not Livingstone, although nearly cent. per cent. of the R.G.S. believes it. Fair play, please; sixteen years before ever Livingstone saw Victoria Falls (*i.e.* 1832), a valiant voortrekker saw them, Carel Trichardt (eldest son of Louis T.). Not that he claimed to be first there, for my old Silva Porto, greatest of all African explorers, boasted to me at Belmonte in '89 that they of Portugal saw them long before.

"So, too, with Lake Mweru here. No doubt tradition

has hallowed the popular notion that Dr Livingstone discovered it; but wait a moment. He it is who is most eager to inform us that seventy-two years ago, before he, David Livingstone, saw Mweru, Manoel Caetano Pereira came up to Kazembe; then came Lacerda ('Charlie,' the natives called him), a native of Brazil, Doctor of Coimbra University, also Governor of Sena. Then followed Major Monteiro—all Portuguese—all keen on the traditional exploration of their race, and long prior to the English. It is Livingstone who frankly tells us all this, just as he admits that Lake Maravi (or Nyasa) appeared on old Portuguese maps as early as 1546. So, too, with our Far Interior, the Katanga. He tells of three Portuguese arriving at Msidi's ('Merosi,' he calls him): Jao, Domasiko, and Domasho. They had 'cut him out'; this was the Katanga he never reached.

"Here, then, is a lesson on national bigotry. It would melt a heart of stone to follow the twists and turns of this international trickery, one nation hiding the deeds of another. Envy is the filthy slime of the soul, and life would have been sweeter had men owned up to the priority of others."

When Mr Arnot reached England in 1888 he was well received by the Royal Geographical Society. They made Mr Arnot a Fellow, presented him with a medal and a grant. They also entrusted him with money to reward Chitambo for the latter's care of Dr Livingstone's body. And Mrs Bruce of Edinburgh, one of Dr Livingstone's daughters, had a medallion prepared to be placed on the tree beneath which the heart of the explorer was buried.

This memorial bronze plaque was entrusted to Belgians, who placed it in the centre of a village. They explained their action by the note: "Lost far away and in the midst of tall grass, it is only with more than hesitation that the natives point out the place where is interred the heart of Livingstone." Then the Arabs invaded the village and they broke up the plaque and converted it into bullets to be used in their slave raids.

In the *Evening News* for 13th April 1898 we have this quotation: "The Government's official organ *The British Central Africa Gazette* just to hand contains a lengthy description of Mr Hugo Genthe's visit to Livingstone's Grave. The tree beneath which his heart was buried is still standing, and quite recently a strong fence has been erected round it—nobody knows by whom. Mr Genthe was informed that a mysterious white man and a lady had come from the north-west of Luapula some months ago and caused the fence to be erected. All they left to prove identity was their initials, carved on a neighbouring tree: 'D. and G. C. 31.7.97.' Who are they?"

It was Mr and Mrs Crawford who made this journey, and Mrs Crawford, having hurt her foot, had to be carried a part of the way. Her dress touched a lion who lay asleep on the road-side, and he awoke and roared.

Here is Mr Crawford's own account of this and another honour that he paid to the memory of his great missionary hero.

MY LINK WITH LIVINGSTONE

"Having just returned from the East, I can best begin this letter with the who, where, and why of my long journey. Dr Livingstone's famous old society, the

L.M.S., is the 'who' of it all, a society lying half-way between our great lake and far-away Dr Laws on Lake Nyassa. Formerly only operating around Lake Tanganyika, this London Missionary Society twenty years ago put me under strong obligations to it by responding to my pioneer call from the far interior to advance into the Luapula Valley and occupy the country around Kazembes, consecrated by Livingstone's own footsteps. So said, so done—and done splendidly, for there they have laboured nobly since 1900, with nearly forty out-school and 5000 adherents.

“And now comes the crown of it all. Messrs Nutter and Turner, who love every stick and stone in the place, resolved to wipe away the reproach of their old tumble-down barn of a meeting-place, and at last have built a stately cathedral—Central Africa's 'one and only.' No mere empty echoing building, but crammed with many hundreds of natives. The years were passing with objectionable rapidity, and they, with an almost unnecessary and exaggerated caution, refrained from abandoning the old 'salvation shed' until the said shed impudently proposed to abandon them. 'Tis an old sneer that the threatening structure warned all entrants, 'If you do not get out, I will crash down and chase you out.'”

“Then the great day drew near for the official opening, and I was requested to come from far away—'you are all the Bishop we have,' said the invitation—and do the deed of consecration. Many Europeans drew in from the scattered suburbs, the Government official was there, and even High Anglicans came; and I opened the great Gothic door with a large ivory key carved from an

elephant's tusk, killed in the marshes around the Mofwe Lagoon. When the great King Kazembe arrived with his retinue, I thought of the good Livingstone in glory looking down at this cheering consummation of his path-finding long ago. Then I poured out on the dense crowd the living Word, for which the good Doctor died ringing out his last message, 'My Jesus, my King, my life, my all, I again consecrate my life to Thee.' All this recalled the dear old hand-to-mouth, heart-to-heart days when my wife and I came down from the North, the very first to follow up Livingstone to his grave—'grave of his heart,' rather. This great ivory key they gave me—local ivory, in a casket of local mahogany—tells of those long-gone days when we opened up the country that now sees the opening of this great church.

A STRANGE JOURNEY

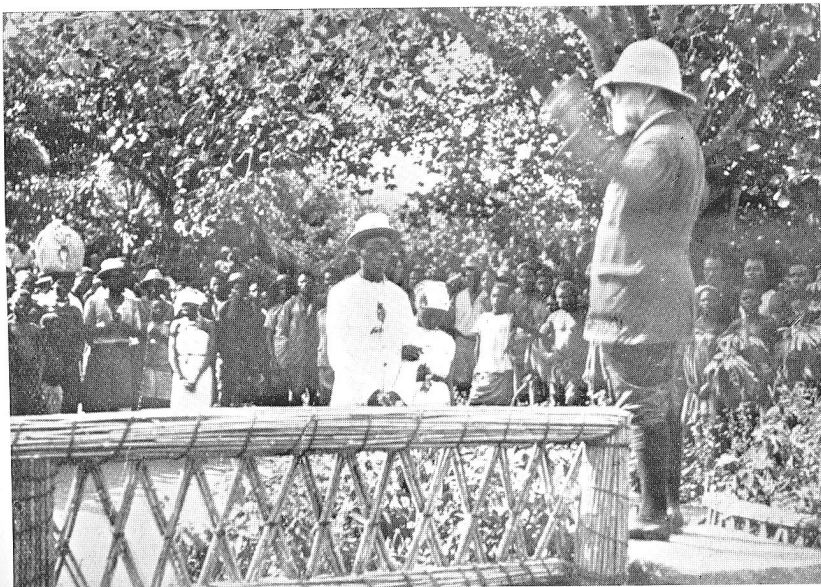
"Through the mists of memory I can see ourselves following up the Luapula due south. Escaping death a dozen times, at last we drew near the historic tree under which his heart lies buried. Finally, faint but pursuing, we land on the edge of Ilala country, barest and weirdest of terrestrial spots. Down goes the sun like a ball of fire over dark Lamba country, and, as if to give a climax of weirdness, the bush fires sweeping through the long grass have covered the land with a dark pall—Livingstone's, of course, seeing the country is Ilala. Yonder is the Lulimala River, visible on the far left, flowing through marsh, a flash of blue appearing now and then. Looks more like lake than river, and lake it certainly was in the old days—probably an arm of Bangweulu. Through the gloomy plains we go, Lulimala coming alongside latterly,

and soon we strike the Luwe, where the Doctor, right weary indeed of that endless splash and hard fare he endured, rested from his labours.

“ But the tree is not reached yet, for on the other side of the Luwe we move along, floundering through the woods, tall grass and marsh—path there is none. They camped on that memorable day round the Mupundu tree, an old firestone—genuine find this—used to steady the Doctor’s pots, being sole survivor. And they must have looked out on the sluggish Luwe, scarcely a stream, as the only kind of water has a deep dye of green down its centre. There you draw water the colour of bad tea ; there, too, at sundown the reed-buck comes down to drink, and, as darkness comes on, the sounds of Africa’s night are heard saying, ‘ The night cometh, when no man can work.’ Significant indeed that we found the heart lying under a fruit tree, but instead of moralising on the fact let us pray, indeed, that fruit of another kind may abound. Old Chitambo, Ingeresa’s friend and ‘ Man Friday ’ of those last days, they told us, lies most appropriately on the off-side of the tree, so in death they are not divided. Livingstone wanted nothing more lovely and truly emblematic of this life than this. If it is true that a black man carried our Lord’s cross a bit of the hard way to Golgotha, then here is an instance of a black man helping to carry the Master’s servant’s cross.

THE LIVINGSTONE TREE

“ Immensely fine and inspiring was it to see the camp-fires flare up round the Livingstone ‘ tree.’ This ‘ Mupundu ’ shooting up to the stars a stately column, and every gleam from the faggots lightened up Jacob Wain-

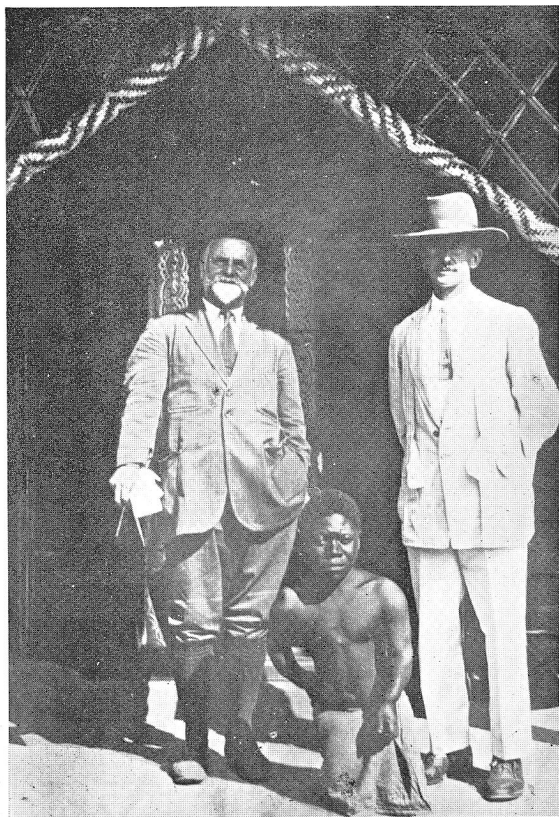


A NATIVE MARRIAGE AT LUANZA.

Here is a marriage of two Christian natives.

Mr. Crawford is seen here passing on a word of exhortation to the bride and bridegroom who have just been married.

The next day we visited them in their own home. It was a nice, clean little hut, and they seemed very happy.



THE SMALLEST MAN IN LUANZA.

Mr. Crawford on the left and Mr. William Lammond on the right show by comparison the size of this little man in the centre, who is a real Christian and a trophy of grace.

wright's deeply cut tablet, Livingstone's truest memorial by a true negro friend. Scenting a function, the Ilala folks have drawn out from their hamlets for miles around, and here we are crowding the forest ; himself, the Chitambo, chief chairman of our memorial service. The first service, mark you, ever held on the sacred spot ; ours the first prayers to ascend since the dying hero yielded up his soul in supplication at Ilala. England, far away, did it ' on the grand ' when it swung back the Abbey doors to let him in, the weary wanderer's grave watered by a nation's tears. But there was no Chitambo there, no Ilala folks there who had wept him dead ; no stately Mupundu tree with its genuine carved memorial in Africa by an African. ' *Talking trees,*' the native calls any such with a cut-out name on it—talking, indeed, this one, and how eloquently !

" Here, I say, in this leafy sanctuary in the woods, we have the true shrine ; here it is we see far-off Westminster dwindling to its true cockney dimensions. Flicker, flicker, go the camp fires, lighting up fitfully the carved letters of his name on the tree, this Chitambo engraving recalling that other far away in Bothwell woods. Yes, this same Livingstone, when a roaming lad, he too practised this art, *a la* Jacob Wainwright, name-carving on Scotland's trees. Away out near the old Roman bridge at Bothwell, he too dug deep with his knife into the tree-bark the polemic, ' *No State Church.—D. L.*' The which is a parable, very pawky parable for flicker, flicker to the African faggots ; and flicker, flicker, goes the see-saw of memory between Scottish Bothwell and African Chitambo : two different trees, two different woodcuts playing at hide-and-seek in the brain parable

indeed. For, look you, with the lapse of years these carved letters have most obligingly doubled their dimensions, the expanding girth of the tree expanding the memorial. Sure outward and visible symbol of what the widening years have done with Livingstone's fame; growing with the growing interval, widening with the expanse of years. 'No State Church,' that one 'talking tree' says to this other far-away one, *the jealous forest accusing brick-and-mortar Westminster of robbery.*

"And so we bade farewell to Ilala country where he died. The lotus is everywhere, but the lotus in such marshy, murderous surroundings that it has exactly the opposite effect suggested by grandpa Herodotus. For instead of this water-lily possessing the property of making strangers forget their native land, the more the millions of mosquitoes hum, the more the lotus makes you pine to get away. Your real longing is :

*'O to be in England
Now that April's there !'*

Yet (here comes a contradiction!) the same sun that softens wax hardens clay, and this my friend the negro proves, looking out on the mess, for he loves the very look of this lotus marsh. And just when you have smiled indulgently at the Herodotus notion of this water-lily having the power to make you forget your homeland, just then one of my men gushed out a phrase utterly endorser of the old Greek's idea: '*Kuno muntu a ka Lavukila Kwavokeko buya !*' ('Why, this is so lovely that a man could forget even his fatherland !')

"Another sure Biblical link this, for here is the very lotus that adorned the capital of Solomon's Temple

pillars, emblem of purity—yea, purity won out of odoriferous mud. But does this exhaust the lotus-type? Why not rather read into it the old Lotophagi legend that it *was* a type of the weaning of the soul from its natural home to the new and heavenly one? But best type of all is surely found in the good Livingstone finishing his course in a land of lotus—I mean, finishing it on his knees in prayer. Does not the record read, ‘Upon the top of the pillars was lily work; so was the work of the pillars *finished*’? And did not Livingstone crown it all with the lovely lily work of his dying prayer, the lotus in his soul: ‘upon the top (the end) . . . was lily work: so was the work finished.’ Listen to him: ‘O Father, help me to *finish* this work to Thine honour’ was his opening prayer in the Diary for 1871. The prayer to finish to God’s honour was answered in this man of God praying at the *finish* unto God’s honour.

“But remember, we have the black-and-white of Livingstone’s *Journals* for it that when he lay a-dying in the Far Interior he—not he!—he did not cast longing eyes to snug, comfortable England. *Did* not long for a national funeral in the Abbey. *Did* not want them to open the Abbey doors and let him in to sleep with king and sage. We have the cold ink of the great man’s Diary for it that he longed—and keenly!—to sleep in the Africa he had loved and lived in. Read it:—

‘June 25, 1868.—We came to a grave in the forest . . . a little path showed that it had visitors. *This is the sort of grave I should prefer: to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones.* The graves at home always seemed to me to be miserable, especially

those in the cold damp clay, and without elbow room ;
but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over
all decides where I shall have to lay me down and die.'

“ So wrote Livingstone when he ‘ gave commandment concerning his bones.’ The Abbey got him, but against the dear desires of his heart : ‘ Many,’ wrote he, ‘ have thought that I was inflated by the praise I had lavished upon me, but I made it a rule never to read anything of praise.’ How symbolic all this burial of his *heart* in Africa and his body in England ! The heart that hankered after an African grave literally got the African burial it longed for under this famous Mupundu tree.”

CHAPTER IX

EXTRACTS FROM MR CRAWFORD'S DIARY

Africa's Need.—This poor land has been too long neglected at the very doors of Europe, little dots of islands in the far Pacific Ocean having had their chance of life long ago. What is needed is that many in the old land should make a clean cut of their cables, leave their moorings and venture out into the open.

In Judah's land God was well known, and this accounted for the eunuch of Ethiopia going up and getting his copy of Isaiah, which, being engrafted in him, was able to save his soul. Nevertheless, God's way was otherwise, and a little while afterwards He blew upon their little plan to dispense the gospel at Jerusalem only; they were scattered and went everywhere. Probably the coming years will show that to very many, at any rate, the home soil will be uncongenial to crop growing. That phrase, "But now having no more any place in these regions," indicates the tree's demand for a roomier and more congenial soil to admit of the roots striking out at will.

We often long for conditions of service in common with our Indian and Chinese brethren, but after all those we have are not as we have made them, but as we have found them. I had not been a month at Msidi's capital when I found that if I did not think less of his greatness and more of my own in the Lord, the fear of man would

clog all my service. Red-hot utterance was the *desideratum* there on the vestibule of hell.

More or less I live in an atmosphere of young men of all casts and dispositions—some speculative and dull, others bright and responsive, and most leaning in the direction of honest living—but, alas! of very few it can be said that their hearts the Lord hath touched. What one dreads for these poor fellows is the civilisation for which a lot of missionaries have a craze.

There is no work like this herald service on the face of this planet. We have nothing for it but well-thumbed promises as the blackness of darkness goes on to its zenith. In the Cross of Christ I find my all. Nothing can melt like that, nothing can make a man preach as he ought to do, like that “great sight.” How glorious! Though it was set up in Palestine, it was for the whole world.

Stray Jottings.—The duty of opening up new spheres of service does not seem to lie in our hands. We here have urgent need to reap our old fields, wherein God’s incorruptible seed lies thick, fields that may soon be waving with golden grain.

Here is a weeping woman—whence her tears? She has run in here from over the hill—that is, Lubaland border—run in with her ears cut off! Her tale is that my old friend Nyoka (*lit.* The Snake) said to her, “Well, if you will not marry me, then nobody else shall have you!”

Can a man translate God’s Word in a low state of soul? I solemnly believe he cannot. Only on the mount could God show the pattern. The higher the altitude the better the view; yes, higher yet, for a clearer vista and far-

stretching view of the land. If I do not ascend the height I cannot see the pattern! Besides, God settles this holy matter by the simple word, "Take heed to *thyself* and to the doctrine." His Word is high, but am *I* low?

To put a yoke on the neck of young African disciples is easy enough, when we remember that they are yet a servile race, with no open Bible to emancipate them. The point, however, is that in so yoking them you first of all tempt God, and then in a merely secondary sense tempt the young believer. God can save—yes, but only by grace, not law. Therefore you tempt God—in effect ask Him to do what He cannot do—save a soul by law! Being yet in mental servitude, with the Bible practically sealed to them, they will say with avidity, "All these things will we do!" The test of it all is as simple as the saying of it. God says: Why put a yoke on them that neither ye nor your fathers could bear? It is absolutely certain that if ninety per cent. of African missionaries had to wear some of their own Sinai yokes for a week, the folly of them would be apparent.

To be a servant of servants was Ham's curse, but what does this mean? In Africa a servant of servants simply means *Wabwamba* (a naked one). Ham's curse then was that the nudity he mocked at became his portion. Nakedness and servitude are akin in Africa.

The Luban cannibal is quite an authority on the *night* in all its phases. He has a most elaborate vocabulary of words describing its degrees of depth. Surely his name for midnight explains our Lord's words on His betrayal; he calls midnight "The strength of darkness." With this compare "Now is your hour and the power of darkness."

The Death of Msidi.—A long-to-be-remembered date in Garenganze history ! This was the day appointed by Msidi for his becoming Capt. Stairs' blood brother ; but events showed that he had no intention of keeping his appointment, nor indeed of being the captain's friend at all. Early in the morning a messenger was despatched to the head village to know if Msidi was prepared to receive Capt. Stairs on that day, but the messenger returned with the word that the chief was sleeping. A little later and a second messenger brought the news that Msidi had left Mukurru at daybreak for Munema, one of the first villages occupied by him in this country. When the messenger went to Munea he found Msidi, who told him that he would receive the white man on condition *that he would come alone, and unaccompanied by any soldiers.* This proposal bore on the face of it some intent on Msidi's part of foul play, and so Capt. Bodson and the Marquis de Bonchamps started for Munema, with a body of Zanzibaris, to know definitely whether Msidi would submit to the white men or otherwise. On arriving outside the village of Munema, a halt was made, and four headmen went to the chief to inform him that the white men were outside. This was about 11.0 a.m. An hour passed and the headmen not having returned, Capt. Bodson took six men and went into the village, leaving the main body outside with the Marquis de Bonchamps ; it being understood by the latter that if the sound of firing was heard inside the village he was to rush in with his Zanzibaris. Not many minutes elapsed after Capt. Bodson had gone into the village when the loud report of firing was heard, and the Marquis, rushing in with his men, found outside the verandah of

the largest house the dead body of Msidi lying opposite Capt. Bodson, who, though himself conscious, was in a dying condition. Near by Msidi lay the dead body of Masuka, one of his warriors, whilst opposite lay two of Capt. Bodson's men, one with two legs broken and the other with a bullet in his thigh. Capt. Bodson was at once removed to the camp, and though in great agony explained in the few remaining breaths which he drew in this life what had occurred. On entering he found Msidi armed with a fine sword, which Capt. Stairs had given him, and surrounded by between thirty and forty men. Some distance off he saw the four headmen, evidently prisoners. Advancing towards Msidi he asked him what he intended to do, and had only said a few words when Msidi with the drawn sword in his hand made a thrust at Capt. Bodson, which the latter, springing to one side, evaded; at the same time, drawing his revolver, he shot Msidi dead through the heart.

Msidi had no sooner fallen than the contents of several guns were fired into Capt. Bodson's back by some men, wounding him mortally. He spoke with Lieut. Legat (who was an old friend of his) up to the last, saying that he was dying as a soldier should die, having rid the Garenganze country of a tiger, and with one shout, "Long live the king," this loyal soldier passed away.

The Zanzibaris who rushed in were so maddened by what had taken place that they cut Msidi's head from its lifeless trunk, and carried it on a pole back to the camp. Thus it came to pass, as has often happened before in this old earth's history, that the man who had well-nigh spent a whole lifetime laying violent hands on hundreds of innocent people, and cruelly putting

them to death, had himself to make his exit from this life by the same doorway through which his many victims had gone—a violent death! Better were it for him had God's witnesses never come to his country than that, having come, he should have turned a deaf ear to them and closed his eyes against the light.

The Grave of Livingstone's Heart.—The Lulimala river is visible on the far left, flowing through marsh, a patch of blue appearing now and then. It looks more like a lake than a river, and lake it certainly was in the old days—probably an arm of Bangweulu. Through the gloomy plains we go, Lulilama coming alongside latterly, and soon we strike the Luwe, where the doctor, right weary indeed of that endless splash and hard fare he endured, rested from his labours. But the tree is not reached yet, for on the other side of the Luwe we move along, floundering through the woods, tall grass and marsh—path there is none. Reaching the spot at last, we find to our pleasure and surprise two gold prospectors have been radiating towards the same centre from the south-east; and here we meet—two from the north and two from the south on the same day.

Significant indeed seems the fact that the Heart lies under a *fruit* tree; but instead of moralising on the fact, let us pray, indeed, that fruit of another kind may abound.

Old Chitambo, "Ingeresa's" friend and "Man Friday" of those past days, lies most appropriately on the off-side of the tree; so in death they are not divided. Livingstone wanted nothing more lovely and truly emblematic of his life than this! If it is true that a black man carried our Lord's Cross a bit of the hard way

to Golgotha, then here is an instance of a black man helping to carry the Master's servant's cross.

They camped on that memorable day round the mupundu tree, an old fire-stone, used to steady the doctor's pots, being still about, and they must have looked out on the sluggish Luwe—scarcely a stream, as the only indication of water being there is the deeper dye of the green down its centre. There you draw your drinking water, the colour of bad tea; there, too, at sundown the reed-buck comes down to drink, and, as darkness comes on, the sounds of Africa's night are heard saying, "The night cometh when no man can work."

Yes, here we are, sitting near *the* tree of the forest—a tall, fine one too, although showing signs of decay. The bold inscription is still legible, with the exception of one word. We have the ground cleared for some distance all round, and a stout circular boma put up. We are persuading Chitambo to come and build here, and thus practically guard the spot of so much interest to us all. It is now a lonely, deserted spot, with lions roaring the whole night long.

The Station at Luanza.—I am now inside my snug little stockade on the bluff overhanging "the Great White Lake." My cottage door is just twenty yards from the edge of the cliff, at the bottom of which runs a narrow belt of sandy beach, and beyond is the lake stretching far away. One might almost as well be on the shores of the Indian Ocean for all one sees of the opposite side—only on an exceptionally clear day does the land on the N.E. assert itself in a hazy way. A steady south wind blows in upon us all day, the waves

being often high and running the length of the lake. At daybreak the breeze is at its stiffest and nightfall sees it spent, most humanely, like the rest of us.

We have the clear advantage of being on the *sunny* side of the lake, the sun, half an hour after its appearance, having done wonders in blunting "the teeth of the wind," and the bleak morning outlook turns out eventually to be like one of your July or August days at home, made up of sun and breeze. I am, therefore, writing under difficulties in my verandah, holding on to my paper with both hands. There is something very like ozone coming from the lake delightfully renovating, and suggesting the days of my boyhood by the sea shore.

After my last fever at Lofoi I was tempted by the rather extreme prostration to write some stupid things about returning home, but really this fortnight by the lake-side is as life from the dead, and with my nostrils distended this morning by the breeze, I am even bold to declare that I have come across a site for a sanatorium. I am indeed very buoyant at the idea of a fresh start in the cause which alone makes life worth living.

Apart from the large expanse of fairly good drinking water which the lake offers we have our own little mountain stream at the foot of the cliff—pellucid and perennial; which probably sings to us, the new-comers, that sarcastic little song about men coming and men going while it goes on for ever. The African "*wady*" is a disappointing sham; not so these little reminders that God can defy drought—both natural and spiritual—and make the prophecy a history—"In summer and in winter it shall be."

The old geographical dictum learned in school about

lakes being filters, and the exit water being better than the entrance ditto, is probably true in regard to Mweru.

My Va-Shila neighbours turn out to be a very kindly and interesting lot. They are incessantly moving about in their canoes; and as letter carriers, for instance, delight to perform such feats as going right round the north end of the lake and reaching the British station before sundown. Nkuva, their chief, and my landlord *probably*, is also a very nice fellow. Shimba (a Uganda boy trained by Arabs) has, however, darkened their horizon for many a long day, and seems now to have quite made up his mind to die desperately.

A Smallpox Epidemic.—Poor Luanza in its length and breadth has been for quite three months suffering from most malignant smallpox, which has killed very many. Our dear sister Higgins' departure is now followed by that of our dear *Smish*—a bright young man, who was in life and death the Lord's. I saw him before the hour of his release was come, full of suffering in every inch of his always frail body. His voice was very faint, in fact only a guttural murmur; yet was he all anxiety to be by very word, *in death*, the Lord's.

We were a little group, some the Lord's and some undecided, putting together a cipher from the borderland, repeating to each other the words that came one by one at intervals.

First came a broken message—out of that mass of wounds and putrefying sores—that he went “praising! praising!” Jesus, the *Nkambo*, was doing all well. Then a message for his brother Mwasapa and his friend Kapenda, to trust in the Lord and to leave the old life. Then came the farewell gift of a bit of wood. His bodily

eyes were bleared and blinded by the disease, but he *had* eyes after all, yes, "soul-eyes" that could see beyond, even into heaven. Finally, not once but twice did we hear of two angels, who had come for him; and he was going, praising, praising! As we were all weeping like bairns, he said to me, "*Good night! Good night!*" And soon his morning dawned. Thus God has surely saved *one* of Garenganze's darkest, who loved much because forgiven much.

The Toil of Hunting for Food.—Apart from our travelling, the time we are compelled to spend in hunting is considerable. These combined have given us brown enough skins and well-developed muscles. Hunting under a blazing sun out on the flats is hard and toilsome work while it lasts, and if some are tempted to look upon it as a fine recreation, they might alter their opinion if they met us now and then on the homeward trudge, weary and fagged, often beyond measure. I find now that it was wrong of me to think indifferently about the quality of the rifle I was bringing with me; and if at any future time I should return home I would study to be scrupulously careful in this matter. The exercise we go through very naturally begets an almost ravenous appetite which is satisfied with the coarsest of fare. We make a nice simple kind of bread out of Sorghum meal, which is one of our staple articles of diet; and this, with the fresh meat we have always on hand, gives us a healthy and regular food. To have this, and to be content with it, is, I believe, one of the prime conditions of getting through work in Africa. Without doubt there are possibilities in even bush kitchenry and mode of life that would surprise most Europeans, but to aspire after these means

very often the obscuring of one's real object in coming hither, and the frittering away of precious days in meeting the demands of Self—subtle, greedy Self, so hateful of being trampled on, and so desirous of being pampered.

“ There is a man that *often* stands
Between me and Thy glory,
His name is Self; my carnal Self
Stands 'twixt me and Thy glory.
Oh, mortify him! Mortify him!
Put him down, my Saviour;
Exalt Thyself alone; lift high
The banner of the Cross,
And in its folds
Conceal the standard-bearer.”

The Falling Asleep of a Fellow-Worker.—Beloved Gammon is with the King—gone in so joyfully and triumphantly too! His only final sorrow was for his dear ones left behind. As he saw the path closing in ahead, many were the messages of love he gave. He said he always liked boats—could draw a boat from boyhood, and so at last all the imagery of the dying couch was that of “his little boat” tossed far out to sea by the tempest. “Oh! think of those great harbour bars swung open for me—my little boat!” After we had got him snug for the night, he said, nestlingly, “What a nice little bay for the night. I'll sail in in the morning. Oh! we've been happy! No jar! No jar! Let us boast of it—of His love! When I go, set the dear little clock going at 'Home, Sweet Home'!”

Thus our loved one “sailed in”—and I longed for a congregated world to behold that dying saint! Then came the last long journey—up over the brow of the

range, the whole town following. Up! up! along his own beautiful road from Luanza to the kraal; and there among the sweet woodland shades and amid wondrous peace we laid the dear man of God at the side of his own road, according to his wish. He yearned for the gaps to be filled, and cried out in bitterness of soul, "*Why don't they come?*"

A Storm on the Lake—Beginning to Sink.—Old Mweru is in a huff and blowing very hard. The French gig is too full of boys to rise to the waves, so I have run in to the sandy strip on the Luanza side of Lualaba crossing.

Another venture out and another defeat! Just round the corner of this point I have gained are some surly hippos, so all that is needed is the right wave or the right hippo to shiver us!

We have just grounded on the island beach, and I hasten to write my "Thank God" out of a warm heart. Br. Campbell and I were as nearly drowned to-day with all hands as ever we shall be. We were caught with a wild blast blowing against us when half-way over to Kilwa. Then began the heart-sickening battle—all paddlers at work and scarcely any headway! Was this the end? Should I never see my wife and child again? The poor old gig was much too far below the Plimsoll waterline, so could not rise to the waves, and in they came on us.

Then came a most delightful stiffening of my soul's backbone. I felt lighter and glad. (This I now know was the Lord's giving me a share of His pillow! "Asleep on a pillow!") It became infectious, for the dear boys bent their backs to the paddles with a groan, and then a most inspiring song. At last came the blessed feeling that



BRIDGE AT VICTORIA FALLS.

Northern and Southern Rhodesia are joined by this bridge which crosses a gorge about 500 feet deep. No tongue can describe these falls. The first glance you get into that abyss you are struck with awe and can only exclaim "Oh God, how wonderful are Thy works." A view is got from the bridge on the centre only, but it is nothing to be compared to what is known as the Devil's Cataract where the water had been held by this river over a mile wide and pressed through a narrow gorge at a terrific force, and dashing itself down on the rocks at the foot of this great chasm with a roar like thunder and the spray rising into the air watering the forest around which is known as rain forest. Waterproof clothing can be got at the Hotel which will enable you to get through this forest. As the water dashes down you can see nothing but a foaming mass which is called the boiling pot. No wonder the native calls this Mosi-oa-Tuyya (the smoke that sounds). A little over 100 yards away there is the silent pool—not a ripple on the water. We spent five days at the Victoria Falls Hotel. It was during a full moon which gave us an opportunity to see the Lunar Rainbow which can only be seen at that time. It was the most perfect rainbow I ever saw, extending from one side of the Eastern Cataract to the other. We were well repaid for staying up that night as the moon shone in a cloudless sky about 12 o'clock midnight.



FRED. S. ARNOT'S GRAVE IN JOHANNESBURG.

The inscription on the tombstone is as follows:—

"In memory of Frederick Stanley Arnot, F.R.G.S., Pioneer Missionary to Central Africa. Born in Glasgow, Sept. 12, 1858. Entered into rest.—Johannesburg, May 15, 1914.

In journeyings often

Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory
Through Jesus Christ our Lord."

we had gained and were gaining more and more on the lee shore of Kilwa, and though the gale was still white and roaring, in an hour we could hope to be in smoother water. This was so eventually, for the hills began to break the full force two miles out from shore.

In the storm I saw in a flash how much I could do (under God) by remaining in Africa, saw too how little I have done, and also a golden future. I promised the Lord, too, to try to win the souls of all the boys who were with me.

Drew up on the beach after it all, gave the long, glad breath of release, and heard, over all, the voice, "Be ye ready, for in such an hour as ye think not!"

Opening of a Large Hall at Luanza.—Yesterday we opened the big schoolhouse, reading out the Lord's last command of Matt. xxviii., and trying to pass along the dear cadence of such phrases as "uttermost parts of the earth" with all their import of love. It was interesting and touching to see the people winding through the corn, a chief's spear gleaming in the morning sun as he headed his little group of followers. All were beaming, and seemed thoroughly to understand that it was no mere "white men's" affair, else "they would have shut themselves in and sung by themselves, and they wouldn't have called us."

Who, then, have we here? First of all Kansungwa, the oldest man in the whole land, whose very name is a proverb now. Then Kkuva, the landlord of these parts, who fell back upon us during Shimba's raiding; and then Makonshe, the chief next in status to him, and he is followed by Chendamayo, successor-elect to the old Kansungwa, whose life we saved two years ago. So

much for the aborigines of this part. The next racial division is abrupt, including Va-Vemba and Va-Yeke, types of different cast, but confirming the truth that neither virtue nor vice can be nationalized. The first of these latter is C——, erstwhile daring looter, of the Shimba type. He rebelled against Msidi I., and being in Luwule bog was inaccessible. Though Msidi never captured him, Mpweto was paid in advance by the old man to “break” C——. The roads were watched for many a day, and it was only in the stealthiest manner by night that the poor fellow ran into us for shelter. Then when Mpweto came along to pay us a visit, the incredible sight was witnessed of these two chiefs sitting on the same mat, and shaking hands. “Ah!” said Mpweto, eyeing the man whom he had hunted down for his life, “the times are changed when I, Mpweto, look you in the face and live.” Needless to say C—— looks intently at his hoe in relief, but with all his black record behind him listens to the Gospel. Beside him is sitting a man whose name is M——. Well, it seems incredible, but it is true that C—— in the old days plundered *his* little caravan as it passed, and now both are listening!

CHAPTER X

IN GOD'S HAND AND THERE ALL IS WELL

The useful not the great ;
The thing that never dies ;
The silent tool that is not lost,
Set these before thine eyes.
Make haste, O Man ! to live.

On that wonderful day,
When I am still on the bed,
Smile through your weeping to say,
Gone by the Upland way.
Do not say I am Dead !

—WADE ROBINSON.

Never go anywhere where you cannot conscientiously ask the Lord Jesus to go with you.—CAPT. TROTTER.

MR DAN CRAWFORD spent thirty-seven years in Africa, and it is a proof of the Divine preserving care that he kept so well in that trying climate. And the privations he suffered cheerfully while traversing those twelve hundred miles from the sea to Msidi's capital must have drawn upon his reserve strength. One thing that kept him well was his genial spirit and love of cheerful speech and society. Care sat but lightly upon him. He sought to rejoice in the Lord, and so he could smile upon others who had not his buoyant faith. He was persistently amiable and cheerful, with more than a dash of Scottish shrewdness and love of teasing. He could speak his

mind, and so speak it that his words had an edge, but there was never a tinge of hypocrisy about him. Dan Crawford was himself a cheerful, keen Scot, with pertinacity, courage and a love of his kind, the warmer because it sprang from love to his Redeemer, whom he loved with an intensity of fervour that fed his soul with strength. It was therefore somewhat of a shock when, 3rd June 1926, at the age of fifty-six he was called up higher. Then his true greatness was realised by those who did not enjoy his quips, and Christians were sad because of the loss the brave widow sustained and the Mission left without him. But with this sense of loss there was joined a deeper realisation of his gain. He had gone in to see Jesus and to be with Him for ever.

And He who walks amidst the Candlesticks can make no mistake. He called Dan Crawford home, but then He Himself knew what He would do to cheer the bereaved workers and encourage them to look for greater and better success, because instead of leaning on Dan Crawford, they will be compelled to lean upon the Lord Jesus Christ, which is far better.

With regard to Dan Crawford and other honoured leaders and soul-winners, we must remember that they themselves are a trust—a trust from God. A very wise Christian once prayed thus: "Lord make us remember that we only hold life or the blessings others are to us moment by moment from Thee and for Thee. This is wise for all of us to do."

Life itself, health, the opportunity of service and the benefit of loving friends and wise counsellors and teachers, we hold them on a brief and unknown tenure. They are God's gift to us and they are for Him. Some day we shall

miss them. To-day is the only time we can call ours. This present clock tick, now is the time to decide for Christ, to work, speak or suffer for Him ; to receive instruction from those whom He has placed over us, now, this moment, while we read, for a little later may be too late.

With regard to the homegoing of Dan Crawford, it is hard to believe that such acts of Sovereign Wisdom can be a blessing, but then we are ignorant of so much and know so very little of God's ways and purposes.

One who had suffered much, said, towards the close of a long course of trial : " I love the knowledge that has come through sorrows and trials and pardoned sins, of a love which has never wearied towards me, and is fresher than the fresh dew of youth and mellowed than the ripest tenderness of age."

Yes, true knowledge of that which matters must be purchased by failure, disappointment, ill-health, the loss of money or of esteem and favour, but when we come to fully know God we gain by what we give up for Him.

Sacrifice for Jesus is necessary, but then it is enriching ; make it, and find out for yourself how profitable it is and what a rich gain He is Himself to those who have Him as their own.

The account of Mr Crawford's last hours, as given in *Echoes of Service*, is so good that we transcribe it here :

" LUANZA, 9th June 1926.—It has fallen to my lot to send you news concerning the unexpected and rather sudden death of Mr Dan Crawford. It came as a terrible blow to all of us who were on or near the spot.

Some three weeks ago I left Mpweto to visit Luanza in company with a brother missionary from the other side

of the lake. I have never known Mr Crawford to be any happier or brighter than he was during those few days of our visit. At every opportune moment he was before us with his Bible in his hand—'The One Book' he called it—feeding our souls with good things. Notebooks in hand we used to sit and listen, but notebooks were forgotten in our endeavour to take in all the good things which bubbled forth from his full heart; always we went away with our 'sacks full—more than we could carry.' As we wended our way back to Mpweto we recalled many of his remarkable sayings and confessed to one another that we had derived much joy and fellowship from our short visit.

"On Tuesday, 1st June, Mrs Crawford wrote us a note saying that on Saturday night, 29th May, Mr Crawford had slightly injured his hand on some shelves near his bed. Although at the time of the accident Mr Crawford forgot to apply the iodine in which he trusted so implicitly, his hand was nevertheless attended to and dressed the following morning, Sunday. It quickly assumed the form of a poisoned hand, being swollen and terribly painful at first, the pain subsequently disappearing, which was apparently a good sign, but in reality proved to be a bad one. Being in the midst of preparation for an itinerating journey to Tanganyika, I am afraid we did not give the matter more than ordinary consideration. However, on Thursday, 3rd June, we were alarmed by a native rushing up to the house at about noon with a brief note from Luanza, asking if I could come at once, as Mr Crawford's condition was becoming serious. This native was Mr Crawford's secretary, who had been asked to send someone with the note, but had brought

it himself to make sure the message was delivered without delay. Setting out immediately for Luanza, I arrived about 5.30 p.m. the same evening. Mrs Crawford was just finishing dressing the hand and Mr Crawford appeared to be in a very deep sleep. The bandages were again removed, and after seeing the state of the hand I had to confess, as also did Mrs Crawford, that there was something mysterious about it, and that it was altogether different from anything I had ever seen before. Mrs Crawford was heartbroken, having tried to the best of her ability, and by every possible means, to effect a cure, but without any success. About half-past six the same evening Mr Crawford departed to be with Christ without rousing from his deep sleep. The scene which followed will ever live in my memory. The elders of the Church entered the room, fighting their emotions and beseeching God to help them at this crisis hour. Kneeling around his bed we prayed and prayed, we whites sobbing out our sorrow, but the natives strangling their emotion; now and again a choking sob could not be smothered. When the news of his death reached the village a great and never-to-be-forgotten wail rang out upon the stillness of the night. The men sat about in groups all the night long, talking in subdued tones, but the women returned to their huts to sob out their grief.

“For the burial of one whom they truly loved, all arrangements to the smallest of details were carried out by the elders of the Church, for did they not say, ‘*He is ours*’? None could have been more tender or more thoughtful than these men, so black of skin, yea, and at one time so black of heart, so wild and so uncouth.

What has changed them so? He had brought them 'The gospel—God's power unto salvation.' How often have we heard him say, 'Give me the gospel to the whole world and you can have everything else. The gospel! The gospel! I will die for it.' Mark this, too: he was not merely a *pulpit preacher*, but he was also a great *individual worker*. He would say, 'If I do not speak to at least one individual each day about Christ, then I am not happy.' Then remember, his last great efforts were in the direction of house-to-house visitation, to enter one house per day and speak of Christ. On such occasions he would say, 'Mother, how many years have you lived here in this hut? Five?—Ten?—Fifteen? Ah! (and this with tears in his eyes) and not once have I been here to speak to you about your soul.' She says, 'Oh, but I have been to the meetings regularly and have heard you preaching.' 'Ah, stop that, mother. I have never visited you—not once—and it wounds me, and I cannot rest about it; forgive me and listen to me now.'

"Of Mr Dan Crawford it can be faithfully said—this which he loved to be able to say about others—'*He was a gosseller.*'

"Then a little Greek trader asked me, 'Did he finish the translation of the Old Testament before he died?' Yes, thank God, he did. He was granted the joy of knowing that he had completed the translation of the whole of God's Word into the native dialect. We ourselves know, and natives too, and they will testify to the truth of this, that *day and night* he often worked at the translation—and, mark you, no exaggeration about this day and night business. Translating, and translating, and

still translating, until the pen lags and the eyelids droop ; then comes a plaintive voice from his dog-tired secretary, ' Master, you had better go to bed and sleep.' Such a suggestion was but a nasty jag which only served to rouse him, and with determination flashing from his tired eyes he would go on doggedly with the translating. His great longing was for every hut to have its copy of the Word of God, and for that Word to be read day and night at family worship. Hence the Bible and the Bible-schools were his great theme.

" The elders tenderly pillowed his head on a copy of the New Testament which he had translated, and thus we buried him. It would have given us great joy had we been able also to place there a copy of the Old Testament, but this was not possible because it is not yet in print. It was his life's work, this translation, and God alone knows the true value of His servant's labours in this direction.

" The last words penned by Mr Crawford are striking and could be accepted as a final message written deliberately by one who believed that the time of his departure was nigh. They certainly are a final message in the sense that they were the last dictated by him. We feel sure, however, that he never wrote them with any intention of their being a final message. We are more than persuaded that he knew not, even as we knew not, that the end was so near. These words, dictated 2 p.m., 2nd June 1926, and attached to three or four letters sent to certain friends, are as follows :—

" ' This week I suffer under a grave disability ; my left hand is poisoned and this poison is knifing me very hard, so we are in God's hand and all is well. It is

harrowing and might have been avoided, only I was sleeping in my little cell in a deep sleep. This made me forget the iodine which is the panacea of my life. To say that it is *harrowing* is only to remind you that it is the harrow that produces the smiling lands of corn, and this explains that "we *glory* in tribulation" verse—*but do we?* Good-bye, dear friends, we will meet at the appearing in excellent glory.'

"Dear friends, be ye 'helpers together by prayer' to the end this *labouring* of the spent-and-be-spent kind, and this *harrowing* to which God's servant was subjected, may produce smiling lands of corn—true corn—the corn of the Kingdom of God, even in this part of the field.'

"Dear Mrs Crawford is left, and is bravely holding the ropes let fall by her husband. This great work begun so long ago by God's faithful servant *must* continue, and as much as lies in our power we shall see to it that it *does* continue; wherefore I beseech you again to be 'helpers together by prayer'—'for us.'

"Men and women are still pouring into Luanza from all quarters to express their heartfelt sympathy. Some have done many weary days' travelling. Down from the north and up from the south; away out from Lubaland on the west and away out from towards Tanganyika on the east—still they come in a steady stream with their burden of sympathy. A great host of teachers and Christian workers have gathered and hearts are being revived. The soil is somewhat prepared and the Good Seed is being sown. Mercy drops around us are falling, but it is for the showers we plead. May God grant us to see many lives re-dedicated to Him and also a great outpouring of blessing."—J. H. BROWN.

Another worker who laboured with Mr Crawford in the Gospel thus bears his testimony to the esteem in which Mr Crawford was held :

“ JOHNSTON FALLS, 21st June.—Mr Crawford's position in the country was unique. He had the affection of a great many of the older generation, and everyone looked up to him as being our 'Mukulu,' a native word (carrying a wide range of meaning, including age, respect, esteem, precedence) which we translate roughly Elder.

“ The people came in from some of the outlying villages, having heard the sad news, to have it confirmed and to express their sorrow. The hall was full at 3.30 when we gathered, many of the people having been here from the early morning. Some time was spent in prayer, and as one and another prayed for Mrs Crawford, and for the work at Luanza, it was difficult to keep back the tears. Memory was stirred up and we were reminded that it was he who helped Mr Pomeroy to begin the work at Johnston Falls, and it was acting on his suggestion I came here in 1905.

“ It was a fitting time to remind the native believers and ourselves of what the Lord had wrought among us. In the company there were some old men, saved and unsaved, who remembered the coming of Mr Crawford, so we were able to have each fact confirmed on the spot. Mr Crawford found a people plunged in heathen darkness, idolatry, spirit-worship, slave raiding and trading, sensuality, and, not far from Luanza, even cannibalism holding the field. Secret societies with gruesome rites wielded their power and held sway over the people. Satan received homage from his worshippers as 'Chief of

the Spirits.' Witchcraft and witchburning were the rule, mutilation the punishment frequently meted out to defaulters. Nowhere was the name of the Lord Jesus even known.

"Here were the sons and daughters of these same people, a big crowd of them, mostly Christians, met in quiet, subdued sorrow to record their debt to the one who had passed away. There was a note of praise that our brother had lived to see these terrible things give place to the gospel, to decent government, and to a measure of civilization. He has left behind him several thousand believers in the Lord Jesus Christ who mourn the passing of their 'Elder.' As we pointed out these things for the benefit of the younger people, who only know them from hearsay, and appealed to old men in the audience to say whether the things I was telling them were true or not, many of these dear old faces bore evident signs of the sorrow that filled our hearts as they quietly bowed their acknowledgment.

"The rapt attention and the hush that was over us, as appeals were made not to let slip the precious blessings which, under God, Konga Bantu (Mr Crawford's native name, which means, The Gatherer of the People) had brought to the district, fills us with hope for the future. Some remembered his own words, 'Africa shall have my bones,' and this was mentioned in prayer.

"The feeling as we parted was a mixed one. Sadness for the parting, sorrow for the dear one left behind and for his friends, but a deep joy and gratitude to God that he had lived to see such fruit from his labour. It was cause for praise that he had practically finished his translation of the Bible. The New Testament (his second

translation) has been in use for some time, and now the Old Testament is ready for the press. The financial help he has been to our work of late years was gratefully acknowledged, and it was pointed out that hundreds now able to read the New Testament in our district owe this to the generous help our school work has had from him.

“Two days after the meeting we received a letter from Luanza saying he hoped to be with us for the conference which is due to begin on the 24th. The sad news of his death came by special fast cycle messenger.”

W. LAMOND.

Dr G. E. Tilsley, a nephew of Mr Crawford's, who for over five years was associated with him in his work at Luanza, and who was in England at the time of Mr Crawford's death, writes :—

“Out of Central Africa's long grass where constantly he hunted souls for his King, Dan Crawford has marched, suddenly, into the clearing of the King's Presence.

“‘*Mavingo*, Dan—Justification.’

“‘*Kanyama*, *Mwane*.’ ‘Only a tiny animal.’ Only a tiny animal!

“Only a life-time lived hidden away in the African Bush. Only a life-time of consistent hunting for souls. Only hundreds of those African souls saved by the Blood of Christ. Only African Churches founded and established. Only the WHOLE Bible completely translated into a foreign tongue. Only a *Kanyama*—just a tiny animal.

“Thus, Dan Crawford. His accomplished work was ‘Just a tiny animal.’ He had expected to do more,

much more. In these last years many a time he discussed with me the much work that he had hoped still to do for God in Central Africa. 'And you, dear old Boy,' he would say, 'you must be my Timothy.'

"The gift of tongues was upon him. As a translator his work was pre-eminent. Not a few Africans have said to me *Konga Vantu!* (Gatherer of the People—Gatherer of the People was his native name.) 'That one, does he not know more about our language than we do ourselves?' Of the New Testament, when it was read in their hearing, they would exclaim, 'Our own tongue, verily our own, own tongue!'

"Some time ago the National Bible Society of Scotland published a revision he had made of his former New Testament. When the first of those beautiful red New Testaments with their splendid illustrations arrived in Luanza his excited joy, and his thankfulness in God, were perfectly delightful to see. His manuscripts of the Old Testament are complete and are now being printed. 'The whole Bible in every hut of the land' was his great objective!

"Came the morning under the hot African sun when for the last time we scrambled with him down the cliff to the shore of Lake Mweru. We were off to England; the Old Testament was to be engineered through the Press. All the way down he talked plans for our future work together when, the Old Testament printed, please God, we should have returned to Luanza.

"The Lady of Luanza, his noble wife, was there. Miss Bryde from Australia was there. They edged towards the dug-out till they were standing in the water. With yearning he kissed each of our three children, and *they*

were carried aboard. From the first he had taken my wife to his heart, treating her like a daughter. 'Dear Little Lady'—he could say no more. He turned aside his head, and an African carried *her* to the canoe. As for us—we gripped hands—hard. 'Good-bye—Good-bye. Till we meet!'

"And the African sun shone on his white hair as he bared his head. The wavelets of Lake Mweru, *his* Lake Mweru, lapped his feet. Round him were crowded his beloved Lubans. The paddlers began their endless chant. The canoe began to dance across the shallows. The sturdy upstanding figure of Uncle Dan, dearly loved figure in the knickerbocker suit, grew smaller and smaller . . ."

There are two or three reflections that a close study of Mr Crawford's life suggests.

The first is : *He stepped over the line on the right side.*

He hesitated a while, until once he realised who Jesus was and what He can do for those who trust Him. In this he is an example for all of us to trust.

Then second : *He kept on the right side.*

He was out and out for Jesus, and, retaining his own special qualities and characteristics, he was on the Lord's side always and with all that he had.

The third : *He brought others over the line.*

The extract from Dr Faris's book tells us how earnest he was with all with whom he came into contact, that they might be won for Christ. His use of the Bible explains his fidelity to the Lord and his wonderful success in serving Him.

The fourth reflection is : *Dan Crawford calls upon us individually and unitedly to continue his work.*

His work in Great Britain and in Africa. Will you do your part.

Said a native Christian : " We may not like the white men be able to show a great light, but if we can only strike a match in the darkness it may show the way of Salvation to a soul."

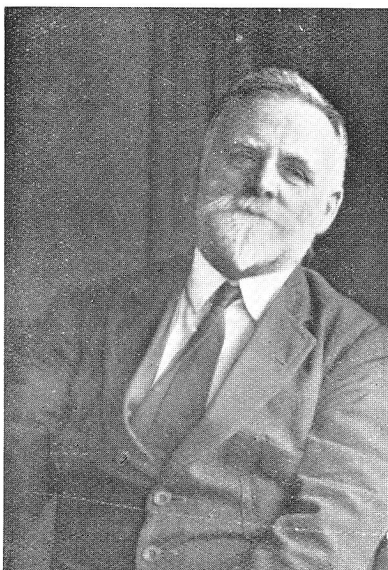
Will you strike your match ?

Safe in His holding I fear not
To launch on an unknown sea ;
The King of all Heaven is with me,
The God of Eternity.



THE LITTLE CEMETERY AT LUANZA.

Under the shade of the trees lie eleven of the noble band who have given their lives for their Master. The first grave shewn is that of John Wilson of Kilmarnock of whom the natives still speak with respect because of his godly life. Then Willie Gammon who died as the result of being struck by lightning. Then Mr. Cobb of Ireland. A Scotsman, an Englishman and an Irishman lying side by side who gave their lives to carry the Gospel to that dark corner of the earth.



THE LAST PHOTO OF MR. CRAWFORD.

Wherever Mr. Crawford went his one business was to spread the Gospel, and he was very unhappy if he did not deal personally with some one every day about their salvation. His life was a busy one and he was always ready to serve others. His ministry came with power because he had a Christ life at the back of it. Having spent 38 years of his life in Africa his one object was "The Gospel for the African." During that time he had only one furlough.

He has now been removed from this scene but he has left a great legacy behind him, that will carry with it good news into every Luban hut through the written pages of the Word of God. The translation of the Old Testament which he just completed before his death is now in the hands of the printers, and being revised by Miss G. L. Elliot of Chabambo who returned home to this country for health reasons, and who hopes to return to her loved field of service after this great work is finished. The arrival of the Old Testament will cause great excitement, and more so, seeing it was the latest work of their beloved teacher—known to the native as "Bawana Konga," "the comforter of the poor."

CHAPTER XI

A VISIT TO LUANZA

BY FRED ELLIOTT

I HAVE been to many countries, but the most alluring of all is certainly Africa. There is something entrancing about its large rivers and barren plains that appeals to me.

Shortly after my conversion I was stirred in reading the accounts of the Congo atrocities. It gave me my first desire to see Africa. From that day I laboured and prayed and longed for "the dark Continent." The door to Africa was opened in a wonderful way, and I set sail for the land I loved although had never seen. I will never forget the sensation leaving Southampton for far-off Luanza. In due time we arrived in Cape Town, touching Freetown, Sierra Leone, on the way. We conducted a few Gospel missions in South Africa and then left Johannesburg for the Katanga. We called at Buluwayo *en route*, and visited the Matopas where Cecil Rhodes and Dr Jameson are buried. Then on to Victoria Falls. I shall never forget my first sight of the Falls. I stood on the bridge over the gorge and unconsciously took my hat off and heard myself exclaim, "Oh, Lord, how manifold are thy works, the earth is full of Thy riches." I was filled with awe and truly I was brought into the Presence of God. It is one of the sights of the

world. There is no comparison between Victoria and Niagara Falls, having seen both. Then on to a place called Sakania we went, just over the Belgian Congo border. We arrived there on the Saturday morning, and had to interview the Belgian official about our passports and luggage. He examined our passports, which were all in order, and then asked us where we were going. I told him that the most northerly point for the moment was Luanza. At the mention of Luanza his face beamed, and he said, "Lovely place, gentlemen, and Mr Crawford—good man." He spoke very highly of Mr Dan Crawford, and I could not help praising God for the clear testimony for Christ Dan Crawford bore in that far-off land. He asked us where our luggage was, and when we showed him he simply passed them without asking us to open one of our boxes for inspection. Those of you who have travelled know what this means. It showed us the power of a Christian life. When one is truly a child of God, men place confidence in one that they would not otherwise. We alighted at Elizabethville, the capital of the Katanga, on the Sunday morning, where I saw about thirty natives chained neck to neck with steel chains draw near the train. They were convicts who had come down from the prison, chained, to carry up the mail bags to the Post Office. It reminded me so very much in reading the *Life of Dr David Livingstone*, of the days of slavery, which, thank God, to a very great extent are now past.

We remained in Elizabethville till the following Thursday, and then left in an old Ford car *en route* for Luanza, part of the way in car and part by boat, as well as trekking. It was an eventful journey. Our first

call was a village called Kasenga. We should have reached it by Friday morning at 10.30, instead of that we did not get there till Saturday afternoon at 3.30.

There was a chapter of accidents. The car caught fire going through the long grass, the wonder being we were not burned to death. Then going over a native bridge the white ants had been at work and the bridge broke. The car, luggage and passengers crashed into the bed of the river. Fortunately it was not very deep and it was the dry season. Then the front spring broke; then the front axle got bent by the root of a tree, and twice we sank in the mud up to the axles. Motoring in Africa is not pleasure. Finally we got to Kasenga tired and weary, having had no sleep for two nights.

After tea we got into the native boat, which they call a "dug-out." It is simply the trunk of a tree scooped out. It was lonely the quietness of the river to the noise of the old Ford car. It was the great Luapula river we were on. It is indeed a fine river, abounding in fish, crocodiles and hippopotamus. It was this same river David Livingstone was making for when he died. His last words were, "How many days to the Luapula?" This is also the river where sleeping sickness abounded. We got stung by the tsetse fly, but contracted no disease, as it has been pretty well stamped out.

We spent some time at a place called Chivambo, where Mr and Mrs Anton are doing a fine work for God. Then we called at a place called Kabba, and we saw truly God's "arm made bare." We met the Brothers Lamond with their wives and spent some of our happiest days working with them as best we could in the Gospel. At this point we were waiting for the Belgian Government

steamer to take us down the river and up Lake Mweru. We waited and waited until a week passed, and no word of the steamer. She was hung up owing to boiler trouble, and of course not having the telegraph or telephone we did not know. However, as the boat did not come we gathered together all the "dug-outs" we could get and set sail from a place called Moquampas for Luanza. It took us seven days to go, and they were seven days of service for the Master. Calling at village after village on the banks of the river we preached the Gospel to "those in heathen darkness dwelling."

It is a strange sensation speaking by interpretation for the first time.

We camped in one village and had an evening meeting. Picture the scene. The Luapula flowing silently by at this point about three-quarters of a mile wide. On the other side "three score and ten palm trees," which we named "Elim."

In the clearing in the centre of the village a huge fire about six feet high of wood. Round the fire about four hundred natives, men, women and children. The stars twinkling silently above and a quietness almost felt.

Then into the light of the fire steps Mr W. Lamond, clad in a white suit, and preaches Christ to these natives. The rapt attention of the crowd and the blessed Presence of the Holy Spirit told us of a work being done for eternity. During the Gospel address the natives were killing the mosquitoes on their bodies, but although the noise of clapping was heard, the quietness of heaven reigned. I shall never forget that evening service, and as we retired to our tents we felt that God had, indeed, blessed the Word.

We soon got into Lake Mweru and running quickly towards Luanza. It was a delightful sight to go ploughing through water lilies, and on the banks to see monkeys by the hundreds literally "flying" from one tree to another, and hear them chattering. At last we saw, on the seventh morning, Luanza in the distance. Our paddle boys began to sing their weird river songs and paddle as hard as they could. As we drew near, about a dozen natives came out from Luanza in their boats, giving us a welcome. It was lovely to see them plying in and out and singing and welcoming us into their midst.

As we drew near shore a good few hundred children burst out in a hymn of welcome, led by Dr Tilsley in the centre. It was a glorious sight and blessed to hear. These little boys and girls brought up amidst heathen surroundings and yet many of them saved by the grace of God. They simply swarmed around us and gave us a real welcome.

Luanza can be seen best from only two view-points. From the lake and from the hill behind.

We got out of the boats and then climbed up a roadway cut out of the rock to a height of about two hundred feet. At the top we were met by Mr Dan Crawford, and, oh, what a welcome he gave us! I shall never forget my first sight of him standing in the midst of the natives he loved so well.

We were then met by Mrs Crawford and wended our way to the house. It is truly a nice house, as African houses go. Built of sun-dried brick and mud. The pillars being entwined with bamboo work makes it look very nice indeed. It has a commanding view of the lake,

and in the distance one can just see the shores of Mweru in Rhodesia. The lake is about 90 miles long by 30 miles wide and abounds in fish.

Mrs Crawford was a splendid hostess. She is truly a woman of God. Some of us have no hesitation in saying she is one of the finest Christian women of to-day. The Lord truly bless and keep her.

After getting refreshed and a good meal we began a conference in the drawing-room at Mr Crawford's house. The conference was opened by my travelling companion, Mr R. Sharp, of Edinburgh, on the subject, "The New Testament as a missionary text-book." It was a fine word and brought us back to the source of things.

Then we had a message on Sunday School and Day School work. A lecture was given by Dr Tilsley on the use of quinine, which is an absolute necessity for the missionary. Mr W. Lamond gave us a word on the pros and cons of sleeping sickness. At all these meetings Mr Crawford presided, and it was lovely to note his wise handling of many subjects. One night at our devotional meeting (we had one each night) Mr Crawford spoke to us from Isaiah xxxiii. 17, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off." None of us will ever forget that night. If ever a man spoke in the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit, he did. There was not a dry eye in the place. He led us up not only to the gates of heaven, but right inside, and never finished till he brought us before "the Lamb." Truly "the Lamb" was all the glory in Immanuel's land that night. I look back on that night as one of the most wonderful nights in my life.

Luanza is a pretty wee town. As far as I could gather

there are about four hundred houses with a main street running up and down, which is a unique thing in Africa. Town planning, as far as the natives are concerned, is unknown, but in Luanza you have a nicely laid out town. Then the hill rises up behind that again, and on the top is the little well-kept, quiet cemetery, where many of the saints of God who have died there rest. I think there are eleven graves, Mr Crawford's making the twelfth. From the top you get a magnificent view of the town and lake. It reminded one of "Pisgah's lofty height."

The country abounds in wild beasts, and it is never safe to go out at night as lions prowl round the house.

The church is a very pretty one indeed. From the house there is a long palm avenue (nothing finer anywhere) leading to a gate. Then comes an open space and then the church. It was beautifully built of sun-dried brick and festooned with bamboo round the pillars. The accommodation would be as near as I can guess about 1000. The centre of the building was open to the sky, with strips of bamboo across to beat off the fierce rays of the sun. One of the most blessed sights was to see all these natives gathered for the "breaking of bread" and reverently worshipping the Lord "till He comes." It simply made one's heart leap for joy.

We had the joy of seeing a witch doctor saved while there, and it was an inspiring sight to see him burn all his fetishes, etc., in a huge bonfire in front of the church.

Luanza is a beacon light in that dark spot of earth.

Not only does it stand for preaching the Gospel to the native, but traders and Government officials have to hear the old story of redeeming love too.

God has called our friend and brother home to "higher service," and it is our joy to pray for those who are left, and specially for Mrs Crawford, that God may sustain and give them wisdom in the dealing with the vast problems which continually arise.

Not only so, but that financial help may be given as needs arise.

Shall we pray more, give more and work more for that dark spot which has been so abundantly blessed of God in the sending of Mr and Mrs Crawford.

" Shall we whose souls are lighted
with wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted the lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, oh ! salvation, the joyful
sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nations have
learned Messiah's Name."