Stanford's Geographical Establishment, Lond…

THE CHRIST OF THE CONGO RIVER

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BY

W. Y. FULLERTON, D.D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

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NKAND'ANTETE A MOSE UYIKWANGA VO

ETUKU

1 MUNA lubantiku o Nzambi wasem'ezulu ye nza. 2 E nza yankatu yo sadila; muna ngodia, tombe: o mvand'a Nzambi vabutamen'o maza. 3 O Nzambi kavova vo. Mbula vakala ntemo: vakedi ntemo. 4 O Nzambi omwene ntemo vo wambote:- o Nzambi obulanisi ntemo ye tombe. 5 O Nzambi oyikidi ntemo vo, Mwini, oyikidi tombe vo, Fuku. Vakedi masika, vakedi mene; i lumbu kiamete.

6 O Nzambi kavova vo, Mbula vakala ngambwila vana kati kwa maza, yabulanisa maza muna maza. 7 O Nzambi ovangidi ngambwila, yo bulanisa maz'oma mekala kunansi a ngambwila yo maz'oma mekala kunantandu a ngambwila: i una wekala. 8 O Nzambi oyikidi e ngambwila vo, Ezulu. Vakedi masika, vakedi mene; i lumbu kiezole.

9 O Nzambi kavova vo, O maza mena kunans' ezulu, mbula mawongama vamosi o ntoto ayuma umoneku: i una wekala. 10 O Nzambi oyikidi nsi ayuma vo, Ntoto: e ngwongam'a maza oyikidi yo vo, Kalunga: o Nzambi omwene wo vo wambote. 11 O Nzambi ovovele vo, Mbul'o ntoto wawalumukwa titi, e mbundu iyimanga mbongo, o nti ubundu uyimanga bundu muna wandi kanda, ina ye mbongo andi, ova ntoto: i una wekala. 12 O ntoto umenene titi, e mbundu iyimanga mbongo muna wandi kanda, yo nti uyimango e bundu ina ye mbongo muna wandi kanda: o Nzambi omwene wo vo wambote. 13 Vakedi masika, vakedi mene; i lumbu kietatu.

14 O Nzambi kavova vo, Mbula mwakala mini muna ngambwil'ezulu yabulanisa mvini yo fuku; ikala se sinsu ye nsungi ye lumbu ye mvu: 15 ikala se mini muna ngambwil'ezulu yaminik'ova nza: i una wekala. 16 O Nzambi ovangidi mini yole yampwena; e mini, eki kisundidi, kayadil'o mvini, e mini kiandwelo kiayadil'o fuku: ovangidi mpe ntetembwa. 17 O Nzambi osidi yo muna ngambwil'ezulu yaminik'ova nza, 18 yo yadil'o mvini yo fuku, yo bulanisa ntemo ye tombe: o Nzambi omwene wo vo wambote. 19 Vakedi masika, vakedi mene; i lumbu kieya.

20 O Nzambi kavova vo, Mbul'o maza mateteninwa ma ikwendanga, ina yo moyo, ye nuni zitimuk'ovansi muna ngambwil'ezulu. 21 O Nzambi osemene matele mampwena, ye ma yawonso yamoyo ikwendanga, ina yatetaninw'o maza, muna wau kanda, ye nuni zawonso muna wau kanda: o Nzambi omwene wo vo wambote. 22 O Nzambi ubasambwidi oku vo, Nuwutana, nuwokela, nzilungila maza ma kalunga, e nuni ziwokela ova ntoto. 23 Vakedi masika, vakedi mene; i lumbu kietanu.

24 O Nzambi kavova vo, Mbul'o ntoto watukwa ma kiamoyo muna wandi kanda, mbizi, ye ma kiyatatanga, ye bulu kia ntoto, muna wandi kanda: i una wekala. 25 O Nzambi ovangidi bulu kia ntoto muna wandi kanda, ye mbizi muna wau kanda, ye ma yawonso iyatatang'ova ntoto muna wau kanda: o Nzambi omwene wo vo wambote. 26 O Nzambi ovovele vo, Tuvangila muntu muna mpw'eto, muna fwaniswa kieto: bayala mbizi za kalunga, ye nuni z'ezulu, ye mbizi, ye nza yawonso, ye ma yawonso iyatatang'ova ntoto. 27 O Nzambi osemene muntu muna mpw'andi, muna mpw'a Nzambi i kansemena; eyakala yo nkento kabasema. 28 O

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE COMPLETE CONGO BIBLE, PUBLISHED AS WE WRITE THE STORY OF 1925-6

C'est avec plaisir que Je saisis l'occasion qui M'est offerte par ce Jubilé, d'exprimer publiquement Mon admiration pour l'oeuvre de dévouement évangélique, éducatif, moral et social entreprise au Congo Belge, depuis tant d'années, par la Baptist Missionary Society.

Je forme le voeu sincère que cette oeuvre civilisatrice puisse se développer dans les années qui viennent.

Albert

It is with pleasure that I take the opportunity offered Me by this Jubilee to express publicly My admiration of the devoted work—Evangelical, Educational, Moral and Social—carried on for so many years in Belgian Congo by the Baptist Missionary Society.

It is My sincere wish that this civilizing work may develop still further in the years to come.

ALBERT.

PREFACE

THE author has the honour, first of all, to make very grateful acknowledgment of the distinction given to this volume by the generous words in which His Majesty King Albert of Belgium has been pleased to introduce it. His Majesty's appreciation of the work of the missionaries in Congo is all the more valued since His Majesty's own efforts have so greatly contributed to the welfare of the people of the great African territory to which His reign has brought such a large measure of prosperity and contentment. King Albert may be assured that it will ever be the desire of the missionaries to support such wise and sympathetic rule and themselves to render fealty to His Majesty's just and enlightened Government.

As the history of the Congo covers the same period as the author's own ministry, he has had touch, more or less intimate, with it from the beginning, and rejoices that it has been given to him to render this tribute in its praise.

The full history of all Protestant Congo Missions will be contained in the larger official volume, written at the request of the Conference of Congo Missions by the Rev. Emory Ross, himself a Congo missionary. *The Christ of the Congo River* is chiefly concerned with the British story of fifty years, [1878–1928], and is issued at the express desire of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society.

London, 1928.

The Author desires to thank the following friends for help willingly given in connection with this book:

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Other acknowledgments are made in various places in the text.

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THE CHRIST OF THE CONGO RIVER

I

"ALLAH YALLIM"

THE Congo river is one of the wonders of the world. But a greater wonder is that it has flowed clean across Africa for thousands of years, and yet until fifty years ago none of the millions of people on the earth knew it.

Its outflow to the Atlantic had, of course, long attracted attention, but nobody ventured far up the river; those who attempted to ascend were hindered by the strong currents which they met a little from its mouth, or, if they ventured as far, were stayed by the cataracts which the waters poured from the shelf of the continent. Most of them indeed in the early stages of their journey were deflected to the south, and though they wondered where the river came from, none of them knew.

Along its banks from time immemorial African tribes had built their villages and fished in its waters, but each tribe knew only its own stretch of the river, daring to journey no great distance up or down. At its source men paddled their canoes and followed the river northward for

days, but none ever knew, none even ever guessed, where the river went, nor what was its destiny. They only called it the Lualaba. At a critical moment a native expert, who knew all that there was to know, was called in by a notorious Arab slave-dealer to enlighten a European traveller.

"Do you know where the river goes?" he was asked.

"It flows north."

"And then?"

"It flows north."

"And then?"

"It still flows north."

"Well, where does it go to?"

"To the salt sea."

"In what direction is the salt sea?"

"Allah Yallim." (God knows.)

Until fifty years ago that was the sum of our knowledge—"Allah Yallim." We only knew that we did not know—"Allah Yallim." Livingstone in 1871 came to the Lualaba and was horrified by the slave raid which he witnessed at Nyangwe. He imagined the Lualaba to be the source of the Nile, so long sought in vain, but in taking the levels he discovered that to be impossible. So the matter was still a mystery. In vain he urged Hamid bin Mohamed (otherwise known as Tippu Tib)—as Cameron, the explorer, urged him afterwards—to help him to descend the river. The appeal was in vain, and the arguments used against such a hazardous course

appeared to be irresistible. So he had to content himself with exploring the Lualaba, discovering its eastern branch, the Luapula, and then in 1873 at Chitambo's village he knelt down to die, his work for Africa bravely done. But as for the further course of the Lualaba—"Allah Yallim."

The earliest voyagers to see the river pouring into the sea were probably those of whom Herodotus tells us in his description of the ancient world (Book IV, Section III). "Libya," he says, "declares itself to be circumnavigable except where it is bounded by Asia. The first person known to have proved this was Necho, King of Egypt. When he ceased to carry on the canal leading from the Nile to the Arabian Gulf, he sent out some Phœnicians, instructing them to sail round by the Pillars of Hercules to the Northern Sea and so return to Egypt. These Phœnicians, therefore, parting from the Erythræan Sea, navigated the Southern Sea. When autumn arrived, they drew to shore on that part of Libya opposite to which they might be: there they sowed the ground, and awaited the harvest, which, when they had reaped, they again set sail. Thus they continued their progress during two years: in the third, doubling the Pillars of Hercules, they arrived in Egypt. These persons affirmed—what to me seems incredible, though it may not to another—that as they sailed round Libya they had the sun (rising) on the right

hand. In this way was Libya first made known!"

We may almost imagine those early travellers camping somewhere on the banks of the Congo river awaiting their harvest of grain. Their narrative is authenticated by the very thing that caused Herodotus some misgiving—the sun rising on the right hand; for if they sailed round the continent that would certainly be the case when they headed northward.

The same ancient historian tells of another, Sataspes, who was sent to circumnavigate Africa in the opposite direction, and who also, perhaps, became acquainted with the river. He sailed through the Pillars of Hercules and for months passed southward, but having reached the Cape he returned, reporting that his ship had there stuck fast. Xerxes did not believe him, and he was put to death. He declared that "at the remotest part of the coast, along which he sailed, he saw men of diminutive stature clad in leaves of the palm tree, who whenever the sailors drew to the shore, abandoned their towns and fled to the hills, though his people entering did the natives no other injury than taking their cattle." Probably the latter part of his statement was truer than the former.

It is probable that the Cape Peninsula, in South Africa, was once an island, and that the sea flowed east and west across the lowlands near Cape Town now known as "The Flats." Recently some native diggers discovered, embedded in the soil,

an ancient boat which, quite possibly, was one of the fleet of those old mariners that, trying to take a short cut, stuck in the mud. Unfortunately the timbers were used for firewood before there was any opportunity of examining it.

In semi-modern times the earliest discovery of the mouth of the river was reported by the Portuguese Expedition under Diego Cao in 1482, and this led to another expedition two years later. In 1491 a number of priests penetrated to the town of the King of Congo and baptized thousands of the people, building churches in various districts, and in 1534 they began the erection of a cathedral, the ruins of which remain in San Salvador until this day. In 1763 the priests were expelled, and in 1870 the Portuguese, who had assumed some control over the country, abandoned it. But all this was inland, and the river still remained unexplored.

In 1816 an attempt was made under the auspices of the British Government to solve the mystery, and Commander Tuckey penetrated with his ships to Vivi, under the first cataract, and on foot fifty miles farther east; but sixteen of his party died, and he was compelled to hurry back to his ships, only himself to fall a victim to the climate. Not till 1873, when Lieutenant Grandy in his expedition for the relief of Livingstone got as far north of San Salvador as Tungwa, was any further attempt made to enter

the fatal country. It is doubtful whether he would have succeeded, but hearing that the purpose of his journey had already been achieved from the east he turned back, and the problem of the river remained unsolved.

Unsolved only until on August the 2nd, 1877, a single white man with one hundred and fifteen Zanzibaris appeared at Nsanda in a starving condition. None of these certainly had entered the river from the west, and they must therefore have come down stream. By his coming that solitary white man raised the veil that had hung over the land since the beginning of time; and his name is imperishably associated with the river of which he had at last discovered the secret.

II

THE DISCOVERY

WHEN, in God's ordering, the time drew near for the revelation of the Congo to the world, two men were chosen for the purpose, men widely different, men who never met each other, men whose orbits crossed only at this point—Henry Morton Stanley and Robert Arthington. It is singular that when new light is to break upon the world the dream is often doubled because the interpretation thereof is sure. Adams and Leverrier made a simultaneous discovery of the planet Neptune; Edison and Swan invented the electric bulb at dates so near together that nobody can say which was first; and the Brothers Wright can scarcely claim precedence of Santos-Dumont in the conquest of the air. So when "the message of Christianity and the blessings of civilization" were to reach the great Congo territory these two men, one in Leeds and the other in Africa, had the same burden upon their hearts. All unknown to themselves, the pluck of the one and the faith of the other co-operated in the great achievement.

Stanley, after his discovery of Livingstone, was on his return to England commissioned by two great newspapers, one in New York and one in

London, to visit Africa again and endeavour to solve the two questions of the configuration of the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and of the sources of the Nile. The two problems proved to be one. He discovered that the Victoria Nyanza was a vast inland sea, and not, as Livingstone had thought, a group of detached lakes. Circumnavigating that and Lake Tanganyika, he made another notable discovery. Writing to the *New York Herald* and to the *Daily Telegraph* from Ulagalla in Uganda, under date April the 12th, 1875, he tells the wonderful story in an historic letter which changed the fortunes of the continent. The letter was entrusted to Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, who, returning with a small expedition by way of the Nile, was mistaken for a slave-trader and murdered by the natives near Gondokoro. His body was left on the Nile bank, and was found later by a search expedition from the Sudan. Before they buried him they removed the long knee-boots he had worn, and in one of them, thrust deeply down for safety at the moment of the attack, they discovered Stanley's letter, stained with the dead man's blood.

It was sent home, and on November the 15th, 1875, was published in the *Daily Telegraph*. "It seemed to many that a letter thus strangely preserved must have supernatural authority. Its special interest lay not so much in the vivid personal record of the explorer's adventures as

in its sudden, almost blinding, revelation to the people of England of a vast unknown territory in the heart of Africa, ruled by an autocratic King who was said to be ready to welcome any white man who brought the message of Christianity on the one hand and the blessings of civilization on the other." That was the impulse which, within a week of the appearance of the letter, initiated the Uganda Mission, perhaps the most wonderful in the world.

Stanley had now three achievements to his credit, and a man with less of the pioneer spirit would have been content. But since it was settled that the Lualaba was not the source of the Nile, he wanted to know where it went. He had with him a companion, Frank Pocock, a man with considerable experience in the negotiation of rivers, and he has told us how, though the reluctance of Tippu Tib had at last been overcome and he had promised them an escort for sixty marches down the river, Pocock, considering the difficulties of the task, tossed up a rupee to end the discussion. "Heads for the North and the Lualaba; tails for the South and Katanga." But it was an idle performance, for though the tails won six times, they ignored the result, fascinated as they were by the problem before them.

Their followers were very reluctant to proceed, and it is clear that Stanley recalled the action of Pizzaro on the island of Galla in a similar

situation. "Drawing his sword, he traced a line from east to west; then, turning towards the south, 'Friends and Comrades,' he said, 'on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion and death; on this side ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here Panama and its poverty. Choose each man what becomes a brave Castilian. For my part I go south.' So saying, he stepped across the line," and thirteen men followed him. "That handful of men," says his historian, "without food, without clothing, almost without arms, without knowledge of the land to which they were bound, without a vessel to transport them, were left on a lonely rock in the ocean with the avowed purpose of carrying on a crusade against a powerful Empire, staking their lives on its success. What is there in the records of chivalry that surpasses it?"

Stanley was almost in as hopeless a case, and his act deserves to be placed alongside Pizzaro's. Drawing a line, he stepped, not to the south, but to the north; there is no record of the words he used to hearten his men, but thirty-eight of them crossed the line, and though the others hesitated, they eventually joined the forest march, which "in a continuous feeble twilight over paths of clayey paste" demanded all their courage. The Arab master soon repudiated his contract, and a less resolute man than Stanley would have turned back with him. But he

determined to acquire canoes and to take to the water.

On the eve of the new departure even the heart of his companion failed. "Before we finally depart, sir, do you really believe in your inmost soul that we shall succeed?" he asked. "I ask this because there are such odds against us."

"Believe?" said Stanley. "Yes, I believe we shall emerge into light again some time. It is true that our prospects are as dark as this night. Either the river penetrates a great distance north of the Equator, and, taking a mighty sweep round, descends into the Congo, or we shall shortly see it take a direct cut towards the Congo, and, like the Colorado, precipitate itself in a deep cañon or down great cataracts; or that it is either the Nile or the Niger. I believe it will prove to be the Congo.

"Now look at this chart. It is blank, perfectly white. Never has white paper possessed such a charm for me as this has. This enormous void is about to be filled up. Believe! My mind will not permit the shadow of a doubt." After that there was nothing to do but to go on.

About the same time a Polish boy, Joseph Conrad Karzemowski, nine years of age, on looking at a map of Africa, put his finger on the unexplored centre and said to himself: "When I grow up I shall go *there*." We shall learn in later pages how the world-famed author

known as Joseph Conrad carried out his early resolve.

As Stanley's canoes swept onward he was reminded of Livingstone's saying that "floating down the Lualaba was a foolhardy feat"! He did not guess what awaited him, did not understand the language of the river, which, if he had known it, was saying "nine hundred and ninety-nine; nine hundred and ninety-nine." Had he been aware that the toll of all those days would be taken before he emerged, and that one of the two European lives was already forfeit, he still might have turned back. But on he went, amid the incessant drumming on the banks, facing no less than twenty-eight encounters with the natives. At the junction of the Aruwimi a fleet of fifty-four canoes was encountered, some of them carrying forty paddlers to a side, the cannibal crews crying, "Meat! Meat!" At another place a fleet of sixty-three canoes barred the way.

The sight of the seven cataracts which now bear the name of Stanley Falls assured him that it was the Congo that bore him, but the last remnant of doubt was removed just below Upoto, when, in a mongrel mixture of African dialects, he asked the Chief the name of the river. After the chief had quite comprehended the question, he replied in some words which his questioner imagined to be "Ikuto ya Congo!"

On February the 18th, 1877, the expedition

had been eight days without being able to buy food. Near Bolobo he attempted to pass behind an island lest he might be molested by the people of the town, but to his surprise met a contingent of the people out fishing in the channel he had chosen: on which there grew up a legend which the early missionaries found it difficult to explain. But this in due course. On June the 3rd, Pocock, who was suffering from ulcers and unable to walk, was left behind at Massassa Fall, while his chief went forward to arrange a camp; but impatient of the delay, he attempted to drop down the rapids in a canoe, and he and two of the Africans were drowned. And then, as we have seen, on August the 2nd, 1877, the remnant of the expedition reached Nsanda, and in answer to an urgent letter in three languages, help was sent from Boma, where he arrived on August the 8th. The nine hundred and ninety-nine days of nightmare were over, and the thousandth day was one of triumph that the riddle of the centuries was a riddle no longer.

A new era at once began. The remainder of this volume will be largely devoted to the missionary enterprise which was quickly inaugurated.

III

EXPLORATION

WHILE Stanley, regardless of risks, was pressing his way down the Congo, another venturer, almost a recluse, was poring over the map of Africa and making high resolves. Robert Arthington, a man of some position and some learning, had been seized of two ideas: one that when the Gospel had been preached in all nations Christ would immediately bring in the earth's golden years; the other, that having inherited what might fairly be called a fortune, it was his duty to devote it, to the last available penny, to accomplish this purpose. It is not too much to say that each of these ideas became an obsession. The telling of the Good News and the translation of one of the Gospels seemed to him sufficient to fulfil the first condition, and the fulfilment of the second demanded from him a life of penury. With the courage of his convictions, at first denying himself ordinary amenities, he became at last almost a miser for Christ's sake.

He did not, of course, know what Stanley was doing: nobody knew, though the rumour had filtered out that he had turned north along the Lualaba; but his attention was fixed on the

Congo, and if Stanley was perhaps tracing it from its source, Arthington conceived the idea of entering from its mouth, and entering it with missionary purpose. Aware of the fact that the missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, under the fine leadership of Alfred Saker, were at work in the Cameroons, he approached that Society under date May the 14th, 1877, that is to say almost three months before Stanley emerged, and more than four months before the news of his exploit reached England, suggesting that the Congo region should be visited "with the blessed light of the Gospel," the people taught to read and write, and be given "in imperishable letters the words of eternal truth," promising £1,000 if the expedition could be undertaken, and even venturing to hope that the Gospel might ultimately be taken eastward to a point above the rapids. "But however that may be," he added, "I hope we shall soon have a steamer on the Congo, if it should be found requisite, and carry the Gospel eastward and south and north of the river, as the way may open, as far as Nyangwe."

Now how did he guess that the river went as far as Nyangwe, the place of Stanley's departure? It was almost an instance of second sight. Other men guessed. He knew, this eccentric dreamer. As he brooded in the self-imposed poverty of his own home, not even daring to light a candle because of the expense, the vision

had come to him, and he writes as if there could be no doubt as to the matter in the mind of anybody. In a subsequent letter, though his mind was still fixed on reaching Nyangwe, he agreed to the idea of a preliminary exploration, and, with the cautious spirit that ruled his own expenditure, he promised £50 towards the cost of it—a rather ridiculous sum in view of the expense involved. Saker, who was at home, expressed his delight that such an expedition was likely to be sent, and his satisfaction that the £1,000 was to be kept intact for future work.

The result was that on July the 11th, 1877 (still, be it noted, before Stanley had emerged), the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society set its hand to the new enterprise, and determined to seek for men who would turn to the adventure. At the meeting on November the 20th it was reported that "Mr. Arthington was so well satisfied with the steps taken by the Committee that he had sent his promised donation of £1,000," and at the meeting on January the 16th in the following year it was reported that Mr. Arthington had approached the Free Church of Scotland and the Presbyterian Church of England, promising £2,500 if they would join in a mission on the river, which, owing to Stanley's journey, was now named "The Congo-Lualaba," and suggesting that £1,000 of this sum should be used for the purchase of a small river steamer to be used jointly by these Missions and the B.M.S.

Neither of these Missions found it possible to accept his offer; but, as we shall see presently, another Society, formed for the purpose, soon seized the great opportunity presented by the opening of the river.

But while these movements were in progress, the news of Stanley's exploit reached this country. Already we have seen that he arrived at Nsanda on August the 2nd, 1877; pressing on, he reached the coast on August the 8th, and on the 10th he wrote there the letter which stirred the world. Intended for dispatch from the nearest telegraph station on the way north, it only reached England by the Dutch mail more than four weeks after it was written, and was first published in the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday, September the 17th, the leading article of the day paying a worthy tribute to the indomitable courage of the great explorer and estimating aright the value of his achievement.

"Thus for the first time since the history of man was written the mysterious veil is drawn aside from the entire channel of the Congo, and we see it a grander and vaster waterway than the Nile. In future days the inland argosies of regenerated Africa may almost cross the continent from ocean to ocean along this marvellous river, Congo-Lualaba, which ought henceforth to be called 'The Livingstone.'"

The final suggestion did not commend itself to the geographers: the ancient name could not

be replaced. Congo it was, Congo it should remain. When it was mapped its mighty sweep appealed strongly to the imagination, "resembling an immense snake uncoiled, with its head in the sea, its body at rest curving afar over the vast country, its tail lost in the depths of the land. And as I looked at the map of it in a shop window," Conrad says, "it fascinated me as a snake would a bird—a silly little bird."

It was remarkable that Stanley and Arthington were unconsciously co-operating in claiming the Congo country. It can scarcely be looked upon as a coincidence, much less as an accident. Clearly enough, to the seeing eye, the guidance was from the hand of God, Who, as it has been quaintly said, never makes half a pair of scissors. But circumstances were even more propitious, for at Cameroons, only eight hundred miles north of the Congo, were two men, George Grenfell and Thomas J. Comber, whose souls were eager to reach inland Africa, who indeed had already laid plans to attempt the journey from their own base. Without knowledge of their desire (and here again we recognize the interlocking of God's purposes), the Home Committee turned to these men for the pioneer survey of the country, giving them the opportunity of fulfilling their desire in a way beyond their dreams. In the letter of the Committee dated November the 15th, 1877, they were instructed "that should their experience justify the permanent

establishment of a Mission of the Congo-Lualaba River they should devote themselves to it and not return to the Cameroons."

The letter arrived by the s.s. *Congo* on the afternoon of January the 5th, 1878, and to these two brave souls ushered in the New Year with a great gladness. Comber, who was looking over Grenfell's shoulder as he read, threw his hat into the air in pure exuberance of heart. These were not to be pressed men: they had already read of Stanley's exploit, and had already experienced great yearnings of heart. On January the 5th and 6th they wrote letters accepting the commission, and with their practical minds were already able to ask the Committee to send full instructions by the steamer *Roquelle*, due to leave Liverpool on February the 23rd for Congo, calling at Cameroons on the way. Their suggestion was accepted, and with the instructions there went a number of letters of introduction and what were considered to be adequate supplies. Everybody meant business, not least Mr. A. H. Baynes, the Secretary of the Society, who from the very inception of the new movement gave all the powers of his persuasive personality to its founding and development, ably seconded by the Rev. J. B. Myers, the Home Secretary, who afterwards became the author of two books detailing its early history.

Beginning with the issue for September, 1877, "Africa for Christ" appeared in large letters on

the front cover of the *Missionary Herald*. T. R. Glover tells us that this was the thing in the magazine which influenced him in his boyhood, and no doubt the legend interested many others, contributing to the stream of rising enthusiasm in the churches. Gifts began to flow into the Treasury, amongst them £500 from Mr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Wathen, of Bristol, towards the cost of the exploratory expedition.

The two pioneers, eager for their task, did not await the arrival of the *Roquelle*, but took passage in the *Elmina*, which called at Cameroons a few days afterwards bound for Congo. With eight days slow sailing they arrived at Banana, at the mouth of the Congo—"A spit of sand some four or five feet above sea level, where the fresh water with crocodiles in it runs on one side and the salt waves on which sharks disport themselves roll in on the other." Three trading houses had been established here, and to their joy the pioneers discovered an English doctor whom Grenfell had befriended at Cameroons. Through his influence they secured the use of a small steamer, the *Zaire*, to take them to Musuka, where the overland road to San Salvador began.

The journey up river, on "the coffee-coloured river with the smell of crushed marigolds," began on January the 24th, 1878. Between the mangrove swamps they sailed to Ponta da Lenha, where fine orange trees were in evidence, the barracoons of the old slave traders still standing

as mute tongues to witness to the horrors of the past. Then on to Boma, where the river restricts and the forest recedes, the Fetish Rock on the south, the great cube of the Lightning Rock on the north. On the third day they reached their destination, only, however, to discover that as it was the rainy season the road to San Salvador was impassable. So they had to content themselves by sending a letter to Dom Pedro, the Congo King, and after gleaning as much information as possible, and making friends for the future, they returned, leaving Banana on February the 5th and sailing in the *Elmina* on her return journey to Cameroons.

The *Roquelle* with their final instructions arrived there on March the 29th, before her advertised date, and found the missionaries unready, and although every effort was made to take passage on her to Congo, it proved to be impossible. So the stores were landed, and with the knowledge already gained on Congo, they were rearranged in suitable bulk for the carriers. Three months were to elapse before, on June the 28th, they finally left Cameroons on the *Volta*, three months spent better than they knew in consolidating the work already accomplished, a great boon in view of the impending and unexpected advent of the Germans, which, for a period, brought mission work to a standstill. During the interval the enthusiasm of some of their Cameroons volunteers for Congo evaporated

—better there than on Congo!—so that when they actually started they took with them only two teachers, two Kru boys, a Portuguese interpreter, one Mission boy, two personal boys, a donkey and a boat. The latter was an instance both of Grenfell's foresight and his love of the water. They arrived at Banana on July the 4th, 1878, *so that the anniversary day of American Independence is also the Anniversary day of the Congo Mission!*

In their own boat they reached Musuka, sent a letter to the King asking for carriers, and waited. As no response came for some weeks, they engaged thirty-five carriers of their own, and on July the 30th started for San Salvador. On the way they met the King's caravan, consisting of fifty men, and sent them on to Musuka to bring up the stores that had been left behind. After a journey of eight days they reached their goal, and were received in great state by the King. Just a year to the day, after Stanley had reached Boma, the Baptist Missionary Society was firmly established in Congo.

There has always been a friendly rivalry between the friends of the B.M.S. and those of the Livingstone Inland Mission, founded to take advantage of the new opening for the Gospel, which, proving too great a burden for its original sponsors, was afterwards, in 1885, transferred to the Baptists of the United States. In February, 1878, the first prospector of the new mission,

Henry Craven, reached Banana, accompanied by a Danish sailor, who was speedily recalled. Later in the year, settling near the foot of the Falls, he was joined by James Telford and Johnson. In 1879 Peterson and Richards arrived, with Craven's fiancée. Peterson died in May of the following year, shortly after Adam McCall had arrived as leader "with the hope of getting through to Stanley Pool in one dry season." Instead of that he was invalided and died at Madeira in November, 1881, on the way home. In prayer he was overheard to reveal his brave spirit: "If it please Thee to take myself rather than my work, what is that to me? Thy will be done."

The question as to which of the two Missions has the priority can now, at the Jubilee, be amicably settled. It is only a family duel between the British and American Baptists. By comparing the dates it is clear that the B.M.S. Committee was the earliest to consider the Mission, and as the B.M.S. first prospecting expedition had left the Congo in February, 1878, before the Livingstone party entered it in the same month, the B.M.S. were therefore the earliest Congo Missionary explorers. But not until July, 1878, did the permanent mission of the B.M.S. arrive, while Craven had actually determined his location a month or two earlier. The representatives of the American Mission were therefore the earliest Congo Missionary settlers.

We provoke one another to love and to good works, especially in the Training Institute at Kimpese, where we have both joined, since 1908, in the preparation of Congo workers. When Lord Chesterfield was asked to decide which were the more polite people, the French or the English, he suggested that the nation that claimed to be more polite than the other thereby proved that the other was the more polite.

While it was satisfactory to have planted the Mission at San Salvador, it was the interior waterway the explorers sought, so after remaining as the King's guests for three weeks, they set out on August the 28th with some thirty carriers, under the guidance of Dom Manuel, the King's nephew, in an attempt to reach Tungwa Makuta. On the fourth day, through fear of the unknown people, their carriers deserted; but happily the chief of Mwala, whose country they had reached, provided them with twenty-four others to go the four days' journey that remained. At length, crossing the river Kwilu on a suspension bridge of bush creepers eighty feet long, they stood on a hill and looked down on the prettiest town they had seen in Africa; built in squares, beautified by purple and white flowers and enclosed by the loop of the river Lulewa, it made a charming picture. But their reception belied their early impressions: after four days' palaver the chief gave them carriers to take them back to Mwala,

and from thence, with a fresh caravan, they returned to San Salvador disappointed men. Though urged by the Congo King to remain there, they determined, in view of all the circumstances, to seek reinforcements, promising to return at an early date.

The earliest lesson of the Mission was the need of patience. Comber reached England in December to seek colleagues, and after a meeting of high enthusiasm in London, so largely attended as to demand an overflow gathering, the new party of five started from Liverpool on April the 26th, 1879, and reached San Salvador on July the 14th. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Comber, Mr. W. Holman Bentley, Mr. H. E. Crudgington, and Mr. John S. Hartland. Mr. Grenfell had meanwhile returned to the Cameroons, where he married his African bride, a friend of his first wife, who had died there after less than a year's residence, and so forged another link in the chain which bound him to the service with which his name is inseparably associated. The five who had journeyed from England arrived in San Salvador on July the 14th, 1879, a year and ten days after Comber and Grenfell had definitely begun their Mission. On August the 24th the young wife who, with dauntless courage had accepted the risk of the Congo and been married to Comber on April the 4th, died: the first of many sorrows that were to come to the missionary pioneers. Grenfell

arrived with his wife the following year, and took charge of the base station at Musuka.

If we may step from the pathetic to the ludicrous, Hartland gives us a description of a public audience with the King. Presents were given, and then there was a display of mechanical toys, the interest increasing from toy to toy, until a clockwork mouse was shown. Then the woolly heads of wives and children were thrust beneath the red curtain behind his Majesty. "All this time the great thing of the morning was coming to perfection, the negro that danced by steam. It had crossed the ocean and travelled safely over the African wilds, and now, with the steam up, was standing in the audience chamber of the King of Congo, ready to go through its wonderful feats before him. At first the wheel went round slowly, and the negro jigged slowly. This created a roar of applause from the onlookers, and the King could maintain his dignity no longer: the smile became broader and broader, until he burst out, first with a laugh and then into a roar. As the steam got up and the wheel flew round, causing the agile negro to cut wondrous capers, the King's laughter knew no bounds: his mirth was too large for his mouth, and found expression in tear-drops which trickled down his cheeks: he clapped his hands and rolled about in his chair in a regular convulsion of laughter, and all dignity was completely forgotten. When the old gentleman came to again,

he expressed his gratitude not only in thanks and a good shake of the hand when we left, but in a still more practical manner by telling us he should have much pleasure in having one of his bullocks killed for us. He also gave us a site upon which to build our house."[1] All of which is evidence of the simplicity of the Congo character, and of the adaptability of missionary methods.

Constantly the thoughts of the four turned to the great river above the Falls, and thirteen attempts were made to reach it by the inland road. In the late autumn of 1880 the explorers on again reaching Makuta were attacked with stones, though so many people surrounded them that those who had guns could not fire. The missionaries ran, and as soon as they got out of the crowd there was a sharp report, and Comber was struck in the middle of the back by a bullet. "It's no use, John," he said to Hartland, who tried to raise him. "I am hit. You go on." The people were aghast, and hesitated. Comber found that he could rise, and walked on after Hartland. Once again the gun was fired and missed. The fugitives got on for four miles, when the chase was given up. They saw a woman working on a farm, and ventured to ask her for a drink of water. She brought a calabash full, gave them also some cassava, and when they offered a string or two of beads, the currency of the country, she said, "No, I do not

[1] *Pioneering on the Congo* (Bentley), pp. 126, 207, 209.

sell water." That "cup of cold water" did not fail of its reward. We shall meet this woman again in the story as an illustration of Christ's own word that "Every one that hath learned of the Father cometh unto Me" (John vi. 45).

At length they divided themselves into two parties, Comber and Hartland to try by the road through Makuta, Crudgington and Bentley the road north of the river.

During this time M. de Brazza had been exploring on behalf of France, ultimately claiming a large slice of Congo north of the river for his country. It was reported to the missionaries that he had penetrated to Stanley Pool. So on January the 8th, 1881, Crudgington and Bentley set out with twenty carriers to try the route from Vivi along the northern bank, and "with patience and unfailing good humour, coupled with many an earnest prayer, they overcame the obstacles, and had the satisfaction of seeing the waters of Stanley Pool after a journey of twenty-one days." It was a great achievement, and happily Mr. Crudgington still lives to tell the tale, the sole survivor of the pioneer band. Stanley did not think they could accomplish the feat with so small an escort, and when on their return, after an absence of forty-three days, they reported their journey, the traders laughed in their faces and frankly did not believe their story.

Their reception at Stanley Pool was hostile.

Both at Kintamo and Kinshasa the people brandished spears, yelling and dancing and throwing knives in the air. "God only knows," wrote Bentley, "how much devilry and wicked savagery was held in check that His purposes might be accomplished for this poor people." It was afterwards learnt that de Brazza had warned the people that Stanley was coming to take their country. He gave them a French flag and told them not to have anything to do with any white man who carried any other. "So," says Bentley, "we came in for the reception which should have greeted Stanley."

Here it should be noted that Stanley, in July, 1879, returned to Congo as the representative of the "Comité d'Etudes de Haut Congo," which afterwards became the Congo Free State, under King Leopold of Belgium. Sir Francis de Winton made the proclamation to that effect on July the 1st, 1885, Stanley having returned to Europe a year previously. Crudgington describes him as "a thorough Christian gentleman—a marvellous man, with tact, carefulness and judgment in every way."

On the return journey the successful explorers, after varied experiences, were told that some white men had built a house beside the river; they found it after some days, the farthest station of the sister Mission, Lancely and Clark being in charge. On February the 26th, 1881, they bade their hosts adieu, and after shooting one

cataract after another, discovered the white tents of Stanley's expedition, much to their joy, and were hospitably received and taken the next morning by his steamer, the *Em Avant*, to Isangila. The missionaries were able to tell Stanley that in his map he had placed the Pool about a degree too far to the east, which was good news to him, for it meant that there were seventy miles less porterage ahead. He in return gave them the benefit of his experience in some social matters: to Comber he said: "If you mean to shave, shave; the natives will notiice at once if you neglect it."

Afterwards, on Stanley's advice, a whale-boat was sent from England, the gift of a friend in Plymouth, and bearing the name of his city. It came in sections and was put together in the cataract region in a stretch of water beyond Isangila, navigable for sixty miles to Manyanga. But this is anticipating.

IV

DRUDGERY

THERE was great joy in missionary circles in England when the news arrived that a way past the Congo cataracts had at last been discovered. The names of the discoverers were duly honoured, while those who had so bravely tried to open a way overland on the southern side had also their meed of praise. If only there had not been the well-trodden path to San Salvador the discovery of the route along the northern bank of the river might have been made earlier; but the pioneers were deflected at the beginning, as all their predecessors had been deflected, by the ease of the obvious. Unbiased thought might have led to a different choice. The very fact that the river makes such a great bend to the north was clear evidence that the land on the south was higher than that on the north, and it might therefore have been guessed that it would be more difficult to negotiate. But the lure of the beaten track, with the King's court at the end of it, was too strong to be resisted. It is easy to be wise after the event—none of us would have been wiser at the time—and the necessary lesson was only to be learned in the school of hard experience. It is also to be

remembered that the northern approach was not exactly a promenade.

From Musuka, the first base station, the way to Vivi was, of course, by water. Then there came a weary foot journey over quartz hills for seventy miles. Following this came sixty miles of water just passable in a boat, but requiring great nerve and ingenuity. This early trudge and the cataract work were both found to be so arduous and dangerous that a safer route was eventually planned by changing the base station to Tunduwa, and the Isangila station to Vunda, thus saving thirty miles of the waterway. Then, crossing the river, a safer path was adopted along the southern bank for a hundred and sixty miles. The hills here run like great fingers almost at right angles to the river, with tributary streams pouring down the wooded valleys, landslips here and there showing the red earth with fine effect. Round the shoulders of these hills the Congo winds, until at length the wearied traveller reaches the broadening waters of Stanley Pool. The name of the great traveller has been justly associated with this stretch of placid water, as also with the Falls at the other end of the river —the entrance and exit of nearly a thousand miles of navigable water.

The missionaries have attempted, but with ill-success, to associate other names with specific places. The first station at Stanley Pool was named Arthington by Thomas Comber in 1882,

and the name persisted for a while, but when the station was moved to the more convenient site at Kinshasa it fell into disuse. A similar fate befell two other stations meant to honour two of the secretaries of the Missionary Society: Vunda was named Bayneston, but the only thing that now remains to mark the station is the chain that was used for the flagstaff. Tunduwa, rather inappropriately, since it was founded on the hill above Ango-ango, was named Underhill, but the name did not follow the base station when it was moved to Matadi. A happier fate has attended the station founded at Manyanga, and named Wathen in honour of a generous donor in Bristol; in this case, though the station has been moved twenty miles nearer Stanley Pool and three miles inland, the new name has persisted. Kibentele, an off-shoot of Wathen, worthily enshrines the name of Bentley, and seems as if it would do so permanently. An attempt to call Kibokolo the Comber Memorial Station has not had practical acceptance. For the rest, as we shall see, the euphonious native names have been gladly retained.

In reaching out to Stanley Pool with intention of pressing into the interior of the continent, two questions immediately arose. What should be the attitude of the Mission to the work at San Salvador? And how best should the transit of men and material up river be arranged?

Taking the second question first, the drudgery

of these early days was inevitable and was cheerfully undertaken, but it occasioned no thrills, showed meagre results, and evoked but scant praise from the folk at home. The rough transport work and the moving and equipping of stations, necessary though it was, did not prove to be very exhilarating, but without it further success would have been impossible. All honour to the brave men, some with names almost forgotten, who did it, and sometimes died in the doing of it. Mr. Crudgington, for instance, reports that he had to walk no less than thirty miles from Isangila to Matadi to have a tooth out, and walk thirty miles back again! And Mr. Bentley said: "In those days we thought nothing of the sixty miles from Musuka to Isangila, one hundred and twenty miles there and back again." Grenfell's note is that "the walk from Vivi to Isangila involved three days of scaling high and steep hills, intersected by numerous ravines along miserable ruts."

It was not until 1886 that engineers arrived to survey the country in order to lay a railway round the cataracts. "In June, 1889, it was discovered that ocean-going steamers could make their way through the shallows at the mouth of the river, pass the sandhills at Boma, and stem the stronger waters as far up as Matadi," which then speedily became the base. Before that, Underhill, opposite the whirlpool, was a clearing station for all the Missions that had

entered the river. The American Mission and the Swedish Mission, which began in 1885, borrowed a site there, erected rough store-houses on the beach, and were entertained in the B.M.S. house by Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Forfeitt. Meanwhile the railway was being built round dangerous curves, over dizzy precipices, winding up and down, but not until 1898 was it ready for traffic. All through the years that lay between, the road had to be tramped by weary feet, ladies and invalids being carried in hammocks, and goods arranged in convenient packages transported on the heads of native carriers. It was drudgery to-day, drudgery to-morrow, and though nobody had yet read Mr. Gannett's book, "Blessed be Drudgery," they got in tenacity of purpose, facility of adjustment to circumstances, and high resolve for the future, the blessing of drudgery all the same. They were working for the souls of men while they were bearing the fatigues of the journey, toiling up the steeps, wading through the rivers, slithering over the mud, fainting under the unkindly blaze of the sun, pressing on through the burnt grass or over the blistering stones.

Did they regret it all? Did they repent undertaking the toil? Hartland lay dying: the news that he could not recover was broken to him on May the 10th, 1883, and he said: "After four years' preparation, and just as I

am going to enter upon Mission work proper, it seems strange for me to realize that my work is done; but He knows best." And half an hour after sundown on May the 12th, 1883, he cried out: "Let me go, my friends. Don't hold me back. I must go. I want to go to Him. Simply to Thy cross I cling. Let me go!" Did that look like regret? Perhaps in that other world he and those who followed him had something to do for Congo, in the endeavour to find a path to those in darkness for whom Christ died. Perhaps! "Let me go!"

The second question that arose was whether in pressing up river, San Salvador, in Portuguese Congo, should be retained. It was a decision complicated by the arrival of Romanists on the scene. Very naturally they wished to reoccupy places associated with their former labours. As early as November, 1879, a priest wrote a preposterous letter to the King of San Salvador warning him against the new missionaries: being French, he was unable to do more than write, as French influence was not welcomed in Portuguese territory, but at length it was arranged that three chaplains from the Portuguese Navy should be sent on a mission, half political, half missionary, but wholly antagonistic to the Baptist pioneers. They brought with them costly presents, expensive silver utensils, richly braided robes, a hat with a plume of red feathers, kegs of rum and cases of gin. The

King, of course, received the gifts, but thereafter scarcely knew what to do: he watched to see the mutual bearing of the two sets of missionaries, attended the services of one on the first Sunday and of the other the Sunday after, then absented himself for three weeks. He liked the early missionaries best, but was in fear of offending the Portuguese lest some indiscretion on his part might bring Portuguese soldiers, and a war between England and Portugal ensue!

But when, on the discovery of the route up-river, the question of withdrawal was discussed, he was very disconcerted. "If you leave us," he said, "and we are not found at God's right hand on the Day of Judgment, whose fault will it be? Will it not be yours, because you taught us a little, and just as we were beginning to understand, you went away and left us. The sick man dies because the doctor leaves him in the middle of his sickness, instead of waiting until he is quite well. If you must develop the new road to Stanley Pool, one of you might stay here."

His eagerness, combined with the Romish antagonism, prevailed. Hartland remained until Herbert Dixon, about whom we shall yet have some things to say, arrived in November, 1881, and John H. Weeks the following January, when Hartland, to whose death we have already alluded, joined the river party.

There the Roman Catholics also became suddenly busy, endeavouring to reach Stanley Pool before the others, failing in the attempt, succeeding at a later date. All along the history of the Mission there has been a great deal of rivalry—unfair rivalry in the judgment of unbiased observers, but, of course, in a country governed by Belgium it was natural that they should expect, and even claim, special privileges, much to the distraction of the simple people among whom they laboured.

Ultimately an arrangement was made and approved by the Government that both Protestants and Romanists should have definite spheres of influence, and that neither should infringe the rights of the other, no town being distracted by opposing cults. This regulation was observed with more or less success, especially in new districts, in after years.

Early in 1881 Crudgington was called home to report to the Committee and consult as to the future, and as we have seen, one of the results of his visit was the gift of the steel boat for the mid-passage of the Cataracts. On his return in 1881, Grenfell was summoned to England to superintend the construction of a steamboat suitable for the Upper River, the *Peace*, with which his name is inseparably connected. When the steamer was launched and the railway completed much hard work remained, but the era of drudgery was over.

In the *Missionary Herald* of August, 1881, a long inset map of the route taken by H. E. Crudgington and W. H. Bentley to Stanley Pool is given, from which it is clear that on the return journey they discovered a more direct way than on their upward travel, when they had largely to guess their direction. Nothing can detract from the honour which is theirs of being the first travellers to reach Stanley Pool from the west coast, and the map shows the carefulness of their survey.

In the same issue of the magazine the modest scale of the new enterprise is illustrated by the statement that "Careful estimates show that the extra cost for the first year will amount to £2,000, and after the first year an additional outlay of at least £1,500"; while Mr. Crudgington, who was at home for a month or two, makes bold to ask for a harmonium costing £10, and thanks several friends for other gifts, which, in these days when the cost of the Congo Mission is £27,000 annually, seem surprisingly inadequate.

But on the opposite page there is a call for "five more missionaries," a call that even now stirs the blood. "Very earnestly do the Committee urge the Churches to make this matter also a subject of special and importunate prayer, that the gracious Lord of the harvest will touch the hearts of some of His choicest and most gifted servants—men of consecration and culture, of courage, enthusiasm, endurance and wisdom,

and full of love for souls—and lead them to offer themselves as living sacrifices on the altar of Missionary Service: men who, following in the footsteps of Allen Gardiner of the Patagonian Main; Coleridge Patteson of the Coral Sea; Charles McKenzie, David Livingstone, Alfred Saker of Central and Western Africa—should count not their lives dear unto them, so that they may finish their course with joy, and, if needs be, seal their testimony with their blood. . . . The fields are white, and everything calls you to this grandest of all service—a service in which the most varied gifts and graces, the loftiest talents and the most extensive and accurate erudition will find abundant room for their highest exercises."

Evidently our fathers did not think that "anything was good enough" for the Congo!

V

TRAGEDY

TRAGEDY followed hard on the heels of drudgery. The tired toilers were struck down in quick succession by an invisible foe. Not the hostility of the people, but the prevailing malaria of the country worked the havoc: there was no need to kill the missionaries; they just died in such quick succession that the cry was raised at home that no more recruits should be sent to what seemed a certain doom. But though while the work seemed safe volunteers were lacking, in the martyr time there was an average of twelve men ready to fill every vacant post; missionaries went out, never expecting to return, not only willing to face all the risks, but exultant in the thought that in a few years they would fulfil the work of a lifetime, like the first snowflakes of the winter ready to disappear, that those that came afterwards might remain until all the dark land should be clothed as with a white mantle; pressing on to Congo as eagerly as Ignatius of Antioch hastened to Rome with the word upon his lips: "I am wheat that must be ground between the teeth of the lions to make bread for the people of God."

Congo became known as the short cut to

heaven. Eager aspirants still pressed forward, heroic unfettered souls who with a holy abandon, between the plough and the altar, were ready for either. Some were granted one, many the other, and those who lived lived as bravely as the others died. They might all have joined Danton when in speaking of his opponents he said: "To conquer them, to hurl them back, what do we require? To dare and again to dare, and without end to dare!" They joined the Apostle when he said: "Whether we live we live unto the Lord, whether we die we die unto the Lord, living or dying we are the Lord's." The spirit both of the churches and the missionaries was so splendid that a veteran to-day has declared that he almost wishes the dangers were back again, if only the old devotion might also be restored.

It seems as if no new work for God can be inaugurated apart from martyrdom, something that on the divine side shall help to make up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ, and on the human side shall to the eyes of the people set forth Christ as evidently crucified before them. Congo was no exception in the history of Missions. There are no exceptions. When Brabœuf, one of the early Jesuit missionaries in Canada, told his fellow missionaries that he saw on the sky a cross over the country of the Iroquois, they asked him how large it was, and turning to them he solemnly gave the

prophetic answer: "It is large enough to crucify us all."

Before the *Peace* was put together Grenfell made a journey up river in the steel whale-boat which was afterwards to be its tender. Starting in January, 1884, on a successful exploration, he returned in high hope on April the 8th, expecting to meet a new colleague and the two engineers who were to help him with the reconstruction of the *Peace*. But when he came in sight of Arthington Station on Stanley Pool he saw Comber moving toward the flag-staff, and noted that he only raised the flag half-mast. As soon as Comber saw Grenfell's boat approaching he hurriedly raised the flag to the top of the staff; but he was too late; the other signal, not intended for Grenfell's eyes, had been seen. Springing ashore, he heard news serious enough to stun the bravest soul. It was broken to him gently. Crudgington and his wife were so ill that they needed to go to England. Ross was already on the way home as his only hope. J. W. Hartley had succumbed, and the two engineers, as we shall again note on p. 65, were dead side by side. The three latter, overtaken by a thunderstorm on the way up-country, had had their bedding soaked and in their inexperience neglected the precaution of drying it in the sun before using it for the night. Within three days fever did its deadly work.

Added to these woeful tidings Grenfell also

heard that Quintin Thomson, his comrade at the Cameroons, was dead, and later in the evening, on opening his mail, he had the final blow, the news of the death of his father at home. It was a day such as came to the patriarch, Job, when messenger after messenger brought him ill tidings; and yet in all this Job did not sin in his heart. Neither did Grenfell nor Comber. Job's immortal words were also on their lips, the words fitly inscribed years afterwards on the tomb of the brave Antarctic explorer who ventured farthest south: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

So when Thomas Comber came home at the end of that year he had to report six deaths besides that of his young wife; W. H. Doke, who went out with the express purpose of re-assembling the *Peace*, and after only three weeks in Congoland passed over to the Unseen Country on February the 14th, 1883; John S. Hartland, who finished his earthly course triumphantly, as we have seen, on May the 12th of the same year; H. W. Butcher, who died on October the 5th, the year after his arrival; and in addition to these the three victims of the thunder-storm. Added to all this he had been but a little while in England when the news arrived that his brother, Dr. Sidney Comber, who had spared no pains in equipping himself for the work, had also laid down his life at Wathen,

passing to his reward on Christmas Eve, 1884, after little more than a year's service.

There was a great Assembly at Exeter Hall on Thursday, April the 30th, 1885, to greet the lonely man who had dared and suffered so much. Before the meeting news had arrived of the death, after a few months' service, of still another missionary, Donald McMillan, on March the 9th, and had they but known it still another victim, Andrew J. Cruikshank, had been claimed on March the 27th, after less than a year's service. Moreover, if they had had the gift of prophecy they would have known that Alexander Cowe, who went out with Cruikshank, would go on May the 21st, and W. F. Cottingham a few weeks after his arrival on June the 8th—four men dying within three months! Comber did not at the moment know all that story, but he knew enough, and had felt enough, to surround him with the sanctions of Eternity. He himself had only two years and two months to run—did he guess that? And the year of his death was to be always known as the year of tragedy, for in the compass of five months of it six missionaries fell, and other tragedies lay between. He might well sit on the platform with bowed head, might well wonder whether he would be able to speak at all.

The people held their breath when he rose, and as he stood, not yet looking at them, they cheered again and again. They remembered

that he had buried much of his heart in a grave at San Salvador, that he himself had been stricken down by a bullet, that he had seen friend after friend fall at his side; the cheering was hushed with silent sympathy when, with evident emotion, he raised his head and thrilled them with his first words, words which never had a more poignant illustration. Solemnly spoken, they fell into the very hearts of the listeners: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." And in the speech that followed many heard the call of the Lord Who had first uttered them and had Himself accepted their challenge.

He uttered no word of regret. "More than one hundred years ago," he began, "in the middle of the eighteenth century, eleven Moravian missionaries went forth to establish a mission at Accra. Ignorant of the conditions of life in the country, and with scant medical art, one by one they died and were all buried there. Fifty years ago a second effort was made, and nine brethren went forth; and again, one after another, they laid down their lives, only one out of the nine being spared. Duty, however, kept the church at work, they persevered, and now we find that Mission ranking as one of the finest in Africa." With such an example there must be no thought of flinching.

In October Comber was back on Congo, and

on January the 28th, 1886, John Maynard died. After being in the Spurgeon Orphan Homes for some years he went to South Africa and did some preaching at Graaf Reinet, returning to London for further training. He had intended to return to his own country, but the need of Congo was not to be resisted. I remember the scene at the Spurgeon College Conference in April, 1885, when he stood amongst a group of men who had volunteered for service. They had listened to the brave Congo pioneer, and then C. H. Spurgeon addressed them one by one, reminded them of the perils that awaited them, and warned them not to begin if they had fear of faltering by the way. "Are you ready for all that?" he said to young Maynard, and with uplifted face, unafraid, he looked Spurgeon in the eye and modestly answered: "I am ready." He, like the others, was as heroic as his namesake, the pilot of the burning ship on Lake Erie who stuck to his post until he had guided the ship to port; hearing the repeated cry, "John Maynard, ahoy!" and answering again and again, from the midst of the smoke until he died at his post, "Aye, aye, sir!"

Thomas Lewis, who went to Cameroons in 1882 and remained there until the Germans annexed the country, their bullets whizzing through his house, was afterwards transferred to the Congo, and is happily still with us. Early in 1887 he arrived in the land in which he was

destined to do such fruitful work. In a canoe with his wife and seven paddlers he breasted the current of the river until, as he describes it, about midday they sighted a bungalow on the top of a hill, and distinguished two figures that looked like Europeans. These on their part recognized that there were white people in the canoe, and running down the zigzag path, Thomas Comber and H. K. Moolenaar both were ready to greet the new arrivals, who were indeed old friends from Camden Road Church, always known for its Congo sympathies. The newcomers saw a shadow on their faces, and while Moolenaar led Mrs. Lewis to the house, Comber drew Lewis aside to a ravine where were two newly-made graves. "You see those two fresh graves," he said. "We put Darling and Shindler there a few days ago." Later he described how Darling had died in his arms after days of nursing. "I put my finger over his eyes," he said to Lewis, "and closed them in death, and I came out from that room a broken-hearted man. I had forgotten that Shindler was lying in the next bungalow, also ill with fever, and when I turned to him I found him much worse; in a few minutes he also passed away"—F. C. Darling, after three years in the country, J. H. Shindler the year after he arrived, both dying on March the 19th, 1887.

The morning after Mr. Lewis arrived a messenger came from Stanley Pool bearing the sad

news that Miss Spearing, the first lady missionary, who had arrived at the same time as Shindler, had reached the other country almost as soon as he. She died on April the 3rd—three in the third of a year! There were to be three others before the year had run its course.

The next was Comber himself. He had been known in Congo since his earliest days as "Vianga-Vianga," the man who could not be still. For eleven years he had given all his energy to Africa, two to Cameroons, nine to Congo, but at length the time came when no choice was left to him; at last he was to leave the task to others. At the end of April, 1887, he took a trip in a Portuguese steamer to Mossamedes and back again, but was little benefited by the change. In the middle of June he was attacked by fever of the worst type. Nothing seemed to alleviate his sufferings. The State put a little steamer at his disposal, and Scrivener took him on it to Boma. There he was placed, in the cool of the evening, on a German boat, the *Lulu Bohlen*, which had just arrived. Every consideration was shown him, but he gradually sank, and on the evening of June the 27th, 1887, he was "glad because he was quiet," and the word was fulfilled "So He bringeth them to their desired haven." He said he did not want to die, he would like to live a long, long time, but the Father's will was the first consideration. During his sleep he repeated three lines of a hymn:

> "O Christ, He is the Fountain,
> The deep, sweet well of love ;
> The streams on earth I've tasted——"

and his voice trailed off. The fourth line was left for the gladder life on the other side :

> "More deep I'll drink above."

At the moment of his departure the ship was anchored off Loango. The next morning it put into Mayumba Bay, and there the tired body was laid to rest.

In the same year H. G. Whitley died on August the 3rd, after five years' service, and John E. Biggs on August the 26th, after two years' service, six months of the year claiming six missionaries. Little wonder that trembling hearts were tempted to ask the question : "Wherefore this waste ? " that in dark hours the tempter whispered that God did not care. But those doubts never found foothold in the heart of the Comber father who gave six of his family for Africa. His last son, Percy, was to have seven years to follow his brothers' steps, surviving until 1892. The others, a daughter and two daughters-in-law (one dying in the Cameroons), with Thomas and Sidney, were gone, but in the quiet home in Camberwell there was only joy that they had been counted worthy to give so much. As the children departed one by one, like the sons of the old Macdonald Highlander, who gave them

up one after the other with the proud boast "Another for Hector," the father of this noble family said: "Another for Africa." Has there ever been in the annals of missions a home that has given so much?

The following year, 1888, claimed two lives: Michael Richards, at Banana, after three years' service; Arthur D. Slade on December the 20th, after one year's service. During 1889, after seven years' fine work, Samuel Silvey was called home on April the 24th; J. G. Brown on December the 27th, after scarcely two years' service; and W. F. Wilkinson on December the 29th, having been but a month in the country. Both of these years thus ended in the shadows. Why pursue the agonising story?

But this must be said: while in the first forty years of our history of the Congo there were in the B.M.S. Mission sixty-one deaths, in the last ten years there have been only three. The Congo region will never be a health resort, but it is very satisfactory to notice such an improvement in its record. Tragic experience has suggested the means of combating the prevalent scourge of the country—malaria. At first it was supposed that if houses were built on the hills it would remedy matters, but Stanley exploded that idea. "At Equator Station," he wrote, "with a river only five feet below its foundations, creeks sable as with ink surrounding it, the ground unctuous with black fat alluvium, Europeans

enjoy better health than at Manyanga, 240 feet above the river and 1,000 feet above the sea."[1]

When on review of statistics it was found that the third year of Congo residence was the most fatal, the obvious remedy of calling men home in the third year for furlough was at once adopted, while the construction of better houses tended considerably to better health. The virtues of quinine as a remedy were practically recognised, the necessity of sheltering the head from the noon-day sun was insisted upon. One missionary lost his life for a pencil. When a boy came to him one afternoon asking for it, unthinkingly he ran across to the store without protection from the sun, took fever, and died. But beyond everything else the arch-enemy has been discovered, the mosquito, and every effort made to exterminate it or to evade it. And, of course, alcohol is deadly. And it may here be noted that at the instance of Holman Bentley the Government prohibited it to the people over a large area of the country.

Mr. Crudgington, invalided from Congo, afterwards served for years in India. He insisted to the Indian missionaries who were inclined to blame the Congo pioneers, that in Congo they took precautions as great as in India, the difference lying in the conditions of the country. He admits that in the early days individuals did

[1] *Congo and the Founding of the Free State*, Vol. II, p. 320.

foolish things, the missionaries no less than the traders and Government officials. As an instance he tells of a Swedish trader who, on recovering from a fever, insisted on eating a sausage on the first day of his convalescence, and as a consequence never had the opportunity of eating another.

Mr. J. Lawson Forfeitt, who with his brother, Mr. W. L. Forfeitt, afterwards stationed at Upoto, went out in 1889, served for years as Congo Secretary and as legal representative of the Mission to the Congo Government. During his service, first at Underhill and afterwards at Matadi, he not only conducted the business with sagacity and success, but made valuable contacts with officials which served him well, not only then, but since in his dealings with affairs in Brussels. In this chapter reference must be made to his frequent hospitality to travellers of all sorts, and the sympathetic and capable care which he and Mrs. Forfeitt took of such invalids as were of necessity thrown upon their mercy. Often they had nowhere else to go, and in Christ's name they were received by the Forfeitts without demur. A large number were nursed back to convalescence; some refused the recognised remedies, some refused all medical remedies and died, some died in spite of all that could be done for them.

Mr. E. J. Glave, for instance, one of Stanley's old officers, representing the *Century* magazine on behalf of the Anti-Slavery Movement, crossed

Africa, discovering on the way the spot where Livingstone's heart was buried, and in spite of much care died at Underhill just as he was due to leave for Europe. The officers of the steamer *Albertville* wrote as "Ever grateful Friends and Patients," "Undoubtedly by your skill and constant attention you have saved some of our lives and reduced the period of illness of others." A young Dutch trader, who had been entertained, wrote: "Your care of me like that of a Mother is."

The same spirit of helpfulness prevails, and has always prevailed, in all the Mission stations: if the missionaries themselves have suffered they have always been willing to prevent others suffering. The great evidence of divine life is that it is intensely human, while over all and for ever stands the Cross.

VI

BEZALEEL

In the ancient records we read of a man who was suddenly called to unwonted craftsmanship, and was specially endowed for it. "See the Lord hath called by name Bezaleel, and He hath filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom and understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship" (Exodus xxxv. 30, 31). He is not solitary in the Kingdom of God. Others have received direct from God extraordinary skill, and this chapter tells of one of them.

The purpose of the Congo pioneers was to plant a chain of stations all along the mighty river. If they were to be established the ground must first be surveyed, the characteristics of the people known, and the fitting centres chosen for the spread of the light to inland tribes. For this a steamer was necessary, swift enough to escape the canoes of any who pursued it, and shallow enough to float over unexpected sandbanks. Already we have alluded to the *Peace*, the boat fulfilling these conditions, and destined to a great mission, but as yet we have not learned her origin nor her history.

The boat was a necessity: so Grenfell returned

to England toward the end of 1881, to superintend its construction. She was built at Chiswick, and inaugurated a new type of vessel with water-tube boilers. She had twin screws, and propellers running in specially designed tunnels, which, though partly above water, were by their method of construction always full of water. The cost was £2,000, half of which, as well as £3,000 for upkeep, was provided by Mr. Arthington. Put together by copper rivets, she was exhibited on the Thames close to Westminster Bridge, and was for a while the rage of London. Then she was taken to pieces, and with the exception of three loads, packed into bundles each weighing about sixty-five pounds, so as to be ready for porterage, was shipped to Congo.

Already there were four boats on Stanley Pool, three of them small, the fourth brought out in sections, and after two years in transport put together again in 1883. In contrast to this the bales containing the *Peace* were carried up river in four months after their arrival in Congo. They were brought out by Grenfell himself, and by his new colleague, W. H. Doke, a qualified engineer who had been accepted as a missionary chiefly with the expectation that he would be responsible for the reassembling and afterwards the running of the steamer. But within three weeks of landing he died. The boat packages were therefore dumped near the Pool, and Grenfell, hearing that another helper, Hartley,

would be sent out before the end of the year, accompanied by an engineer and a riveter, took the whale-boat meant to be the tender to the steamer and went off himself up river on a voyage of exploration. He was paddled east for twenty-four days and gathered much useful information when he turned back to greet his new comrade, only to be met, as we have seen, with news of new deaths and disaster. Of what use all the speed of porterage and the completeness of the delivery when there was nobody to put the vessel together? The men who had given their lives to the work and had built their hopes on the steamer were baffled at every turn. Of what use were the materials when there was nobody able to use them? The skilled helpers were dead; it was useless to expect England to furnish others. The position was desperate.

How difficult it was may be gathered from the description Joseph Conrad gives of his own experience when farther up the Congo he attempted to repair his ship which had sunk in the river. With despairing iteration he wrote:

"What I really wanted was rivets! Rivets. To get on with the work—to stop the hole. Rivets I wanted. There were cases of them down at the coast—cases—piled up—burst—split! You kicked a loose rivet at every second step at that station yard on the hill-side. You could fill your pockets with rivets for the trouble

of stooping down—and there wasn't one rivet to be found when it was wanted. We had plates that would do, but nothing to fasten them with. And every week the messenger, a lame negro, letter-bag on shoulder and staff in hand, left our station for the coast. And several times a week a coast caravan came in with trade goods —ghastly glazed calico that you shudder only to look at it, glass beads value about a penny a quart, confounded spotted cotton handkerchiefs. And no rivets. Three carriers could have brought all that was wanted to set that steamer afloat."

These men had come out at the call of God, and it seemed as if God had forsaken them. Then the word of the Lord came to George Grenfell, came as truly as to the prophets in the olden time, came probably in the silence of the night as he looked up to the stars which shone in the sky like diamonds on purple velvet, came with a directness not to be gainsaid— "Build it yourself." Of course he argued the point. How could a man from a Midland town, a man with only a theological training, how could he, having seen the difficulty of building the ship the first time, attempt to do it again? It was impossible. Of course, he had sailed the *Helen Saker* at the Cameroons, but to sail a boat and to build a boat were different propositions.

It is not to be imagined that he thought of Bezaleel, but to the praise of God's high grace it might truly be written, "See the Lord hath

called by name George Grenfell, and He hath filled him with the Spirit of God in all manner of workmanship." The Spirit of God can enable men worthily to wield a hammer as well as worthily to preach the Word, to drive home rivets as well as to drive home the truths of the Gospel. These men at their wits end found God; and, like Nehemiah, they said: "The God of heaven He will prosper us, therefore we His servants will arise and build."

Of course they were not the first missionaries to build a boat. The story of John Williams in the South Seas must not be forgotten, how at Eimeo he completed in a few days the boat his predecessors had begun but were not able to finish, and at Rarotonga built a vessel in which he was able to evangelise the islands over hundreds of miles. It was a far cry from the Pacific Ocean to the African river, but the same God helped both His servants in their extremity. What cannot men do who act with God?

So with the aid of nine coastmen, a few native carpenters, and some unskilled labour, Grenfell began, and spurred on by the need of the people he had seen along the river, and upheld by the consciousness that in that desolate land he was not alone, he worked early and late. He was as sure of the Unseen Helper as Shackleton was when he tramped over the heights which divided Haakon Bay from the Stromness Whaling Station at Husvik: "I know," he wrote, "that during

that long and racking march of thirty-six hours over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia it seemed to me often that we were four, not three. I said nothing to my companions on the point, but afterwards Worsley said to me, 'Boss, I had a curious feeling on the march that there was another person with us.' Crean confessed to the same."

Grenfell's experience recalls Tyndale's version of an Old Testament text, "The Lord was with Joseph and he was a luckie felowe." As there had been no misadventure in the porterage of the steamer, there was no misadventure in the building of it. Once the work began there proved to be little difficulty in identifying the various sections and in fitting them into their place. Ideas came when they were needed, strength was renewed when the toil was hardest, and at length the memorable day arrived, June the 13th, 1884, a day long to be remembered, when, in spite of the low water, the *Peace* slid off the stocks, along the extra runners, into the river.

There was no crowd to greet the triumph with a cheer; only three missionaries, the men who had willingly helped in the toil and a few of the dwellers near the shore. When one of them saw the ship afloat he ejaculated, "Master, she lives!" That sentence said everything that was to be said—"Master, she lives." True then, it was true all along her career—"Master, she lives!"

The *Peace* was Grenfell's child, as dear to him as any child of his family; he and she were seldom parted; with her he made the discoveries that gained him fame as a geographer; with her he won the friendship of peoples that dwelt along thousands of miles of river frontage; with her he chose sites for the flourishing mission stations that now mark the Congo all along its course. The *Peace* lived as long as he lived; he clung to her to the end. Only one more journey awaited her when he was gone, then she too departed.

But throughout all the years wherever Grenfell's ship went "the Spirit of the Lord moved upon the face of the waters."

VII

AFLOAT

GRENFELL'S boat went everywhere, and was everywhere known at length as the Messenger of Peace. Her first voyage was one of twelve hundred miles, and occupied about four months. It began on July the 7th, 1884, almost exactly six years since the missionaries permanently settled on Congo soil. For the first ten days Sir Francis de Winton, the Administrator-in-Chief of the Congo Association, was on board, and two other white men. Comber accompanied Grenfell; there was a crew of a dozen, and three men were taken to prepare the new station projected for Lukolela. In the January, 1885, number of the *Missionary Herald* no less than fifteen pages are devoted to a vivid description of the journey, accompanied by a map, the general correctness of which is a tribute to the close observation of the travellers. Lake Ntomba and Lake Leopold are approximately placed in the right positions, though their dimensions are scarcely understood; but the striking thing on the map is a mythical Sankuru river flowing into the Lulongo river, joining the Congo just above the Equator, and supposed to issue from an immense lake called Lake Lincoln,

which on the map occupies the space between latitudes 2 and 4S and half-way between longitude 22 and 24E, like a quiver for arrows and cord almost exactly in the centre of the great bow of the Congo river.

"The journey was a prospecting one, and has resulted in our being able to choose three very important and valuable sites for stations—Muxie, Bolobo and Ilebu. The *Peace*, too, has had a splendid trial, and the little we have said about it shows how little trouble it gave in its management and working. The work, though not without its dangers and arduousness, is a glorious one, which we would exchange for no other, taking *for the first time* the light of life into these regions of darkness, cruelty and death."

Under date, October the 28th, 1885, Comber, having just arrived back in Congo with five new colleagues from England, reports that at Boma he had received news from four stations, San Salvador, Bayneston, Wathen, Arthington, and from Grenfell at Equator. All well. There is a foot-note: "The letter from Arthington has come down by special courier in *ten days*, which shows what *can* be done. Praise God for all His loving kindness to us!"

For eighteen months Grenfell with the *Peace* was busy on the work of exploration. Already in the steel boat journey before the *Peace* was reassembled he had discovered in February, 1884, the most important tributary of the Congo, the

Mobangi river, and during his first *Peace* journey the discovery of another entrance to it than that which he had then attempted "gave him an imperishable name amongst Congo explorers."

In his first report Grenfell modestly wrote that the work was not without its dangers. These were partly from the difficult navigation, partly from the attacks of the natives. The *Peace* was fitted with movable arrow-guard screens which could be lowered over her sides when danger was imminent. Without this the ascent of some of the rivers would have been impossible owing to the attacks from poisoned arrows. "On one occasion they were attacked by fifty canoes, some of them long ones, stones, spears, arrows and sticks being thrown on the steamer. At times the people climbed up to the bifurcations of the trees, pulling up their rope ladders after them, and fired their spears at the awning of the *Peace*."

Mr. Alfred Stonelake, himself an expert navigator of the river, to whom I am much indebted for many particulars, continues his narrative: "During a trip up the Busira in 1885 the enemy were in ambush in a narrow part of the river, and their arrows penetrated the awning boards of the *Peace*, nearly transfixing Grenfell. One arrow struck the woodwork between Mrs. Grenfell and himself; another went through the galley window, among the pots and pans; and many workmen had narrow escapes. This was the

first time they were attacked by poisoned arrows, and after a second attack the same day, the risk being too great, the expedition was abandoned four hundred miles up the Juapa, after a thousand miles of new waterway had been traversed.

"On October the 15th, while visiting Lake Leopold, the people became very hostile, wading into the water and preventing the *Peace* getting within bowshot; but when the steam whistle was blown a panic ensued, the warriors scattering in all directions. A similar experience befell them up the Kwangu.

"By the end of 1886 Grenfell's exploratory work was practically finished. His chart, on a scale of a sixteenth of an inch to one hundred yards, measured 125 feet, and is unsurpassed even to this day. Other charts have been prepared of the course along which steamers regularly pass, and the Government has done much good of late years through its hydrographical section, but this is the only chart where the four thousand islands have been marked as far as possible with scientific accuracy. For this work Grenfell received the Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society in 1887. The work was afterwards, in 1900–1901, prepared for publication in ten sections."

In April, 1887, the *Peace* was commandeered by Stanley in connection with the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and but for the resource of Mr. Charters, the missionary in charge, would have

been wrecked in its attempt to tow the lighter with its crowd of passengers. In September, 1890, the vessel was forcibly seized by the Government to convey arms and ammunition to Lusambo, but in accordance with urgent orders from Brussels, issued as a result of strong remonstrance by the Missionary Committee, was released with expressions of regret.

By the end of 1890 stations had been opened at Bolobo, Lukolela, Monsembe and Upoto, to which reference will be made in due course. Here the facts are noted because of the drain on the river traffic occasioned by the needs of these up-river settlements. As many as seven men and four women have had to travel on the steamer at one time, in addition to the crew, cargo, and firewood. So great became the pressure that in 1890, when Grenfell journeyed to England for furlough, he pressed on the Committee the need of another steamer, and in the Centenary year of the Society, 1892, it was determined to build at a cost of £5,000 a boat with twice the carrying capacity of the *Peace*. Again Grenfell was in charge of the construction, and he brought to England with him Bongudi, the son of a prominent chief of a tribe above the hills at Stanley Pool. Bongudi became a skilled engineer, and was very helpful in the reassembling of the *Goodwill*, as the steamer was named when she was launched at Bolobo on December the 5th, 1893. The work of construction was entirely in

the hands of African workmen, itself an index of the progress that had been made during the years. In passing it may be mentioned that Bongudi, who was a Church member, became Mayor of the Colony that, with Government approval, Grenfell established at Bolobo, and that on the only occasion on which the *Peace* was used after Grenfell's death, to convey a visitor on a long tour of investigation up-river, Bongudi was in charge of the steamer, and received high praise at the close of the voyage. He died on December the 9th, 1919.

In the expansion of the Mission it became evident before long that still another steamer was required for the supply of its needs; and the railway from Matadi to Kinshasa being now available, after three and a half years' engineering toil, the difficulties of the gradients almost driving its constructors to despair, the overland passage had become much easier. January, 1906, therefore, witnessed the arrival at Kinshasa of nine trucks bearing the sections of the new boat, which, being supplied largely by the generosity of the Christian Endeavour Societies of Great Britain, was named *Endeavour*. Over fifty missionaries were assembled for the General Conference when the materials arrived, and the evident improvement in the amenities of the vessel greatly impressed them. She did excellent service in the years to come, but for some

unexplained reason often met with misadventure.

It is impossible either to estimate or to describe the service these three vessels, captained in turn by George Grenfell, John Howell, Frank Longland and Alfred Stonelake, rendered to the work on the Congo, not only to the missionaries of the B.M.S., but to all and sundry, bearing supplies, messages and good cheer the whole length of the river. And where for the time being there were no missionaries at a station, which in the exigencies of the service in that insalubrious land sometimes happened, the staff of the steamer appeared not only as evangelists but almost as angels.

Under Belgian administration the transit on the river so greatly increased, competing companies launching their own vessels, that at length it became as unnecessary for the Missionary Society to run steamers on the Congo as it would be to own them on the Ganges or the Yangtse, and accordingly both the *Goodwill* and the *Endeavour* were sold. Amongst other advantages this released at least two missionary couples for more direct evangelistic work. From the *Baptist Times* of December the 17th, 1915, I may be permitted to quote some of my own words :

" There is a passage in ' The Apostles ' which Renan characterised as of ' singularly penetrating beauty ' and I am reminded of it in this connection. ' I am impatient,' the writer says, ' to

tell again that unparalleled epic, to depict those roads stretching infinitely from Asia to Europe, along which they sowed the seed of the Gospel; those waves over which they fared so often under conditions so diverse. The Great Christian Odyssey is about to begin. Already the apostolic barque has shaken forth her sails, the wind is blowing, and aspires for naught save to bear upon its wings the words of Jesus.'

"The Great Christian Odyssey has sent vessels over waters the early disciples never dreamed of, and the voyages that have been made into the very heart of Africa are amongst the most wonderful of all. But now the *Endeavour* has been sold, and that perhaps is as great a wonder. It is a sign of the times.

"It is a sign of advance. The river solitude that even Livingstone never found is now a thronged highway of the world. Where Stanley's canoes descended, great throbbing vessels ply their regular traffic. It is only a symbol of the greater change that has come to the people of the lands on the banks of the river—a change so great that when, from one of our mission centres, a young man was recently taken to a district still unevangelised, he could with difficulty be brought to believe that only a generation ago his own home was as debased and barbarous; he was astounded by the sight of the degradation from which his father had been saved.

"It is a sign of adjustment. The methods

suited to one age may need to be deserted in another. The Missionary Committee is wise enough to change its plans with varying conditions. The building and the sale of the boat were prompted by the same motive. The change in method implies no change in the message or in the determination to carry it to the utmost peoples.

"It is a sign of economy. No cost was too great to enter the great open doorway of the Congo when it was first discovered—the lavish outlay of money and life was true economy. But now, when the work can be accomplished without such outlay, when the stations can be reached by less expenditure, when the men devoted to the running of our steamer can give themselves instead to evangelistic work, it would not be economy to continue the old arrangements."

Grenfell never saw the *Endeavour*, save when it came in sections to Kinshasa. He died at Basoko within six months of its arrival at the Pool.

For these upper waters it was necessary still to have a small steamer which might ply between Upoto, Yalemba, and Yakusu, and ascend the tributary rivers. So a suitable vessel which in honour of the early explorer was named the *Grenfell*, was launched at Kinshasa in 1912, and is still, after fifteen years' service, fulfilling its mission, though doubtless it will soon need to be replaced, probably by several motor-boats

still smaller. It has been described as "a floating tabernacle." When it arrives at a sub-station reports are brought by the local teachers to the visiting missionary, and such direction and help are given as may be necessary. Then there is often a Communion Service, and "when the canvas curtains are lowered and heads are bowed in prayer one feels an anticipation of the ancient prophecy, 'The tabernacle of God is with men and He will dwell with them.'"

On the first day of July, 1906, the brave old captain, whom *The Times* described as "an Englishman of almost incredible industry, unblemished reputation, and imperishable fame," was summoned to the Front. But before he went he saw enough fruit of his labour to make any man glad. "In the district where in 1884 he had during twenty-four hours' steaming seen no less than twenty-seven burning villages as the result of an Arab slave raid, he was once more anchored trying to repair the poor old *Peace*. Feeling tired and weary, his attention was drawn to some paddlers going down river to their usual fishing camp. But it was their song which arrested him. Instead of the usual nonsensical rhyme or worse, they were singing in their native tongue the hymn 'All hail the power of Jesus' name,' and when they came to the last verse he joined these Lokele fisher folk and sang:

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
Join in the Everlasting Song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Then, turning to Stapleton with glowing face, he said: 'I never thought I should be privileged to see such a wonderful transformation.'"

At Yalemba he was laid down with his last fever. Disasi and Luvusu sent an urgent message to Yakusu for help, which was speedily sent. Then, taking down the old canvas awning, they carried him on board and hastened to Basoko, where there was a State doctor, but in vain. On the first hour of the first day of the week, the first day of the month, he answered the Call. I would like to believe that Comber was on the other side to greet him.

His life has inspired several memoirs, amongst the rest those written by the Rev. George Hawker and Mr. H. L. Hemmens, both of whom have treated their hero with sympathy and skill. His earliest biographer was Sir Harry Johnston, himself an intrepid explorer, who greatly admired Grenfell, though he found himself for years unable to accept his religious attitude. But during the final months of his illness he escaped from his agnostic position, so that Grenfell's biographer reached Grenfell's faith, and as an avowed believer in Jesus Christ as Saviour passed over to the other side.

VIII

AGROUND

In this chapter the graphic experience of two writers who themselves have navigated steamers along the treacherous Congo waters will bring us into touch with the reality of things. Alfred Stonelake, who went to Congo in 1900, is the first witness, and he gives us the interesting details of happenings of the early days of this century, before the river had become commercialised.

"A little insight into the working of a mission steamer will serve to show how much depended on the native crew in the days before wooding posts studded the banks, and before buoys and other signals directed the course in difficult and dangerous parts of the river. Invariably the steamer set off on her journey to Stanley Falls, a distance of 980 miles, fully loaded. This was especially noticeable on the *Goodwill*, which was so top-heavy in appearance that captains of State and company steamers have been known to declare that they would not run the steamer. Cargo was everywhere, on the upper deck also, with firewood in odd corners. The thirty-five wood-cutters had great difficulty in finding a place to lay their heads.

"The first 150 miles from Stanley Pool is a

dangerous journey. There are reefs of rocks whose shoreward ends are visible, whilst the ripple over the water indicates the extent of the reef; but there are also isolated reefs in quiet places below prominent points where no current exists, except perhaps a slight counter-current. It is here that the danger chiefly lies. The *Peace* had the misfortune to strike one of these reefs in February, 1886, and the *Endeavour* to strike another in February, 1911. In the case of the *Peace* it was a week before she was fit to proceed on her journey. The *Endeavour* accident involved a delay of ten days, followed by an immediate return to Stanley Pool for repairs. The native crew worked heroically to the very limit of human endurance, especially during the three days that the *Endeavour* lay on the rocks; and the white people on board, including the British Consul and Vice-Consul and a doctor who accompanied them, worked side by side with the natives no less effectively.

"The Congo and its affluents, with their more than four thousand islands, furnish at least twenty thousand miles of bank, much of which is covered with overhanging trees. A considerable number of these trees become undermined, and fall into the river; those heavier than water remain where they fall; others are carried down stream, and in many cases are arrested in their course, thus becoming snags. When submerged more than two feet they are frequently invisible, and, if

in the track of steamers, constitute another source of danger. One of the biggest State steamers had a hole forty-six feet long in her side. Another State steamer turned turtle from this cause, and five white men and about fifty natives were drowned. The mission steamers of the B.M.S. have escaped with little more than sprung rivets and leaky holds affecting the cargo and requiring much baling by the crew.

"The fastest currents, except at points exceptionally accelerated, are to be found near Basoko, where they move at a rate of 350 feet per minute. At the mouth of the Kasai, and at Kalina Point in Stanley Pool, the rate is between 600 and 700 feet per minute. The water at Stanley Pool is reckoned to be 1,013 feet above sea level. The upper river rises twice a year, in the spring to an average height of six feet, and in November–December to twelve feet. In the latter case many islands are submerged; sometimes sand banks are washed away and new ones formed elsewhere.

"With the murky colour of the river and the fierce glare of the sun it is not easy to steer a a course between these sandbanks when they are covered with a foot or so of water. *Hardly a trip was made in those early days without one or more of these sandbanks being struck.* The *Goodwill* was once on a sandbank for twenty-three hours, at a time when the captain's wife was in the midst of an eight days' fever, with a temperature of 105° F. Nearly all the crew

would have to jump into the river and push the steamer into deep water, whilst a few were left to work the windlass and run the main engine. Not a pleasant experience for those in the river when their enforced stay was protracted. No wonder the Christians prayed, 'Cause the steamer to walk in the path of the river.'

"On October the 14th, 1903, the *Peace* broke her moorings at Bolobo in a cyclone, and narrowly escaped being a total wreck. Four greatly damaged steel plates had to be removed and the cabin partly dismantled. Grenfell, in describing the accident, wrote: 'The native crew behaved magnificently, and worked with an enthusiasm really inspiring. The way they got her from the rocks and tugged her back to her moorings is one of the best things I have ever seen.'

"The *Endeavour* had just left Upoto station on August the 1st, 1910. The crew were mostly from that town and district. In order to wave their fond adieux to their friends on shore they clambered into the iron boat being towed alongside until she listed, filled, and sank in eleven feet of water. A floating bridge of eighteen canoes end-to-end was made, to float down stream in the course of the steamer. One hundred natives in the canoes kept sounding with long poles, and, whenever something hard was struck, down dived these natives to discover if it were the boat. At least a hundred times they were disappointed, for it was a rocky bottom. After three days'

search the boat was discovered, a chain fastened to it, and after being lifted clear of the bed of the river by the steamer, it was safely drawn ashore. Next day was a veritable Thanksgiving Sunday. Oh, those steamer workmen, how gratefully they are remembered!

"After four o'clock in the afternoon the captain would keep a sharp look-out for a suitable stopping-place, so that the wood-cutters might search for dead trees before darkness fell upon them at 6.30. As soon as the steamer was safely anchored the thirty or more wood-cutters rushed into the forest, perhaps in the track of elephants, buffaloes, hippopotami, leopards, deer, etc., or through dense foliage. How they found their way about in the dark was at times a mystery. Only on one occasion did a wood-cutter fail to return, and on that occasion it took the whole gang thirty minutes to find him; he was unaccustomed to forests. More to be dreaded than the fierce animals, which usually had sense enough to make themselves scarce, were the mosquitoes, and the myriads of insects which flew around camp fires. On one occasion a mission steamer got up steam again at 11 p.m., in spite of the impending storm, and started running to get away from the mosquitoes, which are especially numerous and vicious between Bolobo and Lukolela."

The second vivid description of the impression which a Congo voyage may make upon a sensitive

mind is quoted with grateful acknowledgement from "Heart of Darkness," by Joseph Conrad, whose boyish determination to penetrate into the centre of Africa we have already noted. At Stanley Pool in 1890 he joined the *Roi des Belges* as second in command for the up-river voyage.

"Going up that river was like travelling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings. An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest. The air was warm, thick, heavy, sluggish. There was no joy in the brilliance of the sunshine. The long stretches of the waterway ran on, deserted, with the gloom of overshadowed distances. On silvery sandbanks hippos and alligators sunned themselves side by side. The broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded islands; you lost your way on that river as you would in a desert, and butted all day long against shoals, trying to find the channel, till you thought yourself bewitched and cut off for ever from everything you had known once—somewhere—far away—in another existence perhaps.

"I managed not to sink that steamboat on my first trip. It's a wonder to me yet. Imagine a blindfolded man set to drive a van over a bad road. I sweated and shivered over the business considerably, I tell you. After all, for a seaman to scrape the bottom of the thing that's supposed to float all the time under his care is the

unpardonable sin. No one may know of it, but you can never forget the thump, eh? A blow on the very heart. You remember it, you dream of it, you wake up at night and think of it—years after—and go hot and cold all over. I don't pretend to say that steamboat floated all the time. More than once she had to wade for a bit, with twenty cannibals splashing around and pushing. Fine fellows—cannibals—in their place.

"Sometimes we came upon a station close by the bank, clinging to the skirts of the unknown, and the white men rushing out of a tumble-down hovel, with great gestures of joy and surprise and welcome, seemed very strange—had the appearance of being held there by a spell. The word ivory would ring in the air for a while—and on we went into the silence, along the empty reaches, round the still bends, between the high walls of our winding way, reverberating in hollow claps the ponderous beat of the stern wheel. Trees, trees, millions of trees, massive, immense, running up high; and at their foot, hugging the bank against the stream, crept the little begrimed steamboat, like a sluggish beetle crawling on the floor of a lofty portico. It made you feel very small, very lost, and yet it was not altogether depressing, that feeling. After all, if you were small the grimy beetle crawled on—which was just what you wanted it to do. But when the steam-pipes started leaking we crawled very slow.

"The reaches opened before us and closed behind, as if the forest had stepped leisurely across the water to bar the way for our return. We penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of the darkness. It was very quiet there. At night sometimes the roll of drums behind the curtain of trees would run up the river and remain sustained faintly, as if hovering in the air high over our heads, till the first break of day. Whether it meant war, peace or prayer we could not tell. The dawns were heralded by the descent of a chill stillness: the wood-cutters slept, their fires burned low; the snapping of a twig would make you start. We were wanderers on a prehistoric earth; on an earth that wore the aspect of an unknown planet. We could have fancied ourselves the first of men taking possession of an accursed inheritance, to be subdued at the cost of profound anguish and of excessive toil. But suddenly, as we struggled round a bend, there would be a glimpse of rush walls, of peaked roofs, a burst of yells, a whirl of black limbs, a mass of hands clasping, of feet stamping, of bodies swaying, of eyes rolling, under the droop of heavy and motionless foliage. The steamer toiled along slowly on the edge of a black and incomprehensible frenzy. The prehistoric man was cursing us, praying to us, welcoming us—who could tell? We were cut off from the comprehension of our surroundings: we glided past like phantoms, wondering

and secretly appalled, as sane men would be before an enthusiastic outbreak in a madhouse.

"It was unearthly, and the men were—no, they were not inhuman. Well, you know, that was the worst of it—this suspicion of their not being inhuman. It would come slowly to one. They howled, and leaped, and spun, and made horrid faces; but what thrilled was just the thought of their humanity—like yours—the thought of your remote kinship with this wild and passionate uproar. Ugly. Yes, it was ugly enough; but if you were man enough you would admit to yourself that there was in you just the faintest trace of a response to the terrible frankness of the noise, a dim suspicion of there being a meaning in it which you—you so remote from the night of the first ages—could comprehend. And why not? The mind of man is capable of anything, because everything is in it, all the past as well as all the future. What was there after all? Joy, fever, sorrow, devotion, valour, rage—who can tell?—but truth—truth stripped of its cloak of time. Let the fool gape and shudder—the man knows, and can look on without a wink. But he must at least be as much a man as those on the shore. He must meet that truth with his own true stuff—with his own inborn strength."

IX

ALOFT

If the possibility of flying had been discovered half a century earlier, the difficulty of the Congo would have disappeared. Formerly letters arriving at Matadi, the ocean port on the river, took a month to reach Kinshasa, now they are delivered next day. The distance is now measured in hours instead of days. And there are other airways.

When King Albert expressed the desire to institute this air service it fell to M. Louis Franck, as Colonial Minister, to inaugurate it. He planned to meet the first two aeroplanes at Lisala, close to Upoto, but the uncertainty of river travel delayed him, so that the two aeroplanes arrived before he had been able to give warning to the people. Naturally he was anxious to discover what had happened, whether wonder or terror was the predominant feeling. He learned that when the aeroplanes appeared the people promptly fled into the forest, from which they cautiously watched the arrival of one and then of the other. They saw the earlier plane circle round the open space prepared for it and then alight, and as soon as the airmen stepped out the people left their hiding-place and gathered fearlessly round them.

They explained that at first they did not know what these big birds were, but afterwards they saw they were "only the white man's affairs." The white man himself was a greater wonder than anything associated with him—this was only another of his inventions, he could do anything. But they continued to speak of the machines as birds, and they called one the cock and the other the hen. When they were asked how they knew which was which, they promptly replied with a superior smile: "Oh, we easily distinguished the cock. He circled round several times before he alighted, and when he had come down safely, of course the hen followed." On which M. Franck, in relating the incident at the Conference at Le Zoute in Belgium in September, 1926, remarked: "The white man can never predict what will be the reaction of the black man's mind."

Mr. Dan Crawford has instructed us as to the necessity of "Thinking Black," but that is precisely one of the things the white man cannot do, and it is doubtful whether the black man in one generation can quite succeed in "thinking white." Imagine them as, squatting round their camp fires with their never-ending discourse in soft syllables and musical tones, they talk and talk, can talk all day and all night and never seem to exhaust a subject. Their talk is their chief amusement: talk of brave deeds and of deep cunning, of the news of to-day and of to-morrow,

of the dead and of the living, of those who fight and of those who love. What can we know of such mentality ?

As there is therefore no fear of terrifying the people, let us take off from the coast and make an imaginary air journey up the river. We start from Banana Point on the northern shore, and as the river narrows we pass Boma, the earliest seat of government, still on the northern side, about fifty miles up. Then about fifty miles farther on we see below us on the south side the point where Underhill, the earliest B.M.S. base station, was situated, and notice that the river here makes a sharp turn and boils with such force that it forms " The Devil's Cauldron," a piece of water almost impassable for boats. Mr. Glennie says that in the early days he has seen from the hill a steamer turned quarter circle round by the current and driven some distance toward the cliff before it recovered itself. Mr. Bentley describes the passage of a small boat through this dangerous bit of water.

[1] " A canoe from Vivi, with six people in it, was descending the river to take a few bags of palm kernels to the trading factory at Noki. As they rounded the point upon which afterwards our Underhill station was built, the canoe was caught in a cauldron, filled and sank. All the six men were drowned. These cauldrons are boilings-up of the seething water. In the oily

[1] *Pioneering on the Congo*, Vol. I, p. 411.

water below the whirlpools there will suddenly come a burst of water from the depths below, with a loud roar. The water boils over the side of a canoe or low boat, forcing it along broadside against other swirls and giving it little chance of keeping afloat."

While we are thinking of all this we pass in the air about a mile farther up the river to Matadi, where the railway which runs past the rapids begins. We hover between the railway on our right and the rapids on our left, pass over Thysville, Kimpese and Wathen, and, about two hundred miles from Matadi, come to Stanley Pool, where the river widens into a great lake, with Brazzaville, the French capital, on the north, and Leopoldville, the Belgian capital, on the south. The river now turns north-east, and two hundred miles forward we come to Bolobo, passing about half-way the mouth of the great Kwa-Kasai river on the south.

We turn on our tracks to explore the immense region watered by these twin rivers with their twenty tributaries, all pouring their waters into the Kasai, which in turn is swallowed by the Congo. Circling on a radius of one hundred miles we get a faint idea of the vastness of this system, and reach Lake Leopold. This is a sheet of water about a hundred miles long from south to north, due east of Bolobo and of Lukolela, the next B.M.S. Station, which is about a hundred miles along the river from Bolobo.

Monsembi, two hundred miles farther up the Congo, was formerly the next mission station of the B.M.S., but was abandoned owing to the prevalence of sleeping sickness and the consequent depopulation of the country. But long before we get there we pass the outflow of the great Ubangi-Wele river, which rises hard by the Nile and flowing westward with numerous tributaries makes a higher loop than the Congo, and at length—at great length—descends from the north to swell the waters of the main river. Like the Nile it has several mouths, and it was here that Grenfell, after some dangerous pioneer work, made one of his greatest geographical discoveries. As we are in an aeroplane we can trace its course northward for five hundred miles, eastward for about two hundred more and then swoop south and find Upoto, less than two hundred miles down, just on the middle of the great Congo bend.

Another two hundred miles of widening river brings us to Yalemba, passing on the north the exit of the Aruwimi river, which at first seemed as if it might become the means of missionary advance towards the east, by Yambuya and Banalya. It was indeed at one time tentatively suggested that the author should approach from the east through Uganda and meet Grenfell half-way in the hope of discovering a practicable road. But the navigation of the river proved

to be so difficult, and the Roman Catholic missions in such strength, that the idea was not pursued.

East of Yalemba on the south is the fourth great river we pass, the Lomami, which flows for hundreds of miles parallel to the Lualaba, the head waters of the Congo river. A hundred miles beyond Yalemba we reach Stanley Falls, passing Yakusu on the way. We are now more than a thousand miles in a direct line from the sea, and there are another thousand miles of river, the names merging from Congo to Lualaba to Luapula, until we reach the utmost confines of the Congo. Then there is no further need of the aeroplane, for from this point we can if necessary travel by railway to the Cape.

But we still cling to the aeroplane and make a bird-line back to Matadi, adding a thousand miles to the record we have already made; and after this rapid air journey of three thousand miles—for remember, we have made several circling movements and have sufficient imaginary petrol—we find ourselves at the port of Matadi, where those who wish to explore the Congo in the ordinary way go ashore.

X

ASHORE

We go ashore at Matadi. But that did not become possible until a channel was discovered through the sandbanks at the mouth of the river, and engines strong enough were installed in the steamers to drive them through the fierce waters farther up. To make Matadi the port is a great advantage, since the terminus of the railway past the cataract region is here, and naturally the base stations of the various missions were in due course moved from old Underhill to a convenient site near the new centre. Loads for San Salvador by carriers could be dispatched as easily as before, while the transfer of goods and people from the ship to the railway for stations up river became much easier.

"But the town had other advantages," writes the Rev. Forbes Jackson, M.A., in *The Baptist Magazine* for October, 1902. "It is the meeting-place of many races and nationalities. Ocean steamers carrying many flags are here, and hither are attracted large numbers of coloured artisans and tradesmen. The Mission House is a hospice of mercy to the growing town, for the work extends to the sailors on the ships, the workmen on the line, the men from the coast, the people of the

town, the native carriers, the travellers who pass through. The missionaries of our own and other Societies are glad to greet Matadi. There they find, in the house beautiful and bountiful, refreshment from the stale monotony of the sea, guidance in the bewildering customs of a new country, and not seldom rescue from the fever which dogs them from the interior, which but for the skilful and devoted nursing would have written their names on some white stone in the cemetery near by."

Until 1920 the Field Secretary of the B.M.S. resided here, ready for all emergencies, responsible for the transportation of goods to the various stations and the forwarding of reports to the Home Committee. Unofficially he also became the pastor of the native church and the advocate of the people. He was also the legal representative of the Mission with the Government of the country, and his contact with the State officials gave him a far-reaching influence in general affairs.

Mr. J. Lawson Forfeitt inaugurated this branch of service, and by his courage, courtesy, and moderation greatly aided the Mission in its earlier days. And he bore the brunt of early disasters. A missionary of another Society wrote: "It has fallen to Mr. Forfeitt to witness more servants of God falling asleep in Congo than any other in the same number of years." He treasures many testimonies from those he has

helped, and the friendships he formed in Congo have on various occasions since his retirement been of great service to the Mission at home. Worthy of special mention is the name of his successor, Mr. H. Ross Phillips, who maintained all the good traditions of the office. In recognition of their services to the country both have received the decoration of Knight of the Royal Order of the Lion. Many others, at various times, shouldered the duties of this forwarding station. Mr. S. C. Gordon, a missionary from Jamaica, for years adopted the work as his own, and notwithstanding the aloofness of Europeans from negroes, was held in universal esteem because of his sterling qualities.

The Congo railway, which owing to the congestion caused by the greatly increased traffic has recently had to be considerably enlarged, was begun in 1890 and opened in 1898. Its construction presented unexpected difficulties and cost many lives. In one place a corridor had to be cut along the face of a precipice, and the gradients, especially in the earlier stages, necessitated numerous loops and turnings. Actually the line makes a curve on one of the bridges. The journey to Kinshasa occupies two days, the train making a halt at Thysville, a hundred and fifty miles from Matadi, for the night. Here a little town has grown around the railway, and first of all for the convenience of passengers, but also as a centre of evangelisation,

the Mission has established a sub-station and built a two-storied hostel, which contributes in no small measure to the comfort and health of incoming and outgoing missionaries. Railway repairing works are near, and as a consequence many workmen of polyglot nationalities, with their wives and children, have settled around them, and there is also a transitory population which makes life both difficult and dangerous. A fine school-chapel forms a centre of light and keeps the district more wholesome than it would otherwise be. The Christians of some thirty adjacent villages form the nucleus of a thriving church.

Instead of continuing our journey, let us return in the morning about fifty miles along the picturesque railway as far back as Kimpese, where in co-operation with the American Baptists a Training Institute for teachers and evangelists has been at work since 1908. During these years there has been an average of twenty to thirty students, most of them married men, accompanied by their wives and sometimes by their children, the wife receiving instruction as well as the husband, and the children forming a class where the students can practise teaching. In addition to their classes, the students are expected to do two hours' manual work each day in garden or workshop, each student being provided with sufficient ground and required to produce enough food for themselves and their

families—a most successful experiment; they also teach for one hour daily in the Station School.

These three, Matadi, Thysville and Kimpese, form the introductory stages to the more specific missionary work of the B.M.S. both in Portuguese and Belgian Congo.

But Matadi is also the port for most of the other Societies and Missions at work in Congoland. Already I have mentioned the American Baptist Mission, which entered almost simultaneously with the B.M.S. Seven years afterwards, in 1885, the Swedish Missionary Society, which chiefly works on the northern French side of the river, began work. In 1889 two others were added—the Christian and Missionary Alliance and the Congo-Balolo Mission—and in the following year, 1890, the American Presbyterian Mission began pioneer work on the Kasai. The Christian Disciples started in 1896, and the Westcott Brothers in 1897. The Mennonites in 1912, and the Methodist Episcopalians of America in 1913, added their forces, and in 1914 the Heart of Africa Mission used the Congo route at the beginning, but now approach their stations by the Nile. The Africa Inland Mission, the Brethren in the Katanga region, the American Methodists and the Belgian Protestants, approach their stations from the east or south.

There has been a notable increase in the number of missionaries from all quarters during the last

ten years, and as a consequence Matadi has become correspondingly busy as a clearing centre.

Commerce, too, makes much greater demands on the port. The unhappy rubber regime was not only a moral outrage, it was a commercial error. In these Jubilee days when the rule is more beneficent it need scarcely be recalled. Trade in palm oil keeps Matadi busy. In 1912 the export of palm oil did not exceed four tons, in 1925 no less than 26,000 tons were exported. And while the tremendous output of copper, which brings prosperity to the southern tongue of the State and much traffic to the Cape Railway, does not directly affect Matadi it adds appreciably to the welfare of the country as a whole; the copper from the French Congo finds its outlet at Matadi; radium is found, while gold and diamonds abound in some districts; and doubtless there are many other sources of wealth still untouched. You step ashore, therefore, expectant traveller, to a Land of Promise.

XI

SAN SALVADOR

THE earliest spiritual awakening on Congo was on the station of Banza Manteke, now under the care of American Baptists. Mr. Richards, who went out from Tredegarville Church, Cardiff, was one day in the year 1885 explaining to the people the meaning of the Sermon on the Mount, and in the course of the reading came to the verse "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." He was not prepared for the questions the inquisitive and acquisitive people asked as to its meaning, and frankly told them that he did not know; but he added that he would tell them when they met again for their Bible Study. He had great searching of heart on the subject, and the more he pondered the passage the plainer grew the conviction that it meant just what it said; and though he knew the risk he ran, he could do no other than tell the inquiring people his conviction. They were delighted at the exposition, which was well within their apprehension, and more than delighted to embrace a religion that promised so greatly to enrich them. Immediately they began to ask the missionary for such things of his as they coveted,

and, having taken the plunge, he had no option but to give them what they asked. The success of the earliest suppliant emboldened others, and they came incessantly with their requests, which now seemed almost demands, and though it appeared to be madness, Mr. Richards continued to obey what he conceived to be the plain injunction of the Master, until he was beggared in a strange land with no means of livelihood.

It was supreme folly, but often wisdom is the scorn of consequence, and so it was here. In the very spot in all the world where the Sermon on the Mount seemed most unpractical, it turned out to be, when obeyed, not only possible, but productive. The chief of the tribe heard of what had happened, and calling his people together pointed out to them that if they took from the white man all he possessed, one of two things must happen—either he would go away, or if he stayed he would die, and in either case they would be without a teacher. Then he commanded everybody who had got anything from the missionary to take it back again quickly, and as a consequence Mr. Richards, who by this time was thoroughly dismayed, saw a procession coming to his house bringing back his goods, and probably bringing back extra things too; having given everything, he found himself rather the richer than the poorer.

After that the people believed in the missionary; they believed that he believed what he

taught, and that he was ever ready to live up to it. That set them seriously inquiring for themselves, and a great number confessed themselves disciples of the Saviour who did such wonderful things. The wilderness blossomed as the rose, and streams broke forth in the desert. With the wisdom which usually characterises the missionary, the converts were taught and tested, and not until the following year, 1886, were forty baptized to form the first church of Christ in Congoland.

These were not the first individual converts. Holman Bentley tells an earlier story of Nlemvo, a native of San Salvador, descended from one of its noble families. He says: "Congo boys are very precocious; some at twelve are more like boys at sixteen at home. Nlemvo was a boy not much more than twelve years old, but the Spirit of God was working in his heart. Often we had talked of the Saviour, of His love and power. Nlemvo wanted to follow Jesus and do what was right; but his obstinate nature often betrayed him into wrongdoing, and into sullenness when reproved. After a while he would come and apologise, and he was very sorry; again he would trip up on something and fall into the same sin, and come again very distressed and hopeless. He would talk about his trouble and deplore the wickedness of his heart. We had many talks during those dark evenings, and at last he realised that only Jesus could save him. He had no strength in himself, and was in himself helpless

and hopeless. After a long talk on April the 30th, 1882, he went away, and in some quiet place begged Jesus to be his Saviour and Master. He said nothing to me for four or five days, to make sure it was all true and real, and then he came and told me that he had given his heart to the Saviour and knew He had heard his prayer and had saved him. His example and influence did much to give things a start in the right direction from the first. There was no need to be in a hurry to baptize him, young as he was, and first among the Congos of our time to trust in Jesus. He was not baptized until about seventeen months after our return from England, after my first furlough."[1] We shall meet Nlemvo again. Here we note the date, the date when, as far as we know, the light first broke on a human soul in this dark land.

The first convert baptized in Congo was Mantu. Comber took him home on his furlough, and while in England sent him to a school in the north of London. On their return to San Salvador, Mantu, who had given evidence of a real change of heart, was baptized in the presence of a few friends on March the 29th, 1886. Like Nlemvo, Mantu was destined to play an important part in the future history of the Church in his own land. Here also is a notable date.

The news of the work of God and the gladness of the disciples at Banza Manteke wakened desire

[1] *Pioneering on the Congo*, Vol. I, p. 447.

among the people of San Salvador, and at the close of 1886 and the beginning of 1887 there was a decided movement amongst them. After strict examination it was found that some two hundred people were sincere inquirers and desirous of making a confession of faith. Eight years after the arrival of the missionaries the Church was formed. Mr. Thomas Lewis tells the subsequent story.

"It was on December the 2nd, 1887," he writes, "that we had the privilege of baptizing the converts who formed the nucleus of the first Christian Church belonging to our Mission. I shall never forget the Friday morning when five converts witnessed their good confession in a little stream of water at the bottom of a hill about a mile away from the mission station. Hundreds of people came down to see the baptism, and there was great excitement amongst our adherents. We had translated small portions of Scripture and had composed some hymns. We read the passages bearing on baptism, specially translated for the occasion, and sang our hymns with great enthusiasm, and when we had explained to the crowd the meaning of the rite, it was my privilege to lead the five into the water and baptize them into the 'Name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.' At the close of the ceremony we formed a long procession, and marched to the mission station at the top of the hill, singing hymns all the way. We were a

happy company, reaping the first fruits of the glorious harvest that has since been gathered in."

Then on the following Sunday there came the first Communion Service, which has made an ineffaceable impression on the three missionaries who shared it. In the little bamboo chapel, with grass roof and earthen floor, the people gathered as early as seven o'clock in the morning, crowding the place, those who could not gain admittance looking in at the windows while the service proceeded. Then the little company of believers—the three men missionaries and Mrs. Lewis, with the five newly baptized converts, nine in all—sat down together to remember the Lord's death, and hold communion with Him and with each other. There were Ten present. The joy of the nine was too great for speech; for a while they just sat and looked at each other. Words were few as the feast progressed —the first time the missionaries had sat down with Congo Christians at the Sacred Table. At the close of the service they stood looking at each other, and then by common impulse stretched across the table, grasping each other's hands in token of fellowship and friendship. So the Church was inaugurated at San Salvador, and it is remarkable that the three missionaries who shared in the feast, Carson Graham, Ross Phillips, and Thomas Lewis, are still with us, all three of them as eager as on the day they first went out to the field.

Of the beginning of the work at San Salvador

we have already written in Chapter Four. Throughout its history during the whole fifty years it has been the scene of a series of controversial duels, first between the Papists and the Baptists, afterwards between the people and the Government. In 1879 there were about two hundred houses of bamboo and grass built on the plateau eighteen hundred feet above sea level, falling off on the east into valleys two hundred feet below. There were also the ruins of the old cathedral. This being the capital of the ancient kingdom of Congo, the district has preserved many of the customs of the people, and has proved to be an excellent quarry for Kongo language. From the children of San Salvador Bentley learned most of the real idiom of the speech of the people. It was just about the time of the founding of the church that his great grammar and dictionary of the Kisi-Kongo language appeared, and the first edition of the Kongo New Testament was ready in 1893.

The early meetings of the Mission were in the open air under a tree in the King's palaver ground. Afterwards when it rained the people gathered in the largest room of the Stone House, and later still in the chapel, which had been completed largely through the labours of Mr. Weeks in 1886, and served as the home of the church for eleven years. In 1889 the stone chapel, a monument to the architectural skill of Mr. Lewis, took its place, the missionaries bearing the cost of

the pulpit, platform and baptistery, the people paying for all the rest.

The formal occupation of the country by the Portuguese took place in 1888, when a resident Governor was appointed. Previously the authority of Portugal was maintained by the Roman Catholic priests. The people, who imagine that everything has a voice, cleverly translated the meaning of the two bells that called to worship. The Portuguese bell said "Kongo dieto" (Congo is ours); the B.M.S. bell "Nwiza kwa nsi a Nzambi" (Come ye to the country of God).

By the middle of 1888 the church numbered seventeen members; in 1924 it had a membership of 1,264, and the increase would have been much larger if it had not been for the almost continuous stream of emigrants to Belgian Congo. In 1892, when the membership had increased to forty-seven, as much as £50 value in barter stuff, sufficient to pay for the seating of the new chapel, was given by the people, and the appearance of Chinese workmen for the work of the new railway awakened such interest among the people that they collected over £15 and sent it as a donation to help Mr. Dixon, whom they knew, in his work in China. It will be remembered that owing to health reasons he had been transferred from Congo to China. A story is told of a hen that was brought on one occasion for the collection, and the giving was so general

that in the course of the service the hen actually laid an egg! Someone recalls the incident of a little child, anxious to have a part in the offering of a special day, who bought half a banana, and before the opportunity of giving it arrived, had squashed it in her hand into pulp; but she proudly put it into the basket with the other heterogeneous gifts.

Several times the King of Congo has tried to restore slavery, but, thanks to the alertness of the missionaries, the attempts have been frustrated; and the Portuguese authorities at one time made persistent efforts to recruit indentured labour for the cocoa plantations on the islands of San Thome and Principe. None who went to the islands ever returned. It was reported that the labourers elected to stay of their own choice, the truth being that it was impossible for them to get away. Quite naturally, when the facts became indisputable the people refused to go, and at length, led by a native named Buta, rose in insurrection. The missionaries were accused of encouraging the people, and especially Mr. J. S. Bowskill, who, instead of aiding the rebels, actually risked his life in the effort to bring peace. He was rewarded by being put in prison, four of the Congo natives having previously shared the same fate, but the agitation in England, in the newspapers and in Parliament, soon led to his liberation. San Salvador was almost burnt to the ground in the struggle, and it was with the

greatest difficulty that Carson Graham, who returned to the station when Bowskill went on furlough, was able to patch up peace.

The latest difficulty is the edict of the Government that only Portuguese must be taught in the schools. Even the singing of hymns and the reading of the New Testament in the Kongo language is forbidden, though, strangely enough, preaching and prayer in the vernacular are permitted. The Mission has tried to conform as far as may be, and now uses bi-lingual books, to which no practical objection has been taken.

The first hospital on Congo was at San Salvador. In 1907 Dr. Gamble arrived; almost immediately he performed a successful operation, and during his stay was very successful in the treatment of sleeping sickness. Before his advent Drs. Sidney Comber and Sidney Webb had gained the confidence of the people, and since then a succession of qualified medical men and nurses have cared for the people with much success. Nurse Bell says: "Many babies are born in the maternity ward, and we send these people back, proud and happy mothers, with a lovely black baby in their arms, and a little bit of the love of Jesus in their hearts."

One little fellow named Kavieke, who had been the personal boy of Mr. Kirkland, died in the hospital of sleeping sickness. His great ambition was to be a white man, to eat his food, to wear his clothes, just to be as wise and clever, and,

if possible, to have a white skin. At length he asked to be enrolled as an inquirer, and when questioned said: "In the moon that is just dead I turned; I left the devil and began to follow Jesus." As he lay passing away he looked up into Mr. Kirkland's face and asked: "Master, when I get to heaven shall I be a white man?" to which the reply was: "I cannot tell, my lad, but I can assure you of something better: when you get to heaven you will be like Jesus." On this he snuggled down, and when he was gone his companions told that when even his whispers were inaudible they could tell by the movement of his lips that he was saying over and over again: "Like Jesus! Like Jesus!"

Such evidence of the grace of Jesus does not stand alone. Dr. R. J. Dye, of Bolenge, tells of a boy, Bokemo, one of the first in that station to become a Christian. He was always helping people, and when there was a group of some forty-four to be baptized, no less than forty of them ascribed their earliest impressions to his home witness. He, too, fell a victim to the dread disease, and was segregated from the village, his wife daily bringing him food. All remedial measures were unavailing, and at the end he whispered to Dr. Dye, "I'll tell Father." Two big men of the Bolenge church carried his body to the cemetery, and although no bell was rung, the news had spread, "Bokemo is dead. Everybody's friend is dead," and the cemetery

was crowded with those who owed him so much. Who can challenge that grace that can change a heedless boy into "everybody's friend"?

It was leprosy that came to Wavatidi, wife of the King of Congo. She had heard of the Life Everlasting, but since so many people were dying of sleeping sickness she could not understand it. But she kept on inquiring, and was at length led into the light by Mrs. Lewis. The King threatened to shoot her if she was baptized, but by a miracle his attitude was changed. "The King liked this wild beauty and was half afraid of her too," and when he was reminded that the Portuguese had guaranteed freedom of conscience, he relented. When she became a member of the church Mr. Walter Wooding says that "the light of truth and joy fairly danced in her eyes; sham and pretence withered before her gaze. Both her feet were affected by the leprous taint, and were very painful; but she would walk long distances to inquire into applications for fellowship with the church, and only those who know Congo roads and who attended her afflicted body can appreciate the courage and fortitude called forth by such work. It filled one with awe, and in that sense was awful, to see her trudging—no, striding—along the road (for though her progress was slow it was dignified, and she never bent her back to it), her face atwitch with the pain of her motion, her eyes

aglow with the love-light of service. She was on the King's business and her face told the tale.

"When leprosy completed the ruin of her feet she crawled to chapel on her hands and knees, though the former were by that time nearly gone too. At length, thin and worn by the terrible malady, she was wheeled in an old hand-car, but the smile, the dimple, and the bright eyes shining out their welcome were there still. One of God's aristocracy, surely!"

But all the converts do not die. It is Mr. Wooding again who tells the story of Mbaki. "In the black depths of his eyes danced a gem: a happy, mischievous little soul, free of care, innocent of fear or shame. He was obviously—and let us add, honestly—out for a suit of clothes. He betook himself to the Mission Station, without asking anybody, and informed the first white man he chanced upon that he had come—and was going to stay." On the veranda in the moonlight the missionary talked to him, and "he heard a good deal about a great and good Father and a strong Elder Brother who was a *Saver* and was also God. He had heard something about God the Father and the Son in school, just as part of the lessons; but this moonlight talk was different, and he did not know why he did it, but when bedtime came, instead of saying 'Sleep well, sir,' as was the rule, he said 'Sleep well, Father.' Was that impudence? mused our man. No! he thought not, and he added, 'I

think he'll do.' After that Mbaki never failed to respond to the suggestion of Jesus as his Elder Brother. It always softened him and made him ashamed of wrongdoing, and never failed to give him courage to try again.

"Then came a day when the Elder Brother was revealed to him as a *Saver*. Mbaki tells, in the realistic fashion common to Congos, how in face of a fierce temptation which he felt to be irresistible, the Elder Brother interposed and with a look which melted him to tears, led him out of harm's way. He is now in an office, and his 'seniors' refer to him amongst themselves as 'Mpangi Eto'—our Elder Brother."

XII

KIBOKOLO

A MOVE forward from San Salvador into the highland district of Zombo was inaugurated in 1898, Mr. Thomas Lewis choosing Kibokolo, seventy miles east, as a suitable location and attempting to settle there. But though the people at first appeared friendly, the witch-doctors violently opposed the settlement, and the people, worked up to a frenzy, drove the missionaries away. On the return journey to San Salvador they found that a tribal war had begun amongst a friendly people, who would not allow the Zombo folk to pass through to the coast with their merchandise. Mr. Lewis was able to make peace, and the five hundred Zombos, many of them from Kibokolo, were allowed to proceed on their way, sell their merchandise and return to their homes. The news of his action spread over the country, and, repenting of their ways, they held many palavers to discover means to persuade him to return to their country and settle there. At length they took the bold course and sent him a direct invitation.

Twelve months from the time of the first attempt Mr. and Mrs. Lewis started back again, this time prepared to remain. Two days before

they arrived a long procession came out to welcome them, and when they reached the town the people asked him definitely to settle amongst them. He agreed on condition that they would build him a house and allow him to choose the site for it; and immediately two hundred women were sent to clear the grass away, and in less than an hour a native hut had been moved to the spot he had chosen.

Let Mr. Lewis tell his own story. "When quietness fell on us once more, we began to arrange our tin trunks inside the hut around the walls, the largest in the centre to serve as a table. We had with us ten members of the church at San Salvador, and we all gathered for a prayer meeting. At the close we had a Communion service, certainly the most sacred in which I have ever taken part in my life. There we were, the twelve of us" (Mrs. Lewis was present), "sitting on those battered tin trunks, the biggest in the middle now serving as the Communion Table. A glass of water and a ship's biscuit were the only elements at our disposal, yet in this simple way we commemorated in Zomboland the dying love of Jesus Christ, and consecrated the spot to the service of the Master."

But the enthusiasm of the people was like the morning cloud and the early dew, passing quickly away. Because the seed had not much deepness of earth it soon withered; it was eight long

years before there was a single convert. And even after four years more there were only eight members in the little church then formed. The lads who came from San Salvador were daily taught, a few others joined them, deeds of kindness were done as there was opportunity, a delightful garden was planted, and all the while there was nothing else to do but pray and to wait.

During the waiting time there was a piece of knight-errantry. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cameron, at home on furlough, urged the claims of another centre—Mabaya, a place on the caravan route from Ambrizette on the coast into the interior, six days from San Salvador and six days from the coast, amongst a wild and cruel people. Work was begun in 1904, and before the end of the year the congregations necessitated the building of a chapel. Two mission houses were also erected, and there was every prospect of abiding success, when two disasters, drought and sleeping sickness, fell upon the district, and the people simply faded away. For eleven years the missionaries held on in the hope that such survivors as there were might return to the neighbourhood, but in vain, and at length the missionaries left too, paying only occasional visits to keep the houses in some sort of repair and to minister to a few stragglers. These years at Mabaya were not without witness to the saving power of the Gospel, for two brave women

declared themselves as disciples, and stood firm, although their relatives tried to poison one and to burn the other. In departing, the Camerons and Kirklands felt like sailors leaving a sinking ship. The ribs of the houses still stand as a gaunt memorial of a valiant effort "to take the Gospel into the unevangelised wilderness," to use Whitefield's phrase.

The news of the withdrawal from Mabaya reached Kibokolo with a curious result. Some young men who had been attending the school more or less regularly feared that the same thing would happen with them if the people did not accept the teaching, so they went about the villages urging the chiefs of the district to give up their fetishes so as to encourage the missionaries to remain.

In passing it may be recorded that at Mabaya there had been a renunciation of fetishes on a considerable scale. One old chief brought fetishes that had cost him a considerable sum, and as a sign that he believed that it was God, and not the fetishes, who had given him the victory in a rebellion just over, he burnt them; only afterwards to be convicted of keeping the best fetishes back. At another time some young men who actually meant it came without charms on their bodies and declared that all the fetish stuff had been cleared out of their villages.

The chiefs of the Kibokolo district, on their

part, threw out a challenge that if the young folk gave up their dancing they would give up their fetishes. The challenge was accepted, and they arranged that on a certain day they would go to the missionaries, the young men with their dancing drums and the old men with their fetishes and charms, and hand all over as a sign that they wished to follow God's teaching. On the way they encountered a witch-doctor, who persuaded them that they must first consult the other chiefs, and then caused an uproar and accused them to the Government as about to plan a revolt. The Portuguese sent soldiers and arrested the men, but Mr. Lewis presented himself at the Government post and explained matters, and when the time came for the trial everybody was there except the accusers. The whole conspiracy was exposed, the official humbly apologised, the people were warned against witchcraft and drinking, and the missionaries were more firmly entrenched in the life of the country, though there was yet no sign of a spiritual movement.

At length things reached desperation point, and after much thought and prayer the missionaries determined to make a supreme effort to arouse the people and win them. They arranged at an appointed time a series of meetings to be held to which they called the surrounding tribes for a final appeal. Great preparations were made and incessant prayer

offered. Hope ran high, the signs were favourable, and then all the plans were suddenly brought to a stand; an epidemic of influenza swept the country, and a very large proportion of the population were stricken down with it. It seemed as if God had deserted them, and that either the Fates or the Furies had taken control.

There was nothing for it but to bend all their energies to helping the suffering people. Day and night the missionaries toiled; unable to cover the whole country, they selected certain districts, and instructed the people in the use of simple remedies. When the scourge abated it was discovered that where the missionaries had been able to help the people there had been scarcely any mortality, while in other parts of the country there had been many deaths. The immediate result was that the people flocked to hear also of the healing of the soul, and eagerly drank in the Word of Life which they had formerly spurned. The influenza was as John the Baptist preparing the way of the Lord. God frustrated the missionaries' plans, but accepted their intention, and did the work on a scale they had not imagined possible. During the year 1923 no less than eighty-one were baptized and received into the Church. So there was given to the Church "the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The Lord had turned their captivity, and they were like men that dreamed, and even among

the heathen they said, "The Lord hath done great things for them."

Almost at once they proceeded to erect a church. There was no clay available for bricks, no wood suitable for building, nor stone nearer than four miles. And there was no means of traction. Nothing daunted, the people said they would carry sufficient, stone by stone, to erect a worthy house for God. And the Church that has been erected is, in one respect, the most remarkable in the world. It is architecturally admirable, solid and comfortable, but that is not its chief distinction. At first it was computed that twenty thousand stones would be sufficient to build it, but when the work was begun it was discovered that there was need of foundations that swallowed up the whole of these. Well, the people began again, and carried twenty thousand more!

Men, women and children shared in the task. They had to walk four miles to get the stones and four miles back again, so for each stone there was a trudge of eight miles. The burdens were apportioned to the strength of the bearer; the little children had little stones, the younger people and the women larger ones, and the men and stronger women stones as heavy as they could lift as high as their heads. Forty thousand stones in all were each carried four miles, so that before the church was complete those brown feet had in the aggregate walked 320,000 miles!

That is, a distance equal to twelve times round the earth !

Has there ever, anywhere, been a record equal to it ? At Kioto in Japan the Temple was raised by the voluntary labour of the men, and the women, not to be outdone in sacrifice, cut off their hair and twisted it into ropes to be used in the building. But here at Kibokolo there was no useless sacrifice, only hard, honest toil, maintained for months, nor ceasing until the last stone was built in and the roof covered their glorious sanctuary. Mr. Hooper and Mr. Holmes and their helpers are worthy of all praise ; seventy-five per cent. of the masonry and all the cement work was done by the missionaries, but the crown goes to the people themselves.

Some wood was needed, and this incident adds to the significance of the structure. In the far-off days fetish trees had been planted on the graves of Zombo men to form a grove for the spirits to inhabit, and if tradition speaks truly, many lives had been cruelly sacrificed as they were planted. It is these trees that now form the pillars and beams of the church, a sign that the curse is changed into a blessing, the blessing that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow.

Not content with building the church, the people brought the equivalent of £50 ; from other mission stations offerings were sent for

the opening ceremony; and the next day sixty-three candidates were baptized in the stream that flows along the valley—living stones builded into that temple every whit of which utters the praises of the Most High. Hail to Kibokolo!

XIII

WATHEN

In the country between Matadi and Stanley Pool is Wathen, a mission centre different from all the others, in that it is not near a town and neither on the river nor the railway. Deliberately it was planted in the open country, so that the young people who were to be taught might be away from the influence of their own villages. It is, of course, always disputable whether a boarding school or a day school is the more desirable. Ruskin says that the only thing boys and girls learn in boarding school is that they can do very well without their parents, but in Congo the children learn that lesson anyhow, for the parents turn them adrift very early to fend for themselves.

The mission premises occupy a large area, the site of one of Mr. Stanley's rest stations. When it was established, in 1884, there was but one tree on the plateau—now many fruit-bearing and ornamental trees are flourishing. It is the centre of a district of 3,500 miles, from which it receives scholars who get a simple, practical education, and are all the while under wholesome Christian discipline. Many of them have taken responsible positions under the State or on the railway, and

a considerable number are now numbered in the Christian Church.

Just as there are three prominent names associated with B.M.S. work in India—Carey, Marshman and Ward; three in China—Richard, Jones and Whitewright; three in Jamaica—Knibb, Burchell and Phillipo; three in Italy—Wall, Shaw and Landels; and the three Jenkinses in Brittany, so the three representative names amongst a crowd of others in Congo are Comber, Grenfell and Bentley.

The whole Lower Congo bears the impress of Holman Bentley. On his return from a furlough during which the strain of seeing his great book, the Grammar and Dictionary of the Kongo Language, through the Press, had resulted in temporary blindness, it became evident that his future sphere must be the production of literature rather than the more active work of itineration, and wholeheartedly he gave himself to Wathen, which to-day owes much to his large vision and broad sympathy. The station does not bear his name, but the development of the work necessitated the establishment of another centre in the southern part of the district, and it was found possible to perpetuate his memory there, naming it Kibentele in his honour.

The first baptism was that of Nlemvo, on February the 19th, 1888, and on April the 22nd of the same year two women, both rescued from Arab slavery, were baptized; Aku, who afterwards

became the wife of Mantu, who had already been baptized at San Salvador, and Kalambo, who became Nlemvo's wife. The six young men and two women who united to form the Church in 1889 began at once to visit six friendly towns and to reach others. The influence of the Gospel rapidly spread, and soon the church grew to such an extent that, for better oversight, it had to be divided into three districts, Wathen, Thysville and Kibentele. There are some 2,000 members, and at least another thousand have passed over during the history of the Church, a large proportion from sleeping sickness, as much as ten per cent. of the membership being claimed by death in one year. For a considerable period it was the boast of the church that one member in every four was a teacher or evangelist, and all were supported by the people themselves.

One of the few men who were not of slave family, Ntetela, went out preaching and never returned. Nothing was heard of him: "they feared, they waited, they prayed: it might have been suggested that the convert failed in the hour of trial, but nobody knew." He should have been one of the foundation members of the church, but his name is missing. Not for many years was his story known. Then an old woman lay dying, and she unburdened herself of the secret which in common with her townsfolk she had kept all the years. The people had told

the evangelist that they did not want either him or his teaching. They said that he had sold himself to the white man, and that he was coming to "eat their spirits"; but he persisted in visiting them with the Jesus' doctrine, so, as J. R. M. Stephens tells us, they at length went to the chief and said to him: "If anything happens to this man, you are not to know anything about it." When Ntetela next visited the village they caught him, bound him hand and foot, and took him to the edge of the river, where at that point there is a precipitous cliff, and hurled him over into the surging waters hundreds of feet below. So the name that was never written on the Wathen Church book was written on the martyr roll.

Another convert who deserves to be mentioned was Madia Kiavevwa, the woman who gave Comber and Hartland a calabash of water in the early days when they were fleeing after Comber had been shot.

It is fascinating to endeavour to find the first effect of the Gospel on the native mind. The veteran missionary, John Howell, so long captain of the river boat, gives a glimpse of it in the story of Ndobo. One moonlight night when he was walking with him beneath the rustling leaves of a banana and palm avenue, he asked him what he thought of Jesus and His teaching.

"White man," said he, "I have no regard for

Jesus and His words, and you will not find any people here who have, or can have."

"Why ?" I asked. "We have left our homes and come here to tell you about Him and His works."

He answered that Jesus was with God at the Creation, yet He allowed Himself to be insulted and crucified. "White man, how can we have any respect for anyone who has power to protect himself and does not use it ?"

"I scarcely knew what to reply," says Howell, "but I asked him, 'Have you anyone upon whom you can look with veneration ?' Ndobo's face lighted up as he replied: 'Yes; David. And, White man, I would like to ask you a question. What would David have done if people had treated him like that ?'" The missionary could not say, but Ndobo was ready with the answer, and he insisted that David would have called his people together and have gone out and fought. "White man, David is our ideal," he said.

About this time a chief down the river had built a school, with two small living-rooms at the end, and had invited the missionary to occupy it. A few days afterwards he passed by in his big war canoe, but did not call. In a little while he returned with some slaves tied to the bottom of his canoe, and again passed without saluting. He took the slaves, put them in front of the small house, beheaded them, and hurled their bodies into the river. Facing the

crowd, he then said: "You think that because I have had dealings with these white men of God I am becoming weak. This is your warning." That was the spirit Ndobo admired, not the spirit of Jesus.

But some months afterwards, when the missionary asked a group of young men one Sunday night "What think ye of Christ?" after what seemed a long time of waiting Ndobo said, "I want to follow Jesus. A little while ago I had no use for Jesus, and I said so to the White man. Now I have. I do not know how the change has come, but I want to be a follower."

He was baptized, and as a chief's son went back to his native village. When the missionary visited the village, wondering whether Ndobo had stood fast, his father said: "White man, I have a palaver with you. I let you have my boy, and you sent him back to the village a woman." He had borne a good witness. "One day," said his father, "he sickened with small-pox. We carried him and laid him on the floor of his hut, and instead of being fearful of death, he died singing."

"I looked round at the crowd and saw tears in the old chief's eyes," Mr. Howell says. "A young missionary just out from home stood beside me, and he wept too. So did I, and I said to my friend, 'What is the matter with you? You did not understand a word.' With

emotion he replied, 'There are some things you can understand without words.'"

"White man, he died singing!" It was a victory that appealed to the heathen heart.

Who can say how the change comes? We know one of the means. Mrs. J. R. M. Stephens told us that once she was refused entrance to an important village in the Wathen district by the chief. She wrote to two ladies in England and asked for their prayers, telling them that the village was the key to a whole group of towns. Earnestly and definitely they prayed, and six months later, when Mrs. Stephens revisited the village, some hundreds gathered under the palaver tree and listened gladly to her message, applauded the good words, and asked for a teacher. She quite rightly adds: "Those two ladies prayed the desire for the truth into the minds of the people. They prayed the heathendom and darkness out of that village, which is to-day a centre of blessing and light."

With the example of the Corinthian Church before us, we cannot be surprised that amidst all this success there was an outburst of a hysterical movement in the church in Congo. Three hours from Wathen lies the village of Nkamba, and in 1921 a member of the church who lived there, Simon Kibangu by name, claimed to have a revelation from God that he was to lead the people in teaching and healing. The sparks fell on tinder, for he was at once hailed as a prophet,

and in the imagination of the people was credited with the power to work miracles, though no convincing evidence of it was ever forthcoming. Rumour spread quickly, and all over the Lower Congo workmen forsook their work, sick persons and even the dead were carried long distances for his healing touch, and the ordinary routine of life was neglected. The Government feared a movement hostile to Europeans, and many of the Wathen teachers and deacons were arrested. Kibangu was condemned to death, and only by the intervention of Joseph Clark, who was at the time President of the Congo General Conference of Protestant Missionaries, and of Ross Phillips, and representations made at Brussels, was his sentence reduced to a long term of imprisonment.

The Christian people of the district became estranged from the missionaries because they had not supported the movement, and yet, on the other hand, an absurd charge that they were in complicity with the prophet's followers was brought against them by a Roman Catholic priest. This was completely discredited by a judicial inquiry, but between the two currents of feeling the work of the mission almost came to a standstill. It was a severe trial of faith, but though the missionaries were greatly shocked by the credulity of their followers, the hallucinations of the people gradually passed. In 1924 in another district there was another outbreak

of Prophetism, as it was called, which worked considerable mischief, but at the close of 1925 the victims returned to the church in considerable numbers, and normal conditions were at last resumed. As in all such emotional movements, it was the sanguine and impressionable people who proved unstable.

Singularly enough, the Kibentele district, which, as we have seen, enshrines the memory of Holman Bentley and has a great strategic importance in the future development of the work on the Lower Congo, was almost unaffected, and there are now some 1,500 members associated with the work there. In the Thysville section, on the contrary, the feeling against the missionaries was especially virulent. But "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and love and of a sound mind"; courage and patience have once more won the day, and doubtless the Church will find itself all the stronger and purer because of the cleansing fires.

XIV

KINSHASA

KINSHASA, on Stanley Pool, has ceased to be a native town and has already become a cosmopolitan city which bids fair to rank as one of the most important on the continent. The people of inland Africa come to it to see the world. Whether the station belongs to the Lower Congo or to the Upper Congo is a disputed point. Geographically the latter, vitally the former, for it focuses all the efforts that have been made to reach it. We shall be safe in saying that it belongs to both, the terminal point of one and the germinal point of the other.

When Crudgington and Bentley penetrated as far as this open water, the very first that ever burst into it from the west coast, they found a large population of wealthy traders having cloth and ornaments in abundance for sale. It almost appeared as if the people were already civilised, but a little experience soon banished the early impression. Their very speech proclaimed them to be cannibals, for when they demanded tribute it was under threat of cutting off the ears or nose of anyone who refused. Mr. Crudgington's courage in protesting against their greed and his

adroitness in praising the presents he was prepared to offer brought them to a more respectful attitude.

Amidst this large population there was at first good hope of fruitful Christian work, but the people did not take kindly to the white man, either trader or missionary, and very early they packed up their belongings and crossed the river to Brazzaville, on the French side, where the bulk of the residents still consist of Bateke folk. But if Kinshasa has been the sphere of the hardest mission work, it has also been the scene of some of its greatest joys.

The mission premises are situated in the most desirable and central part of the town. The site chosen at first could hardly have been more inconvenient in view of recent developments, but the pioneers had the foresight to change it. While the transfer was in progress and one of the missionaries was taking goods to the new site, some native boys, on June the 24th, 1886, started a bush fire to the west of the old site. The dry season had just set in, and unfortunately the wind seemed to be in the wrong direction. The fire soon reached the mission premises. The few employees left on the station were able, by dint of speedy effort, to extinguish the fire which had caught a corner of the station, but only to discover that some of the sparks had fallen on one of the grass roofed stores. The Administrator-General, seeing the peril, sent a crowd of

Kaffir boys to help, but in spite of everything that could be done the fire spread from store to store, until, except for the two dwelling-houses on the hill, the whole place was in ruins. On a smaller scale it resembled the disaster at Serampore in the early days of the Indian Mission, and when the appeal was made at home to repair the damage it was met with similar generosity. It was estimated that £4,000 would be required to repair the loss. The churches at once gave £5,943, and the men at the front went on with their work greatly heartened by the response.

The Government of the State is now centred here, and the whole city is officially known as Leopoldville. Half-way along the railway line, at Thysville, the head-quarters of the Railway Construction Company, there are now no less than 300 white residents and 5,000 native workmen; but Kinshasa has 2,000 white people and 30,000 native folk, of whom about 3,500 are women and about 2,000 are children. In fact, with its twelve hotels, its crowds of shops, its cinemas, hospitals, prisons (all in the plural), its excellent drainage, its 850 motor-cars and its thirty-five certified chauffeurs, Kinshasa has now become a modern city. The early missionaries would not recognise it with its trading premises on the waterside, its busy streets, and its variegated life. A commodious hostel for the convenience of passing missionaries has been erected by the co-

operative effort of six of the Protestant Societies, and in the future Kinshasa is surely destined to be increasingly a distributing centre.

For myself a peculiar interest attaches to it because the missionaries who were so closely identified with the church of which I was minister, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Roger, laboured here with such devotion and joy. Here Mr. Roger died and was buried.

Recently the native quarters have been pushed far back to make room for the ever-increasing stream of colonists, who naturally desire the sites nearest the river. The only thing was for the missionaries to follow them, so that now there is not only the old work in the town, but the new work in the recent settlement. A large hall, which will perhaps prove to be part of a larger church later on, has, largely in response to the pleas of Mr. and Mrs. Christy Davies, been erected in the centre of the Congo town to serve the need of the resident people and of the floating population from all parts of the Congo which congregates beside them. Here all sorts of good work, evangelistic, educational and devotional, is carried forward, in addition to the work in the town for the people there.

The opening of the new hall was a great occasion. The Rev. W. B. Frame writes : " Monsieur le Gouverneur-Général Honoraire Lippens had graciously consented to open the new buildings, and the ceremony was timed for 5 p.m. At

3.30 the natives of the Lower Congo, with Mrs. Kirklands's and Mrs. Pugh's schools, met at the Mission. Some twenty lads, each bearing a Belgian flag, were set apart as a guard of honour, while others were arrayed in sashes of the Belgian colours, and all displayed badges on which were the letters well known in Congo and England—B.M.S. . . . These were joined by Mrs. Davies's schools, comprising natives from the Upper Congo and some from the West Coast. All were in the compound well before five o'clock, and a goodly company of whites, representing many interests, joined us in readiness to receive our distinguished visitor." Enthusiasm rose high on their prompt arrival. One point in the speech of welcome by Mr. Davies is worthy of mention. When praising the work of the contracting builder, he remarked: "He has done his work well, and without recourse to Sunday labour has completed the contract to time." Mr. Frame then continues in his account: "M. Lippens then opened the door of the new church, and we passed in for a short service, when verses were sung in French, Ki-kongo and Lingala by the natives, and we united in L'Oraison Dominicale. At the conclusion of the official ceremony the whites passed out to the inspection of the lecture hall, towards the cost of which a collection had been made which realised some 3,400 francs. The buildings had been suitably decorated for the occasion,

and the visitors expressed their admiration freely."

"The services for the British colonists and West Coasters," Mr. Stonelake writes, "are held in English, for Lower Congo people in Ki-kongo; for the conglomeration of Upper river people through the medium of Lingala, the commercial and official hybrid tongue which is rapidly gaining acceptance throughout the colony; and for Kasai section in the Ki-luba. This sufficiently indicates the diversity of tongues in which the story of redeeming love in Christ Jesus is proclaimed every week. No less than eight services are held every Sunday."

In the older location a fine church was built in 1916, and this is still in constant use, and there has been great encouragement in the work there during recent years. The outbreak of the Prophet Movement, which hindered the work lower down the river, was, strangely enough, the beginning of a real revival at Kinshasa. Every time the church was opened, Mr. Kirkland tells us, it was crowded, the Inquirers' Class numbered nearly two hundred, and the singular sight was witnessed of *people running to the prayer meeting*, because those who came late had to sit on the cement floor, all the seats being occupied by those ahead of them!

It will be seen, then, that the influence of Kinshasa reaches practically over all the Congo, and that the work is not to be measured only

by its immediate result. All praise to the brave workers who stand as sentinels on this outpost of civilisation, and not least to the Congo Secretary and his wife, Mr. Charles E. Pugh and Mrs. Pugh, who bear such heavy responsibility toward the missionaries and to the Home Committee.

Before leaving Leopoldville, the official capital, we recall with pleasure that both the King and the Crown Prince have visited Congo, and were welcomed at some of our stations. Some Grenfell souvenirs were later accepted by the King for the Congo Museum at Brussels.

XV

BOLOBO

THIS chapter will embrace no less than five hundred miles of the great river, from Kinshasa to Monsembi, about half of the whole of its upper waters. In 1884 the B.M.S. Committee determined, if possible, to plant ten stations, one hundred miles apart, between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls, and in pursuance of the plan Grenfell in that year chose as the first Lukolela, about three hundred miles up. To clear the ground for the prospective station he left three Cameroon boys, provided with stores for three months, a large saw and six axes. Two years later two missionaries occupied the site. Monsembi, which is two hundred miles farther along the river, was occupied in 1890.

But meanwhile a dockyard was needed for the steamer *Peace*, and it became necessary to establish a station lower down. Kinshasa proved impossible because of its shortage of food, so Bolobo was chosen, situated about two hundred miles up the river from Kinshasa, and one hundred miles down from Lukolela.

The site is admirable. It lies " between the Moye people on the upper side and the Bobangi people on the lower side, in a sort of neutral

zone where the tribes could have a fight when they were so minded: and tribal wars were of frequent occurrence." Grenfell, who made his home here, wrote in 1889: "Within a radius of four or five miles of our station, killing from one cause or another seems to be a daily occurrence." Mbuki, the executioner, charged thirty brass rods for beheading a person, each brass rod worth a halfpenny. And when "Ibaka died, perhaps the greatest of the Bolobo chiefs of these early days, eight victims were killed." Here came the messengers of peace. "The house on the beach, built by John Howell, stands where poison ordeals were once administered," and gradually around the Mission Station there grew up a native colony which set an example to other parts of the town.

In 1895 thirty members were registered as belonging to the Church, and the progress since has been consistently encouraging. Growth has been gradual and constant, the greatest addition in any one year being 231 for the whole district. "But it has been a rare thing during the past fifteen years for the first Sunday of the month to pass without additions to the Church after baptism in the river; and the desire to have the candidates well prepared may be judged from the fact that four Inquirers' Classes are held each week."

The station has also special interest for the church where I was minister, for in connection

with the Twentieth Century Fund money enough was given to erect at Bolobo a meeting-place to be named "Melbourne Hall." This building has since been used for a variety of purposes, and Miss Lily de Hailes, who for so many years has given her life to her singular labour among women and girls in this district to Litimba and beyond, is a member of the Leicester Church.

The names of two other men are inseparably associated with this station, both of them transferred from Lukolela in 1896: Mr. A. E. Scrivener, who went to Congo in 1885 and died at home in 1916, and Mr. J. A. Clark, who went in 1888. Mr. Clark is happily on active service still, and, with Mrs. Clark, is prosecuting the work with all vigour in spite of his years.

Especially noteworthy is the work of itineration in the region stretching out towards Lake Leopold: through swamps and forests Mr. and Mrs. Clark make their way at intervals, preaching, teaching and baptizing. Attempts to open the way into the interior met at first with opposition, but when Lusala, a native teacher, was established at Mpoke, about a day's journey from Bolobo, he led to Christ a man, Nkwabale, who had escaped from the rubber districts. He in turn set the whole district afire, a hundred miles inland and a hundred miles along the river, for fire has always this characteristic—it spreads. "Teacher-evangelists are now practically in every important village, and the membership is

1,993, including some 218 in connection with the out-station of Lukolela.

Mr. Kirkland also did much in the opening of this inland district. With a caravan of Christian lads he made the attempt, and stealthily pushing his way through the long grass, came near the first hostile village. Then they heard the people speaking and the cocks crowing, and his boys became silent. The old chief took time to dress up, and his leopard skin was spread on the ground ready for the palaver; though he would not receive teachers in his village, he allowed the visitors to remain over night.

A partly built house in the corner of the town sheltered them, and the boys, who had already met friends, assured the missionary that it would be all right. When the chief was asked for a guide that they might go farther, he met the request with the usual evasions, and said that his village was the end of the world, that the people beyond were bad people. But in the morning he was so moved by the faith of the missionary, who told him that they would press on and that surely God would lead him in the right way, that, though he would not himself accept the teaching, he said, to his visitors' joy: "White man, you want a guide; well, you will need one, for the people over there are wild people, and may do you injury if you go alone. *Will you take my son?* He is well known, and the people will respect him and hear what he

has to say, and perhaps give you welcome to their country." "The Lord was with us," writes Mr. Kirkland, "and we finished our itineration with great joy and thanksgiving." It is in such ways that the Gospel has spread: the Gospel that convicts of sin because it brings news of pardon: the Gospel that commends God's love to sinful men. "Last of all, He sent His Son also, saying, they will reverence My Son." And the love of God and the sin of men met when, instead of giving Him reverence, they nailed Him to the tree.

Bolobo has always been a centre of industrial training. In the early days the boys made much progress in cane-work, fashioning chairs and tables. Under the able leadership of Mr. A. E. Allen in later years, new workshops have been built, the furniture making and wicker-work has been developed, and electric lighting plant has been installed for the entire station. The printing press has also been greatly enlarged to enable it to supply literature for all the Congo stations.

Then there is the school, supervised by the women workers. M. Vandervelde, the eminent Belgian Statesman, when he visited the station, wrote: "The school books are not the cast-offs from European schools, but are carefully adapted to the mental condition and outlook of the natives. I am struck," he says, "with the intelligence of the pupils, their cleanliness and dignity of attitude. An *élite* is being created here."

It is of interest to recall that the Boys' Life Brigade at home, when they wanted to adopt a mission station toward which their contributions might be devoted, selected Bolobo, B.L.B. indicating "Boys' Life Brigade" and "Bolobo" equally well, with the advantage that all sections of missionary work are represented by this station.

Amongst these, of course, is the hospital. For many years Miss de Hailes had a dispensary thronged with people who came for medicine, and excellent work was done. But in 1910 it became possible to erect a hospital and to send doctors and nurses. A goodly succession of medical men have since devoted themselves to the service, the praise of which has gone up and down the river, attracting patients from great distances, and sending the glad message of the Great Physician far and wide.

Dr. H. C. Victor Joy, in reporting the successful treatment of sleeping sickness in this district, the readiness of the people to receive the long course of the necessary injections, and the opportunity this gives for the spread of the Gospel, records that an ever-increasing number of patients are coming over from the French side of the river. If only the Bolobo staff were able to cross the river and give treatment in their own country, there would be a great opportunity for missionary work, for, he says, "the majority who come to us are hearing for the first time the story of Jesus."

"Here in this very 'plague of Africa' lies the opportunity, if we could but seize it, of reaching not a mere handful of natives who might choose to come to us from afar, but literally the whole population in their own homes, with the good news which is ours. For the French Government would, I feel sure, welcome our co-operation as the Belgian Government has done, and give us their help in systematically visiting these heavily infected areas. Ours would be the honour of carrying not only the light of medicine and service into these strongholds of disease and superstition, but the purer light of the Gospel. But how can we offer our help for the other side of the river when large parts of our own side of the river cannot be visited for want of a doctor?"

This lends special point to the paragraphs which follow about the work farther up river.

As to Lukolela, it has had a very chequered history. The people were of the same tribe as those in Bolobo, though much milder in manner. But misfortune overtook them. Two years after the founding of the Mission in 1884, some of them crossed to the French side of the river because of a grievance with their neighbours, and at intervals other companies followed, some for one reason, some for another. Then sleeping sickness also made ravages in the district. In 1895 the population had dwindled to two hundred, so the Mission staff, and as much of the plant as appeared desirable, were transferred to Bolobo,

from which station oversight continued to be exercised for the following fifteen years. In 1920 the district revived, chiefly owing to a cocoa plantation and other industries which were established, providing employment for a thousand workmen, who with their families form quite a considerable population. So in 1925 Lukolela again became a station with a missionary in residence, Mr. Stonelake devoting himself to the work in the district. This promises to be greatly extended in the near future, as a motor road is being constructed into the interior.

Monsembi, on the north side of the river, became a B.M.S. station in 1890. Three native huts were purchased, and served for six or seven weeks, while Weeks and Stapleton built their house. There was then a dense population stretching far back from the low-lying shore, and the people were, as one missionary described them, "as fine a set of cannibals as you would wish to meet in a day's march." Gradually the influence of the Mission told on the cruel habits of the folk, and in 1902 they renounced their faith in witchcraft and brought to the Mission their fetishes. Some of these were hung in a long line from one side of the thatched chapel to the other, and the rest destroyed. There were four baptisms in 1895, one of those who accepted the New Way being Salamu, who is referred to again in the chapter dealing with

the work at Yakusu. The four Gospels and some Bible stories were printed, and a grammar and a dictionary prepared for the press; and then came oppressive taxation, which left the people little time to attend to their own affairs and gradually reduced their numbers and their virility, leaving them a prey to epidemic sicknesses. When Mr. Weeks visited the riverine villages in 1890 he estimated the population to be 45,000; in 1903 he counted but 4,900. In 1905 the work amongst them was handed over to the Congo-Balolo Mission, whose station of Lulanga is almost opposite on the other side of the river. But the Monsembi people moved on a little distance, built houses on the new site, and a little chapel, and there, without a missionary, gave an example of the life enlightened Congo people can live when left to themselves.

In the early days at Bolobo, when the story of Adam and Eve was told to the people, it was received without surprise. Indeed, a rumour soon spread and persisted that some of the people had even seen them! Mr. Glennie traced the rumour to its source. By patient questioning he discovered that it owed its origin to a certain chief, and turned out to have a curious basis in fact. It will be recalled that to avoid a skirmish Stanley, as he approached Bolobo, took a channel of the river away from the coast, and there met a company of natives out fishing. This chief was among them, and when he heard the story

of the two parents of the race years afterwards, he recalled the vision of the two white travellers he had once seen, and had no difficulty in identifying them ; the bearded Stanley and the smooth-faced Pocock were Adam and Eve !

The story of Loso, as told by Mr. J. A. Clark, is another proof of the regenerating power of the Gospel. Driven from his home by the rubber troubles, he settled in the village of Mpoko, and met Lusala and was led to Christ. Feeling that he must spread his new faith, he went as a teacher-evangelist to the neighbouring village of Ngomoelenge, which Mr. Clark describes as one of the prettiest and best-kept villages he has ever seen. But when the people realised what Loso's teaching entailed on their own lives they thwarted him in every way ; they speared his goats, burned his house when he was on a visit to Bolobo, defamed his reputation. Amid all he stood firm, and had much success. The scholars and converts shared his persecution, but they also shared his joy. They learned to sing and to read ; the girls refused to continue to smear their bodies with red camwood, or to dress their hair in the approved heathen fashion, and some were baptized. Men like Loso are worth knowing.

Mr. John Howell tells the story of Nkosi, who volunteered to open one of the first outposts from Bolobo. For some time he had been storekeeper. " I did not like all that Nkosi did, but

I liked his eyes; he had the eyes of a prophet. He had not arrived. There was still more to achieve. His eyes said 'I press on.' I have seen men on Congo of more colour than one whose eyes seemed to say 'I am satisfied'; but Nkosi's said 'I am on trek.'"

He became a Christian and a teacher, and when the missionaries itinerated in his district his name was known everywhere, and they themselves were called "Nkosi's white men." Nkosi did not belong to them; the ownership was the other way. Once when he had left for a visit into the back country and had not arrived long past the time when he was due to return, Mr. Scrivener went in search of him. All that he could discover was that Nkosi and his boys had gone on, and the worst was feared. "But one day some weeks later he appeared at Bolobo with his boys. They had started to walk to Lukolela, and to Lukolela they had been. But what a story it was! They had been driven out of villages by the natives, but not driven back. They had suffered hunger and thirst, wet and cold, sleeping in the forest in danger of wild beasts and wilder men. Yet ever onward until the goal was reached. That was Nkosi."

Following up this adventure, Scrivener tried to get through too, but failed. On the way back they were caught in a storm while in canoes. Nkosi's canoe was upset and he was drowned.

"The body was found and buried on a cliff near where he had taught. A rough cross marks the spot. Nkosi lives on in his work and will until the work be done."

Another story, this time told by Mr. Glennie, the story of Lonkoko, must finish this chapter. He was a man with a dozen wives, and touched by the story of the Cross, he desired to join with the people who followed the Crucified. He was, of course, told that he could not be a member of the Church with all those wives. Some time afterwards one of the Christians advised him to put away all his wives but one, and accordingly Lonkoko arrived at the mission station to be married to the lady of his choice. When he was asked why he chose this particular wife, he answered: "Well, white man, all the others are fat, and good workers. They can easily get other husbands. But this one is ailing and could not get a husband, so I have kept her."

But he soon fell into disfavour. It was rumoured that he had lost his bold warrior spirit, had even become meek. "Reports were circulated that he even found his way to his wife's garden on working days, the women declared that they had seen him with his back bent, so he must have been hoeing. The boys declared they had seen him approach the town warily with firewood on his back which he left in the grass as if he had been looking for birds' nests; and that his wife had afterwards been seen to

pick up the load and carry it into the town as if she had carried it all the way. He had actually been seen to carry up the domestic water from the river. By unanimous consent he was regarded as a woman and no man."

In a little while it became a question who would take the Gospel to a cannibal town near by, and there was nobody eager to volunteer; but presently, to everybody's astonishment, Lonkoko, from the back of the meeting, said: "If the Church will send me, I will go." Shamefacedly they set him apart for the work and bade him farewell. They did not expect to see him again.

He reached the town, and instead of making a great parade of his advent, he just walked in. The women snatched up their babies and fled, and the men sprang to arms, but Lonkoko only said: "You see I came to you with empty hands. I only come to tell you the wonderful story that has reached our town—the story of God and of His Son Who died for us." At first they would not listen, but when they had sent out scouts and found that he was alone, they sent him to a house and put a guard over him.

Those who watched him brought the news that when Lonkoko entered the house he fell on his knees and talked to Someone whom they could not see, whom he called "Father." Then they said he lay down and went to sleep, did not move all night, and made no attempt to

escape; and they concluded with the statement: "Is he not a good man?" meaning by that a man who did not fear death.

So Lonkoko by his meekness opened the way into that village. Others followed, and scores of those people were in a while led to Christ. "He was their Apostle, and had saved them at the risk of his own martyrdom."

XVI

UPOTO

Two lines, one from north to south and another from east to west, drawn through the centre of the map of Africa, will bisect at or near Upoto, which is situated at the head of the great bend in the river Congo, about a thousand miles from the coast and about five hundred miles from Bolobo. The scenery as the river flows east and west is the most picturesque of any along its course. In some parts, as we approach Upoto, it is twelve miles wide, and is studded with numerous islands; its banks are covered with forest, and many of the trees have masses of bloom. The Upoto church building is a distinct landmark and can be seen from a distance of miles.

When the missionaries settled here on May the 29th, 1890, the people were perhaps the most debased in the whole Congo region; the women wore no clothing save, in some cases, a string of beads, an index of the low level of the whole community. Still the Mission, in addition to the State sanction for its occupation of sites, recognises the claims of the people to their own territory, and it paid them in this case "eight hundred brass rods, two pieces of cloth, three

empty preserved fruit bottles, two knives, two forks, two spoons, two mirrors, one cup of beads and one cup of cowries!" It was to them wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. To us it would be an interesting speculation as to which of the presents proved the most useful.

The Ngombe, to whom the land belonged, had previously allowed the Upoto section of the Bangala to settle on a strip of territory fifty yards deep along the river bank, where they erected village quadrangles which were easily defended. Farther inland the village settlements were in the form of an ellipse, with defended entrance and exit. Though the two people lived in such proximity, the only communication between them was at the daily market held on the Mission Beach! Under such circumstances it is no wonder that progress was slow. The women were especially conservative, and imagined that their strength lay in preserving their age-long customs, not aware that they were hugging their own chains. The early converts were men, and some of them proved especially useful in the running of the Mission steamers.

In the early days the people in the interior said, "the palaver of God is a palaver of death." But now the barriers are broken down, and "the missionaries of Upoto need a large map to keep track of all their work in the villages." Round the river are marshlands and forests, morass and bamboo brakes, among which roam

the elephants, and the villages in touch with the Mission stretch in a crescent, which in its centre flings off a line of light like a streamer from the sun and reaches to the north the Mongala river. Directly north of Upoto there is one set of villages like nebulæ in the sky.

The first convert was Limanima, the personal boy of Fred Oram. His conversion dated from the death of his master. He told Mr. Kirkland that they always thought when Mandoli (Mr. Oram's native name) was telling them God's palaver, that it seemed too good to be true. It was just the cleverness of the white man, who could beat them at story-telling as he could beat them at everything else. But when he saw Mandoli die for the Gospel, he believed it must be true, and was baptized to show his faith. Other converts who should be held in remembrance are Mawango, Grenfell's personal boy, and Longanzu, the steamer capita.

The changes that have taken place as the result of the unhasting and unresting work of the years, during most of which Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Forfeitt have taken a leading part in it, were described by another Upoto missionary, Mr. J. H. Marker, only two years ago. "Incredible things are happening in this district. Where monkeys swung and chattered in the tree tops a few years since, one now hears the rattle of machinery in oil mills. Marshes of crocodile-infested ooze have been filled in, and locomotives draw their

truck-loads of palmnuts along the firm grassy embankments. The little, winding single file track has given place to the wide, well-kept motor roads, radiating for hundreds of miles in every direction from Upoto. Certain out-schools which could only be reached by five or six fatiguing days of walking can now be reached in one."

But contrasted with the dense population, especially in the country stretching to the north, this is but a beginning. The foundations have been well and truly laid, and it surely may be expected that the building, to the praise of God, will rise rapidly.

What Joseph Conrad wrote in "An Outcast of the Islands" about the dwellers in the forests of Malay is as true of these forest dwellers in Congo. "He had been baffled, repelled, almost frightened by the intensity of the tropical life which wants sunshine but works in the gloom; which seems to be all grace of colour and form, all brilliance, all smiles, but is only the blossoming of the dead, whose mystery holds the promise of joy and beauty, yet contains nothing but poison and decay."

It is to such people that the Gospel has been taken, and it is amongst them that such triumphs have been won. Repelled and frightened the heralds of Christ may have been, though their faith in Christ and His Gospel has given them a rare bravery and the high courage to wait and

wait and wait; knowing that he who goes forth weeping bearing the precious seed shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him—"doubtless" is the word in the Scripture.

The result is real. One of the Upoto missionaries has written: "It is not merely a change from caked hair to shaven head; from beads and bark cloth to prints and blankets; from a forked seat to chairs and tables; from a crooked road to one broad and straightened; from a low grass hut to a high wattle and daub house with a four-post bed and fruit growing outside on the path. But there is now no fear of spirits. The people have become disciplined, punctual, attentive and persevering. The advent of the native letter-writer and native periodicals means for them a new horizon." Let it be repeated that the word in the Scripture is "*Doubtless.*"

No name is more widely known nor more greatly honoured in connection with the work at Upoto than that of Kenred Smith—"Uncle Kenred," beloved of early readers of "Wonderlands," whose health unfortunately compelled him, after long service, to return to England. In some of his early home letters, which have been placed at my disposal, he gives graphic accounts of his forest journeyings from Upoto.

"The forest has its fascination; the path is

winding and tortuous, just a footpath among mighty trees and bush and jungle; perhaps some two hundred recent curves were seen on the path as we went aside to avoid fallen branches or to escape the wilderness of vines and bush which blocked the path. Trees eighty to a hundred feet high are plentiful. The elephants rub their enormous bodies against the enormous trunks of the trees. My boy said that 'they are used by the elephant when he makes his toilet; they are his comb.' My porters were glad to eat monkey which we shot in the forest; once we stopped for a quarter of an hour to gather snails, which the native considers a dainty dish, and roast snails for lunch was the order of the day. We waded twenty-nine streams before reaching our destination. One night myriads of fireflies near our encampment rivalled the stars as they flitted amongst the trees, and with the camp fires and the dim forest formed a picture long to be remembered. Butterflies flit along the path, while on rarer occasions one gets a glimpse of timid antelope or wild pig. There are multitudes of birds, some with handsome plumage, while insect life is so abundant as to be a nuisance. Honey bees swarm while one eats biscuit or jam. At night the carriers make fires to keep off leopards and snakes. There is an indescribable charm in it all. We sang our hymns at night, the tall trees, with their overhanging branches, being our cathedral, and I

think I never got quite so close to some of our men as when we had our evening worship round the camp fire when the day's work was done."

There was an amusing account of a palaver for canoes when he was stranded beside an inland river. It may be given as an example of the difficulties sometimes raised by the unreasoning people. "At noon half a dozen canoes arrived from a friendly river village. The people in them had brought pots to trade with the unfriendly Bokuto people for maize and manioc. We immediately made overtures for three canoes and promised good pay. Each canoe must have at least one paddler for the return journey after landing us at the mouth of the stream. As there were three young men, one old man, two little boys and a dozen women in the canoes, our hopes centred on the young men. We promised that they need not paddle us and our goods—our man would do that. They might go as passengers, and only work on the return journey. This because they pleaded that they were tired. One young man held out: 'No, I do not want to. No, I do not want to.' Nothing in the way of payment would move him. 'No, I do not want to!'

"At last the old man said, 'I myself will go.' Now for the canoes. A bargain was struck for the first, one fathom print, one pair of scissors, six safety pins. So the other canoes. All right, go ahead, pull down tent, pack boxes. Then the

first woman wants more, returns her cloth; we shall not have her canoe. 'Not satisfied? See the mirror!' I put this on top of the first gift. So each canoe. Then the young men will not go; they must have their 'dash' now, not at the end of the journey. We sit down; all looks hopeless, time passing. At last the young men are satisfied, and the goods are put in the canoes. But now the first woman holds her canoe, refuses to let go, returns her 'dash.' Hastily someone secures a smaller canoe, much more unsuitable, and 'dash' is given to its owner. The goods are too heavy, but I say 'Start! Start! Start!' We start immediately, and the first woman, seeing all hope of cloth gone, relents—I may have her canoe. Knowing moments are precious, for the Kombolo stream should take five hours, and we have only four hours left before dark, I quickly give the aggravating lady her 'dash' and the goods are put again into her canoe. 'Start!' We have now four canoes. 'Start!' 'But we are overladen!' This from one canoe. 'Never mind, start!' We will adjust matters in a few moments. I see a corner which we must turn out of this dreadful woman's sight, and know that we may adjust things there. 'Start! Start!' In vain —the woman holds the canoe. Two canoes have already gone, I am in the third, the fourth this fearful woman holds on to, and refuses to let my men go. Time presses and we may not

reach the mouth of the stream before nightfall, the twisting, root-and-trunk-of-forest-tree-full stream, with miles of marsh and scarcely a dry spot if we get night-bound before reaching its mouth.

"My men may not strike away the woman's hand. I am a missionary; I cannot seize the canoe against the woman's will, and yet after two hours of palavers all our plans seem doomed to failure because of those four fingers grasping the side of the canoe in which my men and goods are ready to start. What does this wretched woman want? I cannot shout: my voice with all these palavers to-day has gone.

"What was it did it? The woman relaxed her hold a moment. 'Start! Start! Start!' I hoarsely shouted. The canoe moved. We were off."

Quite different is this reminiscence.

"After being hindered in the forest by a storm, we arrived at sunset at one of the villages where we have an out-school. The boys and girls were just finishing off, singing previous to dismissal. It was rather cheering as we passed along the heathen village and drew near to the schoolhouse to hear a Christian hymn being sung. It happened to be the hymn which, translated, means "To-day, this day, I only want and desire the palavers of God. Thou art good, teach me Thy affairs and the true path."

There can be no dispute that the people are

learning what the hymn declares they desire. Linvaka of Upoto, asked by Uncle Kenred as to the fitness of a candidate for Church membership, gave an answer many a minister at home would do well to heed: "We want above all things a pure Church, not a large Church, and I think that this man had better wait awhile."

On another occasion the same man had paddled down-river in a small "dug-out"; and in passing a village where the Roman Catholic element was strong he had been pelted by the people, the priest looking calmly on without interfering with his adherents. "Linvaka, paddle in hand, knife in sheath suspended from his shoulder, came to the missionary and said: 'Were I not a Christian I should have leaped from the canoe and with this knife wounded or killed some of those youths who were mocking and cursing and pelting me. Being a Christian, I became a coward and bore this persecution for Jesus' sake.'"

And yet there are people who say that the Grace of God makes no difference and that Missions are no good.

XVII

YALEMBA

THIS brief chapter chronicles great things. Yalemba is to be had in everlasting remembrance, for from it in 1906, after he had been but a year in residence, they unavailingly bore George Grenfell to Basoko, where he died; and to it in 1902 came Disasi, that he might be near his native town of Bandio, bringing with him his wife Longene, about whom we shall have something else to say.

The station was founded in 1905, in the hope of reaching the people farther north, involving the use of a new language—Heso. For many years the Mission steamers recruited their crews from the hardy Basoko people, and some of the men thus employed learnt the rudiments of reading and writing, and on their return to their own towns began a school and taught others, while two other schools sprang into being almost spontaneously owing to the spreading influence of Yakusu, where some other men had gained a little elementary knowledge. All this prepared the way for the day when Grenfell, having at last gained the site from the reluctant State, came with his companions to take possession of it.

Situated near the mouth of the Aruwimi River, it gives access to the people who live in the dark forest where Stanley was one hundred days without a glimpse of daylight. Amongst these there are now Mission schools, and even the little pygmies who hide themselves in the shadows have been approached. The people of the district were largely cannibals, continually fighting, a cannibal feast always followed a fight. "Bonjoma, a native chief of Yalikina, a man of powerful physique and commanding personality, once took an oath only to eat such meat as was the flesh of his enemies, and actually kept his vow until the State intervened. A tribe living to the south-west of Yalemba, called the Bombesa people, broke out into cannibalism again in August, 1912, the victims being five carriers of a Portuguese trader."

There are now almost three hundred on the church roll, and in some cases scholars in the school have learnt to read quite well in twelve months. There is also a good deal of industrial training, and such excellence has been attained that at the request of the Vice-Governor, specimens of the work were sent in 1914 to the Stanleyville Exhibition, where much appreciation was expressed and considerable orders were given for chairs and office furniture. The girls are taught sewing, dressmaking, and embroidery. Some Belgian ladies were so much interested in the quality of the work that by their influence Mrs.

Palmer, when on furlough, was invited to the palace at Laeken, in Belgium, and the Queen graciously accepted some specimens of lace work. Her Majesty was especially interested to know that it was produced by young girls, from eleven to fifteen years of age, the daughters of former cannibals.

Now for the story of Disasi. He was the first-born son of the family, and when he was four years old the tribal marks, in form like a harrow, were put in his forehead. One day in an Arab raid the boy, then six years of age, was captured, and when he was led from the forest to the place where his town had been he found it had all been burnt, the banana trees cut down, the canoes smashed. He was taken from one camp to another by the Arab raiders until at length, as the gun-bearer of the man who captured him, he started on a long march which ended at Stanley Falls. There he was passed over to Stanley for six yards of Manchester cloth. The explorer took him down the Congo and handed him to the English agent of a Dutch trading company, to be trained as a servant. With his master he visited London for a few weeks, and when he returned to Congo his master died. Disasi was then taken over by another white man, who handed him over to Grenfell at Bolobo, and ultimately he passed to Mr. Glennie. One day he brought his master a Bangi translation of the hymn, "Jesus Who lived above the sky."

Mr. Glennie was greatly interested, and quite naturally asked him why he wrote hymns, receiving as answer, quite as naturally, "Because I love Jesus and would like Him for my Friend." And then and there he received the Lord as Saviour too.

When he came down river he saw the sections of the *Peace* on the beach, and "in after years, being trained at Bolobo as smith and engineer, he helped to rivet and reconstruct the *Goodwill*. From that time onward he accompanied Grenfell and was one of the little group that was with him to the end."

After a while he married, and later still he went up river with Grenfell on the *Peace*. At length they came to a place above Basoko, and heard some people, who proved to be Lokele fishermen, singing a hymn, and going ashore to join them, Disasi, to his astonishment, saw among them a man with the same tribal mark that he bore on his own forehead. Of course he was unrecognised. He had left as a lad; he returned as a man, and a man in high favour with the white people. This man saw Disasi also, and questioned him, asking him as to his name, his mother's name, his sisters'. "But they are all dead," said Disasi. "No," replied his questioner, "they are alive, and living near here."

Next day they walked to a near-by town, the drums rolled to warn the people, and mother and son met. She could scarcely believe that

the great grown man was really her own boy, but he whispered a secret to her that made her sure. The people, as Mr. Christy Davies tells us, were like dumb driven cattle oppressed by the rubber seekers, and when they knew him they wept for joy. He left with the steamer, but his heart remained behind with his own people, and in a little while he felt that he had to return to be their first teacher. And so at last Disasi, after consulting his wife at Bolobo, sold his home there and came to Yalemba to live.

That was the beginning of all the good work. Some seventeen men and women were baptized as the result of the testimony those two bore to Christ. He is really the founder of the work at Yalemba, for three years before Grenfell obtained permission from the State to occupy the site, Disasi, with his wife, Logene, were there, preparing the way of the Lord. Afterwards he became an Elder of the Church and served as captain on the steamer *Grenfell.*

The effect of the patient years is already seen in the transformed houses of the people and in their different outlook on life. One young mother who wished to join the Church was asked why she wished to serve Jesus, and shyly answered, "Because He gave me my baby." Which gives point to the ejaculation of another Congo woman when she saw a white mother fondling her child, "Why, they love each other just as we do."

Longene has great influence among them. "She has become mother to the whole village," writes Mrs. Palmer, "and a most helpful sister to our workmen's wives. Many are the little babies whose eyes have opened to see her kind, sensible face bending over them, and should there be a medical case requiring careful attention, Longene can be trusted to stay with the patient and see that the medicine is given in proper doses, not swallowed all at once. She is peace-maker of family squabbles, adviser in chief to young girls, and general whipper-up of stragglers to our meetings.

"I was giving some good advice to a young couple who had been squabbling. To the man's remark that 'women are noisy, pugnacious creatures,' I replied, 'But it always takes two to make a quarrel, and besides, look at Longene and Disasi. They never fight.'

"'Oh, yes, Mama,' he answered, 'but they are just like you white people.'

"She has a deep sense of the responsibilities of motherhood, and does not consider even little John of three and a half years too young to be taught something of the meaning of Christ's love. One morning John overslept himself, so that Longene was up and working before he awoke. Suddenly she heard him crying in the bedroom, and running in, inquired what was the matter. 'You haven't said "Our Father" with me yet,' sobbed John. And so they remedied the

omission. She tells me that he will never get up until they have prayed together."

The story of Motala may also be told. He came to Yalemba from Upoto with Mr. W. R. Kirby as his handy boy, and served him and the Mission faithfully between four and five years. Then the time came when his master and he were getting ready to go home, he to Upoto, Kirby to England. To see his friends again and to recite his experiences gave joy to his heart. Just then there came to Yalemba a chief who asked for a teacher "that his people might gain wisdom through knowledge." No one was to be found, and he went away with a heavy heart. "He was the chief of Basoko, and he happened to pour out his soul before Motala. Not long after the two came to my house," writes Mr. Kirby, "the one happy because he had secured a teacher, the other to say that he was willing to forego his return home, 'for,' said he, 'if the hearts of these people thirst for God, is it well to refuse them?'" He had learned the way of the Cross. He went and won the hearts of the people, and as a result a larger number of men and women joined the Church from that village than from any other in the district.

A little dispensary has lately been built at Yalemba. It is visited at intervals by the doctors from Yakusu, and adds greatly to the effectiveness of the work.

XVIII

YAKUSU

THIS chapter about Yakusu, hard by Stanley Falls on the Congo, is written at Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi. It is fitting that one of God's greatest works of grace in Africa, or indeed anywhere else, should be described near God's greatest work of nature in Africa, or, indeed, anywhere else, even though the description of the Victoria Falls or of the Yakusu Mission is beyond human language. In either case, we can but wonder and adore.

Yakusu itself occupies a strategic position. It is on the bend of the river, and so looks westward and southward. As a consequence it is the metropolis of many tribes. The trade route northward to the Sudan here crosses the eastward trade route to Zanzibar. The Arabs are here in all their Moslem pride, and the Lokele people occupy the district; but within half a day's paddling six other distinct tribes may be reached, while but twelve miles away is Stanleyville, the head-quarters of the Vice-Governor of the Congo. It may be stated in passing that as an off-shoot of the work in Yakusu a Mission House has just been built in that city to bear witness to the Great Name in the midst of its

polyglot people. The Yakusu folk themselves are tall and well developed, and owing to their contact with other tribes and peoples, are readier to receive new ideas than most of the Congo natives.

The Mission was begun in September, 1895, and for four years met with nothing but disaster. The people were impudent and fickle. "On one occasion the personal boys of Harry White, the pioneer, decamped with the iron boat, leaving him alone among tribes of a strange language, with no proper house to live in nor comforts to keep him in health." I am writing this in a palatial hotel in the heart of Africa, where no modern comfort is denied—a thing that makes me marvel—but when I think of the hardships which the pioneers endured to make such a thing possible, I am almost ashamed of it all—the rich furnishings, the ample table, the army of black boys in white jackets gliding about, giving perfect service.

Harry White had none of that—never dreamt of it. "His colleague, after seven years of preparation and only seven weeks of service, received his home call," and other missionaries either died or were invalided home. He himself died at sea on the way home in 1897. He was very near death before that, and could never understand how it was that he escaped the doom that at one time threatened him. The story, indeed, was never known until a boy who was helping Mr.

J. H. Marker at Upoto with the work of translating suddenly asked him if he would like to hear the story of Harry White, and how he escaped from the hands of the people who caught him and intended to kill him. The translation work was put aside, and the boy told how the missionary reached his town, how the people feared him, and how the men gathered to oppose his coming. He knew they intended to turn him back, but with undaunted courage he pressed on, and to evade them took a by-path. Unfortunately it was the way to the well, and immediately the cry was raised that he was going to poison the water. He could not tell the reason of the panic that ensued, when the mob rushed on him with spears and knives, but suddenly it occurred to them that if they killed him in daylight his God would see them. So the cry went forth, "Wait till it is dark."

They tied him to a tree and divided his possessions. His watch, the most treasured object, the thing they thought of as the white man's fetish, for he always consulted it when in doubt, they agreed to give to the most prominent man among them, the man chosen, because of his fame for courage and cruelty, to kill the missionary as soon as the darkness fell.

As the evening drew on there was a noise of many voices, and Harry White, bound helpless to the tree, knew that they were preparing for his death. As the sun set and the brief tropic

twilight followed, the crowd gathered at the bend of the road to share the thrill of the murder before they went to sleep.

The big, powerful man stepped forward, but to the astonishment of the people, instead of plunging the knife into the captive, he cut the cords that bound him and told him he was free! The missionary to the day of his death never knew why he was not killed that evening, but he knew that evening Who had delivered him, and gave God the glory.

Mr. Marker says: "On the day we were translating the Word of God, when my boy became confidential, we knew for the first time why Harry White was spared. As the sun went down the people gathered together. Just as they were setting out on their evil errand a woman looked up and was startled as she saw the moon. She shrieked in terror as she noted its unusual appearance. It was red like blood—due to a partial eclipse. One after another the people took up the cry until fear seized the whole crowd. They said: "If we shed this white man's blood, our blood will be shed in payment. This is a sign from his God. Don't kill him. Let him go. Be warned by the sign." "That," said the boy, "was the reason why the missionary was allowed to go back to his friends." And then, after a dramatic pause, he added: "My father was the man who received the watch!"

Explain that how we may; at the end of

every explanation we are driven to the same glad conclusion, "that it is the Lord's doing and marvellous in our eyes." The whole history of Yakusu has been a long chain of marvels which, if less spectacular, are just as wonderful.

The next notable event was when Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton, whose names must always be honourably associated with Yakusu, took up the work in 1898. They brought with them a Christian woman named Salamu, who in earlier years had been stolen by the Arabs. Rescued by the State, she had been handed over to the Mission, and at length had become a very devoted Christian. When she arrived at Yakusu she discovered that she was among her own people, and gradually the language of her youth returned to her. This, of course, was a great asset in the approach to the people, but it was more: it decided the language that was to be adopted, when there was a choice of several, and in after years the wisdom of the choice became clear. "To reflect that, unknown to them," writes one of the missionaries, "Salamu should have been committed to them with the knowledge of Lokele locked up in her bosom, was to become aware that the Lord ever goes before His servants preparing the way." (See page 148).

When the work had solid foundation in the minds of the people, all the stations down river contributed to its success. Mr. Stonelake is our chronicler. "Roger brought with him from

Kinshasa some lads who taught them how to make and burn bricks; Bolobo supplied two bricklayers who taught the Yakusu workmen; Monsembe supplied a very efficient carpenter; while from Upoto hailed six sawyers. Splendid timber was obtained in the neighbourhood, one tree yielding four hundred planks ten feet long by nine inches wide, whilst a mound near the old school supplied the clay for a hundred thousand bricks."

The Church of eighteen members was formed in 1904, the first three converts having been baptized in 1902. The membership rose to one hundred and forty the following year, largely owing to the demand that arose among the people for "The Book." "As the Mission steamer bringing a consignment from the press passed along, the course would be blocked by canoes containing people clamouring for books. In one would be a teacher wildly waving a paper showing his position, while men and boys would be seen running along the banks or beach with slates in their hands. Those who saw it declared that they never saw anything like it elsewhere." Deputation after deputation came from great distances asking for teachers, and the people themselves built schoolhouses in their villages and took care to make them larger than any other building.

So the work continued to thrive. Mr. and Mrs. William Millman have been at the centre

of its later stages all along. In 1908 they established a Training Institute for the teachers, calling them together in relays twice a year for six weeks' instruction, and a little hospital was established in memory of Stapleton, whose death in 1906 in England was a great loss to the Mission.

The Church has now 3,000 members : in 1923 there were 3,931 communicants, but in the following year there came a recrudescence of native superstitions known as Libeli, which seriously depleted the membership and caused much sorrow and heart-searching among the missionaries. In 1910 there had been a similar reversion to the old type, then named Dilwa. In the *International Review of Missions* for July, 1927, Mr. Millman gives the first authoritative description of the ceremonies associated with this practice. The young men are called into the forest and the elders play upon their fears, pretending to be spirits of their ancestors. By skilfully concocted sounds and rumours a state of tension is produced, and those about to be initiated into the tribal secrets " have their eyes anointed with chilli pepper mash, with bands of leaves and feathers tied over them." Sometimes they are kept in the forest for months, to be instructed in the use of charms, traditional manners and customs, and the art of secret communication. Forced to undergo ordeals, at the end they return to their ordinary life with an air of superiority, ready, like their fathers, to

live a life of conscious deceit. "The tenacity with which the non-Christian native clings to these ceremonies is strengthened by the feeling that these constitute the last citadel which the intruding white man has not despoiled."

"As soon after the 1924 events as it was possible to examine and to cleanse the Church roll," writes Mr. Millman, "it was found that more than a thousand men had come under discipline as initiates, sponsors or active supporters. This discovery was a terrible blow, but, on the other hand, there were only five defaulters out of a staff of over three hundred teachers. About a quarter of those who have shared in the ceremonies have returned to Church membership. It seems as if a large number of the rest may never return. The requisite individuality has not been developed by clan life." Then with splendid faith the veteran missionary adds: "With patience we wait for it, knowing that it will lead into the larger clan life of the world society of the Church of Christ."

The Church at Yakusu, fearing the result of these defections on the minds of the people in England, sent a letter signed by three of their Elders. It runs as follows:

"To our Friends and Fathers in the Church of England,

"We are constrained to write to you at this time that you mourn not too much about the things that have come to pass here.

"Thanks to you we were given the Message when we were still young, and rejoice every day that we were brought up in the knowledge of it.

"When we think of the suffering and persecutions of the Early Christians for the sake of the Name of Jesus Christ, we cannot but prize the Treasure more, and cast aside our fears.

"But some have been overcome.

"Do not, however, sorrow as if the Church here were dead, though it is sorely wounded in its members.

"We will try with patience to heal these wounds.

"These wounds are not altogether the result of disease within, but older men and chiefs who know not the Church have compelled many of our younger brethren to go through the evil customs of Libeli. Already these boys are weeping with bitterness and repentance.

"Join with us then in prayer that God may give us again the joy of seeing them back in the Church."

Mr. Sutton Smith, who served at this station for the first eleven years of this century, and owing to health reasons was transferred to China, where he afterwards died, has written a large volume under the title "Yakusu" which may with great advantage be consulted by those who wish to have further knowledge of these wonderful bits of missionary work. And it may be hoped that William Millman will place his unparalleled experience at our disposal before his home call comes.

By the generosity of a tried friend of the B.M.S. who has now been called to his reward, a fine hospital has been erected in memory of a

son who fell in the war. Dr. Clement Chesterman, O.B.E., who has just become a member of the Royal Commission for the Protection of Natives, reports that its erection over a period of four years, without the withdrawal of a single missionary engaged in evangelistic or educational work, necessitated the continuous employment of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty men, the clearing of twenty acres, the making and baking of over a million bricks, two hundred thousand tiles, and a large amount of furniture. The equipment of the hospital is of the most modern type, with electric light, water from elevated tanks, and residences not only for the staff but for sixteen students besides. These trained "Infirmiers" are in request in several of the government hospitals in other places.

During the five years in which the treatment of sleeping-sickness has been attempted the incidence of the scourge, which was in some districts as high as thirty per cent., has been reduced to something like three in the thousand, a success which has brought a request to Dr. Chesterman to state his ideas on the subject for the new edition of the best-known book on tropical diseases. Last year the attendances at the hospital were over 30,000!

A realistic example will be better than statistics. A boy of seventeen, while out fishing, was badly mauled by a crocodile, but happily wriggled himself free. "The doctor had the

boy carried down to the hospital. As the nurse was away for a fortnight's holiday at Yalemba, I went to see if I could assist in any way," writes Mrs. Millman. "The patient was lying prone on the table. As soon as the wounds on the back were washed and the leeches or flukes left by the crocodile's tongue cleared out, the needle was prepared.

"The first stitch did not seem to trouble the man, but the second annoyed him, and he began to make remarks.

"'What! is a man to die twice in one day? Twice in one day! Oh!'

"'There, now,' says the doctor quietly, 'keep yourself calm. One place is finished,' and he proceeded to draw together the edges of the next wound. It required some manipulation and several stitches. Snap! went a needle as the patient wriggled at the first puncture. A new needle was handed up and the work went on.

"'Not finished yet!' calls the man. 'Eyaya! Fancy sewing a man like a piece of cloth!'

"Click! *Another* needle gone. The doctor sighed. 'That's the last of our curved ones. Give me a straight one.'

"The man on the table took the next stab quietly, then burst out laughing. 'Get a sewing machine, doctor! Get a sewing machine! Oh dear! What will they do next to men's bodies?'

"By and by the wounds on the back and legs were all bound up. There still remained the arm, upon which there was such a bad rip that the edges could not be brought together close enough for stitching. So it was bound up and the arm tied in a bent position. From this the boy seemed to infer that the sinews were in danger, and for the first time during the terrible ordeal showed signs of fear.

"'Shall I not be able to stretch out my arm again? Will it grow bent? Unfasten it! If my arm cannot be used I cannot get my living. Why not death instead. Ha! ha! Killed getting my living.'

"Then they carried him off and put him to bed in the ward—this brave fellow who conjured up such fun in the midst of his pain."

As an illustration of the difficulty and the thoroughness of the enterprise in this district, the experience of the first Christian chief of the neighbourhood, Monji, may be mentioned. Twice examined in 1916, he was twice refused until he gave definite evidence that he renounced fetish worship. There were fetish bananas and figs round his village to which votive offerings and prayers were made on occasions connected with the life of a person at whose birth they were planted. Disease and even death were supposed to pursue anyone who dared to desecrate these shrines. Monji naturally hesitated, and he parted from the missionaries in sorrow after the

second refusal. But next morning the missionary was called by the teacher to see what had happened. "Behold, Monji had got up early and uprooted all the fetish trees with his own hands, and cast them out." Mr. Millman records the incident and adds that the same morning Monji "was standing before the Church Meeting telling the members why he wished to be baptized. There were fifty-nine native members present, and when his acceptance was put to the vote there were sixty hands raised, for I put mine up also."

Mr. C. E. Pugh, who served at this station for sixteen years, and is now Congo Secretary and resident at Kinshasa, has given several graphic descriptions of various aspects of the work here.

The story of Sulubika is one worth telling. Beyond a certain stage on the Lindi river, which is hard by Yakusu, the missionaries had not been able to penetrate. But Sulubika, a teacher evangelist, suddenly overleaped the barrier and made such an impression on the minds of the people that everywhere the place where he began to teach was called "Sulubika's Town." Mr. Pugh was the first missionary to visit it, and he found that day nearly everybody painted a brilliant red with camwood powder, for several wedding dances were in progress in the town, "and camwood," he tells us, "is the Bantu wedding garment. Sulubika was dressed in the cast-off garment of a monk of the Black Fathers,

much too large for him, and seemed a fantastic figure. But he was happy in spite of his grotesque appearance. In the cool of the evening the missionary asked :

" ' How came you to begin work here ? '

" ' White man,' he replied, ' I was, as you know, a teacher among the Bakumu, but they had no faith. They would not build a school-house for the matters of God. I warned them with many warnings that I would go elsewhere if they would not heed the words I had to speak to them. They did not heed. One night, when I was fast asleep, people came knocking, knocking at the door of my house. " Who is there, and what are you seeking ? " I asked. " Sulubika, Sulubika," they called. Then I said, " Am I a woman of beauty who is betrothed to many that you desire me to elope with you at night ? " But they only cried, " Sulubika, come out, Sulubika ! " Then I arose from my bed and went to see.

" ' Three men were there. They said that they had heard in their town that I was a teacher of the Way of Salvation, and they had come to see if I would go to dwell with them. I asked them many questions to see if they had faith enough to build a schoolhouse first. When I found that they had, I said : " To-morrow, when the sun rises, we will start. I will be your teacher in the matters of God." And that was how I began, White man.' "

The thunder of the Victoria Falls is still in my ears as the waters rush into the chasm and the spray rises towards the skies. The torrent in its mighty sweep is like the Grace of God that bringeth salvation, coming down to sinful men, and the spray like the love which answers God's love and rises to Him as the grateful incense of those who receive it. True of Congo, true of all the earth!

XIX

FORWARD

THE onward urge which sent the missionaries along the Congo thirteen hundred miles did not cease when they reached the head waters of the river. The love of Christ still constrained them, and the need of the people still beckoned them. Pastor Harms, in Hermansberg in Hanover, mourning over the deadness of the people to whom he was sent, spent night after night in prayer. At length at midnight the word came to him as clearly as ever voice spake to man: "Forward in God's Name!" and venturing forward he met with such marvellous success in arousing the people at home and sending missionaries abroad, that the desert of 1845 was changed into the garden of 1865, and "probably no parish in Christendom equalled it in spiritual attainments as it stood that year."

There was no voice from heaven at Yakusu, but there was the insistent call: "Forward in God's Name." But in what direction? There were three courses to be considered, and two of them proved to be impossible. Along the river Aruwimi the opposition was too deep and the channel too shallow, so the thoughts of progress in that direction had to be abandoned. Eastward

through the forest was equally impracticable—there was no road and no means of making one. But why should either of these be considered when there was an open way to the south? If it was impossible to join hands with the Mission in Uganda and complete the chain of stations across the Continent, why not ascend the Lualaba, which in effect is the Congo, and join hands with those who were working in the Lake region? Why not go toward Nyangwe, where Livingstone had witnessed the awful Arab raid which lent force to his appeal to the civilised world to stop the slave trade? After long and careful survey decision was made to advance in this direction, and Wayika, two hundred miles from Yakusu, was chosen as the head station, with Mabondo as a sub-station half-way between. In 1911 work was begun, and patient efforts were made for fifteen years, with scant success, to reach the people. "The people are not noisy and their curiosity does not lead them to rudeness," writes Mr. Stonelake, "but their immorality is abnormal even for the Congo."

It would now appear that the attempt southward is frustrate. Savagery and self-will have, for the present, been too strong for us, but some way and some day the Gospel must triumph even there, and the great opportunities still farther south be embraced. The South African Baptist Missionary Society reaches up to N'dola, within a few miles of the southern limit of the

Belgian Congo. The Lamba people, among whom their missionaries work, spread over the border, and some of them are already rejoicing in the truth. In spite of present difficulties, it may therefore be hoped that the B.M.S. from the north may yet join hands with the South African Baptists and complete the line of light. There is no difficulty in communication; the Rhodesia railway runs to Sakania in Congo, where there is a solitary railway station and two station-masters, one to transfer the train and the other to receive it, and then by railway and steamer the journey can be easily accomplished.

On that railway journey along the water-shed there is one spot where the rain falling on one side of the railway coach flows to the Zambesi, and the rain falling on the other side flows to the Congo. It is possible in one place to walk in fifteen minutes from a tributary of the river Kafue, which flows into the Zambesi, to a tributary of the Kafubu river, which flows into the Luapula, the river which presently changes its name to Lualaba, and ultimately changes it again to Congo, so near together are these two great rivers at the start.

On each side of the boundary between Rhodesia and Congo there are now numerous copper mines. Panda, the richest in the world, is in the Belgian Congo, and the capital city of the Katanga region, Elizabethville, which is planned on the same generous lines as Bulawayo

in Rhodesia, has now a population of four thousand white people and twelve thousand natives. It was a race between Britain and Belgium as to who should first reach this rich country. Belgium won, and the defeat of Britain was none the less because the Belgian expedition was led by an Englishman, Captain Stairs, one of Stanley's men in his relief of Emin Pasha.

But if our steps are stayed in this direction, happily the way has opened through the eastward forests, where the Government has constructed and is constructing a road suitable even for motors, to link up Congo with Uganda, Stanleyville with Lake Albert. Already an advance of a hundred miles has been made along the road, and a hill site has been obtained at Maganga. At first the Administrator of the territory discouraged the attempt to do Mission work in this district, but he now urges the missionaries forward. "Now," he says, "is your opportunity. Two years ago the people were dangerous savages, but their association with the white man has already tamed them. I would now like Mission teachers in every town."

"The site for which we applied on our previous journey," writes Mr. W. H. Ennals, "was duly approved by the State, subject to suitable arrangements being made with the Administrator and the native representatives on the spot. The ground was duly measured, and the heads of the village were called to make their declarations;

a very lengthy business, for the questions required to be answered are both numerous and subtle. Being completely satisfied that the land contained no fishing (there being no water), no gold, no pottery clay, or valuable crops, the native signatories put their thumbs on to an ink-pad, and thence on to the documents, making themselves thereby part of the great transaction. It was a solemn business, but the Administrator's chimpanzee did his best to add humour to the scene by chasing the chiefs and headmen away, to their manifest terror." So the first long step is taken in the new direction, and the eager spirit of the people gives great promise of the future.

It may be well to pause and ask what has been accomplished in the past and has given enough encouragement for the forward movement. No better witness can be cited than Joseph Clark, of the American Baptist Mission, the oldest Congo missionary of any Society, whose eldest daughter was the first white child born in Congoland:

"In 1880 there were three mission stations in what is called the Congo Valley. These were Palabala, Banza Manteke, and San Salvador, the last being in Portuguese territory. The language had not yet been written. Fetishism of the lowest type held sway, and no moral sense was evidenced by the natives. There was but little regard for human life even near the coast, and in the interior cannibal feasts were frequently

held. The exportation of slaves had ceased, but domestic slavery was very common. The chiefs of the villages and the witch-doctors had tremendous power, and at their word men and women and even little children were cruelly done to death, often under horrible conditions.

"There are now about one hundred and thirty-five mission stations in the Belgian Congo, and the missionary has seen his work triumph over many obstacles. Languages have been studied, many books have been published, and, above all, the Word of God taught by the missionaries has taken hold of the minds of many of these people and has wrought marvellous changes in their lives. In villages where in the olden days many people were slaughtered at the suggestion or command of the witch-doctor, you can now find schoolhouses and chapels, and many hundreds of people who have turned from the savage heathen ways of their forefathers to walk in the new way revealed to them by the Word of God. Kindness and mercy were unknown in the olden days, and now, because of their acceptance of the Gospel, many of our natives are found engaged in rendering Christian social service to those who are sick or otherwise in need. The old tribal wars have ceased among these now Christian people, so that life and property are comparatively secure even in distant inland districts.

"Then the missionary has very much improved

the food supply of the native. He has introduced oranges, grape-fruit, mangoes and other fruits; tomatoes, onions, beans and other vegetables, which were unknown until the missionary came, are now in daily use among the natives. Superior bananas, corn and pineapples brought in by the missionaries have taken the place of those that were in use. The people have been shown how to care properly for their chickens and goats, and how to treat some of the diseases of these animals. In everything pertaining to their home life improvements have been suggested, and in many cases these have been carried out. The old-time native hut was dark, dirty and uncomfortable, and, of course, unhealthy. Better houses are being built, well lighted and ventilated and in every way more hygienic.

"In 1880, among the fifteen millions of natives in Congoland there was not one Christian, but now there are at least 100,000 who are either members of the Church or who are registered as inquirers."

The B.M.S. community on the Congo alone numbers 36,000; these present evident result of the 18,000 days of these fifty years, that is, *two for every twenty-four hours* since the commencement of the Mission; and many others have passed over in the faith of Christ.

Fifty years is a long time in the history of a Mission, but it is a short time in the history of man. We must not expect all the Christian virtues to come to full fruitage amongst a people

who have only known the Gospel for half a century. But already Congo folk have proved themselves worthy to face all that the twentieth century has to teach them, worthy to be numbered amongst those who by grace become nature's gentlemen, worthy to take their place with all the saints in the Church of Christ.

What Dr. Donald Fraser writes in *African Idylls* about the people in Nyasaland is equally true about the people in Congoland. He was ill, and left entirely in their care. "Under such circumstances you prove how deep is the reverent care your men may have for you, and how precious a possession the European master is to his native followers. Men speak scornfully of the lack of gratitude in the African. I know a little about these simple children of nature, and can testify that if a man deals with them justly and affectionately no mother can be more self-sacrificing towards her child than they are to the European in need. Their courtesy to ladies is worthy of high-born gentlemen. Their loyalty to the white man who has shown consideration for them is deeper than a Highland clansman's for his chief. No native will allow his master to come to any harm if he can prevent it, for he knows that not only will his own heart condemn him, but the village conscience and his chief will hold him guilty, and he will be accountable to them."

XX

AFTERWARD

THESE fifty Congo years are but the beginning of the story. The joy of the Jubilee would be greatly dimmed were they the end. The Jubilee is but a pause, a pause for praise and remembrance, a pause for homage to the brave men and women who have lived and died to open the way to the bright future which surely awaits the land of dark shadows. The Jubilee of the South African Baptists last year has nerved them to new endeavour; the Jubilee of the Mid-African Baptists this year will surely mark an epoch of advance. The stopping-stone must be the stepping-stone.

Singularly enough, the name of Robert Arthington, so honourably associated with the birth of the Mission, is also associated with its Jubilee. After he had given the initial impulse for the work he was permitted to rejoice in the success which attended its early years, and when at his death in 1905 he left nearly a million of money for missionary enterprise, much of it was devoted to what was then described as the Dark Continent, yet quite possibly, owing largely to that same missionary enterprise, is destined to astonish the world by its unguessed wealth. But the Arthington money was for speedy spending, was all to

be spent, indeed, in twenty-five years. Those years are ended, the money is expended, and the Congo stations that have been founded and supported by the Arthington Funds, such as Kibokolo, Yalemba and Wayika, are now thrown upon the generosity of the Churches at home. There is no fear but that when these know the situation they will respond to the need.

Past experience would shame any doubt, if any doubt existed. One of the greatest bits of missionary giving is that of a volunteer for Congo, who, owing to the medical verdict, was not permitted to fulfil the desire of his heart. But since he could not himself go he determined to establish himself in business at home and to give all the profits to the sending of others. The Lord Whom he serves so wholeheartedly has greatly prospered him; year by year his contributions have increased, rising from seventy pounds to seven thousand pounds, and after thirteen unbroken annual gifts he has, in the aggregate, poured over forty thousand pounds into the treasury!

To celebrate the Jubilee a great Congo Exhibition, to be reinforced by bioscope pictures of Congo life specially taken for the purpose, has been prepared. The Exhibition will first be in evidence in London, at the Central Hall, Westminster. It is being supported by the whole wealth of young Baptist life in the metropolis, in the hope of stirring the hearts of the coming

generation to new interest in the romantic story. The initiation of the Congo Mission fifty years ago proved to be nothing less than a revival of the Churches at home: it is impossible to exaggerate the interest taken in it, and the pathetic eagerness with which the news of the enterprise was awaited. Month after month the *Missionary Herald* was almost feverishly opened to know of the progress of the work and the welfare of the men, and when the tragic news of death after death reached home, Churches were prepared not only to risk, but to give, ten times more. Those were heroic days, and it is the hope of the Missionary Society that the Exhibition, as it may be moved about the country, may recall them, and recover those early enthusiasms. The early watchword, "Africa for Christ," will again be in our hearts and on our tongues, and we must never rest until a Cross of Light shall be laid on the bosom of the Continent, from west to east and from north to south. The young men and women of to-day have an opportunity of meeting the splendour of the coming days with a devotion which shall eclipse that of their fathers and greatly hasten the Kingdom of God.

To commemorate the Jubilee it is proposed to issue some fifteen little books for use among the Congo people who have been taught to read, but who have very little opportunity of exercising their new gift. If we think of what would be

our own position if we had but two or three books to last us a lifetime, and were without newspapers or magazines, we shall see how necessary and how welcome such books will be. The greatest achievement of the past has been the translation and publication of the complete Bible in the Kongo tongue three years ago. The book has been produced in the best style, in clear Clarendon type, and when it reached Congo it created a furore. At last they had the Bible, the whole Bible, the Book of God, as it is entitled, the Bible the missionaries had described, the Bible which brought the glad message that meant for them all the blessings they now enjoyed. The work of the translators and the revisers through the years was crowned with triumph. There are some Gospels and books in other parts of the Congo, but the need of other books is urgent, and nothing can be more worthy of the Jubilee than such a permanent memorial.

As an example of what a single book can accomplish the story of Mpambu, as told by Mr. C. H. Harvey, may be recalled. A runaway slave, Mpambu, settled at Tumba, and there heard the Glad News. Impelled by the love of Christ, he went back after a time to his own town to tell it. He was driven away with threats, but returned again and again, and at last was suffered to remain. Then, feeling his need of instruction, he went to the Lukunga station

of the American Mission, and when necessity arose he was asked if he would take charge of a caravan of salt which was needed at a new station. Though it meant eight days' journey through an unexplored cannibal country, he gladly consented. On the way the other six men of the caravan deserted, and he was left alone among people of bad repute. Hour after hour he sat on his bags of salt, until towards evening he was discovered by the villagers. They were overjoyed: here was not only meat but salt to eat with it, and they made known their intentions by unmistakable pantomime.

They sent for the chief, who, when he came, was greatly impressed by seeing a white man's book in Mpambu's hand, and to note that Mpambu did not seem to be greatly disturbed by the noise and threats of the people. The book was a translation by Thomas Lewis of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and, interested in the joys and sorrows of the Pilgrim, Mpambu seemed scarcely conscious of his own. The decision was that the case must stand over till the morrow; it was evident that they meant to kill him, but still he kept the mysterious book in his hand, and from time to time read something in it. As the chief and the headman considered the matter, they came to the conclusion that it was the white man's book that did it. "No doubt the stranger was acquainted with its power as a fetish. If so, ought they not to be careful?

Who could tell what dread consequences might come from that book ? "

Mpambu at this stage told them that he was a servant of the great Nzambi, who made heaven and earth, who knew all the palaver, and would certainly punish them if they killed His servant. Then he commenced reading the book once more, and the people were so greatly impressed that they slipped away to their houses conquered by their fear. The chief told him that he was free, but that the sooner he went from the place the better. But, like Paul in the prison at Philippi, Mpambu was not minded to have a maimed deliverance. He told the chief that, having been entrusted with the bags of salt, he could not leave without them, and he asked for carriers to take them away with him. Soon afterwards Mpambu arrived, fatigued but grateful, at his destination, with his salt and with his book. It is surely worth while to give men like that some more books to read.

When the B.M.S. deputation visited Congo, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Parkinson and Mr. W. Parker Gray, they were received with great consideration. One evening at Bolobo a member of the church spoke at a meeting in the open air and said : " This is a wonderful day, a day we never thought to see, when the elders of the B.M.S. would come themselves to see us. We had often wondered what the B.M.S. was. The B.M.S. sent us everything,

sent us the missionaries, and sent us the boxes marked B.M.S. with books and medicines in them, and all the wonderful things of the white man. Who packed those boxes? Now we have seen the B.M.S. for ourselves. Does not this confirm our faith in the message they have brought to us? We have never seen the Lord Jesus, but we have seen what He has sent, the missionaries, the Bible! But He will not be content with sending His gifts. He is some day coming Himself."

This is the message of the Congo Jubilee. The simple faith uttered by that African believer in the Bolobo gloaming is ours. We cannot tell how or when our Lord may appear, but we respond in the words that are sung every Easter dawn by the little company which gathers in the resting-place of the saints behind the Moravian Church in Bedford, a spot which loving care has transformed into a rose garden.

"Come, Lord Jesus! Come, we implore Thee,
Our longing hearts are waiting for Thee.
Come soon. Oh, come!"

A LIST OF CONGO MISSIONARIES

MEN

		Date of Acceptance	
1.	Grenfell, G. - - (Cameroons, 1874).	1878	Died at Basoko, 1906.
2.	Comber, T. J. - (Cameroons, 1876).	1878	Died at sea, 1887.
3.	Bentley, W. Holman	1879	Died at Bristol, 1905.
4.	Crudgington, H. E.	1879	Transferred to India, 1885.
5.	Hartland, J. S. -	1879	Died at Bayneston, 1883.
6.	Dixon, H. - -	1880	Transferred to China, 1884. Martyred in 1900.
7.	Weeks, J. H. - -	1881	Died in London, 1924.
8.	Butcher, H. W. -	1882	Died at Manyanga, 1883.
9.	Doke, W. H. - -	1882	Died at Underhill, 1883.
10.	Hughes, W. - -	1882	Returned, 1885.
11.	Moolenaar, H. K. -	1882	Returned, 1890.
12.	Ross, W. - -	1882	Returned, 1884.
13.	Comber, S., M.B. -	1882	Died at Wathen, 1884.
14.	Whitley, H. G. -	1882	Died at Lukunga, 1887.
15.	Hartley, J. W. -	1882	Died at Manyanga, 1884.
16.	Cruickshank, A. H.	1884	Died at Wathen, 1885.

	Date of Acceptance	
17. Darling, F. C. -	1884	Died at Underhill, 1887.
18. Cameron, G. R. R. -	1884	Returned, 1913.
19. Macmillan, D. -	1884	Died at Underhill, 1885.
20. Cowe, A. - -	1884	Died at San Salvador, 1885.
21. Charters, D. - -	1885	Returned, 1887.
22. Cottingham, W. F. -	1885	Died at Underhill, 1885.
23. Biggs, J. E. - -	1885	Died at Stanley Pool, 1887.
24. Comber, P. E. - -	1885	Died at Wathen, 1892.
25. Davies, P., B.A. -	1885	Died at Wathen, 1895.
26. Maynard, J. - -	1885	Died at Underhill, 1886.
27. Richards, M. - -	1885	Died at Banana, 1888.
28. Scrivener, A. E. -	1885	Died at Southampton, 1916.
29. Seright, W., M.B. -	1886	Returned, 1886.
30. Darby, R. D. - -	1886	Returned, 1894.
31. Silvey, S. - - (Cameroons, 1882).	1886	Died at sea, 1889.
32. Graham, R. H. C. -	1886	Retired, 1924.
33. Phillips, H. Ross -	1886	
34. Shindler, J. H. -	1886	Died at Underhill, 1887.
35. Lewis, T. - - (Cameroons, 1882).	1887	Now Welsh Representative of the B.M.S.
36. Brown, J. G. - -	1887	Died at sea, 1889.
37. Harrison, F. G. -	1887	Returned, 1895.
38. Pinnock, J. - -	1887	Returned, 1909.

		Date of Acceptance	
39.	Slade, A. D.	1888	Died at Wathen, 1888.
40.	Oram, F. R.	1888	Died at Upoto, 1894.
41.	Clark, J. A.	1888	
42.	Roger, J. L.	1888	Died at Kinshasa, 1901.
43.	Forfeitt, W. L.	1889	Retired, 1924.
44.	White, W. H.	1889	Died at sea, 1897.
45.	Forfeitt, J. Lawson	1889	Returned, 1906.
46.	Glennie, R.	1889	Returned, 1896.
47.	Wilkinson, W. F.	1889	Died at San Salvador, 1889.
48.	Stapleton, W. H.	1889	Died in London, 1906.
49.	Gordon, S. C.	1890	Retired, 1926.
50.	Whitehead, J.	1890	
51.	Balfern, W. P.	1890	Died at Madeira, 1894.
52.	Hughes, E.	1891	Returned, 1894.
53.	Jefferd, F. A.	1891	Returned, 1894.
54.	Brown, G. D.	1892	Returned, 1896.
55.	Webb, S. R., M.D.	1892	Died at sea, 1896.
56.	Pople, G. R.	1892	Died at Tumba, 1897.
57.	Kirkland, R. H.	1893	Retired, 1927.
58.	Stonelake, H. T.	1894	Transferred to China, 1907.
59.	Field, S. M.	1894	Returned, 1898.
60.	Stephens, J. R. M.	1894	Returned, 1906.
61.	Bell, J., A.T.S.	1895	Transferred to China, 1905.
62.	Smith, Kenred	1895	Resigned, 1918.
63.	Dodds, C. J.	1895	Returned, 1911.
64.	Beedham, R.	1895	Died at Matadi, 1900.
65.	Howell, J.	1896	Retired, 1922.
66.	Wherrett, A. E.	1896	Died at Yakusu, 1896.
67.	Frame, W. B.	1896	

	Date of Acceptance	
68. Millman, W. - -	1897	
69. Jeffery, J. - -	1897	Died in England, 1900.
70. Adams, A. G. - -	1897	Returned, 1900.
71. Smith, H. Sutton -	1899	Transferred to China, 1910. Died, 1917.
72. Bowskill, J. S. -	1899	
73. Wooding, W. - -	1899	Resigned, 1925.
74. Stonelake, A. R. -	1899	
75. Hooper, G. - -	1899	
76. Kempton, S. O. -	1899	Died at Yakusu, 1908.
77. Williams, C. T. -	1899	Returned, 1907.
78. Jennings, R. L. -	1899	
79. Kirby, W. R. - -	1901	Resigned, 1922.
80. Moore, G. E. - -	1901	Died at Yakusu, 1903.
81. Mayo, A. - -	1901	Died at San Salvador, 1904.
82. Dron, D. - -	1902	Transferred to India, 1905.
83. Wilford, E. E. -	1902	Died at Yakusu, 1914.
84. Murdoch, W. C. -	1904	Returned, 1909.
85. Lowrie, P. R. - -	1904	Died at Mabaya, 1911.
86. Oldrieve, F. - -	1905	Transferred to India, 1909.
87. Davies, D. C. - -	1906	
88. Knight, P. - -	1906	Transferred to India, 1909.
89. Thomas, G. - -	1906	
90. Longland, F. - -	1905	Resigned, 1921.
91. Marker, J. H. -	1906	
92. Gamble, M., M.D., Ch.B.	1907	Resigned, 1921.
93. Girling, E. C., M.D., Ch.B.	1907	Resigned, 1923.

		Date of Acceptance	
94.	Busfield, E. - -	1908	Returned, 1910.
95.	Norman, P. G. -	1908	Returned, 1910.
96.	Beale, F. - -	1908	Resigned, 1926.
97.	Pugh, C. E. - -	1909	
98.	Jones, David - -	1909	Resigned, 1918.
99.	Palmer, A. B., B.A.	1909	
100.	Lambotte, Henri J.	1909	Died at Yakusu, 1918.
101.	Exell, F. G. - -	1909	
102.	Thompson, S. F. -	1909	Resigned, 1925.
103.	Burrett, G. - -	1909	Returned, 1914.
104.	Claridge, G. C. -	1909	Resigned, 1921.
105.	Jones, E. R., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.	1910	Resigned, 1921.
106.	Allen, A. E. - -	1910	
107.	Holmes, E. - -	1911	Resigned, 1920; Re-appointed, 1922.
108.	Powell, T., B.A., B.D.	1911	Resigned, 1919.
109.	Cook, J. L. - -	1911	Resigned, 1923.
110.	Clark, J. N. - -	1911	
111.	Mill, A. G. - -	1911	
112.	Hynes, W. - -	1912	Resigned, 1921.
113.	Reynolds, W. D., B.A., B.D.	1912	
114.	Lambourne, A. A.	1912	
115.	Wilkerson, G. J. -	1912	
116.	Gilmore, H. C., L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.	1913–1914	*Locum tenens.*
117.	Starte, J. H. - -	1914	
118.	Guest, A. E. - -	1916	
119.	Hillard, A. W. -	1917	
120.	Jackson, W. M. -	1917	Resigned, 1921.
121.	Chesterman, C. C., O.B.E., M.R.C.S., M.R.C.P., M.D., B.S., D.T.M. & H.	1919	

		Date of Acceptance	
122.	Gilmore, H. C., L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.	1919	Resigned, 1926.
123.	Austin, P. H. - -	1920	
124.	Guyton, E. D. F. -	1920	
125.	Weeks, L. J. - -	1920	
126.	Davidson, J. - -	1921	
127.	Osborne, S. H. -	1921	Resigned, 1925.
128.	Ennals, W. H. -	1921	
129.	Ford, W. H. - -	1921	
130.	Joy, H. C. V., M.D., B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.T.M. & H.	1921	
131.	Spear, F. G., M.A., M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H., D.T.M. & H., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.	1921–1923	*Locum tenens.*
132.	Glenesk, A. W. -	1921	
133.	Wallace, W. - -	1921	Resigned, 1925.
134.	Parris, H. B. - -	1922	
135.	Simpson, A. R. D. -	1922	
136.	Morrish, E. H. -	1922	
137.	Thompson, R. V. de C.	1923	
138.	Tyrrell, R. T. - -	1923	
139.	Chesterman, A. de M.	1923	
140.	Wooster, C. H. -	1923	
141.	Fox, F. W. W., M.B.,	1923	
142.	Wilson, W., M.B., Ch.B.	1923	
143.	Hancock, M. W. -	1924	
144.	MacBeath, A. G. W., M.A., B.D.	1924	
145.	Newbery, S. J. -	1924	

		Date of Acceptance
146.	Tweedley, J. - -	1924
147.	Neal, A. R. - -	1925
148.	Todd, K. W., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.	1926
149.	Hern, J. P. (Associate).	1926
150.	Russell, J., M.A. -	1927
151.	Parkinson, K. C., M.A.	1927
152.	Frost, Donald, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.	1928

WOMEN

		Date of Marriage or Acceptance	
1.	Comber, Mrs. T. J. -	1879	Died at San Salvador, 1879.
2.	Grenfell, Mrs. -	1880	Returned a widow, 1906.
3.	Crudgington, Mrs. -	1883	Transferred to India, 1885.
4.	Weeks, Mrs. (*née* Reddall).	1886	Died at Monsembi, 1899.
5.	Spearing, Miss M. S.	1886	Died at Stanley Pool, 1887.
6.	Bentley, Mrs. - -	1886	Returned, 1904.
7.	Darling, Mrs. - -	1886	Returned a widow, 1887.
8.	Lewis, Mrs. (*née* Thomas) (Cameroons, 1884–6).	1887	Died at sea, 1909.
9.	Moolenaar, Mrs. -	1887	Returned, 1890.
10.	Pinnock, Mrs. -	1887	Died at Eastbourne, 1895.

		Date of Marriage or Acceptance	
11.	Phillips, Mrs. (*née* Phillips).	1888	Died at San Salvador, 1899.
12.	Butcher, Miss (Mrs. J. G. Brown).	1888	Returned a widow, 1889.
13.	Silvey, Miss (Mrs. Cameron).	1888	Died at Wathen, 1893.
14.	Graham, Mrs. -	1888	Returned, 1924.
15.	Harrison, Mrs. -	1890	Returned, 1895.
16.	Comber, Mrs. Percy	1890	Died at Banana, 1890.
17.	Darby, Mrs. - -	1891	Returned, 1894.
18.	Webb, Mrs. - -	1893	Returned a widow, 1895.
19.	Roger, Mrs. - -	1893	Returned a widow, 1901.
20.	Glennie, Mrs. - -	1893	Returned, 1896.
21.	Stapleton, Mrs. (1908, Mrs. Millman).	1893	
22.	Whitehead, Mrs. -	1893	
23.	Forfeitt, Mrs. W. L.	1893	Returned, 1924.
24.	Forfeitt, Mrs. Lawson.	1894	Returned, 1906.
25.	Scrivener, Mrs. (*née* Baker).	1895	Died at Bolobo, 1898.
26.	De Hailes, Miss L. M.	1895	
27.	Gordon, Mrs. (*née* N. Gordon).	1896	Died at Atlanta, U.S.A., 1901.
28.	Pople, Mrs. - -	1896	Died at Tumba, 1897.
29.	Howell, Mrs. - -	1896	Returned, 1922.
30.	Bell, Mrs. (*née* Feisser).	1896	Died at Wathen, 1901.
31.	White, Mrs. - -	1896	Returned a widow, 1897.
32.	Clark, Mrs. J. A. -	1896	
33.	Kirkland, Mrs. -	1896	Died at Bolobo, 1901.

		Date of Marriage or Acceptance	
34.	Stephens, Mrs. -	1898	Returned, 1905 ; died in England, 1923.
35.	Brindal, Miss L. A.	1898	Returned, 1900.
36.	Dodds, Mrs. (*née* Carr).	1898	Died at sea, 1903.
37.	Beedham, Mrs. -	1899	Returned a widow, 1900.
38.	Wooding, Mrs. -	1899	Returned, 1925.
39.	Stonelake, Mrs. A. R.	1899	
40.	Smith, Mrs. Kenred (*née* Gregg).	1899	Died at Yakusu, 1901.
41.	Stonelake, Mrs. H. T.	1900	Died in England, 1903.
42.	Cameron, Mrs. (*née* Glover).	1901	Returned, 1913 ; died in Canada, 1927.
43.	Millman, Mrs. (*née* Langley).	1901	Died at Monsembi, 1902.
44.	Scrivener, Mrs. (*née* Gillman).	1902	Died at Bolobo, 1903.
45.	Gordon, Mrs. (*née* Jackson).	1902	Died at sea, 1910.
46.	Bowskill, Mrs. -	1903	
47.	Kirby, Mrs. - -	1903	Returned, 1922.
48.	Pinnock, Mrs. (*née* Brown).	1903	Returned, 1909.
49.	Weeks, Mrs. (*née* Wadlow).	1903	Returned, 1906 ; died in England, 1926.
50.	Denton, Miss - -	1903	Returned, 1904.
51.	Hooper, Mrs. - -	1904	
52.	Jennings, Mrs. -	1904	
53.	Mayo, Mrs. (1905, Mrs. Kirkland).	1904	Returned, 1927.
54.	Dodds, Mrs. (*née* Mann).	1906	Returned, 1911.

	Date of Marriage or Acceptance	
55. Frame, Mrs. - -	1906	
56. Wilford, Mrs. - -	1906	Returned a widow, 1914.
57. Phillips, Mrs. (formerly Mrs. Bauer, S.M.S.).	1906	
58. Gamble, Mrs. - -	1908	Returned, 1921.
59. Coppin, Miss H. G.	1908	
60. Shead, Miss M. -	1908	Returned, 1914.
61. Beale, Mrs. - -	1909	Returned, 1926.
62. Cotter, Miss B. -	1909	Died at San Salvador, 1910.
63. Smith, Mrs. H. Sutton.	1909	Transferred to China, 1912.
64. Lowrie, Mrs. - -	1909	Returned, 1910.
65. Collett, Miss L. A. W.	1909	Resigned, 1921.
66. Paterson, Miss H. A. (1916, Mrs. Claridge).	1909	Returned, 1921.
67. Jackson, Miss A. -	1909	Returned, 1916.
68. Bell, Miss A. H. -	1909	
69. Smith, Mrs. Kenred (*née* Walker).	1910	Returned, 1918.
70. Longland, Mrs. -	1910	Returned, 1921.
71. Girling, Mrs. - -	1910	Returned, 1923.
72. Marker, Mrs. - -	1910	
73. Whitmore, Miss E. N. (1914, Mrs. Lambotte).	1910	Returned a widow, 1918.
74. Lewis, Mrs. (*née* Bean).	1911	Died in England, 1923.
75. Thomas, Mrs. - -	1911	
76. Holmes, Mrs. - -	1911	
77. Gee, Miss (1915, Mrs. Hynes).	1911	Returned, 1921.

		Date of Marriage or Acceptance	
78.	James, Miss D. H.	1911	
79.	Pugh, Mrs.	1912	
80.	Hickson, Miss G. M.	1912	Resigned, 1921.
81.	Moss, Miss M. M. (1913, Mrs. Powell).	1912	Returned, 1919.
82.	Wilson, Miss A. M.	1912	
83.	Wilkerson, Mrs.	1912	
84.	Exell, Mrs.	1913	
85.	Thompson, Mrs. S. F.	1913	Returned, 1925.
86.	Palmer, Mrs.	1913	
87.	Clappen, Miss S. K.	1913	Resigned, 1921.
88.	Claridge, Mrs. (*née* Darcy).	1914	Died at San Salvador, 1914.
89.	Allen, Mrs.	1914	
90.	Cook, Mrs.	1914	Returned, 1923.
91.	Davies, Mrs.	1914	
92.	Clark, Mrs. J. N.	1914	
93.	Jones, Mrs. E. R.	1914	Returned, 1921.
94.	Brooks, Miss Mary O'K. (1921, Mrs. Gilmore).	1916	Returned, 1927.
95.	Ingram, Miss E. E.	1917	Resigned, 1921.
96.	Lambourne, Miss J.	1917	
97.	Reynolds, Mrs.	1917	
98.	Hughes, Miss H. (1923, Mrs. Hillard).	1918	
99.	Smith, Miss F. J.	1918	Resigned, 1921.
100.	Mill, Mrs.	1918	
101.	Chesterman, Mrs. C. C.	1919	
102.	Peacop, Miss D. (1924, Mrs. Wooster).	1919	

		Date of Marriage or Acceptance	
103.	Barter, Miss E. W.	1919	Resigned, 1922.
104.	Birrell, Miss C. -	1920	Transferred to China, 1924.
105.	Bull, Miss B. - -	1920	Resigned, 1924.
106.	Bliss, Miss G. - -	1920	
107.	Austin, Mrs. - -	1920	
108.	Starte, Mrs. - -	1920	
109.	Hammond, Miss M.	1920	
110.	Milledge, Miss E. K.	1921	
111.	Joy, Mrs. - -	1921	
112.	Head, Miss L. E. -	1921	
113.	Harper, Miss F. M., M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H., D.T.M.	1921–1923	*Locum tenens.*
114.	Scruton, Miss E. -	1921	Resigned, 1923.
115.	Petrie, Miss N. F. -	1922	
116.	Reiling, Miss G. -	1923	
117.	Wilkinson, Miss A.	1923	
118.	Davidson, Mrs. -	1923	
119.	Morrish, Mrs. - -	1923	Died in England, 1926.
120.	Simpson, Mrs. -	1923	
121.	Weeks, Mrs. L. J. -	1923	
122.	Wilson, Mrs. - -	1925	
123.	Ennals, Mrs. - -	1925	
124.	Ford, Mrs. - -	1926	Died at Yakusu, 1927.
125.	Lofts, Miss P. -	1926	
126.	Hern, Mrs. J. P. (Associate).	1926	
127.	Coles, Miss M. -	1927	
128.	Tyrrell, Mrs. - -	1927	
129.	Thompson, Mrs. R. V. de C.	1927	
130.	Tweedley, Mrs. -	1927	
131.	Guest, Mrs. - -	1928	

A LIST OF BOOKS AND PUBLISHED ARTICLES

1884. "Work on the Congo River." By the Treasurer.
"A Memoir of William Henry Doke." By his Father.

1885. "Manual for Missionaries to the Congo." T. J. Comber.
"Rise and Progress of the Congo Mission." Joseph Tritton.

1887. "Grammar and Dictionary of the Kongo Language." W. H. Bentley.
"Life on the Congo." W. H. Bentley.
"Life of Thomas Comber." J. B. Myers.

1892. "Dark Africa and the Way Out." Rev. W. Hughes, F.R.G.S.

1895. "Appendix to the Grammar and Dictionary of Kongo." W. H. Bentley.

1896. "Guide de Conversation in French, Portuguese, Congo and English." H. M. Bentley.

1897. "A Young Congo Missionary" (S. R. Webb, M.D.). Wm. Brock.

1899. "Dictionary and Grammar of the Bobangi Language." John Whitehead.

1900. "Pioneering on the Congo." W. H. Bentley.

1901. "Harry White." J. E. Roberts.

1903. "A Miracle of Modern Missions." John Bell.
"Comparative Handbook of Congo Languages." W. H. Stapleton.

1903. "Suggestions pour un Grammaire de Bangala." W. H. Stapleton.
"Protestant Missions and the Congo." J. Lawson Forfeitt.

1904. "Apropos du Congo." Translated in French. J. Lawson Forfeitt.

1905. "Suggestions for a Grammar of Bangala." W. H. Stapleton.

1907. "In Memoriam—George Grenfell, F.R.G.S."
"In Memoriam—W. H. Bentley."
"W. Holman Bentley." By his widow, H. M. Bentley.

1908. "George Grenfell and the Congo." Sir H. H. Johnston.
"The Old Kingdom of Congo." Thomas Lewis. (Reprinted from *R.G.S. Journal.*)
"Matula le Congolais."
"From Mill Hill to the Congo." (Second Edition of "A Young Congo Missionary.") Wm. Brock.

1909. "Life of George Grenfell. Rev. George Hawker.
"Au Congo pour Christ." Jules Rambaud.
"Anthropological Notes on the Bangala of the Upper Congo River." J. H. Weeks.
"An Englishwoman's Twenty-Five Years in Tropical Africa" (Mrs. Gwen Lewis). George Hawker.

1910. "Grenfell of the Congo." S. J. Dickins.
"Un Paquet de Lettres du Congo." Translated by H. Anet.
"A Voice from the Congo." Herbert Ward.

1911. "Congoland." Kenred Smith.
"Story of the Congo Mission." Mrs. J. R. M. Stephens.
"Congo Life and Folklore." J. H. Weeks.

1912. "Yakusu." H. Sutton Smith (n.d.).
"Story of the Baptist Congo Mission." W. Mackintosh.

1913. "En Eclaireur." Dr. Henri Anet.

1914. "Christ in Africa." W. Y. Fullerton.
"Among the Primitive Bakongo." J. H. Weeks.

1915. "William Holman Bentley—A Congo Pathfinder." J. H. Weeks
"Among Congo Cannibals." J. H. Weeks.

1917. "Story of the Congo Mission." (Second Edition.) Mrs. J. R. M. Stephens.

1919. "After Forty Years." B.M.S. Deputation Report.

1920. "Llwybrau Gwyllt y Congo." Thomas Lewis.

1922. "Wild Bush Tribes of Tropical Africa." G. C. Claridge.

1926. "Congo and Its People." R. Glennie.

1927. "George Grenfell." H. L. Hemmens.
"Comber, the Congo Pioneer." E. E. Hayes.
"The Bantu Tribes of the Congo Watershed." John Howell.

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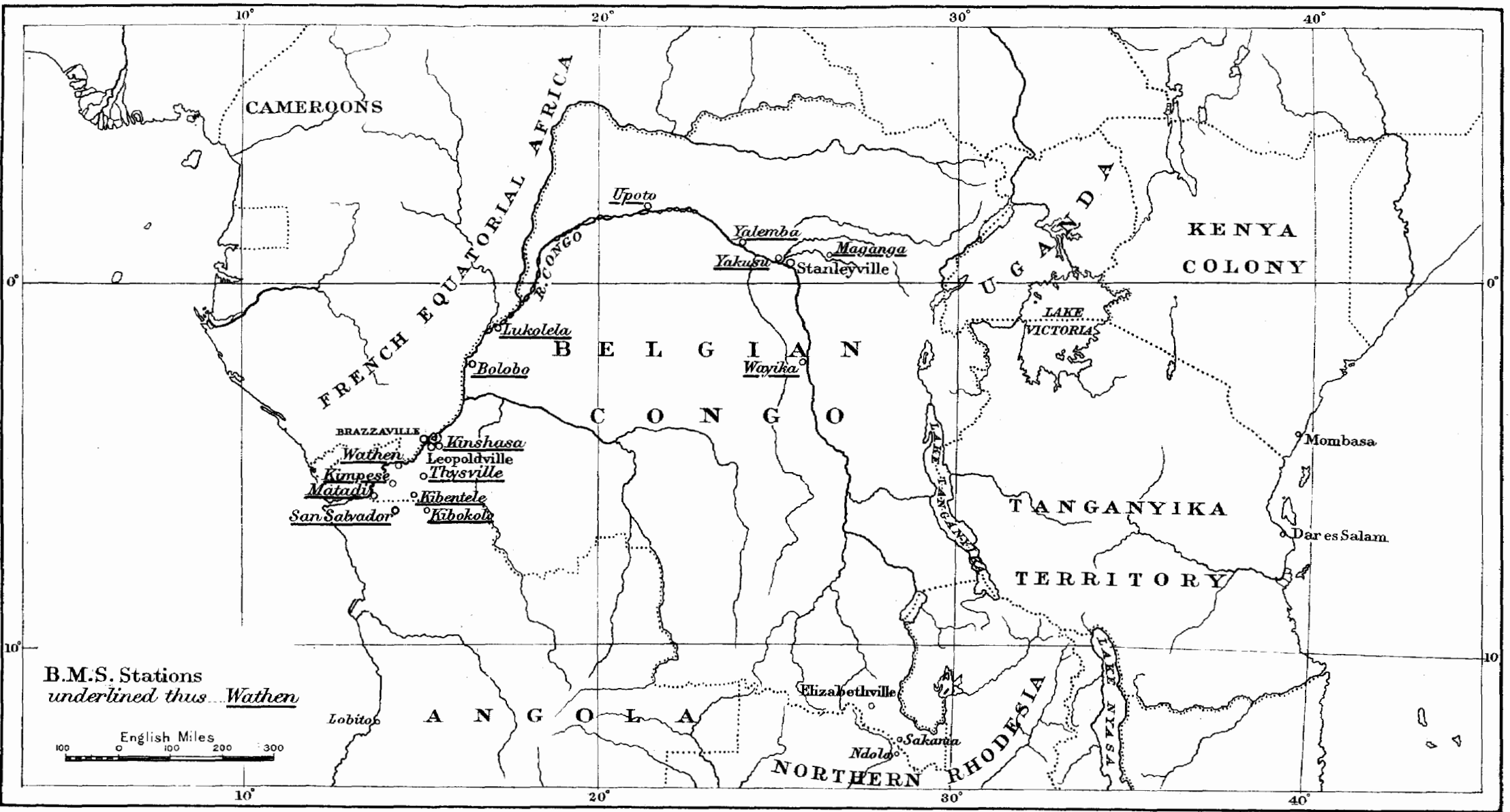

Stanford's Geographical Establishment, London.