WILLIS R. HOTCHKISS

THEN AND NOW IN KENYA COLONY

Forty Adventurous Years in East Africa

By
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PREFACE

IT is given to few men in this wonderful century of development to have witnessed the growth of a Colony from primitive savagery to a high degree of civilization. That privilege has been mine. And every privilege that one man enjoys more than his fellows carries with it a measure of responsibility. These pages are an effort to discharge that responsibility.

My friends in Kenya Colony, missionaries and settlers alike, as also very many in the homeland, have for years urged me to write the story of those absorbingly interesting years. But with increasing knowledge there has come a deepening sense of limitation. The "heathen in his blindness" is not the simple proposition he once appeared to be. There are dimensions about him that defy our yardsticks and confound our snap judgments. One conviction alone has remained not only unaltered, but confirmed with cumulative force through the years, and that is that the Cross of Christ is the all-sufficient answer to the problems of Africa, as to the rest of the world.

In these pages I have tried to give an unvarnished account of those wonderful years. I have not hesitated to record the failures as well as the successes of missionary work, for both are needed in order to form a balanced verdict. In doing this I have had in mind that vast numbers in our churches are not interested

in missions. I want them, especially the men, to see how eminently sane is this missionary enterprise.

I have compressed the record severely in order to make it available to the largest number. I have been thinking constantly of those humble helpers whose "joy and deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality" and whose sacrificial gifts enabled one to carry on.

W. R. H.

Kericho, Kenya Colony,
British East Africa.

FOREWORD

THE honour of being chosen to write the foreword to this book from among the thousands in Great Britan and America who know and love Mr. Hotchkiss is deeply appreciated. Though, until recent years, our paths had not crossed since we were college mates forty-five years ago, there is a deep and abiding devotion in Christ between Mr. Hotchkiss and myself which may have prompted him to extend this honour to me and certainly is the basis upon which I so gladly respond.

It is asserted by some religious leaders that a missionary should confine his efforts to evangelism, that is, the direct and constant proclamation of the gospel. Doubtless, this idealism is greatly influenced by the degree of civilization and culture to which the people have attained to whom the missionary goes. Mr. Hotchkiss was called to enter Kenya Colony over forty years ago when the natives were sunken to the lowest level of heathenism. The whole territory was then a financial liability on Great Britain because of the utter inability or incapacity of the people, though occupying exceedingly fertile lands, to sustain human life. At the end of these forty years Kenya Colony is a real financial asset to Great Britain through normal taxes alone. Mr. Hotchkiss has taken a very important part in this phenomenal transformation, yet not at all at the expense of his real missionary objective, but rather as a mighty assistance to the realization of that objective.

This book is an entrancing narrative presenting the life and service of one of the constructive missionaries of this generation. These chapters are word pictures, holding the reader spellbound with the sublime art of utterance, and disclosing the consummate skill with which a practical man of God can blend things spiritual and temporal on a heathen mission field, to produce results that are an indisputable demonstration of divne power. Mr. Hotchkiss has, however, revealed his unique work and deep spiritual life without calling undue attention to his own achievements which have entered into this great service. He shows remarkable

modesty in sharing the credit for the accomplishments with his colleagues in the religious, political, and industrial progress in this Crown Colony of Great Britain.

After ten years of pioneering, Mr. Hotchkiss entered the Lumbwa area in 1905 and found the people starving. Now they are entirely self-supporting. Sixteen schools extending more than seventy miles from the main station, were established and the teachers are natives who were trained in the main school. There is a native church comprising three hundred and sixty-seven members with hundreds of other natives in preparation for membership. The practical side of this work has also attracted the attention of the British government. Mr. Hotchkiss was appointed by the governor to serve on the Advisory Council of the Native Land Trust Board which has under its control all the Native Reserves of the Colony. This service gave him rare opportunities to defend the rights and to plead the cause of the people, whose spiritual interest was his main concern. The confidence of the natives has thus been won, as perhaps it could not have been otherwise. Then again, the Local Settlers Association sent him as one of two of their delegates to the Central Association or Settlers' Parliament—a branch of government quite disinterested in missionary effort—where opportunity was given to discuss matters of great moment to the natives.

Mr. Hotchkiss went out as one of the first missionaries of the Africa Inland Mission. That he achieved much under God for that great movement in its early days is disclosed in one terse sentence written by the late Charles Hurlburt, founder of the Mission, to Mr. Hotchkiss' mother regarding the early crisis in the Mission: "Surely through your faithful son God has saved this work for His own glory."

The reading of this thrilling narrative in manuscript form has stirred my own heart as few missionary records have ever done. The book will claim a large place in missionary literature. Christian character and courage are both contagious, and none can avoid the uplift who will read this modest record of Mr. Hotchkiss' great life and service.

LEWIS SPERRY CHAFER

Dallas, Texas.

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I

THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAIL

IT WAS a glorious morning on that 27th day of October in the year 1895 when the little coastal vessel of the German East Africa Line nosed its way carefully past the treacherous reef guarding the entrance to Mombasa harbour, and dropped anchor off the old custom house. MOMBASA! It was a name to conjure with in those days, a glamorous name, redolent of mystery. Had not Milton mentioned it in " Paradise Lost " as of something unreal, out there on the rim of the world, having nothing in common with the rest of it?

Yet we were to learn very soon that underneath the air of unreality lay a very real world. The same contrasts, the same conflicts, the same complex struggle for existence lay hidden behind those smiling white buildings framed by the lovely palms. Here were the palatial homes of the rich Arab and Hindu merchants and traders, and there were the tumble-down, tipsy mud huts of the masses, made up of every tribe in the hinterland yonder. Silk-clad, bejewelled men and women rubbed shoulders with leprous, ulcerous human beings clad in nothing but filthy loin-cloths. Yet the general impression was one of light hearted gaiety everywhere. Life was not such a serious business after all. Why should it be, when a handful of rice, and a bit of shark's meat that smelled to heaven was all that was needed to set the tongue to singing, and feet to dancing.

Yes, here we were at last! We rubbed our eyes and it wasn't a dream after all. Indeed it soon became apparent that the world was not such a big place, as we had imagined it to be. Even as we were being rowed ashore we were electrified by a familiar sound. Out

from the medley of strange noises, growing more and more distinct as we neared the shore, there fell upon our astonished ears the strains of " Taa-ra-ra-boom-ti-ay." We thought we had left that tune forever behind on the sidewalks of New York. And here it is, coming from the lips of sweating black porters as they shuffle back and forth from wharf to custom house under their heavy loads. It seemed like an absurd anticlimax.

And now, forty years later, as I write these words, the eerie strangeness of it all is accentuated, for the same lilting tune is coming from the radio there in the other room. After lying all these years in the mortuary where forgotten songs are laid to rest, it is resurrected to tickle the ears of another generation.

It was not an easy task in those days to get to Mombasa. For it was not then, as it is to-day, the liveliest port on the East African coast. Not a single steamship line stopped there regularly. Zanzibar was then, and continued to be for some time thereafter, the metropolis of East Africa. All Government offices were centred there. Indeed, strange as it may appear, no British passenger line came beyond Aden. Two lines only, German and French, served this coast.

So it happened that the good *s.s. Admiral* took us on to Zanzibar with never a look at Mombasa, stopped there only long enough to drop the mails, then hurried on to Tanga and Dar-es-Salaam. At these ports the process was repeated, for, having dropped the mails, we retraced our way to Zanzibar. Here we were dumped off to wait for a little coastal vessel to take us on to what was then the relatively insignificant port of Mombasa. But although our steamer was lying in port, she was not to sail for another week. And the prospect of spending that week in the stuffy little Africa hotel, mosquito and fly ridden, unsightly and unsanitary, was not nice to contemplate.

But God was better to us than our fears. It happened that the Captain of this vessel had but recently come

out from Germany and he was desperately homesick. He therefore invited our entire party of seven—the first missionaries of the Africa Inland Mission—to spend that week on board as his guests. I had occasion to remember this merciful act four years later, when I had to swelter for some days in that same little hotel.

Now, we were in a position to thoroughly enjoy the novel scenes which thrilled us day after day. Every morning and evening when the soft, cool breezes, laden with the scent of cloves, dispelled the lassitude of the day, we were rowed ashore to explore at our leisure the wonders of this Arabian-night town, famed in story and song the world around. We looked with something akin to awe at the heavy, brass-studded door that had swung to the passing to and fro of that almost legendary character, Tippu Tib, slave raider extraordinary.

On a later visit I had the novel experience of passing through such a portal to call on Surhan bin Nassur, Liwali or Governor of Mwera, Zanzibar. He received us with that fine courtesy which is characteristic of the high class Arab. Our interview concluded, he clapped his hands and a servant appeared noiselessly, bearing a tray with coffee. This was served in lovely china cups set in exquisitely fashioned gold containers. Upon our departure our host gave my friend, Theodore Burtt, head of the English Friends Mission on Pemba Island, and myself, autographed photographs of himself.

We explored the winding, tortuous streets, every turn bringing to light some strange new wonder. We visited the Cathedral of the Universities Mission, which stands on the site of the old slave market, its altar on the very spot where the auction block once stood. During the heat of the day we sat under awnings on decks which were kept constantly wet and therefore cool. At meal times punkas swung to and fro above the tables, pulled by white-robed natives sitting on the deck outside. The sweet scent of cloves was borne to us from the great plantations yonder, where ninety

per cent. of the world's cloves are grown on two tiny little islands, Zanzibar and Pemba.

It was the month of Ramadan, sacred season in the Mohammedan world. During this period the followers of the Prophet religiously fast all day and then feast at night. But after all they are not so greatly different from the Christian, who gives up a few unimportant indulgences during the forty days of Lent, and then thinks he has purchased immunity from sacrificial devotion for the remaining three hundred and twenty-five days of the year.

In front of us was the garish palace of the Sultan, and each day his little army of a few score proudly strutting black soldiers paraded back and forth. Alas, but a year later the Sultan got into difficulties with the British Government. A warship bombarded the palace and left it a mass of ruins. A serio-comic incident accompanied this episode. The Sultan had a little yacht converted into a warship called the *Glasgow*, mounting one small brass cannon. The Arab commander of this, to him, formidable navy, refused to haul down his flag when summoned to do so. More than this, he challenged the mighty British navy by firing his little cannon at the big man-of-war. For some time thereafter the tops of the masts sticking out of the sea bore mute witness to the futility of twisting the British lion's tail. Before passing on, it is worthy of note that the first foreign Consulate at Zanzibar was established by the American Government in 1837. It was not until four years later that Great Britain entered this field, which she has held with credit ever since.

Under these favourable circumstances the days passed quickly enough. So it was almost with a sigh that we woke up one morning to find the now familiar landscape receding from view. We are headed for Mombasa at last. But wait a bit! We are on the way, it is true, but in the opposite direction. Once again we are carried down to Tanga and Dar-es-Salaam, then back to

Zanzibar, before finally heading toward our real objective. So little had England up to this time realised the value of her possessions in East Africa.

Now before we reach our objective it may be as well to ask ourselves a few pertinent questions. Just why have we come on this enterprise. Is it merely to get the African to exchange his religion for ours, even though ours is admittedly better than his? Or is it to civilize him, to get him to wear clothes, to build better houses, to produce more and better crops? All these are desirable things, and they are things that have bulked large in my own service for Christ during these forty years. But they are not the things which justify missionary enterprise.

No, the thing goes deeper than that. Jesus indicated it when the paralyzed man was brought to Him to be healed. He needed healing of body and needed it badly, but he needed something else which was far more fundamental. "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee" is the first word. That word touches the need which lies back of, and is responsible for every other need. The sin question must be settled before we can cope with the multiplied problems of the social and economic need.

Suppose Jesus was right when He declared, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." I am THE way, not merely one of the many religious ways in the world but, the only way. For, to make His meaning crystal-clear, He adds the illuminating word, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Again, "I am THE truth," not merely a truth among many truths. We do not dispute the fact that the non-Christian religions contain truth, even much that is beautiful truth. And truth the world over is from God. But Christ does not merely teach truth. He IS truth incarnate; He is truth personified. And that is the reason He is forever calling men to come to Himself. Not alone to follow Him, but first of all to obtain the life which makes the following possible.

If He were no more than a teacher, though the greatest of all teachers, His constant use of the pronoun "I" would stamp Him as a charlatan or a fool. But from the lips of Deity that little pronoun bridges the chasm that separates man from God and brings Him near in saving, sanctifying grace.

"I am THE life,"—not merely a revelation of life, but He IS life, and the life is the light of men. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of of God hath not life." There it is, the indisputable fact of divine revelation. We may take it or we may leave it but we cannot evade it. "There is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved." If these words are not true, then the missionary enterprise is what a famous critic proclaimed it to be, "The dream of a dreamer who dreams that he has been dreaming." If they are true, there is an end of argument. No, we do not come to Africa because men are heathen and need civilization; we came because men are sinners and need a Saviour.

No one who has ever travelled down the east coast of Africa can ever forget the entrancing beauty of his first sight of Mombasa. Coming after the stark wastes of unrelieved sand from Suez onward, where the occasional port towns stand out like warts on the pimply face of the landscape, and the blistering heat fairly shrivels soul and body, this lovely harbour is breath-taking in its sheer allurement. The deep green of the massed mango trees, the lighter green of the banana groves, the delicate tracery of the date palms, and high over all the waving fronds of the cocoanut leave one speechless with the wonder of it. Nor is this all. Against the solid background of green are the brilliant colours of gorgeous tropical flowers and shrubbery in infinite variety, a veritable symphony of colour. Flowering cacti, fragrant jasmine, fruitful pawpaw assail the senses and delight the eye. Red and purple bougainvillea and lovely wistaria clamber riotously everywhere.

Even the otherwise prosaic human element adds rather than detracts from the harmonious whole. White robed Arabs stroll about in the leisurely fashion characteristic of the unhurried East. Swahilis with red fezzes set jauntily on shaven heads saunter by in lordly disdain of lesser fry. Black women, arrayed in bright coloured shukas swagger gracefully along the paths, a baby on the hips or a water jar balanced expertly on their heads. Indian women in brilliantly coloured silk sarais and ankles laden with gold and silver bracelets, add the final touch to a picturesque and entrancing picture. Nor would we forget those lesser fry, the half-clad barbarians from the mysterious region yonder on the horizon ; the men furtive and uncertain of movement amid unfamiliar surroundings ; women dressed like ballet-dancers in flapping skirts which stop far short of the knees.

Amid all this kaleidoscope of beauty there is one feature, however, which by its sheer ugliness enhances the impression. This is the monstrous baobab tree, its huge drab bulk naked of foliage amid the prodigal luxuriousness surrounding it. Stretching gaunt, stunted arms to the sky, it seems to symbolize the terrible history through which this tiny island has passed—a history of endless strife, of conquests by Persians and Arabs, Portuguese and savages, of pillages and massacres without number.

The authentic history of Mombasa dates from about the year A.D. 975, when it was founded by the Persians. Some interesting ruins along the coast still bear mute witness to these enterprising colonists. But it was not until five centuries later that the world at large began to take cognizance of this coast. Even then it was a mere incident in a larger enterprise, namely, the scramble of European powers to tap the fabulous riches of India. Thus it came about that Vasco de Gama discovered Mombasa on his way to India in 1498. But it came near being a costly discovery, for as he entered

the harbour on April 7 of that year he was nearly shipwrecked. The native name of the island is Mvita, meaning war or battle, and its chequered history completely vindicates the name. It gave constant trouble to the Portuguese, whose rule was cruel and tyrannical, resulting in vindictive reprisals on the part of the natives.

In 1586 a Turkish pirate, named Ali Bey drove the Portuguese from Mombasa and captured enormous booty, with which he sailed away. Three years later he returned. The Portuguese sent a fleet from India to recapture the island. At the same time a horde of cannibal savages called the Wazimba, who had fought their way up from South Africa, ravaging the country as they came, appeared on the mainland opposite the island. Now Mombasa was caught between the upper and nether millstones, the Portuguese fleet on the sea side and these fierce cannibal hosts on the mainland. To attain their purpose the latter resorted to strategy. They promised to help the defenders against the Portuguese. But no sooner had they gained entrance to the town than they massacred the inhabitants. But they were subsequently conquered by the Portuguese, who then made Mombasa the capital of their East African possessions.

In 1593 they began to build the strong fort which stands to this day the most striking feature of the landscape, as one enters Mombasa harbour. It was named Fort Jesus, which surely is incongruity at its best—or worst. But there it stands, grim and silent, holding within its towering walls the story of those relentless years. It withstood one seige for three years. Once a garrison of Portuguese held out until only eleven were left. Finally, in desperate straits and hopeless of rescue, they surrendered, only to be immediately massacred. The very next day a Portuguese fleet appeared, but seeing the Arab flag flying above the fort, turned and sailed back to India. Over the entrance is

the original inscription cut in the year 1635, in the coral rock of which the fort is constructed. On the south-west corner, above the deep moat, still hangs a frame containing a figure in relief of the Virgin and Child Jesus !

One would naturally conclude that a priceless historic relic of this nature would be converted into a museum, a fitting home for the rare treasures of the island and the thrillingly interesting region contiguous to it. But so far from that being the case, as if in ironic mockery of historic values, it is just a common prison, housing the flotsam and jetsam of East Africa's criminal world. Black prisoners squat over steaming pots of pottage, speculating on the vagaries of these strange white men, who suppose they are punishing them by housing them in such comfort as they have never known, and feeding them to repletion. Is that sighing sound in the night just the wind or the ghostly defenders of long ago mourning over the desecration of this hallowed spot ? There was a time when those who knew and cared could obtain a permit to inspect the interior of the fort. But even that boon has recently been withdrawn. *O tempora ! O mores !*

Along the shore are anchored numerous Arab dhows, those extraordinary sailing vessels which have been plying between Persia and Arabia and India and the East African ports for more centuries than anybody knows with certainty. With their rakish, yacht-like bows and elaborately carved stems, and topped by huge lanteen sails, they are an unforgettable picture against the deep blue of the tropical sea. But there our rhapsody ends. Here indeed distance lends enchantment. To the luckless voyager compelled by circumstances to sail in them, they afford the maximum of discomfort. What with the appalling stench and lack of sanitation, the unhappy traveller must have suffered beyond words. Yet missionaries of an earlier day, women as well as men, endured weary months of it

under the constraining love of Christ. We missionaries of to-day who travel in palatial steamers, provided with every comfort, have only touched the fringe of sacrificial devotion in comparison with those heroic souls.

These dhows bring the exquisite products of the looms of Persia and India, wonderful rugs and tapestries, and return laden with ivory, cocoanuts, and, until recently, slaves. Even now an occasional ghostly ship slips out from some obscure mangrove sheltered cove at night, and eluding the vigilance of the British men-of-war, scuttle away to Arabia with a cargo of black ivory.

During the opening years of the nineteenth century fifteen thousand slaves were imported yearly into Zanzibar, two-thirds of whom were re-exported to other countries. It was not until the year 1897 that the legal status of slavery was abolished in the dominions of the Sultan, though the traffic itself had been suppressed long before. Arab influence, through this diabolic traffic, extended far into the interior of the continent, so much so that it was a common saying,

" When one pipes in Zanzibar,
They dance on the lakes."

It is a strange and disturbing fact that the African himself has been a party to this crime of the centuries. Witness the shocking revelations that have come from Liberia within recent years. Here is a colony of freed slaves from America, making capital out of the enslavement of their less fortunate fellows. It brings to mind that tragic story of base ingratitude told by Jesus, of the man who was forgiven an enormous debt running into millions, seizing a fellow debtor who owed him but a few shillings, and in utter forgetfulness of his own gracious deliverance, demanding the last cent from his fellow, and on his failure to produce it thrusting him into prison. God's gracious forgiveness of us must ever be the basis of and the inspiration of our forgiveness of

others. To this day the northern border of Kenya Colony is subjected to periodic raids by the Abyssinian tribes across the border. This has compelled Kenya Colony to maintain at great expense a mobile force to patrol the area.

The traffic in ivory has from earliest times been a prominent feature of East Africa's trade, and Mombasa has long been an important centre for this trade. To this day it forms no mean item in the exports from this port. The elephant, most magnificent of all existing fauna, has had no value in Africa other than for its tusks. In India, the huge beasts, though not so large as the African variety, have been trained to do the most useful tasks, and for centuries have graced the spectacular pageants of her fabulously wealthy princes, decked in gorgeous panoply of priceless worth. In Africa, on the other hand, they have been ruthlessly slaughtered, their huge carcases left to the desecration of unclean beasts and birds, their gleaming tusks hacked out, to become the bizarre support of a dinner gong or the plaything of a curio-crazed generation!

Fifty years before our entrance upon the scene, Dr. Krapf with his wife and child arrived at Mombasa under the Church Missionary Society. He had had an interview with the Sultan of Zanzibar, who gave him a letter in which he said: "This letter is written in behalf of Dr. Krapf a good man who wishes to convert the world to God." But within a few months the deadly maw of Africa claimed his wife and child, and they lie buried yonder at English Point on the mainland.

Krapf was later joined by Dr. Rebmann, and these two intrepid ambassadors of the Cross made numerous journeys into the interior. They discovered Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest peak in Africa, 19,710 feet, and later had a glimpse of Mount Kenya from a distance. The latter is over seventeen thousand feet and its pinnacled peaks and gleaming glaciers on the Equator is an unforgettable sight. But when they reported

their discovery, the wise men of the world laughed them to scorn. Snow on the Equator? Impossible! Perhaps that is the reason why the geographers of Ptolemy's time, when told of such mountains in the interior of Africa, now known as the Ruwenzori range, towering over sixteen thousand feet, indulged in a bit of sarcasm by calling them the "Mountains of the Moon," by which they are known to this day. As a matter of fact, Stanley in 1875 camped for days on the slopes of the mountain and never saw the snow peaks, and would not believe it when the natives told him of the white stuff on its top.

It was not until the construction of the Kenya and Uganda railway got under way, the year after our arrival, that a more commodious harbour than that of Mombasa became an imperative necessity. And all the time lovely Kilindini, which means deep water, one of the finest natural harbours in the world, lay but two miles away on the other side of the island.

Now, the largest passenger liners sail through the beautiful palm-girt channel, past the picturesque ruins of ancient fortifications, which are now but hazards on a modern golf course laid out along the shore; past charming residences, whose white and buff coloured walls form a background for gorgeous purple and red bougainvillea and graceful wistaria climbing in riotous profusion over walls and trellises, into the spacious harbour, beyond which loom the tumbled hills clad in perpetual green, where gleam the white walls and red roofs and pretty bungalows framed by feathery palms. Finally, the vessel comes to rest alongside a modern wharf; huge electric cranes unload the produce of the world's factories, and the empty space is refilled with the products of this infant colony—coffee and tea, sisal and maize, copra, and now within the past five years, gold from the rich Kakamega reef. *And I walked all over that reef a few years ago and did not know that there was such vast wealth beneath my feet!*

Round-the-world tourists are now whisked round the island in American motor cars, driven by Arab and Swahili and Indian drivers, through the narrow, winding streets of the old town with its moving crowds clad in all colours of the rainbow, who press themselves against the walls or spring into doorways to let the fussy machine with its load of curiosity-seekers pass. Suddenly there is a grinding of brakes to let a laden camel slouch by in supercilious disdain, or to pass a patient little donkey carrying a burly native whose feet barely miss the ground. In the tiny shops on either side sit merchants cross-legged, for all the world like spiders waiting to catch the hapless fly. Goldsmiths and silversmiths sit on the floor before tiny anvils, creating things of exquisite beauty with amazingly primitive implements. In the doorways of more pretentious stores sit prosperous Indian and Arab merchants, serenely unmoved by all the hurly-burly of this noisy civilization which has invaded and shattered the peace of their tranquil lives.

Or it may be that tourists are already jaded with this more or less commonplace routine of Oriental sight-seeing and want something new. And here at hand is the chance of a lifetime. A waiting train at the wharf whirls them off for a swift trip to Nairobi, the capital of the Colony, 350 miles inland. From daybreak until the very outskirts of the city are reached at noon, they pass through the game reserve, a vast open air menagerie, that never fails to bring gasps of delighted wonder from the onlooker. There before one's astonished eyes are tens of thousands of wild animals in their natural habitat, without even a fence to hinder their movements.

There are little Thomson's gazelle (Tommies we call them), Mpalla and Grant's gazelle, the most graceful of all this vast family ; ubiquitous but ungraceful harte-beest, and lumbering wildebeest or gnu. Great herds of zebra in their fantastic prison stripes, as if in ironic

emphasis of their untameable natures. Ostriches vulgarly barelegged and uncouth, the cock in his gorgeous black and white array, the hen in drab brown, stride away as from your too familiar gaze. Amid the flat topped thorn trees you glimpse the supercilious looking giraffe. They used to get their long necks tangled up in the telegraph wires, so that the railway authorities were finally compelled to string the wires on taller poles. Occasionally a huge rhino shows himself, as of one born out of due time; or even a lion or two if you are lucky and keen sighted. But you are likely to be disappointed, for they are not so majestic as seen thus at long range in the vastness of the open plain. But their unique standing is tacitly acknowledged in the fact that it is customary for the engineer of the train to give sharp blasts of the whistle when lions are sighted.

Very different, this leisurely journey of a few hours with every comfort which modern civilization affords, from that same journey only forty years ago. Let us now see how that was done.

II

HEADING INTO THE UNKNOWN

A LITTLE before daybreak on the morning of the 12th of November of that year 1895, we were awakened by the beating of drums. The time since landing had been spent at Frere Town, the station of the Church Missionary Society, which had been established as a rendezvous for freed slaves. The unoccupied houses had been kindly placed at our disposal by the Mission. As there were not enough cots to go around, Severn and I slept, or tried to sleep, on the top of a table. The day before our departure for the interior, however, we moved over to Mombasa in order to get an early start. We had spent that last night in the stuffy Africa hotel, kept by a nondescript Greek. The upstairs portion was reached by a rickety outside stairway. The whole place was reeking with the vile odour arising from decayed shark's meat and other delicacies dear to the heart of the coast native.

We lay in bed and listened as in a dream to the rhythmic beating of the drums, approaching and receding, now loud and insistent, now muffled and indistinct, as in and out of the narrow streets of the native town the drummers moved. It was the beginning of days for us, the opening of a new chapter in our lives. The drums were calling the hundreds of porters who had been signed on by our agents during the past fortnight. There were other porters beside our own, for we were to be part of a Government caravan carrying supplies to isolated posts far inland toward Uganda.

During the previous afternoon we had had our first real glimpse of the sort of thing we were to face yonder beyond the skyline. As we were walking near the old

custom house we came upon a crowd of raw natives, clothed, so far as they were clothed at all, in skins, and carrying bows and arrows. It was raining and they were crouched along the sides of the building as utterly wretched a lot of humanity as one could imagine. They were Wa-Taita, who live about a hundred miles inland. They had been brought down to carry supplies to the Government post in their region.

After a hasty breakfast, for we were too excited to tarry long over that formality, we sallied forth. Our immediate objective was the godown or warehouse of our agents, Messrs. Smith, Mackenzie & Co. where the loads had been made ready. At that time there was but one European firm in Mombasa. They had charge of practically all the transport into the interior.

A chain of ration stations had been established at intervals from the coast right in to Uganda. They were strung out along the caravan trail every seven to ten days' march. They consisted generally of a mud and wattle store and a similar hut for the Swahili headman in charge, the whole being surrounded by a thorn boma. The Swahili was provided with trade goods such as cloth, beads and wire, with which he purchased foodstuffs from the natives. These foodstuffs were kept to ration passing caravans.

At the godown an animated scene met our eyes. The porters were a distinct surprise. Could it be that these dandyfied fellows in their clean white robes, like glorified nightgowns, and jaunty fezzes, were going to carry our loads all those weary miles into the blue ? They looked altogether too fine for that sort of thing. But that first day they must make the most of their finery, purchased with their two months' advance wages, to make a show before their admiring women folk. For it will be many a long day before they see them again, and doubtless many of them will leave their bones to bleach in yonder wilderness. Had not a Government caravan of a thousand porters been wiped out by the

dreaded Massi only a few months before ? So let them strut a bit on this their day of glory.

In addition to the wage advance, each man was provided with two cotton blankets, one of which he promptly wrapped around his head, providing a sort of cushion on which he supported his load. Also a pair of cotton shorts, a shirt or singlet, and a water canteen. This wage advance was a prolific source of worry and anxiety to the leaders of caravans. It was assumed as a matter of course that there would be deserters during the first day or two, and extra porters were always engaged in anticipation of this. One marvelled that there were so few deserters when it was so easy to drop the heavy load, slip into the concealing bush, steal back to the coast, and no one be the wiser except the harassed leader of the caravan.

On the ground before each man was a load in the form of a tin trunk, a wooden box, or a bale, each weighing exactly sixty pounds, the regulation porter load. But this was by no means all, for each one has a private assortment consisting of bright coloured cloth, beads, and trinkets, amounting in some cases to almost as much as his original load. This is his small change, so to speak, which will furnish him many a delicacy later on. One was to marvel time and again at the astuteness of these born traders. They were forever astonishing one by producing some trinket as if by magic, then after dickering for hours with equally astute savage, gain their prize.

But suddenly the whistle sounded, loads were lifted with many an exaggerated grimace and groan, and with shouts of laughter and singing, the line moved off. Perhaps it was just as well that we did not know all that the future held in its womb for us, as we set out gaily on our great adventure.

It is ten o'clock and the sun is blisteringly hot. The white sand radiates heat like an oven. Two miles of this and we come to Makupa ferry where we are to cross

from the island to the mainland. When we see the spot again it will be spanned by a railway bridge, for the following year the railway was begun, ultimately to link the coast with far away Uganda. Its immediate object, unlike most railway construction, was not commercial but political. The headwaters of the mighty Nile had become a rich prize, the possession of which had stirred Europe to activity. The French were pressing in from the West, The Germans from the East. The control of that region meant practical control of Egypt. Colonel Marchang had already reached Fashoda on the Nile and England protested. Marchang was recalled and the situation was eased in that direction. The notorious Dr. Karl Peter had entered Uganda from German East Africa and was to be a thorn in the side of Britain in the immediate future. So a railway must link up the coast with this highly debatable ground.

Up to this time no one dreamed that this country would ever become a white man's country. Indeed, the common talk of the day was rather that it might become a sort of annex to India, to relieve the congestion in that unhappy land. But there was not a single Indian in the interior at that time. They are not a venturesome race, and nothing could induce them to leave the security of the coast region. I remember Colonel Ainsworth once telling me that he tried to induce some Indians to settle at Machakos for trading purposes, but without success. The first such trader, as I recall it, was an Arab who set up a tent store at Machakos about the end of 1897.

From the island to the mainland we were transported in dugout canoes. Once on the other side we began the stiff climb to Changamwe, six miles from Mombasa. Here we halted for a rest amid the cocoanut palms. By this time my new shoes were beginning to tell me things, and they were decidedly unpleasant things. But there was nothing to do about it, except to grin a

sickly grin and bear it. But for an hour or so all our troubles are forgotten in the refreshing coolness beneath the lovely palms.

Soon we were being regaled with deliciously cool drink. This was our introduction to " dafu," the milk of the fresh ripe cocoanut. Naked black forms shinned up the slender bare trunks of the trees with astonishing agility, to where the nuts hung in great golden clusters near the top. As they were tossed down, expert hands ripped off the tough outer cover by ramming them on sharp stakes planted in the ground. Then a hole was cut in one end of the soft shell and lo ! your cool drink was in your hand.

Just when my protesting feet had ceased their throbbing clamour so that I could really rest, the pesky whistle sounded and we were headed into the sun stricken trail again. Under ordinary circumstances, caravans never went beyond this on their first day, which gave opportunity for rebellious muscles to relax, and for porters to get their loads adjusted.

But these were not ordinary times. In East African history it will be noted as the time of the Mazrui rebellion. An Arab chieftain, Mbarak bin Rashid, started his abortive attempt to get control of the coast region in February, 1895, and kept it up until he was compelled to flee to German territory in April, 1896. In November, 1895, but a little while after we left the coast, he attacked Frere Town, but was driven off. The ladies of our party had been left there but it was not until months later that we learned of their peril. Because of this rebellion it was necessary for us to reach Mazeras, at mile fourteen, where an escort of native police under young Lieutenant Ewart was to meet us and accompany us beyond the danger zone. Lieutenant Ewart subsequently rose to become Superintendent of Police, and later, after the World War, was head of the Palestine police.

Up to July, 1895, this country had been administered

by a Chartered Company. This Company had conceived the idea of building a light railway into the interior, and had actually surveyed the line and built the permanent way as far as Mazeras. This was as far as it got until the Government took over the country. This alignment was then used for the first section of the railway to Uganda. Along this permanent way we now plodded, up and up and up, under the pitiless sun, at a time of day when most self-respecting caravans are in camp and enjoying the relaxation which is such a delightful feature of safari life.

And what a lot of things we had to learn. For instance, each of us had a personal servant, or " boy," who bore our rifle, water canteen, binoculars, &c. Any native servant is called " boy " no matter how old he may be. My attachment was a funny looking, weazened little chap bearing the incongruous name of Kilimanjia, which means the hill road. Since names indicate some circumstance connected with birth, I suppose he must have been born on a road in the hills. You see, birth is not the elaborate business it is with us civilized folk. A few minutes by the wayside, perhaps, then up and away with a wee little mite tucked in a leather pouch on the back. That is all.

Well, Kilimanjia seemed like such a tiny fellow, so unequal to the rigorous demands made upon him, his big eyes looked so pathetically appealing, that I took my rifle from him and toted it the rest of the day. I know they assured me in Glasgow that it weighed so much—it was just an old-fashioned, single shot Martini-Henry, but I was sure before the end of the day that they had sadly misinformed me. And how that little black rascal must have laughed in his sleeve at the foolish Mzungu. For, of course, he was far more able to do his job than I was at that time to do it for him. I did learn after a while, or possibly I would not be here now to write about it.

But the longest road has an end some time, and this

one was no exception. It was after dark when we dragged our aching feet up the last rise, and there, drawn up in military array, was our escort. It was all very nice and proper, but I'm afraid I did not appreciate it just then. I wanted some place, any place, where I could get those screaming shoes off my feet. A two-wheeled cart was handy and I crawled under it and there I stayed until the tents came along an hour or so later. The next joyous event came in an incredibly short time, when the cook of the party got a cup of hot cocoa round to us. One never ceased to marvel at the way these safari cooks would concoct a meal under the most adverse conditions. Sunshine or rain, early or late made no difference to them.

Next morning we awoke to find still another element added to our caravan. The Government had decided to experiment with camels for transport purposes, and some thirty or more, in charge of Indian drivers, were attached to us. And thereby hangs a tale. The next stage of ordinary travel was Mariakani. But since it was only nine o'clock when we arrived there Lieutenant Ewart was for pushing on to Majichumvi, eight miles farther. So leaving word for the rest of the caravan to follow, he and I set out with the camels. We were now in very sparsely inhabited country ; what natives were there were hidden away in the bush so effectually that we did not see any of them.

Ere long the sun was beating down pitilessly and the glaring sand caught it up and flung it back in our faces in waves and waves of blinding heat. We had gone about an hour when a panting *askari* (native soldier) caught up with us with a note to Ewart, saying that the porters positively refused to go any farther. Here was a dilemma indeed. It would be too bad to make the heavily laden camels retrace their way in that heat, and on the other hand it was bad strategy to divide our forces in the enemy's country. However, there seemed to be no other course open to us so we pushed on. The

latter part of the way we tried riding the camels. But I would not recommend them. Their gait is anything but restful, and their tempers are abominable. They were forever reaching their long necks around and trying to get at some portion of our anatomy with their evil looking teeth.

Majichumvi was reached about two in the afternoon. The name means salt water, and the place was true to its name. The brackish water lay in stagnant pools, thoroughly uninviting. I lay down under a thorn tree which afforded the very minimum of shade. Presently an Indian camel driver came and called me to where he had spread a blanket under another tree. A bit later he brought Ewart and me some rice and chupatties. The latter are thin slices of unleavened dough baked on a flat piece of tin over an open fire. Not very appetizing and full of grit but we appreciated the kindly effort all the same.

Then we had a bath in the brackish water. As a matter of fact, everybody not only bathed but cooked and drank from the same water! While I was still in the water a pistol shot was heard, which scared us for a moment, for an attack just then would have gone badly with us. But it proved to be only an accident; a small boy had got hold of one of Ewart's pistols and had shot himself in the arm. I bound it up by tearing a handkerchief in strips—my first bit of medical work.

Later in the day several porters came in with chop boxes and a tent. That night was an anxious time. Not so much for myself as for Ewart, who, if anything had happened, would have been held responsible for the division of the caravan. He and I sat up practically all night seeing that the sentries were on the alert. Nothing happened, however, beyond a report that a couple of men had been seen moving in the bush about midnight. The same thing occurred at the other camp where the men, undoubtedly scouts from Mbaruk's

forces, were fired upon. Next day the rest of the caravan joined us.

On Sunday, November 17, we camped at the edge of the Taru desert, at about where Mackinnon Road station now is. It had been but a short march of an hour and a half, for there was grave uncertainty as to where the next water would be found. Uncertainty was soon dispelled, however, by the startlingly sudden appearance of a white man with his porters. He looked utterly fagged out, and well he might be, for he informed us that there was no water under three days march ahead. He was in the employ of Captain Slater, who was engaged in cutting a new trail through to Uganda. He was on his way, with oxen, to bring up supplies from Mombasa ; but most of his oxen had died of thirst or the sting of the tsetse fly, and very few of them reached the coast.

One usually thinks of a desert only in terms of a vast treeless expanse. But the Taru, owing to the fact that it has a more or less regular rainfall, is covered with a dense growth of thorn scrub which is all but impenetrable.

We decided, therefore, to camp where we were for the day and do the waterless tract by forced marches at night. Here, too, our escort left us and returned to the coast, and we were left to our own devices. We all tried our luck at hunting for the first time, but only MacLellan Wilson was successful. His contribution, a small antelope, was a welcome addition to our larder.

Having filled every available vessel with water, we started on our fateful journey about five o'clock in the evening. None of us could ever forget that long night march. While daylight lasted there was the usual chaffing amongst the porters, as the long black line, like some gigantic worm, crawled slowly through the gathering dusk. But when " sable night settled down, pinning her curtains with a star," there was no sound, save an occasional grunt as a weary porter shifted a load

from head to shoulder or from shoulder to head. Then there came a time when, with a whistling sigh, one after another would drop his load, and lying down beside it, fell fast asleep. We white men were usually well in advance, but now we brought up the rear and our job was to rouse the slumbering porters, help them lift their loads, and urge them on. Our task became more difficult as the hours wore on but we had to keep at it. It meant death to stay there, either death from thirst or from prowling wild beasts, for we were now in a region infested by lions.

From time to time we came upon a striking scene there in the darkness. Wherever one of those oxen had died that day, a group of Wa-Taita natives had taken possession of it. In no time at all a fire had been made by twirling a small stick in a groove in another stick laid on the ground and held there dextrously by one big toe. Around the fires were scores of black forms, fantastic figures silhouetted against the glare of flickering light, gorging themselves on the meat.

About ten o'clock we halted for a bit of a rest, but it was midnight ere the last of the porters dragged themselves in. We lay down where we were, and as we were on the sandy trail were soon fast asleep. And while we slept, a heavy rain fell. I think I never felt anything quite so sweet as the patter of the rain on my upturned face that night. We did not know it at the time, but it meant the shortening by a full day of our forced marches, and a corresponding easing of the terrific strain we had been under that night.

By four o'clock in the morning we were on the move once more, and at ten o'clock we reached the rocky hills called Maungu. Camp was pitched amid the mimosa thorn trees at the base of the hills, which rise sheer out of the thick bush. The porters scrambled eagerly up the steep hillsides and presently came the glad shout that they had found water. It wasn't much, but it was enough.

III

ADVENTURES BY THE WAY

VOI RIVER CAMP was a veritable oasis after the rigours of the Taru desert. It is now the terminus of the branch railway which runs to Moshi at the base of Mount Kilimanjaro. During the World War it was the base of operations against the Germans in what is now Tanganyika territory.

Then it boasted one solitary mud and wattle store-house, whence our porters were rationed for the next stage of the journey. Now it is the centre of vast sisal plantations. We spent an extra day there to give the porters a breathing spell after their gruelling march through the Taru.

I had my first experience of buck fever at Voi. I had gone out hunting in the morning, crossed an open glade and was peering into the thick bush ahead. Hearing a noise behind I turned and there, on the opposite side of the glade where I had entered it but a few moments before, stood a magnificent buck. It was a waterbuck, one of the largest and most graceful of the antelope family. His great spiral horns pointing forward, a white spot gleaming on his dark breast, regal, commanding, a monarch in his world, he was unquestionably the finest thing I had ever seen. As for shooting, I had completely forgotten that I had a rifle in my hands. Only when, after two or three seconds he whirled and gracefully slid into the protecting shelter of the forest, did I wake up to the fact that I had come out to hunt. But I was well content not to have killed this first splendid beast that I had seen.

Ndii, our next camp, proved to be the post of the District Officer for this area. Mr. Wise was the officer in charge. Our tents were being pitched under a wide spreading tree outside of and about a hundred yards from the Boma when a white clad figure appeared

and casually announced, "*Chai Tayari, Bwana*—" Tea is ready, master." This was our first introduction to that beautiful custom which prevails in a primitive community. Every man's house was open to the wayfarer. You were always sure of a welcome and all that the house afforded. The master might be absent, as in this case, but that made no difference. The native servants knew what to do and they looked after your wants as naturally as if you had announced your coming beforehand. Alas! this open-handed hospitality is fast disappearing before the stiff formalism of a more sophisticated era. Those of us who have experienced it wonder whether this is so much of an advance after all.

An amusing incident occurred years later in illustration of this. Two Englishmen from Nairobi en route to Sotik, in the days before good roads made automobile traffic possible, decided to spend the night at the mission. It happened my wife and I were away visiting an outschool at the time. But that, of course, did not deter our self-invited guests from taking possession of the house for the night. The native servants noted, however, that the white men had been drinking rather heavily and that fact roused their suspicion. They accordingly got their blankets and after dark quietly placed themselves in a circle around the house. The two men probably never knew that they were being so well guarded!

So we followed our guide across the sand to the log enclosed Boma and into the house. Here was a table spread with a clean white cloth, the first we had seen since leaving the coast. We were busily engaged at the tea table when Mr. Wise appeared, and he at once insisted upon our being his guests while camped there.

Two days later we crossed the Tsavo river and camped on its farther bank. It was swollen by recent rains and running swiftly between high banks. It was a precarious crossing for the porters, with their heavy loads balanced on their heads, and some of them were nearly swept from their feet. Here was an abandoned camp of Dick's, a

notorious transport rider of those days, who was later wiped out mysteriously near Lake Naivasha by the Masai.

This place was within a couple of years to gain world-wide notoriety. One of the most amazing episodes in history was to be enacted here. A young engineer, by the name of Patterson, was assigned the task of building a railway bridge across the swift flowing river. Hundreds of Indian coolies were camped on both sides of the river. Then quite suddenly it happened. Man eating lions began to take terrible toll of these defenceless coolies. They were old beasts and they had found it so much easier to get human prey than to chase the swift game on the plains. So they struck night after night, now here, now there. Under ordinary circumstances a good campfire is sufficient protection against prowling beasts. But a lion that has had a taste of human flesh goes mad and nothing will stop him. The coolies would be sitting about their cooking pots in the evening, all unconscious of danger, when suddenly there would be a crashing of the *thom boma* (thorn boma) and a big tawny thing would land amongst them. A scream, another amazing leap with a human form swinging from slavering jaws, a crunching sound out there in the dark, and then the silence. Multiply that thirty-two times, and you have the reign of terror which for three weeks practically stopped all work on that section of the line. I shall have something to say later about my own part in that dreadful drama.

Two days' march brought us to Kinani. Here we got our first sight of Kilimanjaro, the highest peak in Africa. Beside the trail were some bare rocks, at the base of which was a pool of clear, sparkling water. We climbed the rocks, and looking southward saw what comparatively few white men had seen up to that time, the gleaming roof of Africa.

How shall I describe it ? Unlike any other mountain, Kilimanjaro is not really a peak but a huge plateau lifted into the skies, like an enormous altar, covered with a vast white cloth, its edges serrated where the

snow line rises and falls. We were perhaps sixty miles but it seemed but a day's march distant, so clear was the atmosphere. We could hardly tear ourselves away from the entrancing vision. Camp was still some miles away, so, after a delightful plunge in the cold waters of the pool we tramped on again.

Now this magnificent mountain is easily reached by rail from Mombasa in Kenya Colony or from Tanga in Tanganyika Territory. The ascent is comparatively easy and may be made in four stages from the base near Moshi. A road has been cleared and rest houses erected at the end of each day's climb. A mountaineers' club has recently been formed, the president of which is a German missionary, and the secretary a Scotch missionary.

We now began to have regular services with our porters in the evening. Our interpreter was a remarkable character, a Swahili bearing the sonorous name of Aaron Christian David. A man with a triple-barrelled name like that ought certainly to be all right. He was a big man, quiet, spoke English fluently, had been to England. Moreover he did not presume on his accomplishments but kept himself in the background. We were greatly impressed. Here surely was the finished product of missionary effort. He was on his way to take charge of one of the ration stations up country, and as it turned out, it was the one nearest our journey's end.

But things are not always what they seem. We were due for a rude awakening; an awakening to the fact that human nature is pretty much the same wherever you find it; that there are souls with shallow soils and souls pre-empted by weeds and thistles in Africa as in America. So it was not long ere we learned the sorrowful tidings that Aaron Christian David had been sent back to the coast disgraced. He had been helping himself rather freely to the whisky consigned to his betters!

Yes, dear reader, the unpleasant fact has to be admitted, that there are quite a lot of mission boys just

like that. Try as we will, we can't seem to keep them all in the straight and narrow way. Some of them, many of them like the children of Israel in the wilderness, get tired of manna and hark back to the savoury leeks and garlic and onions of their old life. Of course, many of these never had a good taste of angel's food anyway. They had come to a mission station to learn to read and write in order to escape work. Perhaps they spent a week or two, or a month, and then departed either voluntarily or under pressure, for the good of the mission. But henceforth and always they called themselves mission boys, and the unholy savour of them reeks through the length and breadth of the land. Some of the worst rascals in our tribe are such—clever fellows, better educated than most, singing hymns and saying prayers but living in repulsive sin unashamed. And the worst of it is that they generally have a following. Black folk, as well as white, want religion, but they want one that does not interfere too much with the life they want to live. Remember the story of the healing of the demoniac of Gadara? It is really uncomfortable to have Jesus about when you want to raise pigs. Hogs and holiness do not go well together. "So they besought Him to depart out of their coast." And He went. He will not stay unless they want Him to stay. No more will He stay in your life or mine if we do not want Him. But if He stays, a lot of things that belonged to the old life will have to go. But they will go with little effort, as the mud flats by the seashore go when the ocean tides come pouring in.

Superficial people who know little and care less about missionary work, who either do not or will not face the issue squarely, make much of these black sheep as being representative. There are few books dealing with Africa, which do not depict one or more such caricatures as a background against which to exalt his nobler savage brother. There's no denying the fact that the raw savage is a much more picturesque sight

than his half-civilized brother. In the transition period between darkness and light, from savagery to civilization, the mission boy very often cuts a sorry figure. He's in the twilight zone, neither one thing nor the other. He has cut off from the one zone and hasn't yet fully arrived at the other. So he becomes the butt for facetious gibes from thoughtless critics, when he should be commended for the courage displayed in breaking with shakling traditions and daring to face the unknown.

In this camp (Kinani) we had our first real experience with lions. During the night we were roused by a terrific clamour. We rushed out of our tents to find the porters in a great state of excitement. And they had good reason for it. A lion had leaped upon one of the tents sheltering a couple of porters. Evidently he got tangled up in the tent for he failed to get his prey, but carried the tent off with him. This was found in the near-by bush next morning.

On November 28, we reached Msongoleni, where our porters received their second lot of rations since leaving the coast. It was in this vicinity, many years later, that my friend Will Judd met a tragic end. He was one of a famous group of big game hunters and leaders of hunting safaris. He is said to have accounted for four hundred and ninety-nine elephants. Then one day he went out for the five-hundredth one. He had several times told me of a big rogue elephant which he was particularly eager to get because it bore a pair of exceptionally fine tusks. I received a note from him one day, saying that his native trackers had located this fellow and he was going after him. He was accompanied by his son. They found their quarry somewhere in this region. Judd shot but failed to bring him down. At a few yards distance the enraged bull charged. The son attempted to protect his father but the great trunk brushed him aside contemptuously, seized Judd, threw him to the ground and trampled and gored him to death. The son succeeded in killing the

beast and then faced the terrible necessity of gathering the battered remains of his father and taking them home.

Nearly every day now, we encountered rain which drenched us to the skin, and streams were swollen and had to be waded, often up to the knees, sometimes even to the waist. This particular march was notable, in that we passed a large caravan returning from the interior to Mombasa laden with ivory. A large percentage of them had great gangrenous ulcers on their legs, which emitted a nauseating stench as they passed. Sometimes when one has been tempted to sigh over the vanished glories of those days, the weary foot-slogging hours on the march, balanced by the unforgettable evenings in camp, one has but to remember the unavoidable suffering of these black fellows, to thank God that they are forever past.

The following day we passed through Kibwezi, which was then the headquarters of the Church of Scotland mission. Mr. Watson, the superintendent, and Doctor Wilson received us courteously and pressed us to remain for lunch, an invitation which we were not slow to accept. A stroll through their neat grounds and flourishing gardens preceded lunch. The station was laid out alongside a wonderful stream of clear sparkling water, which burst out of a lava formation only a short distance from the house. No wonder Doctor Stewart of Lovedale, the founder of the mission, had fixed upon it as their site. In the midst of so much of death and desolation, it reminded one of that " river of the water of life, clear as crystal." And was not that glittering dome yonder a few miles to the South and from whence the stream issued, a fitting symbol of the " throne of God and of the Lamb ? " But the region round about was very sparsely inhabited, so the mission soon afterward moved inland to its present home near Kikuyu.

From now on we encountered a different country altogether. Instead of the dense bush we had been passing through up to this time, we were now in open

park-like country covered with sickly looking mimosa thorn trees. They have that greenish-yellow look that folks have in the first stages of seasickness. Game in great profusion abounded, so it was not difficult to keep the camp supplied with meat. I shot my first antelope the day after leaving Kibwezi.

From here we were entering the region over which the dreaded Masai so often swept in their terrifying raids. They are a purely pastoral people, living entirely on their immense herds of cattle, goats, and fat tailed sheep. For many years they had taken toll of passing caravans and only those that were well armed had any chance of getting through at all. They were the only tribe which fought in ranks, and they were indeed a fearsome sight with their long spears, brightly coloured shields of buffalo hide, and last, but by no means least, having their faces enclosed by a frame of hide from which black ostrich plumes radiated in a huge circle, giving their faces a peculiarly hideous expression. In the open they were invincible, only the Lumbwa and Nandi daring to face them there. But in the hills, where their adversaries could take cover, they were no match against the poisoned arrows of the Wakamba and Wakikuyu. We did not encounter them, however, and for that we were profoundly grateful.

Two days after that we encountered our first rhino. We had been on the march for three and a half hours, most of it in a pouring rain. But now the sun was shining brightly and our clothes were drying out under its genial radiance. I wasn't feeling up to form and didn't know why, but was to find out later in the day. Suddenly the guide stopped and called excitedly "*Kifaru Bwana, piga!*"—"Rhinoceros, master, shoot." There he was sure enough. But, as if to stimulate my already fast beating heart, there were no less than three of them. They were within fifty yards of the trail and headed our way. So there was no time to analyze one's feelings or even to be afraid, for

something had to be done, and done quickly. Fortunately there was a fair-sized tree near by and I was able to get to it for support for my rifle. By this time the porters were coming up and the huge beasts were seeking to get their wind. As if to offset their tremendous power, they are exceedingly short sighted. Usually, however, this is compensated for by the presence of tick birds—little red-beaked pests which warn their huge friends by fluttering and chirping madly when danger threatens.

I had only the vaguest idea as to where to aim but tried for the brain and when I fired the great beast simply settled down with his legs under him and without falling over, as if he had decided to rest awhile. Even when the other two made off we could not be sure that he was dead, until the porters hesitatingly approached and threw stones at him. Once they were assured, pandemonium broke loose. A score of black fellows were on the great beast, yelling like mad and slashing and sawing with their knives. It is no easy thing to cut through a hide like armour plate an inch thick. But it was finally accomplished and a disgusting scene was then enacted before our eyes. In an incredibly short time every single part of the beast had been ripped and slashed and torn to pieces and carried off in triumph by the frenzied porters. Not even the entrails were left for prowling hyenas. Indeed, we were yet to learn that this last is considered the greatest delicacy of all. To this day it is not uncommon to see natives fairly fight over the entrails of a beast, slashing chunks off the stomach and chewing it raw without so much as scraping off the contents, much less washing it! Yet it is to such beastlike creatures that we dare to present the blessed Gospel of the Son of God—and after these forty years, having seen what that Gospel has done to those same savages, I am constrained to say with the Apostle Paul: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation,

to every one that believeth." It works. It works!

We had hardly got into camp that day, before I knew the reason for the unaccountable lassitude of the morning. It was my first experience of the dreaded Africa fever, and if the coming events of which this was the shadow, were anything like this, they were far from welcome. As a matter of fact, this was but a preliminary to the real thing which was to follow a couple of days later.

The next day we tramped for five hours, crossing a river which, owing to the rains, was a raging torrent. As none of us were feeling up to much we did not attempt to wade it as we usually did, but were carried across on the shoulders of porters. This is a precarious business at best, but when one is not well it is doubly so. You sit astride the neck of your porter, trying desperately to keep your balance by clasping your hands around his bobbing head. When, as in this case, the bed of the stream is strewn with slippery rocks, and furthermore that many African streams are swarming with the terrible crocodile, you see there are elements aplenty of both comedy and tragedy. I was sitting on the bank, watching Severn being carried across on the shoulders of a very short but stout fellow. They had reached midstream when the porter saw what he took to be a crocodile coming down stream. He was surprised into a misstep. Severn frantically tried to keep his balance but it was too much and over they went, while the harmless log which caused the mishap swirled past!

A little later we found the porters leaving the path and making a wide detour. The reason? A big rhinoceros was calmly surveying us from about fifty yards. He made no move until about half the caravan had passed, then he started toward us, changed his mind and ran parallel to the trail and finally crossed in front of us.

The next day we had a similar encounter. This time it was a female rhino with a half grown young one beside her. We first saw her when John, the cook, knelt down and aimed a shotgun he was carrying for

one of the party. At first we thought it was some small antelope he was after. But when we discovered that it was a rhino and he was about to pepper it with small shot we let out a yell. That was about as devastating as the shotgun would have been. Anyway, Mrs. Rhino decided it was time to do something and she lost no time doing it. Straight into the line she came. The porters stood not on the order of their going but, dropping their loads, went at once. Fortunately, there were a lot of thorn trees about and they were soon populated. I ran back to get my rifle from Kilimanjia, for I was again feeling seedy, but by the time I got to him the big, bad lady was bearing down on me so rapidly, that I concluded that discretion was the better part of valour and made for the nearest tree. She evidently wasn't interested in me at all for she swerved and ran along the whole line of frightened porters. But that was her undoing, for the native guards (*askari*) finally killed her. But it must have been from sheer weight of lead for I counted no less than thirty-two shots, and hardly any of them could have missed.

That day's march brought us to the end of our journey, so far as the regular caravan trail was concerned. And it bid fair to be the end of the earthly march for all of us. It was the ration station at Mwani, at the base of the range of hills where dwell the great Wakamba tribe. Every one of our party of five men came down with the fever. For a week we lay alternately shivering and burning up. Lying on the damp ground, for we had no cots, did not help matters. There was no one to minister to us for we were all in the same condition. But one by one we recovered, wobbled about for awhile with shaking limbs and giddy heads, and then turned our faces toward the hills. What did they hold for us?

" O, that bend in the road
How it baffles, yet beckons,
What lies there beyond
Less or more than faith reckons ? "

IV

OUR TROUBLES BEGIN

IF there is anything more alluring than an African trail I have not yet found it. One never knew what to expect round that bush just ahead, and gaining the crest of yonder hill was always an adventure. It might be humour, it might be tragedy, but it certainly could not be dull or commonplace.

Coming up over the hills from Mwani on our last *safari*, just four weeks to the day from our leaving Mombasa, we were suddenly in a new world. Every turn in the path brought some new and novel experience. Round an innocent looking bush you meet a group of women. One startled look they take at these strange apparitions and with terror written in every feature they dash into the bush pell-mell. We were in the midst of human habitations but we saw few of them, for we had yet to learn how ingeniously the natives hid their dwellings in the bush and in the folds of the hills. This was in order to make it more difficult for raiding parties of their enemies to find them.

Herein lay one of the most striking differences between the Kenya of 1895 and the same country in 1935. Then, the native tribes were to all intents and purposes prisoners within the limits of their tribal boundaries. They dared not move outside those limits except in secret raids on their neighbours. Those raids always led to reprisals, so that there was never a moment's sense of security.

There are well meaning friends of the native, who declare that he is being robbed of his land and defrauded of his heritage by the influx of white settlers. As a missionary, I suppose I should be expected to add my testimony to that propaganda. But in all fairness I am compelled to say that my observations do not support

that contention. The simple truth is, that the native tribes to-day actually occupy more land than they did then and occupy it with more real security than they ever knew before the advent of the white man. When we entered Ukamba there was not a single native inhabitant outside the hills east of Nzawi, south of Machakos or west of the Kangundo hills. Now they occupy all of those areas. Certainly there are settlers who resent this and who look enviously at the luscious native reserves and would, if they could, wrest it from their as yet improvident owners. But I still believe that such men are a minority in the whole community.

Then again, one hears much of the abuse of the native by the white man and of his exploitation by them for their own profit. Undoubtedly there have been and still are grave abuses; there always have been where two races clash. I have witnessed some such abuses, even cruelties, which made me see red. On the other hand, I have also seen white men and women minister to their native employees, as sympathetically as if they were their own flesh and blood. Of course, the kindness of the one should not allow us to condone the harshness of the other. But I do insist that the settler, just because he is making his living in Africa and is using the African in the process, is not necessarily a scoundrel. On the whole, he is no better and no worse than his countrymen at home. Most of them are wise enough to realize, that they will accomplish their ends far more surely by tactful kindness and patient consideration than by trampling roughshod over native weaknesses and customs which to the white man seem absurd.

With the possible exception of the Masai, who have resisted all efforts toward their regeneration, every native tribe is vastly better off now, materially at least, than he was then. While his wages may appear small to the European, they are really, having regard to their different standards of living, far greater than those of

his white employer in many cases. Indeed, I never cease to marvel that he has not been completely ruined by the sudden accession of wealth that has come to him.

No native need ever die of famine, as tens of thousands did in those early days. I can never forget the harrowing scenes I witnessed during the tragic years beginning in 1897, and continuing for several years, when half the Wakamba perished of hunger. One saw them, belts drawn tight on empty stomachs, digging around in ash heaps, rescuing bits of refuse, scraps of hide, even trying to extract some nourishment from rhinoceros hide. Roots, leaves, anything at all was utilized to mitigate the gnawing pangs of hunger. Then in the morning, after a rain, one would be sure to find numbers of them lying where they had fallen when overtaken by the cold rain. Their bodies had even been unmolested, for the hyenas, those disgustingly grim scavengers of Africa, had become surfeited and left them alone.

It goes without saying that such dreadful scenes would be unthinkable in these days. There have been periodic seasons of drought since then but always the Government has stepped in and averted calamity. Besides which, the natives themselves, through better methods of cultivation, have become less helpless than formerly.

Added to famine there were recurrent epidemics which carried off their cattle. When these two harvesters of doom coincided, as they did in Ukamba in those terrible years, the result beggars description. In an incredibly short time the hillsides were stripped of the great herds of cattle. All that remained were their hides staked outside the villages. The stench from decaying carcasses polluted the air. Hopeless despair was written large over the entire land. To this day you may observe in certain tribes the grim reminders of those terrible visitations of smallpox, which swept like a devouring fire over the land, before the advent of the

white man with his passion for inoculation. Pock-marked and one-eyed natives are visible evidence of the reign of helpless terror, which held whole areas in its grip during those days of ignorance. It took a long time to convince the superstitious black man of the value and the necessity of inoculation. But to-day you will find them begging the white doctor to give them the *sindano* (needle) for every ailment under the sun.

Into this scene of unrelieved misery there flashed a gleam of hope for a brief moment, only to be dashed by the ignorance of the sufferers themselves. There was a fine Christian man, a veterinary officer in charge of the animal transport on the railway construction. Captain Haslam heard of the terrible havoc that rinderpest was making amongst the cattle of the Kikuyu. Actuated by the laudable desire of a veterinary officer to study the disease, and as a sympathetic man to help a people in distress, he set out from his headquarters at Tsavo and tramped those weary miles—two hundred of them—to Kikuyuland. But he never entered that land. He was met on the border by the suspicious natives, who have always had a bad reputation anyway, and he and his entire party were wiped out. But the abortive attempt was a foregleam of the better things awaiting the native races, when scientific help would be at their command and such times of calamity averted or at worst ameliorated.

Sometimes the laudable efforts of Government in this direction have been characterized by a zeal wholly lacking in discretion, which has hindered where it meant to help. An instance in point occurred in the Lumbwa area a few years ago. The veterinary department suddenly decided that all native cattle must be inoculated—a splendid idea but executed with no regard for native susceptibilities. Preparations were made at considerable expense. Crushes were built, serum prepared, officers on the spot all ready for the thousands

of head of cattle which were expected. But only a few hundred appeared and no amount of argument could induce the natives to bring any more.

The intended good was further compromised by a total disregard of native custom in the method of taking payment. Since few of the natives then had money, it was proposed to take a percentage of the cattle—preferably young heifers—in payment. Now the custom was and still is to a large extent, for each owner to divide his herd, placing a few here and a few there among his clansmen. The idea back of this troublesome procedure is that in case one lot is captured in a raid the others are safe. So the unfortunate method, arbitrarily imposed, brought confusion and dismay, and left a seething mass of resentment behind where only good was intended.

In this case the white settler interposed, espoused the cause of the bewildered natives, and protested so vigorously that some reparation was subsequently made. The settlers paid for their temerity, however, by having the whole area placed under quarantine and kept there for years.

Then, as I have indicated, no native dared leave the confines of his tribal borders. Now, the whole country is before him and he may go where he will in quest of work. Instead of narrow tortuous paths, there are now broad highways. And instead of weary footslogging, he may take a motor bus to his destination. Indeed, many are now the proud possessors of up-to-date cars and trucks. An increasing number are qualifying as drivers of such vehicles for Indians and white men.

The native path is the weirdest thing imaginable. It seems to have no command of itself. It stutters all over the place. It starts out bravely, then unaccountably changes its mind and strikes off at a tangent, or maybe turns back on itself as if afraid. Somewhere along the way—manywheres in fact—it turns aside to

avoid a rock or a fallen tree, or even to detour around a native garden. But never does it return to the straight way, once the obstacles are removed. Digression has become a fixed habit. Sometimes it stands out bold and unashamed, smilingly inviting. Then, just when you are becoming intimate, and a restful feeling sends the blood tingling through your limbs, the coy thing draws a thick drapery of grass or weeds over her features and you find yourself stumbling and blundering in utter confusion. On the open plain the narrow trail looks like a wriggling earthworm crawling away toward the limitless horizon.

Even under the most favourable conditions the narrow path, eight inches wide as a rule, was not easy to negotiate. When they were worn into ruts by the rains they became positively menacing. You were forever knocking your ankles, especially when tired, and believe me, that can be a painfully exasperating thing on a long march.

Perhaps the most painful journey I ever made was just about a year after our arrival. Late on a Saturday afternoon word was brought to me that our beloved leader, Peter Cameron Scott, had fallen asleep in Jesus. As quickly as possible I was on my way accompanied by one native carrying my blankets. For two hours there was daylight. Then darkness thick, black, impenetrable. There's no twilight on the equator. When the sun goes down it pulls the curtain of night and sometimes forgets to fasten it with a star. We had no light of any sort. Lanterns were out of the question, for the cost of kerosene would have been prohibitive. For four years my only light was candles, and even these had to be used in miserly fashion. Indeed, I generally did my reading at night sprawled on the floor before the fire.

For four hours we stumbled on in that Stygian darkness. Fortunately, I have a fairly good sense of direction or we would have been utterly lost. As it

was, we would suddenly find ourselves plunging blindly in thick bush, where the path had made a sharp turn and we had missed it. The wait-a-bit thorn, true to its name clawed at our clothing and left its vivid marks on our flesh. Or the bottom would drop out beneath our feet and we found ourselves floundering in a swamp up to our knees in mud. Then there is that annoying practical joker in the animal kingdom, the aardvark, or ant bear. He has a disconcerting habit of digging huge pits in the paths in his search for the succulent white ant. His short, but powerful front legs, equipped with razor-like claws, in an incredibly short time will dig a pit into which a man can fall, or in these later days, an automobile break a spring. As I came back by daylight later, I marvelled that I had escaped a broken leg. As it was, the ceaseless knocking of my feet against obstructions resulted in nearly every one of my toe nails coming off.

Arriving at Nzawi we found the brethren there engaged in the melancholy task of making a rude casket out of small boards from packing cases. In the tropics there can be none of the gently decorous behaviour that characterizes the laying away of our loved ones in the homeland. There, they must be almost rudely hustled out of sight. That it was which gave point to Martha's astonished ejaculation, when the loved Master ordered them to roll away the stone from the tomb of Lazarus. Four days is a long time to be dead in the tropics. This is but one of the many rough ploughshares that tear the soul in these out of the way places of the world. But it is not all loss, if in the hurting furrows the seeds of gentleness, kindness, and understanding forbearance are planted.

Nzawi proved to be a most unhealthy site as also the next two stations established, namely Tsaki and Kilungu. We were peculiarly ill-advised in our selections, for with hills all around teeming with people we placed our first stations in the fever stricken

lowlands. Tsakai, the second station opened, was allotted to me, and there I put in my first period of service, and incidentally very nearly put a period to that service. Between incessant bouts of fever and the hostility of the natives, I had an interesting time. Food was exceedingly scarce, and for the entire time of my residence there it was difficult, and at times impossible to buy anything from the people. For two months at one time I had nothing to eat but beans and sour milk, and there came a morning when there wasn't a bean left. Even such a commonplace item as salt was missing entirely for weeks at a time. It was such an important event that I noted it in my diary, when one day a porter from Nzawi brought me three ounces of the precious substance. I remember a colleague of mine, Jacob Toole, who died within a year of his arrival, one day taking up the empty salt bottle, holding it up to the light and scraping it diligently for a few tiny crystals adhering to the inside.

The natives had issued instructions that anyone found bringing food to the white man was to be killed. It would have fared ill with me but for God's gracious intervention. An old woman was in the habit of passing my home to and from her work in the fields. She carried a basket on her back, suspended by a strap from her forehead. In this she carried her produce from the garden—potatoes, beans, and on top of all several roots of cassava—the root from which our tapioca comes. One day a root dropped as she passed. I supposed it was an accident until a day or two later when another root fell at the same spot. My curiosity was aroused and I then began to watch for her coming. To my astonishment when she got opposite my door she gave her head a backward toss, knocking a root off her basket and without looking in my direction passed on. She did not dare do it openly or she would have been killed.

But what was it that caused this poor, ignorant

savage, at the risk of her life, to do that act of mercy for a hated white man ? I have an impression it was the same power that caused the ravens to bring the meat to the Prophet Elijah at the brook Cherith. God's ravens still live. After all, what is a supernatural event but merely an event beyond our understanding. Certainly the universe is governed by law, but God still has laws beyond the range of man's uttermost scientific knowledge. Because He chooses to work along lines as yet unknown to man, are we justified in assuming that the thing done is contrary to law ? The world scoffed at the prententions of Marconi, when he was engaged in his experiments with wireless telegraphy. So had it also scoffed at Alexander Graham Bell years before, when he tried to convince an incredulous world that he could send a message by means of a wire. It takes an astonishing amount of credulity to be an unbeliever in miracles, in the face of God's universe around us.

Time and again my records of those days tell of my workmen being driven off by the hostile natives, when they were getting poles for building or grass for thatching. Sometimes my returning with them was enough ; at other times it was a ticklish question how soon a poisoned arrow would end matters for me.

Once my men came running, in, exclaiming that they had been driven off by an angry mob. I went back with them and there wasn't a native to be seen. It looked like a case of nerves and I set them to work again cutting poles. In a few minutes we were surrounded by a howling mob, arrows in their drawn bows. A false move spelled trouble and—finis ! I had an empty revolver in my pocket and cartridges in another pocket. I took out the revolver, broke it open and dropped the cartridges in the chambers, one by one, as ostentatiously as I could, hoping that some of them would know what a gun was. As it happened, one or two of the younger fellows had been to Machakos, the Government post, and had there seen a revolver.

There was a pause, and I could hear them talking to the others. I did not know much of the language at the time, but could make out a word here and there, enough to indicate that they were telling their fellows what the strange weapon was. After a tense few minutes they faded away in the surrounding bush.

One day there was an uproar from the boys' quarters. I saw Vui, my cook and general factotum, scuffling with a couple of young warriors. I hastened down and separated them, and the two belligerent fellows left. I then learned that they had coolly gone into the boys' quarters and were helping themselves to things in broad daylight. Later in the day Vui went to the river to get water. It was the dry season and we had to dig in the sandy bed of the river for water, which when we got it was almost unfit for use. But there was nothing else to be had, so we made the best of it. I was dressing a nauseating ulcer on a woman's leg, when Vui came up and in a matter of fact tone announced that he had hit a native. I looked up and Vui's appearance indicated that the hitting had not all been on one side. His clothes were torn to ribbons and a big gash in his head was bleeding profusely. It appeared that the two would-be thieves had summoned their friends and had laid for him at the river. He managed to get away with his life but left his bucket behind, and buckets were valuable things in those days. He was quite sure they meant to kill us all. Remembering the military axiom that the best defence is attack, I suggested that we go down at once and meet them. He demurred at first but finally said, " Where you go I'll go, Master," and away we went.

At the river we found a formidable array. A crowd of warriors armed with bows and arrows, milled about threateningly, and in the midst of them Vui's antagonist was bathing a huge gash in his head. Before they could start hostilities, I started talking. Then bathing Vui's wound, I sent him away lest his presence should irritate

the others. To their astonishment I then offered to attend to the Mkamba. They followed me to the house, where after shaving the hair and mud from around the wound, I sewed it up. While still busy at this, another of my men came up, carrying Vui's bucket of water. He was greatly agitated and began to berate the Wakamba. Finally, he got so excited that he spluttered and grew incoherent, broke down completely, dashed for his hut and came out waving a club and yelling like like mad, dashed for the Wakamba who fled in every direction. I caught him, got the club away from him and soothed his ruffled feelings, but not until I had thrown him down and sat on him!

That very afternoon, while I was at the brick yard and Vui was at the house alone, the Mkamba returned, but this time bearing a quantity of beans as a peace offering!

V

A RHINO SAVES THE SITUATION

I HAVE said that there were seven in our original party; five men and two women. During the first year we were joined by five others. Within less than three years I was the only one left out of the twelve. I had to leave my station at Tsakai and remove to Kilungu. The death of Mr. Allen at Nzawi, made it necessary to bring Mrs. Allen and Miss Lindberg also to Kilungu. Both ladies were much weakened by frequent attacks of fever and in the case of the latter there was the added menace of blackwater of which she had several attacks. But her indomitable spirit, kept blazing by a beautiful prayer life, pulled her through what would have overwhelmed a less courageous spirit.

One, Mr. Toole, who was with us but little more than a year, was very low with an attack of blackwater fever. The natives meanwhile had been showing a more and more truculent spirit, making it increasingly difficult for us to purchase food supplies. The little that we had brought from the coast had long since gone and there was no money with which to replenish our supplies. To get up from a siege of fever which had fairly burned out our vitality and have nothing to eat but wormy beans was not likely to bring about quick recovery. But that was the situation. Yet I am constrained to say that, in the face of all that, there was little complaining. These brave souls—and I speak especially of the women—were wonderful in their acceptance of a situation which might well have daunted the strongest men.

Into the midst of this desperate situation there was suddenly thrust as bizarre an element as could be imagined. One morning, following an anxious night watch with our sick companion, we were aroused by an

ear splitting din. Natives were dashing through the station, armed with bows and arrows and spears, and yelling as only natives can when excited. Presently the one friend we had—Mtu Nyaa—came to tell me that there was a rhinoceros in the neighbourhood which was destroying their gardens. They were begging for the white man to come with his gun and kill the beast. At first I would not believe it. This was a densely populated district and there was practically no game in the area. As for rhinoceri—it was humorous to the point of absurdity. There were none and had been none for many a year. So I concluded that it was a huge hoax for some sinister purpose of their own, seeing we were in such desperate straits. And besides, I could not leave the desperately sick man.

But the clamour persisted and old Mtu Nyaa assured me that there was in fact a rhinoceros yonder. Then Miss Lindberg said : " Perhaps you had better go ; it may be that God is back of this in some way, that we do not understand." So I got my rifle and set off, accompanied by the old man and one of my porters. Down the hill, across a stream and into the bush clad hills beyond we hastily made our way. Presently a young warrior said he could show us where the animal was. I followed him. Suddenly he stopped, held up his hand in warning, pointed to some bushes ahead and then disappeared. It was some moments before I could make out the big dark form screened by the bushes. He was facing me and swinging his ungainly head from side to side, evidently excited by the yelling natives. I took time to assure myself of the ground behind me, in case of a charge. The sight was thrilling beyond words. Every possible point of vantage was occupied ; every tree crowded to capacity, everybody shouting to everybody else. Every move I made was passed on to the waiting thousands.

Facing me as he was, there was little hope of bringing him down, and the dense bush in which he was standing

made a side shot impossible. But there was nothing else to do, so I made the best of a bad situation and fired. There was a snort, a crashing of the bushes, and away he went followed by the widly excited natives. Their frenzy increased as they came upon the trail of blood left on the bushes through which the beast had charged in his flight. I found afterward that my shot had taken off a portion of his horn and the bullet had been deflected into his shoulder. He ran a mile before stopping. By the time I reached the spot, literally thousands of men, women, and children had already surrounded the place. Fortunately the great beast was now standing in a more exposed position, so that I was able to shoot with some confidence that I would reach a vital spot. And if ever I prayed in my life I did then. For my real target was a place in the hearts of these hitherto suspicious, hostile people, and if ever God heard a prayer He did that one. Why should He not help a man fire a rifle as well as preach a sermon, if the occasion demands it?

Following the shot there was absolute silence. It was a few seconds before I could see clearly, since I was using old fashioned black powder cartridges which made a thick smoke. When the smoke cleared, there lay the beast, not on his side, but just settled down with his legs under him. The wild demonstrations of joy beggars description. But there was no move to cut up the fallen beast. I was told afterward that the women —who are the leaders of superstition there, as they are the bulwarks of the faith here—had decreed that no one in the immediate district should eat the meat, as that would bring upon them the anger of the spirits. Those from adjoining areas cut it up and carried it off in great triumph. While standing there, watching the shouting multitude and wondering what would come of it, a little black fellow, dressed only in a captivating smile, edged up to me and, like any normal lad the world over, laid his hand on my rifle. I immediately sur-

rendered it to him and he proudly strutted at the head of the procession back to the station. But what was it that caused this stupid rhino away yonder on the plains, to take that particular time to wander across the unfamiliar mountains to Kilungu district? Maybe you call it coincidence, but I call it God.

Now for the sequel. Next morning there was more noise, but this time it was different. A crowd of natives came singing upon the station single file—every man of them bearing a load of food. That was the end of active opposition at Kilungu.

The sick man recovered and soon afterward I was able to send him off homeward with a passing caravan. But he never reached the coast. Another attack of the terrible blackwater caught him at Tsavo, and there he was buried amid the jungle of thorn bushes.

Our force of twelve was now reduced to three—Mrs. Allen, Miss Lindberg, and myself. It became imperative that the two ladies should leave for home as quickly as possible. Within six weeks this was accomplished. In that time Nzawi station was dismantled and its effects removed to Kilungu. I made a hurried trip to Kangundo, thence over the punishing trail through the mountainous country to Machakos, then back to Kilungu, where porters were enrolled for the hundred and fifty mile tramp to the railway. The two ladies were carried in hammocks slung from long bamboo poles. Four porters were allotted to each hammock, working in relays of two at a time.

Ten days were required for the journey, which now takes but a few hours. It would have taken longer but we had to make longer marches than was customary each day as our food supplies were so limited. As it was, we had hardly gone more than half-way when the porters appeared before me to say that their food was all gone. It was no use to tell them that they had been provided with sufficient for the journey. Improvident, thoughtless, careless of consequences, they had eaten

it all, and with pathetic confidence they expected the white master to provide for them there in the wilderness. Every caravan leader knows the sickening sensation, when scores or hundreds of human beings look to him to do the seemingly impossible. Sometimes it has spelled tragedy. In this case, I had anticipated something of the sort and had brought a load of rice for emergencies. This was doled out sparingly and enabled us to complete our journey.

I have mentioned in an earlier chapter the reign of terror among the Indian coolies employed in the railway construction because of the depredations of man-eating lions. We were now to come into close quarters with that grim episode. The last camp we made before reaching the railway, we learned that that very morning a coolie had been carried off from the path over which we were to go next morning. Not very cheerful news, especially for women bowed with sorrow and weakened by fever. But to their praise be it said, they did not flinch. They were ready at daybreak to make the perilous journey. The two hammocks were carried side by side, for the path had now widened into a road, and I walked alongside with my rifle ready for instant use. But nothing happened, and after about two and a half hours of anxious plodding we reached railhead at Kinani.

A scene of bustling activity and of enthralling interest confronted us there. The old caravan trail, along which we had toiled two and a half years before, had disappeared. In its place were now two flashing steel rails stretching away toward the coast. Thousands of coolies were at work on the construction of the permanent way. There was, too, an element of humour in the busy scene. Huge fills were made in the most primitive fashion. An endless stream of bare legged coolies carried little baskets called *karais* filled with earth and dumped them into the yawning chasms. It is said that they tried wheelbarrows but the coolies

persisted in carrying the barrows instead of wheeling them; so they had to give that up!

Western civilization had arrived; the Dark Continent was waking up. For better or for worse the old order had gone forever. The trail is transformed into the road, the useless jungle has given way to the plantation. And what has happened to the land is happening also to the people. Some of my settler friends, sighing over the vanished glories of the primitive order, would keep the native from participating in this change. In his jungle character he is certainly more picturesque. And truth to tell, where the jungle nature is merely camouflaged by a veneer of civilization, he is worse off than he was before. But some of them are responding to a deeper urge. The God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, has shined in their hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; and jungle habits and jungle customs are giving way to truth and righteousness and holiness of life. Don't forget the treasure is still in earthen vessels, but it is there and it is transforming those vessels by the excellency of His power, as the Divine Potter fashions them by the glorious alchemy of His grace.

The point where we struck the railway was at the very end of the rails. Following them we presently came to several freight cars. Some of these were being taken to a temporary siding between there and Tsavo, and we were instructed to go that far and wait for a construction train to take us on.

The porters were piled into an open *bogie*, as freight cars are called there, while the two ladies and I climbed into the cab of the engine. Here we were joined by Mr. Caine, the Superintendent of Telegraphs. Incidentally, I looked for a bit of amusement through observing the surprise of my natives when the train got under way, for of course they had never seen a train

before. But they fooled me completely; there wasn't a thing doing in the surprise line; they simply sat there as unconcernedly as if trains had been an everyday thing with them. Of course, around their campfire at night it was a different story.

Well, we got to Ngomeni, which was just that—a name—and nothing more. A pair of steel rails split the thick bush which closed in and around, as if resenting the intrusion of this garish innovation from the outside world. I did not care to pitch camp owing to the terrible man-eating lions about. Under ordinary circumstances one is quite safe with a good campfire burning. But these beasts didn't recognize any of the ordinary rules of beastly behaviour. So we hoped against hope that we would get away before nightfall.

But the day wore on and finally I had to order the tents pitched. Before this was done a whistle sounded and I went out to the track to find an engine coming down from railhead with a single coach attached. It proved to be the private car of Mr. Cruickshank, the Traffic Manager of the line. This gentleman came to me and said: "I heard you were here, Mr. Hotchkiss, and as this is a bad place to camp, I'll take you on to Tsavo." How much this courtesy meant to us may be gathered from what happened there a couple of nights later. Two natives were sleeping in an open truck, at this siding. The man-eaters sprang into the truck, killed one of the men, devoured him on the spot, and crushed the chest of the other one with a blow of the mighty paw. I saw this man die as he was being taken to a hospital at Voi!

Mombasa at last, and after two and a half years changed almost beyond recognition! Yet it was still primitive enough. After getting off the train at Kilindini, it was a good half hour's walk through the mud to Mombasa proper. After seeing the ladies taken care of at the ladies' house of the Church Missionary Society, I made my way to the old Africa hotel, where

to my dismay I was informed by the Greek proprietor that there was " no room in the inn." A Norwegian sailing vessel had been wrecked on the nearby coast a few days before and the rescued sailors occupied every available space in the tiny hostelry. It was dark and it was raining and that announcement was not calculated to add cheer to an already sorely tried spirit. But I told him to get me something to eat, while I tried to find a place to lay my head. In this I was unsuccessful, so I returned to the hotel to a sumptuous dinner consisting of a tin of sardines, a gorgeous plate of bread and butter—and a pot of tea.

This done—and that word may be taken literally, the worthy host appeared and I informed him that he would have to keep me somehow for the night. He took me upstairs and in a hallway where two of the Norwegian sailors were sleeping on the floor, proceeded to spread a sheet on a dilapidated settee as this was the only couch available. I was just debating whether to drape my legs over the arms or just what could be done about it, when an angel appeared. Well, anyway, the white-bearded old gentleman standing in the doorway looked very good to me. He introduced himself as Doctor Ansorge, a government medical man from Uganda on his way home on retirement. He very kindly placed at my disposal the extra bed in his room, and there I remained for the first night of my stay at the Coast. One was always meeting such courtesies at the hands of strangers, officials, and others in those unconventional days.

The occasional exception served only to emphasize these delightful experiences. For instance, that unpleasant encounter a few years later, when in 1905 I started work in the Lumbwa tribe ! With my party including my wife and infant child, I arrived at Lumbwa station only to find that our goods had not arrived. There was a bungalow at the station with three rooms, entirely unoccupied. I applied to the

Indian station master for permission to occupy it temporarily. A day or two later an order came from the district engineer at Nakuru for us to move out. I wired him about our predicament but the order was repeated. Learning that our goods had not yet left Mombasa, I determined to go to the Coast and bring them up. On the way I met the district engineer—who later became general manager of the railway—on the platform at Nakuru. I explained our situation and begged him to let us remain in the bungalow until I could get our things up, as there was absolutely no other shelter for us. He refused and next day sent a peremptory telegram to the station master ordering " those missionaries " to vacate at once. There was nothing for it in my absence but to obey. They managed to get a small leaky tent to shelter the whole party, until my arrival with our supplies several days later. It did not soothe one's feelings to note that the bungalow remained absolutely empty throughout the whole time. But as I said, such an exception to the general rule was and is so rare as to be noteworthy.

Perhaps the most striking thing about Mombasa in those days was its unique system of transportation. It was a cross between a child's toy railway and a perambulator. A light railway ambled here and rather uncertainly, now and then dodging into an open gateway. On these tracks ran funny little cars with four wheels, a slat seat which could be turned to face either direction and over all a canvas top. You got on the thing and two natives, grunting and wheezing, pushed it up grade, then after a mighty shove and a shout jumped on behind. You were supposed to work the brakes with your feet and if you didn't do so you were liable to find yourself on a cross country jaunt. The thing rattled and banged over the island to the evident discomfiture of those riders who tried in vain to look dignified under distinctly undignified circumstances.

Who that has ever heard it can forget the sound that used to greet one in the early morning hours at Mombasa. I refer to the rhythmic chanting of the coolies engaged in the primitive transportation of those days. A dozen or more black fellows, some stripped to the waist, others with white or yellow *kanzus* (loose gowns) clinging to sweaty bodies, propel a long, narrow, low-bodied hamali cart along the road laden with boxes or bales of merchandise. One fellow, away at the front end of the pole, guides it while walking backward, while the others push more or less vigorously with one hand at the side and rear. All the time they keep up a musical chant, one of their number improvising a theme, the others joining in a lusty refrain.

Alas and hurrah! The motor has replaced the hamali cart. The honk of the machine has supplanted the song. We miss the song even while we hail the machine. But we have gained efficiency at the price of something which can never be recalled.

What a change has taken place in these few years. Now, there are broad paved highways, along which flash shining motor cars of almost every make under the sun, though the American make predominates. Large airy, well appointed hotels replace the stuffy, bedraggled, down-at-heel excuses of those days. Africa may well say, in the challenging words of Edwin Markham on his eightieth birthday :*

" I have done with the years that were :
I am quits.
I am done with the dead and old
They are mines worked out ;
I delved in their pits.
I have saved their grains of gold.
Now I turn to the future for wine and bread.
I have bidden the past adieu.
I laugh and lift hands to the years ahead :
Come on : I am ready for you."

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VI

DOWN IN THE DEPTHS

NOW for the return journey alone—the zero point in my experience. It was not only the fact that I was alone, with no assurance that help would be forthcoming, but the worst of it was that one was absolutely without funds. It had been a cardinal principle of this mission not to go in debt, but to my dismay upon looking into matters with our agents at Mombasa, I had found the mission heavily involved. Even money that had been sent for my own personal use had been applied on this indebtedness, so I was left to face the return journey practically penniless. Had it not been for the generosity of Miss Lindberg, who from her meagre supplies for her homeward voyage gave me enough to purchase half a chop box of provisions for the way, it would have fared ill with me.

Nature itself conspired to reduce one to the last stage of misery. The morning we left Mombasa the flood gates of the skies were opened. The half hour's walk to Kilindini in the mud and rain left me in a sorry condition. Even in the train there was no respite. A permanent way inspector was with me in the compartment, and we had the greatest difficulty dodging the streams that poured through roof and windows and under the door until the carriage was flooded.

We were nearly twelve hours doing the hundred miles to Voi, then four more in a construction train to Tsavo. Here I got my porters camped as safely as possible from nocturnal visits of lions, while I was put up by Lieutenant Patterson and Doctor Brock. In the late afternoon the former took me to the quarry where he had been attacked a few days before by the terror-stricken Indian coolies. That ride on the rickety trolley along the drunken track and across the swaying

bridge left nothing to be desired in the way of thrills. Upon returning to the main line Mr. Patterson said to me, " Come along with me, I want to show you something at one of my coolie camps." We climbed into the cab of a construction engine and with my host at the throttle ran up the line about a mile. There, close to the camp and beside the track was gruesome evidence of the terrible havoc wrought by the man-eaters. A big red splotch in the sand told the story of last night's doings. Nor was that the end. Next morning a construction train from Voi brought, in a little basket, all that remained of another who had fallen a victim that night.

Before I leave this part of my story, I must tell you briefly what is doubtless the most extraordinary event of its kind that has ever transpired. The railway construction had moved inland and the incident I am relating occurred at about two hundred and fifty miles from the coast. This was just opposite to and within a few miles of where our last camp was pitched before entering Ukamba country. A man-eating lion was again taking heavy toll of the coolies. This beast was so bold that he actually leaped on to the roof of the temporary station building, and tried to get at the Indian telegraphist by clawing at the corrugated iron sheets. The result was a laconic message to headquarters: " Lion fighting station, send urgent succour."

The superintendent of police, Mr. Lyall, with two companions, Messrs. Huebner and Parenti, had their carriage put on a siding when they heard that the lion had been seen near the station that day. After dinner they set themselves to watch. However, as nothing happened, Mr. Lyall finally persuaded his companions to lie down while he kept watch. Huebner got into an upper berth; Parenti lay down on the floor, while Lyall sat on the seat opposite the berth in which Huebner lay. Evidently Lyall, too, eventually lay down, having seen nothing more than what appeared to be two bright

glow-worms out there in the darkness. Scarcely had he dozed off, however, before those glow-worms began to move. Slowly, stealthily, they approached the carriage. Presently two great paws gripped the steps high above the track and a tawny body was quietly pulled upon the platform, so quietly in fact that the sleepers within were not awakened. The door, a sliding one running on wheels had not been fastened. The weight of the lion on the side of the carriage caused the door to slide open enough for the great beast to enter. The rocking of the carriage now closed the door, latching it securely. The lion now actually stood on Parenti, who was lying on the floor, while it seized the unfortunate Lyall. Huebner, suddenly awakened, looked down on this terrifying spectacle. The only way of escape lay through another sliding door leading into the servants' quarters. In his terror he actually leaped on to the back of the lion in order to reach this door. The door, however, was being frantically held by the terrified coolies on the other side. But with a mighty effort he succeeded in wrenching it loose and squeezed his body through. At that moment there was a sickening crash as the lion tore through the window, carrying his victim with him.

At such terrible cost and against such unprecedented odds, the railway was carried on to its terminus on the shore of Lake Victoria. In the year 1901 I had the privilege of heading a party of three men, Messrs. Chilson, Hole and myself, in establishing the Friends Africa Mission in the Kavirondo country. We travelled to Kisumu on the first passenger train to go through. Over the low lying Kano plains the rails had just been laid down without any ballast. Rains had softened the black cotton soil with the result that the train rolled like a ship in a heavy sea as the tracks sank in the mud. Where the present thriving town of Kisumu looks out over the great inland sea, second largest in the world (about the size of the state of Ohio) there was only a

rocky hillside covered with bush and swarming with myriads of mosquitoes. Then and for years after, it was a deadly menace to life, but that reputation has been modified by clearing the bush, cutting out the papyrus swamp, and introducing sanitary measures. Kisumu may well stand as a monument to the indefatigable energy of Mr. Ainsworth, who closed a notable career in Kenya as Chief Native Commissioner.

But to return to my story. That trying march, back from the railway to the now desolated Mission, was memorable by reason of the utter loneliness that overwhelmed me. At no time before or after this did I feel so completely alone. Yet at the same time it was an experience of the marvellous Grace of God, such as I had never known before. It was Bethel and Peniel rolled into one climactic experience, a resting and a wrestling from which one emerged with a new confidence in God.

Under such circumstances one is peculiarly susceptible to little things, whether of bane or of blessing. One of the latter variety I recall as I made my first camp after leaving the railway. I had left my porters far in the rear and upon reaching the camping place sat down under a tree utterly dejected, a good deal as Elijah must have felt under the juniper tree, when he fled from the wrath of Jezebel. And God had his angel here in the African wilderness even as there at Beersheba, only this one was black. A Swahili headman, attached to a caravan coastbound, suddenly appeared before me with a tray containing tea and some sweet Indian cakes. After I had partaken of this repast, he took me to his tent—just a little cotton affair with a grass mat inside. He cleaned it out, turned it over to me, and then went out and hushed the chatter in the tents nearby so that the white man could rest.

While at the coast I had picked up two Wakamba boys who had been at the coast and now wanted to get back to their own country. Generally speaking, it does

not take a long sojourn in a town to spoil any native. And these were no exception to the general rule. They had added to their original sin a lot of acquired sins, not crude savage sins, but cultivated, civilized sins. And that spelled plenty of trouble for me.

The increasing drift of native life from the country to the towns constitutes a grave problem. The peril of it lies in the complete disruption of his old habits and the distortion of his outlook with nothing to balance this loss. He is at sea without chart or compass and without even a certain destination. The old tribal taboos, which acted as a check in certain directions, have been largely discarded. The undress of the savage has given way first of all to a blanket, then to an outlandish attempt to imitate the European, and finally to a complete assimilation of the white man's dress.

In the case of the women the same general process takes place but with even more disastrous results. Silk dresses and stockings and high heeled shoes replace the greasy goat skin garment and the cumbrous wire bracelets on arms and legs. But the tragedy of it all is in the fact that they have found the easy way to obtain these desirable things.

The general demoralization is accelerated by the dance hall and the beer parlour. These have become as necessary to the sophisticated African as to his white prototype. In the heated atmosphere of these foul dens, so far removed from the open air environment of his savage games, his life is cankered to the core.

Added to all these devastating elements, which have so suddenly crashed into his life there is the moving picture show. Hollywood has poured a lecherous stream of filth into the world and these child races have been quick to appreciate it. The paganism of America finds an immediate response in the paganism of Africa.

When finally an increasing number are able to read the newspapers, and there they find laid bare the unsavoury stories of American marriages and divorces,

which amounts to progressive polygamy ; of hilarious parties where drunken lust rides high ; where in short they discover that drunkenness and prostitution appear to be the normal thing in the white man's world—is it any wonder that natures which have always been dominated by animal instincts are stimulated in those directions ? So there emerges a problem.

What is the answer to the problem ? Surely there is no answer if it be not found in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. That Gospel touched the sordid sensualism of ancient Rome and Corinth, and, on the testimony of Winwood Reade, the rationalist historian, who cannot be accused of any bias toward Christianity, it made slaves dependable, drunkards sober, thieves honest, and harlots pure. The Apostle Paul, after enumerating the sickening list of sins of which the Corinthians were guilty, a list which runs through the whole gamut of vice, adds this illuminating word : " And such were some of you : but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God " (1 Cor. vi, 9–11). That Gospel is the sole answer, and it is the sufficient answer to the perplexities arising from the impact of our so-called civilization upon the African.

Within a few days after my arrival at Kilungu station I set out for Kangundo, the last station that had been established, and from reports, the best one from every point of view. My route lay through Machakos which was then the principal town between the Coast and Uganda. It consisted of a mud walled fort and two or three small corrugated iron sheds housing government clerks outside. The historic landmark stood until a few years ago, when it was torn down and nothing remains but an inconspicuous tablet to mark the most significant fort from the Coast to Uganda. The area was administered by Mr. John Ainsworth, who subsequently became Provincial Commissioner and then Chief Native Commissioner, as the country blossomed

from Protectorate to Crown Colony. He had recently married Miss Inez Scott, sister of the leader of our party.

The road from Kilungu to Machakos was a punishing one in those days. Bad enough under good conditions, it was terrible when heavy rains, as in this case, had converted the steep hills into veritable toboggan slides of mud. We were three days doing by foot what can now be done in a couple of hours by motor cars. The porters were constantly falling down on the slippery paths and everything and everybody was plastered with mud. In a pelting rain I got thoroughly soaked to the skin, only to have to wait an hour or more in the pouring rain for the tent to appear. It was bitterly cold and the result, an attack of dysentery a few days later which very nearly finished me.

On the way from Machakos to Kangundo I called at the village of Kikuvi, an influential Mkamba, who had become a staunch friend of the Mission. He gave me the startling information that the porters who had been left to look after the station property had burned their quarters and had taken all the movable effects to the village of the local Chief Mwana Wamuke, while they themselves were stopping in another village. This Mwana Wamuke was a wily old rascal, a perpetual thorn in the side of the Government. Not long after this, he led his followers in a savage raid on the Wakikuyu, bringing back spoil of goats and of women as slaves. Mr. Ainsworth was just about to send an expedition to bring him to terms when he conveniently died. It must have been a dull day when he was born or the women attendants were woefully lacking in imagination, for his name means simply "son of a woman."

We went to his village accompanied by Kikuvi, only to find the old fellow just drunk enough to be thoroughly truculent. He denied all knowledge of the Mission goods. Since certain items were lying about in plain

sight, his denial wasn't very convincing, so he shifted his ground and declared that those were all he had. Upon our insistence to the contrary, his wives brought several boxes out of the huts. Kikuvi, emboldened by our presence, then took a hand and called attention to certain missing items. This was too much for the now infuriated Chief, who seized an axe and made for Kikuvi. We disarmed him and then while I stood guard over the spluttering old reprobate, Kikuvi darted about this hut and that, every one yielding something belonging to the Mission. The old Chief saw that the game was up, so yielded with what grace he could and next morning had the whole lot brought to the station.

Just before daybreak the next morning I heard a familiar voice outside the house. It was that of Kuyumia, an old man who lived near the Kilungu station and who lately had been showing considerable friendliness toward us. His presence at that early hour boded no good. I called him in and sitting beside my cot he told his story. It appears that the day after I left, a caravan on its way to Uganda had camped for the night a short distance from the Mission. After they left the next day, the lad Ngao, one of the two I had brought from the Coast, searching about the camp site found a rifle cartridge. There were several old Snider rifles at the Mission, which were required by law for the protection of porters on long journeys.

Unfortunately the cartridge this boy found was of the same calibre. He was not slow to make use of his find. And with a native's love of the spectacular he had a small lad hold a piece of cloth at arm's length as a target. The result was what might have been expected. The boy was killed. Instantly the whole region was in a ferment of excitement and they were for burning down the Mission. But old Kuyumia withheld them from their purpose until he could communicate with me. Remembering what I had done in delivering them

from the rampaging rhinoceros some weeks before, they consented.

There was nothing for it but to hurry back. But the matter must first be reported to Government at Machakos. By forced marches I did this and got to Kilungu the third day, secured the lad Ngao and returned with him to Machakos. By this time the drenching I had suffered a few days before got in its work, and I was in for the worst attack of fever and dysentery I had ever endured. That journey back to Kilungu was a nightmare. Every few hundred yards I had to lie down. Arriving finally, I slumped into bed and lay there for a week, part of the time unconscious. Unable to help myself, I had to watch the other boy sell some of my enamelware dishes before my eyes, and then make off. Left without anyone to look after us, I had perforce to make the best of a bad situation. When I was finally able to eat, I had a native build a fire on the floor beside my cot and was then able to cook a bit of sago or tapioca which had been saved for just such emergencies.

Kangundo now became the headquarters of the Mission. The ensuing months were among the most hectic in all my experience. The terrible drought devastated the land, converting a once smiling countryside into a barren wilderness, where disease and death wrought shocking havoc. The fortunes of the Mission too, were at their lowest ebb. Month after weary month passed without a cent coming from the Home Council. Although it was and still is a cardinal principle of the Mission, that no solicitation shall be made for funds as being inconsistent with the life of faith, and, although its missionaries are forbidden to engage in trading operations to earn money, something had to be done. The Apostle Paul had set a worthy example by resorting to his trade as a tentmaker, to support himself and those with him (Acts xx, 34 and 2 Thes. iii, 8–10). I followed that example, little

dreaming that it was a turning point in my career as a missionary.

I had a small crop of wheat, I believe the first to be grown in Kenya Colony. It would have required a wild leap of the imagination to have visualized the billowy fields of golden grain that later were to replace the empty grass land of the highlands. I learned that the officials at Machakos would buy this wheat if converted into flour. I had nothing but a tiny hand mill with which to grind it. Hours of laborious effort did the business. The problem of sifting was met by cutting an old mosquito net into strips and my black fellows worked into the small hours of the morning at this job. It was with mixed feelings of pain and pride that I received the cash from this first venture. Bread was a luxury. For fourteen months at one time I had had none whatever. For two months I had lived on beans and sour milk. Sweet milk was impossible to procure, since the Wakamba kept their milk in narrow necked gourds which were never washed, and the result was not pleasant from any point of view. But the cash did go far to enable one to dig in and wait for the help which was so slow in coming.

During these times I had the unique experience of trying out ants as an article of diet. Not so bad, either, though I do not recommend them as a regular addition to the menu. These were the termites, or white ants. They are hatched in their subterranean homes at the beginning of the rains and for a brief time possess wings. Myriads of tiny holes in the ground belch forth streams of the creatures, which at this stage are simply soft white bodies fluttering helplessly in the air for an hour or so. Then the wings drop off and they fall to the ground, and in a short time the bodies harden and they become a merciless scourge, a devouring pest.

But for a short time the tables are turned and these voracious devourers become the devoured. In Ukamba this becomes one of the most spectacularly beautiful

scenes one could wish to see. During the day the natives prepare for the event by clearing spaces about four feet in diameter around the openings in the ground through which the termites have begun to emerge. Torches of dry reeds are prepared and placed in readiness. By nightfall the air is full of fluttering insects, wings humming, but to no purpose, as they are driven by the air currents hither and thither. Each cleared space is now occupied by a native with a lighted torch which he swings slowly to and fro. The effect of thousands of such torches swaying in the darkness across the plains and upon the hillsides is magical. The fluttering masses, unable to control their movements, fly into the blazing flames and fall to the ground scorched. They are then gathered up in vessels to furnish a toothsome delicacy for the native. They have a not unpleasant nutty flavour.

Among the Lumbwa natives the procedure is reduced to the utmost simplicity. They do not bother about any preparations. They are stark realists. Squatting at each tiny opening in the ground which is erupting living columns of toothsome dainties, are shouting, laughing black forms of all ages. Busy hands grasp the flying creatures, and transfer them bodily to their mouths, wings sticking to lips and faces. There's a reason, too, as a certain breakfast food advertisement tells us. The reason in this case is that these people believe the ants come from the cooking pots of their departed ancestors. Birds and fowls too revel in a very carnival of gluttony at the expense of the little creatures, until they fairly stagger with the drunkenness of utter satiety. Sometimes a native will hasten the exit of the ant from this subterranean haunt. He lays a block of wood on the ground, beats it rhythmically with a stick in each hand and presently the little creatures come crawling out to see what all the excitement is about.

I suppose this might be classed as one of the compensations of a disordered universe, but it is an

infinitesimal gain against the enormous loss occasioned by these insects. Life in the tropics is a never ending struggle to circumvent their diabolical cleverness as destroyers. But what's the use? Down there in a wonderfully constructed underground chamber whence radiate smooth, hard galleries in all directions, a great bloated queen lies in state, fed by an army of tireless workers, and day in and day out, month in and month out, years on end, she lays approximately forty thousand eggs a day which are carried away and stored by those same workers. These are hatched out at the beginning of the rains. All over the land you come upon the cathedral-like structures reared by these astonishing builders, structures which withstand the fury of tropical storms and the disintegrating influence of time. They work under cover always. You pick up a perfectly sound looking board and it crumbles to dust in your hands. I once had a much prized rain coat which was given me by a group of young people. I went away for a few days and left the coat, rolled up in a bundle and suspended from the rafters and fully a foot from the wall. When I returned there was no coat. These diabolically clever creatures had built a tunnel up the wall to a point opposite the coat, then straight out from the wall another concrete-like tunnel, plastered the coat with a covering of clay mixed with gluey substance, and then proceeded to devour it at their leisure. Shoes that I had never worn went in the same way.

Our first houses were entirely of grass, then of sun-dried brick thatched with grass. But it didn't matter. Presently you heard a scarcely distinguishable sound in the thatch, "tick-tick-tick-tick," saw nothing at all, but with the first rain your roof came down over your head in a shower of mud and bits of chewed grass!

Strange land this, where extremes meet in confusing proximity. Elephants and jiggers, hippos and fleas, rhinos and tick birds, giraffes and ants—they bulk here

as in no other country on earth. The big things are talked about most but it is the little things that creep into the crevices of your life and make you miserable. You can generally avoid the pachyderm things but you have to take the insects as they come. There are the pestiferous little jiggers which burrow into your feet. The first intimation you have of his unwelcome presence is an intolerable itching. If he is discovered in time and dug out there's no harm done; but if you give him a bit of time he uses your toe as an incubator, and presently you have a sac of eggs the size of a small pea to extract with the possibility of infection resulting. Natives often lose their toes to these insidious pests. I once had a porter whose feet became so badly infected that he was practically useless as a carrier. But I always took him along because of his droll humour, which never failed to enliven the march and cheer the weary men in camp. In the early days the needle-like thorns which everywhere abound were utilized to extract the jiggers. Nowadays, you will find a safety pin attached somewhere to every native for the same purpose.

The siafu or soldier ant is also well up in the ranks of trouble makers. Time and again I have been driven from my house in the dead of night and compelled to stay out while they took possession, swarming over floors, walls, and ceiling. Then, as suddenly as they came, they formed in line and marched out again. I will say this for them, though, that no vermin of any sort remained in the house after their visit. And no wonder. When they fasten their pincer-like jaws into your flesh you know about it. It is useless to try to brush them off; one at a time you pull them off and more often than not they must be torn apart, leaving their heads still sticking to your flesh.

VII

TESTING AND PROVING THE PROMISE

THE Great Commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," and its correlating promise, "And lo! I am with you alway," have come to be limited very largely to the foreign missionary enterprise. It should not be so, for with God there is no East nor West, no North nor South. When the veil of the Temple was rent in twain at the crucifixion, whatever limits had previously existed as between Jew and Gentile, home and foreign, were forever obliterated. The command and the promise, then, are for all ages, all races, and for all places. Wherever there is a sinning soul and a seeking saint there is the Omnipotent Lord according to His promise.

"Go ye—Lo, I am with you." "I—WITH YOU." What an unbelievably amazing association! The mind goes back to that great High Priestly prayer in the seventeenth chapter of John's gospel, and we catch those gracious words, than which no greater have ever been uttered, "I in them and thou in me." What condescending love is in that phrase! Nothing less than the complete identification of the redeemed sinner with his Redeemer. Shall we ever get to the unexplorable limits of it? But wait. Listen again. "That the world may know." Always, always "those other sheep" are in His thought. In the heart of the great Intercessor there was a yearning love which leaped the chasm of religious bigotry and national exclusiveness in which He had been reared, but which never was any part of Him. And be sure, the nearer we get to that heart of understanding love the less there will be in us of any disposition to limit Him by our petty provincialisms. There are no horizons to the Kingdom of God; or rather, may it be said that all the world is an

horizon where earth and sky meet in Immanuel. The New Testament opens with the angels singing heaven's announcement, "unto all people." It closes with the angel proclaiming, "whosoever will let him come."

"All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore." That power was His by reason of what He did. He was "declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead." He "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him and given Him a name that is above every name." The ground of His power is in the Cross and the Resurrection; the sphere and extent of His Power is in heaven and on earth. At the very beginning of His ministry, He had indicated that His will was to be done in both spheres. Then what restfulness of spirit for the human instrument to know that he is but an instrument in the Divine Workman's hand. We do not need to know what that Hand is doing; we have but to let Him work in us and through us to will and to do according to His good pleasure.

One day I received a hastily scrawled note from Brother Krieger, who was attempting to get a foothold among the Kikuyu people. It bore the startling news that the Akikuyu had surrounded him and requested me to come to his assistance. Accordingly I set out at about five in the morning and reached him after a forty-five mile walk, about seven the same evening. He had advised me that the path across the Athi plains was under observation, since they knew that I was the only one that could come to him. When I got within a few miles of his place I therefore left the path and making a wide detour came in from their side, which I correctly surmised would be less carefully watched. Thus surprised, and not knowing how many rifles I had, they withdrew.

We returned to Kangundo together, taking two days for the journey. Our camp for the night was a shallow

cave overlooking the then dry bed of the Athi river. Soon after reaching camp, we went across the river to get some meat. We were stalking a herd of Thompsoni, small, graceful antelope, familiarly known as "Tommies." Suddenly, however, two lionesses jumped up from the grass just ahead of us and ran off toward a bend of the river. That, of course, frightened our antelope, and that was the end of our hunt for the day. We turned to retrace our steps toward camp and had gone but a short distance, when a pretty little lion cub, not more than a few days old, jumped up at our very feet and ran off through the long grass. We watched it with no little anxiety, for a lioness with small cubs is generally a problem to be reckoned with. Now a whole pride, as a family of lions is called, rose to their feet from the grass where they had been until now hidden from our sight. They were much too close for comfort and we suddenly had an almost uncontrollable desire to get away from there with all speed. But that would have been folly, for it would have brought them upon us with a rush. The main question was, what would the lioness do about it? She began that ominous pacing to and fro, emitting an occasional nasty growl, her tail twitching suggestively. We edged off toward camp with an air of nonchalance we were far from feeling. The proud father of the family then proceeded to escort us off his premises, following us on a line parallel to our course. Thus we proceeded, each eyeing the other suspiciously for any untoward movement. Upon reaching the river, we jumped down the bank, hastened to the other side and looked back. There he stood, a splendid, regal lord in his own domain, who, after assuring himself that we had no designs on them, turned and stalked back to his family.

In the evening we were sitting before the cave, enjoying the familiar but ever fascinating scene before us. There were the wide sweeping, rolling grass plains, treeless except along the river, on whose vast expanse

game in limitless numbers grazed peacefully, as idyllic a picture as could be well imagined. We were intently watching a herd of Thompsoni, twenty or more in number. Just across the river they were, their quick nervous movements a perpetual delight. It is these same movements, stamping the feet, and most of all a constant switching of their short, stubby tails—which often gives them away when otherwise they would be unnoticed in the vastness of their surroundings. Even as we watched, the pretty heads went up, they sniffed the air and away they scurried. We hadn't long to wait for the reason of their sudden flight. In a few moments three lionesses ran stealthily down the river bed. They were not more than thirty yards away and the play of those mighty muscles, as they noiselessly stole along, was a thing to wonder at. But beyond casting an appraising eye on our supply of firewood for the night, we were not disturbed in mind. As a rule one is quite safe with a good campfire going.

There was an occasion once when my men grew careless and allowed the fire to get low. A skulking hyena took advantage of the lapse to stroll through the camp. One of the black fellows in his sleep had thrust his foot out from under the tent. The hyena seized it and dragged its unfortunate possessor out. The uproar that ensued, however, caused him to drop his prey and make off. The man had a badly lacerated foot, but recovered. Campfires were well looked after from that time on.

This is strikingly true also in the spiritual realm. The Apostle Peter tells us that " your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour." It is perfectly true that the lion roars and that roar is a fearsome thing. But he is not nearly as dangerous then as when he is silently stalking his prey. So, too, of this adversary of ours. He makes a great deal of noise in the world but he is most to be feared when he is least conspicuous. He hates the

light, and " God is light." Therefore the child of God is perfectly safe while he walks in conscious fellowship with Christ, through the reading of His word and by prayer. " If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The hyena is, next to the vulture, the most disgusting thing that lives, and for his size one of the most powerful. But for all his strength, he is a coward as all bullies are. Time and again one has met them out in the plains and passed within a few yards. But beyond a leering look from their evil eyes over their hunched up shoulders, they made no move to molest one. They are living, walking graveyards, for the African generally does not bury his dead. They throw them in the bush to be devoured by these loathsome creatures. When the Kipsigis natives pass the excrement of hyenas, they cover it with rocks because it represents to them the remains of their dead.

But for sheer, unrelieved ugliness, the vulture is at the head of the class. He looks just like the thing he is, the carrion eater, the scavenger. Yet at your first sight of him when he is in the air you would probably take him to be an eagle. There indeed he is a superb figure. What the Book of Job says about the eagle is applicable to the vulture at this stage: " Her eyes behold afar off . . . and where the slain are, there is she." But I cannot bring myself to use the feminine pronoun in referring to this ribald thing. He has an uncanny instinct for death, which baffles scientific analysis. Nobody knows how he does it. You shoot an animal out on the open veldt, the sky is as clear as a washed looking-glass—not a living thing in sight. Yet in a few moments a microscopic speck appears in the heavens miles away. That speck grows larger as it approaches, sweeping in majestic circles high overhead. Others appear as mysteriously out of nowhere and join the circling leader, until there are scores of them,

swinging with swift and effortless ease round and around, ever closer in narrowing circles until they drop clumsily to the ground around their prey. Now at close range a hideous metamorphosis takes place. Of all the ill-favoured, awkward, lumbering creatures on earth they are the worst. They look positively obscene with their hairless heads and hungry, always hungry, beaks. Perhaps you find them perched in the trees, looking down, always looking down—one wonders if it is possible for them to look up at all—waiting with diabolic patience for death to summon them to dine. And when they have gorged themselves to repletion and they sit around with bloody beaks, croaking dismally, they appear like the very guardians of the nether regions.

Next morning we resumed our journey. Late in the afternoon, as we neared my station at Kangundo, I shot and wounded a hartebeest, a common variety of antelope about the size of a horse, but taller. The herd disappeared over a little rise and we followed as fast as our weariness would permit. Reaching the crest there was nothing to be seen. As darkness was fast approaching we gave up the chase and pushed on towards home. We had gone but a short distance when we descried what we took to be an antelope a couple of hundred yards away. We were quickly disabused, however, and concluded that we had urgent business elsewhere when our antelope turned out to be lions. And they were coming toward us ! Their low guttural growls were not pleasant to hear. Again our feet itched to get away from there at once but our heads told us to go slowly if we did not want them to rush us. There were six lionesses and five well grown cubs in this reception party. We reached the crest of the ridge and then hastened our pace. But our pursuers were not to be shaken off and they came forward on the run. We had now reached some little scrubby trees and we climbed into them. But they offered little protection.

We got as high as we could, and that was but eight feet, on frail limbs that threatened any moment to break under our weight.

Now a strange thing happened, for the lions had stopped. Then we discovered that the wounded antelope had fallen there and we had passed close by it without seeing it. The lions now fell upon the carcass and fought over it. If we had known their habits, as we came to know them later, we might now have escaped without difficulty. As it was we watched with fearful fascination as they fought over their meal. It was a terrific spectacle.

Having finished their first course, they came for the next one. They looked more fearsome than ever as with red jaws working suggestively they approached. As my companion could not see them clearly at first from his perch in an adjoining tree, he suggested that we wait until both could fire at once. At the first round two of them fell, then, as the third came down, the others swerved and with long graceful leaps over the tall grass were gone. We lost no time getting down from our precarious perches for darkness was upon us. Nor did we go to look at our fallen prey, but made good time to my station. Next morning we went out and secured the hides of the lionesses which had been killed.

It was about this time that we made the close acquaintance of Donyo Sabok, a mountain which rises sheer out of the Athi plain. That word "sheer" is used advisedly, as on its Southern face you do not approach in a series of ridges as most self-respecting mountains demand. Instead you step straight out of the level plain on to the mountain, and the ascent is steep and uncompromising from that moment. The summit was covered with dense forest and impenetrable bush, the haunt of buffalo, probably the most dangerous of all African game. That night was one long to be remembered. We seemed to be suspended in space. Sight was shut out except for glimpses of the velvet

sky through the enveloping trees, displaying the jewels of the night in dazzling array. You hear much of the mysterious noises of the night in Africa, but my experience has been quite the contrary. After the first half hour or so, when the denizens of the night appear to be settling themselves to rest, there was scarcely a sound. But the silence has in it something sinister and menacing. You are conscious all the time that out there in the concealing darkness savage nature is crouching, ready to spring.

But these were not the things that made the night memorable. It was the morning, rising as it does in the tropics full fledged from the womb of the night. None of your lazy, yawning approaches, as if reluctant to face the day, but joyously throwing off its sable coverings and springing full girded to its task. But this morning there was something else. I wish I could get you to see it. The whole world was shut out by a dense white mist, and only the tops of the highest hills could be seen, like islands in a vast silent sea. High above all towered the gleaming pinnacles of Kenya mountain. Then all at once the pale face of the morn blushed a rosy hue, the misty sea was suffused with saffron light which gradually changed to gold. The effect was stunning in its exquisite loveliness. These eyes were looking upon a faint replica of that sea of glass mingled with fire, which the Apostle John saw and described for us in the immortal Revelation, which God gave him in the isle which is called Patmos.

In prophetic symbolism, waters and seas stand for peoples and nations. Still that sea of the nations is troubled and turbulent. Not one knows what a day may bring forth, but everyone is certain that sooner or later the ominous clouds on the horizon will break in the most desolating war in history. Peace conferences and parleys come to naught because the only possible basis of peace is forever ignored. God says that " the work of *righteousness* shall be peace." But all the

efforts of men to avert war have been based upon political expediency and not upon righteousness. So we head into the gathering storm. But one day, thank God, the knowledge of the Glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. Then shall the redeemed stand upon the sea, whose restless waves have been forever stilled by the same voice, which spoke to the angry sea of Galilee and it lay down and slept at his feet. When God's purposes have been finally wrought out, " there shall be no more sea," for the world shall have proclaimed Christ as King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Little could we have dreamed of the changes that were to take place in that familiar and forbidding landscape within a few years. Now, the mountain and the area at its base is included in the estate of the late Sir William Northrup McMillan, the American millionaire from St. Louis, who became a British citizen, eventually drifted to Kenya Colony, and by his benefactions won a knighthood. He lies buried on the top of Donyo Sabok. His widow is still living and carrying on the beneficent work they had begun in his lifetime.

During the dreadful famine of 1898 I did more hunting than usual. As a matter of fact, I never had the hunting instinct—that instinct which changes a mere man into a sportsman and makes the chase an end in itself. My hunting was almost entirely to provide food for the starving natives. My ammunition having been exhausted in this effort, I gathered some of the people together and went to the Athi river to fish. There we found a young Government official named Buckel encamped. He was engaged in the difficult task of putting an end to the incessant clashes between the Wakikuyu and the Waramba. From him I was able to replenish my supply of ammunition.

One day I accompanied him on one of his expeditions. Returning to camp, we had crossed a small stream and

were making our way up the hill around which it flowed. About half way up we discovered on a rocky prominence jutting out from the hillside, a family of lions, consisting of a lion, lioness, and three well grown cubs. The male, a fine looking maned beast stood up clearly silhouetted against the sky, his mate lying at his feet and the cubs tumbling about her. It was a magnificent sight though we did not appreciate the magnificence of it at the time. We continued our way toward some trees on the crest of the ridge, keeping a close watch on the family yonder. Presently, the lioness rose, uttered a few disagreeable growls, then taking her cubs disappeared beyond the rocks. When we turned for a moment to look ahead, it was to discover to our dismay that the way was now effectually blocked by two rhinos. They had come from over the ridge and now shut off any further advance in that direction. There was nothing to do but turn back. We had hardly turned, ere the lioness, having taken her cubs out of the way, leaped back upon the rocks and then came charging for us. A depression in the hillside partially obscured her for a time and we failed to stop her. We had but a few rounds of ammunition upon us for emergencies and they were soon exhausted. We knelt with empty rifles in one hand and hunting knives in the other awaiting her, when to our astonishment she suddenly swerved, ran down the hill, leaped the stream and disappeared in the thick bush on the other side.

Now for the sequel. I learned later that certain praying friends of mine in the homeland had had a feeling, a presentiment, just about that time that I was in special danger. They, of course, did not know the nature of the need, but they were strangely led to pray for me in a special way, and why should it not be so? Are we not told in the Word that "the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit maketh intercession for us, according to the will of God?"

We do not know, but there is One who does know and that One would let us know if we were in touch with Him. But alas! There is so much static around us, we are so closely connected with the world that God cannot get through to us.

Prayer is a vital factor in the programme of God. We may not understand the philosophy of it, but the glorious reality of it is attested in unnumbered incidents, as remarkable as this. You never know, when you go to prayer, what the answer may be out yonder in the ends of the earth. It is enough that God has made the ministry of intercession a vital part of His programme of service. When we leave that part out or degrade it by mere formal petitions we insult God, we bring leanness into our own lives, and we imperil the work of the Kingdom. The means and the methods which bring success in the world of business are not necessarily successful in the work of God. This is spiritual business and must be done along spiritual lines. The sooner we learn that God's work must be done in God's way, we will find that God's power is available for that work. If our service is not shot through with prevailing prayer, it is bound to be impotent. On the other hand, if our praying is not backed up by loving service, it is likely to become stupid impertinence.

Undoubtedly the most hair raising experience of my life was an encounter with lions in which I never even saw the beasts. It happened in this wise. It was out in the limitless expanse of the Athi plains. The sun was blazing hot and I concluded to eat my lunch in the shade of some flat topped mimosa thorn trees. I selected a tree that suited my purpose and was just entering its inviting shade when a sound assailed my ears which stopped me dead in my tracks. It was that characteristic coughing sound that lions make when first disturbed. They were lying under that same tree but so completely screened by the tall grass that I could not see them. Evidently they had had a good feed, or I

probably would not be telling about it now. They did not even deign to get up. But I didn't stand on the order of my going but went at once. And if the manner of my going was deliberate and more or less dignified, it was not at all because I felt that way. I wanted to be precipitate but only the knowledge that such a course would have resulted fatally kept me from dashing headlong from the spot. Backing out with rifle ready for instant use, I eventually put a safe distance between us and ate my lunch with due humility under the open sky.

Of all the animals in this, the world's greatest zoological garden, the huge, lumbering, grotesque rhino is perhaps the most interesting. His mighty strength and his armour plated hide make him invulnerable to attack by other animals, yet his shortsightedness makes him dependent on a little bird for warning against danger. You might pass him time and again without his being aware of your presence, but the little tickbirds pay for their keep by fluttering about his stupid head chirping their warning; the head goes up sniffing the air, and then he thunders in your direction. You scramble for an ant heap or a tree, and as likely as not by that time he has lost your scent and is careering in the opposite direction with amazing speed.

One of these huge pachyderms very nearly put an end to my service. I had been out hunting for the hungry natives when Kikuvi and I became separated temporarily from the rest. We were crossing a ravine, when he suddenly stopped and pointing to a clump of bushes on the opposite side, declared that a rhino was there. I saw what appeared to be a large boulder partially screened by the bushes. The rhino has a habit of standing motionless for quite long periods. There was no movement in the bush so I was sceptical of its being a rhino. We then proceeded down the side of the ravine through the reeds at the bottom and up the other side. There was a small tree, but a few inches

in diameter, about ten yards from the bush in question. We made our way to this and had scarcely reached it, ere the bush suddenly came to life. It was a rhino all right and he was plainly annoyed at our presence and as plainly meant to do something about it. Even then I wasn't sure which was head or tail of the beast, but Kikuvi's keen eyes were better than mine, and he whispered, " That's his shoulder, Bwana " and I hastily fired. The great brute burst from the bush and came straight for us snorting with rage. It was but a matter of seconds, too short a time to reload my old fashioned single shot Martini rifle, so we waited until he got almost upon us before jumping to one side. He swept past us at short arms length, that wicked horn much too close for comfort, stumbled and fell dead, less than seventy yards away—and the food problem was solved for that day.

A rhino once afforded me an exhibition of incredible brute power, that thrilled even while it horrified me. I had shot a Kongoni, wounding him in the hindquarters. He staggered over a ridge and when I came up to the ridge it was to confront an amazing spectacle. The wounded antelope was lying in an open glade amid the surrounding thorn trees. An enormous rhino was circling around him, and as I watched he would rush in, stop just short of the Kongoni, then walk around him for a bit, then make another quick rush. This continued for some time when suddenly the wounded beast, goaded to desperation, pulled himself up on his front quarters and made a lunge at the big bully that was annoying him. The rhino simply lowered his head, thrust his great horn under the Kongoni, lifted him bodily and crashed him to the ground which put an end to the suffering beast. He then calmly walked away. I brought him down with a well placed shot and incidentally secured a unique trophy. The African rhino has two horns, one directly behind the other on his snout. The rear one, however, is usually but a short,

stubby affair, scarcely worthy to be called a horn at all. In this case, which I believe is very unusual, both horns were of practically equal length. These horns, by the way, are composed of a mass of agglutinated bristles adhering to a bony plate, which in turn is held on to the snout by the tough skin. The horns take a high polish and are now as valuable as ivory. The hide, which is an inch thick, has for centuries been made into the cruel whips so closely identified with the horrors of the slave traffic.

At the other end of the line, as far as size is concerned, are the wild dogs; wolf-like creatures of gregarious habits. They are not nice things to meet. I was once stalking a herd of giraffe with the sole object of observing them at close range. If it wasn't that they themselves have the bump of curiosity pretty well developed, it would be next to impossible to get close to them, since their periscopic necks enable them to spot you at a distance. I was being unusually fortunate on this occasion and was worming my way over a rising bit of ground toward a final objective, whence I hoped to watch these strangely outlandish creatures at my leisure. But that opportunity never came. All of a sudden I stopped dead in my tracks, for there not ten yards ahead was a pack of about a score of snarling, fighting wild dogs. They were completely absorbed in their quarrel over the remains of a lion's repast of the night before, so didn't see me. I lost all interest in giraffe and beat a strategic retreat.

Even the bees in Africa appear to suffer from an inflated ego or something, for they are as savage as the rest of the continent. I once had a good big mule—well, anyway a big mule. On a Christmas morning he was tied under a shady tree, for it was the hot season. Presently I heard an unaccountable noise and looked out. The mule was dashing madly about, kicking and straining at the rope. A colony of bees had swarmed upon him. He quickly broke loose and dashed for the

thick bush to rid himself of his tormentors. But they had done their deadly work. A mule isn't an affectionate beast as a rule, but he presently staggered up and lay down in front of the house in mute appeal for help. There was no help for him and he succumbed to the poison from those thousands of vicious little stings.

Yet even these tiny terrors are outwitted by the native, who, like all savages, is a wonderful student of wild life in all its forms. Honey is one of the biggest items in the native economy of things. It forms an important part of every transaction. For weddings and initiation ceremonies it is absolutely indispensable. To obtain it they chop out a soft log, spit it in two, scrape out the inside, tie the two halves together with a stout vine, then climb to the top of a tall tree, pull their hive up with another long vine, tie it to a branch, and there is part of an aviary. When the time is ripe they climb to the hive perfectly naked but protected by a smoking firebrand. A leather bag receives the mixture of wax and bees and honey and—there you are.

A native was once regaling me with honey. He had taken the stuff, a messy conglomeration of honey and bees and wax, from its container, and wishing to clean his hands looked around for something to use for the purpose. Nothing else being in sight he called his little daughter to his side and she, true to the African woman's rôle of being merely useful, demurely held her head down while her father rubbed his hands clean on her woolly pate.

Snakes there are in abundance. The short, thick bodied and certainly the most disgusting looking puff adder is one of the most deadly. He is a sluggish thing, a mottled yellow, so like the grass in which he lies curled, that the unsuspecting herd boy steps on him and generally that is the end of the boy. Many lads are killed this way.

On the other hand, there is the black mamba, seven feet of greased lightning, as vicious and deadly as

anything can be. To see him sliding through the thick bush is one thing ; then to see him when aroused, head two feet off the ground coming toward you with amazing speed is quite another. One had a very special delight in ridding the land of these pestilential creatures whenever possible.

Our son Livingstone, in the course of a world tour following the completion of his law course, spent a year with us. Our house was built on wooden piles and these piles needed replacing. He took it upon himself to do this job. He was warned that there were snakes under the house, but it did not deter him. With the help of natives the work was carried to completion. But no snakes were seen. Before removing the jacks he made a thorough tour of inspection, crawling about under the whole house. He had scarcely emerged, however, when a big black mamba, seven feet long, slid out behind him. The vicious reptile got into a fruit tree in the garden where I shot him.

Next morning we were sitting on our front veranda when another one, evidently the mate of the one killed the day before, came out and crawled slowly across the lawn. A kitten, attracted by the moving tail and taking it as an invitation to play, followed and kept striking it gently as kittens do. The snake paid no attention and kept on its course. Before it got off the lawn, however, native onlookers killed it.

Another form of danger that menaced one was that of the cleverly constructed traps and snares, which the natives used in their quest for game. Everywhere throughout the forest one has to be on the lookout for the deep pits dug in the paths which game are wont to frequent.

Pressing my way through the thick undergrowth one evening, in quest of guinea fowls, accompanied by a single native, I came into an open glade in the forest. This should have induced special carefulness, but I was so interested in the garrulous fowl in yonder trees that

I forgot myself momentarily. That lapse nearly cost me dearly. In a twinkling I found myself crashing headlong into an elephant pit. These pits are generally about ten or twelve feet deep, wedge shaped and as a rule have sharp pointed stakes planted firmly at the bottom. In this instance the stakes were missing or it would have gone ill with me. As it was I fell to the bottom, the fall broken by the narrowing side of the pit, so I was uninjured. I clambered up as far as possible, while my native helper sought for a stout branch which he dragged across the end of the pit. This I grasped and was able to pull myself out, none the worse beyond a thorough shaking up.

I was one day marking trees for my boys to cut for the sawmill. We were following a trail made by wild pig through the tangled scrub. I had stooped to go through a tiny opening when my natives let out a yell. I stopped instantly and my heart lost a beat or two when I discovered how nearly I had come to an ignominious end. A stout vine had formed into a running noose which was placed over the path. Beneath the noose was a cleverly constructed trap containing the mechanism for releasing it. The other end was fastened to a young sapling which had been bent down and when released hung the hapless captive in mid-air. I had just missed treading on the trigger thing!

On the whole, these experiences are now a thing of the past. Not that wild life has disappeared, but its habitat is more restricted. One might spend years in these same regions now without ever seeing any dangerous game. Lovely homesteads dot the landscapes where once wild life reigned supreme. The noisy exhaust from busy tractors replaces the coughing of the leopard and the roar of the lions. The laughter of childish voices takes the place of the hideous so-called laughter of the hyena. Africa is growing up.

VIII

THE BEGINNING IN LUMBWA

MY earlier experiences had convinced me of two things: first of all, the imperative necessity of teaching the native Christians from the very beginning to assume responsibility for the propagation of the faith amongst their own people; and second, the possibility of making the mission itself largely self-supporting. It seemed to me a reasonable thing to assume that what other men were doing for themselves, Christian men could do for God.

It really was not the new thing that it appeared to be. The Christian Church was born out of just such a conception. The Apostle Paul glorified in the fact that he had worked at his trade, to support himself and those who were with him on his epoch making missionary journeys. Yet the mission with which I was connected, and which I was permitted to save from destruction, would not at that time permit its missionaries to engage in any kind of work looking toward self-support. That, of course, is understandable where support is provided by the mission, but scarcely so where such support is inadequate or even non-existent.

Upon my return to America I accordingly organized the Friends Africa Mission, which has done such a splendid work in the Kavirondo country. It was while prospecting for a site for that work, accompanied by Mr. Edgar T. Hole and Mr. Arthur B. Chilson, that our travels took us through the wonderful Nandi country. That tribe was even then in a turbulent state, which was destined not long thereafter to break out in open hostilities. Owing to this unsettled state, the then Provincial Commissioner, Mr. C. W. Hobley, very kindly furnished us with an escort of Sudanese soldiers.

From the first these warlike Nandi appealed to me.

Years before I had the temerity to pray that I might be given some really hard thing to do for God. These truculent, independent Nandi seemed to be made for the purpose. I have since then had occasion to marvel at the precise way in which my prayer was answered.

When I arrived with my party in 1905, however, it was to find that the Nandi country was closed for the time being. The pot that had been simmering, when we passed through, had now boiled over. The white man's railway had proved their undoing. So much wealth close at hand and in a tangible form that they could appreciate, was more than they could resist. So they had been helping themselves to spikes from the rails to make knives and spearheads for themselves, and had been cutting the telegraph wires to provide bracelets for their sweethearts. Which things made railway operations very confusing, not to say dangerous. But they steadfastly refused to heed the expostulations and later the warnings of a patient Government. So finally, a thing euphemistically called a punitive expedition was resorted to. The casualties on the British side were forty-two killed and forty-eight wounded, while the Nandi lost over six hundred and thirty killed, besides having over ten thousand head of cattle and eighteen thousand goats and sheep captured.

Since the way was closed in that direction, we turned to the Lumbwa, who are but another section of the same tribal family, speaking the same language. They are separated by the deep gorge of the Nyando river and have always been less truculent than the Nandi section. It seemed like a frustration of our plans at first, but events have shown that it was evidently in the will of God. So has the Apostle been led when, wanting to go into Asia and thence into Bithynia, and hindered by the Holy Spirit, he was instead led into Europe.

If we are obedient to the will of God and are willing to be led, we may count on the leading. There is a beautiful illustration of this in that charming story of

the servant of Abraham in his quest of a bride for Isaac. In explaining to the household of Bethuel, how he had been led to Rachel as God's choice for his master, Isaac, he said, " I being in the way, the Lord led me." So when we are headed right, the will swung into line with the will of God, we may expect to be guided. But only a step at a time, for God is training His children in the school of faith. All His dealings with us have in view one object—that we shall learn to trust and to rest in Him. The just shall LIVE by faith ; not as an occasional exercise, but as the atmosphere in which they move. Many make the mistake of deferring obedience until the way is clear ahead. God's order is just the reverse of man's. Man says, " Seeing is believing." Faith is the evidence of things *not* seen. Abraham went out, not knowing whither he went, but in the very act of going the guidance came.

We had gone to Fort Ternan, as our jumping off place to enter Nandi, but now retraced our way to Lumbwa Station. There were no roads in those days, nor were any of the streams bridged. The Nyando river was in flood, a raging torrent impossible to wade. We found a place where two trees had fallen across the stream, their tops interlocked midway. By posting our porters along these tree trunks, and swinging the loads from hand to hand, we managed to get across. Steel and concrete bridges now span most of the larger streams. The path then wound up and up, straight over the steep hills, a punishing trail for laden porters. But when we reached the plateau above, the sight that greeted us was at once magnificent and pathetic. A wonderful country of rolling hills and tumbling streams confronted us, a country capable of supporting a great population. Yet what we found was a nearly barren landscape with miserable toadstool huts scattered higgledy-piggledy over the face of it.

Yes, the Lumbwa of 1905 was a very different thing from the smiling landscape of the present day. It was

an amazing situation. On the one hand there was a magnificent country, watered by numerous streams, with a never failing rainfall, and with a soil that would grow almost anything. It had an elevation of six to seven thousand feet, which assured that rare thing in the tropics, freedom from malaria. Indeed, it was not until years later, when thousands of labourers were imported from the malarial infested Kavirondo country, to work on the vast tea estates around Kericho, that malaria became a problem.

On the other hand, we found a people as poor and wretched and miserable as could well be imagined. In this magnificent setting they were actually starving year after year. Many of them were selling their children to neighbouring tribes, chiefly the Kisii, for food. They had originally been a purely pastoral people, like the Masai, their neighbours on the south. But unlike that nomadic people, they had settled down and taken up cultivation on a limited scale. In this transition period, however, they were neither one thing nor the other. They had lost much of the virility of the pastoral life, but had not yet acquired the stability of the agriculturist.

The only thing they cultivated was a millet called wimbe, and of that only in microscopic patches like bits of court plaster on the face of the landscape. Even if they had used all of it for food it would have been woefully insufficient. But like all African tribes they had to have their beer, even though they starved in the process of getting it. So most of their grain was converted into drink. In this trait they show themselves to be " brothers under the skin " to certain civilized folk.

This beer was cooked in large earthen jars with the necessary fermenting ingredients, chiefly honey. Sitting silently in a large circle they drank the beer by sucking it through hollow reeds seven or more feet long. Solemnity ere long gave way to loquacity, and then the

trouble began. As a rule they had the good sense to leave their weapons at home on such occasions. So when fighting ensued, it was by the primitive method of tooth and claw. The result was at once ludicrous and tragic. I recall a father and son in such a fracas, when the father bit through his son's nose and the son all but gouged out his father's eye!

For several years the Government provided relief, a portion of which we administered. On one occasion, the Provincial Commissioner, after a visit to us and seeing the need, had six tons of corn turned over to us for relief work. We employed from two to five hundred a day, for months at a time. During the month of May, 1907, for instance, the average was two hundred and sixty-six a day. Over a four month period we gave out in famine relief twenty thousand, four hundred and seventy-four rations.

We tried to get them to increase their cultivation of millet, even offering prizes of goats, the prevailing currency of the Lumbwa, as an inducement. But it had no effect whatever. The Prophet Isaiah uses an apt phrase, which might have been written with these people in mind. He is taking his people to task for their stupidity in appealing to Egypt for help in a crisis, instead of relying upon the Lord God of Israel. In scathing sarcasm he says concerning the Egyptians, "Their strength is to sit still." Now the Lumbwa, or Kipsigis, as they are properly called, were expert sitters. They sat on every possible occasion. They even sat when they harvested their tiny fields of grain, crushing the grain to the ground, then squatting in leisurely groups and cutting it a head at a time. As a result much of the crop was spoiled before they could get it harvested.

We tried to get them to grow corn, not a blade of which was to be found in the entire tribe. But their superstitious fear of doing anything that would displease the spirits of their ancestors blocked all efforts.

That fear was a Chinese wall shutting them up to stagnation. Not until a group of boys had been brought to Christ and had thus been weaned away from those fears could anything be done to lift them. But the Gospel is indeed, as Paul declared it to be, the dynamite of God unto salvation, breaking up the accretions of centuries of ignorance, transforming waste lives into usefulness and beauty.

They were finally taught to break in oxen and to plough. Hitherto their only use for oxen had been to provide blood for their warriors to drink. Those pampered young men subsisted entirely upon meat and milk and blood. To obtain the last named delicacy they tied a strap around the neck of the beast then shot a tiny arrow into the swollen vein from a tiny bow which was used exclusively for this purpose. They drew off as much blood as they required and drank it, sometimes mixing it with milk. The animals were none the worse for this draining of their blood; they seemed, indeed, to thrive under it since they were not required to work.

For some years it was almost impossible to get the Kipsigis to work voluntarily. We had to employ Baganda, who came from their country, nearly three hundred miles away. Now they furnish a goodly proportion of the labour employed on the European estates throughout the colony. During the World War they furnished a larger proportion of native soldiers and transport drivers per capita than any other tribe.

Not only are they now raising enough for their own subsistence, but they are selling thousands of tons of corn annually. Thus they have been able to meet the gradually increased hut and poll tax imposed by Government, which now brings in something like seventy-five thousand dollars a year from this once poverty stricken tribe. This means that ploughs and other implements came to be in demand. I have

myself bought dozens of ploughs on behalf of my natives. Incidentally, I have bought for them such things as mills, game traps and rat traps, carpenter tools, windows and window glass, cement, boots, shoes, and clothing.

You see, when you change the heart of a man, the whole man is involved in that change. When the centre of a man is changed, the whole circumference of the man feels the impulse of that transformation. Social service would start on that outer rim and laboriously work inward. But the Gospel works from within and the result is as inevitable as the law of gravitation.

Trade always follows the missionary. He does not go for that purpose, but it follows as surely as verdure follows a rain. The naked become clothed, the indolent become industrious, and the means toward the accomplishment of those ends must come from the homelands. It seems incredible, therefore, that any intelligent man can fail to be interested in Christian missions, when every pagan brought to Christ becomes in the very nature of the case an asset in the economic structure instead of a liability. These very Kipsigis, who but a few years ago were a drain on the British taxpayer, are now buying everything from needles to automobiles. By every consideration of good business sense, therefore, Christian men ought to get back of the missionary enterprise instead of leaving it to the women, as they have done hitherto.

Let me repeat and emphasize what I have said above. *It is no use to start on the outside.* Salvation does not come that way. Social service may indeed work a superficial change in the outward circumstances of a people. But when the heart of a man is changed, he does not need to be urged to clean up his house. When a man discovers that he is a temple of the Holy Spirit, whether that man be in America or in Africa, he becomes aware of the fact that certain things that he

has been accustomed to doing do not belong in that temple. Certain habits, not necessarily sinful in themselves, suddenly appear sordid and unseemly, when seen in the blazing light of the holiness of God, who is the glory of the temple. You would not expectorate in the house of God, would you? You would not smoke in the house of God, would you? You would not drink liquor in the house of God, would you? You would not play cards in the house of God, would you? Well, "know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, in your spirit, WHICH ARE GOD'S."

"*Which are God's.*" Yes, His by reason of the most unutterably costly transaction this world has ever seen. Having exhausted every other means of winning a lost world back to Himself, "last of all," God sent His only beloved Son. That was the final thing, that was the uttermost price. And God paid that price! And still do men and women gamble in the shadow of the Cross, for clothes and for money, for power and for position. Still do they "crucify to themselves" the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame.

Possibly there may be some tribes who habitually live on a lower plane than the Kipsigis, but they are very few. The Pygmies of the Congo forest, the Wandorobo of our own Kenya forest areas, and possibly the Masai, are among them. But they are relatively few in number.

The Kipsigis hut is the last word in utter discomfort and filth. It is a caricature of a home. Its only opening is a hole less than three feet high and the same in width. No, I must modify that statement, for as a rule there are holes everywhere, where the plaster of cow dung has fallen off and they haven't troubled to replace it. At least they do furnish what little ventilation there is. A ceiling four feet high, above which

their grain is kept, compels the inmates to shuffle about on their haunches.

Imagine a space hardly twenty feet in diameter, in which from a dozen to forty goats have spent the night along with its human occupants, and you get some idea of the indescribably horrible state of things. Now close that one opening which serves as door, build a fire in the confined space, add to it the heat from the beasts, add also the pungent odour of goats, and you have a situation that beggars description. Small wonder that the mortality among infants is around eighty per cent.

Sometimes during the morning the wife scrapes out the accumulated débris of the night. This is deposited at one side of the door, or in front of it, and there it remains, a deadly menace. Every hut has such an unsightly, unsanitary heap at its door. All our efforts to persuade them to use this to fertilize their gardens have been unsuccessful. Here again, the Christian natives are setting an example of thrift and cleanliness, which must have its effect in time.

It is hardly to be wondered at therefore, that this tribe has an unenviable reputation as to morals. The Kipsigis women are notorious, and the whole tribe is reaping the harvest of their evil sowing in an appalling increase of venereal disease. Motherhood out of wedlock is more common than in other tribes. It has been customary to kill the illegitimate children and that was the end of the matter. No stigma attached to either party. The missions are trying to save these babies, and in this effort are being loyally supported by the enlightened Christian natives. As a matter of fact, it was they who initiated the movement. But there is bitter opposition, sometimes amounting to actual physical violence, on the part of the non-Christians. Here the Government policy of non-interference with native customs is distinctly obstructive. The wholesale murder of these innocents is deliberately winked at, although a majority of the

native council have asked Government to put a stop to the custom.

As I have just pointed out, infant mortality is extremely high. Pneumonia and venereal disease account for most of this. Dysentery is rife and tuberculosis is increasing. Malaria, too, which was formerly almost unknown in the high Lumbwa tableland, is now common. In the first great epidemic of malaria, which occurred in 1929, the Kipsigis were so terrified that they simply laid down and died in great numbers. Stomach disorders and violent headaches are universal. This is due to a pernicious habit of the mothers in feeding their children. In addition to nursing their infants, they carry about with them a small gourd filled with a thin gruel. This is poured into the child despite its protesting struggles, until the abdomen of the poor little thing is distended horribly. The immediate result is that the child is stupefied and gives no further trouble for the time being. The ultimate result, however, is a permanent disorder, from which they suffer through the rest of their lives.

Yet amid appalling conditions of physical degeneracy such as these, one stumbles upon glimpses of exquisite beauty; just as gasps of delighted wonder have been wrung from one upon seeing lovely flowers amid the poverty and squalor of a city slum. So also the proverbs and folk tales of these people run the gamut of moral truth and reveal a knowledge of moral values, which one does not expect to find under such conditions.

Listen to this proverb: "Sin knows no resting place." Could you put it better, with all your knowledge derived from the Word of God itself—the unwearied activity of sin in the world? Does it not call to mind that vividly etched picture drawn by the Lord Jesus, of the house swept and garnished, the dispossessed spirit seeking in dry places for rest, and finding none, returning with seven others to make the last state of the man worse than the first? Listen

again: "Goodness sees afar off." In other words, "The pure in heart shall see." O yes, see God, as the beautiful beatitude has it, but seeing God, see everything with a new perspective.

But how does it come that these savages know all this: the ceaseless restlessness of sin; that sin blurs the sight, confuses and distorts the vision; that goodness, cleanness, holiness clarifies the vision and gives the long view? And knowing these truths, how does it come that they have gone on through the centuries, living as if there were no truth, nor beauty, nor love in the world?

One thing is certain; a loving God has not left Himself without a witness to any people. Deep in the heart of humanity truth has been planted. But that truth has been kept down by unrighteousness. Light is come into the world and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil. Another thing is certain: mere abstract truth, however true and however beautiful it may be, cannot of itself save men. Only when truth has become Incarnate, and that only when it has been nailed to the Cross, does it have power to save men from their sins.

So here and there you will now observe a miracle in the making. Well built houses are springing up, mostly of wattle and daub, but with walls neatly whitewashed; now and then even of brick with concrete floors. Instead of crawling in on all fours, these Christian men and women are walking erect into their homes. And that change, from crawling to walking, symbolizes the transforming change that is being wrought by the Spirit of God in these erstwhile savages. And I am not ashamed of a Gospel that can do a thing like that.

IX

SOME SIDE-LIGHTS ON MISSIONARY WORK

AND God said: "Let there be light, and there was light." In those early days, if a native wished to go anywhere at night, he simply plucked a stick out of the fire blazing in his hut and went forth swinging this firebrand vigorously. He supplemented this meagre light by shouting lustily to frighten wild beasts and evil spirits. The brand emitted a few sparks which served more to keep up his courage than to give light on his path.

It was at once a weird and pathetic sight: a symbol of the utter inadequacy of his spiritual equipment to meet his soul need. It answered, certainly, for the times of his ignorance. But just as lanterns now almost universally replace the firebrands of that earlier day, so the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is slowly but surely replacing the pathetic superstitions of that day. A joyous confidence, born of the assurance of sins forgiven through the precious blood of Christ, is taking the place of the abject fear springing from the dominance of his whole life by the malign spirits of his ancestors.

Windows in their houses now let in the healing light and air, where formerly disease breeding darkness and suffocation prevailed. So, too, have windows of the soul been thrown open to let in the light, and all the foul brood of superstition and ignorance are scuttling to their holes. No man can look into the face of Jesus Christ and be the same afterwards. That look will compel a cleaning up inside and out.

This has quaint results sometimes. A big, black fellow remarked one day: "I used to beat my wife when I became angry with her; now that I am a Christian, I go out and dig in the garden." Not a bad

thing to do for it is doubly useful ; it is good for the man and it is good for the garden. Another of those remarkable Kipsigis proverbs is suggested by the above. It is, " *Sisinge koasta neregek* "—Be quiet until your anger subsides. Even these savages have something to teach our volcanic, temperamentally explosive natures.

Then, too, conscience, the watchdog of the soul, long asleep at its post, stirs into life and begins to function. Here is a young man at my door. He has walked fourteen miles to tell me his story and to get rid of a burden which has been tormenting him. He had worked for a white settler a hundred miles distant. Two years ago, when he returned home, he brought with him a hammer and a small sheep bell belonging to his employer. He has been hearing about a Saviour who delivers from sin and he wants that deliverance. But that theft keeps coming before him and prevents him from finding the peace he is seeking. Now he is holding out those tell-tale articles and is saying to me : " Please master, send these back to the white man." Tears are in his eyes which are unaccustomed to tears, but they are tears of joyful relief. He has learned that fundamental lesson of Christian integrity, that restitution is the price of peace.

Here is another illustration of what happens when the light of God's Holy Spirit is let into a life. We had a girl in our home. Like many another Kipsigis girl she had been living with a man of another tribe. When that Word, which is a revealer of the very thoughts of the heart, began to stir within her, she begged this man to marry her. He not only refused, but immediately left her. She set herself determinedly to follow Christ.

During all the time of her preparation to become a member of the Church, she expressed her desire to have my wife's name. After making confession of Christ they are kept under observation for a period of two years. But even with that safeguard the Church there, as here, becomes cluttered with useless material, for

there as here, an enemy is busy sowing tares among the wheat.

Well, the great day finally came. Then she came to my wife with her Bible and asked her to point out where her name was in the Book. Now Mathilde did not happen to be a Bible name. The girl was disappointed but finally requested my wife to select a Bible name for her.

The name selected was Hannah. There is something in the name which suggests sturdiness and reliability and those characteristics have distinguished this woman from that day to this. She is still, at the time this is written, on the mission, an invaluable helper in the work with the women, respected and trusted by all who know her.

In spite of our efforts to persuade them to retain their own names, they insist upon having Biblical names. Of late years, however, they are taking any European name that strikes their fancy, even to adding initials which are just initials and nothing more. This leads me to remark that missionaries are often blamed for introducing innovations for which they are in no way responsible. Most missionaries want the African Christian to remain essentially African rather than to become an imitation European.

An incident which occurred a few years ago will reveal more clearly than any words could do the sweeping change which the Spirit of God works in these lives. As indicated in a subsequent chapter (XI) it became necessary for me to hasten home to my wife, and in a fruitless effort to reach her in time, flew as far as Cairo. I had to go to Nairobi on business, then back to Kisumu on Lake Victoria, by train.

Arriving at Lumbwa Station, what was my surprise to find Hannah there to greet me. It was a dismal, rainy day, but she had come those seventeen miles in the rain and the mud. What for ? Just to bring me a handful of flowers from my wife's garden. The

thoughtful consideration of it touched me deeply. But more than all, it revealed the transforming power of the grace of God. Look at it ! Here is a land that abounds with flowers, but a native scarcely ever looks at them. Here are sunsets of indescribable grandeur, but a native rarely gives them more than a passing glance. In Africa as in America, men and women begin to see the real beauty in earth and sky and sea, only when they are quickened by the Spirit of God. That Spirit has a wonderfully sensitizing effect upon the soul of a man wherever it finds him.

> *" Heaven above is softer blue,*
> *Earth around is sweeter green ;*
> *Something lives in every hue*
> *Christless eyes have never seen ;*
> *Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,*
> *Flowers, with deeper beauties shine,*
> *Since I know, as now I know,*
> *I am His, and He is mine."*

As one step naturally leads to another, so in the development of a race from savagery. There can be no standing still once the impulse is given. Thus the growing of corn called for mills to grind it. Many hand mills of various types have been bought for the awakened natives. On one occasion I brought in six dozen small hand shellers. When it became known, I had requests for them from British officials a hundred miles distant. Now, that same product is being sold from every little Indian " duka," all over the country.

Then, we introduced stone mills driven by water power. Now, practically every stream is dotted with such mills. The dams and water furrows are made by the enterprising natives themselves. Formerly, the stones, or burrs, were imported from India by the ubiquitous Indian traders, and sold to the natives at enormous profit. Now, you will find the go ahead native quarrying the stone from his own hills and fashioning them with his own hands. Something has

happened to the inert, sluggish black man. He is rubbing his eyes, he is waking up, he is beginning to realise the dormant powers stirring within him. He must be given every opportunity to develop those powers and to use them in his own land.

When we entered the Ukamba country in 1895, their farming implements were of the most primitive order. To break up the ground they used a pole about seven feet long, flattened and sharpened at the end. This they thrust into the ground and wriggled about with prodigious effort and the result a tiny sod. To cultivate the growing crops they used another stick about eighteen inches long, likewise flattened and sharpened. Now, when they are not using ploughs they are everywhere using hoes, the better sort from England and America and cheaper ones from Japan. The latter country is flooding the country with cheap goods of every description, from blankets and cotton goods to bicycles.

Missionaries are often criticized because their adherents so often divorce religion from life. The charge is true enough, and the missionary is usually the first to recognize the fact and to mourn over it. Nor does it help matters to retort that the same thing is true of so-called Christians at home. This world will be a different place to live in, when Christ is dominant in the counting house as in the church; when the Spirit of Christ permeates the week day activities as the Sunday devotions; when the Bible rather than the card deck becomes conspicuous in the home.

With unerring judgment Christ put His finger on the sore spot, when He said: "Then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets. But He shall say, I tell you, I know ye not whence ye are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity." All too many there are, who suppose that being somewhere in His neighbourhood, or living in the same street, are enough. Multitudes

there are in all our churches, who are living in a fools' paradise, just loitering around unemployed and unemployable ; poor whites, who have never sensed the dignity of Christian discipleship ; who neither know, nor care to know, the riches of the glory of the mystery which is Christ in you, the hope of glory.

Two of my out schools were separated by approximately ten miles of very rough country. I suggested to the young men, that it would save me a great deal of time and effort if they were to clear a track so that I could reach the farther school by car. They took up the idea enthusiastically and promised to get at it at once. Several months passed before I was able to visit them again. Upon my arrival at the first school, I was disappointed to find that not a thing had been done. There was nothing for it but to get through on foot as usual. My camping effects were made up into small parcels, and the school boys, stout young warriors, carried them. A delightful surprise, however, awaited me at the other end of the trail. The other school had completed its stretch of road-making, and for good measure had flung a rough, but serviceable bridge across a steep gully.

We had a wonderful time that night. A huge pile of cedar firewood had been collected and around its cheerful blaze we held our service. On the inner circle were the Christians and adherents, clothed and clean. Surrounding them were scores of the unclothed and unwashed, or worse still, smeared with high smelling grease and red clay. Following a message by the missionary, came songs and testimonies by those who but a short time before had come into the light from that outer fringe bordering the great darkness of the night. It was a heart warming spectacle. Hour after hour it continued with unflagging zeal. When I turned in near midnight, it was still going on.

Then came the morning—and disillusionment. The bundles were all tied up and I called the young fellows

who had carried them the day before. But not a soul moved. Pleading and expostulation were alike unavailing. "They had brought them," said they, "let somebody else carry them back." It made no difference when it was pointed out that they had to return anyway to their homes. Finally, the teachers took up the loads and set off with them, although some of them had to go miles out of their way to do so. It was a crushing disappointment, but after all not more so than comes to every sincere teacher or preacher at home or abroad, who discovers tares springing up where he had sown good wheat.

A mile or two from our destination several of the young fellows caught up with us and quite gaily accompanied us the rest of the way. I said nothing, but upon reaching the school I had it stripped of all its equipment—blackboard, charts, books, slates, and piled it in my faithful old Model T Ford. As it slowly dawned upon them what all this meant, they broke down and cried like children, though to a Kipsigis warrior it is a disgraceful thing to show any emotion. "What does it mean, master?" they cried. "Just this," I replied. "I did not come here to teach you to wear clothes, to read and write, and to become mere *maradadi*—dandies. So I shall take these school things somewhere else." "But won't you give us our school again? What shall we do?"

Yes, what could they do that would be at once a sufficient punishment for their failure and a demonstration of their repentance? Then I thought of that unfinished road. That was just the thing. I told them that when they could come to me and tell me that they had finished their portion of the road, I I would consider giving them their school again. Drastic? Yes, but it worked, and it was a lesson of far more value than any amount of academic discussion.

Sometimes I have gone about the mission coffee plantation and have found the young men sitting in the

shade of the trees, reading their Bibles. Now no one, least of all a missionary, can be unmoved when he looks on the fruit of his labours. And this was the very thing I had given my life for—to teach these people to read the Word of God. But a perfectly good thing may, under certain circumstances, become a bad thing. These lads were being paid to do a job of work. So, instead of commending them, I had to point out that under these circumstances they were actually dishonouring God by reading His Word. When they took time which belonged to their employer, and used it even to read the Word of God, they were guilty of theft.

Many of these boys upon leaving the Mission naturally find work on the estates of the white settlers. Such delinquency on their part would not only bring upon them condign punishment, but would react against the cause of Christ. The Apostle Paul exhorted Timothy to be an " example of the believer," a sort of sample, so to speak, of what a believer should be. And that is just what we have desired our mission boys and girls to be.

In this way our industrial work was made to enforce the simplest lessons of morality and integrity. And because those lessons were linked up on the spot with the daily round of common tasks, instead of being taught as an academic thing, they were the more effective. It is likely to be somewhat discouraging work because you see the failures of your flock more often and more clearly than would otherwise be the case. But it is also tremendously interesting and important work because you are able to bring the truth to bear upon their need, just at the time and place where it occurs.

X

MEET A GREAT MEDICINE MAN

THE most interesting figure in the Lumbwa of those early years was the old *Laibon*, or medicine man, named Arap-Kuilegen. I first met him sometime during the year 1906, when, accompanied by sixteen of his wives, he paid us a visit at the Mission. The magnet that drew him, an old man even then, to walk some forty odd miles, was a magical contraption of the white man, a wooden box topped with a big brass horn which talked and sang and altogether behaved in a most extraordinary manner. It was the first phonograph to be brought into that part of the country and naturally created quite a sensation.

As he appeared to us then, the Laibon was simply a kindly old man, whose chief occupation in life appeared to be that of getting as many wives as possible, and adding to his already large herds of cattle. But we were to learn in due time that he was a very busy man in mysterious, not to say, devious, ways. I paid him a return visit a little later. As there were no roads, my camping equipment was transported on donkeys. Numerous swamps had to be crossed and in one of these we very nearly lost one of the donkeys altogether. The crossing was just a matted mass of papyrus reeds crushed down, safe enough for man, but precarious for beasts. One of the latter took it into his donkey head to pass another with the result that he was soon wallowing in slimy ooze up to his neck. We managed finally to get him out but he and we were a sorry sight.

The Jamji river, where it is now spanned by a fine concrete bridge, was filled with hippo. They were so numerous and so destructive that natives shunned that immediate neighbourhood. Now the whole region is given over to huge tea estates, employing over ten

thousand natives, their factories run by electrical power generated in modern hydro-electric plants, the attractive bungalows of the managers possessing all the amenities of modern civilization. A country club with a splendid golf course, polo ground, and concrete tennis courts occupies the land where the military lines were laid out when the Lumbwa area was first brought under British rule.

But to return to the Laibon. If we expected him to be living more pretentiously than others of lesser importance we were due for a surprise. As a matter of fact, his quarters were not a whit better than those of thousands of others. The possession of wealth made no apparent difference; it merely gave its possessor immunity from hunger. He crawled in and out of his filthy hut, just like the rest, and his scanty covering stank like the rest from contact with his foul surroundings.

On ceremonial occasions he wore a splendid *kaross*, or robe, of blue monkey skins. There was a strain of humour in him, too. Once a certain big official came to interview him and went away to tell of his exploit, serenely unconscious of the fact that he had been cleverly duped. The wily old rascal had foisted one of his old henchmen, who looked a good deal like him, upon the unsuspecting official. You see, he could be complaisant without being obsequious; he could be bland and disarming without being unctuous; in fact, a first class diplomat.

It was some time before local officials became aware of the fact that things were not quite what they seemed. Behind that urbane, amiable exterior there was a clever mind, which was bent on circumventing the white man in those things that touched the customs and habits of the Kipsigis people.

In spite of orders to the contrary, raiding parties were continually sweeping down from the Lumbwa hills upon the Kano plains, where the Jaluo dwelt with their tempting herds. What they did not know

was, that every such raiding unit went forth fortified by the magic of the great medicine man, who in turn received a goodly share of the booty from the raid. Thus the border was kept in a state of perpetual ferment.

But try as they would, not a shred of tangible evidence could be secured against the Laibon. There was, to be sure, an undercurrent of hatred of him because of his insatiable greed. He was enormously wealthy according to native standards of wealth, that is, in cattle and goats, and in the wives which such wealth provides. But whatever his personal grievance might be, not a native dared testify against him. Their fear of his magical powers was deep seated and dominant.

Obviously, the only hope of obtaining satisfactory evidence against him was through our native Christians, who presumably had been weaned away from this terrifying fear. I was accordingly asked to assist in the matter. I undertook the commission because it appeared to be the right thing to do, for at least two reasons. It would remove a subversive influence, and it would demonstrate to these Christians, just emerging from paganism, the groundlessness of their fear.

The things that these medicine men do and say and get away with passes intelligent belief. For instance, the people were solemnly told that the white people came out of the ground, as the ants do when they swarm at the beginning of the rains. Moreover, they were only here through the Laibon's sufferance, and when he got ready he would send them back where they came from.

One day my Christian boys came to me with a strange tale. The Laibon had sent word throughout the native reserve that the time had come. The white intruders were to be sent packing. But first they must bring him a little gift of a thousand head of cattle and six thousand goats. These folk are not in the business for charity, you see. But they actually began to collect this huge graft. The boys were instructed to find out where the animals were being collected. This

done, the matter was laid before the District Officer.

The supreme test came when it became necessary for the witnesses to give their evidence in the presence of the great Laibon himself. I was prepared for a breakdown here. Only a miracle of divine grace could break down the fear, inspired by centuries of unquestioning belief in the magical power of witchcraft. But they did meet the test without flinching. After the lapse of these years I still marvel at it, because these years have shown me more and more clearly what a stranglehold this thing has on the very thought and imagination of these black people.

It will not do to dismiss the witchcraft business with a shrug and say there's nothing to it. There is something to it, and that is what makes it a thing to be reckoned with. If we believe in the reality of spiritual forces at all, we must concede this. What people do not sufficiently understand, and failing to understand leaves them a prey to spiritualism and similar cults, which hold out the attractive hope of communication with the other world, is that there are two kinds of spirits, good and bad. God's Word warns against spirits that peep and mutter, so it recognizes that they have a real existence. The Lord Jesus commanded them and they obeyed Him. The melancholy story of the nocturnal visit of King Saul to the witch of Endor should give pause to those who seek illicit communication with the spirits. He had his wish, but far from its being pleasing to God, it was evidence of his final departure from God.

Finally, there is the positive declaration of God in the Epistle to the Ephesians :—" For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high (i.e., heavenly) places." Notice that arresting statement—" the rulers of the darkness of this world." Who are these sinister beings, who preside over the darkness and determine its devilish activities ?

Let us look for a moment at that striking episode narrated in the book of Daniel, tenth chapter. Daniel had prayed earnestly but there was no answer. Then came the heavenly messenger with the answer and at the same time the explanation of the delay: "The prince of the kingdom of Persia withstood me one and twenty days, but lo! Michael, one of the chief princes, came to help me." There you have the curtain drawn aside for a bit, and you have a glimpse of those rulers of the darkness in their relation to the earthly conflict. This it is which gives urgency to the exhortation to put on the whole armour of light. And this, I submit, takes the whole business of working for God anywhere in the world out of the category of mere social service, and makes it a splendid adventure with God for the overthrow of these hosts of darkness. And what an adventure it becomes, when you realise what you are really up against. If it were just the physical need, which is bad enough, it would challenge attention, but when there are added these malevolent forces of evil back of the material, the thing assumes an altogether deeper significance. In that conflict prayer has the first place. Therefore, "Pray always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit."

Well, the upshot of it was that the Laibon, together with his two brothers, were transferred to another part of the Colony. The then acting Provincial Commissioner, Mr. A. A. Horne, took personal charge of the removal, for there was no telling what the susceptible natives might do under the unwonted circumstances. We had a light American wagon, drawn by oxen, which was requisitioned to take them to Lumbwa station. This, the best transport the district afforded at the time, was held in readiness on the road before the Mission, and soon after daybreak Mr. Horne with his charges appeared, having walked the four miles from Kericho.

It would be easy to wax sentimental over the plight of these old men being suddenly uprooted and thrust

out of their homes, until one remembers the extraordinary power for evil they had exercised. But such sympathy would be wasted, for they were taken only a couple of hundred miles away to Fort Hall, where they were well cared for. More than that, they soon settled down to a lucrative career in their exile. The native police and soldiers, not to mention thieves and what not, from Nairobi and elsewhere, made a path to their door and departed with their charms, leaving behind them substantial gifts. Not only so, but at regular intervals an automobile, with a couple of their henchmen, appeared back in the Lumbwa area, to collect their dues from the faithful.

In due time they died, but their works remained to plague the country. Finally, the Government awoke to the fact that they had not merely an individual or two, but a whole clan to deal with. Scattered throughout the entire reserve and working in concert, they were blocking every effort of Government toward orderly administration. Border clashes were constantly occurring; thieving was on the increase, especially of cattle, sometimes accompanied by violence and even murder. It was clear that these crimes were abetted, if not actually instigated, by this clan. At long last, in 1933, heroic measures were taken. The whole clan, numbering some seven hundred-odd, were rounded up with the avowed object of placing them on a reservation all by themselves on the shores of Lake Victoria. But if two hundred miles failed to stop the activities of the old Laibon, one wonders how fifty miles would stop seven hundred of them.

Now let us look at an event that transpired soon after the departure of the Laibon. The officials concerned had moved cautiously because of the fear of possible trouble. And indeed, that fear was not without foundation. Anything might happen, and it needed only some unexpected event to precipitate it.

The unexpected did happen, and that it did not

eventuate in serious trouble was a mercy of God. It must be remembered that one of the powers attributed to the Laibon was that of producing rain. It was his good fortune, however, to live in a region where the exercise of that phase of his alleged power never needed to be called upon. The Lumbwa area is blessed with a rainfall of from sixty inches in the open areas, to over a hundred inches per annum in the higher forested areas. This precipitation is distributed pretty evenly throughout the year, and for this reason the area has within recent years become a great tea growing centre.

Now it happened that in May, following the departure of the Laibon, just when there is usually a heavy rainfall for a period of ten days no rain fell, an unprecedented thing. Immediately the women set up a great hue and cry from one end of the reserve to the other. I have indicated elsewhere the fact that the women exercise an influence in matters concerning their customs out of all proportion to their social status. They are the bulwarks of superstition abroad, as they are the bulwarks of the faith at home. This makes them more difficult to reach than the men. They were convinced that the spirits had shown their displeasure over the removal of the Laibon. And since the Mission had had a hand in that removal, the word went forth that the "chumbek" should be killed and the Mission destroyed.

In an incredibly short time some five hundred women were gathered together from all parts of the reserve. It is a curious fact that though they marched boldly past the Government offices at Kericho, and though the then acting official was informed of their object, no move was made to deter them. I suppose, being a young man and unfamiliar with native characteristics, he concluded that a horde of mere women might be ignored.

Their first objective was the home of Petero. He was the young man who had been chiefly instrumental in securing the evidence against the Laibon and had testified against him. There were, besides, a number of

counts against him in their books, if they had any. His was the first Christian marriage among the Kipsigis, a marriage particularly obnoxious to native prejudice, since his wife had not gone through the ceremonies connected with the unnatural rite of female circumcision. This is known to the medical profession as clitterodectomy. It is a terrible thing, made more so by the brutal manner in which it is performed, and is therefore as a general thing positively injurious. And if the physical effects are bad, the moral effects are infinitely worse.

In the Kikuyu tribe, where the same rite is practised, but with added elements of horror, matters got so bad that the Missions, at the request of the native Christians, had to legislate against it. It precipitated a crisis which for a time practically stopped all missionary work in that tribe. Schools were closed, churches deserted, and a reign of terror ensued, which culminated in the murder of an aged missionary lady belonging to the Africa Inland Mission. But the final outcome has been an awakening, such as had never been known before—a heart-searching, humbling experience which has purified the native church and fired it with a new passion for evangelism.

Another count against Petero, or Peter, was that he was actually using oxen to plough. This was flying in the face of native prejudice with a vengeance. Cattle are almost sacred. Making them work was almost as bad as expecting a man to work. He was the first among the Kipsigis to dare the anger of the spirits in this respect, as in his marriage. No wonder the embattled women came down upon him like a swarm of angry hornets.

His house was about a mile away, on the next ridge. My wife first called my attention to the crowd streaming along the ridge, and the rumours which had been circulating for several days were suddenly crystallized. Accompanied by several of our Christian boys, I hastened over. Fortunately, the objects of their wrath had made good their escape. When I

appeared the angry women were venting their wrath upon the dwelling by heaping curses upon it in the form of clods and sticks.

This done and being tired to boot, they were finally persuaded to sit down and talk it over. While we were at this, Petero and his wife courageously joined us. He took up his own defence with the leader of the women, giving his testimony for Christ unhesitatingly, as did his wife also. While this was going on I took some snapshots of the crowd.

Then something happened which changed the whole aspect of affairs. Petero's mother had hidden herself in the thick bush near by and there some of the women discovered her. That broke up our peace conference. They seized her by the hair of the head and dragged her up the hill, beating her unmercifully and cursing her. A woman who had brought such a renegade child into the world ought to be killed! And they were in a fair way to accomplish just that thing before I managed to get to her.

Meanwhile Petero, half crazed by the barbarous treatment being meted out to his mother, rushed into his house and presently came out with a spear and a *rungu*—a club with a heavy round knob at the end, a formidable weapon in the hands of an aroused savage. He threw the club but happily without doing much damage, and before he could use the spear I succeeded in getting it away from him.

He, with his wife and mother, were then sent away to the Mission under escort of the Christian natives. I remained behind to keep the crowd occupied until the little group could get well away. The maddened women now milled about, yelling and brandishing their clubs.

But now another element entered to complicate the situation still further. A group of warriors had been looking on all this time but taking no part, although fully armed with spears and shields. Incited by the women, they started on the run to overtake the little

group headed for the Mission. Something had to be done and done quickly, for if these hotheaded young fellows once "blooded their spears," there was no telling where the thing would end. This blooding his spear was the highest ambition of a warrior, for it proclaimed him a hero and brought him the plaudits of the young women. So I ran to intercept them, calling upon them as I did so, to stop. Of course they paid no attention to me. I accordingly made a virtue of necessity and landed on the jaw of the leader with my fist. Not very dignified, to be sure, but one does not think of dignity under such circumstances. Anyway, it worked, and they stopped in sheer astonishment. I followed up my advantage by pointing out the folly of what they were doing—that even if they succeeded in making away with us, the Serkali would send an expedition against them, as had been done against the Nandi, and they would suffer great loss. After an anxious few moments, when the issue hung in the balance, they wavered, then turned back, and the day was saved.

When I got back to the house it was to find my wife trying to calm the mother of Petero, who was hysterical after her harrowing experience. For a couple of days the air was full of disquieting rumours, but nothing came of them. The rains came on as usual, goats and sheep failed to die as predicted, babies were born, so they concluded that the removal of the Laibon was not such a calamity after all.

Not long afterward a couple of those same warriors came to live on the Mission and remained there for years. They never became Christians, for, as they frankly said, they could not give up their drinking. Even these savages recognise the fact that some things, which even white churches wink at, are incompatible with a Christian life.

This clearness of perception was illustrated to me very recently. Two natives, connected with one of

our schools, found the going too hard for them. The deadly undertow of the old life caught them and they slipped back into the old practices of heathenism, marrying other wives, drinking, smoking, gambling. The Roman Catholic Mission, which had but recently entered our field, took them over. They made them teachers and sent them back to propagate their new faith in the vicinity of their old home. They told the people that they need not give up these things, which their missionary had spoken against.

The Christians, led by the local Christian chief, wanted to have them expelled from their locality and came to me about it. I pointed out, however, that the other body had as much right legally as we. The surprising thing was the attitude of the heathen elders. Blear-eyed, sodden as they are, they declared that while they were not ready then to accept the white man's religion, if or when they did so, they did not want one that permitted them to do things they had always been doing. That was one of the finest testimonies I could have desired, as to the effectiveness of my missionary teaching.

There *is* a distinct line of cleavage between Christ and Satan, as between daylight and darkness ; between the church which is the body of Christ, and the world which lieth in the wicked one. The issue is drawn with unmistakable clearness in the words of the beloved Apostle : " Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." The object of our redemption is that we may be " conformed to the image of His Son." One may fail to realise that ideal in actuality, but no one has the right to lower that ideal in order to attract the worldly-minded into the Kingdom. " If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." How can a man love God and at the same time love that world which crucified God's Son ?

XI

PROGRESS IS NOT ALWAYS FORWARD

I SUPPOSE there is no part of the world that has advanced as rapidly as Kenya Colony. From stark savagery to one of the finest colonies of the British Empire within the space of forty years, the span of my own service there—this is probably unprecedented in the history of colonization. In 1895 there wasn't a single road, much less railway. in the country. Now the Kenya and Uganda Railway, with its numerous branches tapping the rich agricultural areas of the Colony, represent some thousands of miles of modern equipment. Still more wonderful is the ever increasing network of motor roads, which make every part of the alluring country accessible.

Then, there were no towns beyond the coast; now, there are several rapidly growing centres. The largest of these is Nairobi, the capital, boasting some fifty thousand inhabitants, six or seven thousand being Europeans. Its well-paved streets are lined with up-to-date stores, where practically everything can be bought; hotels with every modern convenience; bank buildings that would do credit to any large city in England or America; well patronised bus lines running to the suburbs; churches and schools for every section of the polyglot population. Among the latter is the splendid "Prince of Wales" school for European boys at Kabete, a pretty suburb.

Northward of the town is a great rich area devoted to coffee culture; eastward are huge sisal plantations and dairy farms; stretching away to the southward are the rolling plains comprising the vast game reserve, whose denizens graze peacefully within sight of the bustling activity of the growing city!

Next in size is the growing town of Nakuru on the shores of the lake from which it takes its name. It nestles on the breast of the vast crater of Menengai, said to be the largest in the world. Here, too, are fine stores, banks, and hotels. Here the first agricultural show in the Colony was held thirty years ago, marking a distinct milestone in its development. Here also is another fine Government boarding school for European boys and girls. An arresting sight is the wide pink border of Lake Nakuru, a border made up of millions of flamingoes. On long, slender legs they wade in the shallow water, thrust two feet of neck with a dredge-like beak at the end into the mud, and so collect, the small creatures which form their staple diet. When startled, they rise with a great flapping of wings, necks stretched out in front and legs trailing behind, six feet from tip to tip. Thousands of these rose-red bodies gleaming in the sunlight form a sight not soon forgotten.

Eldoret, on the high plateau of Uasin Gishu is the centre of a great agricultural community, the pioneers of which were Boer farmers, who trekked up from South Africa with their great Cape wagons, each drawn by sixteen oxen. For years supplies were brought in only with incredible difficulty over trails which became bottomless bogs during the rains. Now the main line of the railway serves the area. It is in this region that the railway has the unique distinction of reaching the highest point of any railway in the far flung British Empire. And that point is on the Equator at an elevation of nine thousand two hundred feet!

Kisumu was formerly the terminus of the railway, but since the line has been extended around the top of Lake Victoria to Uganda, it is now the end of the branch line from Nakuru. From here twin-screw steamers ply around the lake, a far cry from the dugout canoes of a former day. I witnessed the launching of

the first of those steamers, the *Winifred*. At least it was meant to be the launching, but something went wrong, and she refused to take the plunge until a couple of days later. Our cheers were in our throats as she started down the ways, then had to be choked back, as she settled down and stubbornly declined to go any farther that day.

I was once crossing in a dugout canoe from the present site of Kisumu to the old town on the other side of the gulf, when suddenly a hippo rose within a few yards of us, opened his cavernous mouth, and then sank below the surface. They have a playful habit of upsetting canoes, which is not nice for the occupants. Even if the hippo does not get you, you are a prey to the monstrous crocodiles which infest the shores of the lake. So the black paddlers went away from there with great unanimity. We looked back to see the big reddish body rise just where our canoe had been but a few moments before.

Nowadays, if you were to visit Kisumu, you would very likely hear of a famous resident by the name of Horace. You might even meet him, particularly if you were to take a stroll in the evening after dinner. For Horace is a hippo who for years has lived in the lake near by and formed the habit of strolling about the town at night.

Perhaps nowhere is the startling contrast between primitive savagery, ever facing backward, and forward-looking civilisation more clearly visualised than in the Kericho-Sotik area, lying within sight of Lake Victoria. Here the Lumbwa native reserve lies right alongside the settled area, only a road separating the two. On one side of the road is the stagnation of centuries ; on the other side is movement. Here, is extravagant waste of natural resources ; there, is the utilisation of those resources. Here, is a barren landscape where trees have been ruthlessly destroyed to make a garden for a season, while the women have to go farther and

farther for firewood; there, are rolling hillsides clothed in perpetual green, thousands of acres of tea pouring their wealth giving leaf through dozens of modern factories into the channels of expanding trade. On this side, the inhabitants " whose god is their belly, whose glory is in their shame," crawl beastlike on all fours into their huts, dark and filthy beyond words, where children die like flies and adults rot in their own corruption; over there, are lovely homes embowered in flowers, where love reigns and where children are reared with more than an even chance of survival.

I wish it could be said that this sudden impact of civilisation upon savagery had resulted in unmixed good to the native. It has indeed brought him unimagined wealth by breaking down the barriers, which formerly kept him a virtual prisoner within his tribal area, and providing him employment on farms and in factories and stores. But it has also brought in its train a host of evils.

One of those evils is especially marked in connection with the drink habit. Before the advent of the white man, the various tribes were constantly at war with each other. This meant that the warriors had to be ready at any moment to repel an attack or to make a raid themselves. And these savages had sense enough to see that intoxicating drink was not good for a warrior. So it was absolutely forbidden to the young men, as long as they were in the warrior class.

Now, however, intertribal warfare has been suppressed by the British Government. The old restraints, therefore, are no longer operative and have been removed. The young men have taken to drink and the result is a marked deterioration in their physical appearance. All over the country native drinking places are springing up, often under the guise of tea shops. And it is a suggestive side light on the imitative tendencies of the black man, that he calls these drinking places " clubs." Trust the untutored

savage to find the worst in our civilisation and appropriate it.

Crime, too, has steadily mounted. The native has been an apt pupil in this school, and he has had expert teachers in the persons of the underworld of the Indian community. Not otherwise could he have learned so quickly the fine points of the thieving business. Of course, they have always been adepts in the fine art of petty pilfering. But house-breaking and burglary have been acquired arts. So have been a host of allied accomplishments.

Some years ago I had occasion to go into this matter rather carefully. I was then a delegate to the Convention of Associations, sometimes known as the Settlers Parliament, which met twice a year at Nairobi, to discuss matters of moment affecting the settlers. Native affairs naturally assumed importance in the discussions.

My investigation centred around the recidivists or habitual criminals, those who had obviously taken to crime as a career. I was led to this through reading the reports of the Police Department of the Colony. They then reported two hundred and eighty-seven natives in that classification. In a little more than two years, that number had grown to over a thousand! I advocated the complete segregation of all those who had been repeatedly convicted of major crimes, suggesting a prison farm where they could raise their own food, be under the observation and training of a suitable staff, to be given such training as to fit them to become useful members of the community.

These criminals are a growing menace. Not only are they committing crimes themselves, but they constitute a school of crime for the susceptible youth of the land. That is clearly evident in the rapid increase in the numbers so listed by the police. Not only so, but they constitute a growing financial burden. The police are forever rounding up the same lot of

criminals, who then have to be kept at the expense of the taxpayer. Added to this is the cost of the increased force of police made necessary by the increasing numbers in the criminal world, and the cost of prosecution.

It would seem reasonable that any man, white or black, who has deliberately set himself to prey upon his fellowmen, has thereby forfeited his right to freedom. For his own good, as well as that of society, he should be segregated, until he gives satisfactory evidence of a desire to live an honest life. We do not hesitate to protect ourselves from those who have contagious diseases, by quarantining them. We even go to great expense to quarantine cattle afflicted with communicable diseases. Yet we permit vast numbers of social lepers to prowl about freely, spreading their contaminating influence everywhere. Then we naïvely wonder at the rising tide of lawlessness, which bids fair to engulf our boasted civilisation.

One of the striking features of the last days of the present dispensation and of the glorious reign of Christ on earth, as indicated in the prophetic scriptures, is the great increase in the means of communication. Time and again we are reminded of the highways. "And I will make all my mountains a way, and every highway shall be exalted." "Prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway." "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness." The vast network of motor roads being built throughout Africa these days, though built for no such purpose, is nevertheless hastening the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ. Instead of the weary foot-slogging of a few years ago, necessitating elaborate preparations for himself and a retinue of porters carrying his equipment, and the journey keeping him away for days or weeks at a time, the missionary can now travel swiftly around his parish. Even with a

mule it took me eleven days to get around my schools. Now, the farthest one can be reached in a day by motor car.

This is important, for we are coming to realise that the work must be done by the native force rather than by the missionary. His great task is to train that force and supervise it. At best he can almost never be other than a foreigner, having a more or less imperfect knowledge of the mental processes of the people he works with. But the native teacher-evangelist, redeemed himself and transformed by the Gospel of Christ, baptised by the Holy Spirit, speaking not merely the words but the idiom of his people, can present the truth as no missionary can possibly do it.

To return now from our digression. I had a faithful old mule that I used to ride on those rounds of the schools. He was an unusual beast in some respects. There was a place on the trail where we had to cross a deep ravine, at the bottom of which was a swift flowing stream, spanned by a rickety native foot bridge. When the rains were on, the path leading down to the bridge was so steep and slippery that it was very difficult to negotiate. So I would throw the reins over the mule's head and leave him to his own devices, while I scrambled down. The wise old beast would simply squat on his haunches and slide down, then calmly wait for me at the bottom.

The next step in transport was a motor cycle. But the least said about that the better. It was fine and exhilarating when the weather was good and the roads were dry, AND when all its little gadgets worked harmoniously. But when blinding storms caught you in the blue, miles from anywhere, or something mysteriously went wrong with the nervous system of the high-strung steed, and you had pumped that starter thing until you were blue in the face, then wound up by pushing the obstreperous contraption until you could push it no farther, it got to be a bit

monotonous. I finally adopted the novel expedient of having an ox cart follow me, carrying my camping equipment and incidentally picking up the derelict bike when it failed me.

So it went along the trail of what we call progress. One can never forget those memorable days on safari, starting out at dawn full of zest; the birds waking and giving full throated voice to their joy; the magnificent panorama of nature unfolding gradually, as the curtain of vaporous dawn unrolls into the freshness of the sun bathed morn; this in turn merging into the concealing glare of midday heat; the weary hours of tramping on and on as the sun mounts and spirits sag; then the bustling activity of pitching camp; nightfall round the gleaming campfires, each with its silhouetted group of laughing, chattering black forms, waiting for the steaming pots to bring surcease from the day's weariness; finally, the long-drawn-out sigh as the camp settles to rest, broken for awhile by impatient cries of "*Kelele*," idiomatic Swahili for "Shut up," as the early-to-bed-ers break in on the conversational marathoners.

XII

THE CURSE OF BABEL STILL HERE

GOD can do anything, but God cannot do everything. This paradox is not so contradictory as it appears. The solution lies in the very nature of God. The Lord Jesus, in His great pronouncement about faith declared: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove: and nothing shall be impossible unto you." But you never heard of Jesus doing this thing that He said could be done by the exercise of faith. Genuine faith may be revealed quite as much by its restraint as by its exercise.

Jesus demonstrated His complete mastery in every realm of natural life but He never did anything that was merely spectacular. It was not because He could not do so, that He did not cast Himself down from the pinnacle of the Temple at the suggestion of the Tempter. Nor was it the nails in His hands and feet, that kept Him from coming down from the cross in answer to the taunts of His tormentors. There were some things that He could not do, but the restraints were imposed by the greatness of His faith and not by the limitations of His power. They were inherent in His very nature and in the programme He had set before Himself. "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." This was the orbit within which His earthly life moved, from the beginning to the end. We are forever coming down from our crosses to display our faith, while souls perish because we were not willing to die. Many zealous Christians, tired to death of the stagnation within the great religious organisations, have become a prey to the devil's suggestion that faith must necessarily be demonstrated

by spectacular signs. They accordingly become so concerned about the signs, that they often forget or ignore the sins that flourish behind the signs.

The paradox at the beginning of this chapter has been expressed by someone in the illuminating phrase: "God alone can save the world, but God cannot save the world alone." It would certainly be within His power to save the world by divine fiat. But His nature and the constitution of the world demanded that sin be dealt with righteously, and that could not be done except by sacrifice, and since there was no other sacrifice costly enough He gave His own beloved Son. Then, in order that the pardon wrought by that sacrifice might be made available to all condemned sinners everywhere, He ordained by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. He might have called on the holy angels, and how gladly would they have hastened to do His bidding. But in His wisdom and in His love He has chosen to commit this stupendous task to redeemed sinners. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself . . . and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation."

Let us look into this matter a little more closely, for herein lies the whole basis of the missionary enterprise. The very manner in which salvation is made possible carries with it the implication of a desperate need. The fact that Christ died for all implies that all needed salvation. And since all needed salvation, it follows that all are lost. Not will be lost sometime, but are now lost and will continue to be lost unless something or Somebody intervenes. This is what gives poignancy to Jesus' oft repeated references to the multitudes as sheep without a shepherd. He knows the final issue of that condition, and it was so dreadful that He thought it necessary to lay aside His heavenly prerogatives and stoop to a shameful death in order to avert that issue.

A great deal of confused speculation about the

ultimate state of the heathen would be avoided, if we grasped the primary fact that the human race as such is actually under sentence of death already. "By the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation: by one man's disobedience many were made sinners." You see, it is not a question of what is to happen to them in the future: it is a question of a present condition and how to meet that condition.

But O, wonderful grace! Over against that offence there is a free gift of pardon, offered to the condemned one, on the basis of a righteousness wrought by Another on his behalf. "When we were without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." Against the disobedience which resulted in the many being made sinners, there is the obedience of One, which results in a righteousness made available for the many. How can any mortal man hope to stand before the blazing holiness of God, except in garments of righteousness provided by that very God himself! And that is just what He has done. "As by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation; *even so by the righteousness of One* the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life. As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of One shall many be made righteous."

So then it is not of works lest any man should boast, but of the unmerited mercy and grace of God. There is but one thing any man can do to obtain salvation and that thing is just to receive it. The crowning offence of the man without a wedding garment, as depicted in the twenty-second chapter of Matthew's gospel, was that he deliberately refused the garment prescribed by custom and chose to "crash the gate" in his own way. He is typical of all those who say in effect, "I'm as good as other men and I'll take my chances." Strange, isn't it, that since the condition of men was so bad that only the death of God's beloved Son could meet the need, men still persist in ignoring His way and seek

another way of their own devising. But still stands that ancient word before presumption's mean attempt : " There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

This, then, is the wonderful salvation we carry to the non-Christian world. Not a mere exchange of religions, nor yet a sharing of our best with their best in order to find God. If we have not found God in Christ Jesus, then we have no right whatever to interfere with them. But if men are now lost and if we have found in Christ the way of salvation, then there is nothing for it but that we get the good news to them as quickly as possible. This thing was such a desperate reality to the Apostle Paul, that he declared himself willing to forfeit his own salvation, if by so doing he could save his people from their impending eternal loss. " I could wish myself accursed from Christ," said he, " for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

But how are we to get this good news to men who are divided asunder by thousands of barriers of race and custom and language ? And beyond all doubt the greatest barrier of all is that of language. In all the great divisions of mankind there is this terrible hang-over from that disastrous venture, when men impiously thought they could circumvent God by building a tower to reach unto heaven. Babel is still with us—in the Americas, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, its thousands of languages forbidding freedom of intercourse and fostering confusion and misunderstanding. Our wise men have argued with great learning and pathetic earnestness, that increased means of communication would result in better understanding between nations, and that in turn would eliminate the causes of friction and misunderstanding. So there would come a warless world. But always when that barrier is broken down the only concord resulting therefrom has been another concord of evil, another tower in defiance of God. The more the means of communication between nations are

multiplied, the more are wars and rumours of wars increased. Thus does sin turn the very blessings of mankind into curses.

Africa has been cursed beyond any other land by this plague of tongues. Every tribe, and there are thousands of them, has a distinct language. Members of one tribe do not, as a rule, understand the tribe next to them. So it becomes necessary for the missionary to learn the language of the particular tribe to which he goes, and his activities are generally limited to that one tribe. And the difficulty is enormously increased by the fact that none of these thousands of languages have been in written form. The African had no means of communication except by word of mouth, until the missionary reduced his language to writing.

There is a significant statement in the third chapter of the book of Ezekiel, which might have been written with the modern missionary enterprise in view. The prophet is encouraged by the Lord in the face of a difficult, not to say hopeless, task by the comforting word: "For thou art not sent unto a people of a strange speech and of an hard language, but to the house of Israel; not to many people of a strange speech and of an hard language whose words thou canst not understand. Surely, had I sent thee unto them, they would have hearkened unto thee."

History is repeating itself. One is being astonished continually by the evidence of the up-to-dateness of the inspired Word of God. Had those words been written to-day, they could not describe more adequately the contrast between the lethargy and indifference prevailing in these lands of Gospel privilege, on the one hand, and the glorious triumphs of that Gospel in the non-Christian lands, on the other. A steadily increasing departure from the faith here, amounting to apostasy; as it is written, "in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits"; an eager acceptance of the Gospel yonder and its issue in

transformed lives. This, too, in the face of the obstacles of difficult languages and perplexing customs.

This was the situation that confronted us when we entered Kenya—then known as British East Africa—in 1895. Practically none of the languages of the interior had been reduced to writing. KiSwahili, the coast language, had been carried across the central portion of the continent by the Arab slave dealers, so that a few individual natives in many of the tribes contiguous to the caravan trails understood something of that language. This has become the language of commerce throughout the whole central part of the continent and will probably in time largely supplant the tribal languages. Since the whole Bible and a growing Christian literature is thus made available at once to the infant church, this is a consummation greatly to be desired. Some object to this, owing to its Moslem affiliations and advocate the teaching of English instead. But without going into an exhaustive consideration of the arguments, one would simply point out that as against the Mohammedan feature, on the one hand, there is the increasing flood of immoral and atheistic literature in English, on the other. Which horn of the dilemma carries with it the greater danger?

Now let us observe the process of reducing an unwritten language to writing. The first word I obtained was the word which means WHAT or WHAT IS IT? We were resting by the wayside. Native warriors silently appeared in the bush around us, armed with shields and spears on bows and arrows. They watched us awhile suspiciously, then as curiosity got the better of their distrust, edged up closer and closer, and finally came boldly into our midst. They stood stork-like, leaning on their spears, one foot drawn up and resting on the knee of the other leg. Then one of them pointed to something that attracted his attention, and said something to me. Of course, I did not know what he was saying but guessed that he was asking the obvious

question, " What is it ? " I caught up the word and flung it back at him. He looked at me in surprise for a moment, then answered, and lo ! I had two words, the beginning of my knowledge of the language.

Then began a hunt which has continued for over forty years. They tell us that there are gold prospectors who never cease their quest for the precious metal. Even after striking a rich vein, they do not stay for long but press on to new discoveries. It is the quest itself that lures them on. There is something of that allurement in this business of tracking down words and grammatical constructions, amid the wilderness of unfamiliar sounds in a savage land. Day after day, week after week, that magic word WHAT became a sesame opening up the buried treasures of thought, which were to become the enrichment of a race.

And just as the prospector through long practice sees things in rocks and trees and landscape, which to the unpractised eye has no existence, so one learns to detect shades of sound and tones of inflection, which open up whole worlds of unsuspected meaning. Catching these words and tones, one jotted them down phonetically with their supposed meaning. Sometimes we found after testing out our ore, that what looked like gold was only mica and we had to get on the trail again. But the very disappointments added to the zest of the chase. As a bungling amateur at the business, I can think of nothing more wonderful as a life work for a trained philologist, yielded to God and consecrated to the task of evangelising the yet unreached races of the earth. Men like Pilkington of Uganda, who in six years did a work for that great native Kingdom, which will tell in ages to come.

It was the best fun in the world. The indispensable notebook and pencil were always at hand, no matter what one was doing. Whatever the task that occupied the hands, the ears were always listening for the fresh word or phrase, and not a moment could be lost in

jotting it down. One might be thatching a roof, when the black fellow beside you makes a remark, which nearly causes you to lose your balance in your haste to get it down. Or maybe you are working with your native helpers making brick. Amid the laughing and chattering, or perhaps even the grumbling, a word sticks out like a flash of light in a dark night. You seize it and with muddy hands plaster it down in the priceless but by now sorely bedraggled notebook.

There was one experience in this quest, which stands out unique and incomparable in my whole life. There was one word which it took me two and a half years to get. As the days and the weeks passed and the weeks lengthened into months and then in time merged into years, that word grew and grew until it filled the whole horizon of my life. I never knew the meaning of that word "Saviour," until I found myself without it. Without it! Without it!! Without it!!! Oh! you smugly complacent Christian, unmoved and unconcerned before the world's need, do you realise that everything in your comfortable life which differentiates you from yonder savage crawling into his dingy hut is yours, because that word "Saviour" has touched your life, and by its touch has lifted it and lighted it? Perhaps even some may read this story who have not confessed Christ as Saviour. Did you know that everything worth while in your life, everything that lifts it above savagery is yours, because missionaries hundreds of years after Christ died for your sins, brought the good news to our savage ancestors yonder in the forests of Britain and Germany? Get on your knees now and thank God that you were born in a land where that wonderful word is known and where its influence has been wrought into the very texture of your civilisation. Indeed, the measure of that influence is all that keeps western civilisation at this moment from collapsing utterly and returning to barbarism.

Never can I forget the inexpressible thrill of the

moment, when this wonderful word illuminated the darkness of a memorable night yonder in Africa. It came about in this way. Another missionary, Brother Krieger, had been attacked by a lioness which had badly mauled him. She had sprung upon him suddenly from a clump of bushes. He had fired hastily and missed, then thrust his rifle out before him. She seized this and wrenched it from his grasp, those powerful jaws crunching through the hardwood stock of the rifle as if it had been paper. Then she seized him by the arm and shook him as a cat would worry a mouse. Releasing him momentarily she crouched for a final spring, when Kikuvi, who later became my headman, shouted. She turned for a moment toward him and Brother Krieger took the opportunity to leap into the reeds along a stream nearby. The lioness then ran off after her cubs. They got into the station and sent for me. I was over thirty miles away, hastened to him in the night and nursed him through his subsequent suffering. He had seven holes in his arm, three of them clear through the muscle of the upper arm, but fortunately no bones were broken, so he recovered after weeks of excruciating suffering.

One night as we were sitting around the campfire, Kikuvi began telling the story of that encounter. I listened as I had never listened to a story before and probably never will again. I felt certain that the long looked for word would come out of that narrative. I had exhausted every resource of conjecture I could think of to wangle that word out of them but to no avail. With exasperating monotony they would repeat my tale of woe with wordy fulness of detail, but the one word which would have told it all was unsaid. Thus I listened. But he went through the whole story with all a native's uncanny regard for detail up to and then through the final dramatic climax of deliverance, without dropping the concrete word I was after.

Sick at heart and disappointed again I was about to

turn away, when suddenly the darkness of the night was shattered as by a blazing meteor. But it was just four words uttered in a matter of fact tone by the black man before me. "I saved the Master." That was all, but it was enough. "Why Kikuvi," said I, "this is the word I've been wanting you to tell me all this time because I wanted to tell you that——." That was as far as I got. The black face lighted up as a wonderful word, illuminated by the Holy Spirit, broke in upon and tore away the veil of ignorance from an immortal soul. I can see him still as in the light of the campfire he turned to me, interrupting me and exclaimed, "Master, I see it now. This is what you've been trying to tell us these many moons—that God so loved us that He gave His Son to save us!"

I never knew the meaning of joy until that moment. I tasted a bit of the reality of it there by the campfire amid my humble black charges. All the jazzy joys of a pleasure mad world could not compare for a moment with the exquisite delight of that discovery. I know something of the price of missionary effort in a savage land. Of the first twelve missionaries of the Africa Inland Mission, I was the only one left after two and a half years. I've been attacked by lions and by rhinoceri time and again; have been surrounded by the savage natives with their poisoned arrows in their bows, not knowing what moment they would let go; for fourteen months I never saw any bread, and for two months, one time, had to live on beans and sour milk; for weeks on end was without even that commonest of all necessities, salt; have had to eat everything, from ants to rhino at one time or another. But do not talk to me about sacrifice. In the face of the superlative joy of that one overwhelming experience —the joy of flashing that miracle working word for the first time into a great tribe that had never heard it before, I can never think of these forty years in terms of sacrifice.

Listen. It is but six days before the Passover, when

the Lamb of God was to be slain for the sins of the world. Jesus with His disciples was at the home of Simon in Bethany. Lazarus was there, and so were his sisters, Martha and Mary. Presently Mary slips from the room and returns a bit later with something in her hand. The record says that thing was *very costly*. Softly she steals to where the loved Master reclines at table. Does she carefully open her alabaster box and count out a few drops of the costly stuff? Not thus does she love! In the abandon of her affection the costly container itself is crushed, and all its precious contents poured out upon His feet while she wipes them with her hair.

"And the house was filled with the odour of the ointment." Get it, O, ye calculating Christians. So will your house be filled with a fragrance you never dreamed of, a sweet savour as of ointment poured forth, when you yield your life utterly to the Lord of Life, who loved you and gave Himself for you.

XIII

SOME STRANGE THINGS

I SUPPOSE it would not be too much to say that the native African is the most spiritual being in the world. That is doubtless a startling statement coming from a missionary, but I believe it is true, nevertheless. But I am using the term in its broad sense, as distinguished from the merely material. In this sense, then, the African is essentially spiritual. In spite of, and back of all the cruelties, the injustices, the bestiality that make up the tissue of African life, that life is intrinsically spiritual, in the sense that every part of it is in some way related to the spirit world. Indeed, his whole world is peopled by spirits, who dominate his thought and control his actions. This is far from saying that he is spiritual in the sense of being holy ; it merely means that he thinks habitually in terms of spirit forces as we westerners almost never do.

Nor does it mean that he worships God. He has a knowledge of God, a Supreme Being, but that Being is remote, unconcerned about mundane affairs. That which really concerns human beings is the presence in earth and sky and rock and tree, in rushing stream and flying bird, in the crash of lightning and the fall of a tree, in the laughter of the hyena and the wail of a child, of myriads of spirits, which speak to him through the endless phenomena of life. That we westerners do not understand that speech is no reason for ignoring it and least of all for ridiculing it. It is tremendously real to him. The thing for us to do, therefore, is to seize upon this innate capacity for spiritual apprehension and make it the basis of our revelation of the Holy Spirit. This worship of the Unknown God becomes the starting point from which he is pointed to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

The missionary, then, finds here a prepared soil for the superlatively spiritual message he brings. The African has no difficulty about supernatural things, for his whole existence has revolved around the unseen. Whereas the average congregation in America or England has to be convinced of the possibility of miracles, the African congregation is already thoroughly "sold" on that proposition.

I have spoken in a previous chapter (X) of the episode which centred around the first couple in the Kipsigis tribe to marry as Christians. Petero and his wife Makiboi lived for years exemplary Christian lives. They were greatly troubled, as were the other Christians of whom there were very few in those days, by the persistent refusal of his mother to accept the truth, although she regularly attended the services. Now it happened that a younger sister of Petero was subject to epileptic fits. This was very bad, chiefly because it lessened her value for marriage. You see, marriage is not generally a love affair. The girl is sold by her parents to any one, old or young, who can pay the required bride price. Among the Kipsigis this price may be from two to four head of cattle and up to forty head of goats and sheep. The girl has nothing to say in the matter. The bargain may have been, and often is made while she is yet a child, and her prospective husband is already an old man with several wives.

Times are changing, however, in this respect as in others. The girls are demanding a voice in the choice of their husbands. The payment of the bride price is still a necessary part of the bargain, even with the Christians. And for the present, at least, it serves a useful purpose. For one thing, it furnishes the most potent incentive to the young men to work, and work just at this transition stage from savagery to civilisation, may be to them what William James aptly called, "the moral equivalent of war." And again, it gives to the marriage relation a value which it does not have

otherwise. What one pays for is of value; what one gets for nothing is of little worth.

Well, Petero's mother, who was a widow, was naturally very much concerned about her little daughter's condition, for as long as she was so afflicted she was of little value. She had exhausted every resource of native necromancy to no avail. Finally, Petero and his Christian friends set themselves to pray for the healing of his afflicted sister. This was entirely of their own volition and to them it was a perfectly natural thing to do. And that child was delivered from her distressing malady in answer to those prayers. The result was that the mother accepted Christ.

I wish I could go on to say that these signal demonstrations of God's great grace had the effect of making this family conspicuous in spiritual attainment. Alas! it does not always follow, either at home or abroad. And since this is a narrative of fact rather than one of special pleading, I have to record the tragic issue.

They had stood firmly against the persistent pressure of native opinion and the ostracism resulting from their break with the age old custom. They had been able to refute the allegation that they would have no children by raising a particularly fine family. I can still see the triumph in Petero's bearing and the pride in the eyes of Makiboi, his wife, when he pointed to their fine, healthy children and exclaimed, "There is the answer to your prophecies of evil."

Did this proof to the contrary cause the non-Christians to cease their contention, that girls who gave up the old customs would have no children? Not at all. The native does not think in terms of logic. Two and two do not necessarily mean four; they may mean anything in the curious spirit world in which he moves.

Then it happened. For no apparent reason whatever, Makiboi suddenly disappeared one day. The easy way out of the humdrum existence claimed her, as it

has claimed so many of her sisters. The new freedom which the Gospel has brought to African womanhood has had the effect of dazzling them, and many have succumbed to the allurement of luxurious idleness. Jeshurun has "waxed fat and kicked."

After ineffectual efforts by her husband to prevail upon her to return, he, too, fell. Those Siamese twins of evil, drink and licentiousness, laid hold of him and bore him down. After all, under the surface these people are just like other people, subject to the same strains, with the same tendencies to evil, but with less power of resistance owing to centuries of self-indulgence. He is still living close to the Mission, struggling, like a fly caught in a spider's web, to free himself from the entangling net of evil circumstance. A son, Benjamin, is a well educated Christian lad, teaching at great pecuniary sacrifice in the mission school, when he might be in remunerative Government employ.

The readiness of the African to believe in the supernatural is not always an asset. It often is his undoing by making him an easy prey to unbalanced leaders. There was the tragic episode a few years ago in South Africa. A misguided Christian leader persuaded a large group of natives to follow him in an unlawful enterprise. All efforts of Government officers to effect a peaceful settlement failing, troops with machine guns were brought up. Even that did not overawe them. Had not their leader assured them that God would protect them against every device of the white man? With fanatical fury they attacked, only to be mowed down, their leader killed and the disillusioned remnant dispersed.

It was but a few years ago that an alarming situation arose in Uganda, when large numbers of native Christians were led into grave excesses by such unbalanced leaders. The thing itself would not have been so bad, but for the fact that such movements almost invariably led to clashes with civil authority.

Not long ago a sanguinary clash occurred between two elements in Kavirondo, brought about by this same tendency to follow leaders, who promise much on the basis of superficial and extravagant interpretations of Scripture. We are witnessing an amazing illustration of this at the present time, in the spectacular career of the so-called Father Divine, a sophisticated Negro of Harlem, New York, who calls himself God, and accepts the homage of his many followers as such.

This innate tendency of the black man to go to extremes lays upon the missionary an added incentive to study his characteristics, and to adapt his method and his message to those characteristics. To be sure, the essential message of salvation, through the blood of Christ, may never be changed—that is fixed and unalterable by the Cross of Christ. But the " follow up " of that message in its relation to the life must of necessity be as varied as is the life of the people to whom it is given.

It used to rouse my wrath to see a woman toiling along under a burden that would make a strong man gasp, while ahead of her strode her mate with nothing to burden him but a spear. I do not like that thing any better now than I did then, but I have a somewhat different attitude toward it, now that I know the reason for it. You see, in those old bad days the tribes were in a perpetual ferment. The only way a young fellow had of getting the wherewithal to get himself a wife was to take it from the tribe next door. So, with others of like mind, he raided his enemy's herd. And of course the enemy retaliated. So the man had to be ready at a moment's notice to take the field. It therefore fell to the woman's lot, not only to provide food for the men, but also to keep their hands free for fighting. So she did the work in the fields and carried the burdens.

Although the necessity for it has passed with the suppression of the raiding habit, the old custom still persists. And strange as it may seem, the women

themselves are chiefly responsible, for, as I have pointed out elsewhere, they cling more tenaciously than the men to old habits. I was one day walking back from the mission mill, when I came upon a woman on her way to the mill with a bag of corn to be ground. The load weighed more than a hundred pounds. She had been resting and as I approached, she was trying to get to her feet. Usually two or more go together in order to assist each other, but in this case the woman was alone. Seeing her struggling to get to her feet I stopped and took hold of the load to give her a lift. Was she grateful? Not a bit of it. On the contrary, she gave me a thorough tongue lashing. I was given to understand that she was quite capable of looking after herself without any man's help.

As I look back over these forty years, the thing that stands out more clearly than anything else is the astonishing patience of the natives in the face of my abysmal ignorance. I was like a babe in toyland, smashing things in joyous abandon. Everything was topsy-turvy, but I was barging straight ahead, serenely unconscious of the absurd figure I cut in the eyes of those whom I had come to teach. I was glad at things that ought to have made me sad, and I was chagrined over things that ought to have delighted me. The only satisfaction one can extract from it now is the fact that one did learn after awhile. And one's mortification is modified by the knowledge that those were the days of ignorance concerning native customs generally.

One would come upon a group of men sitting on the ground, engaged in the various tasks which occupy the leisure time of the savage. Here was one shaping a bow, whittling, scraping, balancing it expertly until satisfied. Another would be straightening a stick so crooked that it looked like an impossibility ever to get it straight. But by putting it in the fire for a bit, taking it out and bending it, replacing it in the fire and repeating the operation over and over the crooked

thing became straight—a perfectly balanced shaft for a spear. Here is another preparing a long bit of sinew for a bow string, finally stretching it by tying one end to a stake in the ground and the other end to a long stake which acted like a spring pulling the sinew taut until cured. Still others were fitting feathers meticulously to arrows, or shaping those diabolical wooden arrow heads with their backward slanting barbs, which tore the wound so horribly when they were being extracted.

Well, there they were, and as I approached they all jumped to their feet and rushed to greet me. I was naturally pleased and my superiority complex led me to conclude that they were pleased to receive a visit from the white man. But sometimes it happened that they paid no attention to me whatever; just ignored me altogether; went on with their various tasks without looking up or saying a word. I fidgeted, and was my face red as the moments passed, while these stupidly ill mannered savages took their time before showing me the most elementary courtesy. I concluded that they were saying in unmistakable terms, " Here's your hat " and they were not adding, " What's your hurry."

What was my chagrin to learn by and by the humiliating fact, that before these savages I had betrayed the most unbelievable ignorance. Where I should have been dismayed I was delighted, and where I was disgusted I should have been happy. You see, when they went out of their way to greet me they were actually indicating their distrust of me. On the other hand, when they allowed me to approach them, to come into their very midst, they were paying me the highest compliment in their power. They were telling me in the plainest language they knew, that they trusted me. The proper procedure in the circumstances was to sit down quietly and wait until they broke the ice by spitting at me.

Thereby hangs another strange tale of this fantastic

land. Spitting at one, far from being an expression of contempt as with us, is the highest expression of friendliness. There's a reason for it, too, which from their point of view explains and justifies the droll custom. They argue that since spittle is an essential part of one's being, it fittingly expresses that being.

The story is told of an official who once sought to arbitrate a quarrel between two warring factions. He managed to get them together to discuss matters while he awaited the outcome. Presently two old men, one from each faction, approached him. When they got within a few feet of him they suddenly turned and began to spit at each other, and then, to his horror, at him. He, supposing they were deliberately insulting him, knocked them down. He did not know, poor soul, that those old men were trying to tell him, in the best way they knew, that they had come to a peaceful arrangement of their difficulties. His blundering action precipitated an uproar which started the trouble all over again.

I once had a young man on my mission station, who had been giving me a great deal of trouble for a long time. Finally, my patience was exhausted and I told him that he would have to leave. The next day his old father came to see me. As he approached me he kept calling out, "My father! My dear father!" He came up to me, expectorated on his own hand, took my hand in his, repeated the disconcerting action on both our hands, meanwhile pleading vigorously for his son. It is well to remember that back of those savage breasts are human hearts with the same human emotions that you and I possess, needing but the touch of the Spirit of God to refine them.

No, I cannot say that I like that sort of thing. Being a missionary does not change one's nature quite so radically as that. Every missionary has to do things which he does not like to do. I do not like spitting even as an expression of friendliness. Still less do I like

to crawl into those huts on my hands and knees, amid the unspeakable foulness they represent. I never did like it and I never shall like it, but I expect to go back to it again, God willing. But the question of liking it or not liking it does not enter into the matter at all. Are we never to do anything for the Lord Jesus Christ but the thing we like to do? Are we never to do anything for Him but the thing we enjoy doing? Is our convenience, our pleasure always to be the measure of our devotion?

Listen! Do you suppose the Lord of glory liked to be spit upon? Did He enjoy the rude buffeting at the hands of Herod's roughneck soldiers, that terrible treatment which left Him, as the Prophet Isaiah so graphically describes it in anticipation, with "visage so marred more than any man?" Did He like it when they pressed the crown of thorns upon His brow? Did He enjoy it when the whistling thongs bit into His flesh, as the soldiers laid the whip on His naked back? And O, tell me, ye self-complacent Christians, who accept your salvation in so matter of fact fashion; tell me, did He enjoy it when they drove the nails through hands and feet, and then, lifting that Cross with its glorious burden, let it fall with a sickening thud in the hole that had been prepared for it, and that body sagged on the nails in His hands, tearing them horribly? Did you ever take time out from your careless, self-centred life, to think what it cost God to redeem a lost world, to redeem you?

If you would glimpse a bit of the Eternal thought that lay back of that amazing thing, turn to the twelfth chapter of the Epistle ot the Hebrews, verse two. There it is written, "Jesus—who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame." The joy that was set before Him—what joy was that? Surely it was nothing less than that of lifting us sinners and making us saints; taking away the ragged garments of our imperfect righteousness and clothing us

with glory and beauty in His own perfection ; in a word making us over to be His Church, His body, which one day He is coming back again to claim as His bride, that through her in the ages to come He may show the " exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us." That, I take it, is " His inheritance in the saints," a thing so far beyond our utmost thought as to leave us gasping with the unbelievable mercy of it.

" When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own ;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe."

XIV

FLYING OVER AFRICA

DOUBTLESS the most amazing development of all in the realm of transportation in Africa is seen in the regular services of Imperial Airways from London through the vast length of the African continent to Capetown. Twice a week the mighty birds sweep down out of the north and traverse the lanes of the sky, over the hoary civilization of Egypt, above the festering sore that is savage Africa, and on to the expanding, pulsing life that is South Africa. A part of my own station has recently been taken over by the Government to make an emergency landing field.

It became necessary for me to make that astonishing flight in 1931, from Kenya Colony to Cairo, a distance of approximately two thousand five hundred miles. Under any circumstances, such a flight would be an unforgettable experience, but to me that plane was a veritable magic carpet, bearing one with incredible swiftness above the brooding mystery of jungle and river and lake and swamp, and finally above the venerable ruins of temple and pyramid which were old when Moses was a prince in the court of Pharaoh.

My dear companion through the years had been compelled to hasten home in January of that year for medical treatment. It was forlorn hope and in spite of the finest care that America afforded she "fell asleep" in September.

Her life had been lived to the full as few lives have been. Teaching in the schools, treating the sick on the station and far afield, sometimes going as much as twenty miles after midnight at the call of Indian or African sufferers, bending over nauseating sores as just a part of the day's work, her only complaint was that the days were never long enough to heed the clamouring demands that knocked so incessantly at

her door. When I was absent from the station she ran its multitudinous affairs with amazing efficiency. Thus did she exemplify that striking character sketch of the virtuous woman in the closing chapter of the book of Proverbs. And she was not, for God took her. But many a black man and woman, many an Indian man and woman rises up to this day to call her blessed.

Lay such a life over against the cigarette smoking, card playing, painted women, who call themselves Christian to-day. Which one bears the marks of the Bride of Christ, the distinguishing characteristic of which is utter yieldedness to her divine Bridegroom and through that yieldedness attaining a radiant holiness of character?

That Bride of Christ, that real Church within the larger organization, who acknowledge the Lordship of Christ, is intent only on making herself ready for her union with Him. And one day a mighty voice will cut across the weariness and the anxiety, the labour and the loss, the perplexity and the pain, the disappointment and the despair of the world, "as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth . . . for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." What a prospect is that, as compared with the jazzy joys which absorb the energies and soil the souls of folks in this pleasure mad generation! "Blessed" indeed, "are they which are called into the marriage supper of the Lamb."

At the time of my flight seaplanes were used from Lake Victoria to Khartoum, and land planes from there to Cairo and Alexandria. Now the entire route is traversed by land planes. We took off from Kisumu and flew straight over the northern end of the lake, which incidentally is as large as the state of Ohio, the

second largest fresh water lake in the world, over islands which a few years ago were depopulated by the dreadful sleeping sickness scourge, now happily made habitable again by scientific methods of dealing with the germ bearing tsetse fly.

It would be difficult to say which part of the journey was most interesting, where every part held a distinctive charm. At Port Bell in Uganda it required three attempts to get the heavy plane from the water into the air. That afternoon's flight of five and a half hours was thrilling in the extreme. Thunderstorms howled around us as if in titanic combat. Part of the time above, and part of the time through the thick black clouds we flew. Below us and around us they scowled and flung hot words at one another. Sometimes when they drifted apart in their dispute we caught glimpses of a wonderful panorama of lakes and rivers, of rugged mountains and peaceful villages lying far below. Owing to the angry dispute of the elements we were unable to come down at Namasagali on Lake Albert, so flew on to Juba.

Just as darkness was closing in, the great ship of the skies dropped gently down on the swift flowing Nile. A fussy little motor launch took us ashore. There a a couple of asthmatic automobiles took up the white man's burden and desposited us, gratefully amazed, at a hotel which surpassed anything we had a right to expect. Shut in by the encircling bush we did not see it until a blaze of electric lights startled us. The scattered brick buildings comprising the hotel were not exactly palatial, nor were the furnishings sumptuous, but here in the wilderness of the Sudan they represented the acme of comfort.

The next day's flight was impressive in a number of ways. Herds of elephants fled from the noise of the plane. Hippopotami lumbered into the streams. But the thing that held my attention beyond anything else was the human drama going on down there.

Little hummocks dotted the vast expanse of open forest, and around them ant-like creatures crawled about. Those hummocks were villages and those ants were men and women and children. We have been hearing much these days about the " forgotten man," a political catchword for political ends. But down there are the real forgotten men, gazing up in dumb wonder at these monstrous birds flying over their heads. And it seemed that I could hear a voice above the roaring engines of the plane, a voice of ineffable tenderness and of poignant pathos saying : " I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat ; thirsty, and ye gave me no drink ; naked, and ye clothed me not ; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Inasmuch as ye did it not unto . . . these, ye did it not to me."

We leave them behind, as they have been left behind through the unending years, presently to fly over the dreary expanse of the sudd region, where floating vegetation is forever attempting to throttle the mighty river. So would self-interest dam up the stream of God's love merely to water its own little garden. For just as surely as the encroaching papyrus would, if left to itself, close the river and cut off its upper reaches in limitless swamps, so surely does the selfishness of modern Christendom retard where it does not actually stop the progress of the Kingdom. O Church of Christ, clear out the channels and give God a chance ! Let the living water flow through you to the dying races of mankind ! So will your own life be enriched beyond all telling, and its enrichment bless the arid wastes of the world.

Too bad if those engines were to fail us here. But they do not fail, and in the evening we come down at Khartoum in the heart of the Egyptian Sudan. Here the Blue Nile and the White Nile unite. The former comes down from Lake Tana in the Abyssinian highlands. The latter tumbles out of Victoria Nyanza over the Ripon Falls, churns through narrow, rock

ribbed channels, roars over Murchison Falls, stretches itself lazily in Lake Albert, then hurries on to its tryst with its sister stream here.

We were put up for the night by the Airways Company at the Grand Hotel. Dinner was served on the lawn in front. The shaded lights, the immaculate tables with gleaming silver, white clad, barefoot black waiters moving noiselessly about, snatches of unfamiliar sound reaching us from the enveloping darkness—all this made a weirdly beautiful scene. After dinner the President of the Chamber of Commerce kindly took some of us for a drive to the points of interest. The outstanding place, of course, was the Residency, home of the British Administrator, standing on the spot where General Gordon met his death at the hands of the fanatical Moslems. A slab set in the wall of the stairway marks the spot.

Across the river lies the native city of Omdurman, former capital of the dervish hordes led by the famous Madhi, who were overwhelmed and defeated here in 1898 by Kitchener's forces. Here it was that the " fuzzy-wuzzies " did the impossible, broke the British square, and thereby immortalized themselves in Kipling's stirring ballad. The dreary monotony of its mudwalled houses and shadeless, narrow streets contrasted significantly with the wide, tree lined streets and flower girded homes of Khartoum. I say significantly because that difference represents the distinction between Mahammedanism and Christianity. The one is cold, unlovely, a relation of negation ; the other sweet winsome, radiant with the alluring beauty of holiness.

The third morning marked a distinct change in the character of the country over which we flew. Hitherto there had been forest and stream with evidences of human habitation. Now for the most part there was to be an absence of all these. High over the Nubian desert we flew. High is the word, for owing to the terrific heat dangerous air pockets are frequent, and to avoid

these hazards the higher altitudes are sought. But even then we occasionally struck such an empty space and the great plane would drop like a plummet. It was a sickening sensation, but nothing compared with the breath-taking zoom upward to regain height following the drop.

Our next stop for the night was at Wadi Halfa. Here we had to spend an extra day waiting for our radio operator to shake off a bout of fever. It is a barren, uninteresting place, boasting but seven white inhabitants, but with a pretty little hotel on the bank of the Nile. In the evening we had a soul stirring sail on the glamorous river, now running nearly bank full. Pulling close to the opposite bank near a little mud hut, our boatman called to a young fellow who presently brought us a sliver from a date palm, bearing a huge quantity of ripe dates. They were the first we had eaten straight from the tree but they were disappointingly flat and insipid.

After taking off from here on the final lap to Cairo, we had gone about an hour when our pilot came down to about a thousand feet altitude to give us a good view of the famous rock temples of Abu Simbel. They date from the year 594 B.C. and consist of two temples hewn out of the rock. The largest is one hundred and ten feet broad, more than a hundred feet high and over two hundred feet deep. In front are four gigantic seated figures more than sixty-five feet high, representing Rameses II. There they sit, looking out over the lordly Nile and across the brooding desert, just as they have looked for more than two and a half millenniums, symbolic of the continent which has been waiting for the messengers of God who come so late.

Now we are away on the last leg of our memorable flight. Up over the desert we fly, the great plane bumping over the cobbled sky lanes, made so by the grilling heat. Far as the eye could see not a living thing is visible, not a tree or a shrub, nothing but billowing sand and blazing rock in all the visible world. Except here and

there, where British engineering skill had turned the rich, silt laden water of the river into the desert. There were green fields and prosperous villages. As I looked upon the lovely gardens by the river side, tiny bits of pulsing life alongside the limitless reaches of death represented by the encircling sand, I thought of that day envisaged by the prophet, when the desert shall blossom as the rose, and when the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad.

All that that thirsty desert needs to make it a garden is a bit of water. And one day God will do what man with all his inventive genius has failed to do. Listen to His confident word, " In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water."

And all that the waste lives of the world need, to make them fruitful and beautiful, is the Water of Life. And it is God's purpose that all the world of thirsty men shall have that water. " I will pour water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground." " Ho ! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." " If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."

The resources of God are enough ; the willingness of God is enough. There wants only the means to bring the exhaustless bounty of God and the abysmal need of mankind together. And for this God has been pleased to make Himself dependent on human instruments as channels. But those channels are so clogged by selfishness and pride and petty personal ambitions, that God can not get through.

The sands of doubt have blown in from the deserts of ecclesiastical infidelity and filled up the channels, through which God would pour the tides of His love into the waste and useless lives of the world. So will it continue until the Holy Ghost and fire descend upon His people, as upon those disciples long ago, burning out and burning up the rubbish of the carnal life.