MY AFRICAN REMINISCENCES

ARCHDEACON JOHNSON BOARDING THE MISSION STEAMER "CHAUNCY MAPLES," 1924.

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1875-1895

BY THE

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ARCHDEACON OF NYASA

UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book really requires no words of introduction from me. It is a simple record, which we are most grateful to the Archdeacon for giving to us, of a very strenuous life, written by one who has done more, perhaps, than any man living for the conversion of the people in Nyasaland.

The Universities' Mission in its earlier days sent out into what were then the unknown regions of the world a band of men, of whom Bishop Charles F. Mackenzie, Bishop Tozer, and Bishop Steere, were the leaders, and of whom Archdeacon Johnson may be considered one of the last survivors.

They were the pioneers, truly apostles of Christianity, whose one aim was to make the people see the glory of God and to kindle in that land of darkness the light of life.

Very few, indeed, of these earlier workers are still with us. How many have passed away! It is well that their names should not be forgotten, "the unknown yet well known." And Archdeacon Johnson here brings back to our remembrance some of those who gave all they had to give in the service of their Lord, and with joy laid down their lives in the giving.

Sherriff and Tulip, Charles Alley and Joseph Williams, Chauncy Maples and Charles Robinson—and many more, most of whom I knew myself and worked alongside with; Brixham trawlers, mechanics from East London, carpenters and printers, the brilliant surgeon, the young lad from the Durham coalfields; ladies from quiet English homes; nurses from great

London hospitals;—they all pass before us as we read their names in the long roll of those who lived and died in the highest of all callings, the most blessed and fruitful of all works.

And all along, now for nearly fifty years (for he joined in 1876), has toiled this one unwearied worker, through perils of all kinds, through sickness and suffering; and yet, as we may thank God, still left among us to-day, still in his old age, crippled and half blind, labouring with the same energy and vigorous enthusiasm as when in his youth at Oxford he stroked his college boat to the head of the river.

He lifts the veil, just a little for some twenty years of those fifty, and tells for the first time the story of the beginning of Christianity in that part of Central Africa in which his lot was cast. Much of it has hitherto been untold—to me much is quite new. It will reveal to those who read—and I trust they will be many—that missionary life in heathen Africa needs all that a man can give of bodily strength, of brave patience, of mind, of courage, of tact and practical wisdom, and above all of fervent faith, in the message which he is sent to proclaim. Much that the Archdeacon relates refers to conditions of life which have now passed away in the changing circumstances of the day. Governments and traders, education, the co-operation of many other missions, the increased facilities of access, have all helped to change the face of the earth. All the more reason why there should be placed on record (it is a chapter in Church history of which we may be proud) this account of it all by the one man who from personal knowledge can tell the tale.

Those of us of the second generation (the 'sub-apostolic age' of Central Africa!) who, in however feeble a way, have sought to follow in the steps of these great pioneers, can alone realize all that is involved in the story and read between the lines what this life-work has meant both in the way of suffering

and of joy. But we can all see the 'Bright Light' shining through the clouds. We can all thank God that He has so raised up His power and come among us, that He has stirred up the wills of some of His faithful people to venture all and bear all that, at whatever cost, they may make others Christians.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Bradby, Archdeacon Johnson's niece, for arranging and revising the manuscript; to the Margaret Professor of Divinity, the Rev. Dr. Lock, for permission to reproduce the Latin speech which he made when Dr. Johnson received the D.D. degree at Oxford; to the Venerable C. M. Blagden, Archdeacon of Rugby, for the English translation of the same; to Mrs. Cook, Bishop Maples' sister, for lending the photograph of her brother and for permission to use his sonnet on Lake Nyasa, published in her book of poems *Love and Duty* (Longmans Green & Co.); to Miss Bulley for compiling the Index and to Miss Gertrude Palmer and Rev. F. M. Trefusis who have each supplied a photograph.

J. E. HINE,
Sometime Bishop of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa.

STOKE ROCHFORD,
Feast of the Transfiguration, 1924.

Cerulean lake! Let this thy mission be,
To speak to us of Him, who in His Hand
Thy waters broad uplifts; and so may we,
While lingering on our pilgrimage, a land,
Not bounded by earth's limits, ever see,
But far above her mists—the Heavenly strand!

—CHAUNCY MAPLES.

CHAPTER I

Bishop Steere

UNLESS my memory deceives me, the first I ever heard of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa was a notice I saw stuck up when I was attending lectures on Sanskrit in Professor Monier Williams' rooms, after I had passed the examination for the Indian Civil Service. This notice, signed by leading men in the University, asked for volunteers for the Mission; just as in 1914 notices posted up asked for men for the War. It seemed just the opening I had wished for, and I resolved to go.

In those days there was much discussion about the fundamental truths of revealed religion; 'Literature and Dogma' had a great influence, and open scoffing was to be read in books and heard in talk. Therefore many of us who believed in these truths were thankful for an opportunity of proving our belief practically.

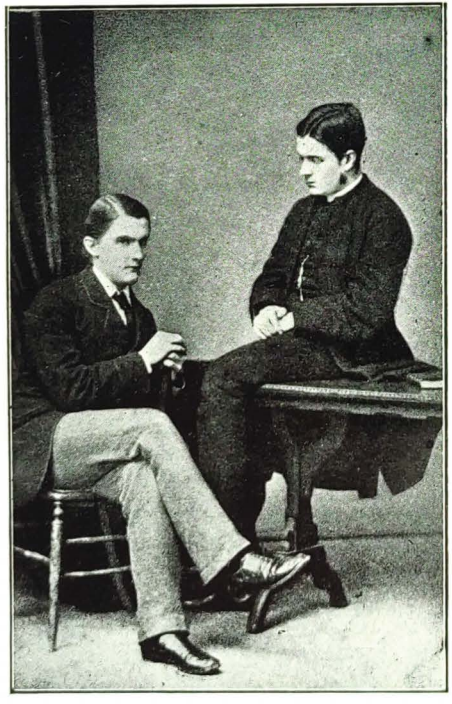
A word more as to this call. Afterwards, when I heard of men volunteering to fight for the liberty of Greece after an harangue by G. W. E. Russell, I was thrilled, but the call of the Universities' Mission was different. The elders of Oxford had taken up Livingstone's appeal to the Universities, had taken it up in the name of the Church of England and the Universities, and called upon their *alumni* at the most sensitive time, the time when a man comes to realize a vocation; called on them, too, as they came to an ordinary lecture. Might one not naturally feel such an appeal, and

rightly expect that it would be brought home to others in the years to come?

Our Master, Dr. Bradley, reasoned with me about my determination. He was a real help and guide, but he argued that there would be more scope in the Indian Civil Service. Other authorities said roundly, "You are mad." As there was so much opposition, I thought that I had better go for advice to Dean Burgon, then vicar of St. Mary's, an outstanding man of independent opinions whom I respected though I had never spoken to him. I asked him whether he thought my decision to go out to Africa was wise, and he answered in a sympathetic voice: "I suppose you mean, do I think you will ever repent it, if you make it?" And when I replied, "Yes," he said, "No, I don't think you ever will."

My friend Maples felt as I did, and he too decided to go to Africa, which made a vast difference to me, and we had a bond with other men, some of whom were drawn to the Oxford Mission to Calcutta. Indeed, after I had written to resign the Indian Civil Service, I found a good deal of sympathy, very precious and valuable, but it had not come first to lead me on. Our determination to become missionaries was more criticized and discussed by the authorities than by the undergraduates, and I remember a man who by no means agreed with us, saying to me, "I heartily sympathize with you, and if I thought as you do, I should do the same."

After the plunge had been taken, our circle used to hold intercessory missionary meetings, sometimes very puny. Thus once Canon Christopher, who was very deaf; Faithfull, who could not play much, and I, were the only three present, and the hymn went lamely. We even put out a number or two of a paper called 'The Undergraduates' Answer to Livingstone,' a poor performance, which Dr. Ince waded through patiently. Later we got into touch with Bishop French, with Aubrey Moore, and Copleston and King.



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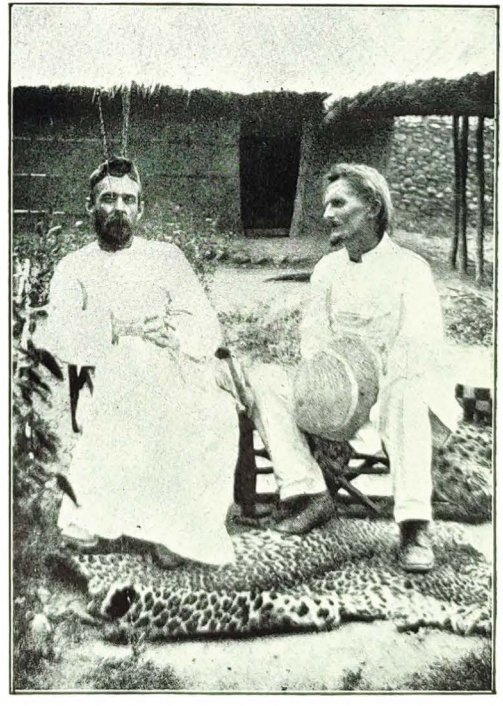


1895

ARCHDEACON JOHNSON AND BISHOP MAPLES.

Bishop Steere (Bishop of the Universities' Mission) had spoken in Oxford, but it was before our time, and we had not heard him. I can remember hearing another member of the Mission, who had gone out rather in devotion to his friend, Bishop Tozer, Steere's predecessor, than as feeling the Mission call himself. He came and spoke to us in the hall of my college (University College), but he hardly carried our awakening enthusiasm with him. But when one of us got hold of a short letter of Bishop Steere's describing his return from a visit to the interior of Central Africa, when Africa still had hidden parts, this letter was passed round among us; we all read it, and every one was kindled. It was not the description of anything dramatic in the ordinary sense; but his men had been starving on the way back, and he himself had had little to live on but coffee, and, if I remember right, he divided most of that up with his carriers. Here was a leader who, while yet unknown, seemed to call on us to share with him as far as we could.

Maples, who was a year senior to me, was ordained in England and spent a year in a curacy; he went out in the early part of 1876, while still a deacon. I followed in the summer of the same year, a summer which had included for me the Eights, the Schools and Henley.

I was not, at that time, old enough to be ordained save by the Archbishop's licence, and when such a licence was kindly offered, it seemed a privilege to be ordained in Zanzibar by Bishop Steere, because he stood emphatically for the Universities' work in Africa; a blessed opportunity of showing some of one's loyalty. When, as they often do, people point out the advantage of a period of work in England first, before going out, I feel that it is no use discussing the matter, as it all depends on one's previous conceptions and what one's particular values are. If no new movements took place in the spiritual world, obviously there would be loss. Will it be

considered mad if one confesses to the thought that sometimes comes into one's head: what would have happened if some outstanding man, Dr. Pusey, for instance, had gone to Calcutta or to some centre where civilizations meet, as they do in China?

I went out alone. We made the voyage, not in a sailing-boat, but comfortably in a British India steamer, and changed steamers at Aden. Here I remember Colonel A., who was going on to India, taking leave of me and giving me a fatherly warning that I could not possibly live in the Central African climate, as already I had been suffering from heavy night-sweats. Aden gave an inexperienced youth plenty to think about. I remember how I looked out of the hotel window in the very early morning and observed hundreds of long bags lying in the open square, and while I was still looking at them the sunlight began to come up over the hills, and I saw one bag after another get up and a man come out of it. They were Somalis who had come across to work with the camels. I remember meeting some planters from Ceylon, who were very bitter against a man they called their 'Boy Bishop.' How strange this sounded to me who had come from the other side and had seen the 'Boy Bishop,' Copleston, leave his honours at Oxford to go on this venture of faith when he was only just over the canonical age for a Bishop.

While I was waiting for another British India steamer to take me to Zanzibar, I met some men who had come from there. They asked me where I was going, and I said, "To the Mission at Zanzibar." "But," they said, "it has been closed down; we have been putting their house in order for them and left it in the hands of some natives." They were quite friendly and sympathized with me, but they had a different outlook, and it appeared, when I reached Zanzibar, that they had been employed by the Church Missionary Society to repair their house there, and had not so much as heard that there was any other mis-

sion. If I remember right, their report only amused me; Bishop Steere and Maples were far too real to doubt.

I think the first time I had heard of Zanzibar was when, in Liverpool, I heard some faint cheering and saw a carriage drive by with an Oriental gentleman in it. At first no one could tell me who he was, but on further inquiry I found that he was the Sultan of Zanzibar, and that Sir John Kirk, our well-known Consul there, had negotiated his coming to England, and even his having a salute as an independent chieftain.

When I reached Zanzibar, a white man was still somewhat of a new thing to the inhabitants, and they were all new to me. I suppose I was *mzungu* (white man) to them, (though I did not at the time know the name), nor even a *ferengi*, as one would be in many parts of the East, a name which at least points out one's kindred to the French. I have often been amused in after years when I have heard people denounce the filthiness of the town of Zanzibar; it may have been filthy, but to me, and I think to others of us, it localized the Arabian Nights. In many places I came across some loopholed house, just such as I have seen in illustrations to that great classic. For good or evil Zanzibar was not so civilized then as it is now. Dead camels, and, it was said, dead slaves too, were cast out on to the great stretch of sand which unites the town to the rest of the island. This piece of sand was, and perhaps still is, called Mnazi Moja (the one cocoa-nut tree), and packs of pariah dogs roamed there. It was not safe to return from the town to the outside country, as, for instance, to our school at Kiungani, alone at night or without fire-arms. I have not the knowledge or the will to describe again what Sir Richard Burton described so well: the cosmopolitan life of Zanzibar. What must it not have meant to him with his knowledge of 'The Thousand and One Nights'?

My first sight of Bishop Steere was the reverse of disappointing, and the more I saw of him, the more my reverence grew. Bishop Steere, who had joined the Mission in 1863, had refused to be Bishop for two years, feeling that his not having been at Oxford or Cambridge might handicap him in getting men. In these days it is hard to realize why a not undistinguished London University man should feel this. He was now a middle-aged man, with sparse black hair and whiskers; the natives used to call him 'with two beards.' He was not handsome, but his face grew upon one; it showed determination, and his penetrating eyes were very often lit up by a humorous twinkle. He was of middle height, wirily built, and looked, as he was, strong. Some one on board a man-of-war which picked him up, later on, when he was on a native dhow and very ill, said that he seemed "the sort of man who could live for a month on the smell of a sardine-tin!" At one period, before he went to Africa, he had started an austere brotherhood, but with us he was not austere, only very self-denying. He was often feeling ill on a journey I went with him, but I only remember his being carried once.

He seemed always bent on a fearless search for truth, and thoroughly entered into intercourse with other men where he could find the same spirit, and he would join heartily in a good argument. He was always appreciated at the Consulate and by officers. His manner was ordinarily urbane, but he could be very brusque. I remember one occasion when a congratulatory procession was formed on the Sultan's birthday, in which the Consul and a good number of officers from the ships joined. I had been walking through the muddy lanes with my trousers turned up and took my place light-heartedly in the procession on the way, rather late. He met me with a sharp aside: "Johnson, turn your trousers down."

His way of leading us was to discuss our plans and

doings as much as possible in public; to create a public spirit in the Mission, a high public level of conduct. He was preaching at this time in the small building in the town used as a chapel, to the few Europeans who came there and to ourselves, and his preaching was very impressive; he seemed to be appealing to God's light in his own conscience and nearly always shut his eyes, as if regardless of his audience.

I found him surrounded by a staff I was proud to join, all devoted to him and all admiring him in different ways. There was Randolph, who had rowed for Cambridge and was at that time in charge of the boys' school at Kiungani; Maples; Woodward, who is still my senior in the Mission; Wallis, who has fallen asleep, who had to resign more than ten years later but did good work for us in England; and ladies like Miss Bartlett, who, when Beardall (another member of the Mission) expressed fears of Bishop Steere's going up-country without a gun, said, with loyalty and shrewdness, that she would feel more confidence in Bishop Steere with an umbrella than in most people with a rifle. There are very few alive who remember those times, but Miss Thackeray and Miss Mills are still alive to witness to the glory of them.

Bishop Steere ordained me deacon and Maples priest on September 29. The Bishop was very handy in meeting our needs, even when it required mechanical skill, and when I was ordained priest, and, I suppose, when Maples was, and a seal was wanted for the letters of Orders which every priest receives, he made the stuff required for the impression himself; I think it was some sort of *papier mâché*.

About two months after my arrival the Bishop arranged that we should follow up his trip into the interior—the trip I have already referred to. He organized a party of released slaves; and he, with Beardall, a good fellow and a paid member of the Mission, and myself, were to take them up-country, return them to their homes if possible, and make a

settlement with those who could not get home, possibly at Masasi; he was not without ideas of pushing on to Mwembe, and even to Lake Nyasa. That is to say, that we were to work out a perfectly ideal plan. But when it came to the preparations for the trip, I was brought up sharp at once against apparently un-ideal surroundings, for when I was shown our stores, in the quadrangle of the school at Kiungani, I saw piles of tins and boxes, such as one sees in some small grocer's shop in Cardiff. There were pickles and mustard and meat, and it seemed to me like luxury.

Again, when I was introduced to William Chuma (one of the men who had brought down Livingstone's body) and to his band of selected Zanzibar carriers who were to escort us, they did not seem at all like the band one would have imagined helping missionaries, for though Chuma was a well-known man, his followers were hardy ruffians.

The fears of luxury proved elusive, for Bishop Steere was taking all the provisions for future use at some distant day, and I don't think we opened a single tin on the way up. We did try the mustard after we had settled at Masasi and found that it was all bad, and the Bishop opened a bottle of piccalilli pickles by way of medicine when he had an attack of fever. The rest of the tins we left alone.

By the kindness of Captain Cohan, our party was transported to Lindi on H.M.S. *Flying Fish*, and the voyage was all delightful both to the body and spirit. Lindi, where they landed us, is some three hundred miles south of Zanzibar. It was in those days vastly different from what it became under the Germans. There were no Germans there nor any white men except ourselves; we had a 'host'—I suppose his hospitality was not unconnected with money—a superior sort of coast man, and we and our troop came down on the place like a small instalment of locusts. We arrived ere yet there was any idea of 'supply' as we learnt it in war-time.

The principal Arab at Lindi was then Amri, son of Abdullah. When an Amri dies his son succeeds, and is known as Abdullah, son of Amri, and so on. We made the acquaintance of this Amri, and kept it up for years. He helped us with young trees to plant at Masasi.

We had our first hint of what the Africans call war at Lindi. An Arab had started sugar-works there, and a short time before our visit some Yaos had come down and had killed several of his slaves and thrown them into the sugar-vat.

CHAPTER II

Masasi

IN going up-country from Lindi in October, 1876, with Bishop Steere, it struck me from the first, and in retrospect it comes home more vividly, that when our ideals took form and shape the developments sometimes seemed to contradict the premises. Thus, though I am not clear how many we were in our caravan, I think we were over 150, and if we found hunger in the country as we passed, how much we must have added to that hunger!

I have realized this particular burden which the European lays on the native many times since; perhaps most clearly thirty years afterwards, when, in the hills to the east of Nyasa, I and my small party could not get food until we told the people of the place that we should have to stop another day in the hamlet unless a fowl and a little flour was brought to sell to us. We said this innocently, but it was really the last turn of the screw. "What! Another day of these men, who threaten every pumpkin-flower that is coming on, every Indian corn cob that might be ripe in two days! Another day of them! It is too bad; let us give them our last fowl and so get rid of them."

You may often tempt a man to sell you his last potato; he may be a little greedy of gain, he probably has a fear in the back of his mind that it may be seized if he does not sell it. And then you move on somewhere else and do not consider where any other potato for that man is to come from.

On our journey to Masasi I can remember that we

had to camp for two days while Chuma sent his Zanzibaris to search for food, but I think that of our stores we opened no flour, tea, sugar, nothing but cocoa, of which we had a good supply in the great squares then used on shipboard. We used to pare them off into the kettle. We had no biscuits with us, but we had some very unappetizing dry toast in bags. We often had pumpkin soup—literally, pumpkin and water; a fowl was indeed a *rara avis*. I remember that one Sunday there was a glorious report of two ducks that had been bought, but they were a hopeless failure; there were no sort of trimmings, they had merely been passed through the hot water, and their legs stuck up in an uncompromising way, showing muscles that only two old Muscovy ducks could produce.

Still Bishop Steere kept some life in us. This was not only through our services; he was reading a guide-book to Spain to himself, he talked about it to us in his practical way and made us feel as if we were seeing it. I was reading, I hardly know why, 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona.' I think one felt that one had to fight against pumpkins and tough duck with poetry. Then came one of those contradictory developments of the ideal put into concrete form of which I have spoken. We were trying to carry along a cart; I don't remember how far we went with it, but I remember one use a wheel was put to. There had been bad stealing from the goods we were taking up to trade with; a Zanzibar Mohammedan was convicted and sentenced to a beating, and he was fastened to a wheel of the cart. I remember my sensations before the execution, but I don't remember anything of it, perhaps I didn't see it. I think it was a necessary part of the realization of our purpose, and that such a part had to be faced. It had rather a pathetic sequel. When I went up to the Lake a few years later with Charles Janson, this same man was in our caravan, and one of the few there who came from Zanzibar. We had got a long way up the Rovuma River, and

were camping for the night; this man and a few others went off, against rules, to an island in the river, where native beer had been brewed. Their canoe was small and the rapids were violent, possibly the beer was strong; as they were coming back we saw the canoe capsize. This man was carried away by the current, and that was, for us, the finale.

Bishop Steere often talked as we were going through the forest; he discussed a good deal the question whether or no all men came from the same ancestry. Trifles remain in one's memory and more important things disappear. We were walking in single file, and I had occasion to refer to devilled bones; possibly I was talking about the Marquis of Steyne's late suppers in 'Vanity Fair.' Bishop Steere possibly mistook what I said; he certainly snapped me up: "Johnson, you must not say that!" I wish now that I had asked him about it afterwards. Some way from Lindi we passed by a village called Mtua, and made the acquaintance of one, Abdallah Pesa. As often happens with names in foreign countries, this name might seem to have an Oriental ring; but when you come to close quarters and translate it, it is just like one of our old puritanical names, and means, 'Serve God farthing.'

Would that one could remember all those who came to our Lord later as clearly as one remembers the earlier ones—for instance, the four Christian boys who were going up with us, one of whom, Joseph, long afterwards enlisted as a soldier with the Germans. All four were very human, and one longs for them as ancient comrades in the great fight.

At last we came out into the more fertile country near Masasi, and for many days it was doubtful what Masasi was; was it a river, or a chief, or a hill? It certainly is a hill, and I suppose a district, but I don't know accurately about it even now, nor do I know what it means; it is wonderful how one lives in a place and takes it all for granted. We first came to the village of a man called Bin-Fumu; this too seemed

an Oriental name, but I suppose really means, 'son of a headman.' Bishop Steere described him, after trying to converse with him, as a "snuffy old gentleman with not much taste for theology."

Of course, as the natives came across us and learnt about us, or rather about our big caravan, we heard more of the country that lay before us. They were keen on our stopping with them, as there was plenty of food and we might be a protection. Everywhere there was the alarm of raiders, and years after I found that west of Masasi stray people in the fields would bolt like rabbits when they saw anyone coming; a stranger was a man who would spear or shoot you. The chief causes for this terror were the various remnants of Zulu tribes who had been driven from South into Central Africa; they had learnt the fatal lesson of raiding, and they taught it to others.

After conference with the native chiefs, we chose a fertile place where no one had ever lived, from which short roads led down to a good water-supply. This water was a well-known centre, as people used to get salt hard by. We were close to the main Makua villages, having passed the main Yao villages under the shelter of the higher hills.

There was no mistake that the wholly unaccustomed fare, or the absence of any fare, had reduced our physical energy enormously. I have not the faintest recollection of a wish to turn back though of a great deal of feebleness. We built long, low huts near the place where our house was afterwards, at the top of the long slope on which our village was to be built; these huts were not high and not plastered with mud at the side, so one could see through the bamboos which formed the walls, though they were set fairly close together. Our dormitory was very long, some 100 feet; we three slept in a row, and at some distance from us the Zanzibar porters.

It was a great comfort to get into a district where the ordinary meat of the country, a fowl, could again

be purchased, and we kept a good many of our own. I can remember that one night there was an alarm among them at the end of the building where they were, possibly a wild cat had broken in, and some thirty of them got loose and flapped up the dormitory; they flew right over Bishop Steere, then over me, and then over Beardall.

My first close acquaintance with a leopard or some animal of the kind was made at night. By the light of a lantern one could see it shoving itself outside by the bamboos of the hut wall; the beast passed close to our beds and pressed against the bamboos, one could see its fur coming through the spaces between them. I suppose there was no spear handy; at any rate, it got off. We were not at that time skilful in setting traps, and I doubt whether we caught any leopards.

Not long after our arrival, Beardall must have gone on to Mataka's village of Mwembe, 200 miles West by South, which Bishop Steere had already visited. I don't actually remember Beardall's setting out, but he was not long away, and when he returned he seemed to have been fairly well received. He brought back lurid accounts of the burning alive of men, which seemed to take place pretty frequently and generally, apparently, on Saturdays. These men were not often wizards, but men who had been taken red-handed, in intrigues with Mataka's numerous wives, or had been suspected of such intrigues. Long after, near Chindi, I met a European who showed me hideous-looking masks made of metal; he said these had been used in the *autos-da-fé* in Mwembe, but Beardall, who was very explicit, did not mention any such niceties, nor did I meet with any trace of them when I lived in Mwembe not long afterwards. The picture which Beardall drew was one of the things that reconciled us to settling at Masasi, instead of pushing on further, perhaps even to the Lake, as we had hoped.

There is one personal incident of that year's work

of which I should like to speak, as it may encourage others. I have often come across since, and still more often heard of, a very trying form of illness, which is fairly common in Central Africa; a man becomes abnormally sensitive, he thinks that others are talking about him or plotting against him, and is firmly convinced that he overhears long conversations of the kind. Well, I had a bad attack of this while Bishop Steere was still at Masasi, and that, too, without realizing that I was ill; I was certainly not in pain. I could understand very little of any native dialect, but that didn't prevent me from imagining that I overheard our men, especially Chuma himself, the trusty headman, plotting all manner of things against ourselves and Bishop Steere. I boldly talked to Chuma on the subject, and I also told the Bishop, but I believe now that the whole thing was an hallucination; happily Chuma probably understood little of what I said and I am perfectly certain that he was entirely faithful.

In a small way it was an exceeding trial that one could not issue out of the long hut I have mentioned above without being followed by a smaller or a larger party of natives. It was the same later when Bishop Steere had built us a house; one could not be alone, and it can easily be imagined what it meant to a man in a nervous state when there was no place whatever to retire to. I was very weak for a long time.

Bishop Steere left Masasi to return to Zanzibar at the end of the year and during my weakness. I should like to have a talk over those times with Beardall, who was alone with me after the Bishop's departure. He must have had a difficult time, as only two adults of our settlement were Christians, while neither he nor I were proficient in any language except our own. Yet he certainly must have kept our people well in hand.

In beginning to pick up the language we were badly handicapped, for very few of the released slaves we had with us had much knowledge of the Swahili dialect;

most of them were Nyasas or Yaos, but they did not even speak their own dialect properly. There were a few too of other tribes and the people round us spoke two wholly different dialects: the Yao and the Makua. I used to go about with a little Swahili primer which was not very helpful.

Bishop Steere must have put in considerable labour when he made his Yao vocabulary in connection with his previous trip to Mwembe; when he went off from Masasi he left me as a legacy the task of carrying on what he had only been able to begin. I have tried to carry out the spirit of his bequest but have quite failed in the letter. I see that Maples says I had made some progress in learning Yao when he came up to Masasi in the summer of 1877, but I am afraid it was very slight. I can smile as I recall my difficulties with our Yao teacher, an oldish released slave called Arobaini. We used to come to loggerheads most mornings when I woke up to the fact that he was rendering the second person singular into the third person plural. Now I am amazed at my ignorance; ever since I have been learning that nothing is commoner than this and that few things are rarer than the use of the second person singular. This was emphasized for me when we first began work at Ilela in the north of Lake Nyasa. A friendly German official was wild with indignation against some missionaries of his own German kith and kin up there; they had not indeed gone quite so far as to address him in the second person singular, but they had used the second person plural; could I believe it?

My old teacher had gone through I don't know what experiences, as most of these people with us had, and was in a pathetic way, 'without mother, without father, without descent.' All of them would have given their ears to find any kindred, even to pretend that they had found them; it would have been a good imitation of Paradise to them, as they would have said themselves, for I could not help noticing at Zanzibar that

it was not uncommon to hear them say, "So-and-so is as much pleased as if he had been told that he would go to Paradise to-day." I suppose that very often this was a mere tag passed on from more religious people, but one is thankful even for such tags and perhaps hardly understands how they have been won by men's lives and God's blessing. At any rate, the Paradise of our people would have been partly realized could they have found a brother of any kind. My teacher and his friends knew only too well that when a village has been wiped out by raiders you will not easily find it, 'its memorial is perished with it,' and so they were happy to settle at Masasi, but their whole old world had long been scrapped.

Alas! later on there was a parody on this longing for kindred among some of these same people. They found in slave caravans that passed the place young girls whom they said were their sisters, they got leave from the Priest in charge of Masasi to redeem these girls, they took them home and brought them up in their family, as their sisters, and finally,—married them. This proved that there was no family connection at all, for to marry your mother's kindred is unthinkable with our people. But many of them had wives already, so it made a great scandal and such redemptions had to be forbidden.

I really cannot profess to have been in touch with the feeling of the country round during this first residence in Masasi, and I can only remember two popular demonstrations; one was when a lion became too ravenous and the whole country-side turned out to hunt him. They had no doubt that the spirit of the old Makua chief had taken up his residence in the lion. They managed to kill the brute and burnt his skin, claws, bones, everything connected with him, I suppose in order that the spirit should have nowhere to abide. Afterwards I became very familiar with this idea.

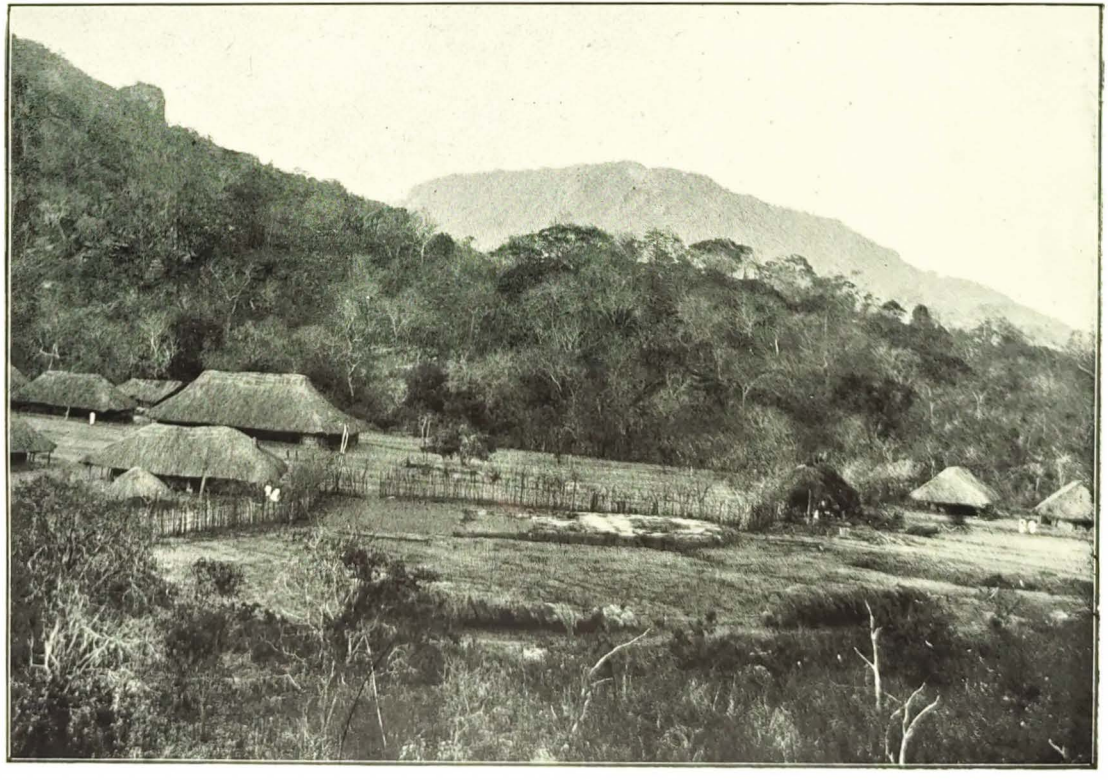
On another occasion one of our leading men was

supposed to be bewitching the neighbourhood; happily for him, when they had bound him, they brought him to me. It was well on in the evening, and I did not know when he had had anything to eat or drink, except cuffs and hustling. As a wizard they had less sympathy with him than with the lion and could not understand my regarding him as a man; they got wildly excited when I wanted to give him water to drink—was it not notorious that if a wizard drank water he could get out of any slave stick or roping? I had to quiet them down and promise to keep the man safely, and I deferred the cup of cold water until they had all gone away. We ultimately sent him down to the coast under a guard, to get him out of the hands of the populace. Everybody wants to get rid of wizards.

The beautiful butterflies were a delight to anyone in a great state of weakness, as I was. I sent a number down to the coast; but they may not have arrived there in good condition, as I heard nothing of them.

It was a red-letter day when Maples and Joseph Williams arrived in August, 1877. We were always glad to see Maples anywhere, whether it was in London or in Oxford; how much more in these wilds of Africa! He brought life and sympathy, news of the outside world and common ideals to be realized, let alone no small skill in cookery.

It was now only a question of time when I should have to go to the coast to get doctored, as I had started great ulcers which never left me completely for many years. I had to spend an interval on one of the not uncomfortable native bedsteads, as I could not walk; and for part of the time, when our newly built church had been lengthened, I slept in the vestry at its end. I was not uninterested in Maples' construction of a large oven built up of stones and mud in which you put the fire, drew it out when the oven was hot enough, and put the bread in for baking. This was the first we had known at Masasi of any English flour, except a



THE MISSION STATION AT MASASI.

few bags of almost uneatable dry toast, which we had originally brought up with us. The flour that Maples brought only sufficed for red-letter days, and not for many of them. Another pleasant fancy was desiccated potatoes in tins, which we had on Sundays; they suggested, while they lasted, a pleasantry about desecrated potatoes.

We did not seem at that time to have developed a practical appreciation of what wild beasts mean, and if anyone else had we didn't sympathize with him; we looked on them as objects of interest. Sometimes Maples would come round by the vestry to ask me, "Have you seen the leopard?" just as he might have asked in England, "Have you seen the fox?" Joseph Williams took a much more sensible view of the beast and would try to bar his door at night to keep the leopard out.

Let me say a word about the long house that Bishop Steere had built, literally worked at with his own hands, and thatched too, for he was often up on the roof tying down the successive wisps on each row of bamboos. This house lasted us twelve years and never leaked; it was finally spoilt by rats. There were three rooms in it, in one of which Williams lived. They ran along half of the house, the other half being a veranda nearly equally wide; each room had one door but no window; the veranda served as window, and on the veranda side of the room the party wall only went a little over half-way up. When it was suggested to Bishop Steere that the rooms might be rather dark, he said: "Of course, in the day you will be outside with the people." When it came to leopards, they could get in over the veranda side, whether you barred the door or not.

Most of the village men seemed to enjoy an alarm and a hunt; but here, again, some didn't, and a man Luka, in the top hut next to ours, would bar the door as strongly as he could, and with more safety than Williams as his house was plastered with mud all

round. It was clear later on that this man did not lack courage and enterprise, for when he was getting old I heard that he had gone aboard a coast steamer to get better money, though he could not have been driven to it from being hard up, in the fertile Masasi district.

Chuma had gone down to the coast with Bishop Steere, and had come up again with Maples some months later. I do not remember whether I went with him on his return journey to Zanzibar then, or after he had come up again with some one else; I think it was on his later journey. He and some of his most trusted men took me down to the coast without my having to walk at all, carrying me on a native bedstead. I had a vivid recollection of seeing Bishop Steere being carried on a native bedstead when we first came up, one day when he was very ill. The bedstead, by the way, is very comfortable for sleeping, and he would never on any account use the native palanquin called a *machila*. When I saw him being borne up any steep place, stretching out his hands and holding on to the side of the bed or to the rope, I thought to myself: so a man must have looked when he was being carried on a hurdle to Tyburn; but when I was carried down it was not so bad, except in a few perpendicular places, and I have a grateful recollection of the men's attentions. Maples had sacrificed some little of his arrowroot to send with me, but there was very little of any strengthening diet.

I got to Lindi and the coast not long before Christmas, 1877. In pre-European times sailing dhows were very elastic in their time of sailing; the length of the voyage was more elastic still, and the nature of the crew of these native vessels was equally a matter of doubt. I got a passage in a dhow (that is what they call a native boat) fairly quickly, at a place north of Lindi, to which I was carried. The dhow belonged to an Indian who took a hopeful view of our getting

the beginning of the south monsoon to waft us north to Zanzibar and encouraged me to hope for a four or five days' voyage. We bought a small stock of provisions for these five days, including, if I remember right, a blessed box of biscuits. As it was, we took eighteen days, and hardly had more than an hour or two of any southern wind.

We generally got a little of the off-shore wind in the morning, and sometimes of the off-sea wind in the evening; these winds were called the *matlai*. We got on at those times a short distance each day, and the rest of the time we had to lie to, as we could make nothing of any north wind. Often the coral reefs were lovely, but one hadn't much inclination to admire them when they were straight ahead, and one found that all the crew were raw hands; perhaps the skipper had picked them up from Madagascar. They were seeking work in Zanzibar and were working their passage up, and they were only gradually learning the names of the ropes and what the various orders of the skipper meant. The skipper was very agile and voluble, but it was often a question of whether we could get round before we were on the coral. Our daily routine was varied by the necessity of filling up the water-box by fetching water from the shore, and I started an entomological collection, securing some twenty-seven specimens of water insects and vermin on the dhow. As on other occasions in African trouble, the prophet Isaiah's description of dreaming that one was eating and waking up with nothing to eat, came home to me with a new sense of his power. I used to have visions of ice-machines and other foolish fancies.

One blessed day, a Christmas Eve, we were boarded by a man-of-war's boat under the impression that we were a slaver. The doctor was in charge and I suspect that my memory was not in high working order, for I do not remember his name nor that of the ship he came from; I do remember, however, that he was

very kind. He told me that the following day was Christmas, which I had not realized; he also told me that they would have double rum served out and said that he would send me a bottle of port! This was returning good for evil, as I expect he must have been disappointed when he found that we were not a slaving dhow, nor a prize.

This is a good place to introduce my great comfort on this voyage, a Makua teacher named Charles Sulemani. He took great care of me, but I cannot say that I blessed him when the bottle of port came aboard and he almost immediately dropped it, as we rolled in an open anchorage waiting for the sun to go down over the mainland and the evening breeze to spring up. The bottle was smashed to atoms.

One man who seemed a passenger, and also seemed a very ordinary bullet-headed native, used to go through a strange exercise which attracted my attention. He would bring his head down violently towards one side of his heart (that was the meaning of his movements, I was told afterwards), then to the other side of his heart. Sometimes he did it in time to the rolling of the vessel, but he would often do it when the vessel was still. He was, I learnt afterwards, reciting the titles of God as he did it, for he was a devout Mohammedan. Perhaps it was as well that the only two Christians on board should not have drunk the fruit of the grape alone on Christmas Day; anyhow, they couldn't. At last we anchored in Zanzibar harbour and the Mission quarters at Mkunazini seemed like Heaven.

In 1921 I travelled down the Zambezi with a French gentleman, who pointed out that travelling in Africa is much easier than travelling in Europe. Yes, the African traveller of the present day finds many things changed in Africa.

CHAPTER III

Mbweni

IN the beginning of 1878 the bad sores on my legs accounted for much lame work on my part, but at least my incapacity gave me an opportunity of observing and appreciating Bishop Steere's work in the town of Zanzibar.

The cathedral, on the site of the old slave-market, was rapidly gaining its present appearance and the labour it involved was great. Many times a day and for hours at a time Bishop Steere would be up on the roof, and one man who joined the Mission and talked a great deal of his alpine climbing, on the way out, found it very dizzy work to follow the Bishop in many of the turns of the future clerestory. The Bishop was working with what was really slave labour. He hired the men and paid them and they, being slaves, repaid their masters. It was a not uncommon way of getting things done. There was considerable vagueness in many minds as to how far the roof of the cathedral, which was roughly a semicircle, had any connection with an arch or was subject to the same laws. It was built in the usual way on timber frames, with concrete, as described below. Brick arches, three of them, I think, were put into it at intervals. The concrete was made of a mixture of coral rag, i.e. broken-up coral reef, and cement made from burnt coral rag. When a section was dry the wooden frame on which it had been built was removed. I suppose that the dry concrete was simply like a large piece of coral or of cement hollowed out into a semicircle.

The ordinary way of roofing the Arab houses in Zanzibar was something the same; big timbers were laid across the walls and on the top of these pieces of coral rag, large enough not to go through between the timbers, then cement made from burnt coral rag was put on, with smaller pieces of coral to fill up gaps, and on the top lime and sand alone. Twenty people would then beat upon it in time, with small pounders like a mop with a small head. The whole thing hardens and becomes quite solid. Its hardness and strength was proved later on, in the roof of a cellar in our town house of Mkunazini. The cross-timbers of the roof had rotted, but it was still safe to roll large barrels across, for the coral rag, cement and lime had set into a great slab of light, porous stone.

In spite of the kind care and the cheerful life at Mkunazini, it seemed ages before I was allowed to walk, but the day came at last and I was able to take charge at Mbweni, a released slave station, five miles from Zanzibar. I took it over from Mr. Hodgson, who, with some other of our staff, had got it into working order. This station has now finished its job and nearly come to an end, but while it lasted it had much that was ideal about it.

The vast majority of men never grasp how every real reform is like setting back a current—as great a work as building the Assouan dam to stem the Nile. You cannot take the survivors of a scrapped village in Central Africa out of a slave dhow, where a fair percentage have died in the hold, and wave a wand over them or talk gently to them and make everything 'quite all right.' Perhaps few people understand what a work our Navy did on the west coast of Africa, and, though possibly in a lesser degree, on the east coast, in putting down the slave-trade, in setting back a current of injury to Africa which England had joined to set going some two hundred years before. When the Navy had done its grand work, who was to continue it?

A slave dhow was taken, and men and women, generally mere bags of bones, often with little children who were still miniature bags of bones, were judged to be slaves in the Consular Court at Zanzibar, where England was establishing a reputation for justice. As captured slaves they were released from their masters and handed over to 'our Sovereign Lady the Queen,' and what was to become of them? Who was to feed and clothe them? One remedy was, that the Consul asked Bishop Steere to take care of some of them, and it was a job worth doing.

I am afraid that a good deal of blatant nonsense is talked on one side and on the other about released slaves. On one side it is assumed that these people preferred to be treated as cattle and had no ideas of freedom; on the other side it is assumed that the mere taking them from slavery can start them on a free career two thousand miles from anybody who has any connection with them. It may be worth while to labour this point about freedom versus slavery a little, as I have turned it over in my mind a good deal. In the middle of my sojourn at Mbweni, when I consulted Sir John Kirk, our Consul, about our troubles in caring for the slaves in our station, he said: "Remember Moses tried for forty years with released slaves and was beaten by them."

In my continual endeavours to translate I have often tried to get a rendering for giving a man his freedom, and there seemed to be a great difficulty, but as I grew impatient I began to realize that the natives were getting impatient too at my questions. "What is this you are asking us about?" they said in effect. "How can an Arab or a white man who has taken a man away from his home give him his freedom? The only people who can give him his freedom are his own kindred, if they come to redeem him." The only word that you will get from a Yao meaning freeman is 'of-the-family.' Our idea of making a man free is not wholly unlike something of the nature of a lock-

out. To turn a man loose is a poor substitute for freeing him.

From May, 1878 (when I went to Mbweni), to the following May, I began to be more in touch with one side of African life. I had hitherto been too physically weak, too wholly ignorant of any dialect to have much conscious understanding of the natives, and now I felt so much alive that it hid from me how I was still groping in the twilight. The country was very attractive with its tropical surroundings,—rare even in the tropics of Africa, where one often notices how little tropical growth there is,—with its very human elements close to one, with interesting Arabs and their entourage in the offing; and I had an inspiring chief in Bishop Steere. One hardly realized how absolutely nothing one knew of what was going on inside the released slaves who were handed over to the care of our Mission. In the big old Arab house in which we lived, Miss Thackeray, who had lately come from England with Bishop Steere and was taking a loving and enthusiastic delight in our work with the girls, was a wholesome link with the world of reality, with method, discipline, and English life. Joseph Williams, too, whose acquaintance Maples and I had first made in Liverpool, when we were working there one vacation while we were undergraduates, was a capital helper.

Perhaps some would be surprised at the glamour the work had for us; it therefore had dangers also in too facile hopes of rapidly converting these men straight out of the devil's cauldron of the slave-trade, of rapidly getting them down like peasants on small holdings, without the centuries of discipline the peasants have had in France, and of rapidly producing domestic life in their little huts. We did not understand how long it must take to do this. Certainly we were relying on our Lord, but we did not see what a complicated miracle we were hoping for.

While I had the privilege of taking charge of Mbweni, several gangs of *ma-teka* came over; this was the ex-

pression used by all the natives of Zanzibar for these slaves. *Teka* means 'to spoil, to take captive, especially from the hands of the spoiler,' and *ma-teka* means 'men taken as booty.' It was a job well worth doing to try to meet the needs of these people. We could put them in the way of building their own huts, of doing some work that was needed and so getting clothes and food; we could give them facilities for choosing their mates, which was as necessary for them as clothes and food.

Just as it is with the freedom of the natives, so it is with their marriage; year by year one is taught something more of how to look at it under the peculiar conditions of Africa. A year or two ago I was much struck when what happened at the Council of Trent was brought home to me. It had been settled there that the curé was to be the witness to any marriage, and then the question was raised whether this was of the essence of the Sacrament; and it was decided unanimously that it was not, for nothing could be insisted on as the essence of the Sacrament except the mutual consent.

It is not every one who looks at it in this way. At Mbweni we had very kind visitors, some from the men-of-war on the Zanzibar station, and I remember one particularly enthusiastic Captain in the Navy who looked very much puzzled when I told him that most of the men had each chosen one of the women for his wife, that they were so written down in our register of names and had built huts to be their homes. At last he got out the question: "Did you marry them all with the Prayer-book marriage service?" No, indeed, we did not! Yet I remember that though in many cases their good intentions were carried out very imperfectly, yet in many other cases they subsequently obtained Christian blessing on a marriage already realized in God's sight and—can we doubt?—with His help.

Another element in our work was the saving of slaves who ran away to us; in more than one case a poor

fellow could only drag himself to our plantations and then was picked up dead in the morning. As the law then stood, a master never lost his claim on his slaves; a slave was often left to die, or to get well as best he could, if his weakness prevented his working. He would not be stopped from coming to us for help, he would even be encouraged, but he could be seized again by his master when he got well.

There were several cases of this kind, and at last it came to a head. A sick slave had come to us with his master's connivance; he had recovered and had lived amongst our people for several months, so that he had become well known to them. One day his Arab master, without giving any warning, came with a number of followers to take the slave away. The slave's friends resisted and there was fighting on the plantation. The Arab could not take the man and went to complain to the Consul; the Consul summoned all the parties concerned and our overseer, a freeman of Zanzibar, was put in prison for a few days. I had not seen the fight, but I went into Zanzibar to inquire after the man. Sir John Kirk told me that he himself had been in exactly the same position that we were. Many times, he said, a slave had run to the Consulate for protection and he had been obliged to tell him that he could give no protection; all he could give the runaway was an opportunity of escaping out of the back door while he talked in the front with the Arab who came to claim him.

In the present case the Consul finally settled the matter in our favour, and after a time of some anxiety I came back to Mbweni with a light heart, the now released overseer running on ahead of my donkey and shouting before me with even more zest than usual: "Get out of the way, Arabs!" In this case the slave had to be given up, but shortly afterwards the law was altered, and if a master had not claimed his slave while he was ill he could not do it afterwards.

Sometimes a young man slave would come to me

with some story of cruelty. One such case will illustrate others. The boy had been badly beaten, and after escaping to us was taken away again by his master; the only chance for him was that he might be redeemed. I was deeply moved by his story; rightly or wrongly, I did not feel it right to apply to our Bishop for the Mission to redeem him, so what could be done? I went to Père Horner, a Father of the Society of the Sacred Heart. These Fathers had been wont to redeem slaves of little value for charity, but he told me that they had now almost completely given up the practice, as it was looked on with so much disfavour by the British Consul. One can easily see how great evils might creep in through this redeeming of the most afflicted and least valuable slaves, for while it helped some wretched people, it encouraged the Arabs to bring down others in the hope of realizing ten shillings on each of them.

I hurried out to look for some other means and was recommended to go to a man who burnt lime in a village adjoining our place. I arranged that he should redeem the boy and we signed a paper in which I promised to pay the money on the condition of his releasing the boy before the Consul. I could not do this myself, as for a British subject to buy a slave meant penal servitude.

Everything had to be settled quickly, or the boy would have had a second and worse dose of hippo hide. Bishop Steere agreed to my borrowing the money temporarily, and I wrote home to tell my brother at Clare College, Cambridge, hoping that I could raise it in some way. My brother put it before the eight in which he was rowing, and they subscribed the money at once. It was, I think, forty dollars. One of the eight was Jones-Bateman, who came out to the Mission soon afterwards and was a pillar of our work in Zanzibar. My recollection is that the price for ordinary female slaves might go up to sixty, seventy or eighty dollars, for old, decrepit men or little children it might go down to five.

The boy came to us at Mbweni and turned out tolerably well.

There was another side to our work, a healthier and a happier one ; we made friends with some few of the neighbouring Arabs, but alas ! we had hardly an opportunity of preaching to them as our knowledge of the Swahili dialect was so imperfect, added to which Swahili was to them a slave language. We did, however, manage to get at some of the older inhabitants of the island, the Wa-Hadimu, who lived at the extreme south and the people of the village close to us which I have mentioned ; it was composed of freemen, fishermen and lime-burners. One cannot tell if any of our words were blessed to them, though it is strange to remember that the Wa-Hadimu asked me into their mosque in their village down south and allowed me to speak to them there.

I ought not to pass over another wholesome element in our own village, namely, our native deacon, John Swedi, one of the first adults baptized and still working in Zanzibar. He had a great presence and a devout belief in the service ; somebody once said of him that he was the best hand at making a procession of one that he had ever seen.

A fair number of the released slaves had had some instruction from those who had gone before me, and it seemed really glorious to lead on some of these to baptism. In looking back one may well doubt if one would do it again in quite the same time or way, but I cannot be sorry for having done it. All their past years of misery and experience were an unread book to me, but their clear response to the help they got now, both in body and in other ways, was an open page. Maples, I know, was tempted to say that I was living in a fool's paradise ; on the other hand, I heard that Randolph, who had been in charge at Mbweni, said that though he could not have baptized all of these people himself so soon, they were the ones he would have chosen in preference to others.

Now and then something bizarre happened. One night, for instance, I heard an unexpected noise, something rattling up the seven or eight stone steps which led to the doorway of our old Arab house. On opening the heavy carved door I saw a poor fellow dragging after him several yards of iron chain fastened to his ankles; quite light chain, but several yards of it. He had a long story; I subsequently found that it was simply the hallucination of his own mad brain and that he had been chained up as a madman. I wondered what I should do with him that night. Finally, I put him in a large store-room, but it was long before I could get to sleep, as he seemed to wander about over the boxes with his chain. He was fetched away by his friends the next day.

Miss Thackeray and her bright school-children lived in our big house. The girls seemed so happy and docile that it was sad to discover a serious theft from my room; over two hundred rupees, I think, had been taken and it seemed impossible to get any clue to the thief or to where the money was. At the same time there were alarms of witches coming into the room in which the girls slept; the witches were an unknown quantity, but the terror was very real.

At length two girls were implicated in the theft and one of them said that she would show me where the money was. Perhaps she meant to do so, but she bolted before we got to the place. She was caught and brought back to the house, and at night the two naughty girls were put by themselves in a fairly comfortable room, used, I think, as a washhouse. It was ventilated and at the same time lighted, like many of the Zanzibar houses, by small holes near the roof in the side walls; in these holes Java sparrows were wont to build. I suppose that the walls were at least two feet thick and the holes must have been well under a foot in diameter, probably considerably under; they were, I believe, at least five feet from the ground on the outside.

In the night I heard shrieks proceeding from the room. I went to the door and asked what was the matter, thinking it was a false alarm or perhaps fear of being alone. I heard a voice in wild terror saying that her companion had been carried off. It was the voice of Ellen, the elder of the two; the other rather smaller girl, named Bridget, was about twelve years old. Ellen said that an arm had come out of one of the holes and had pulled Bridget through, but of course at night she could not have seen clearly. I roused our overseer and search was made; the child was found unhurt, but terribly frightened, some few hundred yards from the house. Bridget told the same story as her companion, though she was too much afraid to speak clearly, and I have not the least idea how she got out, for the mystery was never cleared up. Occurrences like this would be no surprise to the natives, who think that they are always going on and do not think of measuring holes or facing difficulties; but it is not often that one has a chance of verifying them oneself. The money was never found.

It is a comfort to turn to Bishop Steere's coming to Mbweni. It was always a bright day not only outside but inside when he came; as the natives are wont to say, 'our hearts were shining.' He used to come over and celebrate and preach at the people's church, and always, it seemed to me, there was about him something of the father and the prophet. It is a small thing, but it bides in my memory, how one morning the Gospel for the day, on which he usually preached, was that of the unjust steward. He asked me what I thought of it, and I unwarily and too hastily told him my ideas. He had very strong ideas himself on the dangers of a too hasty forgiveness, and he differed from me widely. But he preached on another subject.

I shall not easily forget his letter, after he had ordained me priest in September, 1878. He was coming over for my first celebration, and he said that he would like to serve, but perhaps he had

better not do that, but he wanted to be present to assist.

The Bishop was sympathetic with every detail of our village plans : our rents, our model huts, our village shop, our numbers on the houses, our first ploughing—I think it was the first ploughing in the island of Zanzibar. There was a man from the Cape called Tom (afterwards baptized as Petro Sudi, that is, Petro of the South Wind), who helped me to ring the oxen ; they were not vicious and did not need much breaking in. In part of the land we ploughed, old cocoa-nut roots were concealed, and when the plough, drawn by four oxen, drove its shear into one of these stumps, there was a cataclysm. We planted cloves, with their very long central root, in the furrows, and it was reward enough for us when Sir John Kirk came, to hear him remark that the cloves on our side of the road were twice as high as the cloves he had planted at the same time on the other side without ploughing.

It was a helpful experience, towards the end of my time at Mbweni, to be sent up to the flourishing station at Magila, on the mainland, north-west of Zanzibar, and to see something of what Archdeacon Farler had been given to do there, though, as he was away, I could not profit by his conversation. But Woodward, now Archdeacon, my senior in the Mission, was there. I worked with him and he made me understand things. While I was laid up with my leg in the town house at Zanzibar, I had come into touch pleasantly with the work at Magila, as I coached their head teacher, Acland Sahara, in 'mathematics,' which being interpreted meant, I think, a few of the first propositions of Euclid and very easy algebra ; but I could see that there was a great deal in the boy.

There were alarms of raiding tribes on my way up to Magila, but no personal meetings with them.

The Magila district introduced me to the first visible success in dealing with natural native life, as contrasted with the work among natives who had been torn from

their natural surroundings and made slaves. One finds, it is true more and more, as time goes on, that these two classes cannot be separated into water-tight compartments; on the one hand, the slave in Zanzibar brought much of his family ideas with him, and, on the other, wherever you go you find that many artificial elements have crept into the old tribal life, which itself is rather an ideal than a realized phase. Yet it is no less true to say that more and more one learns the importance of family and tribal life. Did not St. Peter, and probably St. Paul, understand this in the Epistles written in their later years?

Two or three things stand out clearly in my recollections of the Magila district; one is the joy of coming into contact with those who had already heard of, and begun to believe in, our Lord. Archdeacon Farler saw visions, and while one might smile at finding that some one whom he called a 'prince' appeared to be in common life a herd-boy, yet one ceased to smile when one found that this herd-boy really represented the life of the village in his response to Farler's teaching.

Another point was that up there the native's defence against raiders took the form of thick hedges of euphorbia or other like shrubs, densely planted round comparatively small villages, with one more or less winding entrance and strong gates. Natives could not have lived without some defence in any place where I have been, but elsewhere they were defended by natural features, helped by small stretches of artificial fence or stockade; at Magila, when I first went there, each small village had its own fence.

A third point which struck me was the firm belief in possession by spirits; most nights one would hear the drums going and generally they were being beaten to exorcize the spirits and drive them from some unfortunate person. I visited a number of these gatherings, and what I did there made me think of the directions given to a timid person in a thunderstorm: 'Say your prayers and get into bed.' I would first talk to

the people of the good Providence we believed in, and then perhaps try to help them with some sedative medicine. I cannot feel that there was anything inconsistent in this.

Superstition was visible in connection with the fences round villages. It was noticeable that little devices, like amulets, I suppose, were placed to defend the entrances. If I remember right, one saw snail-shells and very tiny little huts in which they were put, but I did not make a study of this custom.

I had the pleasure of visiting Charles Yorke at Umba, not far from Magila, where he was in charge, and here the surrounding fence seemed in so efficient a condition that it 'threatened to break into the village,' as Mr. Rudyard Kipling puts it. Two recollections of this little visit to Umba spring up before me. There was a woman who was being prepared for baptism and Yorke asked me to examine her. I asked, "Examine her in what?" for in such cases you will not help the catechumen unless you lead her in the way she has been taught. "Oh! ask her anything," he said, but the result was not satisfactory. I was not discouraged but asked him again, and found that he had been teaching her from a little book which was called 'The Threefold Way.' When I questioned her from this I found that she could answer with intelligence and even with love.

The other incident was happier still; Yorke told me how he had found one of his boys weeping before a crucifix. Different people will hear this with different feelings, but to me how strange it seemed! Why did he weep? I have not known anybody else do it.

I am reminded of another incident. We had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Keith Johnston, the passionately keen geographer, and Mr. Joseph Thompson, the traveller, who was assisting him. As we know, customs vary and our guests did not kneel down in our public worship. We were rather afraid it might be a stumbling-block to the simple people who naturally

looked up to such distinguished visitors, but they only remarked, "*Hawana adabu*" ("They haven't any manners"). I recall this because Mr. Thompson speaks in his book as if what most impressed him at Umba was seeing a man wearing a cassock and, I think, a cross or crucifix. I fancy that Yorke may have put on his cassock as being the most decent garment he had in which to receive strangers.[1] Some of these outward tokens, it is true, are merely like a flag when you are working in a strange country, and quite alone, for our Lord. A flag would be a fatal thing if it took the place of other things, but it is notorious how often 'saluting the colours' has a real value.

[1] Charles Yorke died at Umba in January, 1880.

CHAPTER IV

Second Stay at Masasi

WHILE I was at Magila, Maples, who had been in charge at Masasi, passed through with Joseph Williams, on his way to England. I returned to Zanzibar after a stay of a few months, and when I had been there a short time Bishop Steere sent me up to Masasi with another party of released slaves. My encouraging sight of up-country life at Magila enabled me to start for Masasi with better heart. This was in the summer of 1879. We were helped on our journey by friends even more unexpected than H.M.S. *Flying Fish*, which had taken us to Lindi before. It seemed that Sayid Bargash, the Sultan of Zanzibar, was sending his brother in one of his steamers down the coast to inquire into the existence of coal which was reported on the Rovuma River. It had been arranged, I suppose through Sir John Kirk, that they should carry a party of released slaves to Lindi, so they took me and my party too. We had a European engineer, but that did not prevent a breakdown of some days. We spent them at Kilwa, and at any rate it was safer there than in the dhow, playing about among the coral reefs. The Sultan's brother used to come from time to time to pay us a state visit in our cabin and at these visits, if my memory serves, Joseph Williams was very helpful. I seem to remember him at many points of this trip, though his presence does not apparently agree with certain dates that are given.

I recall vividly our dear native overseer, Charlie, on the way up from Lindi to Masasi. He was taking

up his wife and little boy and lost him on the journey. The child ate some berries of a vile weed of the night-shade family, which flourishes all over our part of Africa,[1] and died. This man Charlie, like a few of those I can recall as now living on the Lake, is a type for which one thanks God: God-fearing, hard-working; men with a good deal of practical acuteness, however humble, and with a scorn of any unjust dealing. Charlie lived for long afterwards and made 'steward' a known term at Likoma.

Quite a different face rises before me too: a pleasant-looking young man, Musa, married to a pretty girl, Ruth; he had lately been baptized at Mbweni. Just after our arrival at Masasi he hurt his hand when a gun exploded, gangrene set in, and he was taken from us.

There were other and less serious elements in our camp life on the way to Masasi. We were taking up a cow and a calf, and the question was how to negotiate the cow and the calf together; one finds oneself a baby in so many questions like this. The afternoon march was to be a long one. I sent on my companions to see the men settled into camp, and thought I could shepherd the cow and calf along the native path. The cow hurried on and left her calf, so in an evil moment I imagined I could keep them together by fastening the calf on to its mother; the result was that the mother charged headlong, dragging the calf after her, and I was only just in time to save it from death. After this, to my sorrow, I had to carry the little beast into camp, a distance of several miles. It was delightful to get in there, but I found that the cooking operations had not proceeded far. Once again a duck was to be a treat for us, but alas! the knife was blunt, and I can see Joseph Williams sawing away at the bird's neck. A carpenter of our party had to be called in to finish the job.

I have already spoken of Archdeacon Farler, and

[1] I found out afterwards that it also flourishes in New Zealand.

I think I may do so again in connection with this carpenter and another man, a blacksmith, both of whom I was taking up from Zanzibar to our Masasi village. As I write of them I feel how much more I might have done to help them, and yet I cannot help smiling as I remember Farler's letter to me commending this said blacksmith who had come to him at Magila, partly for work, I suppose, and partly for teaching. He wrote, 'My heart is wrapped up in him.' The man was, I suppose, about forty and a bit of an old soldier, but he seemed to me a very ordinary native. Would that one had more of Farler's feeling and put it into practice!

Again we passed Abdallah Pesa's village, and this time we felt a longing of a practical nature to start work there; Joseph Williams carried it out later on. We came, too, to 'the snuffy old gentleman's' village near Masasi, and I think that Joseph Williams by this time had a warm friend there, a boy who had been to Zanzibar and who was afterwards baptized as Edwin.

As we neared Masasi, Herbert Clarke, who had been left in charge by Maples, came out with the Masasi people for several miles, to welcome us, as they used to do in those days, firing off such guns as they could borrow and helping us to think that we were getting home. It was very jolly to find Herbert Clarke there.

My year at Masasi, 1879 to 1880, was a happy year, vivid in my memory. I suppose that with old men the remote past always seems nearer than later times, and certainly I can recollect all the huts on both sides of the road at Masasi and those running back on the higher land behind our house, just as I can remember the huts at Mbweni and their denizens.

We had been sorry to hear on the way up from Lindi that the Mission oxen had been killed at Masasi for food, but we thoroughly appreciated the salted flesh when we got there.

There were hyenas about at Masasi, and when our donkey died we got an object-lesson on their power.

The brute was buried some six feet down in hard soil; the pit was as narrow as it could be, with a lot of stones on the top, and yet in one night the iron-jawed hyenas removed all traces of him. I remember coming upon one of these animals on the hill just above our station, and how dirty it looked as it scuttled away. I little realized how a change of mind on its part might have altered my whole history! I did realize this later on, from the awful feats of hyenas on our Lake, especially since the War.

More beautiful but more troublesome were the leopards. I do not think that I ever really appreciated the beautiful marks of a leopard until I examined one closely, years afterwards, when it had been killed at Malindi; it was not full grown, but the marking was brilliant. We had not conceived how destructive leopards might be to fowls, and to goats too, but twice, at least, there were over thirty birds killed out of some forty in our fowl-house. At one time there were all fowls and a few ducks in the battue, at the other it included a pair of wild ducks and some more wild birds which we had secured; the leopard simply patted them and passed on, leaving them dead.

The natives taught us to make traps for the leopards, small long houses of bamboos in which guns were fixed, with a fowl tied to the barrel of the gun and its legs fastened to the trigger. The leopard was to come in and pull the fowl up the barrel and so shoot itself. Sometimes it did and sometimes it didn't. There might be a lot of blood about after we had heard a report and no leopard, or it might get off scot-free; but five were killed outright. We were keen enough to run up to the trap when we heard the gun go off, and once Goldfinch (who was up there with me, though I cannot remember when he arrived) made sure of a leopard, who was already dead close to the trap, by firing at it just as I was stooping over it to examine the wound; happily he did not hit me.

I had the same sort of merciful escape in our store-

room at the end of our house. Shots came in rattling round me one day, and I found that my friend was practising outside with a handkerchief for target fastened on the bamboos of the house wall. The bamboos were several inches apart and I had come into his line of fire!

We had many pet animals—for instance, a large and a small species of mongoose; one of the smaller species lost his life in our cocoa-kettle. We had two or three species of wild cats; the cat, which was most like a domestic cat, was an absolute little fury who would not be approached. We had two porcupines once; we put them in one of the rooms in the old house where the bamboo partition ran down into the ground for at least a foot, and in the morning we found that they had burrowed right under it and the veranda and had got away. We had a species of ant-eater which made itself at home in the back yard, but disappeared. It was discovered some time afterwards dead in a dry well which we had dug in a corner of the yard. Perhaps the prettiest pets were the small lemurs, less than a foot long; we had a larger species too at one time. We also had a number of birds: two out of the three species of wild dove and two species of quail, one called, I think, the button quail. We started with one very mongrel dog, which was finally carried off by a leopard.

My experience with the people of our village was one I shall never forget. Our social plans had gone swimmingly when we were in a village near Zanzibar, with a Consul in the background; everybody said that they saw the justice of paying rent (it was some very small amount): had they not been started by us with food, with axes and with hoes? No other party had appeared on the scene when we made this agreement with the people at Mbweni, no outside influence; the owners and the labourers seemed quite free agents. I did not realize how the Consul loomed out in their agreement about rent, and so was surprised at the vast difference, when we came to talk matters over at

Masasi, with the Consul inaccessible and five hundred miles away.

Our public meetings were on a small scale, but they opened my eyes. It was an understood thing that the villagers should come for instruction and if possible for worship on Sundays, and when it came to talking about how they could pay the rent that they had promised, it was suggested to them that they might work one day in the week for the Mission. In Zanzibar the slaves of the Arabs had generally had Friday free as a sacred day, devoted to religious observances, and had often been given one day for hoeing their own ground besides, so my asking for one day for the Mission could hardly be considered exorbitant. Nevertheless, one of the extreme left said: "How can you expect us to give *two* days for the Mission?" A new way of looking at Sunday! Finally, I am afraid, we compromised matters in a weak-knee'd way. It was agreed that when the harvest had been got in they should contribute to the food for the Mission, and they did this, but it amounted to very little in reality.

On the other hand, there was a great deal of genuine good feeling among them, and it is no small thing, in the light of subsequent experience, to find that they worked hard and heartily at their own fields and made a prosperous village, thoroughly valuing their opportunities. Two incidents which happened long afterwards may illustrate these two good points. At the time of the Angoni raiding, when Maples asked one of those whom we may call the old families in the village, whether they still wished to live there, they answered: "The Mission is the cow and we are the tail." This represented a sort of general loyalty. As to good fields, once when one of the men who lived at Masasi was asked to come up and settle with us at the Lake, Mr. Porter, who was then in charge, agreed to take over his field from him, and the story I heard was that they set off together to measure the field early in the morning, and so big was it that Mr. Porter got tired

of measuring it before noon. It was a sort of story that could not have been invented about the smaller fields of our Nyasa people on the Lake.

We were joined this year by the native deacon, John Swedi, of whom I have spoken ; he had worked with me at Zanzibar, and he did good work with us here. As so often happens, a comparatively trivial thing stands out in memory. I have mentioned that we came down to Lindi in the Sultan of Zanzibar's ship that was sent to look for coal, and Maples, I think, had sent specimens of the coal to Oxford, and also specimens of limestone. We were advised that if we could burn the coal, which seemed very doubtful, we might be able to burn the limestone and make lime, so we tried with the ordinary firewood and had no success. But when I was going away on some preaching tour to the north-east and round by Majeje, I asked John to take over the job, and when I came back I found lime. It was simply like Columbus and the egg ; he had used green firewood and so the fire burnt up slowly and lime was made. Helped by the lime, we gradually developed a fourth side to our quadrangle of buildings, a side parallel to Bishop Steere's house. We already had buildings made without lime : Maples' oven on the side of our road opposite the church and a very rough house of stone, built in imitation of the stone fences of fields in Wales, on the side under the hill. Our new building made with lime was at any rate very useful as a store, and in the middle of it a second story of wood rose up from which we got a beautiful view across the Lukuledi Valley.

Our chief advance in the year's work was across this valley and in the neighbourhood round, so carrying out the idea of getting into a regular beat and visiting some distant village, for instance, the village of Machinga, a quiet Yao chief. Further off, under the second hill from the station, our visits were not, as yet, so happy, but it was from there that Barnaba came, whom I baptized while I was at Masasi. He was

ultimately chosen chief and was the stepfather of the priest Yohana.

Not much preaching could be done round that part without the Yao lingo. Our interpreter at Machinga's village was one Sila, who long flourished. With the Makuas, who spoke a different dialect, it was Charlie Sulemani who had gone with me to Zanzibar in the dhow a year and a half before; he was a great help here.

Herbert Clarke was a delightful companion, though a good deal of an invalid; I think he found our commissariat exceedingly trying. I can see him now, lifting up an egg very visibly prepared by frying and saying, "I think there is some oil underneath it." It is a pity that one cannot antedate one's sympathy for such trials, hardly appreciated at the time.

He had to spend hours in his hammock slung in the veranda, not without a pipe. To me his talk and his sympathy were a godsend, and he valued our priestly ministrations and made me understand something more of them, which I sadly needed to do. I did a good deal of planting, and he would come and watch me, half laughing at me, half sympathetic, and tell me some dear little story; for instance, how his Uncle Charles, who was devoted to gardening, was tending a particularly choice plum, and when one day Herbert's father picked the plum and gave it to the boy, concealed his indignation by saying, "My brother John is no gardener!" He told me interesting things too about the Guild of St. Alban and how Mr. Gladstone once visited their little chapel, of which they were very proud. There was a little acolyte there in a red cassock, and the only remark Mr. Gladstone made about anything was, "What a funny little chap!"

The thoughts of our quadrangle bring back to me the senior native boys who had been left up at Masasi by Maples, especially Eustace, who is now a dear old priest. He used often to get on a log or a box and deliver sermons, without apparently any ambition for

an audience, unless it were another boy who might be about, cleaning a knife. Our bamboo house did not shut out any noise and we could hear him, even on the veranda on the far side. Then there were the juniors whom I had brought up from Zanzibar, all of whom I can see distinctly: Matthew, Habil and Isaac, Edward, and the poor Makua, Ulimwengu—which means 'the Universe'—who never reached baptism. I only hope that they remember me.

Meanwhile Maples had been to England and had enlisted a strong party, including Mr. Madan, senior student of Christ Church; Charles Janson, from our own college, but a good deal senior to us; Wilson, who had been the best voice in the Magdalen choir and was now a priest (he died two years later); and others. On the way back in 1880, Maples had also enlisted Bradley, a young mercantile marine officer, and when he came up to Masasi he brought him with him, leaving the others at Zanzibar.

It was part of the delight to me of welcoming Maples on his arrival, very early one morning, to be introduced to Mr. Bradley as 'Braddles,' thus carrying on the University tradition by which we shortened the name of our Master, Dr. Bradley. Indeed, Dr. Bradley, when he kindly entertained me at Westminster later on, recognized his sobriquet with pleasure and said: "Of course they call my son by this name in his regiment in India."

Maples carried the English Oxford days with him everywhere, with endless touches which I fail to reproduce. After his arrival he took Goldfinch, with perhaps twenty of our Masasi people, on a trip through the country of the Mavia, the only native tribe I have ever met with whose men wore rings in their upper lips, and on by Meto to Ibo. It was on this trip that they met a quasi-Angoni raider who had just despoiled a coast settlement and was marching along with the spigot of a large beer-barrel hung round his neck as a trophy.

It was his experience on this trip which made us first realize the failure there is in the response of Christian to Christian as compared with the response of Mohammedan and Mohammedan. When our Masasi Christians got to Ibo and saw a Christian church or two, they found that there was no place for them inside, that they were not supposed to enter. They did not expect much ; they did not expect to be shaken hands with and welcomed, but they did expect to find a common worship. Whereas it is quite true that a Mohammedan, whether black or white, would almost always find himself able to go into a mosque and worship there.

I think that we need not fear to face these facts. The Christian ideal is so high, as to life and as to conditions of communion, that nothing except miracles of grace can bring it into sight (as it were) in daily practice. With the Mohammedan the ideal may often be much lower in both respects even if it rises comparatively high in other directions.

Maples and Goldfinch walked most of this trip barefoot, partly to save shoe-leather, which was difficult to get. Soon after, Goldfinch was placed at Newala, a village not far from Masasi, where Maples had great influence with Matola, the chief. Charles Janson joined us at Masasi. He was a remarkably handsome man, full of English life and full, too, of a devotion which might well inspire us.

At this time supplies were somewhat more attainable, but Maples and Janson still aimed at a great deal of self-denial. I remember one junior saying plaintively that he would rather not see a jam-pot than have one on the table which was expected to last for ten days !

CHAPTER V

Mwembe

CHARLES JANSON was full of ideas of advancing and this may have helped me to think of going on to Mwembe, as Bishop Steere had proposed to do when he first took me to Masasi. Maples encouraged me and I finally started in September, 1880.

I had only five or six men with me, as it did not seem wise to embark on a large expedition till we knew how we should be received. My *Capitão* [1] was Barnaba Nakaam, of whom I have already spoken. He was a headman of some importance, and it was really he who made the trip feasible, as he was known in the country. He was my interpreter and entered into his position *con amore*; I think that he had his gun with him, the rest of us had no fire-arms.

Looking back, I can see how, ruled by our leading idea, we were blind to much else. Thus we took practically no trade goods with us.

Mwembe is 150 to 200 miles to the south-west of Masasi and we heard rather disquieting reports on our way there. It appeared that the people had been driven from the village where Bishop Steere had formerly visited them, by their enemies the Angoni and that they had settled somewhere near, but would probably not have had time to grow crops in their new fields. On the other hand, the old ferocious Chief who had hunted so many people had died, and another

[1] The head of a traveller's party is usually called by the Portuguese name : *Capitão.*

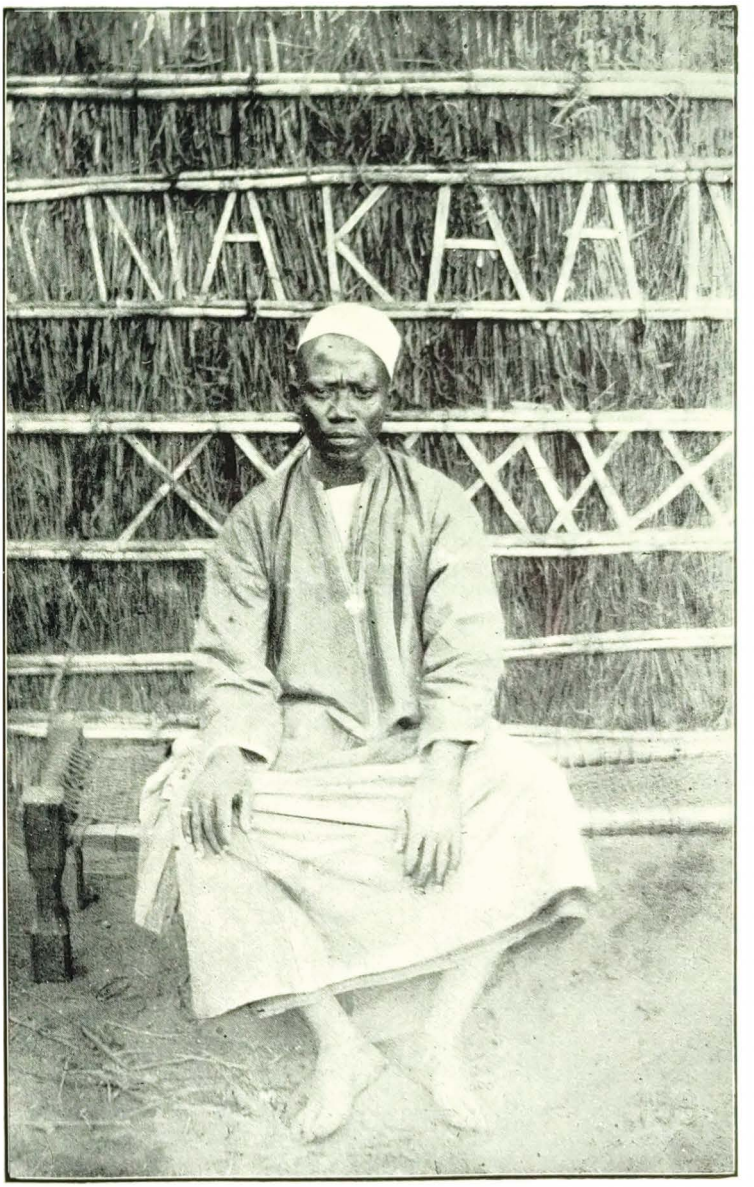
Mataka, named Mnyenji[1] reigned in his stead. Owing to Barnaba's knowing the way we arrived at Mataka's village safely, after about a month's journey.

Mataka had two considerable villages; the first Nakawali, you might call his country seat, and some ten miles further on, over a pass, was his main village, Mwembe. Livingstone estimated the population of the old Mwembe at about 5,000 men; it might be more in the new village when I lived there.

We got there about All Saints' Day. I did not meet the Chief, till I reached Mwembe itself, and I found him very civilized and friendly. I told him from the first that I was sent by the *Wazungu* (a vague term for white men) who followed our Lord, to preach Jesus Christ, or Isa Masiya as the coast men would call Him. I spoke of what He had done for us freely; as it were proclaiming His Kingdom. I felt that this was acting loyally, since I was looking to our Lord for protection, though I realized that the natives would not understand who He was, or what it meant, till He brought it very slowly home to them in our teaching. Mataka did not understand; he wished me to stop with him, on the opposite side of the village, and to be more or less of a chief; but his main idea in proposing it was that I should live in partnership with him, hunting and raiding, and so strengthen his position against the Angoni. He gave me a boy called Hasani, to wait on me and he told off two men, one in Mwembe and one in Nakawali, to be my hosts and to see that I was helped to get what I wanted.

As the people had only lately come to the village all the huts except the Chief's were very small and crowded. They gave me a tiny one, but as good as could be obtained, and I lived in the little village of my host, called Mkulumba, under a small hill; about two miles from Mataka's house, which was immediately under the big hill of Lisali whither the people would

[1] Each big chief has a special family name, and some other name, generally descriptive, is tacked on.



CHIEF BARNABA NAKAAM.

flee if there were another attack by the Angoni. I used to go up into the small hill by the houses of Akuluunda, my host, and pray for the people and myself.

Mataka was quite willing that I should talk to his people freely. He allowed me to start a school and sent his young nephew and a number of other boys to it. But the school was not very efficient, for at that time there was really no room to teach the boys properly and we had no books at all.

As long as Barnaba was with us he managed to buy a little food to go on with ; a man of his kind knows how to get it at such times. But he went back to Masasi to fetch up goods for us, leaving with me two goats, a small amount of food and a big bag of Kaffir corn, and when he had gone I began to realize what hunger there was in the place ;—it is often long before a white man takes in the shortage of food round him. Nothing further was to be bought for love or money and nothing would come in till the Indian corn harvest in February. By Christmas time we had finished any food we had besides the Kaffir corn, and had slaughtered the two goats ; they had been browsing everywhere, and cast a last glow of plenty over Christmas Day.

Now we began to take in that the people were eating a small plant with a little blue flower ; some managed to get the Masuku fruit, some knew of edible roots. We had to tackle our bag of Kaffir corn, and we rationed ourselves carefully. The Kaffir corn took a long time to prepare. We began cooking the whole grain at six in the morning ; at twelve some of it was chewable, and it was fairly edible by the time the sun went down, when we had our main meal.

I had a few bits of biscuit still remaining in a box. My hut opened into a yard at the back and when I went in one day I found a little boy, who was nothing but skin and bone, in the room, close to the biscuit box. I taxed him with stealing biscuits, which he denied ; he held up his empty hands but I picked him up to see if he was sitting on any ; he did not seem to

be, but I shook him and two or three of our precious biscuits fell from between his feet. He was typical of hundreds of boys with whom we could only sympathize.

About the same time I picked up another boy who was a slave without any friends, with an old slave father. He had a bad sore on his leg which made him very lame. Like other friendless people he had been chosen out to take the Mwavi ordeal poison; he had drunk it three times, or even oftener, but he had survived. He lived with us and partook of our Kaffir corn. I used to dole him out a little grain to take to his father who was, if possible, worse off than himself, till after some time, I found that his father had died and that he had always eaten the corn himself, even while his father was alive.

There was a whispered rumour that pounding of food had been heard at dead of night in some huts that stood rather by themselves; so we stole upon them, I hardly remember with what intent, and found that the inhabitants were pounding the kernels of Masuku fruit.

Later on we went to the Chief and begged him to help us. He said that he hadn't any food himself but would willingly give us thirty fathoms of cloth, and he did; but if anybody had any food it was not to be bought with this cloth. Later still we often spent our afternoons going along the Nakawali road, hoping that relief was coming, and that we might meet it.

It came at last, when Barnaba returned from Masasi. He brought very little food, but some barter goods, a donkey, a box of clothes and a few books; he also brought me a few letters which was an added joy; Bishop Steere wrote warmly, contemplating my going on to the Lake. By this time, late in February, the pumpkins were beginning to come in, and the Indian corn too; very little of this, however, as hardly any had been planted.

I now went on a little trip with Barnaba alone with a view to finding places where I might preach. We walked a long distance south of Mwembe, crossing the

Mdimba River, the most southerly tributary of the Lujenda. As we were nearing the Mangoche hills we turned east to return to Mwembe along the Lujenda and so we came to Amaramba Lake, through which the Lujenda flows. For the last part of the march the country was very flat and the natives told us that it had been under water until a *Mzungu* (white man) came and dug a hole, and then the water all ran off. I heard no explanation of this, but it seemed to tally with what we read in Dr. Livingstone's travels in South Africa of how some one dug a well through a layer of clay and so let off all the water near.

We could not get any view of Amaramba Lake. We came at first to shallow water with beds of rushes and we waded in to over our waists. Wild fowl abounded, they had no fear of us, and just flapped out of our way as a man would move to one side, rarely rising on the wing. We then skirted along the shore in the shallow water for some distance and came to an opening in the rushes leading to a village on piles, but we got no answer to our calls and as it was late we had to push on. That same evening we passed great herds of antelopes.

After our return, Barnaba undertook what was a very bold journey in those pre-Government days

"While yet there was no fear of Jove."

He went 200 miles from Mwembe to the south of Lake Nyasa and then along the coast and up the east side of the Cape Maclear peninsula, some seventy miles more, to the head-quarters of the Scotch Mission which Dr. Laws had established, and he took letters from me asking Dr. Laws to give him credit so that he might get barter goods. From there he went south-west to Chikusi, an Angoni Chief, where he bought some oxen and sheep, and came back with them round the south end of the Lake and so to Mwembe. Probably all the chiefs he passed were robber chiefs,

except Dr. Laws, so his success shows his influence and pluck.

Preaching flagged and so did school, but went on nevertheless. I can recall little incidents of the time while Barnaba was away, such as going to Mataka's veranda and seeing people come there, to get food, I suppose. Once as I was going there I met a party coming from a distance and carrying a small packet. It appeared that they were going to appeal for justice ; a man of their village had been murdered and in the packet was his hand which they showed me.

I recall too watching our open back door on a bright moonlight night when there was a suspicion of thieves. At last a face appeared, dead black, silhouetted by the moon. I struck out, and the next morning a youth who was one of my most forward hearers appeared with a swollen eye !

About this season of the year the chiefs send their caravans to the coast and Mataka was sending one down, largely composed of ' poor honest men,' but with a considerable number of coast men and slaves in it too.

The greater number of slaves in such caravans, men and boys, women and girls, would be brought from the west side of the Lake, the business being organized by coast men. The heads of caravans made friends with the headmen on the east side and generally left some intelligent man at the larger villages there, who would pick up a good number of slaves, while they themselves went across to the west side and again made friends with the chiefs there, principally with the Angoni. Sometimes they would help these chiefs with their guns in raiding and so have a share of the captives. At other times they would buy captives already taken by the Angoni. Such people, taken in war, furnished the principal supply of slaves, but two other classes were fairly large.

First, there were people who had been sold in order to get rid of them, for instance those who had been convicted on some serious charge, as of witchcraft,

which might or might not mean that the man or woman was a really bad character. Anybody who was merely suspected of having caused the death of another might be sold away from his village if he was friendless. Or again, boys who had given offence might be sold. The boys used to play at a game much like one that English boys played in my time and called Robbers. The point of the game was for the players to hit one another hard with some weapon that would not hurt too seriously; a reed was often used by Lake Nyasa. In this game boys would often get angry and really hurt each other, and a boy who had injured another player and had not many kindred to protect him might get sold after his game as a quarrelsome fellow.

Secondly, another class of slaves consisted of people sold away in times of great famine. This need not imply any cruelty on the part of their relatives, as those who were sold were often willing to go for the sake of getting food; the prospect of relieving their hunger drew them on and they did not realize what it meant.

As a natural result of the famine, a pest of flies, and a vagueness as to which were the drinking and which the washing pools, there was an awful visitation of ulcers in Mwembe. If there is a good river near the place, in such cases there is no danger of the water being defiled through the washing of the sores, as the natives are careful to wash in the lowest pool. But the Mwembe water-supply was very poor and in shallow wells, several on the same level. I had before Barnaba came back, used up all my available surplices and shirts for bandages, and alas! I now got the infection in my own hands and learnt to sympathize heartily with any native who had no proper medicine and no proper covering to keep his sores clean, however he might try to cleanse them. I dashed water over mine frequently, but it would not keep the flies off for more than a minute.

We had not been able to get any other huts built as

yet, for the people were too weak from hunger and they were besides busy trying to do field-work. I managed, however, to get a hut that had not been plastered over with mud but simply had the upright poles all round and a roof, and when Barnaba came back with the sheep and oxen I lent him and his wife my own hut, for the few days he remained with us, and slept on one side of this airy habitation, which was divided into two. I shared my side, in which the outer door was, with the donkey, and the sheep were in the inner apartment. I had managed to put the oxen in another man's kraal, some way off. None of these animals could be left outside, as hyenas traversed the village in every direction.

One very dark night there was a violent thunderstorm which woke me up on my native bedstead. By the lightning I saw the donkey kicking out furiously but happily at a safe distance. I thought he was scared by the light and the noise of the storm, but in the morning we found the track of a hyena, and when we counted the sheep we found that the beast had carried off one of them. He had gone out under my bed with it, to avoid the donkey's heels.

Barnaba went off again, back to Masasi, leaving with me a boy from his own village. The boy Hasani, whom Mataka had given me to wait on me, was very faithful and I noticed that even when I began to have goods in my hut nothing was stolen. I asked Hasani how this was, and it then appeared that they firmly believed I could see them when I was not there. I protested against any such notion, but with little effect.

It was now getting on for Easter, and just about that time Makanjila, the principal slaving chief on the Lake, sent up his head Mohammedan Teacher, a tall fine-looking man who always put me in mind of Haman, to make blood-friendship [1] with Mataka, my Chief.

[1] A native gave me this account of making blood-friendship: Porridge is cooked, and a fowl or goat is killed. A man called 'the witness' makes an incision with a knife in the hand of one of the

Together they were to attack the unfortunate Chief Mlamilo, who lived between them at the Mtonya hill.

This Teacher reached Mwembe on Good Friday with several attendants, all dressed in a way superior to the Mwembe men. He paid me a visit and found me dressed in anything but a superior way, and with only a few poor boys to attend me, waiting in my little hut for the Indian corn we were cooking to soften. He said superciliously: "By what road do you, *Wazungu* (white men), enter into the way of God?" I said: "By the way of the Christ. By what way do you, who are not an Arab any more than I am, enter?" He did not answer.

The blood-friendship between the Chiefs was cemented on Good Friday, recalling to me Pilate and Herod, and a short time afterwards they went to war together. They first attacked a Chief on the way to Mtonya who had a splendid harvest of Indian corn, which was carried off, and relieved the famine at Mwembe. They then went on and burnt the houses below Mtonya, driving the Chief, Mlamilo, high up on his very steep hill.

By this time my hands were getting really bad. I was told that the small steamer *Ilala*, which had begun to run on the Lake, was in the habit of visiting Makanjila's village and that I should probably find her if I went there. The way thither had been made clear by

friends, who is called 'the elder.' A bit of the porridge and of the flesh is then rubbed in the blood of the cut and given to the other man to eat. This other man is cut in his turn and the food, rubbed in his blood, is given to 'the elder.' The witness then proposes an oath and they take it. He says to them: "You men, if you have anything good in your heart and this other man comes to take of it, do not be angry, for you have made great brotherhood." Then he sets them down and their wives too and covers them all with a cloth and makes them swear to one another not to take up any false rumours they may hear against each other, but to question each other about the truth of it before believing it. 'Sometimes a woman is said to make this friendship with another woman, or even a man with a woman.'

the war parties and plenty of Indian corn had been left to eat along the track, so with Mataka's consent I set off with Hasani and the donkey to try and get across the Lake, hoping to reach Dr. Laws, to have my hands treated by him and then to return. I had nothing with me except two Maria-Thérèse dollars.

The donkey did not help us much. When we got to the first river it was difficult to get him over, for donkeys are not good at swimming ; in the water they rear right up on their hind legs, trying to get a firm footing, and if they get their feet well planted a boy cannot pull them along. We had to get assistance, and soon after we had crossed this river we found that the donkey had no strength left. Hasani and I literally shoved him along for about half a mile, and then he lay down and died. Then we had a long walk to the next village with the saddle and bridle, which were in good condition, and we left them there ; but I never recovered them as war had removed the villages before I got back.

We had plenty of Indian corn to eat on the way. We visited the Mtonya Chief, going right up into his hill, and then pushed on as fast as we could to reach Makanjila's village. People asked as we passed : " Who are those ? " but we went on steadily and were not stopped.

Coming down I had my first sight of the Lake, but I was too intent on the attitude of the natives and my own hands to feel enthusiastic.

Makanjila was very friendly. This Chief, a fine-looking man and one of Nature's gentlemen, was the first and by far the best of the three Makanjilas ; he was called ' Makanjila of the hand,' for he had a bent arm ; the second was called ' of the ears ' as his ears were big, and the third ' of the tongue ' as he was a fluent speaker.

I asked him if the *Ilala* visited there ; " Oh yes ! " he said—" When had she last been there ? " " About two years before."—When would she come again ?

He didn't know. My friend 'Haman' was back and evidently wished me to move on, and the Chief sent a man with me down south, where the Lake is narrower, so that I might get across in a canoe. This man was supposed to procure my boy and myself food, but I had to use many 'winged words' to get meals. At the end he was always exclaiming: "This *Mzungu* is a plague!" and I think he was heartily glad when we got down to the village where we crossed. I gave the canoe-man one of my precious dollars and was much cheered by meeting on the other side with some men I knew from Masasi who were trading there. We next had to go up 30 to 40 miles by water, to Monkey Bay, and here again I was cheered by eating some rather stale fish. Monkey Bay is quite near the old Livingstonia, where Dr. Laws then lived. I sent a message to him overland and he very kindly came round in the *Ilala*; almost at once as the steamer happened to be there. Then my troubles were at an end.

This was the first time, and not the last, that I had the privilege of experiencing the wonderful hospitality of Dr. Laws and his wife. Oh the Paradise to me in my weakness of a well-organized station with a lady in charge! Could Dr. Johnson have visited there he would certainly have lost all his prejudice against the Scotch. In after years Dr. Laws told me in confidence that I was the first instance of an African wolf that he had come across, and certainly at every meal I was urged to surpass myself, as if legs of mutton grew on every bramble bush! He was just in time with my hands; he said that if it had been much later the fingers would have been permanently crippled.

I spent a delightful month at his station. There was the Word preached. Dr. Laws has said that his ambition was to raise a Bible-reading and Bible-loving people, and only old hands on Lake Nyasa can dream of what such an ideal means.

Dr. Laws set me up in trade goods and I returned to Mwembe. My *capitão* was one Bob Pangazina, who

had been with Captain Elton in his trip up Lake Nyasa to Tanganyika. He beamed with good nature and smallpox marks. We went round the south end by the old Mponda's village and, characteristically, the day I passed a crocodile had seized a child and there was the usual 'keening' for the dead going on. We went up by Makandanji's hill and then turned north, a wholly level march over one tributary of the Lujenda after another. Some men carrying salt from Lake Shirwa to Mwembe joined us on the way. The rivers were swollen high by the rains and on the Luambala for a day and a half we could not find the concealed coracle, which serves to ferry over those who know of it. When we found it, the burly Bob was too big for it and it sank in mid-stream, so we had to spend two days more in making another, rather larger. All these four days the men who had joined us simply licked their salt bags for food and we were none too well off. At last we were able to cross, Bob taking over two at a time, and the river passed, we soon came to young Indian corn. I did a record, eating eight new cobs; cobs in their tufted beauty with grains like babies' teeth, as the natives say.

When I got back I gave Mataka an ordinary blanket from my stores. Now Mataka had the native ideas of friendship, namely that you ought to help your friend in need to the utmost of your power, and that in return you expect your friend to help you to the best of his power when he gets money. I gave him only a native trade blanket because I did not wish to seem to be bribing him; but he heard from my boy that any native at the Scotch Mission would have one of these blankets, and I learnt afterwards that he considered me very mean. This was the beginning of a coolness. Yet he backed me up heartily when I started building a log church and I saw my way to making some of my hearers catechumens in preparation for baptism. We give our catechumens a cross to wear, and I gave some six boys crosses cut out of old biscuit tins.

The church was built of great logs, roughly cut with the axe and laid horizontally one on the other, with uprights outside and in to steady them. It was nearly finished when in the middle of this good prospect, the caravan I have mentioned came back from the coast and I noticed a change of attitude in the natives. I gradually learnt something of what had happened at the coast and afterwards had a full account of it both from Charles Janson, who had been convalescing on the man-of-war commanded by Captain Foote, and, subsequently, from Captain Foote himself.

The facts were these: Captain Foote had been patrolling the east coast to stop the slave-trade, and he thought that a quicker way of doing it would be to land, though he was not technically authorized to do so. He had not been informed of the size of these caravans; I do not know how many there were in this particular party, but another caravan that passed me at Mwembe was counted by Maples nearer the coast and was over 5,000. Captain Foote landed with his boat's crew and went inland to where he heard the encampment was; he had the idea that any slaves who were released from the sticks which fettered them would come to him for protection. In the first confusion he was able to get to some of the slave gangs and to release them. But the slaves used generally to be told that the white man wants to eat them, so these slaves bolted at once and rejoined the caravan. Many men in the caravan had trade guns, they let them off in a miscellaneous way and when they saw how few the white men were, they made a determined stand so that Captain Foote was glad to get off with his party. His steward, who came up rather later and tried to get a light for his pipe, was beaten and thankful to escape at that price.

Well, this caravan came back, and it seemed quite clear to every one that I had written and told my friends at the coast that a caravan was coming; wasn't I one of the *Wazungu* (plural of *Mzungu*), and were

not these people who attacked the caravan *Wazungu*? At first I thought there would be violence, but the feeling against me seemed to quiet down. I considered nevertheless that it would be wise to go for a preaching tour which I wished to make, and Mataka approved.

I went down the Lujenda River and may have been away ten days or even a month. I came back again to the point on the Lujenda nearest to Mataka's village of Nakawali, and was going to start off in the morning, quite happy, when I was told that three men wanted to speak to me. The river was low and in its bed were quite a number of big flat stones; I found the people sitting round on them, while the three messengers were on a rather higher boulder, where I joined them. There seemed a good deal of local excitement of which I did not know the cause.

When we were all seated the first man said to me: "Are not you the *Mzungu* who had oxen?" and I answered: "Yes." He said: "Mataka has taken them." The second said: "Are not you the *Mzungu* who had sheep?" I answered: "Yes." He said: "Mataka has eaten them." The third said: "Are not you the *Mzungu* who had a long black garment?" (This was a cassock which came up by Barnaba; I had worn it only once.) Again I answered: "Yes." He said: "I saw Mataka wearing it the day before yesterday."

I felt that I must do something active and set off to walk to Nakawali as hard as I could, leaving my rather feeble train to follow at their own pace. I do not remember what time I got there, but I found an Initiation dance going on; Mataka was said to be drunk, and certainly a great many people were. The man whom Mataka had set aside to be my host there behaved very well; he took me in, and nothing untoward happened until, my four or five men, who had accompanied me on my tour, and whom I had left behind in my haste, arrived. As I was watching them come down the last slope to the village, I saw a number of

men rush out of the huts, knock them over, and scatter the contents of their baskets. In one of these baskets were my letters of Orders, given me by Bishop Steere when he ordained me.

After this I had to keep inside the hut for a day or two. Mataka was still reported as unable to see anyone so I could not appeal to him. At length I ventured out and sat in the doorway. A drunken slave came up, sat down by me, and poked the end of his gun against my head. I was wondering what would happen next, when happily some of Mataka's women took my part, roundly abused the man as having been 'bought this year,' and sent him off.

I found out that a short time before my small hut at Mwembe had been sacked and burnt, quite possibly at the beginning of the drinking bout which I found going on. I really cannot recollect what I had in my hut, but one thing came back to me in an unexpected form years afterwards, when I was living on the mainland, opposite our headquarters at Likoma. I met a party of Yaos who had come down from the hills to trade, and one of them was wearing our Univ. rowing zephyr, with its great blue and gold cross in front. I thought that the most dignified thing was just to take no notice.

Days passed and it seemed very hard to know what plan to pursue. The Chief was probably reluctant to kill a European and was wondering how I could be got rid of. I then learnt that another caravan, a much smaller one, was going down to the coast under a man whom I knew well, one of Mataka's headmen, Che Ndembo (Mr. Elephant). He was the headman of one section of Mataka's village; there were four or five others, of whom my host in Mkulumba was one [1]; I used to visit these headmen and preach to them and so had made Ndembo's acquaintance.

Mataka, who was now sober again, agreed to give me twenty fathoms of cloth to take with me, and my boys

[1] All local cases were brought to these headmen first for trial and there was an appeal to Mataka.

managed to buy a large bag of red beans. I was anxious to take the boy who had drunk ordeal poison three times with me; but how to get him to the caravan, which was starting from a camp some fifteen miles off, was a difficulty; and then, would they receive me when I got there? The lame boy was brought over to me at Nakawali; Mataka made no objection to my taking him off and I think he was beginning to soften.

We had got over the food difficulty by buying the bag of beans, and I and the boy Barnaba had left with me, the only able-bodied man of our party, carried the lame boy in a rough hammock of cloth and reached the camp early in the morning. I had with me, besides, one of the men who had brought me from the Lake to Mwembe, and had broken down so that he could not go back with his companions, and another coast man of Kilwa with something like leprosy who had also broken down hopelessly, and could not go on to his home with the earlier coast caravan to which he belonged, so I had taken him in. Neither of these men were up to carrying anything, hardly themselves.

Our reception at the camp was very dubious. It may have been ten o'clock in the morning when Ndembo, the leader, and some coast men who were taking down slaves, began a consultation as to whether I should be admitted to the caravan or not. The coast men all voted 'No' decidedly, but Ndembo would not be over-ruled and finally decided in my favour, welcomed me to partake of some porridge and asked me into his own booth for the night.

At some time in the night I went out and in the uncertain light caught hold of a stick in front of me. A piteous cry came from the bottom of it. I had not noticed, tired as I was, that a number of slaves were lying just in front of our booth, round a fire, their feet towards it. There was a circle of bamboo, supported by uprights, running round some six feet above their necks, and to this the slave-stick of each man was securely fastened.

The next morning the caravan was to start. No caravan can go without an elaborately-prepared charm called a ' tail.' This may be, literally, an elephant's tail, and in it are enclosed the ' medicines ' carefully prepared by wise men which make it an effective charm. It is always supposed to go first and point out the encampment, but I noticed on the journey that very often some disorderly person would really go first and choose for himself. I now discovered that there was an elaborate ceremony, akin to baptism, before the caravan started. A large bark canoe was placed near the encampment ; this was filled with water so that a man kneeling in it would be nearly covered, and each member of the caravan had to be immersed and to get out at the end of the canoe and pass under some ' medicine ' (charm) ;—I think it was the elephant's tail. I pleaded that I had already been baptized for my party, and my plea was allowed.

We started off the next day and each day we went a comparatively short distance, going from dawn till eleven. Then the encampment had to be built. This would be a rough quadrangle, formed of continuous booths ; one opening would be left, and a large bundle of thorns was prepared, to close this at night. A number of camp fires were kept blazing. As night settled down and those who had food had eaten it, the headman, Ndembo, harangued the people in the caravan, dwelling on any topical subject ; for instance, the escape of a slave during the day, or whether we should have to go far for water in the morning—and exhorting the younger members not to stray away from the main party. After this the charms in the elephant's tail were carried round the encampment and all evil influences were adjured not to hurt us, towards the four points of the compass in succession.

The building of the booths was a light business ; I generally helped in it. We had to begin cooking our beans directly we got into the camp, and they were not ready till four or five, so we usually took a few

cooked beans with us, to make a breakfast in the morning. The rank and file of the camp had nothing but a little Indian corn, which they roasted in pieces of broken pot. Some of the corn would pop, some would not. Two or three times a friendly coast man asked me to share some delicacy which his wife was carrying in a big pot; it might be a little flour or roasted Kaffir corn.

We were fifteen days getting to the Rovuma River and there was a good deal of variety to divert us. At one encampment a recent caravan was said to have washed persons suffering with smallpox in the water, but as there was no other water the story was disbelieved. Occasionally the men managed to kill an antelope, but not often enough to make a change in our food; I do not remember getting any.

In going through the forest I noticed a great difference between the coast men and the Yaos, who formed the greater part of the caravan. The coast men, though great talkers elsewhere, would keep quite silent on the march, but the Yaos chattered incessantly. If there was a root in the narrow path, or anything that might hurt a man's foot, it was the duty of each man to give warning when he came to it, so that the men behind him need not be always looking down, and one heard the word *pasi* (down-below) repeated gradually along the line of several hundred men as each reached the obstacle. There was nearly always a laugh raised when my boots clicked on it.

It was a point of honour, as amongst our soldiers in the great War, to keep up the spirits and the slaves themselves put a good face on it. The sticks of two slaves were lashed together, one having the iron pin of the slave-stick in the front of his neck, the other at the back, and they would each carry a big truss of cloth or a tusk; yet one saw such a man, stark naked, with his neck often galled by the iron pin, asking for tobacco or joking with the man who was driving them. There was rarely any sign of fear or exhibition of grief. One

has heard of slaves being cut down ; I cannot say that I saw any. The slave would be lucky if he got a small handful of Indian corn daily to chew ; many of the free men had no more. It would probably be a man who failed to carry his load under these circumstances who would have been cut down *pour encourager les autres*.

Europeans often seem misled by this cheerfulness of the slaves, much as if one thought that a brave man in a hospital did not suffer, because he kept a cheerful face. They are cheerful partly from courage and partly because it is only by cheerfulness that they can hope to win a little favour. They would make their lot harder if they were to show gloom or sorrow for there is no one to care if they are sad. I have talked to several slaves at the coast who were laughing and chatting ; directly one asked a man, alone, " Who are your friends here ? "—his countenance fell absolutely and he said : " I haven't got one friend." Both the coast people and our Nyasa people and the Yaos have a word (different in each case) which signifies ' lost ' meaning either that a man has died or that he has been sold as a slave. *Taika* is the word on Lake Nyasa.[1] The slaves are supposed, figuratively I believe, to eat a herb on the hills going down to the coast, which makes them forget everything, and no man at the coast will ordinarily tell you what his name was as a free man. On the other hand, if a slave comes anywhere near his old country, he will often make a sort of proclamation, generally in the evening, shouting as loud as he can to be heard all round : " I am the son of so-and-so, the nephew of so-and-so ; does anybody know any of my kindred ? " Very often there is a response, and a man catches at any straw if he thinks he may possibly find a distant relative, although in many cases he must know that it is a false claim. All this is equally true of the women.

[1] In former years I often heard it said sarcastically of a boy who had gone off with a European, that he was *taika*.

A man is happy as long as he is with his kindred. When he is a slave, away from his kindred, he has no chance of pity or sympathy, but he tries, as it were, to pretend that he is among his kindred still, to behave as though he were, and to make up a new kindred among the slaves taken at the same time. He will call them 'Father' and 'Sister' and they will respond as far as they can, but it is a pitiful farce.

When a slave is released he will always, if he can, go back to his kindred, and then and not till then, he will feel that he is really at liberty. Any allusion to a man's being or having been a slave is a deadly insult, much as in America is an allusion to a man's having black blood. It is a shame in the past that can never be wiped out unless a man gets back to his own kindred, and then he recovers his status; but this rarely happens.

As I could not carry the lame boy myself for long distances, there was the problem who should carry him and we negotiated with some coast men who were not carrying their own loads. I think they soon learnt how much cloth I had and so bid for the whole of it, and when remonstrated with they expressed great indignation and said that not even the *Wazungu* (white men) on the 'Man o' Warri' on the coast would venture to beat down the wages of free men whom they 'borrowed.' I think that if I had had three times the amount of cloth they would have demanded it.

When we got to the villages on the Rovuma River I knew the headman, Kanyenda, and I determined the next day to push on alone to Masasi, as our beans were running short. I walked hard all day by myself and was entertained with porridge in the evening, in a native hut, by a total stranger. Pushing on the day after I had a charming surprise. I heard on the way that a white man was coming to meet me, and soon afterwards I came upon Charles Janson, camping by a small stream. He was indeed coming up to join me at Mataka's village though his health was quite inadequate. He told me that a considerable amount of

goods had been sent up to Mwembe, by way of a Chief on the Lujenda River, Mtarika, whom I had twice visited, once on my way to Mwembe and once on the preaching tour. We felt anxious as to what might have become of these stores, but we learnt afterwards that Mtarika, hearing what had happened at Mwembe, had sent my goods back to Masasi, which was very straight dealing on his part, as he might have kept them on the chance of their not being claimed.

The next day Janson gave me two of his men to push on to Masasi, as he could only travel slowly. I think I walked faster than I had ever done before, by way of Majeje, about 60 miles, to Masasi where I found Maples and something like home before I went down to the coast to report to Bishop Steere.

The others of my party came in later and the boy who helped me to carry our lame child went back to his home, which was near Masasi and has, I have heard since, become a steady Christian. The lame boy was taken care of by Maples and is now working with us on the Lake. He was baptized by the name of Austini. The other two men subsequently got back to their own villages.

CHAPTER VI

Charles Janson

IT was sheer pleasure and most exhilarating to spend a few days with Maples at Masasi, and the attraction of fellowship and sympathy was strong upon me when I tried to go down to the coast as one of our Masasi men would; light handed and with speed. One's memory serves one strange tricks and I have no recollection of how I got up from Lindi to Zanzibar, but I have a strong recollection of finding Bishop Steere in his cathedral and of the pleasure of relating my escape from Mwembe to him. He was very sympathetic, but his eye twinkled as he said: "You should send an account of it to 'The Field,'" and it flashed upon me that much of my talk had been of covering distances in quick time.

The Consul, Sir Euan Smith, was very sympathetic too. I was soon furnished with letters which were to be sent to Mataka and I returned via Lindi, in time to keep the festival of Christmas at Masasi, with a limited supply of goods to carry up to the Lake, and a hearty commission from the Bishop to carry on work there; besides this, Janson, who was at Masasi, was to go with me and that was worth much.

Unfortunately we were not strongly furnished with teachers to take with us, indeed the Zanzibar College was represented by one un-certificated boy, Reginald, who turned out badly and made off a month after we reached the Lake, just before his ill-doings were discovered. Besides him we took two married couples

from Masasi, who were to settle on the Lake, and about thirty other men, most of them Christians, who were to return to Masasi. They had a few trade guns among them, but I do not remember their firing them.

On the evening of the day before our departure, a Sunday, the kindred of one of the wives who were going with us said that she could not be allowed to depart until a deposit of valuables (cloth or beads) had been made with them, as the man had not finished paying the marriage settlement. Maples said, of course they would take his word for it, but it appeared that they wouldn't and wanted cash down, or rather cloth down. I wish to bring out here how real a difference is made to one's work according to what one's position is in the eyes of the natives round one. If the woman had been staying at Masasi her kindred would have taken Maples' word in any affair of payment, but as she was going with some one else into foreign parts, they wanted something tangible. It was one thing stopping with the man in charge of a station like Masasi and quite another going into a new country where perhaps the marauding Maviti were the only known feature. Our porters were men from Masasi who knew us well and yet, if difficulties arose on the journey, one found that one was no longer in the position of head of their settlement, and so one required far more tact in dealing with them, as with members of a trade union. They wanted to get back to their base as soon as possible.

On this journey we went a considerable distance along the Rovuma River, to some way beyond Kanyenda's village, which I had struck on my way down from Mwembe. We had hoped to go comparatively straight across to Lake Nyasa, and so to reach the country of Chiteji, the one Nyasa chief on the Lake of whom we had heard at the coast; but the raiders ahead sounded so very threatening that we finally decided to cut across from the village on the Rovuma

of a chief named as so many chiefs were, Mponda [1] to Unangu Hill. We left some of our stores which we could not carry in the charge of this Mponda, and it was in connection with them that we heard what a horrible impression had been made long before in Mwembe when Bishop Steere had left some tinned meat behind. It seemed that the man who took care of the tins did not venture to open tins of meat boldly and sample anything like a chop or a piece of meat; he only ventured to make a tentative hole, from which red drippings came, and then waited for developments. The result was that we were asked, how could we Europeans bring up these tins full of blood and matter? Very often prejudices like this may gather round the unsuspecting white man. To prevent any tampering of this sort with our tins we played upon the Chief's fancy; some of the soup tins had the name Whitehead on them and we told him, in connection with it, about Whitehead torpedoes, which gave him the idea of what might happen if you meddled with either.

From Mponda's it took us six to seven days through the forest to reach Unangu, about forty miles from the Lake, and we were glad to find the Masuku fruit ripe, otherwise our bearers would have been very short of food. We had not any great abundance ourselves, but we laughed rather sardonically when we found that we were carrying for our two selves in addition to our small European stock, more native food than we were taking for the sixty carriers all together. We were delighted by a number of things in the forest, and specially by the large lemurs; we tried hard to tame one with its little ones in its pouch, but failed. One afternoon I pushed on alone to reconnoitre for water and finally could not get back the same day but slept in an old encampment a long way from human habitation.

We had brought three donkeys with us and a good

[1] The name, I believe, means 'padding the hoof' and so comes to mean rover.

donkey-boy from Zanzibar ; his name, quite a common slave name, Farajallah, meant God-comfort-us, but the donkeys were not much comfort to us. Very early in the journey they were bitten by flies and each bite bred large maggots. These flies bite men too, I may remark, and it is very alarming when you first come across them to find three or four large maggots in different parts of your person. The flies took strongly to the donkeys, which was one piece of misfortune and when we were crossing the Msinji River we had another. The bridges across these streams are always a ticklish matter ; a few bamboos may have been passed from the boughs of a tree on one side to the boughs of a tree on the other side of the river, and tied up to some higher boughs by native rope or by a creeper. We had to get the donkeys across such a bridge. I can see the donkey-boy going on ahead on the swaying bamboos and lugging at the first donkey's head while we shoved the animal behind ; and the next moment boy and donkey were in the river going down with the current, the general direction of which we knew would lead to the Rovuma River and ultimately to the Indian Ocean. Happily, though the donkey disappeared, the boy was stopped by an islet not far down. I went in after him, bark ropes had to be cut and thrown across to us, and with their help we got to shore on the other side. I do not remember how the other donkeys got across. We camped on the slope by the river where there was a new growth of trees and much lichen, having had enough for the day. The boy who had this narrow escape was, I was thankful to hear, afterwards baptized.

We had a curious experience when we arrived at Unangu. We had heard that there was a big village there and we could see the hill looming up in front of us, like a great horn, but as it was well on in the evening we could hear the hum, as of an excited hive, before we could make out the huts on the hill. The hill-villages at this time were all well up amongst the

boulders for fear of the Gwangwara, and here the inhabitants were terribly excited because we did not fire off guns, which was the ordinary signal a coast caravan made on its approach. In those days, before we had nerves, this excitement of the natives seemed 'quite all right,' and we laughingly, though very tired, found our way up into the hill amongst the great boulders, and made the acquaintance of the chief, Kalanje. I was inclined to be free with Epsom Salts and other remedies, just as I was in proclaiming my real message and I remember being amused at Janson's taking me to task quite seriously over the harm one might do by too much Epsom Salts. Of the folly of giving away medicine in amateur ignorance I am now convinced.

Janson was much fascinated by the idea of being near the lake, but we didn't get a view of it till we got to Chiwegulu, another conspicuous isolated hill, and then our whole party was inspired to shout: "The Lake! thalassa!" It was rough going between Unangu and this hill and the wonder was how Janson could manage it at all, for he was ill to start with and was becoming worse. Very often on the way up from Masasi he had been obliged to stay behind in camp and come on gently. He had no palanquin (*machila*) with men to carry it, nor, I believe, would he have consented to use one. I remember that the steep march over the last crest which brings you to a view of Chiwegulu Hill through the limestone country, by caves where people had hidden in war-time, and then up the water-fall by Njiri, was very fatiguing.

From Chiwegulu Hill and its vision of the promised land we literally slithered down, for the much-needed rain had come heavily and we lost the track (in a way) which now seems inconceivable. It is strange to think of our encampment in the middle of the great rain. The wood of my camp bedstead had swollen and two of the joints refused to come out, so we could not take it to pieces; we could only wrap the whole thing up in

the water-proof sheet; the long package was always dank, and went by the name of 'the slug.' However, we slithered down to the Lake somehow, and when we got to Mtengula, Janson, nothing daunted, insisted on taking a bathe in the Lake. After this we reached Msumba village, of which I have so many happy memories, though my first acquaintance with it, when Janson was getting more and more ill, was melancholy enough. Where it is now quite dry there was then a marsh, and with the heavy rain the marsh flooded into the Chief's house where we were sleeping, and in the middle of the night the water rose right up to Janson's bed.

At each of the lake-side villages, as we came to them, we were told by the natives that this place was 'the earthly paradise,' 'the one place where the people wanted us to stop,' and that at any other place 'there was no food,' and 'the people were bad,' and there was 'plenty of war.' They certainly were very hearty in their welcome, but alas! there was no accommodation for a deadly sick man; no medicine, no sick comforts, no European food, not even a house. In addition to this it was just the time that the people were short of food themselves.

We decided to try and get on to Chiteji, but we were not to get further than Pachia village. The river before that village is quite a shallow one, but it was flooded when we got there; Janson's bearers lost their footing and he got soaked through, so we could not proceed any further. The huts at Pachia and other places were of the smallest, and nursing him was a humbling process as showing my complete and helpless ignorance. There had been one bottle of champagne that we had brought with us and had left far behind and I had sent for it. It came and what might it not do? I gave the cork a gentle pull and it came out at once, perfectly rotten.

He was very patient but in extreme pain. Once, in agony, he cried out, "Maples and I have spoken of

how you could not sympathize with other's pain " ; so I lifted up my voice and wept, and he melted and said, " What's the use of making yourself miserable ? " Except for this he was perfectly patient, making every now and again an ejaculatory prayer.

One of the two men who were going to stop with us on the Lake was a real blessing ; he was very strong and very willing and he alone, though without the magic of a nurse's touch, could continually shift the sufferer day and night. Again I feel real gratitude to the old Chief ; he was helpful and attentive right down to the serious difficulty of digging a grave in the loose sand, as we had no spades or anything of that sort to help us.

So Charles Janson left us on Shrove Tuesday, 1882 (Feb. 21st), and I went on up the coast alone in that Lenten season, and Isaiah's words, " He witholdeth his north wind in the day of his east wind " came to me with comfort.

CHAPTER VII

Chigoma

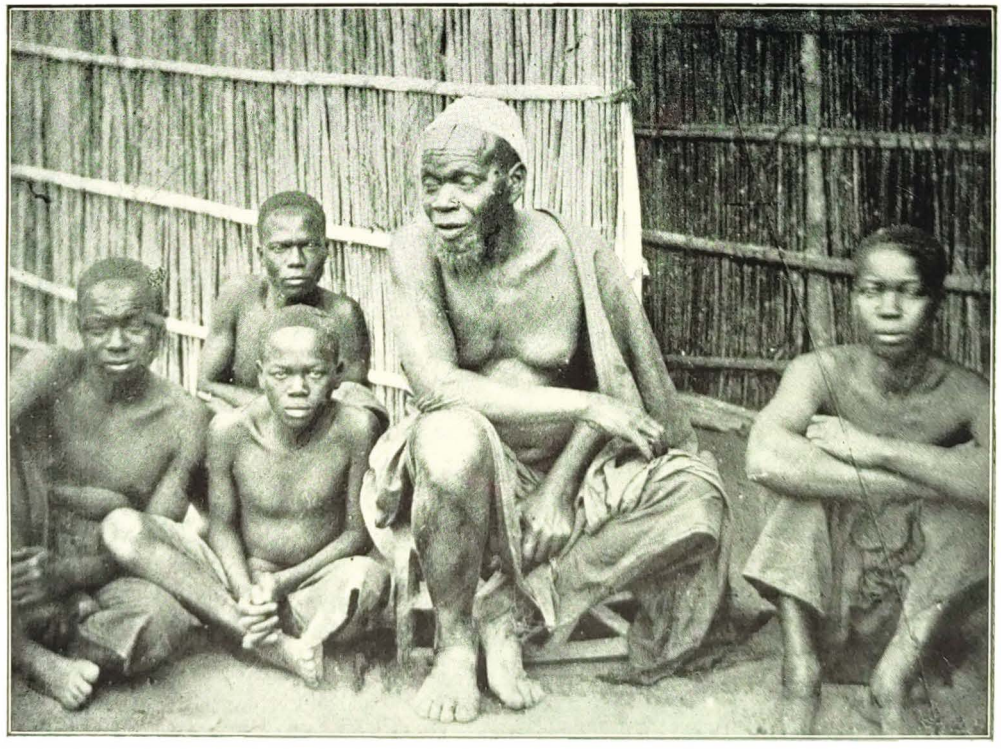
THE villages along the coast on the way to Chiteji were smaller in those days than they are in these. The village of Chisanga, now a sort of little metropolis, was a dense brake of reeds, which hid the inhabitants in war-time ; in the lakelets at the back the red-legged water-birds used to go deftly over the great water-lily leaves and the crested crane was still seen in the land. The only man I remember there well was the smith. It has often struck me that perhaps no white man except a smith could have got his livelihood amongst the natives in old times. Hoes, axes and knives could always secure a value, and one who could mend guns could sometimes get something worth having : a tusk or an ox.

If I am not mistaken there was no considerable village till close to Tumbi Hill, nor any on from there until we got round Mala Point. The rivers, so often with little water, were in flood, and I shall not easily forget Mbweka ford. My men were looking doubtfully at the water, knowing how many things hide in these rivers, and I was urging some of them, for whom I had a genuine regard, to plunge in and get through quickly, when a crocodile came up quite close to us ! We made a safe if a tiresome *détour*. In the bay in which Likoma lies we came across a fair-sized population and at one place we actually found the s.s. *Ilala*. After a pleasant meeting with her officers in the evening it was a fearful shock to see her disappear the next morning, without taking my letters or giving me

warning, but I am thankful to say that the gentleman who was in charge of her, Mr. James Stevenson, who had not been on board, brought her back to apologize to me as soon as they picked him up at some place quite near, and we made an acquaintanceship which was cemented later on.

I pursued my journey and soon came to the crowded village of Mataka of Kobwe, on the south side of the Kobwe River, but I did not stop there, for I was determined to get across the river though 'swollen high with months of rain.' I crossed it and reached Chiteji and his village of Chigoma.

Maples and I knew him well, later on, for several years, and had considerable respect for him; but to get any true idea of a man like that you must start with a clean slate. In his village there were no houses worth the name, no soldiers, no show. In the matter of personal cleanliness one must boldly say that he did not look clean, and try to understand why. Like any Nyasa he would bathe freely, it was his clothes that were in fault and this was because everything he had was, in a very real sense, at the disposal of his friends and of his servants. His time was at their disposal, whether they came by night or by day to settle law-suits; his food was at their disposal as long as there was anything for his wives to cook; the cattle, such as they were, belonged to the family and not to him personally; his tobacco, carried in a small carved case, or it might be in a folded banana leaf, was rarely if ever refused to even a humble friend, and I have wondered as I have seen such a friend scoop up carefully the very last fragments of snuff. And then his clothes—there had to be a limit in these matters of sharing, and it took the form of rarely or never wearing a showy garment. If it was the least showy some kinsman might borrow it and I have seen him take off a cloth and lend it to a nephew for a dance. So truth to say his clothes did not generally look very clean. In return for all this service he would expect a share in



CHITEJI, CHIEF OF LIKOMA ISLAND.

his people's things, but he gave more than he got. He was a past master in hearing and settling disputes and the principal thing he aimed at was rather making the peace than strict justice. He would often begin some case of life and death with apparently irrelevant conversation. One noticed this specially when he came over to Likoma, and it was perhaps to refresh his memory as to the people concerned in the case. It was rather like the old Scottish saying : ' Show me your man and I will show you the law,' but with a difference, for he wanted to be thoroughly acquainted with the family of each side that he might see how to make up the quarrel. His head wife was a person whom I could thoroughly respect, devoted to her husband, the first free woman whom he had married. Alas ! neither Maples nor I could ever get any idea of whether he regarded what we said as true or false. I suppose he was essentially an opportunist. He ended his days in peace and when he died he forbade his people having any of the old ceremonies over his grave. At the time I arrived on the scene the Gwangwara, of whom we had heard much though we had not met them, were making life difficult for him.

I said that Chiteji had no grand house, but we actually found him in a very comfortable one, much like that where his successor is living now. There was a wonderful view over the lake and the hills at the back. He welcomed us heartily and gave us an ox. The meat was very acceptable, but it was no light matter to kill the animal. My whole party chased it about till they managed to get ropes round its legs and finally they all got upon it and speared it.

Chiteji said enthusiastically that I should occupy the house in which we found him, and waved his hand in a grand manner towards the hills, saying that we could settle anywhere. This was rather puzzling at first, but I discovered that he was moving, or had actually moved, inside a stockade and in fact, that nobody knew when the Gwangwara might not swoop down and burn

and butcher. I got my caravan off on their way home as soon as possible and remained at Chigoma with the two married couples of whom I have spoken. It was very soon afterwards that we were waked up in the quite early morning by the long wail of '*Koto Koto*' (danger, danger !) and saw the people living round the bay, who had not yet fled before the expected coming of the Gwangwara, hastening along the shore carrying what they could ; we could see also the burning villages in the bight of the bay some five or six miles off ; the Gwangwara had come.

Chiteji and his nephew agreed to go to parley with the enemy in two big canoes and I went with them. As we landed by the Uchesi River village, we found the body of a man close to the landing, and not far off another headman who had been speared in the back and whom we tried to sew up, but the poor man died not long afterwards. It seemed that the enemy had moved out of the village when they had spoiled it, so I followed after them to their camp, taking in my hand Keble's little book on the Eucharist which I had been reading in the canoe. There did not seem to be a large party of them, I imagine well under a hundred, and when they saw me they came dancing out in a rough semi-circle. I wonder whether it was my little book, or my face, or my clothes, or what else, employed by God to keep them in check ; whatever it was they gave up dancing and sat down and I sat down too, and then we had a rather lame talk for we had not any serviceable common lingo ; but they gave me to understand that they had come across white men in old times and did not want to quarrel with them. They said that there were memories of their having been beaten by the white men in battle and that there were evil people up north whom they called the Nyaka nyaka, who had wantonly burnt the villages in the north of their own country, adding : " Where could we raid now, except in the south ? " I think I promised these Angoni to come and see them and, if possible, to go on to the Nyaka-

nyaka with a view to reconciling them ; anyhow we parted in a friendly spirit and I went back to the village. I was greatly hindered during all this time by my very elementary knowledge of what was said around me.

It was rather a strange experience living in Chiteji's old house quite alone at night in the middle of the desolate village, for the stockade in which the people gathered every night was two miles off. At first I laughed at the two couples who were with me when they said they could not sleep up in the village as I did, because of the mosquitoes : I, thank God, had a net, but after I had tried to demonstrate without a net for two or three nights, I heartily concurred in their sleeping right down on the water's edge, a course almost universally followed, along the Lake side in the bad mosquito season ; the mosquitoes are not quite so bad there. It is not true to say that I was quite alone in the village ; in the first place there was a big wild beast, and I got a good view of him one night in the bright moonlight ; but of course it was not exactly like looking at him through the bars of a cage, and I couldn't positively say whether he was a big leopard or what he was. It seemed that there was also a mad woman who used to hang about the place. I had heard of her often enough, but one night I heard her, poor soul, shriek after shriek dying away in the distance, in the direction of the Chief's present village. Of course I ran out but it was no use following ; she was a long way off by that time. The wild beast had sprung upon her, and yet she had been able to reach the stockade, fearfully torn about the head and shoulders. How had she managed to escape ?

After this, as it seemed a bit too unhealthy out there, I moved in close to the stockade but outside it, and there I planted a number of shrubs that we had brought up from the coast, some cinnamon trees amongst them and some india-rubber plants of a species very like Cassava,—so like, indeed, that the oxen ate them during my first time of absence. A good number of the flowery

shrubs I planted are there to this day. I had a number of prickly pear-plants of the inedible kind, but the natives seem to have destroyed them after I left to go to England. I planted fruit-trees too, but the ground has got drier and most if not all of them have died off.

From Chigoma as a centre I walked, or went by canoe, to Ngofi on the northern side of the bay, preaching our message, and I got across to Likoma too, in the Chief's canoe, starting long before dawn. Chiteji absolutely drew the line at any idea of my settling in Likoma; he was very anxious to keep me in his own village, and that suited my plans just as well. Gradually I got a few hearers round me, who were finally given a cross to wear as catechumens. Quite early after my arrival I had a message from an elephant hunter, Mr. Fenwick, some forty miles north at Mbampa Bay. He invited me to come up and stay with him there, telling me the Gwangwara were on the war-path; but it did not seem to be worth while to leave my big village and go up north under a hunter's shadow.

Other visitors besides myself came to Chiteji; it was not for nothing that he was known at the coast. He was the special 'hospes' of one Chiutila, a slaver from Kilwa; part of his band stopped at Chiteji's village and others crossed in canoes, by way of Likoma and Chizumulu Islands, to Komanga on the west side of the Lake. Slaves were brought across who might be sold anywhere on the long way down to the coast, where there was a demand for them and means to buy them, or at Zanzibar itself.

There was nothing very flagrant before my eyes until near the time of this man's departure, when some of the local people were anxious to sell him slaves of their own and the bargaining became keener. I had to watch this without taking action, but it was too much when, on the day on which the last of his party went off, I found that they were proposing to take with them the wife of one of my two men. This led to a ridiculous scene which might have ended seriously.

A man in charge of the slaving party had a sword and pranced about with it ; he got very much excited when I simply went up to them and took the woman back. I think it is clear now that Chiteji would not have allowed her to have been taken off ; they were merely 'trying it on,' and it is amusing to think how the natives on one side held back this man with the sword and on the other side held me back, as so often happens to the combatants in a street row at home. I think that neither of us really wanted to get at the other ; anyhow, the woman stopped with her husband.

Another visitor came in the s.s. *Ilala* : her new captain, whose name was Gowans, with whom I personally had very pleasant relations. He said that my lodging put him in mind of his diggings in the goldfields of Australia. No one who knows the coast by Chiteji's now could imagine that the steamer could possibly get inside the reed-bank near the shore, but Gowans managed to bring the *Ilala* in there once, for the following reason.

On his way up the Lake he had brought a visitor whom I was very thankful to see—Dr. Peden, of the Blantyre Mission, who lent me books and incidentally left with me two little stoppered bottles of medicine. I missed one of these bottles just at the time of Gowans' return, and I saw one of the Chief's family, a boy of sixteen or seventeen, wearing it round his neck. I thought that prompt action was best under the circumstances, and boxed his ears on the spot. This led to his going into the village and coming out with some of his kith and kin, a gun, and a small barrel of gunpowder. I sent word of what was happening to Gowans, who was anchored just outside the reed-bank, and he came inshore, right inside the bank, and made a naval demonstration. Everything quieted down, and I feel sure now that Chiteji was keeping his eye on these things and keeping his people in check ; otherwise they could have rushed me, for I had no means of resistance, not even a revolver.

The books that Dr. Peden brought me were ' John Inglesant ' and, surely at a great distance though it came by the same steamer, ' The Somnambulist,' by the author of ' Valentine Vox.' I recommend any admirer of ' John Inglesant ' to go out to Africa and read it in a village like Chiteji's, before white men came there; parts of it come home vividly, for all the way through the book there is the feeling that something may turn up at any moment, which was just the feeling one had there.

Captain Gowans came to and fro at long intervals. On one trip he had some repairs to do, and in the evening came up and told me that he had finished them and asked if I should like to take a run across to Chizumulu Island. I replied that I should, and went. I wasn't prepared for the item on their bill at the end of the year—£5 for the hire of the *Ilala*—to pay this visit. After that I was not surprised to find lower down, 5*s*. for soldering a rose, made out of a tin, into a paraffin-tin to act as a water-pot.

Mr. John Moir paid me a visit too on the same vessel and that was a delight; and when he came back a month afterwards and said he was sorry that he had forgotten to give me my mail, I could easily forgive him, as I had the pleasure of reading my letters still before me.

CHAPTER VIII

A Visit to the Gwangwara

IT must have been early in the year 1883 that I actually went up to the Gwangwara; quite early, as though I do not remember the time I know that I made a subsequent expedition to the north end before Whitsuntide, that is, before June.

A party of about thirty men from Masasi, practically unarmed, came up to the Lake to bring me my letters, and on their return journey I got them to take me to the Gwangwara, though it was out of their way and, as they would think, very dangerous. I took with me also a few extra boys to bring me back, some of my hearers at Chiteji's village, who afterwards became catechumens.

Chiteji's people were very vague about distances and time, and we took an inconceivable period getting up to the Rovuma River, with little incidents to wake us up on the way. The track in general is much like an ordinary native path, but suddenly we came to a forsaken Gwangwara encampment. They seemed to have slept round in a rough circle, and there were several of the wooden pillows which they so often use: generally a slender stick with two pieces sticking out at each end to keep it up. Where the man in charge of the party had slept there was an upright stick on which he had hung his shield; it all seemed to bring before me the picture of Saul and his party and David stealing on them, and my men decidedly didn't like it. Some distance beyond this again, it gave me a little jump to come across a place where a

war-party had left the old track and made a bee-line through the forest, cutting as they went; I do not remember if it happened here, but in other similar places my men begged me to give up talking ;—' Favete linguis.'

Then we began to come to festoons of rope hung on the boughs ; the Angoni generally roped their captives together instead of using a slave-stick. I suppose that as they got near the head-quarters they could discard these ropes and trust to the guards only, and so they hung the cords up on the trees. Then we came to small villages of subject peoples that had been established as if by miniature Babylonian conquerors, here a Gindo village, there a Yao village, peopled by captives from these tribes. It was often difficult to know which path to take and nobody was particularly inclined to give us information which might get them into trouble ; but only once, as far as I remember, there threatened to be a serious difficulty. Every man in my party was looking at every one else, in rather a funk, and then a man called Mwanzo got us out of it, though he was not a Christian ; he shouldered his load and set off along the most likely path and we followed.

I liked the man and I have another pleasant memory of him. These porters are often interminable story-tellers. Sometimes a man is a fair raconteur, but often he is not, and his hearers help him out. He says, " And the hero said," and then the audience all join in, " Yes sir, he said ? " and this gives the story-teller time to think about what he is going to say. One evening when tales were being told, Mwanzo was lying on his back, apparently asleep after a tiring day, and I, who was tired too, was thinking I must cut the story-telling short, when I heard at first a murmured " It is sufficient " (*Imetosha*) from Mwanzo, and then, " It is sufficient " got louder and louder until the story-teller knocked off and we all went to sleep round the camp-fire.

After far too many days of going slowly, we crossed the Rovuma River for the first time. Once or twice a single Gwangwara passed, looking askance at us. The Rovuma flows here in a wide loop; starting from the east it doubles back upon itself, and when we crossed it a second time we knew we were close to the quarters of the Angoni chief, Songela. My men had been able to keep fairly in touch with the villages on the way, and now, when we got to head-quarters, we were welcomed with a good deal of civility and allotted a big hut to sleep in. I had brought some Bible pictures with me, and I tried, through an interpreter, to give the headmen some idea of our message with the aid of these pictures. They sat in a group opposite me and I understood that Songela himself was amongst them. There were a few old men with the clay moulding of the Zulus [1] round their heads, the only time I have seen this head-dress among the Angoni. It was a moonlight night and we noticed that all their party turned in pretty early.

We generally had a roll-call, about seven, and prayers afterwards. This night we found there was no Tomaso, who was my cook. He had chummed up with some people at a village which we had passed in the day, so we set off with one or two other men to look for him. We found no trace of him and I suppose it was getting on for ten when we got back. Most of our party slept outside the hut. In the morning our hosts came to see us and after salutations we told them that my cook had disappeared; they then said that they had forgotten to tell us there were two lions about. Acting on this hint we searched in the wood near and found a trail which seemed to show that the two lions had seized the boy at a short distance from the camp. Then we found his stick, and then the banana-leaf in which he carried his snuff; next we found his cloth, and not far off we found the upper

[1] Clay moulded in a cap on the head. It will be remembered that the Angoni are akin to the Zulus.

part of his person with his arms crossed over his face, God save him! Some of the Angoni helped us to bury him, and we put up a cross there and put on it 'Tomaso Risasi,' and surely we added the R.I.P. for which we have prayed so earnestly.

Then we went back to the Angoni and had more talk with them. They laughed at all of us, including myself, and said: "How could we be grown men (*kosi*) when we hadn't any hair on our faces?" I felt much drawn towards them, especially towards the local headman of the hamlet where we were, and when I said good-bye and hoped that I should see them again, he said in a sad voice: "Yes, if I am not killed in war first." Years after, on the Lake, I met a man who had been sent down to the coast as an Angoni representative; he came up to me and said, "I am your *mjikulu*," which means 'one who has helped you at your funeral.' He had indeed helped me to put up the cross far away in their own country.

While I was with the Angoni they took me to see what they represented as the source of the Rovuma River; I do not know whether it really was. I stayed there four or five days and finally said good-bye to the party returning to Masasi, and turned west towards Mbampa Bay with the boys from Chiteji's village. Little did I realize that at this very time the Gwangwara were settling to raid Masasi, and that after I had set out they held up the Masasi men, though without ill-treating them, until they had carried out the raid early in September. Edward Abdullah, who was the headman of my Masasi party, and Charles Nasibu, whom I have mentioned before as our trusty overseer, very nearly died with thirst on their way back home, and I suppose from hunger too, for it seems to me they must have been kept months on the way, as Maples met Edward coming down in October.

I naturally had no idea of the Angoni's intentions as they sent me off with honour and an ox. We killed it at Amakita's village on the way down to the

Lake; but, alas! we put most of the meat out to dry in the evening, and it was carried off by some wild beast, said to be a lion. We got down to the Lake again, I suppose much along the line where the new road was cut from the base camp at Mbampa. I was seedy the last day or two and had to be carried in a makeshift *machila* (palanquin), and as we began to go slowly down towards the Lake a painful incident happened for which I have no explanation. A man came out on the slope and cursed us after the manner of Shimei. I had not the strength to stop and make inquiries. I was glad to get down the Lake again, and happily did not hear anything about the raiding party sent to Masasi till long afterwards.

The usual way of speaking of me amongst the Gwangwara on this trip was as *makoka*, i.e. some kind of spirit. Even that was better than the vague *mzungu*.

CHAPTER IX

A Journey to the North End

SOMEWHAT later, but before Whitsuntide 1883, the *Ilala* agreed to take me up north in search of the Nyaka-nyaka. It was another opportunity of travelling with five of the boys who were to be my catechumens, and I must mention too a Zanzibarian, called Hamisi, who helped me much on the journey. He had been with Captain Carter on his expedition into the interior to try and introduce Indian elephants and had escaped when the Captain and most of his party were killed; hearing of a Zanzibar European up at the Lake, he joined me at Chiteji's village and was very useful. Our party was seven all told. Hamisi had a gun of his own and a little powder, but I do not remember his firing it; the rest of us had none. It was once more a plunge into the unknown.

We had bad weather when we reached the north end of the Lake. We ought to have got before dark into the Kambwi Lagoon, which was open to small vessels at the time, but we were too late and had to lie out in the narrowing Lake and battle with the south wind, a great deal too near the northern shore where the surf was breaking, and we were thankful, after a night of what was to me sea-sickness, that the *Ilala* had held her own, steaming in the wind's eye.

We landed at Karonga in the country of the Wa-Konde, and the natives gathered on the shore to greet us. Their custom when they greet each other is to say alternately '*Sokile, sokile*,' and to repeat it many times. Captain Gowans entered into the spirit of the

thing ; he bowed and greeted them. They, not to be outdone in politeness, bowed lower and greeted him again. He bowed lower still, so did they, until the bowing became fast and furious and politeness was wearied. In the background was a large flock of the beautiful crested crane looking at us. There are no cranes there now.

It was a queer experience to meet the Wa-Konde on the Songwe River, where a high bank made a kind of amphitheatre. There may have been six to seven hundred natives of all ages and sizes present at a meeting we held there. They had plenty of spears and they had many coils of brass wire, finely worked, round their waists, but I do not think it would be exaggerating to say that there was not any cloth amongst them. My own six men had a little cloth on them, and I was 'clothed,' but which of us was in his right mind up there seemed doubtful. I preached to them as I could, knowing very little of their dialect, which differs considerably from any of the southern dialects.[1] They have, I believe, a different name for the Lake, calling it Sumba instead of Nyanja.

Their villages are, or were, marvels of neatness. Their huts were very neatly built, and though it is true that the cattle, of which they have a great number, generally sleep in the huts, this does not mean dirt, as the huts are long and divided into parts and there is good ventilation. Each hut was swept out carefully and the cattle, as I saw them, were carefully tended.

The land between the huts is in some ways like park land. There are trees with handsome foliage about, such as the 'cotton tree.' The ground was often somewhat damp, with a slight covering of moss. The leaves lying about were carefully swept up in the evening and burnt in tiny fires among or under the oxen, apparently to dry the animals before they were

[1] It is included in one of Herr Meinhoff's wonderful little language studies.

driven in for the night. There were big banana groves hard by, and the people lived almost entirely on banana flour, milk and curdle cream. The cattle had little bells on their necks and the young men wore bells on their ankles ; tiny bells, smaller than the cattle bells. They were thus able to jingle in time as they sprang about with their light spears or danced in groups.

I could not get to know much about these people. They have, I have been told, the poorest reputation as carriers, and I have heard my own porters compare a caravan of them to a string of ants, each ant carrying a very tiny bit. Any little joke like this is kept up and rubbed in, as it helps the carriers of larger loads to forget the strain on their own muscles. But I may mention a side-light on the northern people which a German Governor gave me, though it was not told of the Wa-Konde themselves, but of a people rather further north. It brings out how quite unexpected qualities may exist amongst apparently weak people. A headman was summoned to the Boma (Magistrate's residence) by the German Governor ; for some reason the man was afraid to go, but he was not afraid to cut himself open, pull out some of his intestines and slice them with a spear to make it impossible for himself to go.

I tried to find out about Mr. Joseph Thompson, who had lately come down to the north end of the Lake. At first the people denied that any European had been by there, but on being pressed they admitted that one had passed, but he had remained in his tent and they only really saw the Zanzibari head of his party. We heard nothing of M. Giraud, the French traveller, until we got into the hills.

We had come to look for the people whom the Angoni called Nyaka-nyaka. It is not an easy matter to be clear about the tribes when the same tribe is given different names by the people on each side of it and is not infrequently known by the name of some other tribe which it has recently conquered, for warring

tribes, like individuals, annex the name of the vanquished. Certainly the Nyaka-nyaka loomed large on the north-east shores of the Lake, but gradually in our talks with the people up north they dissolved themselves into the Wa-Bena. Nyaka-nyaka was a kind of nickname, a name of terror.

The Wa-Bena live north-east of the Wa-Konde, and I went up into the mountains in search of them. The language difficulty faced me again here. Thus, in the hills on the way to Marezi (an old stockade, called after the warlike chief whom Captain Elton writes about), I was on ahead with a native guide and came upon an elephant quite at home. The elephant went off before my men came up, and when I, full of what I had seen, told them about it, they seemed incredulous and appealed to the guide. But the guide knew nothing of our dialect and could not confirm what I said, and I do not think they believed me till we got to the next village and identified the guide's name for elephant.

Not long afterwards I came out close to a rogue buffalo, at least he was all alone and an enormous size; but the animals up there seemed well disposed and he too went off. As we went up some of the great heights we could see white and black monkeys leaping about on tall trees in the forests, and when we got up on to the downs there were plenty of flowers—crow's-foot and some sort of trefoil which I took for clover, but hardly any trees or shrubs, and therefore no firewood in any form, except in the gulleys near the streams. Over and over again I saw herds of zebra running off and across some down not far away. After we left the deserted stockade at Marezi, the first difficulty was to get across the rivers, which were at their height. It is wonderful to see how the boys get across somehow and fasten a bark rope to some tree or rocky point on the other side. And then you, with a certain amount of faith, plunge in holding the rope, and the current takes you and swings you across to the toler-

ably good landing-place which they have chosen for the rope to take you to.

After crossing these rivers we came upon large villages, with the huts built round a quadrangle, called *tembo*. The huts here have neat roofs of beaten mud which seem to keep the weather out pretty well. Here we were fairly well received by the crowds of inhabitants with bead toilets: the Wa-Bena themselves. It was difficult to get any meat or fowls; there were a good many cattle about, but they said that they never killed them except for funerals. For some time we could get no information out of them, as they seemed to be in dread of their head-quarters, and they always told us that there was no Chief living for some three months' journey on—an obvious lie. We had hardly any trade goods left after a short time and only a second-hand private's uniform to give the Chief when found.

Then came two hitches in our progress. In the first place we passed many villages that had been burnt, burnt, as they said, by the Gwangwara, or as I think they called them, the Wa-Poma (i.e. the 'stickers'), and it seemed quite clear that the Wa-Bena were the Nyaka-nyaka who had been fighting with the Angoni to the south of them. At any rate, each described the other in much the same language in their respective hymns of hate. Now all my men, except Hamisi the Zanzibarian, had had their ears bored, and as the Angoni bore the ears of their captives, the villagers said, "These men have been 'bored' by the Gwangwara," and drew the inference that we were spies. The second hitch was that they identified me with M. Giraud, the French traveller, who had come by just before, going in the opposite direction. He was a white man, and was not I white? and had not I boots? and was I not covered up with cloth? No arguments had any effect upon them, and they argued that I had come back because I had failed to get through. At last, happily, another man came up and he examined

my boots and turned up the legs of my trousers somewhat timorously, and then I was discovered to be of quite a different species from Monsieur Giraud, who had high top-boots. Still we were suspect, as people with bored ears, and finally they said that we must go back the way we had come and not, as we proposed, through the Gwangwara country.

We finally came to a biggish village where we stopped about a fortnight. They would not let us go on further and they would not introduce us to any Chief, still saying that the Chief was a long way off. So there was nothing for it but to turn back.

I had started an ulcer with two openings in my thigh, and could not walk, but at last we got off, my men carrying me. It was Ascension Day (May 3). Retreat is never a well-omened thing, and from one village we had passed on the way up a small crowd ran out and knocked over me and my bearers and all of us, after which I took to walking. But the invisible Chiefs were sending a few of their soldiers to see us safely off their territory and they pulled us through. They started with a good deal of swagger, but we noticed that as we got further from head-quarters their swagger lessened, and one morning they decamped without saying good-bye.

When we got into the wilderness again, my men were bent on going to the north end of the Lake, but as we had not any idea when a steamer would be there again, I thought it best to go down the east coast; not through the Gwangwara's country, but close to the Lake. This decision led to all my men, except Hamisi, bolting. I spent a doubtful day between hopes and fears and was very thankful to see, just before sundown, a head peering over a ridge not far off. The men came in again, and I think all of us were thankful.

On our way down through the Livingstonia mountains to the eastern shore of the Lake, we must have passed through the country of the Wa-Pangwa, but

we only identified the Wa-Kisa and the Wa-Palamano (i.e. 'teeth-filers,' called so from their custom of filing the front teeth). On the highest part of the hills we passed tiny villages where the country had not been swept by raiders, and one headman came out to meet me with a man dancing in front of him. The dancer's speciality was a big, light gourd which adhered to his cheek, I suppose, as a cupping vessel would; it danced up and down in time to the fellow's motions.

It was beautiful country. I remember crossing three large streams which ran into one gorge, just before we came in sight of the Lake. We could see it sheer down, through gaps in a line of clouds, and there was no way down to it except a ladder-like path almost entirely on the roots of trees; down this we went. The people on the Lake-side fled helter-skelter to hide among the rocks, when they saw us coming down like a lot of monkeys, but when they saw that we were not men with shields they came slowly back again.

As soon as we got to the Lake we came upon villages built upon piles, cities of refuge from the enemy. Here, as I had done everywhere, I tried to explain the reason of our coming, and one can but wonder if any single person took in anything. Certainly in many cases it was the last chance these people had of hearing any news of hope or comfort. When I came back to this country twenty years later, not to the hills but to the Lake-side, there was no trace of the people I had found there, whether on the hillside or on the piles. I asked some natives who had a settlement near, what had become of the people who used to live hard by on piles in the Lake. "They are dead." And where were the people who lived on the slope above the village, who had just fled from raiders and settled there, on my earlier visit? "They also are dead." Surely these fragments 'scattered and peeled' call to us for help.

We came across pile-villages at intervals right down to Mbampa Bay. Along this coast down to Ilela there are no bays, only tiny creeks, and the water close inshore is very deep, so that piles can only be driven in just off the mouth of a big river in the mud it has deposited. Some of these lake-dwellings, especially one at Hinga, were of large size, with platforms probably four to five hundred feet long and possibly thirty broad. Some were two stories high; a lower story for cattle and goats, while the men lived above. The life in the pile-houses was hard, and they have been abandoned since more settled times. In 1917, when the five thousand carriers at Ilela had shaved the country of the cassava crop, and there was no Indian corn because the rains had failed, I asked the only man whom I knew with certainty to have lived on the piles: "How does what the people call hunger now compare with the hunger of old days on the piles?" He answered: "It cannot compare with it." In the old days, he explained, you might have plenty of fish at times, but you could go nowhere to beg or buy any grain. Perhaps at intervals some of the people on the lower hills would come down with a little grain to exchange for fish when they longed for it as a relish; at other times there was no corn to be had. The dwellers on the piles had a few patches of corn here and there, where they could venture to plant it among the reeds on the mainland, but they sorely needed some Gideon, bold enough to thrash the corn when the enemy was about. Is it wonderful if these people and their children, who now live on the mainland, need some training?

To return to our journey: to me there appeared to be no path along the edge of the Lake, so we begged or borrowed a canoe from one village on piles to another, and in this I was paddled while some of my party managed to get along by the shore. It has often struck me how ordinary porters, if light-handed, are able to play about you, however fast you are going,

as flies play round a railway carriage. So now, when our canoe came on an elephant in a tiny bay, Hamisi asked for leave to go after it. He failed to kill it, but he chased it far and turned up again quite fresh on the third day. We had been paddling steadily on all the time.

When we got near the shore at Ilela we saw a small herd of elephants, two or three of them with calves, stalking out of the plantations where the village now stands; there were few huts there then, if any. We had to cross the big Ruhuhu River in front of us, and we did this at the place where they built a bamboo bridge during the War, shooting out into the stream in a canoe a long distance above the landing-place on the other side. One's nerves held then as they do not now.

I had been told the name of the headman there, which I have now forgotten (he was not of the same family as the present man) and he greeted me in a singular way which I have never seen anywhere else; he lay down on his back and clapped his feet in the air. The only man whom I have thoroughly identified in later years lived hard by, the man who told me about the hunger on the piles. I am thankful to say that long afterwards he was baptized, with the name of Elijah. As Bishop Trower said of him, "he looked like a bruiser," and he had often fought with Gwangwara. But old as he was, he came forward first of a number who were baptized with him not long before I left the Lake in 1920. He has since fallen asleep.

After Ilela there was a path along by the Lake, but soon after we had crossed the Ruhuhu the whole country was a marsh, and we waded all the rest of the day and were glad to get to a tiny line of sand where the Lake and the marsh met. We tried to sleep there that night, with hippos coming through the reeds in all directions.

Later on we passed Papai Island, crowded with refugees who used to swim their cattle across to the

mainland in the morning to pasture and back again in the evening.

All the way down, at each point, we asked the people we met: where was Likoma? where was Chiteji's village? Some did not seem to know and others spoke as if it were several months' journey away. However, walking and here and there borrowing a canoe, and here and there upsetting, we got back to our home.

CHAPTER X

Return to England

CHIGOMA was home, but there were no home comforts. At that time we could not get a native bedstead at all, so we made a frame out of poles driven into the earth and passed a fishing-net across and across; but it was so elastic that you soon found yourself on the ground.

I was very ill after my return and was glad to get across to Bandawe, to which Dr. Laws had moved. I forgot now how I went, probably in the *Ilala*. Again I was cared for by the Scotch Mission, to which I owe my very existence. It was at this time, if I remember right, that they, in a manner, were being held up by the natives around who would hardly allow any member of the Mission to leave the station, as it was known that their presence alone restrained the Angoni in the hills to the west. As soon as I was well enough they enabled me to get back by a kind loan of the boat *Herga*. This boat had been left with them by Mr. Cotterill, whom I have already mentioned. We had a fearsome passage with head winds or no winds, but made Chizumulu Island late at night. We got off again very early the next morning and then, the glory of it! the great comet, I suppose subtending at least forty degrees, was in the sky and, as it seems to me in recollection, pointed straight down over my house at Chigoma.

Two more remembrances of my residence there that year come before me. One, that I was slowly picking up what the people said and what the people did; a

little book by a Mr. Riddel, of the Bandawe Mission, I found helpful, and I had already made a rough copy of several or all of the Gospels in the dialect, not worth much but still breaking ground. Another point was that I realized the power of rumour. We were sated with daily alarms of the murder of our friends at Masasi, or of the burning of the village there ; or with closer but less alarming rumours of war at our own gates, supplemented by parallel rumours from the west side. Had not the Angoni come down and raided the Mission at Bandawe ? Were not our kindred all dead ? One learnt to sympathize with native refugees, strangers in a strange place who knew that such jeers and threatenings would end in their being ' eaten up.'

It was somewhere during this time that I first heard of the death of Bishop Steere,[1] but only from allusions in letters which left me in doubt whether it were really true. At length, as I had not had any letters from England for a long time, I went down the Lake in the *Ilala* with Mr. Stevenson, in order that I might go up to Blantyre, the Scotch Church Mission in the hills to the south of the Lake, to see if there were letters for me there. It was rough as we passed Kota-Kota, so we slept under the shelter of the sand-spit. It seemed that on a previous trip of the steamer, with Captain Gowans in command, Jumbe, the Chief at Kota-Kota, had come off himself in a canoe to trade with the Captain, and their trading talk became so angry that Fenwick, a man who was standing behind the Captain, thought it necessary to cover Jumbe with his rifle. Gowans had died in the interval, but we thought it better not to land.

When I reached Blantyre, Dr. Scott and his party gave me a royal welcome, and so did Mr. John Moir, of the African Lakes Company, and his wife. They too had been having troubles with the Angoni. I found a quantity of letters for me and a telegram from

[1] He died at Zanzibar, August 27, 1882, just a month after his return from England, where he had spent two months.

the Mission head-quarters, which must have been months on the way, summoning me to England to report and consult.

I was anxious to know more of the south-east of the Lake, as well as to say good-bye to Chiteji before going home, so I plunged into the wilds again. On my way to the Lake I passed Mr. Buchanan's station at Zomba Hill (where our Government head-quarters were later), and could sympathize heartily with him, as the Gwangwara had been threatening there, indeed they had driven the Yaos up into the Chikala Hill, not two days' journey from Zomba. I asked him what he would have done if they had come, and he gripped his rifle meaningly.

I had taken six or seven men with me as porters, a very scratch crew; one of them had come straight out of prison at Blantyre. Some of them bolted on the way, but we left part of our baggage behind and went off without them. After leaving Zomba we passed near Chikala Hill, whither the Yaos had fled from the Angoni, and late on Saturday evening we reached a large pool, where we hoped to rest for most of Sunday. Then up came a local man who told us that the Angoni had lately thrown two bodies of men into the deep water. We pooh-poohed this rumour as extravagant and certainly unpalatable; at any rate, the pool was a large one and we did not notice any bad effect on the water. We went round by the Mangoche hills to the headwaters of the Luambala, and so down to the Lake, which I think we struck not far from where I had crossed in going to Mwembe to Dr. Laws. Then, as I wanted to be able to report to the new Bishop on the state of the whole country, we went up into the hills again, by Mtonya and Unangu.

As usual, I preached at places on the way, showing the people my credentials, as it were, for my own sake as well as theirs. Perhaps they could hardly understand such a broken message, but at Unangu, where I had been talking about the Resurrection, a man a

little distance off, who was mending a hunting net, suddenly interpolated: "That is what the *mzungu* (white man) said a long time ago." It seemed that he was speaking of Dr. Livingstone, for he said that the *mzungu* had buffalo with him, clearly meaning his Indian cattle.

We came down to the Lake again at Losefa, the place where the old Mataka of Mwembe had wished Bishop Steere to settle first. It was in this district that the German hunter, Roscher, had been killed not long before. The *Ilala* had appointed to meet me there; she was taking Professor Drummond up the Lake to Bandawe, and on her return was to come for me. She was now in charge of a Mr. Harkiss, whom I had learnt to know and respect when I visited Dr. Laws at Cape Maclear. The south wind was blowing and they could not get across, so I had to wait at Losefa. As it happened, a slave caravan was there at the same time as I was, and of course I talked with the people of the caravan; I still remember some of them. One fellow was very hearty at first when he found that I came from Zanzibar; had he not been groom with the Consul there? But when he got tired of our conversation he let off what he considered fireworks—a number of English oaths—and left. There were two Mohammedan teachers in the caravan, a good and a bad one; the bad one begged for revolver bullets and immoral French medicine, but the good one seemed quite in earnest. Strangely enough, he said: "Why do you Europeans hide away all the words of God from us?" Generally speaking, at this time the run of the so-called Mohammedan teachers were neither so bad nor so good as these two; they were simply secretaries for the heads of the caravan or for chiefs, writing and answering their letters. At first the slaves were kept concealed from me, but then gradually, by ones and twos and afterwards in larger numbers, I saw them taken in their slave-sticks to bathe and drink.

I very rarely use a tent, but I had one this time and also a revolver; I think this was the only trip on which I carried one. One morning as I was sitting at breakfast in my tent door, reading and watching, I saw a tiny little boy crawling and eyeing me. I tempted him with little bits of food, and on inquiry I found that he had been bought for a trifle by one of the caravan; his mother had probably been a slave from the other side of the Lake and had died that week; he had no sort of kindred left. I asked the head of the party what was the use of taking this little one; could he reach the coast? His answer was: "If God will" (*Inshallah*). I offered to give him a trifle if he would leave the boy, and he agreed. To avoid any misunderstanding about the transaction the Bandawe people kindly took him in tow and found him a sad handful. He went later on to Zanzibar and still flourishes. He sadly needs any prayers that any reader may give him of his charity.

I was completely taken by surprise one night while I was waiting for the *Ilala*. Instead of the steamer three dhows arrived. I knew nothing of the arrival, but heard a great noise of talking round the fire outside my tent. This was a serious breach of discipline, and going out and dimly seeing men there (it was a dark night), I gave one of the loud talkers a shove. I at once received a blow in the face, but it was too dark, happily perhaps, to do anything; in my confusion of mind I went into my tent to get the revolver, with a vague idea of self-defence, but I should not have used it. Indeed, the position, as it turned out, was rather impossible all round. Quite a number of men had arrived that night in the dhows, which were in charge of an Arab who said he came from Zanzibar, and with them was the head teacher from Makanjila's, my friend Haman, whom, alas! I believe I shoved. I was obviously in the wrong and the Arab really behaved rather well; he managed to save both my face and the other man's. They said that they were

going over to Kota-Kota to settle about the new Jumbe who was to be Chief there ; at least, so I understood, but I could never find out anything about this expedition.

Soon after this the *Ilala* came in, and I think I visited Chiteji again to say good-bye before I returned to Blantyre. I started from Blantyre by the overland route to Quilimane, taking three of the porters who were with me on this trip to be trained as sailors for the new vessel that the Mission had resolved to put on the Lake. It was a very costly business and I do not think it helped them at all. Hamisi, the Zanzibari, was one, with two Nyasa boys who lived at Blantyre. Hamisi, of whom I shall speak again, was on our steamer for some time ; he afterwards became an elephant hunter at Blantyre and we lost sight of him.

For the first two or three days, as far as Mlanji Hill, Mr. John Henderson was my travelling companion. He had a tent and it was pleasant journeying with him, but not so pleasant to find that he had fire-arms and slept in the inner part of the tent, and that wild beasts were about which he expected would enter on my side and then he was to shoot them ! My only excitement after I had left Henderson on the way was that a Yao village on the east side of Mlanji turned out in force and said that they would not receive us. I expect they were the same people who later on caught a man who was helping to build our steamer, the *Charles Janson*, and actually put him in some native stocks. However, we simply went on to the next village and there they received us kindly enough. So by a marvellously gentle descent and passing by friendly people, we reached the country above Quilimane. At that time I saw no sign of Portuguese occupation, except, indeed, that one native headman wore a pea-jacket, presumably European, and that when we reached a good-sized river some ten miles from Quilimane we found a custom-house in charge

of an Indian. From there we went on in a barge full of ground-nuts, down the river by night, and woke up to find ourselves at Quilimane and the mail-steamer there ready to sail next day.

It is wonderful to me now to think of the interest in the Mission which I found in England; an interest which I have never seen paralleled in later years. Bishop Smythies, our new Bishop, had just been consecrated and took up warmly the idea of a steamer for the Lake. We had many meetings and the money was subscribed readily; at the first of them, Sir Bartle Frere, who had done much for the Mission, presided. At home, where my brother was working in Wales, I found an absolutely congenial sphere with him and his friends, from which I sallied forth to meet the world. This was alarming, but I was soon reassured by the kindness of men like Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln; Canon Furse; Francis Paget, afterwards Bishop of Oxford; Horace Waller; and Mr. Stallard at Brixham, who not only took in my boys but entertained me and introduced me to the Brixham fishermen. Then there was Miss Leslie, so well known in the Mission; and last, but not least, our secretary, William Penny.

At Oxford we had warm supporters in Dr. Ince, who had been present when Livingstone spoke there; Dr. Inge, the Master of Worcester; Canon King, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln; Professor Burrows; and Mr. Dermer, of St. Philip and St. James, with whom Janson had been curate. At Cambridge Canon Churton, Mr. Slater, and the venerable Dr. Atkinson, Master of Clare, stand out most conspicuously in my memory.

CHAPTER XI

Illness

FOR some time after this I seemed to be once more playing about the outer fringe of African affairs; unless, indeed, all my activity had been playing about, and any true sympathy with Africans comes through pain.

I returned to Africa at the beginning of November, 1884, with a party of mission-workers, of whom Frere and Bellingham were the leading members, and the three natives who had accompanied me to England. We took with us the pieces of the *Charles Janson*, which was to be put together on the Lake. A Yorkshire and a Lancashire man were of our party, and it was helpful to enter into their wholesome rivalry and to hear how the Lancashire men were supposed to have tried to recover a cheese from the bottom of a pond when they saw the image of the moon in it. A retired naval man came with us to run our steamer.

We sailed round by the Cape, where we made the acquaintance of old friends of the Mission like Archdeacon Lightfoot, and at Durban we had to hire a tug to take the pieces of the *Charles Janson* up one of the only lately used mouths of the Zambezi River. This tug was called by the native name of *Somptsu* which, I was told, represented the name of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, but at that time I was not bitten with the mania for roots of words and I did not verify it. We ourselves were going up the older and shorter way, from Quilimane by the Qua-qua

River, and then by a short journey on foot, with porters, into the Zambezi at Vicenti.

The Qua-qua was at high tide a big river fringed by swamps overgrown with mangrove, and at low tide a small river with enormous mud-banks, into which the natives sank to over the middle whenever they had to land. The mosquitoes were extremely venomous, like those on the rivers at the north end of Nyasa. One boatful of us had gone off up the river; I followed in the second and the boat was swamped, but I remember no details. My eyes became affected with ophthalmia and I can only remember the pain, and the kindness of Mr. Ross of the African Lakes Company and of a younger man named Miller, who was full of the praises of Prince's Street in Edinburgh. There was a Portuguese doctor, but he recommended rose-water!

I do not know how long it was before the tug came back, having landed the pieces of our steamer on the banks of the Zambezi; when she did I went up in her hold to the Portuguese hospital at Mozambique. It is strange how one sees what is, I suppose, a purely imaginary picture of places one has been in when blind, like that hold of the tug and other places. I realize perfectly that it was imaginary and yet it seems in a sense vivid.

Mozambique Hospital had a big reputation, and I believe justly, but there were no eye-specialists and there was little or no nursing. I was put into hospital clothes, which I could not see but imagined to be like a 'san benito.' In the morning some one would come, as I fondly hoped, with coffee, and then I found him dabbing medicine in my eye. One of my fellow-inmates seemed to be composing a poem, which he read at intervals to his companion. It was a great mercy to find our Consul in residence there; he visited me frequently and read to me. I think it was he who told me that some other patients in the hospital were malingerers who did not want to go and fight

the natives on the mainland. Mozambique is an island, as indeed most of these coast settlements are. Often, I was told, from the Consulate there you could see the people on the mainland fighting, so little hold was there on the interior.

Then came another merciful break; a nurse, Miss Townsend, came down from Zanzibar and took me up there. I remember nothing of Zanzibar except that Bishop Hannington came and met me on the landing, and, oddly enough, that I made the acquaintance of sheep's-head as a dish. The pain increased and I was only treated with poppy leaves applied externally, whereas I believe I ought to have had a nitrate of silver applied early in the disease. The horror of any light! Even an imaginary tiny ray seemed awful to me.

I was sent to England, and I remember little of the voyage. At Aden I can recall a weird cruise somewhere to see a doctor; it seems vivid enough though I neither saw nor heard anything of what way we went, and it is possible that we may not have left the ship at all.

We arrived in England, and the specialist in London said that I must go home first and be fatted up for an operation in some three months or so. Thus I continued to be a trouble to every one and so discovered treasures of kindness.

Then came the first operation, performed in lodgings by Mr. Nettleship. It is wonderful to think what I owe to him, and not I only but hundreds of others. He was operating on many patients daily, and I was told that he could not venture to play ball games, as he had to keep every muscle in perfect control. It was touching to hear a woman who was travelling up with me from South Wales, on the same errand as myself, say: "What a pity it was we couldn't put five pounds together and get him to come down to us!" I think I am right in saying that if he took anything from me it was positively one pound only,

as a formal thing,—prodigious! I suppose he let this poor woman off any adequate fee.

A second operation was in St. Thomas's Hospital, and here, as during all the time I was in London, kind messages and presents of flowers and fruits came from many and divers people, as unseen as angels. My recollections of St. Thomas's Hospital are welcome but ill-assorted. There was a man in the cubicle next to mine who praised a clerical visitor in a voice which one could not help hearing: "He *was* a man! You wouldn't know that he was a parson, he didn't even wear a clerical collar!" Again, one day a Chinese was brought in badly injured and the difficulty was to understand him. This was set at rest by the happy thought of a nurse: wasn't the Japanese village going on in London? Couldn't they send there for an interpreter?

Then there was the operation itself. Mr. Nettleship, as I came into the room, introduced me formally to his assistant, who had the same name as myself: "Mr. Johnson—Mr. Johnson." And then two nurses sat on my head, for the operation was performed without chloroform, and I thought, while I prayed, how futile this precaution was, for if the agony had come they could not have prevented a jerk; but it did not come. Then came the time of waiting to have my eye tried, and when it was tested I remember the concentration of every fibre in me to read some yet smaller letter. "He will be able to read with his head close to a gas-jet," said the man who made others see, and so it is to this day. I felt ashamed when a friend asked the wonder-worker whether he could not do anything for my other eye, and sympathized with the way he rapped out: "I can take it out." He was so genial when I consulted him again ages afterwards; he said he remembered the case before he looked it up in his book, and I shall never forget him, or the studies by his brother of lions for his great picture of Daniel in the lions' den.

I was able to return to Africa at the end of 1885 or the beginning of 1886, and when I went back it was with our first and oldest Brixham man, George Sherriff, who had volunteered to take charge of the *Charles Janson*, now afloat. The naval man who had gone out with her had been invalided. Africa sometimes sharpens the tongue, and one heard of his saying that he "couldn't be interfered with by parsons or half-parsons." If I quote this, it is only to point out the obvious fact that the mixing of two elements, clerical and naval, on our steamer for the last thirty-six years, must have involved a great strain on human nature. It is clear that either the Captain or the Priest in charge must be the ultimate authority on board, but it used to be at one time a natural, though perhaps not a wise, inclination on the part of the authorities at home to shirk this difficulty when new men came out. Other missions have had steamers, but none, I think, under the same conditions as ours.

Sherriff and I went out what was practically third class, though on a British India boat it was called second class. Half of the legend over the old forecastle, 'This forecastle is for the accommodation of' so many 'seamen,' was still to be read. The crew had the part under the legend and we two and a man from Nineveh, who had been educated in Paris, occupied the rest of the old deck accommodation. Memories of Port Said under these conditions are not exhilarating, and yet it is wonderful to think of a deeply religious man like Sherriff alongside of the other sailors whom we saw, and to think of how he could beat them at their own trade of seamanship.

At Zanzibar, Bishop Smythies, who had succeeded Bishop Steere, did much to make me feel that I had not parted altogether with the old English life. Parts of the island life, too, came back to me with the old zest, not least a visit to Mbweni, to my old friend Archdeacon Hodgson and his wife and my little godson.

When, after a short time in Zanzibar, I started for the Lake, Bishop Smythies went with me. We were going to land at Lindi and travel up to Masasi, and for the first part of the way Sherriff, who was going down to Quilimane and so up to Nyasa, accompanied us. He went second class, while we, who were going a short distance, were obliged by the rules of the steamer to go first. Bishop Smythies, in brotherly spirit, asked him to breakfast in the saloon, and the stewards, who did not know that he belonged to our party and knew that he was not first class, not unnaturally objected. Now this sort of thing is trying to flesh and blood, and not least to Devonshire freemen ; it was not the stewards or the Bishop who were in fault, but the combination was trying. The Bishop talked of Christian humility, but Sherriff felt it deeply.

He went on to Quilimane, leaving us to go up the old way to Masasi. It was May in the year 1886, and what a contrast to the old trips ! Bishop Smythies was at that time a grand walker and was able to talk continuously while walking, for miles and miles. Then, too, we had several clergymen with us, five priests and a native deacon. The youngest of us, straight from Oxford, did the catering, and the meals were elaborate affairs with the proper ceremonial of teacup and teaspoon.

I was not out of the wood yet as regards my health and had to turn back ; happily perhaps, as Maples thus came into his own, for he was put in charge of the party going up to the Lake instead of me ; clearly his place. I had developed an abscess under the arm and Weigall was sent down to the coast with me. Surely one ought not to be hindered from talking of angels appearing, even if it becomes monotonous ! Weigall was one of them. I shall never forget the night before the abscess broke, after several days' journey during which I was carried 150 miles in a palanquin (*machila*). Weigall, who was by way of being a doctor and a good one, injected morphia

and the change was miraculous; the camp became to me like a scene in a theatre, with a dash of home in it. I ought to thank him still more perhaps for not giving me another injection, though I had about two days more bumping in a *machila* after the abscess broke.

If I remember right, we found a mail steamer at Lindi, and the officers had a consultation over me which, so it seemed to me as I lay in the steamer's boat, lasted more than half an hour. Should they take me? Passengers don't like having moribund fellow-passengers on board. Nevertheless, they decided that I might come, and so Weigall left me and returned to Masasi, and a very kind doctor—another angel!—ministered to me all the way to the Cape and did not leave me till I was firmly established in the Somerset Hospital. There I was treated kindly and had a capital nurse and plenty of books to read, and after a time Father Puller came and carried me off to the Cowley Mission House, where he was living with Father Shepherd.

It was no small privilege to live there and recover strength, to read a great deal and to see the Fathers work. One very pleasant feature of the life was going in with Father Puller to the Sisterhood for the celebration in their chapel, and then to breakfast with him afterwards. He used, as he said, to pick my brain, and his sympathy encouraged me. So did the Archbishop's kindness; it was at his place, Bishop's Court, that I met Bishop Knight Bruce going out to Mashonaland. We had one or two mission meetings in the town and again felt strength coming to us from the Cape, as Bishop Mackenzie had done.

On leaving the Cape I made a few purchases and sent the bill, as was the custom, to Mr. Madan, who was our Treasurer at Zanzibar. It was something over two pounds, I think, and he replied: "What on earth do you mean by an outfit for £2 10s.? Either

it doesn't deserve the name of an outfit, or the outfit doesn't deserve the money."

And so, as Mr. Pepys would say, to my old lodgings in Quilimane. When I reached them it did not seem as if we could get through, for it was the time of the Machinjiri rising. The natives had actually threatened Quilimane and the river was still blocked, but it was not for long, and by the old way of Vicenti and up the Zambezi by the s.s. *Lady Nyasa* I made a start into the country again. Happily for me, Mr. Fred Moir went up with me. It was sad, as I came up the Zambezi River, to find that the English hunter who had invited me to Mbampa in 1882 had been shot after a misunderstanding with the natives. It was sad, too, when Mr. Moir and I were offered as English coins what turned out to be weights looted from some European medicine chest. I visited Bishop Mackenzie's grave with Mr. Moir; it was overgrown at the time and an antelope sprang out, but Mr. Moir would not shoot it 'as we thought on the dead.' It was a privilege to come in for a kindly share of Mr. Moir's welcome home when his wife came out to meet him as we neared his house at Mandala. We left the *Lady Nyasa* on the lower river Shiré and soon reached the Lake. It was the autumn of 1886; I had brought with me some of the native teachers from Zanzibar who were accompanying us on the journey when my eyes got bad, had ministered to me in my blindness and had waited for me in Zanzibar. Was it on that trip, or was it later, that we came upon Mistress Laws at Matope on the upper river Shiré, and as we rested in the small house a herd of some hundred buffaloes stampeded by, close to us—a wonderful sight, worth seeing?

CHAPTER XII

Likoma

AT this time and for many years afterwards we always had to pay our respects to Mponda, the Chief near the south end of the Lake, and I think, considering that he was master of the situation, he behaved quite well. I shall often have occasion to speak of him later on. Mponda was a Machinga Yao; his predecessor had settled on the Lake, as I have already said. He was between Chikusi's Angoni on the west and other Machinga Yaos, like Makandanji and Serafi on the east, and his territory varied according to his success against his neighbours; but it always included Monkey Bay. He had a stronghold against Chikusi's Angoni in the hills to the west, at Mayuni. He was an impressive-looking man and given to joking. I remember that one morning, when he was taking me round to enlist people to help get our steamer off a bank on which we had stuck, we passed a hut and heard a man inside snoring. "Listen! Mr. Pig!" said Mponda; and his retinue laughed, like boys at a master's joke.

I had made the acquaintance of the old Chief before him, as I went back to Mwembe from Dr. Laws. In these meetings, so casual, under such varying circumstances and with such different people, who can tell on which side will be the reckoning, the white man's or the black man's, when we all meet hereafter?

I can see Maples going up the Lake with me in the *Charles Janson*, but do not recall where he joined

me; it was jolly, for I must use that useful word 'jolly' here. Sherriff was in charge of the steamer and she was run, as she was for some time, by natives from Monkey Bay, good fellows but rank outsiders.

Now I first saw the settlement which Bishop Smythies had made the year before in the island of Likoma, and it was good to find George Swinny there with his wife, a daughter of Bishop Mackenzie (of Zululand). The steamer had enabled the Mission to be independent of native control, and Likoma was chosen as head-quarters.

The Mission had found no lack of welcome anywhere; on the contrary, there was competition among the chiefs as to who should have us, and Chiteji had been anxious to keep us. The island of Likoma belonged to different little chiefs, under the mainland chiefs, Chiteji being suzerain over half the island and Mataka of Kobwe over the other half. We were offered one of the small bays, a little jewel in its way. One must not look a gift-horse in the mouth, but it had not been occupied because it was supposed to be the haunt of wizards, and we did not take it. The place where we did settle, Chipyela, the only settlement in Likoma away from the shore, was by name and use a veritable Taberah, a place of burning.

Gradually, after we had settled in Likoma, we discovered that the chiefs on the mainland who had parcelled out the island between them, had jurisdiction there and were the Court of Appeal in any dispute we had with the people. For instance: one of the girls in our school, who was living with her mother, was claimed by a much older man, a polygamist from the other side of the Lake, on the ground that he had paid a debt for her owner, who was in this case her father. The most hopeful course was to appeal to Chiteji. We were interested to see how very difficult it was for even our best natives to understand our keenness about a principle. One of the leading Christians pleaded on our side before

Chiteji, and, alas! it seemed that he had been more impressed with the way our wishes often traversed their customs than with the fundamental principle of the Christian marriage law. He opened the case by saying: "You know, Chiteji, how these Europeans *will* have their way in any marriage business." We probably bribed Chiteji to let us have our way here.

Later on we discovered that, in those days before there was any European government, we should probably have found ourselves in difficulties if it had not been for this force of the Chiefs in the background. Any native was as jealous of his inheritance as Naboth was, and there was often friction as to the boundary of our station, over which Maples showed great tact. Again, there were blood-feuds between different villages which we could not possibly have stopped alone. The necessity for superior intervention became still more evident when we found that they were burning wizards on the island. One morning a man came into our kitchen to beg tobacco, and told our cook that he had just come from a place not two miles away where he had taken a prominent part in burning four wizards. I saw the place shortly after, one night when I managed to lose my way on the north end of the island, where there were none of the present well-defined roads. There were no wild beasts there, and as it was very rocky and the night quite dark, I lay down to rest where I was. I was quite alone and was well pleased, though rather ashamed of the trouble I was giving, when I saw a party coming with lanterns. It was, I think, past midnight, and Maples had got anxious about me. Our path led us back close to where these unfortunate supposed wizards had perished, a very lonely spot on a hill-side far from the shore.

We soon began to think that it would be well to come to some more definite agreement with Chiteji, especially as a great many Europeans were making

agreements with natives to buy land, and Mr. Buchanan, who was Vice-Consul, recommended us to do the same in order that we might not be turned out by other Europeans. So we finally made a formal agreement with Chiteji, (1) settling the boundary of our own Mission location; (2) giving us exclusive rights to the use of the harbour and the slope down to it; and, not least, (3) stipulating that no wizards should be burnt on the island.

In later years, when Sir Harry Johnston came to the Lake, Maples and I were not a little surprised to receive from him one day a deed in which the island, with some limitations, was handed over to Maples and me and our heirs for ever, in fee-simple. We should have remonstrated, but we thought it wise on the whole to accept the deed in the spirit in which Sir Harry Johnston meant it: as a means of protecting the natives.

I should like to say a few words here as to the relations between our Mission and 'the powers that be' in Africa.

In Zanzibar one might say with truth that our own government, in the person of the British Consul, was too visible to raise much thought as to our relations with the government of the country.

Next, at Masasi, the local chiefs trained us very gently to recognize it. I am puzzled now when I recall how few questions arose between the local headmen and ourselves as representing the freed slave settlement. As to our position in our own village, questions about it were not generally acute, but I hardly realized that there were any. I suppose that in both cases there was a decided advantage to the neighbourhood and to the village in our presence.

It has been said that we ruled in our own village simply by Church censure, but this is hardly correct. We were in the position of well-to-do squires, we had a fair amount of work to give out, and this was coveted. We were recognized as heads of the station

by the headmen round ; and in a greater or less degree the Consul at Zanzibar was felt to be behind us, as he was felt to be behind any head of a caravan which was manned with carriers from Zanzibar.

I have spoken of my difficulties as to getting rents paid at such a distance from Zanzibar, and Maples had trouble over the punishment of offenders, not with the natives, but with critics. Offences had to be punished in a way that would be understood and seem natural. Usually they were venial and a slight penalty was enough ; but nothing of this has made a mark on my memory.

When I went forward to Mwembe and came under a quite independent Yao headman, I was introduced to different conditions. Here, again, it seemed clear that the Chief's sphere was to be loyally respected on my part. And here, too, there was little to raise any questions ; my following was on so very small a scale and the time of famine kept us all more or less obsessed by our individual needs.

In the same way, at Chiteji's on the Lake the imminence of the foreign foe, the Angoni, was a link between us. From that time on I have found a strong law-abiding element among the natives, at any rate, where one's position was recognized and allowed ; one could then appeal to the local headmen in their courts and receive some degree of justice, founded on common ideas of custom, together with a desire to settle the dispute on what might be workable grounds.

Of course there were difficulties at intervals, as when the headmen carried out evil customs, such as the torturing and burning of wizards, the selling of slaves, the decision of cases of divining ; or when they tried to force people under our instruction into illegal or irregular marriages.

Our steamer was a great help. However near a native village we were anchored, our deck was regarded as our village, our land. We were, except

on rare occasions, a legalized and recognized village or state.

At Likoma, or at any place where we had stations, friction would arise with regard to boundaries, as I have said. Thus, if any bit of land was bought for a fair value, to plant a few seeds in, the matter was not simple. Land was held by the family, and any member of it had, or thought he had, claims; the original purchase only really and clearly covered the temporary usufruct.

I used to marvel, observing how Maples was continually avoiding serious trouble by tact. Often, new members had no idea of what was going on; they took it all for granted and imagined police or *bomas* (government houses), when it was really Maples' tact that kept things going smoothly. Thus I remember that one of our skippers, who had been accustomed to be backed by a native sultan, set out merrily from the head station with two deck-hands and handcuffs to run in a deserter. Maples was not there when he started. Half an hour afterwards he came back without the offender but with an angry rabble round him, and Maples had to calm them.

And so, not to labour the subject, we found no sharp division when the Europeans came. True, there were some notable differences, at least on paper; thus in the Portuguese territory no previous purchases from natives by white men are recognized. But practically we had only to emphasize our old teaching; find out who the king is and realize your duty to him.

Bishop Smythies found it difficult to understand in what sense we continued to use the prayers for the king, in which the word king was rendered by a native word *mfumu*, which rather expresses an independent freeman than anyone of higher or wider status. Yet year by year it seemed to work out well as we taught each man who came under us that he had duties towards his own government as well

as duties towards his teachers, as far as they represented our Lord and His Church. To a large extent it was the man's duty to think out who his chief was; his paramount chief and his intermediate chief. The king and those in authority might have indistinct margins, but they were very real both to ourselves and to a convert.

The great thing in a Misssion is the principle of a continuous double duty; the avoidance of *imperium in imperio*. I hope I shall be excused for dwelling on this; I think it is often unfamiliar to our countrymen. Missions come in now often quite unconscious that they are under the shadow of a *boma* (government house); come in where travelling is now safer and easier than it is in London tubes; come in and say boldly that they could get on just as well or better without the *boma* and its rates, taxes and regulations.

It seems worth while to meditate on St. Augustine's fear of offending warlike native chiefs before he crossed to Britain, and on the Pope's regulations to guide him in approaching these chiefs and their customs. Surely we, the shepherds, must never give up the humble endeavour to win over, to conciliate, which from Augustine downwards we seem naturally and reasonably to use towards the native chiefs?

And if, like Augustine, we have obligations to native chiefs, have we not even more obligations to the new government which exists for the punishment of those that do ill in the ways I have indicated above—selling slaves, burning wizards, and the rest?

How dare we missionaries come in, as if into a heathen sphere, when there is a European government? And yet, how complicated the position is; complicated, that is, until we can comprehend and point out to others the fact that God has sent both Church and State into a country for two works going on side by side, yet that the human beings forming each, belong to the other, and while their primary

function is to represent one, they are of necessity compelled either to support the other or to oppose it. Either side may fail and often does fail, but each has its sphere. On the side of our duty to such a government are we not bound to make no claims which may be a stumbling-block to those who fight our battles and rule the lands in which we are privileged to reside? This holds all the more rigorously because of the saving clause that we are bound to witness to the truth of the teaching of Christ and His Church as binding on Christians.

Thus, in particular, we may rejoice in and loyally maintain government regulations which help the people to follow wholesome rules as to marriage, while none the less we bear witness to what our Lord demands in Christian marriage. The State has to impose such regulations on divers kinds of men, who have not all accepted the Christian Faith; there can be no advantage, but rather deadly peril, if the State uses too strongly its power of compelling and punishing where the governed do not accept the premises.

The position that missionaries single-handed are able to bring in the Kingdom of God seems contrary to experience and to Christ's teaching. We must aspire to work in unity with the State, in a co-operation all the more effectual as each looks up alone to God's hand.

But to return to early days at Likoma.

It is the pathos of early efforts at church-building that they live on in our affections and memories after the churches themselves have disappeared, and embalmed in them are memories that might seem incongruous and yet have become part of the old fabric which we love better than later and bigger achievements. So, in the old church at Likoma, I can remember Margesson coming rapidly in to speak to me and disappearing; the font let into the floor at the west had not been properly covered, but happily he came up unhurt! I recall an earlier building still,

and Maples rejoicing in the harmonium and training his choir, but not without remembering cats who used to kill frogs and bring the fragments there. Then I recall a veritable forest of poles. Pole after pole had to be put in to strengthen the centre part of the roof, and even then in the wet season there was the sound of falling waters.

The wall behind the altar rose up to a point in the middle, corresponding to the thatched roof above, and, as is so often the case with our imitative natives, this pointed form of wall was reproduced in many a native church as the correct thing. I remember a photograph of the interior, a time exposure, in which the operator himself appeared like a ghost at the harmonium. But such recollections come in only like the dripping water just mentioned, and everything brings back the hearty worship in which all thought it a privilege to join.

At first we had no hospital at all, but were exceedingly blessed in generally having a doctor. By 1894 we had a rough hospital but a good nurse, and later on good nurses. Even when we had one nurse only, people in extreme need might always come to us, as so many did to Dr. Laws. One of our early patients was a government official who had met with a rogue elephant as he was going up-country from Kota-Kota, not for shooting, but on business. He was found unconscious with several bones broken, and the magistrate in charge, Mr. Swann, brought him to Likoma in a small open boat. The nurse, Miss Rees, rose to the occasion and was able to put his badly broken leg in plaster of Paris. He was delirious for a long time, but finally recovered.

I was often a patient myself, but on one occasion I escaped. I was very ill at Msumba and my friend Augustine, our native deacon there, became alarmed and sent up an express to Likoma to say that I was dying. Soon after, as one of our barges came by from the south, I went on board to try and reach Likoma

in that way. Meanwhile at Likoma Maples, anxious for my safety, had hired at great expense the German steamer, *Von Wissmann*, which happened to be calling there, and came down the Lake himself to fetch me. I suppose that he started rather late in the day, anyhow we missed one another.

We had been making slow progress all night and I was lying in a grass house erected over the stern when, as the sun came up, we met a violent east wind off Mala point, and the boys managed to let go of the halyard of our mainsail. This so wrought upon me that I was roused to try and prevent our drifting helplessly; perhaps the night's rest and my eager wish to get to Likoma gave me strength to help. We could only make Chizumulu, but I felt much better, and when the south wind came, a bit later, I got across to Likoma, in time to help in the three hours' service, for it was Good Friday. I think every one will sympathize with Maples who returned to find me coming out of church and saying something about patience.

In very early days at Likoma, as the question of initiation dances was evidently an important element in our work, Frere and I thought it wise to try and find out what sort of things they really were. The elder men seemed quite willing that we should attend, and so Frere went in the day and I went at night. Probably our presence had a very restraining effect. A good deal of the meaning of the ceremonies was very obscure and it all led up to those who were being initiated, and myself as spectator, being allowed to have a short time of rest or sleep before dawn. At dawn all the elders, who of course had been initiated before, came and woke us up. They imitated the noise of wild beasts and carried off the boys who were to be initiated, who by this time were quite worn out and very much terrified. From what I saw and from careful inquiries made from time to time, I believe that the whole thing lends itself to gross immorality. It seemed to

me something like a wild fair where young people are out all night with no restraining influence. Sometimes, amongst the Nyasas, girls and boys who have strong friends may get through unscathed. It is certainly much worse down in the Monkey Bay district and amongst the Yaos.

At one time, while we still regarded the Likoma people as fairly isolated from anyone on the mainland, except perhaps from Chiteji and a few others under whose rule they had formerly been, we were much harassed by a series of systematic burglaries. Clothes were taken from many of our houses; the worst thefts were in the ladies' quarter, and we were sadly puzzled as to which of the innocent natives round us could be doing these things. Miss McLaughlin was then in charge of the ladies' quarter, and I can only admire her wonderful courage. She had a little fox-terrier which was a capital watch-dog, but, for some reason or other, it never barked when the men came to rob, which they did some eight or nine times. The natives said that of course it didn't bark, because the thieves had a powerful 'medicine' with them. We agreed that she should have a rattle, and we drilled a dear old Christian, Marco Chulu, in the use of a Tower musket. He was to keep watch and frighten the robbers away, and we instructed him to fire quickly.

One night, when it was pitch-dark, I heard the rattle go. I rushed out, and fell over the wood of a circular saw, which extinguished my lamp; I could only feel my way round to the ladies' enclosure and presently came on the watchman, whom I found frantically excited and jabbering in the dark. Why hadn't he fired? Why hadn't he done anything?—and then some one appeared with a lamp, and we saw that although the watchman had not fired he had used his spear, which had gone right into some one over the five or six barbs. After that there was no more burglary for a long time. We subsequently learnt that a

gang from the south of Mtengula had made friends with a few accomplices in Likoma, and had also ' borrowed ' people from a village on the mainland opposite and so had organized the burglaries. It was one of the ' borrowed ' men who had been badly hurt by the spear ; according to some accounts he had died at Likoma. At any rate, there was a great lawsuit on about him for some time, as the thieves had fallen out among themselves. Thus we learnt that there was more communication than we knew of between Likoma and the mainland.

I wrote to Dr. Laws in some distress about the fate of the speared man and was struck with his answer—' that whenever he read how St. Paul had been in perils of robbers, he imagined that at least one robber had been in peril of St. Paul ! '

Much later on, some gang in Likoma stole considerably from our stores, and I think one of our first intimations of it was from a friendly Chief on the mainland. He came across to say he thought he ought to tell us that two small shops had been started in his village for selling things stolen from Likoma.

There was some stealing on a smaller scale too. Once when some things had been missed from the church, including a chasuble, a number of people came to watch their boys playing in a football-match. I was at Likoma, and as I was moving amongst these people, I noticed one woman who had what was obviously a chasuble neatly arranged as a cloth behind, to carry her infant in. She had no suspicion of anything wrong and told me that her husband had given it to her. We thought it well to send two or three fellows, who took the husband over to Mataka of Kobwe in our boat. Mataka found him guilty and kept him in confinement for two or three months.

Maples paid a visit to the Gwangwara, and my recollections of his return bring clearly before me how very informal his attitude to the boys and others at Likoma was. He knew the right thing to do instinc-

tively; he had no formal rules. I remember that when he came back from an expedition like this he was not even willing that the boys of the station should salute him in any formal way; he did not care about their saying 'Good morning,' much less 'Good morning, Sir.' In those days we were happily free from many little irksome rules which are very likely inevitable in the long run.

This seems a good place to say a little more about Maples. When I first knew him he was hardly out of the dark wood through which ear trouble had led him and was the richer and more sensitive from suffering. Hinton, the aurist, had helped him much in his philosophy as well as by his technical skill. Maples, probably because of this trouble, looked slight in build, yet he was always very active, had some skill in games and had run well. He could sail a boat too, but in shooting he hardly came up to the standard of his father, who was a great sportsman.

From the first, at Oxford, he introduced us to a circle of his old friends whom he imitated, never with any ill-nature, till one seemed to know some master or boy at Charterhouse, or some other Olympian, as well as if one had seen them; but if he raised a laugh when he spoke of them, he taught us sympathy too. He loved to spread the genial fame of Dr. Haig Brown and to tell anecdotes of his sayings; indeed, he was fond of quoting the words of his friends when they came in appropriately, till they became familiar sayings to us all.

He always had a way of carrying his audience with him. I went down with him to Charterhouse before he went out to Africa and heard him keep the school in peals of laughter with Swahili stories which would hardly raise a smile from other lips. And later, I catch a glimpse of a meeting in a Cambridge drawing-room where he commandeered the curtain ropes to illustrate some incident of the slave trade and made a great mess of the curtains, and his hostess not only

enjoyed it at the time but spoke of it afterwards with enthusiasm. Every one loved to have him with them.

If it could be said of our Oxford days, as one of Maples' friends said to me long after, "They were not wholly lugubrious," the same held true in Africa, where we had the happiness of finding in him just the same spirit, undamped by fever or bad sores or even by bad news and raids. In Africa, from the first, he took natives into the magic circle; he expected a response from them and he got it. Chita Papel (i.e. Mr. Maples), for so his name went abroad, was praised round many a camp-fire.

Maples was keen about everything. He was a fair conjurer, so much so indeed that all his native audience at Masasi left one by one, not liking the white wizardry. He delighted in magic-lanterns, especially on the football ground at Likoma on a calm, dark night, when you could show a picture of a steamer and then turn on another light and show it burning—a device which was always popular. Cooking was a cherished art and really useful, but artesian wells, the Nyasa canoe, anything and everything became alive in the glow of his interest. His inward life, which he grew to express more and more, was not unendowed with poetry and music; he appreciated Shelley fully in early days, but he valued Wordsworth more.

He did not like the steamer but would go across to Bandawe, whatever the weather, if the need occurred; thus he went once to take over a boy who was choking badly with a fish-bone. He entered into the life of each of us, doctor, printer, hunter, and many a keen discussion was fought out with any man keen like himself, notably with Sir Harry Johnston.

He was very generous over stores and other Mission possessions, but he had necessarily to be careful and he had learnt from bitter experience that it was wise to raise plausible objections when anyone asked for

anything. The cautious habit grew on him, till one day when a lady expressed a pious hope that she might be buried in our pretty new cemetery, he began saying, " I'm afraid it is being filled up very rapidly," —and then burst out laughing.

With all these activities, his converts, the services, and books that seemed to bite home, especially books on the Faith, had the first claim on him. This comes out in his letters, but it came out even more in his life. He had scant respect for knowledge unused and knowledge that was not ready to hand, and he would annoy me by picking up the Hebrew lexicon and asking for a Hebrew rendering of some word like ' gold,' which has several equivalents, and thinking meanly of me when I could only give one !

Home life and English life were always vivid to him, and all the time the real man was there, a personality behind his many gifts. Sin was not a mere Anglo-Saxon word for him, nor its Arabic equivalent *thambi* a mere symbol, and when on the night of his death, in the water, he told his men, " I am a sinner, go off and save yourselves," he meant it ; and so I believe would any of us in like case.

" Look not on our misusings of Thy grace."

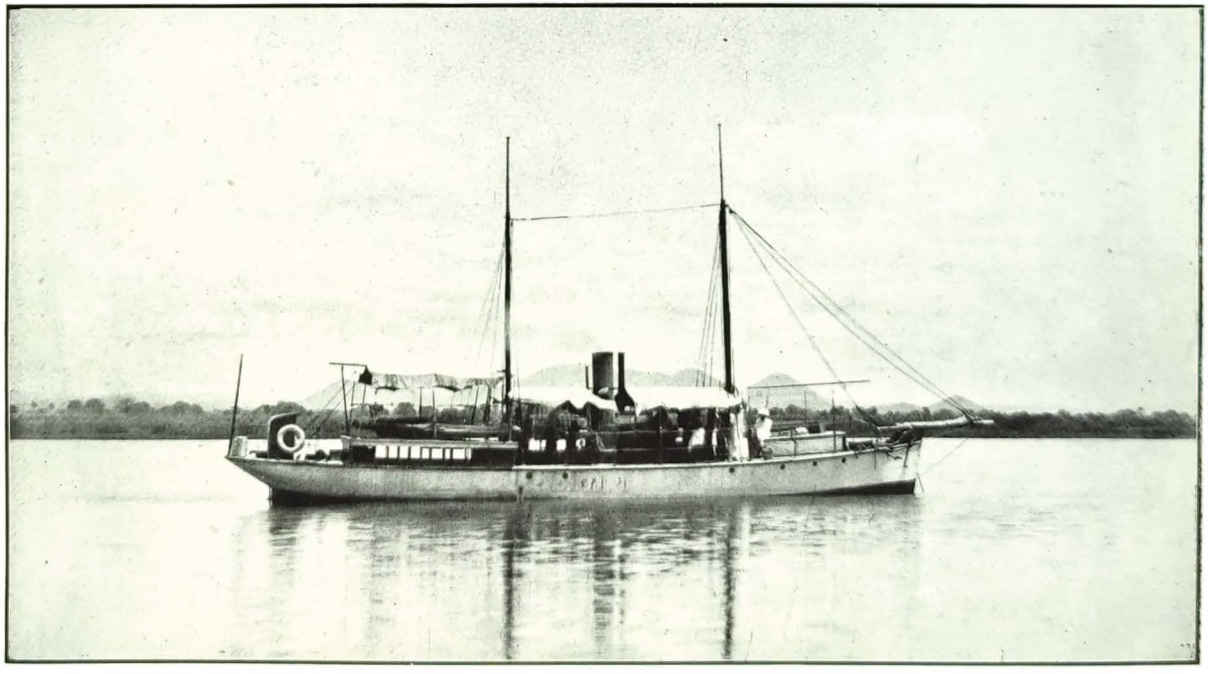
CHAPTER XIII

Early Days in the *Charles Janson*

BY December, 1886, Archdeacon Maples had fairly started me in regular visiting and preaching on the east side of the Lake, as far south as Chingomanji's village, Chikole. He himself had plenty to do on the island.

The *Charles Janson*, which had the reputation in after years of being the swiftest steamer on the Lake, was about the length of a college eight. How we slept, had our meals, often had a school on board, and always had a chapel, and all this in a cabin which is now a baggage-room, is a thing to remember. "The world was young," says Dr. Smith, in describing Rebecca's gladsome drawing of water, and so it was with us.

Looking back on these years, I realize how it was the men I was working with who made the steamer any use it was. There was no question that anything like European supplies frequently sank to a very low ebb; often there was hardly anything at Likoma, especially no flour; I did not much like to ask for the supplies that were there, and the brunt fell on Sherriff, our skipper, and Mills, our engineer. In those early days, at any rate at first, Sherriff would never let anyone take the wheel but himself, though gradually he came to allow a trusty man called David to take it. Now many of the deck-hands are taught to steer by the compass, even at night. Sherriff taught this man David to splice wire, and for a long time he was the only native who could do this. Sherriff



THE MISSION STEAMER "CHARLES JANSON."

would go on steadily working at the steamer to keep her in repair, just as he had his own trawler at home, and he used to point out pathetically how many hours' steady work you could put into a dinghy without an outsider seeing any difference afterwards. From time to time the steamer had to be laid up for repairs, which might take a long while, and it might happen that, in spite of the heroic efforts of our engineer, too few bars had been sent for our furnace, or that some important part of the new fittings would not fit. We could not have done our work unless these men had kept our steamer for us all the time ; true, the natives were getting efficient, but they could not have done it alone. All the time that Sherriff was with us he never laid the steamer up for the weather and an oath was never heard on board.

Again, the skipper and the engineer came in for the rough-and-tumble work when the natives were hostile. Often we had to run the gauntlet from Monkey Bay to Mtengula or Msumba, without landing and with the knowledge that if we ran ashore we should fall into enemy hands.

Then, again, sometimes the landing was difficult. It was difficult for us who had to land. I can recall a senior brother who was taking me ashore sitting by me in the dinghy when the natives came out to help me in the surf, now under the waves and now leaping out of them. He said, "You had better get out, it's no use both of us swamping," and I did get out, making a jump at the black forms I saw near me under the water. But if it was bad landing it was worse for those who stayed on board, for all the time the *Charles Janson* was rolling heavily, and as our work on shore often took many hours, this rolling and waiting must have been trying. One of our old workers, who, to our delight, came out again in 1920 to help us with the boiler, said that we often visited two or more villages in one day, to hold a service and celebrate, but I cannot confirm him ! If we did, we must

have prayed for an off-shore wind while we were lying at these places. God bless all our helpers for their share in the work; I hardly realized at the time how large it was.

We usually started from Monkey Bay on our return trip up the Lake at 3 a.m., and it is a happy memory that we generally arranged everything ready to celebrate when we got outside, if we did not roll too heavily. It was a shock to find on one occasion that all the things I had laid out on the altar the night before had been removed by some one, through the after-door of the saloon. I do not know how it had been effected, for there were, I suppose, about ten boys of our school sleeping in the cabin. I had not turned in or put out the light until after eleven o'clock, and when we made the discovery it was only 3.30 a.m. We put back at once, but we could learn nothing of how the theft had been done.

Three a.m. was our ordinary time of starting for this long run and the fires had to be got up long before. I recall the view into the engine-room from an opening just above the floor of the saloon through which one could see when lying down, with the men leaping wildly about as the fires flared up, their forms coming out in bold relief, black as ink against the flames. If you had seen it as often in the middle of the night as I did, you would not have been surprised at a strange rendering that crept into some early versions of the Gospels. It appears that the natives had been asked how to render Hell; perhaps it was described to them as a fiery place with demons, and they unhesitatingly gave the word *stoko* (i.e stokehold). The word held its own for a long time before we discovered what it referred to.

One of our stokers of a somewhat later date, named Isaac, might have furnished a story against the treatment of natives on the steamer. It is often difficult to know whether they have or have not enough to meet their slender food-wants. Anyhow, one day

he fainted when half-way through his shift and fell forward into the fire, and the others said that it was through hunger! We used to notice that whenever we reached Isaac's village he would call for a canoe, just as if he were calling for a cab, and it always came at once, probably brought by a younger brother.

It must have been quite soon after my arrival that the Swinnys made one of the most chivalrous efforts of our Mission by moving to Chingomanji's village of Chikole, where they hired one of the very small native huts. Few can understand now what a venture of faith it was for a lady like Mrs. Swinny to settle in such a place. Chingomanji himself was nothing if not the head of a Yao slaving outpost, although he was a clever man and knew how to speak and act with strangers. Swinny treated young men anywhere as real men, and they received it in good part; one cannot tell how far their lives might not have been altered if he had been allowed to carry on the work.

To visit the Swinnys in our steamer and to find an English home in a village which was completely pagan with a veneer of cosmopolitan brigandage, might well bring to one's mind Milton's lines:

> "Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
> Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
> No savage fierce, bandit or mountaineer
> Will dare to soil her virgin purity."

One youth whom we found sitting at Swinny's feet was the skipper of a slave-vessel. He and his boat disappeared soon after Swinny's death and were supposed to have been swamped in a south wind.[1] And then to hear Swinny talk with the Chief himself was something really to admire!

[1] It is a curious side-light on the slave-trade that I once found the successor of this young man, skipper of another slave-boat, on strike with his crew, because the Chief at Unangu had paid them too little money!

At that time in the bay of Mtengula, to the north of Chikole, the people had all scattered before the Gwangwara and many were taking refuge with Chingomanji, including the poor old Chief who was taken captive by the Angoni four or five times and redeemed several times by Chiteji who was some sort of kin to him. On one of our trips up the Lake, I slept on the *Charles Janson* near Swinny's house in Chikole. We did not hear that anything unusual had happened and he came on with us to the Luchimanji River. Most of the people who lived in what is now Mtengula had fled into the reed-beds round the mouth of this river and were forming a good-sized village there. We anchored there as usual. Before, when we had landed from the steamer, a number of people had come down to greet us, but that day we saw no one. Sherriff was with me; we walked up the sand a little way and saw a body with an arrow sticking in it; then we saw more arrows about, apparently shot into the sand. We went on through the huts of the village; they had not been burnt, probably the war-party had not met with much resistance in this part and so had left them standing. We then came upon a dead Angoni warrior. He was lying on his face and might have been a model for one of Sir Harry Johnston's pictures; I suppose that he had come on ahead and had been killed in a *mêlée*. In a short time a number of village people came out of the reed-beds where they had hidden, and told us that a party of Angoni had come at early dawn and had, as they say, 'split the village.' No one would lift a finger to bury the dead Angoni, so Sherriff and I buried him ourselves; it is not a big business in the sands.

George Swinny was on board; he knew something of Zulu and it seemed an excellent opportunity for him to go and try it on the Angoni. They were camped not very far away and were not half so much excited by our approach as their kindred had been at Kobwe. We got into talk together and they were

much edified by Swinny's Zulu, though they admitted that only two or three of them understood it; many more of them, however, recognized it as the lingo of their masters. We spoke to the Angoni of our Lord and of peace. Ultimately they gave us back two of the many captives they had taken from the village. It is true that they were both diseased persons of very little market value, but one was a man of good character and intelligence, the other, poor fellow, was not. As we walked back I was struck by the words of the better of these two men. He suddenly said to me: "This attack is what you spoke of the other day, *mzungu*" (white man). I did not understand what he meant and pressed him to explain. He said: "Were not you speaking of the danger of trying to marry two wives? We had already submitted to one Angoni chief, and we tried to submit to another who was near us, so the first came and punished us, and this is the result."

Another incident on the way down to the steamer was picking up a tiny infant who had been thrown under a bush by the Angoni after they had taken it from its poor mother, for how could a woman laden with a baby go as fast as men far from their own homes could wish?

Swinny's health did not hold out long and it must have been on the trip after this Angoni excursion that the *Charles Janson* took the Swinnys over to Bandawe to seek Dr. Laws' help. They had not thought of leaving the place for fear of an Angoni raid, and Chingomanji, too, had plenty of courage of a sort; just as he would turn out to shoot a leopard, so he laughed when I talked of the Angoni. I can see Mrs. Swinny making her arrangements as quietly as if it were on some pier-head for an excursion-steamer, instead of in a place that had been raided and might be raided at any time again, a resting-place for slavers and their slaves.

I took over the little school the Swinnys had started

and stayed there till the steamer came back on her next trip north. The boys in the school were full of tricks; one was to produce an amateur imitation of the steamer whistling, and this took me in more than once. One day I was having a class when I noticed my boys continually looking into the next room. I went in there and found that some one had got a long hook tied on a bamboo in through the window, had just secured one end of a piece of barter cloth, and was beginning to pull it out of the window. It was a difficult point to know whether I should rush out to catch the culprit outside or hang on to the cloth inside, and while I was debating the people outside cut the cloth and got clear away with it.

There was a poor epileptic in the village named Sikuwa-po, which means, 'I am not all here,' a name which he had probably adopted sarcastically. There are often bad cases of epilepsy in these villages; the sufferer may have lost his kindred or may originally have been a slave, and often the wretched man becomes through suffering quite unable to control himself. So it was with this poor fellow, who was much pestered by the boys, for boys unfortunately do not seem to have any pity for affliction of this sort. In a weak moment, perhaps, I took him into my house, but his enemies were not beaten off lightly. They got a long bamboo and were poking at him with it between the poles which formed the outside of the house, which had not been plastered with mud. I found it difficult to pay attention to the school and to defend him at the same time. At last I got him on board the steamer and took him to Likoma. Here, as often, I had to learn that kindly feeling does not go far in helping people, and I should advise anyone to make inquiries before he tries to do such a thing again, whether he thinks of fellow-workers, or of the other natives, or of the man himself. He was unmanageable on the steamer, and still more so when they tried to manage

him at Likoma. Finally, there seemed to be nothing for it but to put him on a small island in the harbour and send him his food daily. Some may know the place as Sikuwa-po Island to this day.

Chingomanji's village was like most of these Yao places. He himself and his kindred (by the mother) you could count on the fingers of a hand; then he had one or two sons and some trusty overseers like the skipper of his boat whom I have mentioned; the rest were slaves, and morality was at a low pitch. The village was, and in a sense still is, the outpost of the hill Yaos, which meant then that it was the outpost of the slave-trade. Coast men were frequently there, and I met with more than one Arab. When they had arranged their party of slaves they set-to to prepare provisions for the journey. As one said jokingly: "Now we have brought the two-legged goats, we must get the four-legged goats."

It needs a residence of some length to come into any real contact with the people in these places, and yet, just in that proportion the poor souls need it. I suppose it was through this contact that we gradually got a footing at Chikole and at Mtengula too. For boys from Chikole went with us on the steamer, and when they finally went back and settled in Mtengula, they gave us a hold there.

While I was at Chikole I heard of a raid at Losefa, some fifteen miles to the south, by Makanjila's people, I think that every village along the east side had been raided once or oftener since I first settled on the Lake, but as I was not on the spot when most of these raids occurred, they had made no great impression on me. The raiders at Losefa, perhaps because they were Yaos, did not come at first cock-crow as the Angoni did. They waited until the people had gone out to their fields and then rushed the stockades at nine o'clock in the morning. I visited the village not long afterwards and saw the marks of a number of bullets on a tree-trunk near the entrance. There was

probably little resistance and a number of women, girls and boys were carried off.

One boy who was taken in this raid has played a part since. He had been a free boy, the son of one Chikoko. Makanjila's people sold him and in course of time he was owned by an Arab in Zanzibar. At that time a slave who could read and write well was worth having, so his master sent him to one of the Mohammedan schools, where they all used to shout the alphabet together. In due course Isa, for that was the name given to him in Zanzibar, came back through the German territory to the north end of the Lake. I do not know how he had obtained his freedom, but have little doubt that he had come under the influence of the Germans when we found him up there. He begged a passage back home again and a year had not passed when we found him leading in a Mohammedan revival south of Losefa. He had some knowledge of Arabic, as he could read and somewhat imperfectly translate passages chosen by me in my Arabic Bible without telling him beforehand. Incidentally, I may mention that he is the only native whom I have found able to do so.

George Swinny died on Sexagesima Sunday, and Mrs. Swinny returned to Likoma. When I told Chingomanji of Swinny's death, he was silent for a moment and then said: "Well, has the musical-box which he promised me arrived?" I pity the wretched slaver, who has lost so many of his family and is half a cripple; he never seems to get much below the surface. He always appeared to me to be very lonely in his house with the stockade round, and we do not seem able to break into his heart.

After some difficulties we got a suitable native teacher to put at Chikole, and then, after he had made much way, he himself fell badly and the work seemed to be shattered. It is to me a solid ground of reassurance that wherever the teaching of our Lord has

been accompanied by gross immorality, the people have simply rebelled against it; the contradiction has been too palpable.

During the year 1887 and many subsequent years, we were kept on the *qui vive* when landing anywhere on the mainland in the steamer's little dinghy. Anywhere one might see a band of Gwangwara, from five men to thirty in number, coming briskly along with their shields and spears, and sometimes one's heart would beat a little faster, but very seldom were they insolent or quarrelsome. This was doubtless a good deal owing to some of our visits to their country, such as Maples' visit in 1887; but there were still times when relations might be strained.

On one occasion, I cannot remember the year, but it was at an early period, I had been left by the steamer for work at Chisanga village, which had submitted to the Angoni and had developed from a mere bed of reeds into a long stretch of huts. In villages which had so submitted a man was left in charge; such men were not generally Angoni by blood, but they were at any rate warriors of some standing, and in this district of Chisanga the man in charge, Komawantu, of whom I have already spoken, was on good terms with us. But on this occasion the village was in nominal charge of a junior man.

Our senior teacher, Augustine, was with me. One day when I had been feeling ill and was lying down to rest in one of our huts, I was roused, to find that Augustine had been wounded with a spear in the hand by the Angoni who had suddenly appeared on the scene; they had taken umbrage at something he had said. It was quite a slight wound, but a spear had been wetted in blood and this was enough to make the junior headman and the ten young Angoni men who were with him dance wildly about. I came out of the hut; they were very much excited when I appeared and came close up to me poising their spears. I was wondering what the point of an assegai

would feel like, when we were rescued quite unexpectedly by Komawantu; I suppose the natives had called him. I did not know he was there until he rushed in between us and the Angoni. He sprang about and knocked two or three of the foremost over by leaping into the air and giving a dexterous kick about the middle of each shield. He did not require to use his short thrusting spear, our enemies cleared off at once.

I have seen a good deal of this man since; he has now settled down in the hills. Would that I could say he had become a Christian!

It is much to be thankful for that such occurrences were not more frequent; in fact, I cannot think of any other brush with the Angoni except one at Mtengula. I believe that the danger always comes when they are afraid of something, and in this case their local headman felt that power was slipping from his hands. As I passed the place where he and some others were sitting, he was annoyed for some reason. He strangely and suddenly took up a bow and arrow and threatened me with it; he actually drew the bow, and then, as suddenly, changed his mind and did not shoot. About a month or two later I found that the Chiwanga people had risen upon this man and had cut his head off when he went, like another Adoram, to claim oxen in tribute.

In the early days we were not able to occupy villages south of Chikole, but we went down the Lake at more or less regular intervals and sometimes visited places like Makanjila's village, and, of course, Monkey Bay, and also Matope on the river Shiré.

In 1887 Mr. Hawes, our first Consul for Nyasa, visited Likoma, and we took him down to the south end of the Lake, where he ascertained that the Portuguese had not come there as yet. The Lake was very calm at the time and he talked enthusiastically about "your beautiful yacht," till I heard Captain Sherriff, who knew that she could roll worse than a Brixham

trawler in the North Sea, mutter to himself: "Beautiful yacht indeed!"

Mr. John Buchanan, whom I have already mentioned, was for some time Vice-Consul with Mr. Hawes, and I went with them when they visited Mponda's village at the mouth of the river Shiré.

In those early days our Mission presents to local potentates were very small, if not niggardly, rarely rising to two dollars' worth of cloth, as we were afraid of any appearance of bribery. But sometimes I could not help wondering whether we were not quite in the wrong in this respect, as we heard continually that up north, on the way to Uganda, for instance, or on the way to Ujiji, the toll expected by the chiefs who had to be passed meant a very serious thing, perhaps fifty or sixty dollars at a time. So again, rather later, when sites for trading stations were being bought from natives, I understood that the African Lakes Company were giving Mponda over a hundred pounds for a trading station at Monkey Bay; I do not suppose that we had given him two pounds since we began work in all his villages.

On this occasion Mr. Hawes took two or three pieces of handkerchief and a lot of white cloth, perhaps four or five pounds' worth in all, to give to Mponda out of mere civility, saying: "I needn't give him much this time as I gave him a big present last trip." I took nothing at all.

I remember vividly his interview with Mponda. Mr. Buchanan was a fluent interpreter into the Yao dialect, which, while it had many merits, rejoiced in plenty of guttural sounds and long-weighted words. Mr. Hawes began: "Will you please tell the Chief that if he continues to act in this way there will be strained relations with the Foreign Office." Even Mr. Buchanan's eloquence moved heavily in his endeavour to convey this.

CHAPTER XIV

Troubles on the Lake

IT was not until 1888 that the steamship *Charles Janson* and I were brought into close contact with the troubles at the north end of Nyasa, though they had been going on for some time. Mr. Hawes, our first Consul for Nyasa, had told us something about them when he visited Likoma in 1887; he came there, in fact, to get help. In the early months of 1888 our steamer was lent to Mr. Buchanan, who had been left in charge as Vice-Consul, in order that he might go up north, and I went with him.

At this time three coast men with some Arab blood in them, the chief of whom was called Mlozi (the almond-tree), had established stockades so as to command the road to Tanganyika. Mr. Monteith Fotheringham, Mr. Nicholls, and other Europeans, supported by the northern Wa-Konde, had made a gallant stand against these coast men and their followers, but it was against odds, and now Buchanan was to go up with a representative of the Sultan of Zanzibar to try to settle matters. The Sultan of Zanzibar sent this emissary to back the British Government, but the man, who had done some work for the Mission in the old times, was a weak vessel.

I think that during the voyage north we were all what the natives would call 'with lifted-up hearts,' that is, rather over-wrought, rather nervous. At one place where we rolled heavily at anchorage in the night, the head of Buchanan's guards yelled "*Koto! Koto!*" ("Danger! Danger!") at the top of his voice in wild fear,

and could hardly be quieted. We did not know where the *Ilala* was, and near Mbampa Bay, where it was very rough, we passed a rock that looked in the distance just like the bottom of a steamer, keel upwards. Mr. Buchanan caught my arm and said: "Look, there is the *Ilala* capsized!"

We arrived at the north end, and it was finally arranged with the Arabs there that we should have an interview with Mlozi; I think it was agreed that both sides should come unarmed. We landed from the steamer and went inland for several hundred yards, and there we met the three chief men and a number of their followers. They were quite civil and expressed a desire to do what the Sultan of Zanzibar wished; there was even talk of going on to one of the stockades to settle matters at once. Whatever their intentions were, on our way back to the boat a large band of their auxiliaries, men generally called *Luga-luga*, who had a most evil reputation, came dancing along between us and the Lake. They were all armed, so this looked hostile, but it proved to be only a demonstration to impress us and we got safely on board. We hung about for some time, but nothing more definite came of the negotiations.

We came down the Lake with seventy on board. The number was made up by our passengers—Europeans who had gone up as volunteers and natives—and was a record for some time, though it was beaten in the Great War. Mr. Buchanan wanted to make the intentions of our government generally known, so on the way we called at Ilela. The three coast men with whom we had been trying to negotiate had allies all round the Lake and might stir up trouble anywhere, especially with the Gwangwara, and Ilela was an important point, for it was the crossing by which the coast men reached Deep Bay on the western side.

At Likoma we landed our passengers and picked up Mrs. Swinny; she was going home to England, for she had lost all her strength, though she did not appear

ill, and we were to carry her down the river Shiré on her way to Blantyre. We took Mr. Buchanan too, to visit Makanjila, the slaving chief, in the south, and there, as one of our skippers described it to me, " you did make a mess of it."

Here I must pause to say that we had been trying pretty steadily to get into Makanjila's village in a more hopeful way than by politics, but we felt it right on this occasion to support Mr. Buchanan. We did not visit this village on each of our monthly trips, but we called more often than not on our way up the Lake. Mr. Swinny had visited the place before the *Charles Janson* was running, and the first Makanjila, he ' of the hand,' would have been glad for a European to stop there as I had stopped at Mwembe. As he would have put it : " You to stop on your side with your guns and I to stop on my side with my guns ; are we not all hunters ? " I think now that there was something better in this proposal than I saw at the time. We might have got a footing in the village by accepting it ; but at any rate we could spare no one to carry it out.

I was struck by two or three things that happened on one of our visits there in the old Makanjila's time. In the first place he sent off his dhow to meet us, and as she came near the steamer and the crew heard that we were at prayers, they only rowed very gently and silently so as not to disturb us. Then again, after we had had a consultation with the Chief and some preaching of our message, I noticed that the people said in conversation : " The Chief is very favourable and we shall become A-Nasara " [1] (the Yao name for Christians) " as we have become Wa-Islam " (Mohammedans). But Makanjila ' of the hand ' died and the second Makanjila, ' of the ears,' was a very worthless character, who was said to have actually invited some of his own Mohammedan retainers to a feast and to have given

[1] This name is now commonly used on the Lake for Mohammedans, whereas it ought to mean Christians, and did among the old Yaos. Nasara is Nazareth.

them human flesh to eat. In his time our difficulties were greater. Once, for instance, he insisted on taking my Qurân away from my boy, though he tried to pass it off as a joke rather than a robbery. On another visit, when I had spoken to the villagers in their open court, one of them got up and said: "If you tell our Sultan" (so they called Makanjila) "that he is a sinner, there will be trouble." Eustace, our native deacon, was with me, and as we walked back to our boat through the crowded little huts, it seemed as though the ominous words were coming true, for some fellows tore the clothes that Eustace was wearing badly. But then an excited man came out and cried to the crowd: "Do you know who these men are? They have complete control of the Lake; if you quarrel with them you may as well pull up your sailing dhows." And the crowd ceased to molest us. I believe that even then they would have been quite willing that we should start the Mission there if we had come and approached them gently, not without some present such as would be usual from a foreigner.

To return to Mr. Buchanan's visit to Makanjila. He took a few native soldiers, six at the most, with him, and a flag. I had what was not uncommon at the time, a sore leg, but I agreed to land and was carried to the village in a *machila* (palanquin). We proceeded from the landing-place to the place of meeting, where many hundreds of people were assembled.

All went well at first. I have been told since that they thought I had come to start a station there, and thought also that this show of flag and arms would mean a large present, for a flag was a luxury to be paid for.

Mr. Buchanan, as I have said, could speak Yao fluently, but hardly like a native; his address sounded threatening, a regular political oration, gutturals rolling out, and no sign of any *douceur*. Suddenly there was a general stampede which carried us all away! I found myself being chucked to the ground and seized

by a number of men who tore off my coat and my cassock, but not my lower garments, as I showed no fight. Even the damage they did was not done quickly, but took several minutes, because they were not clear what ought to be done to a *mwalimu* (teacher) like myself, and did not want to proceed to extremities. They then said, " Come along," and I went.

As they were leading me into the village I saw, not far off, Mr. Buchanan with natives on his back, like a man in a football scrummage; he was trying hard to get out his revolver, and happily failed. As Mills said, the revolver would only have stung, and the use of it would have meant death to us both. I advised him to ' come along ' too, as the thing we had most to fear was the frightening them.

They treated him badly; they took us both inside a fence and into the veranda of a hut where they left me alone while they tried to put a very small leg-fetter on him, but could not manage it. " And this to an Englishman ! " cried Mr. Buchanan in his indignation, and I could not help smiling even then. Some time after they took him out of the hut and marched him about on the beach and round the body of one of our native soldiers who had been killed in the stampede. This was, I suppose, to show our friends on the steamer that we were in their hands. The rest of our retinue were on board, as they had escaped and had swum off to her.

While Buchanan was processing, I was left alone with one guard and found that there had been safety in numbers, for this man coveted my shirt-buttons and began to cut them off with a sharp knife. It was a critical moment, but, thank God, the rabble returned with Mr. Buchanan, and my guard desisted. Five shirt-buttons would not, he felt, go far among fifty men, nor would a shirt and torn trousers. It seems that about this time the crowd began to haul one of their dhows into the water, and Captain Sherriff, thinking that they meant to attack the steamer, drew in his

bowsprit and prepared to ram the dhow. The attack did not come off. If it had, the result might have been doubtful, for the *Charles Janson* was only 65 feet long, with very thin plates, and the dhow had heavy timbers.

The question of procuring firewood had now to be considered on board the steamer, and near sunset we were told that she had steamed off.

Amongst the crowd there were a few who were more friendly, especially a man from near Masasi who had known one of the converts there ; a boy called Edwin, who was a particular friend of Joseph Williams. He spoke to me of Edwin and of his being a Christian, putting it in the following terms : " He had been taught to read in the manner of Chuma." Chuma, it may be recollected, was Livingstone's servant who took us to Masasi, and these words show both how well he was known and how big a part the question of reading played in a native's initiation, whether into Mohammedanism or into Christianity.

Perhaps this man and the other sympathizers helped us quietly, at any rate they helped Mr. Buchanan with some clothes. The crowd chattered round us as the sun went down, and the common view was, so we gathered, that the Chief would not kill us ; if he had meant to do it he would have done it long ago. But Makanjila had the reputation of being half mad, so nothing could be predicted of him with certainty.

We were put into a small hut for the night and were given a bunch of utterly unripe and uneatable bananas. I was struck by Mr. Buchanan's expressing a wish that we had a Bible with us. I really do not remember that we showed much fear, but I cannot say that we felt at our ease. Long afterwards I met the friendly native who had known Edwin and said to him : " We did not show much fear, did we ? " He said : " Oh no ! Oh dear no ! " But he said it in such a tone of voice that I did not feel sure whether he meant it or not.

Next day—it seemed an age—the steamer returned and many notes passed backwards and forwards between our friends and the village, conveyed by our enemies in canoes. All the excitement had quieted down by now, and finally the people on the steamer were asked for some paint as a ransom for us. Mr. Buchanan was let off first, but they stuck to me and, I expect, got some more paint before they released me. I can feel an echo of our "Thank God" when we got on board the *Charles Janson*. "Let them thank the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

There are two men yet alive who were on board the steamer and can remember the occurrence: Mills, our engineer, and my boy, Alban Mwanzo, who is now teaching in the Monkey Bay district.

As to the paint that was paid for our ransom, every one knew at the time that Makanjila coveted it for his slaving vessels, his dhows, which word is written in Swahili *dau*. Mr. Buchanan must have used this form when reporting the incident, for I was amused to find, when I read his account in a Blue book, that the *daus* which I expect he had written had been taken as an abbreviation for daughters (it is so employed in legal documents), and it appeared that we had been redeemed by paint for Makanjila's daughters! Makanjila was shot by his own people not long afterwards.

After this experience we went straight down the river Shiré, sometimes going 13 miles an hour with the current among sharp bends and shifting shallows; we had, as usual, a good pilot on board. We landed Mrs. Swinny, who had been on board all this time, at Matope, some way down the river. She died on her journey to England (May 31, 1888).

Later in the year we went down the river again and into dock for repairs at Matope. This was the only place where we could dock our little steamer. We had made careful investigations all round the Lake, at Mponda's village, for instance, in the Utonga River

opposite Likoma, and at many other spots as well, where there seemed to be some soil which was not mere sand ; but nowhere except at Matope—the name means 'mud'—could we get more than four feet of soil below water-mark and so be able to dig a hole large enough to hold the steamer, out of which the water could be kept.

I suppose that when we first docked the steamer down there and a number of men of some age went there from Likoma to work, it was the first time that any of the Lake people had gone away to work at a distance with Europeans ; this calls for a remark. Quite contrary to what most people would expect, the natives who have become Christians have not been, as a rule, those who have come to us for work. The freemen at Likoma, for instance, and indeed at any of the villages that we visited, were not at all keen about getting our work in the early days ; now, of course, in this time of industrial pressure and of taxes, they would be obliged to get some work, whether they liked it or no, but for a long period it was not so. At first they used to come to us for the teaching alone, and we gradually taught them that freemen might work as freemen, even under foreigners ; when they had learnt this lesson they came for the work willingly enough. As an instance of this, hardly any of the men who first worked for us on our steamer became Christians ; this may be very sad, but it is very true. Though in some ways they had great opportunities for learning and we had great opportunities for teaching them, which we did not neglect, I think it will be understood that there were drawbacks in this way of approaching the Faith by instruction which might seem compulsory ; it was too much like parade services. As time went on men who were already converts came forward, pressing for the work on the steamer, and this long before they felt the pinch of paying regular taxes or of competition with other natives. They really got to like the work. But for a long time, even then, many men would rather go in some caravan to the coast than work with us, for

to go in a caravan had often been their great ambition. Or they would prefer to trade with their crops or with firewood, as prices were low and they did not have to earn much to get the minimum of cloth which they wanted.

We ought to realize that while it is true, in some respects, to say that Europeans teach natives to work, yet very often the last thing we can do by the work we give them is to teach them the nobility of work everywhere—in their homes, for instance. A native back from working in the mines at Johannesburg is so far like a sailor on shore that he would not dream of doing any more work till his money is gone, while he is unlike the sailor in not seeing any connection between the work he has been doing and his own welfare and the welfare of his tribe. He works for the money only; the work at a distance is alien to him, at best a necessary evil.

But to return to 1888 and the river Shiré. We were a bit too late coming back, the river was too low and we stuck there. At the hot springs, just below where the Lionde (or Liwonde) Ferry now is, a bend of rock always made the navigation dangerous, and here we stuck for many months. If you see the river now, you do not wonder how we stuck, but how we ever got up or down; it has dried up since 1888.

We found ourselves in a somewhat delicate position; the Yao chief on the river here, named Liwonde, refused altogether to see us, and yet we had to deal with his people. Finally, I went up to his village, a few miles north of the place where we were stuck, and refused to be denied entrance. The old fellow was pleased at this conduct so contrary to what he expected, and gave me a lion-skin before I left his house. Liwonde was a Yao with a small territory which he did not aim at extending He gave me a boy to be brought up in the Mission, and some time after, when I wrote to ask him whether he wanted the boy to come back, he wrote in answer that he would be pleased if

his friend would send him bullets or powder, "but as for the boy, he may stay with you for ever."

We organized a school on the bank, with Liwonde's approval, and it really seemed to be making good progress; some of the men there I still remember with great respect. Later on there was a dead set against our work from Liwonde's head village, under influence which was partly Mohammedan and partly slaving.

While we were stuck, two ladies belonging to the Mission, Miss Woodward and Miss McLaughlin, came up the river in an open boat on their way to Likoma. They were going right up to the Bar in the same boat, no slight adventure in those days, and there they hoped to get the *Ilala* to take them to Likoma. There was no other way for them to go, so it was no use to explain the dangerous state of the country to them. They arrived safely but were kept several months on the way. Shortly after this we were joined by a fresh engineer who had about as much idea of what the country was like as the adventurous ladies. He was put on to cater and asked where the shops were, that he might go and buy things in the morning; a natural enough question, but how could one explain matters to him?—let him go and see.

Later on Dr. Henry came up with his wife, going to the Scotch Presbyterian Mission at Mvera, and we lent him our boat. There were plenty of hippo in the river, which sometimes made it exciting, and on this occasion a hippo took a piece out of the boat, about three feet long. Happily it did this on a very shallow spot and just opposite Mponda's village. The boat sank at once under our friends and they stood there in the shallow water, with any amount of crocodiles about, till they were fetched off in canoes from the village; even then they were in the hands of Mponda's people, and had to pay a fabulous price for porters to take them up to their mission station.

While we were stuck in the Shiré, Captain Lugard, who in all his writings and doings recalls in a real and

good sense a knight of the old time, came up. He was enthusiastic about going to put down the slavers at the north end of the Lake, and was dwelling on the moral aspects of doing so when a man who was with him cut in, saying: "I suppose you mean getting your name up." He smiled quietly and said: "Yes, if you like to put it so."

On one or two other occasions one of the African Lakes Company's boats passed us. It was always pleasant to see them, especially if Mr. John Moir was on board. We were looking out expectantly for some oars for our boat which ought to have arrived from England before this, and could not help being amused when one day, after he had been lunching with us on his return down the river and was pulling away downstream, his men using six oars, he called out: "I forgot to tell you that I have borrowed your new oars to go down with." These were the oars which the boat he was travelling in ought to have delivered to us on her trip up!

When a heavy rain came, the river down there would rise several feet at a time. This happened once when our engineer had gone to Blantyre to be doctored for a bad attack of toothache, and as the river rose Sherriff went to look at the engine to see whether we could not get off. Alas! the cover of the cylinder was off, and we could not put it on without the engineer.

We were able to do something on shore while we were waiting; we had already spent a good deal of time, off and on, at Matope, and started some work there, and now we admitted a number of catechumens from the villages round us. All this made us anxious to try and keep some organized visiting going in this district, and for long we did so, by boat and barge.

At last the rains came, the river rose and we got off and up to Likoma. It was now February, 1889; we had got stuck in September.

In thinking it over I can realize what an intense trial

our absence must have been to Maples in the work at Likoma. He and Joseph Williams were the only whites there. It meant to him months without supplies and without letters, and that on the top of alarms at the north end and of our Makanjila adventures down south. I feel all this none the less because he never spoke a word which dwelt on it afterwards; perhaps he did not even refer to it. Possibly we might have been able to send messengers to him overland, though I doubt it, but it did not occur to us on account of the delicate position with the Chief in which we found ourselves. Later on the boats told him of our whereabouts.

In the course of our trips up and down the Lake we had noticed that the Yao slavers were putting more and more pressure on the population at Mluluka, north of Losefa, where there is a good shelter. The old Chief, whom I had visited regularly from not long after Swinny's death, had been thoroughly friendly; suddenly he was garrotted as he was leaving our teacher's hut at night. He was succeeded by a very poor fellow, much under the influence of drink. Soon after,—it must have been early in 1889,—we had been coming up all day from Monkey Bay, steaming hard and hoping for our usual welcome at Mluluka, when we were met by a number of Yaos who seized our boat directly we reached the landing and pulled it up and away. There had been no warning of hostility and no reason that we knew for it, and the Nyasas of the place restored the boat to us at once with great goodwill. But the slaving interest was rising and the natives had no conception of what the coming of the Europeans would mean. All who were interested in the slaving trade, when they could no longer conceal from the natives what the Europeans were doing to suppress it, used to represent that they were powerful only on the water. After years and years of experience of villages like Mluluka, one cannot get away from the idea of the appalling power of ignorance. It is not that the natives

are stupid; it is that, because of their ignorance, they live under a cloud.

About this time there was a Yao raid there. Sherriff, Mills, and I were sleeping quietly on board the steamer in Mluluka harbour, and some of the boys of the village who lived on board at school had been allowed to go home. I think it was three o'clock in the morning when we heard the report of a gun; soon after we heard other guns, and then we saw canoes putting off from the shore with refugees going north; soon after, again, fire broke out in the village and there was more shooting. On both sides of the landing-place there was a dense mass of reeds, and when we had decided to get up steam (which would take three hours, as we had not the fires in), I went close up to these reeds in the dinghy. No one could see us from any point near, so it was safe to go there. When we got close we could hear the raiders the other side of the reeds shouting and talking, and we could catch fragments of what they said, such as, "The eating up" (i.e. destruction) "of this village will last for three or four days," and again, "Where is the white man?" I think that very little defence had been attempted, some of the villagers had fled in canoes and others were hidden in the reeds. This would not mean effeminacy; it was the result of the entirely unexpected attack in the middle of the night and the inferiority and scarcity of arms.

We had enough information to gather that the attack probably came from the Yao chief, Mkalawili, some 15 or 20 miles south, so we steamed to his place, Chilowelo, the same day. Mkalawili, a fine-looking man, dominated the Nyasas on the Lake for about 50 miles and had a considerable district in the hills besides. Makanjila was his neighbour to the south, and his boundaries varied with the fortunes of war.

There was an element of interest in our interview with him and in the keen voice in which he asked, "What is the news?" for he could hardly have heard

anything as yet and knew that we came from the Mluluka side. He was not unfriendly and promised that if any of our people were among the captives he would give them up to us; but, as it happened, when we returned to Mluluka we found that no one we knew had been killed or taken. The men of the village were going about near the shore, on the alert and each man armed, but few had anything better than bows and arrows.

Sad to say, among these poor people often the only way to keep your head above water was to attack first. Not that the Mluluka people would have dared to attack Mkalawili, but that Mkalawili had to try and get food and resources to hold his own against Makanjila. The very first time I visited his village, Chilowelo, with Captain Sherriff, we had bought for firewood the remains of their old stockade which had been burnt by Makanjila.

In 1889 our position on the upper river Shiré began to be modified. Up to this time no claims had been made on this part of the country by any European Power; we did not know who would take it over and it seemed to be a question which got in first, ourselves or our friends the Portuguese. Sir Harry Johnston was sent to settle in what relation the Blantyre and Shiré Highlands stood with regard to the Portuguese, and the Portuguese were sending an embassy under Major Serpa Pinto to the parts south of the Lake. Sir Harry Johnston added an element of interest to our study of the Lake and I never met him without being struck by his interesting and vivacious conversation. In his talk, as in his books and his paintings, the Commissioner was always pictorial in the good sense of the word.

I have spoken of Mponda's relations with us, the Chief at the south end of the Lake on the Shiré River. As long as he was an independent Chief he could deal as he liked with strangers in his country—the Yao word for 'stranger' is said to signify a 'man of weak

and yielding deportment '—but his cavalier behaviour could not be tolerated when hunters were passing, and still less when government officials went by, and the nuisance came to a head when Mr. Sharpe (now Sir Alfred) was held on the upper river below Mponda's by another Chief and when many of the natives in the district were said to be armed with Winchester rifles.

About this time Mponda had a side-show of his own and I came in for it in the following way. The *Charles Janson* was taking Sir Harry Johnston up to the north end, so I was coming up the river Shiré in our barge; the Zanzibari Yohana Hamisi was steering for me. We had heard that some of Mponda's own people had risen against him, but we saw nothing of it until we got to Pamalombe Lake, which was not so absurdly like a marsh then as it is now. As we approached the entrance to the river after we had nearly got through this lake, we saw the village at the junction of lake and river burst into flames and soon after we saw a number of canoes put out into the open water. Some of them carried refugees, but some belonged to the party which was attacking this village of Mponda's and they began firing at us, on the supposition, as we heard afterwards, that Mponda had hired help from some Europeans. There was nothing for it but to retreat and all my crew were very anxious to go right away down the river, but I insisted on being landed on the east side of Lake Pamalombe with two or three little boys whom I was bringing up to school at Likoma; the rest I sent down the river with Hamisi in charge. I knew that I could rely on civility at Makandanji's village at the extreme south-east corner of Lake Nyasa, for this Chief was a competitor with Mponda, and as I had already settled that our steamer should call for me on her return from the north end, my stay was not likely to be a long one. Makandanji welcomed me warmly and gave me his house to live in.

The next day, to know where we stood, I walked

across to Mponda's own village on the Shiré and was much comforted to find that he was friendly. It was, however, difficult for us to make one another understand what had really happened. I described how his recalcitrant people had tried to seize our barge, and Mponda answered: "But we did seize a barge." As I had seen ours get off without sign of pursuit, I was puzzled. I soon learnt that an African Lakes Company's barge had come up the river even later in the afternoon than we did, had apparently got safely by the burning village, and had then been seized by Mponda. I am not sure if anything was taken from it, but the barge was advised to go back again. Many years afterwards a white man who was on this barge came by Likoma after a long sojourn up north and confirmed Mponda's story.

I was glad to be at peace with both Makandanji and Mponda, and I and my boys could wait quietly for the steamer and cultivate a keener appetite for its food.

Not long after this I came down again in the *Charles Janson* and, as I often did, left her for the Sunday at Monkey Bay and walked on down the coast for the work which had long been growing there. I was about half-way down this bit of coast when I heard alarming rumours about Mponda's village having been burnt, and the next day Mr. Belcher, who was in charge of the steamer during the absence of Sherriff in England, picked me up and ran me down to the village. True enough, there had been an attack on Mponda's stockade by the same rebels who had burnt the village on Lake Pamalombe, members of his own family. Mponda himself was very much excited, though not unfriendly. After we had talked over things for a few minutes he said, "Come along, *mzungu*," and at quite a short distance he pointed to his stockade, which was formed of poles some eight feet high; on these poles appeared an array of heads lately cut off. The men who had attacked him had been defeated, and here were their

heads. He pretended that a number of people friendly to us further down the river had joined in, but he did not press this. I rather sympathized with him and made some remark about traitors, telling him how heads used to be stuck up on Temple Bar. This pleased him.

It must have been about this time that we very nearly had a serious accident at the same place. The Portuguese representative had been visiting Makandanji and had sent valuable presents of guns to Mponda, and one of these, a Winchester repeater, seemed out of order. I was appealed to, and I asked Mills, our engineer, to come and have a look at it, which he kindly did. The thing was loaded, and while he was handling it the spirit of mischief entered him. He fingered the trigger at first with the gun pointed down quite correctly, but I suppose he noticed that some of the men round Mponda lined up behind the Chief, one after the other, and he began to point the gun. I told him to be careful, and he said, "It is only at half cock," and then, oh horror! the gun went off. The charge went through the opposite fence and happily hurt no one; happily, too, they did not think of producing a corpse, or at least a wounded man, from the other side of the fence and claiming heavy damages, as they might have done. I felt thankful for getting off so lightly from such a serious position, and met with a subdued sympathy from Mills.

Apropos of producing a corpse and claiming damages, people often used to run a wound for all it was worth. I remember especially a case where, after a village scuffle at Likoma, one party appealed to Maples to come down and see a relative of theirs who had been killed. All the way down they talked about 'the corpse,' but when we reached their village there were no signs of the corpse. They said that it was somewhat further on and they would fetch it; we waited for some time and then were delighted to be told that 'the corpse' was walking to us. The man

had, indeed, been more or less wounded ; it was possible that he might die and become a corpse, in which case heavy damages could be claimed ; and these future possible claims had been somewhat anticipated.

CHAPTER XV

Everyday Life

I AM struck in recalling what Maples used to call our adventures by the difficulty in connecting them chronologically with our ordinary life. "You get all the adventures," he would say, laughingly and enviously, when we had been discussing the bearings of one of them through a long evening, and his sympathy and interest had given it a different glow. It is strange how in memory the no less definite and more important work of building up the Church stands out as clearly as these adventures, but yet quite separately. I can recall vividly our first baptisms at Pachia and Msumba, but not exactly when they took place; I think it must have been when Bishop Smythies paid his visit to the Lake in 1889. But it was the work and everything connected with it that really made up our everyday life, the adventures only filled the place that a summer holiday does in English life.

In one way we took an exaggerated view of the importance of our first baptisms; important they were indeed, visible signs of silent work, but they did not mean all that we hoped at the time. And yet there was truth at the root of our feeling about them, and one can see now that any set-backs which came to our work through the backslidings of some who had been baptized helped us to know which of our people were in earnest, which were real friends. One felt sure that the sympathy was real when our disciples at Pachia came out to meet and cheer us after the

little adventure with the spearmen at Chisanga when Komawantu saved us.

There were no *bomas* (government houses) or guns visible in those days; there may have been one trade gun on the steamer, but we had no hunter to use it, and when in later times a European has said to me: "It must have been very different long ago, when the natives looked up to you as the only 'boss,'" I could but smile. Some of the natives saw something to value in us, and some did not, for we had no great kindred in sight to back us. So, on an early visit to Msumba, we were pelted with Indian corncobs, though it is true that this 'ebullition of popular fanaticism' was soon checked by our friends in the village. At Chisanga, too, at about the same time, we were hard up for cloth to pay our bills one day, and a man who had furnished us with milk became very pressing. Finally, to my surprise, our dinghy was seized and pulled up amongst the huts of the village; happily we were able to settle the bill by persuasion in an hour or two.

I was, as I have said more than once, very free in speaking of our message wherever I went. Maples made clear to me in our early days on the Lake what questions these miscellaneous preachings raised, and I feel heartily that they are less than no good unless the Church is prepared to follow them up; nevertheless, I believe that the original proclamation of the Gospel is a great work and makes an era in any country. Only there should be a steady advance afterwards, with putting out of teachers and regular pastoral care and personal contact.

Let me say a few words about this proclamation of the Gospel, for it is a side of the missionary's work which needs a definite exposition. It is, as it seems to me, quite distinct from any *teaching* of the hearer, from any increase of his mental knowledge in that way, though it may bear fundamentally on his knowledge.

Naturally we missionaries approach this part of our work from different standpoints. To take an instance: two missionaries, with their carriers, have arrived at a village; the headman, who has not heard the Gospel before from the lips of men, has come to greet them and has retired to his own location at some little distance.

One of these missionaries is dominated by human sympathy—a marvellous gift; he looks at the position from inside the Christian lines, as it were. He dwells on ways of winning confidence and of recommending the message he brings before he delivers it. The other is keen to hold a preachment down in the village, then and there, convenient or inconvenient, —but of course after consulting the headman first. Like Abraham's steward, he likes not to sleep on the message. So he goes and makes his proclamation on this first visit, while the other takes care to recommend his embassage by friendly and just dealing.

It seems to me that both these methods are necessary. A missionary is a herald as well as a teacher, and in so far as he is a herald his main function is certainly not teaching.

There appears to most people nothing strange, nothing that needs apology or explanation when the representative of a new government comes into a country about to be taken over and proclaims his message to the uncomprehending ears of the inhabitants.

"Who is this little man?" asked an intelligent Yao headman after a visit from such a herald. For years this headman had only seen white men as strangers in his country; on his side, not on theirs, had been the power. And now a white man had come with few soldiers and few guns, and yet had spoken with authority. "Who is this man?" he asked me. What could I answer? This headman knew nothing of the great white Queen, and next to nothing of the

'Man-o-wari,' as Her Majesty's cruisers and battleships were called in Zanzibar.

I could but prophesy: "He will come with power, with many soldiers, guns, cannon. You had better listen to him." When I had said this I might try argument. Had he not heard of these war-vessels? Had not the Sultan of Zanzibar respected them? Was it not the white men who made the guns and the cloth? But the main thing was the proclamation and not the argument; there may be teaching over and above the proclamation, or the proclamation alone. The essence of the proclamation is the absolute certainty of its truth in the mind of him who makes it.

All this raises great heart-searchings as to the mind with which one has gone forward. One must have realized a kingdom to proclaim it, have sworn fealty to a king to proclaim him, and our Christian proclamation must be of a person, of a kingdom.

It is difficult to apprise, however vaguely, what any proclamation of institutional religion, e.g. of Mohammedanism, amounts to—in so far as it is often apparently only of customs, not of God as a Person or of Mohammed as a person.

So if one hears of a missionary's teaching as proclaiming only, "Rest on the seventh day," one may fear that he has not effected a proclamation; yet it is true that the fault may be in his hearers and not in his proclamation.

Let us try and see how this proclamation may work.

Primarily, would it not be a recognition of existing facts, a pointing out of the objective work of the Crucifixion in the world of God's reality? Preaching is recognized as God's chosen time for bringing His objective work of redemption to bear on the world where it is proclaimed.

Secondly, may not this proclamation act in restraint of the powers that have bound men? This

idea is put forth wonderfully in Milton's Ode on the Nativity :

> " And then at last our bliss
> Full and perfect is,
> But now begins ; for from this happy day
> The old Dragon underground,
> In straiter limits bound,
> Not half so far casts his usurped sway."

Or by Mrs. Browning where she describes what was felt when, at the very time of the Crucifixion, the sailors in the Ægean heard a voice proclaiming, " Great Pan is dead."

It is the imminence of the kingdom which removes the reproach of rashness that might otherwise be made against anyone who undermines ancestral beliefs when they are not obviously sinful.

It is in the light of this already imminent kingdom that we dare, not only to baptize and so to admit souls into a new sphere, but dare even to heal the body. How could we venture to nurse back into life the dying, miserable sufferers, if all were dark ? How dare to remove decaying limbs if there were no life and hope for the survivor ?

Thirdly, is there not a potential influence on the hearers themselves ? The Father is revealed in the Creator, however dimly ; powers are let loose to expand ; life as civilized beings is opened, life as members of their own society, and, greatest of all, their powers of advancing to God, hitherto iron-bound, are put in motion, at least potentially.

Fourthly, it seems more honest and open on the part of the missionary to say at once what he has come for ; and lastly, it is not fanciful to believe that the missionary himself, in proclaiming the Gospel, finds a new armoury to be opened by prayer. For often we seem to limit God's fatherly love who willeth all men to be saved. If this proclamation is dwelt upon as an objective, efficacious reality, every other advance is to be hoped for. The proclamation of

the Gospel cries out for the regular following-up of the ministry, just as the regular pastoral work cries out for more proclamation. It is a simple fact that Maples and Dr. Hine settled to occupy the hill-station of Unangu, east of Nyasa, because the native church at Msumba and other places on the Lake shore knew that our charter is to carry our Lord's flag forward.

In early days we got our first hearers sitting under the lee of one of the cattle-pens. We used to walk round the village saying, "Come and hear the words of God." Some would repeat the words after us half-mockingly, and at Chisanga they would say as they sat and watched us go by, "We are coming on behind you," and then did not budge.

Teachers from the college at Zanzibar whom we brought to the Lake enabled us to follow up our preaching by starting work in some of the bigger villages, though these teachers were not by any means the most advanced students in their college.

One of the great difficulties of starting regular work in a village was that it was hard to know which men among those who seemed to hear us willingly would be able to help us effectually in the time to come. It was impossible to judge of people from their appearance, and a man who looked poor and seemed of no account might turn out to have a great deal of influence. The chiefs were sometimes the worst-dressed of the lot. For instance: there was a place south of Likoma and the nearest point to it on the mainland, where I used to visit and preach, though in early days we had no teacher to place there. The headman there of whom I saw most, Mbuzi (i.e. 'goat'), was a very gentle person with no push who did not seem likely to be able to help us. He was unable to repel various charges which enemies or people who coveted his possessions brought against him, and in consequence was always involved in lawsuits, losing them and having to pay heavy compensation. Nevertheless, his family connexion gave him some sort of impor-

tance, and some twenty years later he started a prosperous village in the hills behind Tumbi and welcomed us to it. Sad to say, after this period of good position and prosperity he finally succumbed to baseless charges of witchcraft; I wanted him to appeal to the government, but he would not, and he lost heart and died.

Roughly speaking, in the years 1889 to 1893 or 1894 the steamer used to visit a number of villages regularly; the northernmost point was the Mbampa Bay district in the north, then down along the coast to Makanjila's country, crossing from there to Monkey Bay and that district, then across the Bar and down the river Shiré to a village below Matope close to the Murchison Falls. Our real history was in converting, teaching, and admitting this person and that in these villages, and the work was accented by raids from the Angoni or the Yao. I think that our regular visiting in the steamer helped to discourage raids; true, we were totally unarmed, yet our coming was one of the things that kept the weaker villages from isolation, and we brought them news of the outside world. It was a revelation to see strangers who did not trade, did not bully, kidnap, and murder, and yet did not fawn.

I will set down a few of my many recollections of some of these villages during this time.

The Mbweka district recalls several incidents. The people there were very keen about divination and witchcraft, and once when I was lodging in Mbweka village with our very tall boatswain, Paul, he found in the hut where we were sitting a bag with all the paraphernalia for consulting the auguries, which he was delighted to show and expound.

All round here successful raiders had come, each in his season, and the Yaos most of all. On one trip down the Lake I was sleeping close by the river in the Mbweka school hut, which belonged to the Mission. As it was raiding-time the hut had not been occupied

lately and was full of ticks. I swept it out three times and burnt grass all over the floor; then I spread a waterproof sheet and put clean grass brought from a distance on that. I lay down and in half an hour it seemed as if the ticks had taken all my preparations in good part, so I went outside into the moonlight. Just as I did so a man rushed past shouting, "*Moto! Moto!*" and soon afterwards I saw a village to the south, a village on a beautiful little harbour, in flames. I heard next day that the Yaos had attacked in the night and killed the headman. The raids up here were on a small scale, it was not a question of stopping three days as it was further south.

We had advised the natives in the southern villages to build stronger stockades so that they might not be rushed at night, and I tried now to get the scattered people of the Mbweka district to build a central stockade behind which they might all take refuge. They came eagerly enough to a conference, but when I had spoken myself, recommending the stockade, and invited them to speak, it was difficult to keep to the order of the day. The first speaker quite ignored the Yaos and began to denounce a man opposite who, he said, had bewitched his (the speaker's) brother and caused him to fall out of a tree. Nothing came of the stockade.

This reminds me of a visit I paid here to a man of about my own age to condole with him on the death of his wife, who was also the mother of one of our good teachers. He answered my sympathy by denouncing her as having bewitched his crops a year ago. This same man, as the boys relate with much gusto, used to speak contemptuously of Europeans in general and say that they could be knocked down with a root of cassava.

From Mbweka north to Mala point is rather a stony trudge, but recalls pleasantly a capital paddler who has taken me up in a canoe. It was more of a treat to see him than to see an Oxford waterman

deftly and swiftly bring a punt up-stream, and the Lake was not exactly like a river. There was one place where, if the south wind was blowing, one would have to take the canoe inside the reef to get shelter. Again Guy Dawnay, for that was his name, knew a short cut through the long stony point of Mala, and as he made for it one's faith in him had to contend with the look of the reef, until suddenly, there you were in quite calm water!

Each of these little headlands and islands was a refuge for a family here and a family there in the raiding times, and wherever there were small villages of refugees, notably round Mala point to the north, we learnt to know what 'pagan' means as distinct from 'heathen'; tiny cults and tiny feuds, but oh, how deep-rooted! It is the same among similar people who live in dens and caves further north.

Limbwi, south of Mbweka, recalls a steamer incident. It was a good place for anchoring with the *Charles Janson* if you knew it well and went in with steam up; but one day when we had a new engineer we went in there near sundown with steam very low, and in swinging round we ran on the shoal to the north made by the Limbwi River. There we should have been exposed to the south wind; happily, however, it had died down. We sent round to the teachers to get them to bring men the next day to help, as our own efforts were unavailing, and we finally turned in for rest just as we were, stuck on the bank.

Anyone who had seen a steamer at night will know what the sparks mean, and providentially I got up in the night and found the firewood on one side very nearly in a blaze, for the south wind, as it dropped, had thrown sparks down on this part. The fire was put out and we went back to bed. In the morning came the teachers with men to help, and the two engineers and myself ordered about a large number of natives, both in the water and on board, diving and pulling. We knocked off soon after eight for break-

fast on shore, with the steamer still on the bank, and had only just finished when, on looking through the door of the hut at the steamer, we found that those stupid natives had got her off! It is true that their method would not have commended itself to the authorities; they had fastened a rope to the rudder and pulled straight backwards; but as nothing gave way it was successful, and we only had to pay a small quantity of salt for salvage.

Two or three miles south of Limbwi is Ngoo Bay. For a long while there was no village here, for though the land was good the place was unsafe; it was too near the hills and there were no reed-bed shelters and no big river if the Philistines came upon you. It was a favourite place for us to run to in our steamer, for it was sheltered from the south wind, but there was a dreary trudge in the sand to get from there to Chisanga. The natives in these days spoke of it as 'the place where the jackals call.' Long before men came back to settle there you might see an uncanny object: a big slave-stick stuck in the ground not far inland. It marked the spot where a very light-coloured or red-coloured native, who had taken, as such men often do, the name of Mzungu (white man), had been burnt as a wizard. I had known the man at Chisanga, but did not know well the ins and outs of his case; it was part of what Dr. Scott in his dictionary calls 'the darkness of Africa.'

I was reminded the other day by one of my fellow-workers, how we once picked up two little boys from this part on a raft made from a species of willow-wood. The native boys delight to make these and play about with them, and these two little fellows had got some distance out when the off-shore wind came on and they could not work back again. We picked them up a little to the south, and when we took them home after we had completed our trip we found that their mourning had been duly performed. The African mothers are wild with joy when the lost are found.

Chisanga, Pachia, and Msumba, the largest villages of the Nyasas, a little further south, all three had churches and schools. In all such places when one sleeps on shore there is most interesting work to do in the evening, over and above the evening service and the class for Eucharist next day. Sometimes it is taking the more promising boys, or perhaps a teacher, in some particular work, possibly a bit of Bede's history or a parable or a collect. For instance, at Chisanga an intelligent man translated the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which had been done into Swahili, into our dialect.

In 1893 a Yao brigand, Malinganile, suddenly raided Chisanga village on a Sunday, breaking in at the south end before cock-crow. I was at Msumba, some fifteen miles south, where there was a strong picket of the Angoni, who had come there with an idea of rousing the Nyasa to go and fight the Yaos. It was some little time before we got news of this attack, and when we did we hardly knew which of our friends had been killed. When we reached Chisanga we found that the Yaos had cleared off, after dancing in triumph. The people from Ngoo had come to help the people of Chisanga to rally, so it was high time for the Yaos to get away if they wanted to take any captives with them. Our teacher, James, and his wife, had happily escaped; the wife had got a seat in a canoe, while James, with a large number of the villagers, had stood four hours in the comparatively shallow water, and, as always the Yaos feared the water, though they might easily have killed them if they had gone in after them.

Circumstantial accounts were given us of how the Yaos had tried three times to burn the church, making a man from Chisanga set it alight the last time; but the fire had always gone out. A poor fellow of the Yao party had for some reason run into the church and hidden behind the altar; I suppose he may have been wounded and unable to go off with the rest.

When he tried to escape later he was not unnaturally killed on the spot by the Nyasas. Our harmonium was broken up, but otherwise the church was not much hurt. A poor old woman, the widowed mother of a senior teacher, a pensioner, who lived in a small hut just behind the church, between it and the long line of reeds at the back, had been speared by these gallant warriors, a considerable number of the headmen of the place had been killed, and more than half the huts burnt; but I am thankful to say that the three elders who had done most of the building of our church were still there. Far from being afraid, one of them had spent his time going about begging a charge of powder for his gun. He may have owed his safety to his being a remarkably big man.

I remember distinctly that when I next visited the village, a few days later, I had an uncomfortable feeling while teaching: what if the Yaos suddenly came back? The danger would not have been from spears, as in our old difficulties with the Angoni at Chisanga, but from cap-guns.

I can recall a curious incident connected with the church at Chisanga. A Christian woman, the widow of one of the elders who had led the way in building it, insisted, some time after her husband's death, on going out of church by way of the window. "Did not my husband build it?" she said, when objections were raised. This happened, of course, when there was only a native teacher in charge.

Two miles south of Chisanga is Chikowa, the best place for the manufacture of salt from aquatic plants; it was long left unoccupied for fear of raiders. This is one of the villages where, even more than elsewhere, one wonders how boys and teachers can live and laugh, fish, hoe and read undeterred by the mosquitoes. One day when I was sleeping there I had not brought my mosquito-net, and after trying the village I fled a mile off into the forest, away from the reeds and the water; but except that I learnt the name of the female

night-jar, whose name, like its note, was quite different from that of its mate, I did not gain much. The mosquitoes were everywhere.

A typical little incident here was a quarrel between a teacher and an elder. The quarrel was run to earth and I found that the teacher was quite properly clearing a great field, but was not so properly giving the elder's boys overtime, in order that they might cut the reeds in it.

At Pachia, south of Chikowa, the Chief, old Maendaenda, was a good friend of ours. Already in 1889 he 'went amongst men as an old man,' and not long after Dr. Hine thought that he could not treat him for his eye, as it would be dangerous to operate on so old and decrepit a person; and yet he is alive at this day!

We had difficulties at Pachia. One of our first boys, who afterwards taught himself to play a small harmonium and so helped our services, was seized soon after his baptism to go through the boys' initiation dance, and when I went to the Chief about it, he said: "Who would be baptized if he had to give up a thing like this?"

Somewhat later, at the beginning of Lent one year, we had more serious trouble. The Chief's son, a person of some influence, who had lately been baptized, had got into wrong marriage relations. I gave out at our 'Missa catechumenorum,' the first part of the service, to which catechumens are admitted, that he must go and sit at the back again with the catechumens (i.e. those who are only preparing for baptism), and must go out of church with them. I went on quietly with the service, but outside there was a turmoil; this man was the old Chief's son, and the youth of the village resented his being put under discipline.

Yohana Hamisi, the Zanzibari who was in charge of our boat, was on the shore beside it, buying firewood, which was always done in this way: some

twenty men and women surrounded him, each waving a good-sized stick, and as Yohana chose a stick he put a pinch of salt in the owner's outstretched hand and put the stick in the boat; the hand was still outstretched and, after buying several more sticks, he would finally put in a supplemental pinch. It was a miracle of patient work, and I only saw him lose his temper once. The angry youth of the village now came all round him and the boat; he kept his head and stood calmly. Sherriff, seeing there was something wrong, came ashore in a canoe, but what could an unarmed man do amidst twenty or thirty men brandishing pieces of firewood which they had taken up? So once again our boat was seized and carried off a long way up the village.

I went to the Chief and got no satisfaction, so I took our teacher, who lived at the north end of the village, and put him under the safeguard of a more or less independent headman at the south end, and then got on board the steamer in a canoe. We went all the way down to the Bar and then down the river to Matope without a boat, for the first time, but not the last. At each village we had to hail canoes to bring our firewood and to land us. When we came up again and I landed at the south end of Pachia village, I was thankful to see our dinghy coming round the point, rowed by one of the faithful who had been baptized in the first batch. So we made it up with the villagers, and the church has grown there, round Janson's grave.

On a later trip, which we were forced to make without a boat, long afterwards, we had borrowed a canoe in this way at Nkudzi hill, south of Monkey Bay, and I was annoyed by a native pointing out in a loud voice, though apparently with no hostility, that "the steamer-boat (the dinghy) is like the legs of the *wa-zungu* (white men), and if they have not got it they cannot get about."

On one visit to Pachia the question sometimes

raised, whether a leopard will attack a full-grown man without provocation, was settled once for all. When we reached the village early in the afternoon our doctor, Dr. Robinson, who was on board, was called to succour six men who had all been attacked and badly wounded by a leopard in their various fields, before noon.

At Msumba, further south again, the natives, under Augustine, were the first to build themselves a church; rugged and very rough, with unpointed walls of uncut stone and the rough bamboo and wood roof not hidden by plaster. There were no chairs in it, only a few mats. It was built some time before 1893, and is still a living shrine. In its turn it recalls the enthusiasm of early worship in the school, before the church was built, and how sometimes our services there had broken up in a panic at the cry, "The Angoni are coming!"

Twelve men of the village, working with me, took the brunt of the building, while all the others, men and boys, helped at intervals. The twelve men gave their services; they had no wages and only the money to buy food, usually given as well as wages, which was at that time a yard of cloth a week. For a long time they did not even get that, as no cloth came up. The others received nothing at all.

I remember the arch we built over the door. We tried building an arch on the ground with mud and stone, as an experiment, and shoved at it with long poles to test its strength. As it resisted our attack and we could not overturn it, we thought it safe to build a like arch over the door. Even then for some time the natives used to hurry out through it, fearing it would fall.

The building was finished, but unfortunately the couples in the roof were not strong enough, so we had a good deal of trouble at the end. Finally, I could not let the men go on working for nothing and paid them while they were repairing the roof. Even

with this, at the prices in those days, the whole building cost about £40, including the timber, the stone, which had to be carried from a distance, and the mud, which also came from a long way off. If we had paid regular wages to the twelve men, it would have cost twice as much. The building of it and the builders are a very precious memory to this day.

It set up a healthy rivalry in the next two villages, Pachia and Chisanga, and they too built themselves churches. At Pachia the venture was in brick, at Chisanga in stone, but not so large as at Msumba. At these places, also, the natives worked for nothing, and when at Pachia the church was subsequently burnt, by accident or malice, the natives tried to repair the split brickwork, but did not succeed in it.

It may be part of my obsession with things African, but I think that these native efforts are more helpful to them than anything else can be, though at places where there are a number of Europeans the white man may well build churches expressing our standard of worship. Of course this applies to Likoma, where our diocesan cathedral is, and where moreover there is, in nearly every part of the cathedral, a large amount of native work and native skill which has been dedicated to God.

Further south the fine harbour of Mtengula, where we did no work at this time, brings another recollection. While Makanjila was hostile to us we made a definite effort to come to an agreement, about landing, with Chingomanji and his section of the Yao people, who at that time dominated even the Mtengula harbour which was to the north of them. With this view we opened negotiations one trip going south, when we had on board one of the South African soldiers who had volunteered for the north end, a French Huguenot by origin. He begged leave to go ashore with me at Chikole for my interview with the Chief. We found the village thronged with coast people and he made some excuse to return to the steamer, but soon

afterwards rejoined me in Chingomanji's veranda. Chingomanji himself was, as usual, friendly, but the general feeling was evidently against us, and I was heartily glad to be able to postpone any definite decision to some undetermined time in the future when it was proposed that we should meet the headman from Mluluka and Mtengula. As we walked back to the steamer, many of the coast men were asking quite openly, "Are they letting the Europeans off?" and I think that Chingomanji really befriended us. When we were in the boat I asked our South African friend what he had gone off to get, and he showed me his revolver, hidden in one of his top-boots. I remembered Mr. Buchanan with a revolver and felt thankful to be quietly on board again. The negotiations for landing fell through till after Makanjila's village had been conquered.

Mluluka was a very good harbour, well protected by some rocks running out from the south side, and we used frequently to lie there for the night. In early days, 1887 or 1888 it must have been, when Mr. William Bellingham was acting as our engineer, I was wont to go on shore and try to take a class with the help of some Bible pictures, which were generally the same pictures that I had used that week in teaching some of our crew. I found it helpful to ask our own men, who were standing by while I taught, what the picture was about, as this was a good way of teaching the villagers. They usually answered fairly well and helped me.

In due course we came to a picture of the patriarch Abraham offering his son; the Arabic name for Abraham is Ibrahimu. I began to speak of this picture to the listening crowd, and after I had told them what it represented I asked them if they knew the patriarch's name. No one answered and I turned to our own men. Here one of them answered at once and with appalling distinctness, "Mr. Bellingham." The 'Mr.' was the fatal part, as the name Ibrahimu, or, as they

might very likely say, 'Brahim,' was quite like 'Bellahim,' as they pronounced Bellingham.

Later on we had a narrow escape off the dangerous rocks to the south of the harbour. We were coming up from the south and it was a pitch-dark night; we had hoped to make Msumba, a good deal north of Mluluka, in time for a festival, but we had been delayed. At length, as it was long past midnight, we whistled, to induce our friends on shore to light a fire to guide us into the harbour. We were well out in the Lake, fearing to get too near these rocks, but we thought we must have passed them. We were rejoiced to see the flame of a fire on the beach blaze out in the night. The captain and engineer, after looking at it, had no doubt that it was in Mluluka itself, and as it was south-east of us it seemed quite safe to go straight for it, but of course we went slowly. When we got a good deal nearer we saw with a shudder that the fire was not at Mluluka but at Losefa, which is well round the corner of these rocks to the south; to this day it is difficult to see how we avoided them, for they run out a long way. It did not reassure us when we let down the anchor and it sank on to a rock, though in some depth of water. However, we soon moved into a safe anchorage.

We will now cross the Lake to the Monkey Bay district, where we had established work by 1889. Mponda, who was a good way off on the Shiré River, dominated there, and I remember that when he first agreed to our starting at Nkope, one of the villages in this district, he sent up a spoilt young favourite, aged about fifteen, as his representative, to install us. The boy was armed with a revolver, and it is a mercy he did not shoot any of us or even any of the people.

Nkope is a long way from Likoma and the villages on the mainland where we got our teachers. I shall always consider it a valuable test of a teacher's earnestness when he is willing to go with his wife and settle in quite a different part of the country, some hundred

miles away it may be, at a distance from his own family and his wife's relations. For this reason I was not afraid to trust several young teachers who showed willingness to go to Nkope.

I think that the Monkey Bay district has laboured under some great disadvantages. The people were Nyasas and their paramount Chief, Mponda, was a Yao; they were not without loyalty to him, yet they were often treated by him as slaves, and this, as it does everywhere, lowered their morale. Secondly, they were obsessed with the idea of witchcraft; and thirdly, for many years the people themselves and the teachers who came to live there were subject to a disease, generally fatal, which, I believe, was considered to be *beri-beri*.

There was a great pest of hyenas at Nkope in 1892 or 1893, and on one visit it was pointed out to me that an old man, who had been turned out of his hut, had fallen a victim to these noisome beasts. On another visit we found that the villagers had been frightened by one of the numerous raids that took place and that they had all escaped to a tiny island close in-shore—it has ceased to be an island now. Of course we knew many of them and we visited them on the steamer, offering to take off some of their boys. But they would not hear of it; people must be actually dying of hunger before they will part with their kindred, and the more trouble they are in the more they cling together.

Just north of Nkope is a village where there is good anchorage, called Nkudzi. One day when we landed at Nkudzi a man was brought to us who had been stabbed in the back by another man from a hill village about two miles off. I, in my ignorance, thought the wound very slight, but when we visited the village again, we found that the man had died of it. There had been no long-standing feud between the families of the two men and the affair was the result of a quarrel. On inquiry we were told that the matter had been

settled by one of the little courts, to which the dead man's family had appealed, and sentence had been given that the stabber should be handed over by his family to be the slave of the injured family. Meanwhile the village on the hill had been literally eaten out by the white ants and the people had been obliged to move down close to Nkudzi. Both families were therefore living in what was practically the same village. I watched what happened for some little time afterwards and found that this man did really live amongst the people to whom he had been handed over, and that both his brethren and himself seemed to accept the sentence *bona fide*. He must have helped his masters in field-work and other jobs of the kind at different times, and if any claims arose he would be recognized as one of their men ; he was no longer a freeman until his kin should definitely redeem him. To an outsider he seemed living much as before, but to anyone in the villages a freeman's life had been given in the place of a freeman who had been killed, and I did not feel called upon to report the matter to the *boma* (government house).

People often talk as if the natives wanted medicine and did not want the Gospel. This is not my experience. They will not trust the doctors until they have come to trust the stranger in some other way, which has often, in fact, been through our teaching, though it may come through trusting a good magistrate whose advice they would follow. An incident may illustrate this. Dr. Robinson was visiting a village opposite Likoma where there had been a quarrel and some shooting. A man had been badly injured, as a gun, loaded nearly up to the muzzle with small stones, had been fired off close behind him. It was a ghastly wound and with some persuasion he allowed Dr. Robinson to dress it. The doctor had to remove quite a pint of stone and gravel ; he gave directions about his patient and promised to call again in a day or two. When he came back the man

had fled; he was more afraid of the doctor than of dying.

Again, we have had several visitations of small-pox; some of the natives, especially among the Yaos, used a rough form of inoculation, but none were willing to be vaccinated except those who had long been members of the Mission. This has ceased to be the case, as they had seen the obvious advantages of vaccination.

Bishop Smythies visited the Lake in 1887, 1889 and 1891; he threw himself into our work all round, and though he was a very poor sailor he did not draw back from any boat or steamer experience. During one of his visits Maples took us to Chizumulu in one of our boats, and as there was a strong east wind in the morning he took us round by the west side of the island, the side farthest from Likoma, hoping to reach the south end, to catch the usual south wind in the afternoon and to cut across to Likoma. But no south wind came, and we (or rather the natives with us) had a twenty miles' pull back to Likoma. The Bishop was not only suffering from the sea the whole time, but from toothache, yet he took it all cheerfully. He visited all our elementary beginnings on the mainland while there were hardly any catechumens and no Christians. I recall our coming back by boat late one night in 1887 from the north side of Likoma Bay. We wanted to get across to our station for the first baptisms at Likoma, which were to take place on the morrow, but we were unable to reach our usual harbour on account of the wind, and had to land far north and walk down from there in the dark. I remember Maples' relief when we arrived early in the morning.

When one thinks of those who were then baptized, for good or for ill, one realizes what a driving force is needed from our Lord and His Church in the years to come to work out the grace potentially given.

Was it on that trip or the next that the Bishop

visited Msumba? Our general idea had been to bring boys from other places to school at Likoma, but after a happy climb up the neighbouring hill with Augustine and his boys, the Bishop thought that he could not do better than leave them under Augustine's charge.

On another cruise, as we were preparing to land at Chisanga, where a shallow runs out a long way into the Lake, a hippo rose not far in front of our boat. We were all very must startled and hardly knew what to do, and the Bishop, feeling that something was wrong, began, "Really, Johnson, I don't think the hippo——"—as if I were responsible—but there he broke off.

It was during Bishop Smythies' last visit to the Lake, in 1891, that Sherriff fell asleep. He had worked with all his old thoroughness to the end. He was so eager about our work that he rarely missed any service we had, and I have seen him after a hard day attending a service for the heathen. I shall never forget his devout presence at the funeral of a child at Msumba in early days. The people there were coming so heartily to worship that I wanted to enlist their help in the funeral, knowing how much it would be appreciated by any native in burying his dead. The evenings were dark and we thought to bury the child by torch-light; the long strips of wood cut for illuminating fishing might serve for torches, and we had a few candles. Alas! one thing after another went wrong. It came on to blow, and that put out the candles at once; then there came swarms of mayfly, and that put out the torches. It was terribly difficult for our procession to get to the hut where the corpse was to be buried, and for a different reason it was very difficult to get inside the hut when we had found it: the door was small and the soil from the open grave was piled up all round inside. However, we managed to light a few candles, expecting them to melt away in the close

temperature, and then came the finishing touch: in that barely illuminated pitch darkness of a funeral hut a native elder gave out the morning hymn! But I did not feel all these occurrences trying, because I could see that Sherriff had no idea of criticizing; he was thinking of the child life that had gone and of the bereaved parents and of the prayers.

Sherriff never liked any errands, however necessary, which took us away from our pastoral duties. So he was not pleased when, just before the Bishop came, we had to go to Bandawe to fetch timber. While we were getting it on board he had too much of the sun. He was able to run the steamer up to Mbampa Bay to fetch the Bishop to Likoma, and after that, although unwell, he insisted on taking me across to the mainland; but on his return to Likoma he had to take to his bed (it was before we started the hospital). It was a great blessing that we had the Bishop there. Sherriff's illness was a very short one; he became insensible and so passed away (August 12). R.I.P. He was buried in the Likoma cemetery.

Bishop Smythies' health was visibly declining during this last visit, and, in the disturbed state of the country, he had difficulties on the journey down, very trying for a man in his condition. In 1892, at his desire, the Mission was divided into two dioceses; he stayed on as Bishop of Zanzibar and died two years later on a voyage to England.

Bishop Hornby came up to Likoma in 1893 and put a new strain of life into our Mission. He came with a goodly band of helpers, but at first Maples could hardly appreciate what a blessing this was, when perhaps seven of them would be laid up in the morning and had to have trays sent to them, and this before there was the blessed organization that takes care of us to-day.

In September Bishop Hornby sent up Dr. Hine to start a station at Unangu. Maples, who knew how to start such a place if anyone did, went with him,

and a particularly nice young fellow, Cowey, who was to stay at Unangu with Dr. Hine. Cowey was one of those exceptions that prove a rule; a rule, in this case, that in our mission-work it is very helpful to a man to have a particular craft which he feels himself called upon to carry out; it saves him in any dark hours of doubt. Cowey had been at one time a miner and at another a groom, and neither of these occupations were possible in our country, yet he did good work though he was with us but a short time, for he died early in 1894. Perhaps any such European, provided he has grace and humility, can help much in a country of beginnings.

Maples and his party, coming back from Unangu, were held up by the Yao brigand Malinganile, of whose subsequent raid on Chisanga I have spoken.

It was most helpful to us to have a man like Bishop Hornby, to whom all the barbarism round us was a real trial. A great many of us are always in danger of getting accustomed to it and pursuing a *laissez-faire* policy; he felt it so much that he stirred us up. He had poor health, and though he had plenty of initiative he often found himself hampered for lack of technical knowledge; but he took all trials as a matter of course and often went about singing. He made one feel that a room in Africa, even without Maples, could be very much the same as a room in college. He would chat, and read a book like 'Jorrocks' freely; perhaps he believed that if we were really to help the natives we must at any rate be like natural Englishmen, and felt a little like a Roman bishop I met at Zanzibar, who thought that his staff had better play billiards in the evening. I felt that he was at home in one sense but not in another: he would not be surprised at any unusual incident. Thus once, coming out of the store just started at Mponda's village, we found some Indians working in the grass outside, which was very unusual. The Bishop, who had worked in India, liked to recall a few words of Hin-

dustani and began chatting pleasantly with one of them. And then, in spite of the long grass, we perceived they were a chain-gang with light chains on their feet!

It did surprise him, or rather made him laugh, when he caught me falling into the native way of traversing some one else's statement, when I was hearing some law case, by saying, as is usual, "*Uwongo*" ("That is a lie"). He heard the word frequently and asked what it meant; he did not think it good form; not that he said so, but I felt it. I recall another incident, how when we went into the church at Msumba, the building of which I have described, he praised it and said that it was a revelation of what simple worship could be.

Long before these years the work of trying to master native ideas and so to render the Scripture and the services of the Church into the vulgar tongue had become an exacting task, and so it continued. Maples was not one who would what is called 'mug up' any subject, but was delightfully keen and ready to back anyone else up in doing so, with a far more correct ear and ready mastery than I had.

In dear Charles Alley's day our printing-press began to work, though he was a carpenter by trade and not a printer. It was he who trained our first native printers, and they took kindly to the business. The natives value the quality of gentleness very highly, and not many Europeans come up to their standard, so it was a blue ribbon to be called by them, as Alley was, 'the gentleman.'

I hardly realized, when for years I used the printing-press for translations, first at Likoma and then on board our second steamer, what a unique privilege it was to have carte blanche to correct proofs with no extra payment, to be able to work almost in the spirit of Browning's Grammarian, and very often with the kindest help from this or that member of the staff, given on the top of their own labours. Thus with

proof after proof and correction after correction I was able to send back at last a proof that was satisfactory.

The printing-office recalls the first native pupils there and all that the life of the printers has meant since: long journeyings and strange adventures by land and sea, often long partings from their kindred and perhaps death in foreign lands, true devotion and honest dealing.

Another memory connected with it is that of our great fire at Likoma in October, 1892, when many of our buildings were burnt; the library, with a valuable collection of books, and half our living-houses, were among them. The fire was supposed to have been caused by some crows picking up fragments of native porridge beside some cooking-place and carrying off hot ashes with the porridge to a grass roof. Our printing plant was very nearly burnt; the keys of the office could not be found and the next house, not five yards off, was on fire. The office was saved by several men getting on the roof and pouring water on it whenever it caught.

Water was brought from the Lake in old paraffin drums which were placed conveniently for throwing water on the fire. The ground all round was covered with things which had been taken out of the huts, and it happened that a drum of paraffin was close by some drums of water. I saw a man actually pick it up to throw the contents on the flames, but mercifully he was stopped in time. A fortnight after a second fire burnt out the ladies' quarter.

The greater part of my time I was away from Likoma on trips in the steamer, but I saw some of the interesting men who visited Likoma in passing. I remember some of the White Fathers, who had begun work south of Tanganyika, particularly one from Brittany. I remember, too, a warmly sympathetic Bavarian layman who happened to come into church in the middle of a large baptism of native converts. It is the custom

for those who are baptized to turn to the west to abjure the Devil and then to the east to say the Creed. As our Bavarian friend entered at the west they were all turning, apparently to him, and abjuring; he was not a little struck by the ceremony!

One cannot but be devoutly thankful for the gradual opening of opportunities for expressing the Scriptures in native language, beginning long before the British administration appeared. Parallel to this was Maples' endeavour to bring our life in the wilderness into connexion with the European life which was felt to be approaching. His letters show how he always kept in touch with ideas at home, and I came in at least for the crumbs of this feast. In these years I gained a wholly new understanding of what undergraduate life at college might develop into. Such life at its best seems almost an ideal of native life: sociability and plenty of fun, the power of suppressing both selfishness and a desire to take it easy; this was what the young native, and to a great extent the older man, could thoroughly admire. And then I saw that Maples carried out the ideal to something I had not before grasped: visiting the different members of his staff, entering into their work, getting to know them intimately, until perhaps he got through more hard work than any of us, and without showing how hard he was working.

CHAPTER XVI

The Coming of the Europeans

WHEN Europe turned her eyes acquisitively on Central Africa, details of the division were worked out comically or tragically as God saw fit. Before the Portuguese came up to take possession of their sphere on the Lake, they gave flags to the headmen who went to the coast in caravans ; the headmen accepted these flags as signs of some sort of alliance, while the Portuguese regarded their acceptance as a practical submission and even as a doing homage for lands and homes, wherever those lands and homes might be. Sometimes agreements were made between the Portuguese and these same headmen. Once at Njiri, not far from Mtengula, when I was looking round for my list of hearers which I had mislaid, a piece of paper was produced which turned out to be one of these agreements with the authorities at Quilimane ; it was supposed that it might be the piece of paper I was looking for, as one piece of paper was considered as good as another. This will show how little the natives understood the meaning of the agreements.

Afterwards a coast man with a small caravan was sent up by the Portuguese ; he visited Kobwe and Losefa and I met him at Chiteji's village. He was sent to drive the Portuguese theory home, but the result was not what the Portuguese hoped. A native critic said to me : " These people are mere wizards ! They have no money ! " To call a man a wizard is the worst that you can call him, and the phrase about

money lays a finger on what was the real difficulty of the Portuguese rulers. The native will put up with much if he gets work and adequate pay for it, and the Portuguese could not pay. I do not hesitate to give this idea, as it means that a great deal of our own popularity is owing to our having more money. After all, it is pardonable in people who are ground down by poverty to feel like this.

Down south a Portuguese party came to the Lake; they sent guns to Mponda and stayed with Makandanji. When I asked Makandanji what he thought of them, he too used the word 'wizards,' and added 'cocks.' He explained that they 'collected the bones of men,' —meaning that they collected skulls which they sent to museums. The word 'cocks' referred to their offensive gallantries with women.

It must have been late in 1889 or early in 1890 that the Portuguese, thinking the whole country had submitted, sent three officers up to Mwembe. This Mwembe was about fifteen miles from the Mwembe I had known; a new Mataka had moved his village again. The officers came up expecting to find submission; they too demanded women and beat natives. Mataka waited, supposing money would be given him to extenuate this insolence; when none came the people rose and beat the officers to death with clubs. The Portuguese describe them as martyrs.

All this affected the Lake shore, for men came down from Mwembe, especially to Losefa and Chilowelo, and talked about it.

I had heard nothing of what had happened when we came down the Lake in the steamer at the end of February, 1890, and called as usual at Losefa. I found there scant civility, but nothing to alarm. My customary hearers were shy; they would not come across the river to see me as they generally did, and I had some difficulty in getting a canoe to go over to them, but I thought little of it.

We proposed to sleep in the steamer off Chilowelo.

Chilowelo is a small bay; a river, running into it in a north-westerly direction, has thrown out a natural breakwater on the south side of the bay, and the water to the north of this breakwater is quite deep, from the mouth of the river round to the east by the village. A hill cuts off the north wind so that there is good shelter, and we ventured to sleep there sometimes though we could not anchor properly, as the *Charles Janson* had only a five-fathom chain at that time. Captain Sherriff used to tell me that a Brixham trawler would need a chain thrice as long.

Some little distance up the river, where it falls from the hills, the river forms a pool, which is Chilowelo proper. Here there are fish so silly that they jump up as if on purpose to be caught easily. The spirits preside over the pool and give the fisherman plenty of fish, only he must be careful not to offend them by putting his foot into the water, or by refusing any poor fellow who begs of him a share of his catch. The principal part of the village lies along the shore to the north-east of the river, and another part on the south-west bank.

I went ashore in the little bay to visit the people; Mkalawili, the Chief, was in evidence, and all went quietly for some time. The boat's crew were buying firewood for the engines, paying for it with salt, and our cook, Stephano, had gone into the village to buy eggs.

Stephano was a native whom I had picked up in Wales on my first visit to England; he had come to Europe with some white men who had either lost him or cast him off, and after wandering all over England in a shooting gallery he had trustfully come back to Africa with me. After his return he had been 'converted' at Likoma—using the word in the narrow sense of a sudden recognition of change in the heart—and he is practically the only one among our people to whom the word in this sense applies. He was happily married at Likoma, and his children are still

alive. Alas! some one had left brandy about in a time of sickness, and he drank, but he was now working on the steamer and was getting straight again. What a life of dangers to the solitary wanderer in England, 'lost,' as they call it when they cannot find their own near kin! And now the most imminent danger came in an African village.

I was talking to Mkalawili when suddenly I saw our boat, now full of firewood, overturned and the crew swimming off to the steamer, which was waiting about near though she could not anchor. Immediately after, several men seized my cassock which I was wearing and pulled. Mkalawili had disappeared; many of the men round me were armed with long knives, others had heavy sticks, and a few had knobkerries. One man, conspicuous in a red Arab jacket, was mowing round with a sword. There were men standing between me and the Lake and I could not have rushed for it if I had wished, but I did not really contemplate it. They tore off my cassock and threatened to tear off more, and drew their knives. To reassure them, for their fear is what one has most to fear, I invited them to sit down. So we all sat down on the beach, I in the middle and they all round me, and, if my memory is true, we must have sat there for several hours. All of them watched the steamer intently as she cruised round slowly, trying to find some place where it was shallow enough to anchor. The most critical moment was when she went to the north-east corner of the bay and every one thought that my friends purposed to land there. One of the headmen, a powerful man, seized me by the collar of my shirt and held the point of his long, ivory-handled knife to my throat. I fancy that if the steamer's crew had landed I should not have written this. But no!—she swung round and came back again close to us and the man let go. He was a fine Yao.

As the sun went down, interest in me and in the

THE CREW OF THE MISSION STEAMER "CHARLES JANSON."

steamer wore off, and now some of the steamer's hands got as near as they could, swimming with life-buoys. I did not see them and was told of it afterwards.

It became fairly dark and I ventured at last to stand up, it was no use risking it earlier. The knife-man had gone off and no one stopped me. I walked leisurely towards a very small canoe on the edge of the Lake, and still no one stopped me. There was no paddle in the canoe, only a reed. Dare I venture? I got in and very feebly, balancing as best I might, I paddled off and reached the steamer. Thank God. We had a roll-call; all were there except Stephano, the cook, whom I had picked up in Wales and brought back to his own country to be murdered.

What could we do? Hardly leave Stephano without trying to help him. So we went right across the Lake, to the south of Domira Bay, to Kazembe, a Yao chief who was well disposed to us because Bishop Smythies had interceded, though without avail, for the life of his predecessor when an early Jumbe of Kota-Kota took him prisoner and killed him. Kazembe was willing to help us, and set his secretary (one Abdallah, a somewhat notorious character) and another scribe to write letters to Mkalawili. Such letters are much like some that we read in Nehemiah; they consist chiefly of formal salutations, but each has a tiny kernel of practical matter.

The two scribes wrote on their knees, sitting down at an impossible angle but producing grand curves and a really neat writing. Kazembe rather spoilt the effect by saying: "We had better send some one to tell Mkalawili what the letters mean." Abdallah demurred to this, but finally agreed to go; not, of course, to make the writing clear, but to add politeness and personal presence.

When we got back to Chilowelo with Abdallah and the letters, the Yaos of the place sent off a big Nyasa headman to us, in a canoe as small as the one I had

used. The words he brought were polite, but it was clear that Stephano had been drowned in the river, under the bananas. R.I.P. Our dinghy, which had been seized, was not restored, and only came back to us next year. I did not land that trip. It seemed unhealthy on the beach, where I had sat and waited and the tall man had shown me the knife; and up the river behind, in the thick banana shade by the deep pools, black between the boulders and the rapids, where Stephano had been murdered.

I had written these recollections when Mr. Mills, who was with me on the steamer at the time, acting as Captain during Sherriff's absence, came out of the past and down the Aberdare valley to call on me. He remembered some things that had escaped my memory. He looked very sad when I spoke of Stephano, to whom he had given work on the steamer when he was under a cloud. He says that Stephano came off in a small canoe with a native of the place, bringing a note from me, which said that Mkalawili was calling me into the village, but that my clothes were so torn that I wanted some more sent to me. He considers now that I sent Stephano off to give him an opportunity to escape, but at the time he did not grasp this and sent him back with the clothes. Stephano must certainly have taken a note from me to the steamer, though I do not recollect it, but I never saw either him or the clothes. I had an idea that our boat was upset between four and five, and that I did not get off till between eight and nine; it seemed so long a time that I doubted my recollections, but Mr. Mills thinks that it was long after dark when he heard me calling in the canoe.

Somewhat later I approached Mkalawili on the subject of trying to make friends with the British head-quarters at Zomba, up in the hills; he was shy, but at last he agreed to come off in the *Charles Janson* and go down to the Bar on his way to Zomba. But as we were rowing him to the steamer, in our boat,

his heart misgave him ; he asked to be landed, and while I was reasoning with him the boat went near some large, flat, black rocks. The boatmen hesitated and went a little nearer—after all, a Chief is always a Chief—and the dignified Mkalawili suddenly threw off all dignity and jumped ! No *Charles Janson* for him ! He waited for a canoe to get home safely.

Later again, in 1894 or 1895, we tried once more to start work among Mkalawili's people further north on the Lake, and dear Leonard Mattiya, afterwards a priest, agreed to go to the village of Dimba. Dimba is north of the Tarpeian rock, a great precipice in the Mapanji hills near the Lake, called ' the ending of law suits ' (*kumala magambo*). There are two explanations of this name, and in each there is the awful fall, the death on the precipice and the piled-up crags. One account represents the rock as used by the Yao conquerors to throw down their enemies, as David did. The other, and I think the more probable explanation, represents families eaten up by claims in the law-courts, by mortgage, debt and interest, till they went to the rock, up, up, up, and then, clasping hands, old and young swayed in a line backwards and forwards, once, twice or more, till all fell over and the law-suit was ended, for there were none left to pay.

North of this rock we went in close to the shore. Leonard stepped lightly into the boat with me, but there were no volunteers to row us. The place was considered ' unhealthy.' Old Mr. Tulip, our engineer, was horrified at such insubordination, he demonstrated with a piece of wood and the boat was manned.

All went well at Dimba and Mkalawili took to Leonard, but Leonard was wanted for a wider opening and could not remain there long.

While I am on the subject of Mkalawili, who still flourishes, I will recall another man even pluckier than Leonard. A tall Reader, a native of Msumba, agreed to go and work in another village of Mkalawili's

up in the hills. The man's father, a Yao, who had been something of a doctor, had lived in this same village and had thought it his duty to tell the Chief that the young sparks of the village were paying too much attention to some of his wives. The young men killed the doctor, and yet his son was not afraid to go and live in the place.

Like so many things in Africa, his going there ended sadly. He was a skilful carpenter and was drawn into building a dhow, for trading. He did not neglect his work, but it seemed unadvisable to have a head teacher who was also a ship-master sailing under the Portuguese flag. He had to choose, and after hesitating he chose shipbuilding. He drifted away to the north end of the Lake into German territory, and is believed to be dead.

Up to about 1891 there had been nothing to stop slaving on the Lake, and it was going on vigorously. The Yao chiefs had no idea at all of the power of the European governments, as I have remarked before. When Makanjila heard of the troubles in Zanzibar, he said: "If the Europeans interfere with the Sultan I shall come with my men!" And when Sir Harry Johnston had visited Mponda with few or perhaps no soldiers, Mponda asked me when I passed by soon after: "Who is this little man that comes and talks with authority?"

It was very noticeable how in these years there was a recrudescence of the craze for Mohammedanism. It seemed as if the slavers, checked by the government, were determined to extend their moral force. As always, they used the native attachment to the old Yao initiation dances, encouraging these dances, and even the Nyasa dances, in order to introduce gradually another dance which was regarded as an initiation into Mohammedanism, though there is no foundation in the Qurân or in tradition for any such custom; its name was *jandu*. They used the native funeral ceremonies in the same way. A dear old Arab named

Abu-Bakr, whom I had known on the upper Shiré River and respected a good deal, a man who might have sat as a model for Abraham, used to laugh contemptuously when I asked him if he considered the Yaos down there Mohammedans. He would have joined with them in the slave-trade, but he had no other fellowship with them.

Some time before 1891, in coming down the Lake in our steamer, we had passed two slaving-dhows crossing over from Makanjila's village to Pemba, north-west of Cape Maclear. The guns of the crew were leaning against the dhow's sides, and as we came close they took them up threateningly, so we drew off again. Now again, coming northwards from Mponda's village where we had left Sir Harry Johnston and Captain Maguire, who was in command of a Sikh contingent and had come to put down slavery, we met another slave-dhow in the very act of crossing the Lake from east to west, about half-way down from Monkey Bay. We thought that the least we could do was to report it, so we went back and told Sir Harry. Crouch, our engineer, who was with me, was so much stirred with indignation that Sir Harry warned us in a friendly way against getting into any fighting ourselves. We towed Captain Maguire and a party of his Sikhs up the coast, and I am very glad to have done so. It always has a certain piquancy, after the frequent toleration of wrong that is necessary in our mission-work, to hear how a soldier, who is equally acting from a sense of duty, looks at things. He told us of some headman near Mlanji hill from whom he had wished to hire porters. The man came to interview the Captain, with his brother, and refused porters, saying that he had none. "I see two here," said Maguire, looking at him and his brother, and he took the hint and went off to get others quickly.

We dropped Maguire and his barge quite close in to a place under a high bank, where it appeared that slavers were in the habit of entering, but we heard

afterwards that this slaver managed to escape and was not caught. Just after this Captain Maguire went across to the place from which the slaver had come, to remonstrate; the Chief there, while entertaining him on his own veranda, treacherously shot at him, and he narrowly escaped from the bullet. The man, who was not caught at the time, was hanged for the crime at Kota-Kota a long while afterwards.

In December, 1891, shortly after this escape, the gallant soldier lost his life in an unusual squall of wind off Makanjila's point. He had been ashore to put a stop to Makanjila's unlawful doings, and he was upset out of his boat; it was said that he was shot in the head. He sank close to the African Lakes Company's steamer *Domira* as she was going aground owing to the same squall; two Europeans on board her who went ashore under a flag of truce to see Makanjila were killed at the same time, and the *Domira* was nearly taken by Makanjila and his people. The squall was from the north-west, and this will account for the fact that we in the *Charles Janson*, who were fairly close to the spot, running north when all this happened, heard none of the shots, being to windward of them. I was lying down feeling a bit seedy at the time, and I know that our boatswain, David, who was at the wheel, had a horror of the very idea of going ashore at Makanjila's place, even when he was most friendly, so I fancy that if he had seen or heard anything he would not have reported it. Makanjila's point is now known as Fort Maguire, in memory of the Captain.

This was not the only set-back to the prestige of the government; already some of the British forces going up into Sarafi's hill had received a severe check, but Commander Keane, R.N., came up and was able to save the position. He was glad when we brought him down some native food; and when shortly after, in May, 1892, some coin, about £100, was sent to Likoma, we were let off the duty due to the govern-

ment on the coin, in return for our help in bringing food. This was the first coin used in Likoma ; hitherto there had been nothing but trade goods as a means of exchange.

These British reverses encouraged the slavers, and I dare say it would be difficult for a white man to comprehend how doubtful the issue of all these operations appeared to the natives with whom we had most to do. Makanjila, they knew, had driven off *pukka* soldiers with considerable loss, and the world east of Nyasa was unknown to them. Then, again, it was strange how even the peaceful Wa-Nyasa would suddenly realize their kindred with other Bantu as against the white man. ' Blood is thicker than water,' and I feel myself that it is our Lord, or nothing, who can overcome this race-enmity, except superficially. At times it seemed as though the dhows of the Yaos might come and raid us at Likoma, and on the Christmas after Captain Maguire's death it was reported that his head and the heads of the other two Europeans from the *Domira* killed treacherously, had been brought up as far as Losefa to show to the people.

By this time there were two British gunboats on the Zambezi and there was trouble on the upper Shiré River, where my old friend Liwonde had now to deal with the strong arm of the law. An English sergeant, Hoare, who tried to stop some slaves near Liwonde's village, had to swim for his life, and when soon afterwards the *Domira* ran on one of the banks below the village where we had stuck in the *Charles Janson*, she only escaped with difficulty. It happened that just at this time some Germans were coming up with parts of the new German vessels, and also that one of the officers of the two gunboats on the Zambezi arrived with a number of blue-jackets, and they all united to teach Liwonde to respect the white man, and broke up his village. I remember that one of our teachers who had got into some trouble was at

work on one of these gunboats and came up with this party, perhaps as an interpreter. The natives told one another how Philip had come up " with his twelve Europeans," and I think that most of those who heard this version pitied him; twelve *Wa-zungu* to one boy!

We had been able at length to place teachers at Mponda's own village on the Shiré, but they never made much headway there, and in the antagonism between Mponda and the British Government on the east side of the river one could hardly expect that they should.

I think it was on our first trip with Bishop Hornby, in 1893, that he wanted to see the Commissioner (Sir H. Johnston), who was busy near Kota-Kota, and we left Monkey Bay early one morning and ran right up into the harbour at Kota-Kota and found that the British troops under Major Edwards were engaged in breaking up the Yao Chiwaula's stronghold a little to the south. This man Chiwaula's fortress was a test; it had a wonderful reputation, and when our men had taken it people began to believe in the white man's power. They were even more impressed than they were when Major Edwards went on with the Commissioner and broke up Makanjila's own village.

We of the Mission, who knew what was going to happen, had gone down in the steamer just before, mindful of some old friends there, and especially of all the kindred of our northern Nyasas who had been the original settlers in that part. There was an old coast man there who had been friends with Maples at Meto; we anchored off his village, not far from Makanjila's, and invited people to come aboard to talk matters over with us. We told them that the Europeans were coming in force and advised them to submit or to move off; they seemed inclined to agree and went ashore. Finally, they wanted me to come ashore to talk, and when I refused they began a war-dance, and I was thankful that I had not gone; the remembrance

of the death of our two friends from the *Domira*, under a flag of truce, was a little too fresh.

In the early part of 1894 Major Edwards was at this place and built a fort there; he said that he wanted us to come and begin work, but that we must postpone it while the place was under martial law. This seemed strange to me, after having lived in places like Mataka's village at Mwembe. Was a place under martial law less susceptible of influence or less possible for a white missionary than a Yao slaver's village in heathenness?

By now, two British gunboats had appeared on the Lake, and I believe that Commander Robertson carried a broom at the mast-head to sweep the slave-trade from the Nyasa waters. These gunboats not infrequently visited Mtengula, now occupied by the Portuguese, where they found a good harbour and good shooting; they visited Likoma too, meeting Bishop Hornby there and Maples. I saw some little of Dr. Mackay of the gunboats; he was a keen sportsman, and met his death from a lion near Domira Bay. The brute broke one of his arms, and yet he managed to kill it, leaning his rifle on his boy's shoulder, which speaks well for the boy (Musa of Monkey Bay) as well as for his own courage. And then occurred one of the sad incidents of our Nyasa wilderness. The weather was bad and the gunboat which had picked up the body came across to Msumba with it; I think they knew of our station under Augustine there. Then came an unhappy misunderstanding. Augustine and every one ashore were eager to bury a man whom they knew as a friend, in the Christian burial-ground, close to the church. On the other hand, our friends of the gunboat objected to this; they wanted to bury him away from native huts and not in the midst of a native village. But here superstition raised objections; the natives were afraid to allow the body to be buried anywhere else. Probably they feared that they might be held responsible for the dead; their

country would have swallowed him up and he might be demanded back. So the gunboat rolled on to Likoma, and there was hasty digging of a grave all night in the very hard ground and a hurried funeral in the morning. R.I.P. in that dear and sacred spot. The grave-diggers were rewarded with no niggardly hand.

It is a comfort to think that the Mission was not idle at this time when the government was doing so much.

About 1894 or 1895, when Mr. Nicholl was in charge, and when troubles had arisen between Mponda and the government, Mponda went off to live in the Mayuni hills, where it was very difficult to communicate with him, as there was no trusty man to send. The head Mohammedan teacher left by Mponda on the river, named Pati, usually wrote anything which was to be sent from Mr. Nicholl to Mponda, but letters had to be read and interpreted to Mponda by some one else up at Mayuni. Pati played fast and loose, and it was very doubtful how much of the original message got through. Mr. Nicholl was desirous that I should go and visit Mponda to find out whether he had received and understood the letters, so finally I set off with our boatswain, David Mwazi, a native of Cape Maclear, who had been familiar with Mponda's people and knew the way.

All went well until we got near the place, although nobody seemed very warm in welcome. Happily, perhaps, there came on a sharp shower and we took shelter in a hut, and when we came out again on to the veranda we found that a dozen young fellows had assembled outside with their guns and were talking in a rather alarming way. I heard such remarks as, "The *mzungu* (white man) will not die alone," which made David very uncomfortable. They then wanted me to stand out to be shot at, and I often think that the rain providentially damped their ardour; evidently I could not be expected to stand out in the rain, and

they did not press it. I was very glad when Mponda appeared and apparently with much of his usual feelings, which were not unfriendly towards me. I sat down in the low veranda of the same hut, and he sat down quite near me. Then the young men said to Mponda, "Don't sit down by him, he has a revolver in his pocket," but my promptness in turning out all my pockets made an impression in my favour. I had some sandwiches in them which I offered to Mponda; he graciously ate most of them and left me nothing, but I was excited at the time and did not notice it. The head of the young men, who led those who wanted to make mischief, belonged to the Bisa tribe, some of whom were under Mponda; they were anxious to make it impossible for Mponda to be reconciled with the government. After the sandwiches we went off in quite friendly guise to another building, where we had a debate, with hearty clapping from the audience in the Yao fashion. Mponda was not unreasonable. He said, I suppose very truly, that many of his wives had been taken by the government *sepahis*. At the time I heard it maintained quite solemnly that these women who had been taken could not be his wives, because no woman could be recognized as a man's wife unless she had been married to him either by a Christian rite or in a mosque. Up to that time nobody had dreamt of doing either, and yet everywhere, however much immorality there might be, there was practically no doubt as to who was a recognized wife and who was not.

Mponda went on to argue, quite reasonably again: "If we are all driven away, who will the *wa-zungu* (white men) get to till the country?" I was very thankful that we parted at last with mutual sympathy. It was pretty late and I did not get back to the Mission station till about midnight, and I then felt the loss of my sandwiches.

It was at this village that Mponda was taken

prisoner later on, or, more accurately, surrendered himself. It was said that a Mtonga *sepahi* mocked him by putting a sham crown on his head; however, he was not badly treated afterwards.

CHAPTER XVII

The Death of Bishop Maples

THE coming of the Europeans brought changes to the work of our Mission as well as to the Lake, and one in especial was, to me at least, deeply marked. By now the German steamer *Von Wissmann* was plying under our good friend Captain Berndt, who was a very frequent visitor to Likoma in Maples' time. The steamer was called after Count von Wissmann, a German traveller who afterwards held an official position, who had come across Africa riding an ox not long before this, and had been very friendly with us. I remember that when we first met he came alongside our steamer in his boat and won the regard of a rowing-man like myself by apologizing for coming on the wrong way about. On his second trip, probably about 1894, he was suffering from insomnia, and I always remember that once when I came across him on his steamer at Msumba we had no communication, owing to his illness. This circumstance brought home to me what was obvious enough by this time: that one could not go everywhere on the Lake any more than one can in England, so that I could no longer preach our message to everybody we met. I do not think that this was owing to shirking. Europeans, who perhaps knew the facts of Christianity as well as I did, were meeting us fairly often, and again, their people were not uncommonly Mohammedans, to whom we might well have spoken had they been their own masters, but not so easily when they were serving some one else. Whenever and however

this change did take place, I think that it made a vast difference to the outlook and to the simplicity of my life.

By this time the roads on the way up to the Lake had been greatly improved under Captain Slater, and I like to think of him in connexion with our southern villages and the Monkey Bay district, almost as full of memories as the Msumba and Kobwe villages. He travelled there with us, wishing to get labour for making his roads. He noticed with surprise what was generally true at that time, if it is not still, that the men whom he wanted to hire would first ask, "Who are going?" secondly, "For how long is it?" thirdly, "What sort of work is it?" and only at the end, and with not quite so much interest, "How much shall we get?" Captain Slater was like many other men who, though they do not belong to a Mission, have wide sympathy. He was taking the greatest pains to teach a young Persian something about geography, and he would have no hand at all at putting pressure on his workmen to pay their taxes.

In September, 1894, by invitation of the British resident at Kota-Kota, Mr. Nicholl, Maples had taken Arthur Sim to begin work there. Kota-Kota was, as I have said, a great slaving-station. A coast man of long slaving experience said to me, when we were talking of the fertility of the soil behind Kota-Kota: "It is no wonder that it is fertile, for if the multitudes of slaves that came down there could not be sold, they simply stopped there till they died and were buried." The slaving-trade still went on there, though feebly; it had not yet been wiped out.

Sim seemed exactly the man for the task at Kota-Kota, although he had only just come from England, and happily we were able to send a very competent teacher with him, one who had been to England with Mr. Madan and could speak English well. There was some misconception in England after Sim's early death as to his being left so much alone at Kota-

Kota, and it was represented as a piece of thoughtlessness on the part of the Mission. As a matter of fact, he was not nearly so much alone as most of us have been on the Lake; he lived in some intimacy with Mr. Nicholl, and at that time Kota-Kota was more frequently visited by the British gunboats and the German steamer than any other point, and nearly as frequently by the *Charles Janson*. Sim, with his able teacher, William, was just getting into the swing and strain of life at Kota-Kota when he was taken from us (October 29, 1895). Two things he said come home to me as two sides of the truth of our life at all times. He longed to get through the barrier which, as he said, "still seems to cut one off from the life we have come three thousand miles to share in, which often seems the only human life left open to you." And when Maples' death so soon followed Atlay's: "We often fail to realize the life and death so close to us in every day of our life, which is witnessing to our Lord, or nothing."

In 1894 Bishop Hornby was invalided home to England, and by and by, to our sorrow, news came to us that he was not allowed to return to Africa and had resigned. There had been some thought of his making Zomba, up in the hills, the government headquarters, his chief residence. The climate there suited him, and if only he had done this he might have remained with us and might have strengthened our position enormously by bringing white men into line.

Then came the welcome call to Maples to be our Bishop, and many expectations of what might come out of a rich past. He went home to England in the spring of 1895, and was consecrated at the end of June.

In March, 1895, we lost Tulip, our old engineer, who deserves more than a passing notice. He had high testimonials from the navies of three nations, English, Italian and Russian; he had been in charge of considerable works at Florence, and, perhaps not least,

had gone home and passed as senior engineer; he had not done so before because he had been abroad. Thus he came to us as an extremely competent engineer, much more advanced in years than most of us, and he came with no thoughts of work on the Lake except to help the Mission. He certainly had no ideas of any union rules as to eight hours' work, and I wondered at him when some one talked, after eight o'clock in the evening, of its being late for going on, and he said: "What on earth else are we here for?" He was a thoroughly God-fearing man. His health gave out over a very good piece of repair on the steamer in Likoma harbour, which he did nearly alone; this sort of work has cost us several men.

While Maples was away in England the *Charles Janson* was laid up for repairs at Matope, extensive repairs which took the best part of the year; and I went on my usual rounds in a canoe, and by myself. Meanwhile our goods and stores were brought up by our two barges; one of them had been given by the Bedford School boys and was called the *Ousel*, and the other, given in memory of Captain Sherriff, was called by his name. On most of their trips one of our head teachers would go down to visit the river-stations. Our work went on fairly steadily, school and preaching and the sacraments, with translating and reading fitted in whenever they might be, and there was still a great deal of unrest round the Lake, and frequent raiding. At the end of August we were expecting our Bishop by the overland route, thinking that he would perhaps strike the Lake opposite Likoma.

George Atlay, who had come out from England with Maples in 1891, after Maples' last furlough, was carrying on at Likoma; he found it heavy work and missed Maples terribly. He had settled, after one of the great festivals, to have a rest, and perhaps a little hunting, at Ngofi, on the mainland, north-east of Likoma, a place which I knew to be pretty safe. The Germans had lately been obliged to assert their

authority at Mbampa Bay, 30 miles north of Ngofi, and I knew that the Angoni were beginning to feel their hand upon them.[1]

Atlay had said himself that the river at Ngofi was a mere ditch except at flood-time, and I was surprised at his choosing such a place. While I was south in my canoe he changed his mind, it appears, and went up into the hills behind Chiteji's village, opposite Likoma. He had some boys with him, chief among them So, who had long been with us, and his own boy, George Chandi, who had been rescued from slavery at a later date than So. It seems that he wanted to rest and think rather than to hunt, keen sportsman as he was, and when I afterwards visited his little encampment in the hills, some twelve miles from the Lake, I found there a copy of the Imitation.

My trip up the Lake in the canoe that month was full of alarms. First, north of Mluluka, the people had run away, fearing the Yaos; then I found no one at Mtengula, but on going round to the north side of the headland, I found there the people from Mtengula, who said they expected the Yaos to raid them, and so had left their village. At Ngoo, again, they were expecting a raid, and at Mbweka I got a message from Mr. Bucknall Smith (I think) at Likoma, to say that Mr. Atlay had been away several days longer than he had intended and they did not know what had become of him.

I cannot now remember when or where I heard news from So and George, who had been with Atlay and had escaped, but it appeared that a party of Angoni had suddenly come upon him in his camp, close to the Kobwe River, on the ordinary path going south from the Angoni country. We were in friendly

[1] Afterwards, when trouble actually came, the Germans argued that all the Angoni were south of the Rovuma River, in Portuguese territory; it was true that their war-parties generally acted in Portuguese territory, but the villages where they lived were in the German domains.

relations with the Angoni, but they did not know Mr. Atlay, and as the place was out of our beat they probably considered him a German ; indeed, I believe they said so later. The boys could not tell us whether he had been killed or no, for he had told them to run as soon as there was any alarm. There was therefore some hope of his being ransomed, or even of his being given up by the Angoni, if we could communicate with them. I felt sure that no ordinary party of three or four natives would go with me to the Angoni ; there would be some chance of getting a large party with a show of force to go,—certainly not with any idea of fighting, but a gun or two would give them a kind of Dutch courage. Captain Berndt came down with the *Von Wissmann* just then and was willing to help us as far as he could ; it was he, I think, who furnished us with a little gunpowder and some trade guns. He took me across from Likoma, whither I had gone, to the mainland, where I got a mixed rabble from Chiteji's village and started up into the hills.

That night, September 2, was, as I learnt afterwards, the night on which Maples was drowned. I had been worried and anxious. I was therefore tired, and for that reason had not been able to reach the place where Atlay had encamped. We camped in the hills short of it. It was bright moonlight and I fancy the moon woke me, as it generally does ; but whereas it generally leaves me with a headache, I felt then a particular calm come over me, for which I thanked God.

We were naturally not late in getting off the next morning, as we were going light-handed, and it was not long before we came to Atlay's little booth and the pool below it. I settled to camp here and have some coffee. I do not remember if I intended to celebrate as usual. If I did, I gave up the idea, for So and others came running up from the water ; they had found the body of Atlay in it, face downwards. He had had a blow on the forehead from one of the

Angoni's knob-kerries and about a week had elapsed since his death. But So was quite sure that it was he; he knew the little bracelets of elephant hair round his wrists. Atlay had his Winchester repeater with him, but he had not used it; we found it, loaded, in the water.

What a help a man like the boy So can be on such an occasion! Otherwise, with completely raw hands, I do not know how we could have got the body down to the Lake. And then we had some watching at Mataka of Kobwe's village, in the church by the Lake. I do not remember how we crossed to Likoma, but there was more watching in the church there (very feeble on my part) while the grave was being dug in that hard soil, and then the burial in the morning. R.I.P.

I suppose that I went down the Lake in a canoe or a barge shortly afterwards. I remember clearly how at one of the villages north of Mtengula I heard a rumour which made me hurry on to that place, although the path was not an easy one to travel at night. We got there, however; the natives with their wonderful eyes were able to direct me: "Put your foot here," or "there," often catching hold of the foot and planting it. To my surprise on entering the stockade at Mtengula, I was challenged by sentries, but when I answered "Mission," I was at once allowed to come in, and almost at once I found the coast man, Ali Kiongwe, who was one of Sir Harry Johnston's factotums, and from him I heard that my dear friend had been drowned, near Leopard Bay (often called Lifu), on the west coast.

I found that the gunboat under Captain Cullen was at Mtengula, and that Lieutenant Alston was on board. I think that I waited until the morning to communicate with them, and then nothing could exceed their kindness and sympathy. Lieutenant Alston had, I think, come up north with Maples; at any rate, he knew him and had been enormously struck by his unique personality. What he said went a great deal beyond

what any sympathy or wish to comfort me could alone have dictated. With Maples was drowned Joseph Williams, most sensitive and tender of men, devoted to him and so full of admiration for his friend that he would even try to dress like Maples.

The loss of our Bishop shows to how much a mistaken idea may lead. Maples had picked up Joseph Williams at Zanzibar and had come up by the Zambezi and the Shiré; on reaching the Lake he found one of our barges which happened to come in the same evening. A strong south wind was blowing and he was intensely desirous of coming up the Lake the shortest way and getting quickly to Kota-Kota, which he thought he could reach sooner than any other place where there was a member of his European staff. Would not, he argued, the shortest way be to follow the west shore right up, instead of going up the east side and then crossing? It was not really so; from Monkey Bay, going straight north before the south wind, you come to Makanjila's point on the east side; it is as nearly as possible due north of Monkey Bay. From there he should have gone up the coast and gradually have sloped across to Kota-Kota. In trying to keep on the west side with the wind on his quarter, he not only ran the greatest risk, but actually went out of his proper course.

He set off in the barge with Joseph Williams and the usual native crew, mostly Christians from Msumba and Pachia. Men who knew the Lake, like Commander Cullen of the *Gwendolen*, who was anchored at the Bar and saw him starting, remarked that the barge was carrying too much sail;—I am afraid that we always crowded on as much sail as we could carry. All went right as far as Nkudzi, where they rested and took some food. Some of the crew wanted to rest again at Monkey Bay, which they passed just before the sun went down, but they ran on, steering for Lifu, the wind still blowing strongly.

Apparently Joseph Williams had turned in early

into a shelter aft, made of grass. Then, they say, the waves began to break into the boat, and finally it broached to (came sideways on to the wind), was swamped, and went under. There was only one native on board who could steer, Ibrahimu, and he probably had been steering all day.

I should gather that Williams went down with the boat; the natives, all good swimmers, looked about for him in the water, but could not find him. It was still very dark, for the moon had not come up and they were not certain how far off the land was. They swam with Maples, who was hampered by the clothes he had on, though he was a good swimmer. He seems to have charged them to leave him, as they could see no land, and after a long swim they all reached the shore and went up to Kota-Kota to report.

I suppose that Sim at Kota-Kota had the first alarm before they arrived, as some of the boat's things were washed up there; he sent down the teacher, William Wasi Wasi, of whom I have spoken, and he brought up the body of Maples to Kota-Kota, where he was buried. Later on we went to investigate the spot where the boat was swamped, and using a hollowed-out lead with fat in the bottom, found a depth of 95 fathoms quite near the shore. I examined most of the natives who were in the barge, and their stories did not hang well together. This distressed me, but I was reassured when I wrote of it to Maples' father, who told me that it was generally the case with uneducated people under such circumstances.

One incident brings out, I suppose, how strong the currents are in the Lake. The boat's foremast, with a long piece of wire attached, was found not long afterwards,—under two weeks, if I remember right,—about 150 miles away, beached at the north end of the Lake; it was picked up by natives and handed over to our friend, Captain Berndt, who brought it down. It was impossible that it should have been carried up there by the wind.

I was struck by Dr. Hine's account of how they received the news at Unangu. He had with him, I think, two white men and a native deacon. One discoursed of how the accident could have happened, for he knew Maples' skill in sailing; the other talked of the depth of the water; but the third, the native deacon, Yohana Abdallah, went off quietly into the church.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Challenge of the Lake

AS I think of the Lake, with the thousands of fellow-men, known and unknown, on its shores, men who have heard the message we came to bring and men for whom the new light has never shone as yet, I feel that the wonder and the mystery of it all are casting a spell over my mind. This spell is not like emotions such as I have often experienced when reading fragments which embody some aspect of the sea, in a poet like Sir William Watson, or, it may be, a prose-writer like Pierre Loti. Nor is it like similar emotions when I recall how Maples could catch and picture beauty in his description of the hills opposite Likoma; or when I think of how another friend, who seems to know our forests as if they were forests in some old fairy-book, has spoken of some dark pool near the Lake, such as the pool by the Chilowelo hills. It is different again from the feelings called forth by the mystery of wonderful sunrises, when the sun comes up through great banks of clouds. So I have seen it rise over the sea, itself a hundred miles away, when I looked down the Lukuledi valley from the hills at Masasi. So I have seen it rise over our own Lake from Kondowe, coming up in a cradle of clouds. So I can see it still through the eyes of others, if not through my own unaided.

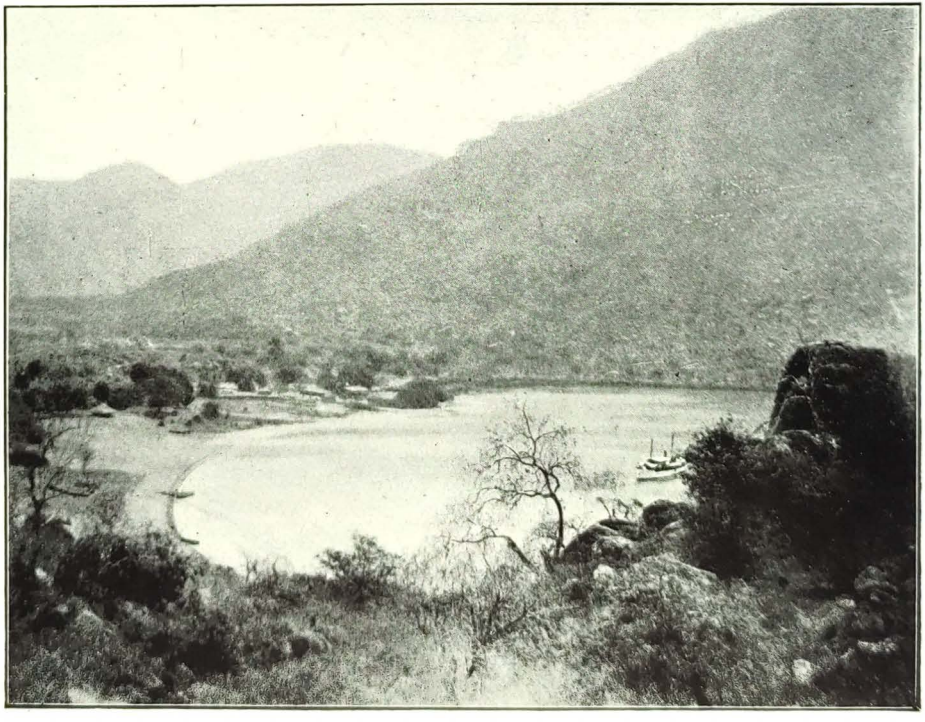
But the spell of the Lake is more than this; it is a challenge to find an underlying unity which will include everything on the Lake, ugliness as well as

beauty; it is a longing to find a true solution of the meaning of the whole in the sight of God.

So longing, two things seem to come home to me: in the first place, one must try to see the Lake 'as it is'; and in the second, one must search for an answer to the riddle it presents with every spark of light that God vouchsafes to grant.

One must not be afraid of anything that is really there. One must not only admire a native village when a shower followed by sunshine has made all 'bright shining'; one must take into one's mind also the squalor and the noise and the smell. One must not try to get rid of the people while one delights in the beauty of their hills, nor turn little nooks into health resorts by banishing the native who has been bitten by generations of mosquitoes and so would keep fever going. There are two sides to most things, and certainly it is so with our Lake. Bishop Smythies, with his happy good-humour, used to apply to it the old saying: 'When it was good it was very, very good; but when it was bad it was horrid.' And the saying would be true not only, as he meant it, of the weather;—a day when one is steaming along pleasantly with an off-shore wind contrasted with a day when one is rolling along the Lake in a south wind. It fits other experiences, such as the joy of taking counsel with an old friend after danger and long separation on the one hand, and on the other the terror of shipping water in a small canoe.

Good and bad must be united in our comprehension, and all horrors, all disgusts, must enter in. The innocent horror of some one who has seen a native headman eat a fowl's entrails as if they were macaroni; the not so innocent horror of a European who, hearing that some ducks had been stolen from the lepers on Leper Island, was concerned, not because they had been taken from the helpless poor, but because they might bring contamination. The disgust mingled with amusement of another European who has watched



MONKEY BAY.

the performance of a marabout stork catching up a dead crow in its long beak, throwing it up and catching it four or five times and so breaking every bone in it, and then gulping it down. The odd and foolish answers of classes who have understood little and have been puzzled when a stranger puts questions to them in an unaccustomed order. All these things we find at the Lake, and we must bear them all in our minds and in our hearts before we can expect to start upon any path where we may hope to find an answer to our question as to its meaning.

But the more one feels how necessary it is to take in all the details of the mystery of human life upon the Lake, the more certain one is that if there is this mystery here, it is because there is the same mystery to be emprised in each known or unknown corner of the world where human life is lived.

> "Point me out the place
> Wherever man has made himself a home,
> And there I find the story of our race
> In little, just at Croisic as at Rome."

To illustrate this, let me indicate some directions which our thought, and indeed our life, takes on the Lake; directions which carry us below the detail and help us to a wider view.

First, as to the spark we follow when we study manhood. Look fixedly on man, as man, anywhere, and vistas will open before you. How enthralling, for instance, are man's ideas of law, at whatever age of the world. There are those who parade the study of 'man' and delight neither in his ideas nor in his family life, but in uncanny and bizarre relics of him; mummified fragments of body, it may be, or a little pot with a bone in it and some ashes, suggesting a cannibal feast. For my part I would just as soon study the tail of an ox as a bit of man unless it is going to lead to some knowledge of his life and customs. All scientific studies, of course, must have their specific

matter and deal with that alone, and it is not of these that I am thinking. The sort of studies I mean must be well known to all, and it is a relief to turn to Sir J. G. Frazer's 'Golden Bough' and to find there such human pictures of man; men written about as men, and not as beasts. Wherever man is studied as man, high and low may find affinities.

The second direction which many of us have followed is that of the study of language. It might, indeed, be included under the first, but it is so absorbing in mission-work in the widest sense that it may well be specified by itself. At the beginning of such work it must be a matter of faith that we shall come to anything worth finding, still more so that what we find will open out to us an unknown sea with new shores. I owe much to men like Steere and Maples, or, again, to others like Bleek and Max Müller; men who believed, as I still believe, that there is a whole unexplored world around us and that the native dialect is a key to part of it. A long time with little progress, partly owing to bad health and partly to a very slow ear, made small difference to my belief in this great unknown land or to my desire to penetrate it. My work in helping to translate the Bible into our Lake dialect brought this land nearer and gave it a definite coast, and men like Professor Sayce made one believe in the 'Koine,' the living speech of the land, as the thing to be grasped at, and showed one the importance of seeking out the true native forms and of rejecting the false analogies, borrowed from other languages before our eyes, and even introduced by ourselves.

I believe that wherever sympathetic study is given, helped by really good dictionaries, our dialects will find linguistic affinities in all directions; but whether this is so or not, they will certainly open up long vistas of human ideas.

I have been speaking here of language as one of the directions in which to look for the catholicity of

sacrament and so of mystery everywhere, and the more one pursues these two studies, the study of manhood and the study of language, each of which could be divided into several heads, the more hopeful one feels. For it does not seem impossible that some day every one and everything at the Lake will fall into their proper place. This hope, too, does not preclude other hopes, as if we 'could not hear the world for the noise of our tiny village.' One feels that any son of man would find his own, his satisfying sphere, if he once felt the call to follow the Holy Grail in any part of the world, not excluding home.

> "Oh that we knew how all Thy lights combine
> And the configuration of their glory,
> Seeing not only how each verse doth shine
> But all the constellations of the story."

I have spoken of the spell of the Lake,—its challenge to penetrate into the unknown, which is darkness, trusting to the lamp of faith to illuminate the way and bring us to our journey's end. An experience of my own may help to make my meaning clearer and may serve in some sort as a parable.

It was nearly dark as my men took me across the narrowest part of the river, where the water came up as through a sluice and over irregular boulders. Night was falling and it was already dark in the valley of the river-bed; the river revealed its threatening turbulence in the noise of its waves beating on the stone barriers, just in proportion as it ceased to reveal itself to our eyes.

Could we settle down and pass the night in a booth of boughs which was standing just where we had crossed? We tried, as we were weary and it was a very steep pull up the hill which lay before us. But no, it was useless, half the roof had fallen in; there was not even enough shelter for us to sit up round the fire.

The darkness was not only the effect of the sun's setting; large rain-clouds lowered and made it positive,

imminent and threatening. Light was vanishing, even directly overhead, where it had been engraved by the dense forest line on either side. My boy had a paraffin-tin, opened on one side and at the top, which I used as a lamp. We lit a candle and placed it in this candlestick, and he slung it behind him ; it revealed nothing, but it beckoned. His voice supplemented my sight : " A stone ! "—" a hole to the right ! " or simply " below," which meant, " Lift up your foot, there is some obstacle " ; or " above," which meant, " Stoop, there is something overhead." This, too, was supplemented by the noise of a breaking stick, the sound of a bending bough, the hardly perceptible patter of his bare foot on a rock or a rolling pebble. Lights and shades became rather sight and sound ; one saw but one lamp, but the sounds made the darkness less dead. No need to pray, " Pass my eyes by any vanity," for one could see nothing but the light in its tin setting. How could the boys see ? Was it a finer perception of vision ? Could they see rays to the left or the right of the spectrum invisible to me ? Was it a finer perspective of the meaning of sounds, or, very likely, a whole gamut of touch—perception which I lacked or which my boots and clothes cut off ?

So up, up, up,—like a drill, with the light in the lamp for its diamond point,—up through the solid darkness ! How merciful that the blackness did not swallow the light and us. Then round and down,—till we came to booths, not much finer architecturally than the one we had left at the river, but still a village where men dwelt. Only two huts in all, still huts and shelter ; enough to make one realize what a good thing is a lamp that lightens, if only one step at a time. This lamp of mine, indeed, was not even so ambitious as that ; it simply hung on to the darkness and called to anyone who loved the light to come, and so went before. It did not enable one to see dangers, but rather hid them : " This is the way ; walk ye in it."

There was a fire (perhaps, as I think, the native word for fire, '*moto*,' is from the same root as the Hebrew for lamp and for light). To the fire add another candle. Could these make all the difference between the dark outside—dark 'as when Judas went out'—and the light within? No; I think that the touch of heat, the influence of human life, of human family life, the hope of a meal, the gratitude for escaping the rain, were all acting and re-acting. For hardly had we got inside than it came down in torrents.

Home, a bed on grass and nightly reading, with a miracle of grace vouchsafed. A dip, a broken paraffin-tin, and there had been 'light on our path'—symbol of the light we pray for on our daily path; as real a path to be illuminated as the tiny track which we had followed, which still wound on through the night to the next village. No doubt God was keeping and illuminating both as He saw fit.

APPENDIX

ON March 2, 1911, at Oxford, at 2 p.m., in the Sheldonian Theatre, the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Heberden) conferred on the Archdeacon of Nyasa, the Ven. W. P. Johnson, the degree of D.D., *honoris causa*, in the presence of a number of undergraduates and friends of the Mission. There was a large attendance of Doctors, the Bishop of Oxford among them, who had come specially to do honour to the Archdeacon. The Bishop of Zanzibar was also present. The Warden of Keble (Dr. Lock) introduced the Archdeacon in a most graceful and striking Latin speech, which, through his kindness we are allowed to print with the English translation.

Fato quodam felici mihi contigit praesentare vobis hodie, ut ad gradum Doctoris in S. Theologia admittatur honoris causa, virum dignum, si quem alium, quem et Ecclesia et Academia honore afficiat, virum indolis et virtutis paene dixerim heroicae.

Hic enim, cum iuvenis apud nos famam in litteris satis amplam in remigum certaminibus amplissimam iam adeptus consilium rei publicae nostrae apud Indos administrandae moliebatur, hoc consilium, omnem famae et honorum spem ex improviso proiecit. Vocem scilicet audierat e longinquo deprecantis Transiens in Africam adiuva nos.[1] Audiit, transiit, per quinque et triginta annos adiuvit

Neque hoc uno tantum modo: id certe ante omnia sibi proposuit ut nationes rudes incultasque evangelizaret, et filios Dei qui erant dispersi in unum congregaret.[2] Quod illi ignorantes colebant hic adnuntiavit: quem illi quaerebant si forte attrectarent eum et invenirent hic docuit non longe abesse ab uno quoque:[3] quem illi tonitru et fulgoribus per-

[1] Acts xvi. 9. [2] John xi. 52. [3] Acts xvii. 23, 27.

territi, veneficis addicti, horrebant trucibusque ritibus placabant, hunc amore dignum esse, huic de caelo benefacienti [1] libenter serviendum, huic non nisi spiritales hostias offerendas [2] esse ostendit. Inter evangelizandum autem quot alias res effecit! simultates diremit, pacem inter bellantes conciliavit, mulierum conditionem in melius mutavit, litterarum ludos instituit, pueros educavit, sevit arbores, hortos exstruxit, navem vaporariam aedificandam curavit, aedificatam rexit. Nequaquam autem sine pulvere, sine periculo haec facere erat. Per loca adhuc hominibus inaccessa, per uliginem paludum, per silvas densissimas, eundum erat: circumlatrabant ferae, circumvolitabant hostes, insidias struebant, intendebant tela: vires debilitabat morbus; cicatrices exulcerabant muscae: ut apostolus ille, erat in itineribus saepe, periculis fluminum, periculis latronum, periculis in solitudine: in labore, in aerumnis, in vigiliis multis, in fame et siti; huic quoque aderat instantia illa cotidiana, sollicitudo ecclesiarum.[3] Quae itinera mediam per Africam, aridam illam leonum nutricem, tutus quidem fecit integer vitae scelerisque purus,[4] corpus autem, altero captus oculo, vix integrum reduxit: quidquid enim incepit, animo perficere obstinavit, quoquo eundum erat, ire perstabat, strenuus, alacer, imperterritus, et iuvenis et aetate iam provectior, non sine dis animosus.[5] Inceptis autem huius modi quomodo annuerit Deus O.M. haec sufficiant indicia: una illa in Africa centrali dioecesis intra hos annos in tres divisa est; duo exstructae sunt aedes cathedrales, quarum una sita est ubi quondam de mensa emebantur mancipia, altera ubi comburebantur veneficae.

Satis superque enumeravi cur ministrum suum ornaret augeretque ecclesia: addenda autem sunt alia, quae propius ad Academiam pertinent. Quantum ad regiones explorandas, ad situs montium, ad cursus originesque fluviorum noscendos effecerit satis testimonio sit praemium quod ei Societas Geographorum decrevit. Plus autem laboribus eius acceptum referunt philologi et grammatici: quantum enim ii qui linguam quae Suahili vocatur Oxoniensi alteri, Arturo Madan, tantum qui Chinyanja loquuntur Wilhelmo Johnson acceptum referunt. Nempe voces numquam antea litteris mandatas ab ore loquentium excepit, in ordinem redegit, regulis grammatices definitis explicuit, prelo commisit. Quo facto totam

[1] Acts xiv. 17. [2] 1 Pet. ii. 5. [3] 2 Cor. xi. 26–28.
[4] Hor. Od. i. 22. 1, 15–16. [5] Hor. Od. iii. 4. 20.

Bibliam nostram in hanc linguam, Ulphilas[1] alter, ipse vertit: immo plurimas partes accuratius castigavit, non nullas etiam recastigavit. Quod ille incepit persecuti sunt alii, quorum ope habent nunc tribus istae litteras quibus se iactent, habent artes quae ad humanitatem pertinent, habent studia et disciplinas quibus animi iuvenum imbuantur, habent preces et Liturgiam quibus rite recteque colatur Deus O.M.

Vitam et studia huius modi occasionem augendi et decorandi iam tandem in manibus habemus. Redit in Africam Africanus noster: redit nil actum credens cum tot res supersunt agendae; redit vir otii et requietis impatiens, vir (hoc enim nomen ei indiderunt Africani ipsi mirabundi) numquam domisedus. Sed redeat precor honore, quo qui maximo, cumulatus: noverit ille, noverint omnes nos alumnorum nostrorum si quis litteris promovendis adeo se dederit non immemores fore, immo eos amore, benevolentia, honoribus prosecuturos esse.

Placuit hoc hodie nobis Doctoribus; placuit Magistris. Duco igitur ad vos, insignissime V. C. et egregii Procuratores, virum Venerabilem Wilhelmum Percival Johnson e Collegio Universitatis ut admittatur ad gradum Doctoris in S. Theologia honoris causa.

TRANSLATION.

BY a happy chance it has fallen to my lot to present to you to-day for admission to the degree of Doctor of Divinity, *honoris causa*, a man who deserves, if anyone ever deserved, to be honoured alike by the Church and by the University, a man—may I say?—gifted with the ability and the courage of a hero.

As an undergraduate he achieved among us distinction in the schools and very great distinction on the river; and he was planning to enter the Civil Service in India when, all of a sudden, he abandoned his plan, and with it the hope of a glorious career of office. For why? He had heard the voice of some one appealing to him from afar—"Come over into Africa and help us." He heard, he went over, and for five-and-thirty years he has given his help.

This he has done in more than one way. First and foremost he made it his object to preach the Gospel to those rough and

[1] The Apostle of the Goths, A.D. 318–388.

uncivilized tribes, and to "gather into one the children of God that were scattered abroad." What they "ignorantly worshipped," that declared he unto them. Him whom they sought, "if haply they might feel after Him and find Him," he proclaimed to be "not far from each one" of them. Him whom those peoples, terrified by the thunder and the lightning, and at the mercy of witches, feared and propitiated with savage ritual, he showed to be worthy of their love, teaching them to give willing service to Him who "did good from heaven," and to offer to Him none but "spiritual sacrifices." But, while he preached the Gospel, how much else did he achieve! He ended feuds, reconciled enemies at war, improved the condition of women, founded schools, educated boys, planted trees, laid out gardens, saw to the building of a steamboat, and steered the boat when built. All this was not to be done without difficulty or danger. He had to traverse districts hitherto untrodden by man, swampy morasses, virgin forests. Beasts of prey howled around him; enemies hovered on every side, threatening his life, now with treachery, now with open assault. Sickness impaired his strength; mosquitoes turned scars into festering sores. Like the great Apostle, he was "in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils in the wilderness, in labour and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst"; in his case, too, there was "that which pressed upon him daily, anxiety for the Churches." From all his journeys through the heart of Africa, "that dry nurse of lions,"—journeys which he accomplished safely because he was "pure in life, unscathed by guilt,"—we can hardly say that he has brought his body back unscathed, for one eye is sightless. The truth is that whatever he undertook he made up his mind to perform; wherever he had to go, he insisted on going, vigorous, active, undismayed, alike in youth and in maturer years, "inspired with a courage surely given him by heaven."

To show how God Almighty has blessed his undertakings, let these facts suffice. Within his lifetime the one Diocese of Central Africa has been divided into three, and two Cathedral Churches have been built, one on the site of the old slave-market, the other on the spot where witches once were burnt.

I have told you enough, and more than enough, to explain why the Church should honour and reward its minister; but I must also add some more facts which have special reference

to the University. What he has done towards exploring the country and discovering the position of mountains, or the sources and channels of rivers, is sufficiently attested by the medal which the Geographical Society voted to him. Students of language and grammar are still more indebted to him, because the people who speak Chinyanja owe as much to William Johnson as those who speak Swahili owe to another Oxford man, Arthur Madan. Words never before committed to writing he caught from the lips of speakers, reduced to system, explained by formal rules of grammar, and printed. With this help he, like a second Ulphilas, translated into their tongue the whole of our Bible, and since then he has carefully revised most of his translation, some parts of it even for the second time. Others have carried out the work which he began, and by their aid those tribes have now a literature to boast of, arts to civilize them, a system of study and training for the education of the young, prayers and a liturgy for the due and orderly worship of Almighty God.

At length we have the opportunity of rewarding and honouring such a life and such studies as these. Our Africanus goes back to Africa: he goes back, because he thinks nothing yet done when so much remains to do: he goes back, because he cannot bear rest or ease, because (to use the name given to him by the wondering Africans) he is "the man who never sits down." But I ask you to let him go back crowned with the greatest honour which we can give: let him know, and let all the world know, that, if any son of ours devotes himself, as he has done, to the advancement of learning, we will not forget him, but will grace him with a solid tribute of our love and gratitude.

To this the Doctors and the Masters of Arts have signified their assent to-day, and so to you, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, and to you, Sirs, the Proctors, I beg leave to introduce the Venerable William Percival Johnson, of University College, that he may be admitted to the degree of Doctor of Divinity, *honoris causa.*

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