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KANGAI AND JUMA IN THE BUSH (page 10)

THE ADVENTURES OF PAUL KANGAI

STORIES OF A SLAVE-BOY, ILLUSTRATING THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA

BY

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"DARKNESS OR LIGHT," "SONGS OF THE NARROW WAY," ETC.

WITH EIGHTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA
9 DARTMOUTH STREET, WESTMINSTER
1918

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ADVENTURE I

HOW KANGAI LOST HIS FATHER



A RIVER IN CENTRAL AFRICA

I

HOW KANGAI LOST HIS FATHER

ON a big river one broiling hot day in Central Africa an unusual quiet had fallen. Five minutes before, a big band of men, armed with spears and shields and bows and arrows, had come down through the trees on the bank, had sprung out on to the big flat stones where the water lapped and gurgled as it rushed by, had beaten the pools with their spears to scare the crocodiles, and had then crossed all together. Everything on the river had been disturbed. Flights of weaver birds had gone screaming up and down stream; the crocodiles had splashed angrily into the deeper pools; and a fierce African leopard, who had been peacefully asleep on a rock after a long night's hunt, had had to shrink snarling away into the black shadows, very angry at being roused from rest. But after all the noise, quiet had fallen again. The minutes passed. Only the water swirled and sang on its journey; and all the beasts, listening for dangerous sounds, began to grow content. Suddenly the calm surface of a big pool broke, and an alligator thrust out his nose with a subdued swish! He paddled in to shore, and paused on his ugly fore-feet listening. Then down went his cruel mouth on the mud, and you might almost have sighed with relief. At the same moment, the reeds parted cautiously just where a great thicket of them grew to one side of the flat rocks of the bank, and a boy's head looked out.

It was brown, and its hair was woolly, while its nose was one big snub and its lips thick, but its eyes sparkled and gleamed when its owner flashed them up and down stream. In a minute or two, the boy pulled himself out of the reeds and stood out in the sun. His bare brown body gleamed with the water which dropped off him, and in his hand he held a canoe paddle. In a string round his waist he carried a knife. Very quietly he dragged out of its hiding-place a small canoe made from a hollowed log, and was soon paddling it vigorously across the stream. Now and again he glanced behind him, for as he got farther from the bank, he could see more of the shore. Behind the trees near the river the land was bare and parched and brown, and it rose towards a cluster of huts half-way up a little hill. All round the huts were patches of cultivated ground, but you could see that all the cassava plants were dead and dry, and that in places the land had been cleared by fire.

As soon as this village came in view, the boy took three or four strong swift strokes and shot out for the trees on the other side. He did not want to be seen from the village; for although it was his home and he was going to do something to help stave off the starvation that famine and war had brought, still *he* ought not to have been doing it at all.

Once among the trees on the other side, he moved quickly but stealthily. First he hid his canoe behind the thick reeds and then crept on all-fours among them, peering furtively ahead, till they thinned a bit and he was at length among the trees. Then he stood up and slipped quickly from trunk to trunk till he reached the end of the wood and could see clearly before him. What he saw made him stand as still as the tree trunk behind which he sheltered.

Almost two miles ahead, across ground with few trees but plenty of bushes, lay a village like the one on

the opposite bank, but it did not stand so high and you could see into it. You could see how the huts clustered round a central open space, where, under a number of shelters, many goats were tied. From one hut which stood alone by itself in the centre, men were constantly coming and going. The boy knew that that was the village magazine of arrows and spears, and that the men, as they left it, brought away a supply in their hands. But almost on the edge of the gardens of the village, and between it and the river, he could see what the people in the village could not see—a half circle of crawling forms, the men of his own village who had just crossed the water to surprise their foes. The boy's eyes searched the ground before him till they saw two brown huddled things which lay very still, half-hidden by the grass. The sentries of the village had been killed. So that was why his friends had got there without alarm! Already a big black bird circled high up in the air, and would soon drop upon the dead men.

Suddenly one of the creeping men rose to his feet; some one in the village shouted; the man standing waved his spear and cried out loudly, and the whole line sprang up and charged. In an instant the din of war broke out, and the cries of women and children mixed with the war-shouts of the men. The boy, watching, smiled. "It was a good thought," he said to himself. "They are used to fighting in the evening, and Mweenge was wise to plan to attack early in the day. But I must get my pumpkins." Leaving the tree, he ran forward some hundreds of yards to a place where the big gourds were growing, and began to cut and stack a little pile of them. It had been his own idea: to cut the enemies' fruit while the men of his village attacked them.

He was just cutting a big juicy one which grew almost beyond his reach in a wet spot, when the

bushes parted suddenly, and a man burst out. The boy flattened himself instantly among the bushes, but he saw that he was seen, and he drew his breath expecting death from the great spear the man held in his hand, such as he had seen others suffer often enough. But the man's own face was grey with fear, and instead of spearing he shouted loudly "Maviti! Maviti!" and dashed on. At that the boy leaped up, paused irresolutely for a moment, and then dashed after the man, whimpering to himself with fear. He knew all about the Maviti, like every East African, and how that terrible tribe of savages made war on everybody for slaves. So he and the man tore on, leaping bushes, dodging trees, careless of thorns, till the man reached the village and rushed into it shouting again and again "Maviti! Maviti!" At that a strange thing happened. When he entered, the village was one terrible turmoil. Just at the gate a man lay with a great spear in his back, and by one of the huts a woman and a little baby lay dead together. Most of the fighters were bleeding, and all, friend and foe alike, were panting with rage and exhaustion; but that cry "Maviti!" held all their weapons and drew them together. A babel of noise broke out, but at last the messenger made himself heard.

"The Maviti are coming up the river," he said. "They are very many and very fierce, but they are still a few days' journey away. Two nights ago they surprised a village, and all are dead, and it is burnt; and they say they will kill all the Nyasa men and sell all their wives as slaves. Down the river the people have stopped their own little wars, and are making arrows and spears to resist the Maviti. It is foolish for us, too, to fight, who may all be dead on Maviti spears a few hours from now."

The women burst out into cries at this: some mourning their dead, others crying in fear, most

applauding what the man had said; but all this noise died away into a few shouts of "Mweenge! Mweenge!" as a tall man stood out. He looked very fierce because he was bleeding from an arrow wound in the shoulder, and his great bare body was quivering with excitement. In his hands was a long spear, red now with blood, and he shook it as he talked.

"Mchumba is right," he said. "The Nyasa people must fight no more except against their common enemy, the Maviti, who come from the South to kill us all. And this is my word. Let all the women and children be sent to the hills up towards the great Lake, and let all the men leave this village and that (pointing over the river) and come to my great village of Miembe where there is a strong stockade. This we will make still stronger, and behind it we will gather all our goats and poison our arrows, and make ready for the Maviti. And the Nyasas will give the Maviti to the birds and beasts to eat."

Wild shouting greeted this speech, the men beating their knobkerries on their shields, and instantly the attacking party made their way back to the river, their late enemies loading them with the pumpkins that Kangai, as he was called, had risked his life to obtain. Nobody thought to blame Kangai in the confusion.

For the next three days there was bustle and hurry in both villages. Kangai's mother and his four small brothers and sisters were sent off, with the other women and children, to the hills that overlooked Lake Nyasa, but Kangai was left to help move out of Chitete (as his home was called) because he was a big boy and useful for driving the goats into Miembe. In that village the animals were gathered into a big open central place; food was stored up; men worked all day making arrows and poisoning their tips; and the great wooden stockade of which the Chief Mweenge

had spoken was made stronger by taking away all the timbers that the white ants had begun to eat and by putting in others instead. There was a ditch in front of it too, and outside of this a high bank planted with very thick bushes, so that men could hide in that and shoot at the enemy, while if they were beaten back to the town, the enemy would have to go down into the ditch and climb up to the stockade without any cover at all.

Early in the morning of the fourth day, Kangai was awakened by a terrible crying in the town. He jumped up, pulled his *shuka* round him, and ran out, to see, in the early light, that the people of the town were helping to bring into shelter four men and a woman, terribly wounded, who were describing how they had been attacked by the Maviti. They were people who had refused to leave Kangai's old village of Chitete, and now they had suffered for it. It was all a babel of sounds, but Kangai caught bits of what they were saying.

"I woke up with the light of fire in my eyes," cried a man.

"Ah, *Mtoto! Mtoto!* My baby is dead!" said the woman.

Another only groaned, too much hurt to speak.

"The Maviti set fire to the village and we are all dead," said the first again.

"They are coming! They are coming! The Maviti!" cried the people of Miembe.

Kangai was more excited than afraid. He saw a friend of his in the crowd and called him: "Juma! Juma!" Juma ran up. "Let's go to the stockade," said Kangai, "and watch from there."

"Wait a minute," said Juma; "I will get my spear."

"And I my knife," said Kangai.

They parted, but met again in a few minutes where

the big mbuyu tree is, by whose roots people sit and sell mangoes in the season. They crept through the huts towards the stockade, and then hid while some hundreds of warriors rushed by. The men were armed to the teeth, and shouting "Aha-a-a-a! Ja-aha-a!" and Kangai seized Juma by the arm and ran through the gate with him. They crossed the ditch and climbed the high bank to the bushes, where they lay panting. The soldiers from the town were in the trees ahead and out of sight in the darkness.

They lay still, not daring to speak, till a little light began to shine in the air, and then Kangai, who was of course a stranger to this village, said :

"What is that shining on the ground there?"

"That is a pool," said Juma; "and there are wells near it."

"Hark!" answered Kangai; "people are coming out of the town."

"Yes," put in Juma; "they will come to pick fruit and drive in all the goats who sleep, in peace-time, near the water. Look, you can see them."

The boys watched while the people scattered at their work; and presently women, carrying piles of fruit and vegetables on their heads, began to trail off into the town. The sun got up, and it became hot. There was no sound from the direction in which the warriors had gone, and the boys began to get tired and thirsty.

"Juma!" said Kangai.

"Yes," answered Juma.

"I want a banana, Juma; let's creep down to the women and beg one as they pass. See, there goes Sikujua, your sister; let's ask her."

"Good!" said Juma, and began to wriggle forward through the bushes. Kangai followed, and they had gone some way when suddenly Juma, on ahead, stopped.

"What's up?" said Kangai.

Juma turned a bit and whispered excitedly : " See, quick ; look where Sikujua is passing. Just in front of her, that big bush has moved ; some one hides there. Oh look, look ! From here you can see a spear."

For an instant Kangai looked, and then leapt high in the air, screaming with all his force, " The Maviti ! The Maviti !—Run ! Run ! "

But in that instant a man had sprung from the bush, and the boys saw him strike Sikujua with the handle of his spear so that she fell into the bushes. But they almost forgot her in their panic. Every tree seemed to be alive with foes, for the surprise was complete. There was a wild rush for the town, screaming people everywhere ; and always as you ran it seemed as if one of the Maviti must be just behind ready to spear you in the back. Juma, bent double, ran like a hare, but Kangai glanced round now and again. Indeed he stopped for a moment altogether when a fresh burst of cries broke out behind him, but ran on again in a minute, catching up Juma and shouting as he ran : " Our men are back ; they are fighting hard. Some may be saved even yet."

It seemed a terrible nightmare before the boys were able to fling themselves down in the hut of Kangai's father, hardly able to breathe after their run. As they lay they heard shouting near the stockade, but they did not dare go out to see. Later in the day they ate some bananas, and then sat listening until the noise which had been going on all the time died down, and about sunset Nabinene, Kangai's father, came in.

" Ah, you boys ! I thought you were dead," he said.

" No, father," answered Kangai ; " we fled to the hut when we heard the shouting, and we have been here all day. What has happened ? Tell us of the battle."

"First, I must eat," said Nabinene. "Since your mother is away, you must cook. They are selling some fish in the town; go and buy it, but first give me water to drink. Then I will rest till it is ready."

The two boys went out together. The market was full of people, some wounded, but all excited, and several men had fish to sell which they had brought in that morning, but which nobody had wanted to buy while the fighting was going on. As the boys made their way through the crowd, they heard scraps of news.

"I killed five with my own hand," said one great fellow, as he pushed past; and the boys looked after him admiringly.

"Oh, these Maviti, they are terrible," another was saying to a group about him. The boys stopped to listen.

"Yes; what do you think? They cut up bodies and throw them into the pools to poison the water! They are devils, these Maviti."

"Ah," put in one of his listeners, "and they will starve out the town! They are building huts all round, and we shall all die."

"Coward!" returned the first. "To-morrow we shall go out beyond the stockade and drive them all away. Let us eat and rest first, and to-morrow you will see."

"I wish he would not say 'to-morrow' so much," whispered Juma, with great shrewdness. "But let's go on, Kangai."

The man who sold fish had skewered them, five or six together on a stick, near a fire, and the boys bought three sticks for six pice. "They will cost more to-morrow," said the man, "when the people are starving."

Now, in the morning it was seen how true Juma had been, for there was no fighting. Nor was there any the day after either. For these two days the Maviti built rest huts all round the town, and the people

watched from the stockade. Then on the third day the Maviti sent, saying :

"Give us the cattle and goats, and you shall be our friends, and we will leave this town alone, and tell the rest of our people when they come not to break down this stockade."

The messenger was a great Viti, six feet high, who came in with no weapon but his knobkerrie and walked through all the people as if he did not see them. Mweenge the Chief received him, sitting on his stool outside his hut, with the best of his warriors behind him. When he had heard the message, he consulted with them. Some inclined to agree; but Nabinene, who was thought much of, said: "No. If you give up the goats, the Maviti will only go away for a little and then come back, when we shall have no food and shall not be able to fight. Now we are strong, for all our men are in Miembe, and many Nyasas from outside. Our women, too, are safe in the hills. We must not give up the town." All agreed to this; so Mweenge turned to answer the messenger who had been standing all the time a little way off, swinging his 'kerrie, and humming to himself.

"Dog of a Viti," said Mweenge; "go back to your kennel and say the Nyasas will never give up Miembe. They refuse utterly."

"Good!" said the Viti. "Then this is my message: 'To-morrow be ready for war. We will fight in the morning.'" And with that he turned and stalked away, and left the people murmuring behind him.

Some said openly, "Kill him," but he did not even look at them, and Mweenge beat his spear against his shield for silence. So he went, and then Mweenge said:

"Go every man to the stockade. The Maviti are cunning. Maybe they will attack in the night just because they have said they will wait for the morning."

That evening there was a terrible scene in Miembe.



THE DEVIL DANCE (page 15)

In the great open central space there was one tree, a bamboo, which no one dared cut down. It was supposed to be inhabited by a devil, and by the side of it was a little hut with a stick placed crosswise under the thatch. People who wished to offer to the devil that he might help them, used to throw a small strip of calico over this stick and place an offering of food in the little hut. Juma, Kangai, and Nabinene went out that evening, and Nabinene placed some calico over the stick and made Kangai do the same. Then Nabinene broke three eggs on the ground by the tree; and later they all watched while the witch-doctors, with bones and skins tied round them, danced around, called on the devil, and finally dragged a goat to the tree to be sacrificed to the evil spirit. Nabinene, because he was one of the big men of the village, helped to hold it still while the chief of the witch-doctors cut its throat. The moon shone out white and pure while they did it, and the boys hid their faces in fear lest they themselves should see the devil.

Kangai never could remember clearly the events of the next five days. The Maviti did not attack in the night, but each day that followed parties sallied out from behind the stockade and fought, returning every few hours for rest while others took their places. Wounded men were everywhere, but there was not much wailing because there were so few women in the town. Juma and Kangai, too, were turned on to cut wood for arrows quite early in the fighting, and all day they sat outside the hut and worked hard. In the middle of the third day, just as Kangai was shaping a stick, he heard Juma give a cry, and, looking up, saw four men carrying another between them and coming to the hut. He jumped up and ran forward, and saw Nabinene. Nabinene was too hurt to speak much, but just at evening he spoke a little. He told Kangai to go to Mweenge the Chief and claim

protection for his mother as soon as the war was over ; and he told him, too, to take Mweenge for his father—which is a custom among the Nyasas when a man's real father dies. Then he said : " In a few days we shall be beaten unless the Maviti get tired. If they break in, run out to the hills. Don't hide, for they will burn the town. As for me, bury me in the hut, and make an *mzimu* for me. Hear me, Kangai. If you do not, I will haunt you, and even in death give you no peace. . . ." Then he breathed once heavily and died.

Kangai fell forward on the ground, terribly frightened. Where was his father now ? He did not know, only he feared his ghost, and dreaded having to do what he must do. So he lay still in fear for hours, until indeed he heard a step behind him and a voice saying, " Kangai."

" O Mweenge, great Chief," he said (for it was he), " my father is dead, and I fear his ghost. Be to me a father, Mweenge, and help me to bury the dead."

There was little time to do anything ; but that night Kangai watched while Mweenge and his servants buried Nabinene under the floor of the hut, first cutting off some of his hair and his nails. These they tied into a little bag with some black earth from the floor, and Mweenge kept it until a night of sacrifice, when he would have it soaked in goats' blood and tied-in a tree, with the right prayers. After that, Nabinene's ghost would go and live in the tree. But Kangai never knew exactly when this was done.

The next day he spent with Juma in his father's hut, but the father of Juma was not so great a man as Nabinene. And on the evening of the fifth day, when the last party had come back to the stockade and while they cooked maize and goat-flesh, suddenly a bright light broke out. Everyone rushed to the stockade, thinking the town was on fire, but it was not.

Instead, the huts of the Maviti outside were ablaze ! " They have gone ! They have gone ! " shouted everyone ; but Mweenge said, " Wait till the morning, perhaps it is a trap. "

No one slept that night. The boys watched hut after hut flare away till the town seemed surrounded by fire ; but at last the glare died down, and, when the sun rose, only little blackened smoking piles of ash remained. In one Kangai found a Maviti spear-head, which he hammered into a knife and kept for a long time. And the next day he set off for his home at Chitete, the village above the river, and all the other defenders of the town scattered too. He and Juma said " Good-bye " among the fruit trees by the pool where Sikujua had been captured. Juma was very sad, and wondered if he should ever see his sister again. Kangai was busy with his knife, and did not much care ; but he was interested when Juma planned an expedition to the hills above the Lake and promised to go with him in a year or so.

They held hands without shaking them, African fashion, and Kangai ran off to join his friends, who were already on ahead. Juma stood still, and then, turning, climbed slowly up the hill. The stockade was marked all over with spear-thrusts, and just where he and Kangai had sat that first memorable night, three Maviti lay dead together. One seemed asleep and bore no wound that Juma could see, till he noticed a little arrow in the calf of the man's leg. Perhaps it was one of the arrows he had made and poisoned ! He stood still and thought about it. Then he had killed the man ! But he had no quarrel with him ? Well, yes, the man's friends had killed Sikujua. He kicked the body fiercely at the thought of it, and ran home quickly. There he found his father had got some water-melons, and he was eating hard in a minute and as happy as a king.

ADVENTURE II

HOW KANGAI STALKED A SNAKE AND FOUND A
STICK BESIDE IT



AFRICAN HUTS

II

HOW KANGAI STALKED A SNAKE AND FOUND A STICK BESIDE IT

THE road that led from Miembe to Chitete, the village in which Kangai had been brought up, climbed in one place a little hill that had an exposed surface of rock on the side facing Miembe. Thick brushwood and many trees lined the way, and shaded the path until, just at this place, there was no shelter and only a face of rock that grew very hot in the sun. Now this rock was a favourite place for snakes, which loved its heat, and might often be seen sunning themselves there. Kangai remembered this, after Juma had left him, and first he lingered a little to let his friends get on well and pass the spot, and then he crept through the bushes quietly to it with the Maviti spear-head knife in his hand. He meant to do a bold thing. If there was a snake on the rock he, Kangai, would kill it with his own knife and earn much praise. He went softly, therefore, not to frighten anything that might be visible, and at last came out into a patch of black shadow that a thick mango tree made in the sun on the edge of the clearing.

The slope of rock was about fifty yards long and some ten or twelve broad, and the path was quite lost in crossing it, but it was easy to see the break in the brushwood on the farther side where the path re-entered the trees. Kangai stood still, looking.

Then his heart gave a big jump, for he saw what he wanted.

A few feet only from the entrance on the far side, a black thin thing lay across the rock. It lay without moving, but Kangai knew it for a Black Mamba, one of the deadliest of East African snakes. Would he dare try to kill it? He shifted his knife in his hand, took a firm grip, and began to push his way through the bushes along the edge of the rock, hoping to reach the head of it unseen by the snake. Foot by foot he edged his way, until, a few yards off, he trod on a dead stick which made a snap loud enough to arouse any beast, let alone a snake. Kangai seemed as if turned to stone—and so did the snake! His face took on a perplexed look, but suddenly it quivered with eagerness: he had noticed something by the side of the reptile that he had not seen before. Still cautiously, he drew nearer. Three paces away he shook off all hesitation and ran forward. The snake was dead, and just beyond it, where it had rebounded after a fall, lay the stick that had killed the beast. Kangai ran to it with a cry and picked it up. He glanced at it; then he dropped like a rabbit into the bushes and lay still. It was a Maviti stick.

Quick as lightning his brain worked. The snake had been dead only a little while, or crows or ants or beetles would be eating him. Only a Viti was likely to have used the curiously carved and distinctive Maviti stick, and so probably Maviti had passed that way quite recently. If so, had they seen his friends? And, if so——? Kangai crouched lower in the grass at the thought.

Suddenly his mind was made up. From the top of the little hill he was now on, he would be able to see right down to Chitete and would know in a minute what had befallen there. Springing up, he ran hard

across the open, and, silently but swiftly, tore up the path towards its crest. Ten yards away the breath caught in his throat, for he saw a wisp of smoke across the sky, and in another minute he knew the worst.

Chitete was a mass of smoking ruins, but Kangai hardly noted that. What was much more important was that between him and the village, under a big group of palm trees that stood by themselves, a terrible scene was in progress. What he had feared had happened. A large number of Maviti were rounding up all his party for slaves. The women and children were being tied together by ropes round their necks, and the men, such as were not lying still on the ground, were being fastened with chains. Kangai could see a big Viti, dressed like a chief, directing operations, and he guessed that a little group of women just behind him were this man's own captives.

He watched fascinated for a while, but then realised his own position. What should he do? The only thing was to return to Miembe before dark and warn everyone, but that meant leaving his mother and friends who must be somewhere down there. And this he felt he could not do. No, he would wait a little to see what became of the caravan that was being made, and where it would go, and he would creep down to the trees, and get a fruit or two and perhaps some Indian corn from the ruined village. He shifted a little into an easier position—and suddenly felt a hand drop on his neck.

Kangai was an African, and so he did not scream, but the fright almost paralysed him. He lay deadly still without a word till the hand rolled him over and he found himself staring up into the dark face of a Viti savage. His eyes roamed over his captor, and in his left hand Kangai perceived the stick that had killed the snake. Oh, what a fool he had been! The man had come back for his lost stick and found him.

His captor pulled him to his feet and said something Kangai could not understand, but he saw he was meant to set out for the plain. He longed to twist round with his knife and stab, but he was held too firmly for that, and could only go on. The half-hour's walk seemed as if it would never end. But at last, as they drew nearer, his captor shouted something, and Kangai saw the Chief look up, wave his hand, and heard him shout something about "Kifili." Kifili was the name of the Viti who had captured him, then. Kangai wondered what this Kifili would do to him. He would make him his slave certainly, perhaps kill him.

They were among the people now, when suddenly Kangai heard his name called loudly. He looked round. The sound came from the little group behind the Chief, and in a moment he recognised—of all people—Sikujua and his mother. He shouted with pleasure and made a run towards them, but this Kifili stopped, not, however, before the Chief had heard.

"Who called you, boy?" he asked Kangai in his own language.

"My mother, great lord," said poor Kangai. "Let me go to her, I beg you."

"Why certainly," said the Chief, and then to Kifili: "Unhand him, Kifili, he is mine now; the child goes with his mother; it is the rule. I should have had him if he had not strayed. I will beat him for that as it is"—saying which he snatched Kangai roughly away and hit him hard with his fist. Kangai fell down at his feet, which was just what the Chief wanted, as it left him free to deal with Kifili whom he was really robbing. A furious quarrel broke out between them.

"I found him; he is mine," said Kifili.

"No, he is not; he belongs to his mother and goes with her," retorted the Chief.

“Not if he is caught separately, lord; you are stealing him.”

“He ought not to have been caught separately. He left Miembe with his mother; and you, as for you, you ought not to have wandered back at all!”

“I went back for my stick, and I caught him as he was running away; he is mine.”

“Your stick, indeed! You were lazy or greedy, and went back to steal other people’s goods. Go, dog that you are! The boy is mine.”

How the quarrel would have ended it is not possible to say, only just then it was interrupted by the arrival of a body of Maviti from another direction, with more captives. In the confusion Kangai joined his mother, and a little later the big Chief tied him into the line with them. Then, as it was late in the evening and there were many people gathered together, they moved back into the burnt village for the night.

The case of the Nyasa slaves was a poor one. Many were wounded, most had been stripped of their clothes, and all were hungry; but they were given no food except what they could collect for themselves from the maize in the fields near. That night Kangai, Sikujua, and a few more, spent huddled together in a small shed for goats which had escaped burning. Sikujua’s story made clear how it was that she was alive, and how they had come to be captured. She began at the point where the boys had lain hid in the bushes and had seen the Maviti creeping on the people.

“I was gathering fruit,” she said, “when I heard your scream, Kangai, from up on the hill, and just then I saw a Viti jump up from a bush and aim a blow at me. Then I remembered no more at all till I found myself tied up in one of the huts the Maviti made before they attacked the town. Oh, those attacks! Each time I thought you would all be killed, but each time the Maviti came back grumbling very much

because they had lost many men. The second night my master untied me and made me cook for him, and he beat me when I burnt a little of the porridge. See, there is a mark still on my back. Then he tied me up again, and so I was tied all the day and all the night because he did not come back the third night at all. On the fourth day I thought I should have died of hunger and thirst, so I cried out, and Mpezeni, who is the big Chief, came in and found me. He told me my master had been killed, and that I was his slave now. But he took me to his hut and unbound me, so that I was glad; and I was given food and lay in a corner and listened. And there I heard the Maviti make a plot to burn the huts and pretend to go away, only they were going to hide in the woods and spear all our warriors when they dispersed to their homes. The next night that is what they did. We slaves were sent on early, and we were made to wait in Chitete for your coming. We were hidden so that we should not be seen, and we only knew you had come by the shouts of the Maviti as they attacked you. And you know all the rest. Ah, I wish I were dead like my father and brother!"

"Your brother is not dead, Sikujua," said Kangai. "He saw me off and I saw him go back well to the town. Nor is your father dead, either. Alas! Nabinene is slain. And what shall I do without a father? But Juma is well, and your father."

"They might as well be dead," said Sikujua. "We shall be sold far away, as I heard Mpezeni say in the hut, and shall see them no more. Ah, I am alone! I wish I were dead! What can I do? What can I do?"

"Ssh!" said a woman who wore native ornaments which showed that she was a Yao and not a Nyasa at all. "Ssh! I can tell you what to do." She leaned

over towards Sikujua, after glancing out of the hut. "Escape," she said, "to your father."

"How?" said Sikujua.

"That is easy," said the Yao woman. "Kangai has still his knife which no one noticed in the struggle, and we can cut our bonds and run."

"We shall only be caught," answered Sikujua, "and killed. I am tired. I cannot run. Even if we could pass the sentries, I could not run."

"Nonsense!" said the woman. "You must try. Kangai will come too. Let us go now."

Kangai moved a little, and suppressed a groan with difficulty. "I cannot," he said. "I am faint because I was struck, and if I try to stand, the world turns round me. But here is my knife. You go, you go alone." He held out his knife.

The Yao woman snatched it eagerly. She glanced around. It was all still. A sentry, with his back to them, stood out amongst some maize fields a good way off; but in the other direction, first the wreck of burnt huts, and then a dark patch of thick trees, promised a chance of escape. The night was full of noises, like all African nights—tree crickets, and bullfrogs, and occasionally strange cries in the forest.

"I daren't go," whimpered Sikujua.

The Yao woman, for answer, cut her ropes and pulled her to her hands and knees.

"Good-bye," said Kangai. "Tell Juma to come and rescue me."

"Good-bye," said Sikujua, and crawled out into the ashes of the burnt huts.

Kangai lay staring into the night the way they had gone for a long while. At first he could see two black shapes moving quietly, but soon nothing at all. Once the Viti sentry came poking round his way, but he did not notice anything wrong, and towards dawn Kangai dropped off to sleep.

He was rudely awakened by screams and yells. He sat up, and there, being dragged towards the goat-hut, were Sikujua and the Yao woman. They were in a terrible plight, their clothes all torn off them by the bushes and shrubs through which they had run when a band of wandering Maviti stumbled on them a few hours after the escape, and they were bleeding from scratches and cuts. The Maviti who dragged them in were strangers, but in a moment Mpezeni had run out. He was furious when he heard what had happened, as were all the Maviti, for no mercy is shown to the slaves who try to escape. Kangai sat up, horrified, to watch what happened. Mpezeni shouted to a soldier to bring a spear, and while he waited abused the Yao woman, as the elder, for her escape, and said how he would kill her. The Yao woman fell at his feet, but Mpezeni only kicked her away, and stooping, tore off the native ornaments round her neck. Then a little crowd of Maviti hid them from Kangai as he lay, but presently he heard one scream above the noise, and then Mpezeni, dragging Sikujua, came towards him. Mpezeni was still angry, but behind him on the ground lay the Yao woman dead from a spear thrust, and he was less angry than he had been. All the same, he shouted at Sikujua: "You, pig, you! I will kill you like the other. You would run away, you, would you? I am to have all my trouble of war for nothing, and go back to be jeered at in my village? Oh, I will not kill you, for how could I benefit then? But I will beat you, oh, I will beat you!"

And beat her he did. Seizing a whip of hippopotamus hide, he caught Sikujua by one hand and whipped her with the other. Kangai could do nothing. The cruel lash cut the poor girl's back and thighs and legs, and at last Mpezeni tossed her down by Kangai, sobbing with pain, and stalked away. Kangai pulled himself over to her. He took off his cloth and wiped



"AND BEAT HER HE DID" (page 28)

the worst of the cuts, and he mustered up courage to beg water from a Viti who chanced to pass by with some a little later. Later still Mpezeni threw him some bananas, and these he shared with Sikujua, making her eat. And when at last the sad caravan set out, tied together they stumbled off after the long line of men that went on ahead. Kangai's mother was separated from him, and he never saw her again.

When they came near the Maviti villages, the Chief Mpezeni called a halt, and Kangai and Sikujua rested upon a big fig tree, like a sycamore, that had fallen by the side of the road. Kifili, the man who had captured Kangai at first but who was content enough now as he had three other captives, gave them good-humouredly a drink of water and a few nuts which he did not want; otherwise all that day they had nothing. Kangai ached where Mpezeni had struck him, and Sikujua was in a bad way indeed. Only an African girl could have gone on at all. She did however, and hardly complained about her pain; and Kangai caught himself glancing at her once or twice and admiring her pluck. If Juma had been there, he would not have done so, but without him, Sikujua seemed the only friend he had left. So, as they walked, he called to her: "Ha! Sikujua, you!"

"Yes, boy," she said.

"I have been thinking," said Kangai. "Let us try to keep together. We have each lost our friends and relations, and if the Maviti take us far, we shall be away from all our own people and tribe too. So let us keep together, Sikujua. I will help you, and you will help me; and maybe we shall be free somewhere some day and can escape and settle down together."

Sikujua looked back over her shoulder as well as her chain would allow, and said, "Yes, Kangai."

Just then the soldiers of the Maviti who led the caravans reached the top of the little hill they were

climbing, and, after hesitating a minute and staring hard ahead, one of them turned and waved his spear in the air. "I see home!" he shouted. At once all the rest of the guard, who had been going wearily enough themselves for some miles, cheered up, and each man took off something of his own and hung it on the neck of his captives. Kangai could not think why; but a woman behind him, who had had the skin of a colobos monkey thrown over her shoulders, said that it was to enable the wives of the Maviti to see the prisoners which belonged to them.

So it turned out. Two hours farther on, a turn in the path showed a big village on either side of the way, a town of perhaps five hundred huts. They were evidently expected, because a huge crowd, mostly of women, had gathered to meet them, and Sikujua cried out in fear at the sight. Indeed, they might well seem frightened, for the people rushed at them, each one wanting to see what captives the soldiers had brought her. One big strong woman seized Kangai and Sikujua, screamed at a soldier who was undoing the chain too slowly, and finally dragged them away to a hut which stood almost in the centre of the town. She was Mpezeni's wife.

The Maviti town had no trees in it, but much grass grew between the huts, as it was a rich place and well watered, and the Maviti kept huge herds of cattle and goats. Their huts were round, but big and fine, and made double, so that there was a kind of passage-way between the two mud walls, into which the goats were collected at night. The wife of Mpezeni took the children home, and exclaimed at the sight of the cuts on Sikujua. She was quite a kind woman and heard all their story with many exclamations, and finally gave them porridge and bananas and left them to sleep in a corner.

For many months Kangai and Sikujua lived in

Mpezeni's hut, and they did not have an unhappy time on the whole. Mpezeni had one child of his own, about Kangai's age, and he and Kangai went about together and wore the same clothes and ate the same food, and together took the goats out in the morning and brought them back in the evening. Sikujua worked in the fields and helped with the porridge, and, except that both of them were with strangers and really slaves, they lived very much as they would have done at home. The Maviti men used to go out to war more often than the Nyasa men, and there would be a stir in the village over each expedition and its return, but otherwise life went on peaceably enough. At first the children were sorry for the fresh slaves that were brought to the village; but in a little while they learnt to run out when the warriors were coming and applaud them just as if they were Maviti themselves. All this happened in a few months because people seem to forget some things very easily in Africa.

But one night, as they were all sitting round the fire outside the hut, Mpezeni said:

"Kangai!"

"Yes, master," said Kangai.

"To-morrow I am going a long journey to the Lake, and I want you to come with me and carry my goods."

Kangai sat very still; he knew exactly what it meant. His master was going to sell him at the Lake to some one else, and he would never see the village or Sikujua again. He began to cry softly.

"O my master, what have I done that I should be sold away?" he said. "Do I not look after your goats, and not one is missing; and am I not a companion to your son, and do we not grow strong together? Why do you hate me, O my master? Let me stay on here, I beg you, O my master!"

"Peace!" said Mpezeni uneasily. "Did I say

anything of selling you? We do but journey to the Lake, to Kota Kota, and we shall return."

Kangai could say nothing. He sat still, crying softly to himself, seeing only the unknown terrors of a new journey and a new master; but presently, in a fit of anger, Mpezeni picked a hot stick out of the fire and struck at him with it to make him keep quiet. At that he was silent, and soon Mpezeni got up and followed his wife into the hut. Kangai sat on still. It was very quiet, and only the ceaseless song of the tree crickets came to his ears. Presently he raised his head. Then, very cautiously, he crept into the first opening of the hut and round to the right among the goats for a few yards. Then, still cautiously, he began to scrape at the mud wall until a small hole appeared, and to it he put his mouth.

"Sikujua!" he called.

At the third attempt she answered, "Kangai!"

"Come out a minute," he whispered.

Back he went among the goats, who bleated a little at being disturbed, and near the door he waited. Sikujua's head showed in a patch of moonlight in a minute or two, and then she joined him in the dark. They whispered together.

"Sikujua," he said, "you heard the master's news? I know what he means; he will sell me, certainly, for I heard him say to Kifili that he was going to the Lake to make some money."

Sikujua said nothing. "Are you glad?" he asked; and then again, "Are you glad, Sikujua?"

"Lah! how should I be glad, Kangai?" said she. "There is no other Nyasa in the house but you, and I—I——" She broke off with a sob.

"Sikujua," said the boy, "take this." A small flat object changed hands. "Keep it," he said; "it's precious, very precious, and a big charm. I stole it off a dead man at Miembe. And Sikujua, if ever you

are near me again, and come to the Lake, send this to me, and I will come to you. Will you promise?"

"I promise," said Sikujua.

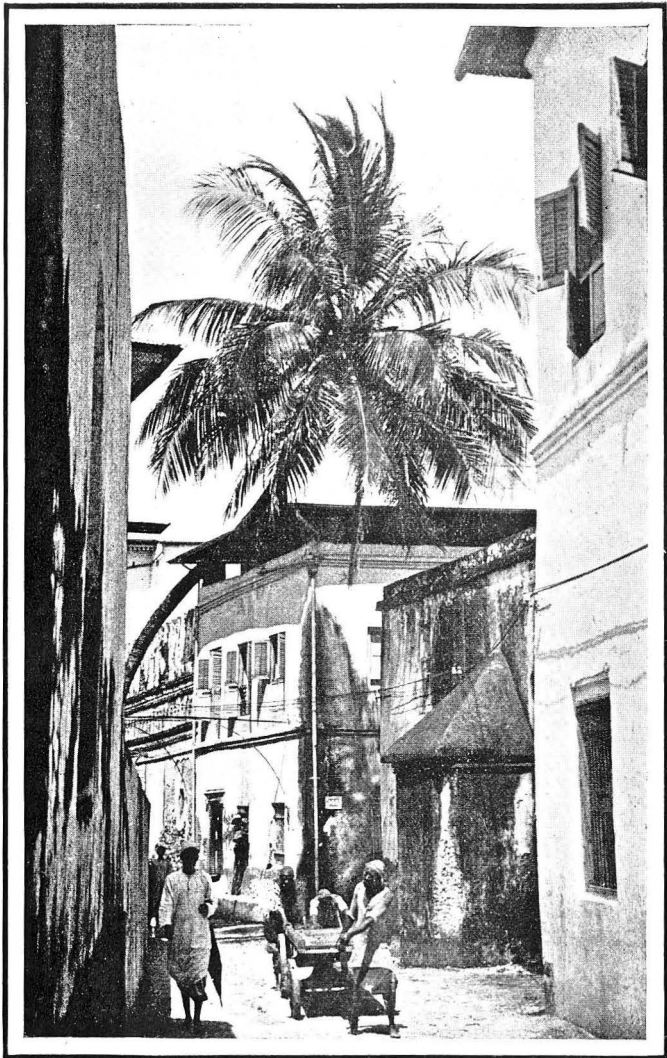
They were silent a long time. "Well, *Kwa Heri*," said Kangai.

"*Kwa Heri*," said Sikujua. Kangai crawled up among the goats (he liked sleeping with them) and so they parted. They were not a bit English, you see.

But Sikujua did not go back to her bed all at once. Instead, in a little while, a brown hand stole out quietly into the moonlight with a small flat thing in it. She looked at it curiously; it was silver, and like a very tiny book. In order to keep it very safe, she tied it to the string she wore round her waist under her cloth, and then crept back to bed. No one would ever see it there.

ADVENTURE III

**HOW KANGAI LEARNED MANY THINGS AND SET
OUT FOR THE BLUE WATER**



A STREET IN AN ARAB CITY

III

HOW KANGAI LEARNED MANY THINGS, AND SET OUT FOR THE BLUE WATER

YUSUF BIN MOHAMMED BIN HARUB was a very important person. To begin with, he could both read and write, and although several other people in Kota Kota thought they could write, there was no one else there, in 1875, who could do both ! But not only could Yusuf read and write ; still more, he had letters now and again all to himself, and not only letters, but letters from extremely important people. Just now, for instance, he was reading a letter from no less a person than the Sultan of Zanzibar ; and although Yusuf bin Mohammed bin Harub was important because he had four wives, and twenty-three children, and sixty personal slaves, and a number of houses, and several big plantations, and many more slaves living on them, and guns, and three dhows of his own, and more money than anyone knew about except himself, still he thought himself most important of all because he was reading a letter from the Sultan.

He was sitting in his house at Kota Kota—a big white square house with a large courtyard that you reached from the street by a little door, and that was entirely surrounded by a cloister out of which big rooms opened ; and he was sitting in his own special private place, which was a shady baraza on the first floor that looked out over Lake Nyasa. The Lake water was very blue, and calm just then, and at a small jetty below the house lay one of Yusuf's three dhows. To

the left and right of his house on the shore stretched other houses like his (but not quite as big), while behind came the native town of little brown huts like those at Miembe or Chitete. Behind Yusuf stood a black boy with a palm-leaf fan, and two others waited at the other end of the baraza to do anything they were told. He sat on a kind of raised sofa made of hard earth and covered with rugs, and his bare legs and feet were drawn up under him, tailor-fashion.

He wore a white robe and a turban.

He found it hard to read the letter for all his learning, and every now and then he frowned at it. But presently, at the opening on to the passage outside where the door ought to have been, some one cried: "*Hodi!*" and Yusuf looked up and said: "*Karibu, karibu, bin Saleh.*" A tall, thin, brown man came in, shuffling out of his sandals at the door as he did so, and stood inside, bowing to Yusuf.

"*Salaam Sana,*" he said.

"*Salaam,*" replied Yusuf. "The peace of Allah be with you, Osmani bin Saleh. Draw near and listen while I read you the pleasure of the Anointed of Allah, His Highness the Sultan of Zanzibar—my friend."

"What, have you a letter from the great one, O Yusuf bin Mohammed bin Harub? Verily thou art blessed, O favoured of Allah. What new fortune comes to thee, Protector of the Poor?"

"Why this, Osmani. Seyyid Barghash desires that I gather a caravan of not less than three hundred choice slaves and proceed at once to Kilwa, from whence by dhow to Zanzibar and the plantations of His Highness. There is much money in it, O my friend, and I myself wish to visit Kilwa for merchandise speedily. Therefore will I set out six months from this, by the favour of Allah, and meantime I must arrange for slaves to be bought."

"Lord Yusuf," exclaimed Osmani, "Fortune

favours you! Even as I came to pay my respects to you this morning, I saw the Maviti Chief Mpezeni in the market, and, as thou knowest, he and his tribe are the best gatherers of slaves hereabouts. For thee, he will raid the Nyasa tribes, I have no doubt; and thou knowest that Nyasas are especially welcome to my Lord the Sultan, for they are comely to look upon and good workers withal. Let us even now seek Mpezeni."

"The spirit of wisdom is upon you, bin Saleh," said the old sheik. "We will go as you say. Slaves, make ready!"

It was quite an imposing little procession that presently set out for the market. First came two big, brawny natives, with sticks to clear the way; then the two Arabs on donkeys, with gorgeous saddles and bridles of red and gold; then two slaves carrying money, including a basket of small copper coins to distribute to the poor; and lastly two soldiers, with swords. The street cleared itself before them, and even the perpetual hubbub of talking in the market quieted a little as they passed across it. A medley of people talked, jostled one another, bargained, laughed, swore, and screamed in a dozen languages. Natives sat on the ground behind piles of fish or meat and vegetables, while the shops displayed cloth and beads and trade goods from the coast. But in one corner of the open space was a market for different goods. Here, sitting or standing in rows, were men and women and children, waiting to be examined by people who wanted to buy, and listening dully while their masters called out their value. To this group the Arabs made their way, and were instantly beset by a crowd of slave-owners.

"Ah," cried a little vixenish man, "the Protector of the Poor, the Favoured of Allah, the Great Sheik, Yusuf bin Mohammed bin Harub" ("—Out of the way, thou dog!"—this to another who tried to press

forward), "see, I pray thee, what I have here. Fine slaves for the plantation or the house. This girl, fine and strong, twenty dollars; or that man—when didst thou see before such a strong slave?—but fifty dollars to thee, O Mightiness."

"Peace, Suliman," said Yusuf. "I came not to buy. Hast thou seen that unbelieving dog of a Viti, Mpezeni, the Chief? He has been here, I am told; I seek him."

"And what can the friend of the Sultan want with a savage heathen, O bin Harub, unless it be a little matter of slaves that thou seekest? Let me, I pray thee, O Master, come with thee and seek him, for I saw him but just now."

Yusuf looked at him. He knew what he meant: that the crafty rascal saw profit ahead and wanted to share in it; but then, thought Yusuf, he might be useful. It was a long journey to the coast—three might do better than one. "Peace be to thee, Suliman bin Juma, come with me," said he.

"Guard the slaves, rascal," called Suliman to a particularly ugly negro who wore the dress of a Mohammedan and was a slave-driver though himself a slave. Msumba—as he was called—grinned his answer, and began energetically hustling the poor folk about. Suliman passed on into the ever-moving crowd with Yusuf and Osmani. They talked about all kinds of things, and you would not have thought that they were looking for any one in particular until an ox-wagon, coming through the people, made them fall back a little and showed a man and a boy bargaining with a merchant for a piece of bright red cloth.

The man was evidently a native from the country round, and he held a big spear in his hand. "Ten rupees," he was saying. "Not one pice more than ten rupees."

"Ten rupees!" screamed the merchant. "O, prince

of swindlers! O, meanest of mean men! Ten rupees! Why, but a few weeks ago in Kilwa I myself paid twelve rupees for it, and I have had the labour of bringing it here as well. And thou wouldst have me sell it thee for ten! Why, twenty would hardly pay me. Verily I am ruined by such trade!—but it is thine at fifteen.”

Mpezeni (for it was he) was like all country natives, unused to the town, and he was no hand at bargaining, and therefore in a very little time Kangai, who stood by his side, would have had to give his master his purse and the merchant would have got his money, but just then a voice broke in over his shoulder in strident tones.

“Rogue and child of Sheitani! How darest thou rob the stranger in the market? Dost thou not know me, the friend of the Sultan, the Protector of the Poor,—by Allah! am I to listen to thy villainies? Thou knowest that that cloth is not worth three rupees and thou askest fifteen. Ho! Mpezeni, my friend, take thou thy cloth, and count the dog three as I say—and he does well. And see thou to it, Abdul! Cheatest thou again, thou art whipped from the market for ever.”

“Allah is great! Allah is merciful!” whined the merchant. “I am robbed, I declare I am robbed,” and he went on muttering away under his breath to himself nearly all the while that Yusuf and Mpezeni were talking; but Kangai noticed that he kept his eye on Yusuf, and presently a couple of rupees passed from the one to the other. Kangai put two and two together. He guessed the Arab must have wanted to say something particularly important to his master, and so have tried to please him by buying the cloth cheaply. He began to watch them.

Osmani was doing most of the talking now, and Kangai caught scraps of it. “Five hundred at least

—not only women . . . Yes, soon . . . No, not here, but at——.” And there followed a name the boy missed. Kangai pressed close to listen, and Yusuf unluckily noticed him.

“Is this your boy?” he asked Mpezeni.

“A Nyasa slave of mine, master,” said the Chief.

“A good boy and strong.”

Kangai trembled all over, though he tried not to show it. Was he to be sold to the Arab? All three were looking at him now. Suliman had a reddish thin beard and a hooked nose; Osmani was clean-shaven and young; Yusuf had a long white beard, and he looked kind enough though his eyes were crafty. Kangai wriggled his bare toes in the dust and waited.

“Do thou send him to my house to fetch some fruits for thee, O Mpezeni,” said Yusuf. The two men looked at each other.

“Go,” said Mpezeni to Kangai.

“And shall I return, O my master?” said the poor boy; for although he was but a slave and Mpezeni his master, still he was used to him, and, after all, Mpezeni was his last link with Sikujua.

“Return! Of course you will return, ere sunset,” answered his master, but without looking at him; and Kangai knew that he lied and that his own fate was sealed. What he had dreaded had come true. There was no more to be said. For some reason the Arab was obliging his master by taking him so quickly.

He turned away with a slave of Yusuf’s who eyed him by no means kindly.

“Hurry,” he said, jostling him. “What the master wants with new boys, I can’t think. But you will be well beaten, that is one thing.”

“I am the slave of Mpezeni,” said Kangai. “I am not your master’s slave. What do you mean?” (He spoke half-heartedly, in fear, trying to persuade himself that he was not really sold.)

"Ho! Ho!" laughed the other. "Get on, slave of Mpezeni! You will see. I know the ways of this place."

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And so it proved. When they reached Yusuf bin Harub's house, Kangai was sent into the courtyard and given beans to prepare for cooking, and he was working away at these when a bustle in the porch made him look up. Yusuf and Osmani were coming in, talking earnestly. They crossed the court. Kangai heard Osmani say: "Not less than a hundred slaves must be my share, Master. By Allah, it were not worth my risk unless——"

Kangai interrupted him. He did not mean to do so, but he saw that it was now or never to get the eye of Yusuf, so he reached up and caught at his robe.

"Bismillah!" exclaimed the Arab, "who art thou?"

"Hast thou forgotten, O Master?" said Kangai. "Lah! But thou didst send me here to get fruit for my master Mpezeni, and I was to return. Bid them now, therefore, give me the fruit, great One, and I will go quickly."

Yusuf tore his robe from the boy's hand and struck him smartly over the shoulders with his stick. "Peace, slave," said he; "Mpezeni hath sold thee. Thou wilt live here for a while, and then journey far—to the blue water. Be silent, thou!"—And then to Osmani: "As thou wert saying, O my friend——"

Both passed on, and Kangai gazed helplessly round the court, his shoulders smarting.

"Ho!" laughed the slave who had brought him, whose name was Sharifu, "—thou knowest now!"

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Kangai got used to his life at Kota Kota after a while, but at first it was very strange and he was often

beaten for making mistakes. He had two chief duties, one to wait on Yusuf when he went out to the market or to the mosque, and the other to serve him when he was eating food. This latter was a great business. Three of them did this: another boy called Msamya, a girl, and Kangai. Kangai held a bowl of water, Msamya a tumbler of water, and the girl a brush. Yusuf would sit on a leather cushion, and his food was placed before him in basins, out of which he ate with his fingers. If he wanted to wipe his fingers or to drink, Msamya or Kangai had to be ready instantly; and if he spilled anything, the girl had to sweep it up.

Kangai was chiefly impressed by Yusuf's visits to the mosque in Kota Kota. Everything, of course, was very wonderful to him—the big house in which he now lived, the city of houses, the lake, the dhows; but the idea of a house in which to pray was something quite new to him. When Yusuf went there, it was Kangai's duty to run and fetch the prayer-mat, which hung on the wall in the courtyard, and carry it after him to the mosque. The mosque was a big white building with a little minaret, into which a man climbed by a winding stair morning and evening to call out something which Kangai could not understand, but which made every one pray. The door of the mosque was up a flight of steps with a raised bench on either side, and Yusuf would leave his sandals, along with many others, at the door. Kangai had to follow him into the big, low, whitewashed room, bigger than anything he had been in before, mats on the floor, and on one side a recess or niche, ornamented with a pattern all round, but quite empty. First Yusuf would walk right through this room into a little courtyard beyond, where, under a shady coco-nut palm, was a large basin of deliciously cool water. Kangai used to watch his master bathing in it, and wish he could do the same. Then Yusuf would come back to the room, and Kangai



**"INSTANTLY, ALTHOUGH HE WAS PRAYING, YUSUF TURNED
ROUND AND CURSED KANGAI" (page 49)**

would have to unroll the prayer-mat, towards the recess, and stand back while his master prayed. The first time he was so awed that he nearly ran away. His solemn, severe master knocked his head on the ground towards the recess, and talked aloud to some one unseen in a strange language, until Kangai imagined that there must be a devil in that queer niche whom his master worshipped. Once, however, when he watched with Msamya, he ventured to whisper: "What devil does he worship, Msamya?" and Yusuf heard. Instantly, although he was praying, he turned round and cursed Kangai, and when they were home, Kangai was first tied up and then lashed till he could not stand. Also, he was made to say a queer sentence which he could not understand at all, but he learned it, and soon saw how useful it was.

He learnt that when he was waiting outside for Yusuf on the steps of the mosque one day, and by chance knocked against a sleeping man who sprang up to hit him. Kangai, in terror, cried out the sentence, and to his amazement the man first smiled, and then made him sit down by his side. Later, he gave him a date to eat. When Yusuf came out, he almost smiled too, and said "Allah bless thee" as he gave him the mat. Kangai got in the habit of saying "Allah" sometimes now, and he understood it meant a great spirit, greater than many devils. Also, he resolved to be a Mohammedan when he grew up, and sit in the shade, and be a great man and wash, and pray towards the niche.

One thing which his master did puzzled him for a long time. He used to sit cross-legged in the mosque, or on the baraza at home, with a big, red leather thing called a book on his knees. He would sit there for hours mumbling away, and every now and then turning over a page. Kangai could not think what this book was, but he thought Msamya might know.

as he had been there many years, and so one night, as they lay in their corner of the roof and looked at the stars, he said :

“ Msamya, what is the thing called ‘ book ’ which the great Master has ? ”

“ O foolish one,” said Msamya, who had learned to count himself a Mohammedan by now, “ it is the words of Allah, written down by the Prophet, and all the faithful hear them.”

“ Lah ! ” said Kangai, only half understanding. “ Has Allah words, then ? And who is the Prophet ? ”

“ Boy with the mind of a mule,” said Msamya (who did not know himself), “ who has not heard of the Prophet ? Even the Europeans who kill and eat us, if they get us, fear him.”

“ Lah ! ” said poor Kangai, even more astonished, for he had not yet heard what was commonly told by the Arabs to their slaves. “ Who are Europeans ? ”

As Msamya had no idea, he merely said darkly, “ You will see,” and rolled himself up in his blanket.

Kangai looked at the stars a little longer, and then he shook Msamya for another question. Msamya was fearfully angry and swore at him, but Kangai was as big as he, so he did nothing.

“ What are the words of Allah ? ” asked Kangai.

“ Lah ! ” said Msamya, astonished now in his turn. “ How should I know, who cannot read ? ”

“ Does Allah tell Yusuf to buy slaves and beat us ? ” asked Kangai again.

“ Certainly,” said Msamya, “ as I shall do when I am a man.”

“ Oh,” said Kangai, as one who has solved a great problem, “ then Allah is a devil after all, and as for you, when I am a man, I shall poison an arrow after the manner of the men of Miembe, and kill both you and Yusuf.”

But Msamya was asleep again, which was perhaps as well for Kangai.

It was about four months after this that Kangai was awakened very early in the morning by some one prodding him in the ribs. He sat up, exclaiming "Allah!" as he had learned to do, and saw a hideous black man with a rhinoceros-hide whip bending over him. Msumba, for it was he, prodded him again for answer, and said, "Get up, boy." He got up sleepily, and was driven down to the court-yard, where he found Msamya and some ten other slaves huddled all together and looking very frightened. Msumba and another man proceeded to tie them all together, Kangai last, and then, the door being opened, off they went into the night. Kota Kota seemed very deserted and still. A few dogs slunk out of the way, but the white moonlight streamed down upon empty streets for the most part, and upon sleeping people huddled up on the barazas. They set off without a word. Kangai walked along fearfully past places he had got to know and even to like—the mosque, looking so bare and still; the market, where he had first seen Yusuf; and even a deserted fruit-stall, where Mpezeni—how long ago it seemed!—had bought some mangoes when first they came into the town. In his own heart he knew now where he was going—going to be sold far away beyond the blue water, as Yusuf had said. Poor Kangai!—he was too miserable for words. It seemed to him that he must always be sold, and that his life was utterly miserable.

Soon the houses thinned, and presently they were among the huts of the African town. As the day dawned, the light showed that they were skirting the edge of the Lake (that looked horribly cold so early as this) and making for a little valley running

down to the shore, where could be seen a bustling crowd of people and several dhows drawn up on the sand. It was then that Kangai made his unlucky bid for freedom. Msumba happened to be a bit ahead, so he suddenly slipped his cord, which had worked loose, and ran silently away. Msumba noticed nothing, and for a few panting minutes he hid behind a big baobab tree. Then he started back along the beach, only to run into another party following them in a few minutes. It was hopeless to run farther, and he did not try, so with blows and kicks he was brought along, to find Msumba by the boats in a rage at having missed him. There was a perfect medley of several hundreds of slaves, together with several Arabs. Msumba seized a whip to beat him, but Yusuf, who was passing, armed with a gun and looking very magnificent, chanced to stop and ask what the trouble was about.

"He has tried to run away, O Master," said Msumba ;
"I must beat him."

"Beat him not, dog," said Yusuf. "Put him in a slave stick for some days. Then send him to me. He is my boy, and I want him with me on the march."

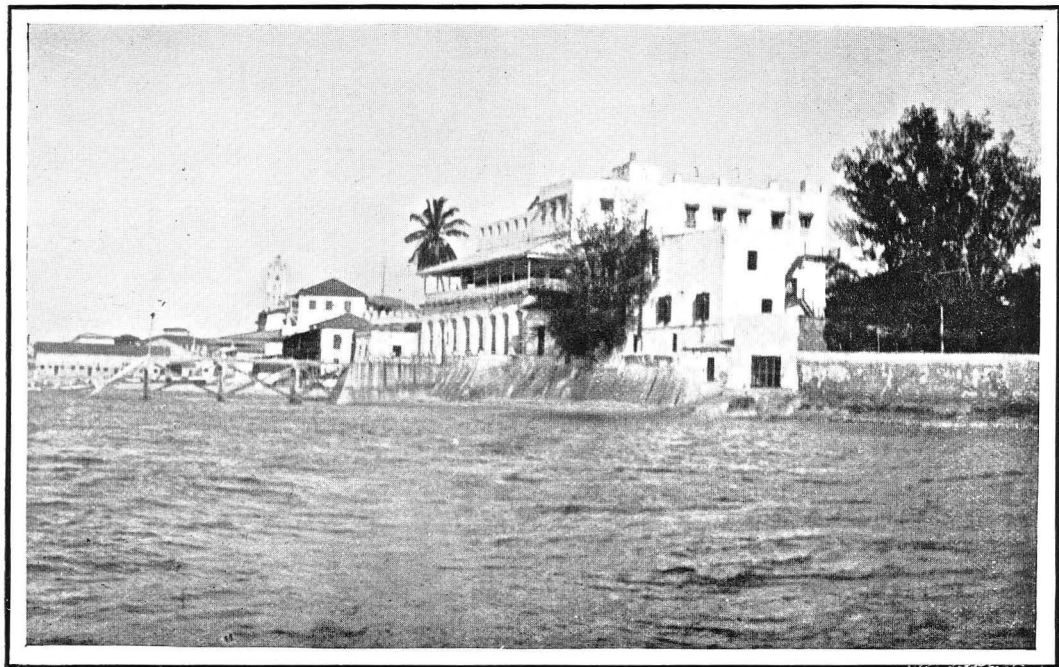
"It is well, Master," said Msumba.

Thus it came about, the Lake being crossed, that Kangai had his head fitted in a huge slave-yoke, one end on the shoulder of the man behind, and, his hands chained behind him, set out for the blue water. He was one of a long, long line. First came the Arab, Osmani, and several natives armed with guns, and then a long file of women and children tied with ropes, some of them with babies, the rest carrying loads as well. All along this line were drivers with whips, and towards the end of it another Arab, Suliman. Then came the men, in chains, but loaded too, Kangai one of them ; and then more drivers, soldiers, and finally Yusuf bin Harub on a mule with a silver and red bridle, his

girdle stuck with daggers and a pistol, his gun on his shoulder. It was midday when they started, and Kangai was thirsty then. Before night he thought he could not go another yard, and he slept where he sat. They fed him with a very little rice and some warmish dirty water. Next day his feet got sore, and he was almost falling out when the sound of screaming on ahead made him look up. The line was halting a moment. A woman had collapsed on the ground, he saw, and the drivers were lashing her to make her move. She tried to get up, but failed again, and Kangai saw Suliman, who had a mule now, ride up. Suliman said something or another, and the drivers cut the ropes of the woman, tied them up again, and moved the line on with curses. Kangai had to move with the rest, and in his turn he passed the woman. He looked at her curiously, and then shivered with fear. She was a Nyasa woman from Chitete. Her baby lay dead beside her, and she lay moaning, unable to move. The line forced him on, but he braced himself, sore feet or not, not to fall. Wild beasts roamed about at night, and he knew Suliman had left the woman to them. Better, thought Kangai, to die in the yoke than be eaten by wild beasts. So he stumbled on—towards the blue water.

ADVENTURE IV

**HOW KANGAI ATE SHIP'S BISCUITS AND MET
MY LORD BISHOP**



OLD BRITISH CONSULATE, ZANZIBAR, WHERE SLAVES RECEIVED THEIR FREEDOM

IV

HOW KANGAI ATE SHIP'S BISCUITS AND MET MY LORD BISHOP

H. M.S. *Flying Fish* lay off the mouth of the Rufiji River, just about where the German man-o'-war, *Königsberg*, was destroyed by the British in the great war of 1914. But this was 1875, and H.M.S. *Flying Fish* was a very different looking vessel from an iron-clad. She was made of wood, with three tall masts and ever so many cross-spars, which, when all her sails were spread, made her look very big and very beautiful. Then she had very many guns in rows along her sides, three tiers of them, one above the other ; and although these guns could not carry nearly as far as a modern cannon, still they were dangerous enough. Just now she was lying in the river under close-reefed top-sails and bare yards, as the south-west monsoon was blowing fairly steadily and it would probably freshen towards evening.

Down below, in a small cabin, the captain sat, poring over a chart of the coast, and standing opposite to him was an officer—Lieutenant Cathrew. The sun streamed in through the round port-hole, and it was terribly hot. Both officers wore white uniform with gold facings showing their rank, and of the two, the captain looked anxious, the lieutenant eager. The captain was speaking.

“Well, Cathrew,” he said, “you know already as much about it as I do. Sudi may be lying or he

may not, but if he is not, then an Arab called"—the captain shuffled his papers and searched for a second or two—"here it is, 'Yusuf bin Mohammed bin Harub' is shipping a big load of slaves from Kilwa just about now. I *suspect*, mind you, that Seyyid Barghash has a hand in it, and that they will be run to Zanzibar, but they may go south to the Comoro Islands, or past us and north to Muscat. Now the coast is simply a network of islands and reefs, as you know, and this is a job for boats again. I don't like boat-work, but you must take the steam pinnace—she has got a twelve-pounder in her—and the long-boat, under Quartermaster Hillier, I think; provision both boats for ten days or so, and see if you can make a capture Kilwa way. The pinnace will overhaul most things, and, with the gun, they ought not to show much fight."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the lieutenant.

The captain looked at him critically. "I don't think you would mind overmuch if they did fight, Cathrew, but I don't want more men knocked out. We have got enough down with fever as it is. Dr. Hughes told me to-day he'd thirty-six on the sick-list. That's far too many, far too many," he went on anxiously, tapping his teeth with the dividers. "We'll have a run to the Seychelles after this, and see if a little blue water won't give us a clean bill of health. Well, well . . . you'd better go at sunrise, lieutenant. Send the quartermaster to me."

"Yes, sir," said he, saluting, and the door closed behind him.

Once outside he was in the ward-room in a few moments, and there all the manner of a lieutenant vanished. "I'm off with the steam pinnace, Jack," he shouted to his friend Jack Sinclair (for H.M.S. *Flying Fish* was just beginning to use steam a little), "and Hillier's to come in the long-boat. Sudi has peached again, and the old man thinks there's

a cargo to be run from Kilwa just about now. I get ten days to find it in—and bothered if I don't, too."

"More likely you'll have the boiler out of the *Dart*," growled his friend, "and there ain't no necessity for you to upset my tea in your excitement; go and get a cup yourself. Steward! Bring Mr. Cathrew some tea."

"That's because you're not going yourself," said Cathrew, seating himself on the edge of the table, and swinging his leg; then, to a newcomer, "There you are, Mavor, what do you think my news is?"

"Hughes has told the old man that you have got brain fever, I should hope," said Mavor, the gunnery lieutenant, "and the old man has told *him* that he has known it all along!"

Before Cathrew could reply the steward came in again, and said to him, "Quartermaster would like to speak to you on deck if you could come now, sir."

"Right, steward, tell him I'm coming in a minute," said Cathrew, starting off the table and pouring out some tea. "Give me those biscuits, Mavor," he went on.

"Well, anyway," said Jack Sinclair while he ate them, "don't work the *Dart* too hard, old man. Keep her steady and she will do good work, but she's not very sure of herself. Anyway, if you can get hold of a few more of those poor wretches of slaves it will be worth anything. I shall never forget the look of the last lot we captured up Pangani way, nor how different they looked when the Mission in Zanzibar had brightened them up a bit. Do you remember the Bishop coming aboard? 'Take your pick, Bishop,' said the old man, 'and I wish you could take the lot.'"

"Well, old Hillier will be fuming; I must go," said Cathrew. "We don't sail till to-morrow, anyway."

Early next morning, amid the cheers of the ship's company, the two little boats put out. For years,

up and down the coast, expeditions like this had been going on, expeditions in which the big man-o'-war was left somewhere, while parties in small boats explored the creeks and inlets for Arab dhows engaged in slave-trading. Sometimes the dhows showed fight, and there is an island outside of Zanzibar harbour full of the graves of sailors who have died of wounds and fever in this work. Lieutenant Cathrew had, however, an unusually strong party. The steam pinnace carried a gun as has been said, and both boats had rifles and cutlasses enough for all the men. Cathrew had a big revolver in his belt, and his sword, and he sat to steer the pinnace under an awning in the stern. There was a tiny cabin aboard, but, except that they could rig an awning, there was no shelter in the long-boat.

All the day they hugged the land, both boats under sail, though the pinnace used her steam to explore one or two suspicious inlets before her slower consort got up to them. In the afternoon they sighted and overhauled a dhow, but she made no effort to get away and was found to have nothing but a cargo of salt on board. Night fell, and they passed it under the lee of a sheltering coco-nut palm grove on a low island about a mile from shore. In the same way six days and nights went by, and by that time the men were thoroughly tired of the cramped boats and Cathrew beginning to be much disappointed. The seventh morning, however, Cathrew was aroused from sleep at daybreak by the coxswain of his boat, a seaman, called James, who pointed over the water, saying, "Look, sir, look there!"

On the east coast of Africa the sun rises in about ten minutes and every second makes the light stronger. As it got brighter that morning it showed a big dhow standing round the island and coming directly towards the place where they lay, as yet unperceived in the

morning mists. Cathrew got out his glass, and spoke rapidly to James.

"I can see—one, two, three—yes, three Arabs," he said. "There is an old chap with a white beard who's talking to a little reddish-bearded man very busily. I can't see any slaves." ("Packed down under cover, sir," said James.) "Oh yes, very likely; she's low in the water, anyway . . . Ah! they've seen us! The third chap saw us! See that, they're swinging her round, and, by Jove, they've got a hustle on! Yes, and they're slaves! I saw a crowd of brown heads as she luffed. . . . Esrow" (to the gunner), "load that gun!"

"Aye, aye, sir; it's done," said Esrow.

"Good, good. Train her just ahead the dhow. Are you ready? Well, then—fire!"

A loud report rang out, and instantly, as it seemed, a spurt of water leaped up ahead of the dhow's bow. Over the water came a noise of screams.

"That's the slaves singin' out with fear, sir," said James. "I've 'eard 'em do it afore, pore beggars."

By this time the dhow was heading for the open sea, and the pinnace, under steam, cutting across to head her off if possible. The long-boat was following as well as possible, but her steam took the pinnace ahead more quickly.

"Shall I drop a shot aboard, sir?" said the gunner to Cathrew.

"No, no," answered the lieutenant, "we'll head her off as it is, and if you fire aboard you'll only kill some slaves. Get out your cutlasses, though, men, and load the rifles."

Cathrew seized the glass again now, and, James steering, described what he saw through it, at the same time occasionally directing his men.

"The Arabs are talking together. The third one is quite young looking; he has drawn his sword, and

evidently wants to fight. . . . Send a shot over her, Esrow, to show what we can do. . . . That's better. . . . The old man is refusing; he is in a panic, I should think. The red-bearded rascal has just shouted something to the slaves—threatened them, I suppose, you can hear them screaming. I'll threaten him, when I catch him. . . . James! where's the long-boat?"

"Coming along fast, sir. Quartermaster's steering. She's heading a point or two away to cross the course of the dhow if she swings round the island."

"Good! . . . But she won't. We're overhauling her fast. . . . Here, give me the megaphone. . . . 'Hi, dhow ahoy! Lower sail.'"

A yell came back in answer. "Cursing us, I dare say," said Cathrew. "Esrow!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Do you think you could put a round shot through her sail—high? You mustn't risk bringing a spar down on the slaves yet awhile, anyhow."

"Yes, sir, I think I could," said Esrow.

"Good; try then. . . . Well done! You've holed her. 'Hi, there, dhow ahoy. Lower sail!' . . . See that? She's doing it. The old Arab's ordered a black to run her into the wind. The young chap is arguing again. . . . Ah, she's down!"

And so it was. The captain of the dhow, fearing he would have a shot on board next, and knowing that the more trouble he gave the worse it would be for him, had run the boat into the wind so that the big sail flapped against the mast. In a minute or two the *Dart* ran alongside; James caught the dhow's gunwale with one hand; and Cathrew, followed by half a dozen men with drawn cutlasses, leapt on deck.

The old Arab came forward bowing and very frightened. "We not fight—we not fight," he said again and again in broken English.



"THE OLD ARAB CAME UP BOWING AND VERY FRIGHTENED" (page 62)

"I should jolly well think not," said Cathrew. "Give us your sword, you old ruffian!"—a command which, even if he didn't understand the words, he grasped quickly enough and handed up his weapon.

All three Arabs were quickly disarmed and (the long-boat coming up) made to get down into her. The lieutenant called up Hillier, and the two crossed the little deck and peered down into the hold.

It was a dreadful sight they saw. The hold was black with slaves all bunched together and mostly tied with ropes. Some lay quite still, packed so tightly that they could not fall, but dead; the rest were thin, many covered with sores, all practically naked, and all terrified. A confused babel broke out as the two white men peered over. Hillier fell back with a white face:

"The smell is terrible, sir," he said.

Cathrew turned to him, his lips tight together, and his eyes blazing. "Those Arabs are devils," he said sharply. Then to a big sailor near, "John, step down and cut those slaves loose. You must throw the dead overboard. Send the strong ones on deck as they are freed. You can take two or three men to help you, and then make the blacks help you to swab out the place."

He turned aside to Hillier. "Quartermaster," he went on, "we'll tow the dhow with the pinnace, and do you get away with the long-boat and the Arabs, and make straight for the Rufiji. Report to Captain Rogers, and ask him to set his course this tack to meet us."

"Yes, sir," said Hillier, saluting, and turned away.

Cathrew walked with him to the side to watch the long-boat cast loose, when suddenly a scuffle broke out in the hold. They heard John's voice cry out suddenly; saw, as they turned, a black figure rush past him; and then heard, almost simultaneously, a splash alongside.

"Man overboard," sang out a sailor, and, without a second's hesitation, ran to the side and leaped over too.

Cathrew was across the deck in a moment, in time to see a black head come to the top a few yards away and strike out vigorously for the open sea.

"Heavens!" he cried out in his astonishment, "the beggar is simply mad with terror."

"He's mad angry then, sir," said the voice of John beside him: "struck out at me the moment I cut him loose, without so much as a 'by your leave,' and darted up the ladder. Strikes me, he deserves to drown, he do, sir, ungrateful varmint."

Cathrew was a great deal too eager on the chase in the water to reply. The sailor was swimming hard after the slave, but the white man was encumbered by his clothes, and the black swam powerfully. He was weakening, though, Cathrew thought, from lack of food probably, when suddenly a man on deck shouted:

"A shark! A shark!"

"Where?" cried Cathrew excitedly.

"There, sir," said the man, pointing out to the right of the swimmers; and sure enough a thin black object was cutting through the water towards them.

Cathrew strained over the bulwarks. Just then, round the bow of the dhow came the small boat of the pinnace that had been lowered at once, and he could see the three men in it pulling strongly after the two in the water.

"Give way, men, give way!" shouted Cathrew in an agony of suspense.

It was a veritable race between shark and boat, and the shark would have won easily if the slave had not seen it. A faint scream came to the watchers over the sunlit water, and instantly he was seen to turn and swim back towards the dhow. The sailor, however, did not hesitate, and in a minute he and slave were side by side in the water. Cathrew could

see the whites of the poor slave's eyes, but then a sort of mist came over his own, and he hardly dared to look. The shark was only a few yards away, and was bearing down heavily.

"Oh, bravo, Bill, bravo!" cried John, at his side.

"What's he done?" asked Cathrew.

"'E's kickin' on 'is back, sir, 'e is, and Mr. Shark, 'e don't like the look of it at all. 'E's swimmin' round in a circle, and the boat will reach 'em all in two twos."

So it was. Cathrew stared out again now, and saw the boat and the shark, each feeling the other would get the prey, charge in at the last moment together. A shout came from the boat, however, and the watchers saw a black body hauled aboard as one of the sailors brought an oar down hard on the fin of the shark in the water. A brief scuffle, and Bill was being hauled in too, while the crews of the boats on board the dhow cheered again and again.

Ten minutes later, an exhausted slave was panting on the deck, his eyes rolling round in fear still, and Bill was being looked after in the pinnace. Cathrew went up to the slave, and was joined by Hillier and the black "seedi-boy," of whom the captain had spoken, and who had been sent with the expedition that he might be useful as interpreter.

"Ask him his name, Sudi," said Cathrew.

"Aye, aye, sar," said Sudi, and to the slave, "*Jina lako nani?*"

"Kangai," said the slave, weakly.

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Kangai never forgot his experiences on H.M.S. *Flying Fish*. On the third day they saw the frigate, at noon, and the slaves broke out into cries of astonishment. Kangai thought it was a house in the water, and forgot everything to stare at it. Then the slaves were got on board, and were given part of the deck of the ship to sit upon, the children in front, the men

next, and the women behind. The Arabs were driven down below and locked up in the cells, and Kangai saw no more of them. He and Msamya got in with the men on their part of the deck, as they were big boys for their age, and they felt very proud of it. Shortly after they were all on board, a big meal of rice and biscuits and bread was served out. At first the slaves thought they were being poisoned, but some of the bolder tried the food and did not die, so the rest began. Just as Kangai was beginning on the first biscuit he had ever tasted in his life, Msamya called out to him :

“Lah! they are made of bones! It is what the Arabs said. The Europeans eat black people, and they are keeping us to make us fat.”

All the slaves thought this, and left off eating in fear, and Kangai called to Sudi, who was near, and asked him.

“Yes,” said Sudi, grinning, because he thought it was a great joke. “They are made of people’s bones!”

The sailor called Bill, however, saw Kangai not eating, and as he had taken a kind of liking to the boy he had rescued, he asked Sudi why. Sudi told him, laughing; but Bill seized him with one hand and threatened to hit him unless he told the slaves he had lied before. He did then, but it was some time before Kangai and the rest believed him. After that, however, they had grand feasts such as they had never had before.

Every morning they had a bath of salt water, drawn up by a pump, and were rubbed with sulphur wherever they had sores; but the second morning Kangai got another fright. He was in his bath and rather enjoying it, when a file of sailors came running down the deck with drawn cutlasses. He screamed out: “To-day we shall be eaten!” and tried again to jump out and overboard, but Bill, who was bathing him, held him, and Sudi explained that the sailors were only at drill.

Kangai watched them, still a bit fearful, but by the time Zanzibar was sighted, he had got pretty well used to the sight of swords and guns.

They came into Zanzibar harbour at night, and Kangai woke up in the dark to hear the rattle of the chain as the anchor ran out, and the sound of its splash as it dropped into the sea.

"We have arrived, Msamya," he said, waking him up. "What will happen to us now?"

"We shall be slaves to the Europeans, that is all," said Msamya.

"I am not so sure," said Kangai. "The Europeans do not worship that devil Allah like you and the Arabs, anyway, and they have fed us well. We shall see."

In the morning they sat up on deck and looked out at the town. "Lah!" said Kangai. "Kota Kota is a village to it. Look, Msamya, at the houses, hundreds of them, and the dhows, lah! enough for hundreds of slaves, and the guns over there, and see the red flag on that pole! Lah!"

"Here comes the European to buy us," said Msamya, who always looked on the black side of things.

A tall man in white uniform with a sword was, indeed, being rowed alongside, and he and the captain shook hands heartily on the bridge. They talked together, and then the boys saw the captain speak to Lieutenant Cathrew, who saluted, and gave an order to some sailors.

Joe, Bill, Sudi and several more came up to the group in which the boys were sitting.

"Get up and come along," said Sudi, "you're going to be eaten to-day!"

Nobody feared that now, however, and the boys went down over the side quietly enough, to a big lighter alongside. In this they were rowed to a point that jutted out into the sea at the end of the harbour, and here was a big house with a little pier

in front of it, and a great shady veranda around it. They were all made to sit there in the shade and given some mangoes to eat, Kangai getting hold of three, as he did not feel at all sure what might come next, and he wanted to be prepared. Presently the tall man was rowed to the house and went inside, and after about an hour he came out again with another European. Kangai stared up at the new man, and could not take his eyes off him. He was dressed in a white thing more like an Arab's dress than Kangai had ever seen on a European before, and he had a darkish beard. He was rather short, and his face looked somewhat stern, his lips pressed tight together.

"Who is that?" said Kangai to Msamya.

"How should I know?" replied Msamya.

The two Europeans were talking together, and although Kangai could not understand, this is something like what they said.

"Another hundred and fifty-six, Bishop," said the tall man with the sword, "the cargo of that old Kota Kota rascal Yusuf bin Harub. I suspect that Barghash has a hand in it, really, though I suppose we can't prove anything. Anyway, what we're to do with all this lot I don't know. How many can you take?"

"Not many, I'm afraid, Sir John," said the Bishop. "I can only put two more into Kiungani, and say thirty for Mbweni. Then the little boys' school in town may perhaps do with six—but that's all. I only wish we could take the lot," he went on. "I think sometimes that if only people in England could *see* the poor fellows, they'd care more."

"They would, Bishop," said the other. "But now choose yours, for I must go."

The Bishop first chose out the party for Mbweni, and they were all gathered together at one end of the baraza. He looked very stern as he did this, and



" THE BISHOP WALKED UP TO HIM AND SAID . . . ' ARE YOU
AFRAID ? YOU NEED NOT BE, MY CHILD ' " (page 73)

Kangai feared a little. Then the six little boys were chosen, and a native went off with them at once. Then the Bishop paused and looked round.

"Hard to find the two for Kiungani?" asked Sir John.

"Yes," said the Bishop. "But I'll take that one"—pointing to Kangai. Kangai sat still, trembling as the Bishop pointed to him, and did not move. The Bishop walked up to him and said, to his utter amazement, in his own tongue, "Are you afraid? You need not be, my child." And then, as he spoke, his whole face changed, and he smiled.

Kangai got up, he hardly knew how, and he and another set out into the road at once with Sudi and a sailor who seemed to know the Bishop well.

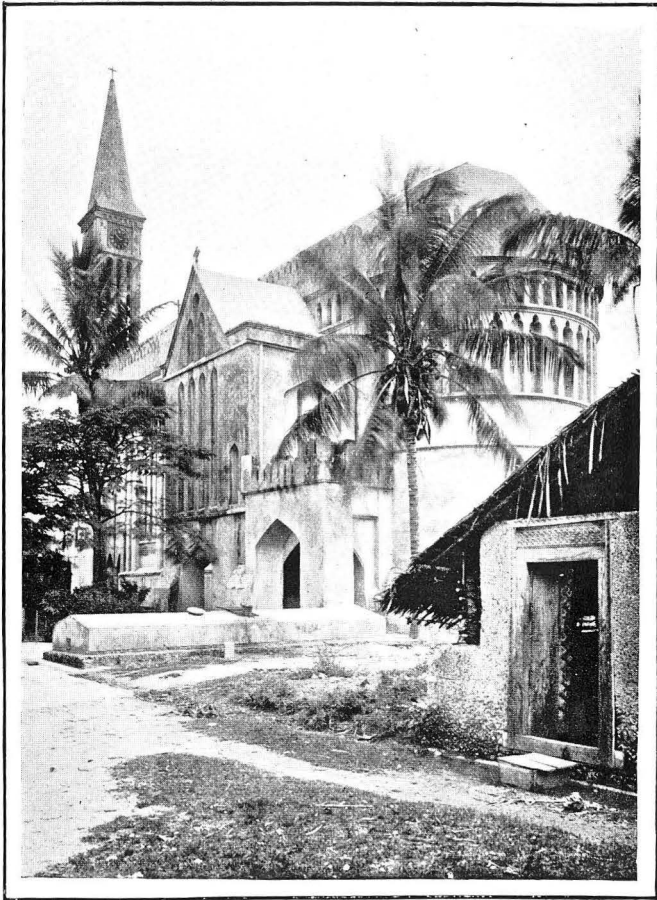
"Who is that?" asked Kangai as soon as they were in the road.

"That?" said Sudi. "That is the great Master of the Mission, the Lord Bishop Steere."

"Lah!" said Kangai, "I do not know what 'bishop' is, but it is wonderful—his face when he smiles."

ADVENTURE V

**HOW KANGAI CHANGED HIS NAME AND THE
BELL AWOKE MSAMYA**



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, ZANZIBAR

V

HOW KANGAI CHANGED HIS NAME AND THE BELL AWOKE MSAMYA

"A, BE, CHE," said Kangai, without thinking about it, and found it most dreadfully dull. From where he sat in school, he could see out through the window right across the bay between Zanzibar and Mbweni, and the water was so blue and calm that it simply cried out for some one to bathe in it. Also, the coco-nut trees were rustling in a bit of a breeze, and on the slim stem of one just outside, he could see a brown lizard at play. Kangai saw no good reason why he should not be out there too. . . . "A, BE, CHE" all over again—would he never know it?

From somewhere in the college three bells rang out suddenly, and all the boys stood up. Kangai was all attention now. The padre who was teaching made a sign of a cross over himself, and Kangai did the same, as he had learned to do. Then they all stood silent, and Kangai let his eyes roam round. "One-two-three"—there were the bells again. Kangai looked once more at the padre; yes, he was evidently talking in his heart to some one. Praying, Kangai knew it was, but it was so different to Yusuf's prayers. . . . "One-two-three"; now there would be a few minutes' silence, then another sign of a cross—yes, there it was; now they could go. Silently, on their bare feet, all the boys trooped away.

Outside a tall boy seized Kangai by the arm. "Come and bathe," he said.

"I will, Cecil," said Kangai, saying "Cecil" as if he rather liked the foreign word that had taken him several days to learn, and the two raced away together.

The cliff was only a few yards from the school door, and a steep little path led down to the sea. Just at the top of the cliff stood a thatched summer-house, and some boys in that shouted something at them as they raced by.

"Bonde boys," panted Cecil, at the bottom. "No good at all. After our bathe you shall tell me about Nyasaland again. I wish the sea was the lake, don't you? But I'll race you out, any-way."

They threw off their *shukas* and *visibau* in a moment, and splashed out together. Cecil was a Yao boy, older than Kangai, but their skins were almost the same in colour. The first day Kangai had arrived, Cecil had been kind to him and showed him where the boys ate and slept, and his way about the corridors of the College. So they had chummed up a bit, and Cecil always liked hearing what Kangai could tell him of that part of the world from which they had both come.

In a few minutes they were on the white coral sand of the shore again, lazily throwing stones into the sea, but it was Kangai who began the talk. He rolled over and looked at Cecil, and said, "Cecil, who gave you that queer name? It isn't a Yao name, or African at all. Have you no other name?"

"'Majaliwa' is my Yao name," said Cecil. "But 'Cecil' is my new name—and I like my new name best."

"But why have you got a new name at all?" Kangai persisted.

"Oh, I got it when I was baptised," said Cecil. "It is the custom, and it is a good custom, because when you are baptised you begin to live all over again."

"Lah!" said Kangai, "I don't understand your talk here. How can a man begin to live all over again? And what is 'baptised'?"

"Ho!" said Cecil. "Do you know what your new name ought to be? It ought to be Nicodemus," he went on—"Nicodemus Kangai."

Kangai, who being a heathen got angry dreadfully quickly, clenched his hands in the sand, thinking he was being laughed at, and rolled over on his chest. "Why do you laugh at me?" he said. "I am not clever like you."

"I did not mean to laugh," said Cecil, "but, you see, you asked me just exactly what a man called Nicodemus once asked our Lord Jesus Christ. It is hard to explain, but I am a Christian, you see, and God washed all my sins away when I was baptised, and I got a new name, and I am going to be a priest when I grow up, if our Lord calls me. And I pray He will."

Kangai looked more and more puzzled.

"I do not understand, Cecil," he said. "At Kota Kota people prayed to Allah, and every one said 'Allah.' Even I said it a little, and Msamya, he said it much. Now I come here, and you all say 'our Lord' or 'our Lord Jesus Christ,' and you talk of things I don't understand at all. The European padre, he says, 'God made me,' 'God says, "You must not do this," "You must not do that," and he makes a big cross over himself. It is all very hard to me."

Cecil sat up slowly and stared at him hard. Then he said: "Kangai, listen. You will understand in time, but there is much to learn, and it is very wonderful. This God is the great Spirit Who made the world and all men, and you know there are in the world devils who make people do cruel things." . . . (Kangai nodded vigorously. "Allah is a devil," he said.) . . . "Humph,

well," went on Cecil, "I don't know about *that*, but it doesn't matter. What does matter is this, that God came down from heaven and was born as a baby to save us from devils and sin. He was called on earth JESUS, and when He saw He could not save men any other way, He died for them on the Cross. So we make the Sign of the Cross, and we are the children of JESUS, we Christians, and . . . and . . . well, we're going to heaven one day."

"Lah!" said Kangai, in amazement. "Tell me more of this Jesus, Cecil. When did He die? How could God die? And why did He die?"

Cecil stared out over the sea without a word for a few minutes. Far out a white-sailed dhow was cutting through the water; he wondered if, perhaps, there were slaves in her. Then he said:

"Kangai, the padre will teach you the news of these things, but I can answer one of your questions. Jesus died for us because He loved us so."

"Loved?" answered Kangai. "Cecil, I think the Lord Bishop who smiled, *loves*. Is it to love when one smiles, Cecil?"

"It is when the Lord Bishop does it, Kangai," said Cecil.

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Kangai had been fourteen years old when he came to Kiungani, and for the next three years he lived there. As Cecil said, he got to understand more and more about Europeans and schooling and religion as time went on, and he also learned to play football and other English games as well. The College stood up on a cliff over the sea, and the room in which Kangai slept was high up in it, so that the boys could see out of the windows, right across the twenty miles of sea, to the hills of the land from which they had come. They were up at six o'clock with the sun every morning,

and all of them had a bathe between that and half-past six, when prayers were said in the chapel. At first Kangai could not understand what was said and done there, but after a while he got to know prayers like "Our Father" and "Glory be," and to learn that the big Christian service was the Holy Communion, to which he was not allowed to go as yet because he was a heathen still. But very soon after his talk with Cecil he became a hearer, which meant he was definitely to be taught the Christian religion; and one memorable day there was a solemn service in chapel, and a cross was hung round his neck and he was made a catechumen. That meant he was really trying to live like a Christian, and that he hoped one day to be baptised and made one.

About a week after this, as he was going into town one day on leave, after school had finished at four o'clock, he met Msamya, climbing up the hill out of town. They greeted each other enthusiastically as they had not met since they parted on the veranda of the consulate.

"Where are you going, and what are you doing, Msamya?" asked Kangai.

"Oh, I am free now, and I am the boy of an Indian merchant, who pays me two rupees a month," said Msamya loftily.

"Two rupees!" said Kangai, who had never had so much money in his life. "Whatever do you do with it?"

"Oh," said Msamya, "I buy clothes and food and cigarettes; but I am saving some, and one day I shall buy a piece of land here and perhaps a slave, and live. But what are you doing?"

"I am living in the school of the Mission," said Kangai, "and getting taught. But it is hard work."

"How much do they pay you?" asked Msamya.

"Nothing," said Kangai.

"Nothing!" said Msamya. "Then you are a fool. Why do you stay there? Come into town with me and earn two rupees a month."

"Not yet," said Kangai. "And I am not a fool, because I am hearing good words of God, and when I come to town—if I do come—I shall earn more than you."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the other. "They are making you a Christian, are they? Well, the Mohammedans in Zanzibar say all Christians have Satan in them, and will assuredly go to hell. I am going to be a Mohammedan."

"Msamya," said Kangai earnestly. "That is not true. Who freed you? The Europeans. Who fed you and doctored you on board ship? The Europeans. Do devils do these things? But they were devils who made us slaves."

"Ah, well," said Msamya, "I do not know. I earn two rupees and am happy. I do as I like. But I will come with you one day to see your Mission."

Kangai used to go into town often and watch the building of the great Christian church that was going on there. The Bishop and the English Consul had got the slave-market stopped, and the Mission had bought the big open space. The Bishop was building a church on the ground, and the Kiungani boys used to go and watch the walls grow up and up. The Bishop was always there, up ladders, or measuring stones, or drawing plans, or even using tools himself, and always a little crowd stood and watched the building of the biggest house they had ever seen. One day there was huge excitement at Kiungani, for the padre told the boys at midday that the roof was on the cathedral, and that the scaffolding was to be taken away that afternoon, and all might go and look at it. They flocked in. Kangai and Cecil went together, and there was a great crowd of people. Cecil, who was a big

boy now, well known to the Bishop, went and stood near him, and Kangai was near too. The big bare poles which had held up the roof while it was still wet were being knocked away, and all the people round said the roof, so much higher and wider than anything built before in Zanzibar, must fall in in a few minutes. One by one the poles went. At length only the two last that stood together remained, and a great silence fell on the people. "Bang" went the hammers; the timber poles fell; and the roof stood! All the Christians shouted, but a man near the boys cried out:

"Lah! It is witchcraft that holds it up."

"No," said the Bishop, turning round, "it is not witchcraft."

"What is it, then?" asked the man.

"It is just good building and good cement," said the Bishop, "though God has helped us to build it."

"By Allah," said the man, "that is not enough, or else why cannot the Mohammedans build such a building?"

"Perhaps they could," said the Bishop.

"No, no," said another, pushing in. "I know why it doesn't fall. Months ago the Master here put a big white stone in the earth. I saw it, and there was powerful medicine in that to keep the roof up."

"Yes, that is it," said the other.

The Bishop had moved away, and Kangai, who did not know much, turned to Cecil, and said fearfully, "Is it true, Cecil?"

"No," said Cecil, "you simpleton, you! That was the foundation stone that all Europeans begin with!"

Not very long after that came the most wonderful day of all. Christmas Day, 1879, it was, and Kangai was seventeen, a tall boy now, looking forward to Baptism, so that he could take part in all that happened. As far as Kiungani was concerned, the great day had

begun on Christmas Eve, for then Cecil, Kangai and the others at school had gathered armfuls of flowers and had cut down great branches of coco-nut palm, and had carried them to decorate the cathedral in the city. The Mission stood by a creek which ran up from the sea, dividing the city nearly into two, and the boys came with their flowers along the bank of the creek, in at the Mission gate, past the small boys' school and the Bishop's house, and so to the big church. Kangai was almost afraid to stand inside at first for fear the roof should fall on him, but when he saw the Lord Bishop and a white lady, the *Bibi Mills*, there, he did not mind so much. The Bishop and the *Bibi* showed them what to do inside. First their palm-branches were tied to the scaffold beams that still stood in the east end, until they looked like a beautiful screen. Then in front of this, up some steps, on a spot where the High Altar was to be next year, they placed a huge cross and made it very beautiful with red and white flowers. Kangai saw Cecil staring hard at this.

"What is it, Cecil?" he asked.

"Do you know where that cross stands?" Cecil asked.

"No," said Kangai, "not particularly."

"Oh!" said Cecil. "You were captured at sea, but I was sold in the slave-market. When you came here the church was beginning, but I saw rows and rows of slaves here, where these walls are. And where that cross stands was the whipping-post. Ah, Kangai, I can remember wondering if I would ever be whipped there, but . . ." He stopped.

"But what?" asked Kangai.

"Nothing," said Cecil, putting in a palm branch for the back of the cross, "but I was just wondering if, may be, I might one day celebrate the Holy Communion where I thought I might be whipped."

"Lah!" said Kangai. "And, Cecil, when I am baptised, I will serve you!"

Next day, in the morning, a special place was kept for the Kiungani boys because they were to sing as a choir. When they reached the church it was already full. Kangai thought he had never seen such a pack of people. He and the others walked up through a crowd of Africans, all Christian, the men on one side, the women on the other, and when he was in his place, Kangai turned round and saw right behind him a big crowd of Arabs and Indians, the Arabs in white robes and most grand black and gold coats.

"Ah!" thought Kangai to himself, "you can't do what you would like to do to us!" Then his mind wandered off to wonder where Yusuf bin Harub and Suliman and Osmani bin Saleh had got to, and if he would ever see them again. He forgot them in a minute, though, because all the white people in Zanzibar now came in together, and he stared across curiously at the tall man in white with the sword, whom he had seen that first day on landing. Then in came the Bishop, a cross carried by a boy before him, and Kangai thought he looked very grand in his black and white and red robes. A padre gave out a hymn, and presently they were all singing in Swahili:

While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

Then, all of a sudden, Kangai believed. He could not have told you how, but suddenly, as they sang, he felt as if he must cry. Something in his heart seemed to swell up, and he just *knew* it was true, and that Jesus Christ had been born in Bethlehem as the angels sang, and that he, Kangai, trusted and loved

Him. He hardly heard the bishop preach, but with his whole power he sang the last hymn :

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

In a second or two he and the others were outside in the hot sun. As they walked away across the garden, past the big acacia tree that was all one scarlet mass of flowers, he saw Cecil looking at him curiously. He looked back.

"What is it?" asked Cecil. "You look as if you had seen an angel."

"Do I?" said Kangai. "Well, Cecil, I think perhaps I have."

So on Candlemas he was baptised.

It was at Evensong the night before, and in the chapel at Kiungani, that the Sacrament was administered. The altar glittered with its six lights, but candles were placed all about the church, as is the custom, and Kangai thought he had never seen anything more beautiful. He was in a full white *kanzu*, he and the few others who were to be baptised, and the font was simply a mass of white and red lilies. The altar was decorated with the flowers of a great tall rush which grows in Zanzibar, and the chapel was quite full. Kangai stood near the font, and he answered the questions firmly and regularly, meaning every word he said. Then he stood out.

"Paul, I baptise thee, †, In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen," said the priest. He felt the touch of the cold water and his whole heart leaped out to it. He looked up bravely while the priest put one end of his stole across his shoulder and admitted him into the Church of God, and it seemed to him, as the cross was marked on his forehead, as if every one must see it. Then he was given a lighted candle in token of the light now within

him, and he and the rest went up to the sanctuary, after the priest, singing "Nunc Dimittis." And then the Creed followed. Kangai had never said it in church before, but now he rolled out the magnificent words "I believe in God, . . ." with the rest.

That night he and Cecil got leave to go up to the flat roof for a bit, and they lay and watched the summer lightning play over the distant sea. Suddenly Kangai laughed.

"What are you laughing at, Paul?" said Cecil.

"To think that I am the same boy who stole pumpkins in Chitete," said Paul Kangai.

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Some months after this, Msamya, who had been sleeping on a convenient baraza in the street, was awakened at daybreak by the sound of bells. "Allah!" he said to himself sleepily, "why do the Christians make such a noise this day of all days with their bells? If it was the birthday of the Prophet now, or the great feast of Bairam when Ramadan ends, I could understand. Curse them! I can sleep no more. To-day I shall go into the country and visit Ali my friend, and eat of his food and do nothing."

He got to his feet and wrapped his dirty, torn *kanzu* around him, feeling very sorry for himself, since he had been drinking and gambling hard late the night before in a bar kept by a low-class Greek man in the city, and had a headache this morning. He wandered down the dirty street and kicked a goat out of the way at the corner where stands a mosque with a little grave outside in the road on which a hen was scratching. He turned round to the right, and was just going into the mosque when he saw Paul Kangai and several more boys coming down the street in front of him. He walked forward to speak to him, but Paul only waved his hand and turned in at the gate which led to the

Cathedral. Somehow Msamya felt fearfully angry at that. "Beast!" he muttered to himself; "he thinks I'm too dirty to talk to. I'll show him. I will go in at the Europeans' gate after him and see where he goes."

Anyone could enter who pleased, but all the same Msamya hesitated a little at that gate. Within was the garden with broad paths leading to the Bishop's house, the hospital, and to the creek beyond. Just to the left of the big acacia tree was the door of the cathedral. Msamya walked down the two steps irresolutely. Where had Kangai gone? He walked right through to the creek without seeing him, and then, hearing the sound of singing, he walked back to the Cathedral. Again he hesitated outside. He had never seen within, for he had not been at the opening of the church, and no Mohammedan came in now that an altar stood there. Msamya wondered what the Christians did inside. Did they really worship idols? Hark, what was that?

Some one was singing inside in Swahili:

"Lift up your hearts."

Msamya leaned forward and peeped through the door.

Far up the church, set high on three steps, was what Msamya thought to be a table, and on it flickered six tall candles though there was daylight enough. In front some one stood in a white and gold vestment who had gone on to sing very softly so that Msamya could not hear what he said. Suddenly the man knelt down, and Msamya could see, standing out against the space beyond, a tall cross between the two lights and on it a small figure of a man. Something thrilled through him as he looked, and he glanced quickly over his shoulder out into the sunlight as if in fear. There was no one behind him, however, and he looked back again—and saw Kangai.



"MSAMYA LEANED FORWARD AND PEEPED THROUGH THE
DOOR" (page 88)

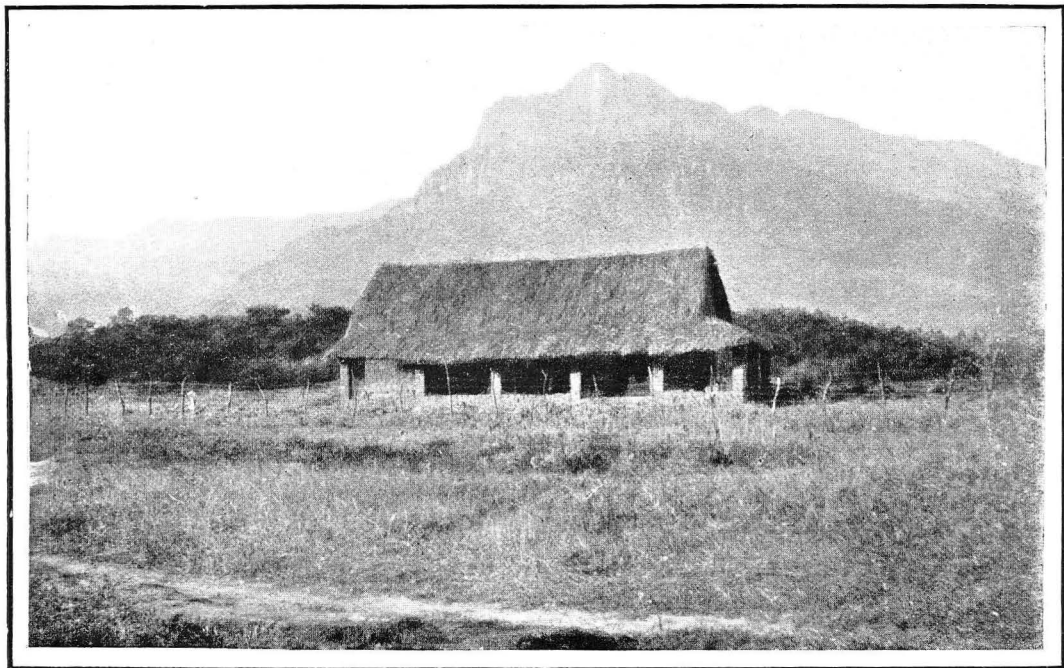
Paul was kneeling upright at the bottom of the steps. He was dressed in red with a white thing above it, and he was gazing straight at that cross which was again hidden by the man in front. He looked as if he was expecting something. . . . In the church all was still, and then, so suddenly that Msamya started, a silvery bell rang out. The priest-dropped on one knee, stood again, and as again the bell rang out, he lifted Something high. . . . Msamya saw Paul bend right forward to the ground, and then he stepped out hurriedly into the sunlight. . . .

A few minutes later, in the evil-smelling street, he bought a handful of hot greasy cakes off an Indian and lay down just inside a mosque to eat them. "Bismillah," he said to himself. "But the ground is hard!"

And in the Cathedral Paul Kangai had just seen a brave, strong white face bend over him, and had closed his eyes, and had taken upon his lips that of which a voice said in his ear: "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ which was given for you." And so the Cathedral Church of Christ in Zanzibar had its first and its Christmas Communion. The bells had done well to ring out. The Saviour of the world was born in Zanzibar, and Paul Kangai had learned to worship Him.

ADVENTURE VI

HOW PAUL GOT BACK HIS SILVER BOX



A NATIVE CHURCH

VI

HOW PAUL GOT BACK HIS SILVER BOX

THE church bells of S. John's had been sounding for a good five minutes, and although Paul was very comfortable, sitting in the doorway of his own hut at Mbweni and looking down the village street towards the house of the ladies inside the big gates across the road, still he knew he must be moving. Not that it was Sunday, but it was a day greater than a Sunday to Paul. It was his own private Great Festival,—January the twenty-fifth, which, as everybody knows, is the Feast of the Conversion of Saint Paul. Saint Paul, of course, was his own special patron saint. If *he* did not remember Saint Paul's Day, how should Saint Paul remember his?

So he always got a holiday that day, and instead of going into Zanzibar to work in the Mission printing office, as he did six days a week nearly always otherwise, this day he first heard the Holy Eucharist sung in church, and then spent the rest of his time in the village, finishing up with evensong. Paul was a man now—twenty-five, he thought, though he wasn't quite sure, as there was no one to tell him his birthday—and he lived at Mbweni in his own house, and worked at the printing under the shadow of the Cathedral. He was earning good money there, and he had already saved up about fifty rupees. He knew what he would do with the fifty rupees in his own mind, but he had not told any one yet.

He got up and stretched himself. The bright hot sun filtered down on him through the coco-nut branches, and he noticed that the bunch of bananas on his own tree must be picked very soon. The street in front of him was lined with little thatched houses, but it had no pavements or railings or lamp-posts or walled-in gardens. It was just a hard, clean-swept broad earth path under trees, with houses here and there on either side, and with the sea gleaming through the trees at the far end of it. Kangai turned round to go up the street, for the church lay off it to the left on the land side of his house, and as he did so he saw a man coming up the road from the direction of Zanzibar four miles away.

Paul began to walk up the road, but as he went he watched the man. He seemed to be looking for some one. He was glancing right and left, and when he saw Kangai he came straight towards him. In a minute they met.

"*Jambo*," said the man.

"*Si-Jambo*," said Paul politely, "*salaam sana*."

"Is this village called Mbweni?" asked the man. "They told me to go in this direction from the big city."

"Yes," said Paul, "this is Mbweni, the village of the Mission. Do you want the padre?"

"No," answered the stranger; "I am a Mohammedan. But I want a man called Paul Kangai who lives here."

"Lah!" said Paul. "Saint Paul must have sent you. I am he. What do you want with me?"

"I do not know Saint Paul," said the man, "but it was a woman who sent me. She is the slave of my grandfather's uncle. It was told her that I came to Zanzibar—to Zanzibar, a far journey; but I, I am a pilgrim, and I travel to the Holy City, to Mecca. And she gave me this, telling me to leave it with a man called Paul Kangai at a village called Mbweni, near

to Zanzibar, and because of what it is I have brought it, though I know not what it has to do with thee, O Christian. Farewell."

He handed Paul a small flat thing, wrapped up in dirty linen, and turned to go.

"Lah!" said Paul again, utterly amazed. "Stay a minute. Who is this woman? How did she know of me? Where did you come from? From Chitete? Or Kota Kota perhaps? Stay—I must talk to you."

"I cannot stay," said the man. "Thou art mad with thy questions, and this is an accursed place and I am a true follower of the Prophet. 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God,' O Christian. Let me go."

"Go then," said Kangai. "But tell me at least one thing. Where lives the woman who gave you this for me?"

"Chitangali," said the man, and walked off without another word.

Paul stood stock still in the middle of the street, and turned the thing over in his hand. He was too surprised to open it at once, but after a little he broke the string, and undid several folds of dirty linen until, as the last wrapping fell away, a thin, flat, silver thing, like a little book, lay in his hand. "Lah!" he said again then, more emphatically than ever. He must have been five minutes in the sun staring at it, and all the while he never seemed to see it at all. Instead he saw a hut at night-time, with the red embers of a dying fire in front of it, and himself as a boy, and a girl into whose hand he put the thin, flat, silver thing that looked like a little book. "Will you promise?" he said half aloud as he looked at it.

"Promise what?" said a voice behind him, and he turned to see an old woman of the village. "You will be late for your Eucharist, Paul," she went on, "if you stand staring in the middle of the street like

a goat that chews the cud. But what did the man from town say to you, Paul ? ”

“ Nothing, Mother-of-Peter,” said Paul, “ and I must indeed go to church. *Kwa heri* ”—and he started off, pushing his hand inside his *kanzu* as he went.

Probably Saint Paul was not very angry, but certainly his namesake did not hear much of the service that day, for Paul Kangai was trying to make up his mind all the time, and he found it hard to do. All that day he was very quiet, and next morning he was in church again early before he set off for town. When he reached the Cathedral, he went first to the house of the priest-in-charge and next to the printing office, which was just the opposite of what he usually did.

He found the priest-in-charge eating his breakfast, and Paul sat down to wait outside till he should finish. Presently somebody inside called his name, and he went in, and found the padre in his white cassock in his chair with his books in front of him getting ready for a morning's work.

“ *Salaam*, my father,” said Paul.

“ *Salaam sana*,” said the priest, “ and what is your news ? ”

“ My news,” said Paul, “ is that I want to leave the printing office for a little.”

“ Leave the printing office ! ” said the padre. “ But why ever should you want to do that ? They say you are getting on well, and the priest at Mbweni is pleased with you ; why should you want to leave, Kangai ? ”

“ Because I want to make a journey, my father,” answered Paul. “ Listen, and I will tell you. When I first came to this place, the Lord Bishop Steere sent me to Kiungani and there I met Cecil Majaliwa who became my friend. We talked much together, and he was to me as a brother. I was much grieved when

he went to England to be taught to be a priest, but now, as you know, he is a deacon at Chitangali, and I want to visit him. I have many words that I want to say to him. I have spoken, my father."

"But why should you go now, Paul?" said the priest. "We are busy in the printing house, and we want you. You cannot go. Has Cecil sent and asked for you?"

"No, padre."

"Well, then, you cannot go. Next year, perhaps, or the year after, but not now. Don't bother me any more. Good-bye."

Kangai had been standing all this while. He now sat down on the floor, but he said nothing at all.

The priest-in-charge got up and looked at him. "Look here, Paul," he said, "this is foolish. Of course if you *must* go, you must, but you won't get a pice out of me for your journey, and I am very angry with you. You can see Cecil any day. Very likely he will come down here soon and be ordained a priest. Why should you go now, and worry us?"

"My father," said Paul, "I do not want one pice. I will work in a dhow, and I will be a porter to Chitangali, but I must go. Then I will return. But I must go."

Five minutes later, Paul went out with his request granted, and that night, after dinner, the priest-in-charge said to the Bishop:

"Oh, by the way, I meant to tell you, my lord, that that printer's boy, Paul Kangai, wants leave to go up-country to visit Cecil Majaliwa."

"Why?" said the Bishop.

"Well, I don't know," said the priest. "Just to see Cecil, he said. I tried to stop him, but I could not. He was as obstinate as a mule. He said he did not want any more money for the journey, so I

had to say 'yes.' I wish one could understand these Africans more easily."

"Humph!" said the Bishop. "We shan't see *him* again. Has he gone, do you know?"

"Yes," said the priest. "He got a passage in a dhow carrying salt to Lindi, and he shipped as a porter for the salt. It was to sail this afternoon, he said. I wonder where he is now."

He got up and walked to the door. A bright moon lit up every tree and bush in the garden, and shone on the palm leaves as if they were covered with frost. It also shone on Paul Kangai, curled up on a bag of salt, tossing at sea outside of Zanzibar harbour, his hand clasping a thin, flat, silver thing, like a little book, inside his *kanzu*.

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One Sunday, a good many weeks after this, the Rev. Cecil Majaliwa, deacon-in-charge of Chitangali, was collecting the alms at Divine Service. It was a queer service he had been taking, partly because he was a deacon and not yet a priest, and partly because there was only one other Christian in Chitangali, besides his wife—the Chief Barnaba. So Cecil used first to read the Ten Commandments, then pray the Litany, and then preach. Then they had another hymn and a collection, and it was at the collection that morning that a strange thing happened. Cecil had collected about thirty pice, two hens, three baskets of rice, and one bundle of bananas, when a man stepped to the front with a basket of salt. Cecil took it, rather pleased, for salt was rare and dear up-country, and then nearly dropped it again as he looked at the man who offered it. It was Paul Kangai! Paul, whom he thought to be in Zanzibar a good eight hundred miles away! The two friends stared hard at one another, but Cecil had to turn back to

the altar and finish the service, and it was not until the service was over that they met outside.

Cecil simply ran at Paul for news. 'Why Paul,' he said, 'how did you come here? And why have you come? What is the news of Zanzibar? Is the Lord Bishop there? Is he well? And what is the news of Mbweni?'

"Good news, good news, both of Zanzibar and Mbweni," said Paul. "But you must ask one question after another, Cecil, or I can answer none. Tell me first, how do you like Chitangali?"

"Oh very well, Paul," said Cecil. "But I am very lonely here. First I came with the Padre Pollard, but he died of the fever at the same time as the Padre Wood at Newala, which is far away, more than a day's march. All the white padres get fever in Africa, so that is why we Africans must be priests soon, as you know. But I am left alone here, in the midst of the heathen, like a cottage in the middle of a forest. The children, even, are not like those at Mbweni. There, as you know, they honour the bell, but here it is not so, and I have to hunt them up like wild beasts."

Paul laughed aloud at this. "But do you get any of them at all then?" he asked.

"Yes, quite a number of them," said Cecil. "I have got here a small harmonium, and they come to hear that, I think. But soon they will send me some pictures from England, and then they will come better. Barnaba is very good. Of course he sends his sons, and it is he who gets the other men to send theirs. It is good to have a Christian Chief, Paul."

"I should think so," said Paul. "But England, Cecil, tell me about England; I haven't seen you since you were there."

"Ah!" said Cecil. "But it was wonderful. We got on a mail, and we sailed for days and days. There was nothing but sea in sight, and each day seemed very

long, so that I thought we should never at all get to England. At last they said, 'We shall be in port to-morrow,' and I was very glad; but when we got there, and I said, 'Is this England?' the sailor laughed at me and said, 'England! This is Aden; you are not half-way there yet!'

"Lah!" said Kangai, covering his mouth. "Is it so far?"

"Far!" said Cecil. "It is farther than you can imagine, Paul; it is beyond the sun when it sets at sea. But when we got there, we landed in London, and, Paul, the noise! It was like thunder in the distance all the time. Sometimes six carriages and carts were abreast of one another in the street!"

"Lah!" said Kangai again in great amazement.

"And presently I saw a huge building, and I said to my father, 'What is that?' and he said, 'That is a prison.' I could not believe him when he said a prison, for I thought that all Europeans were Christians. But it was so. Many of them are bad Christians. But many are good. The churches, Paul, thousands of them—one in every street! I said to my father, 'My father, they have thousands of priests, let us ask for fifty only for Africa, for these fifty, then, we shall easily get.'"

"And did you?" inquired Paul.

"He asked," said Cecil sadly.

"How many did he get then?" said Paul.

"Two," said Cecil.

"Two!" said Paul. "But you said they had thousands of priests and many, many churches. Two only? Why only two?"

"They are very busy," said Cecil, "I think that is the reason. They forget about us. They are very rich and have many things to think about, and Africa is very far away, and they don't *think* of us, that is all. Some do," he went on. "I saw the great lord of all,



" AN HOUR'S WALK BROUGHT THEM TO A VILLAGE ON THE
SIDE OF A HILL " (page 105)

the Archbishop: he thinks. He blessed me when I came away. But many forget."

There was silence a minute. "Our Blessed Lord did not forget," said Paul.

By this time they were at Cecil's hut, and they went in. Paul shook hands with Cecil's wife, whom he had known at Mbwani, and the two men sat down on the shady veranda outside while she brought them food—a great pile of white steamy rice, a chicken curried African fashion, and bananas. After food, Cecil signed himself and got up.

"I must go now, Paul," he said. "On Sunday afternoon I go round to the villages of the Wa-Makonde and preach. If you wait, we will talk more to-night."

"I will not wait," said Paul; "I will come with you."

Cecil looked very pleased at that. It was not often he had anyone to go with then, and, as he said, it was very lonely to have to go into a big village, and sit down outside a hut all by yourself, and talk. To-day the two of them made a good round. An hour's walk brought them to a village of brown huts on the side of a hill, and in it Cecil knew the Chief, who came out, and called all the men, and heard all he had to say. Cecil told the story of the Prodigal Son and they listened eagerly. Then they all stood up and Cecil prayed aloud in Swahili, he and Paul standing with eyes closed, the rest looking on wonderingly. Then they pushed on to a village among coco-nuts where the people used to get very drunk because of the beer they brew from the palms, and here they had a hard time. A Mohammedan kept interrupting and making jokes so that all the people laughed, and they had to go on without praying. And then last of all, at a little cluster of huts by a stream, Cecil was only able just to call a few children and show them a picture he had of the Good Shepherd. He and Paul were weary and rather sad as they climbed back to

Chitangali. It was five o'clock, and, in accordance with his plan, Cecil rang the bell and the people came for Evensong. Somehow, to Paul, who had not been able to hear Evensong on his long travels, the service seemed very beautiful. The little mud church, the bare floor, the rough wooden cross and candlesticks on the little altar, all seemed changed as Cecil prayed. It was getting dark before they had finished, and Paul could see one star in the sky through a hole where the roof did not reach the wall. He thought of the Star of Bethlehem, and hoped that this star meant that *he* had come home to the right place.

"Visit with Thy mercy our homes," prayed Cecil. . . . "Let Thy Holy Angels dwell in them to keep us in peace, and may Thy blessing be upon us evermore; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"Amen," said Paul, with all his heart.

Late in the evening, Cecil looked up suddenly after a long silence between the friends, and said, "Paul why did you come?"

Paul sat still a minute. Then he put his hand inside his *kanzu*, pulled out the thin, flat, silver thing like a book, and put it into Cecil's hand without a word.

Cecil turned it over curiously. "How did you get this, Paul?" he asked. "Do you know what it is? It is a Mohammedan charm—a bad thing. There is written a little of the Koran inside here, and no Christian ought to have it. How did you get it?"

"I got it at Miembe, off a dead Viti, thirteen years ago," said Paul slowly.

"Lah!" said Cecil, puzzled. "But why, then, is it here, and why did you give it me when I asked you why you came to see me?"

"Listen," said Paul; "you cannot understand unless I tell you." Forthwith he told all the story that has been written here, and added: "So now I know Sikujua is about here, and I have come to

find her. Also I shall marry her, if her mother is willing. I have thirty rupees left."

"*Bado kidogo*," said Cecil, using the well-known African phrase which means "go slowly" as much as anything. "She will be a heathen, and you cannot marry a heathen."

"I know," said Paul, "but this is my plan. I will buy her free, and then she shall live with your wife and be taught. Then when you come down to Zanzibar to be ordained a priest, she shall come with you, and if she is only a catechumen then still, we will get a dispensation from the Lord Bishop and you shall marry us at Mbweni."

Cecil thought a little. "It is a good plan, Paul," he said, "if we can arrange it. I will be your friend for you in the business. I will go now and ask Barnaba if he knows of Sikujua."

He returned, excited, in an hour or so with Barnaba who had been at Kiungani with Paul, and who said he knew the man whose slave Sikujua was. Cecil and Paul went at once to the hut.

The man, his wife, several children and slaves were all at home when Cecil and Paul came. Sikujua started ever so little when Paul came in, but she hardly looked at him, and did not say a word. As for the men, they talked of all sorts of things for an hour or two, with never a word said about the business on which the two Christians had come. Paul, for the most part, said nothing; he sat and watched Sikujua prepare food, and he listened to the goats in their little shed outside, and remembered a certain goat-shed under which he had once sat all night. Then presently, African fashion, he went out, and *then* Cecil said suddenly to the man:

"My friend wants Sikujua, and we will give twenty-five rupees."

"Ha!" said the man. "Twenty-five! I would

not sell her for fifty. She is a good, strong girl, and a Nyasa, who are rare. No, fifty at least." And so the bargaining began.

An hour later Cecil came home and found Paul on the veranda waiting for him. "You can have her for the thirty rupees as we arranged, Paul," said he.

Paul ought, by African rules, to have gone straight away back to Zanzibar after that, but he did not, and Cecil did not make him. Although they were both African enough to see nothing strange in buying a wife, still one had been in England and the other had been long enough among Europeans to know that that was not all *they* did. Besides, both were Christians, and they knew that marriage was a holy sacrament and not a mere matter of buying and selling. So Paul stayed on some days while Sikujua lived in the house, and he used to see her every day although they scarcely ever met and never talked. But Paul watched. He discovered that Sikujua went every evening earlier than most girls to draw water, and on his last day of all when she got there with her pot, she found him sitting on the edge of the wall of the well.

"*Jambo*, Sikujua," said he.

"*Si-jambo*, Master," said she.

"Do not call me 'master' like that, Sikujua," said he. "You did not call me 'master' when I looked after Mpezeni's goats and you cooked porridge for his wife."

"Lah!" said Sikujua. "But that was years and years ago. Also you have bought me now, and soon you will take me to Zanzibar. I do not understand why you do not take me now."

"Are you sorry, Sikujua?" he asked.

She looked at him in surprise. No African man behaved like this to the woman he had bought, but she could not say she disliked it.

"Yes," said she, slowly. "I am sorry, Kangai."

"Do not say 'Kangai,' Sikujua," said Paul. "I am a Christian now, as you know; that is why I cannot marry you yet. But that is what I want to say to you. Oh, Sikujua, learn well about God, as Cecil will teach you. It is the truth, and it is good to know it. It is this which makes the Europeans set free the slaves, and made the Mission look after me, so that now I can read and write, and am a printer, and have my own house in Mbweni. It is good, this religion of Jesus Christ our Lord."

"Did it make you come to find me, Paul?" asked Sikujua.

"Yes," said he.

"Does it make you like this to me now, Paul?" she went on.

"Yes," said he.

"Then I like this religion, and I too will be a Christian, Paul," she said softly.

He got up, and took her hand in his, and she looked once at him, and then at her water-pot.

"I must get water," said she, "or Cecil will beat me."

They both knew he would not, but it was African to put things that way.

"*Kwa heri*," said Paul. He left that day.

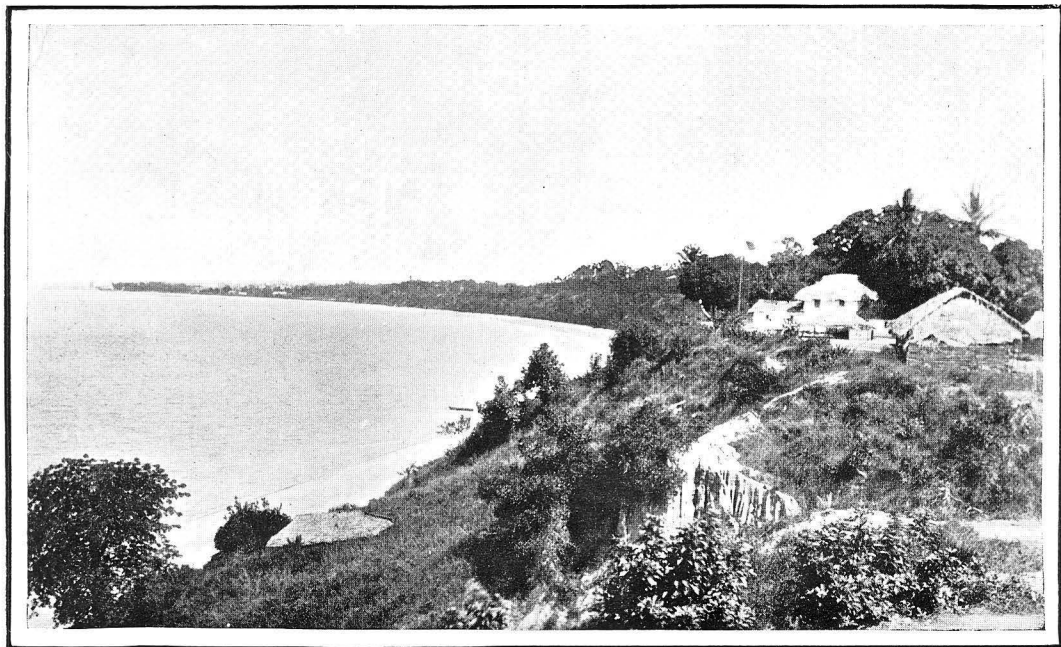
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They ordained Cecil in Zanzibar on the twenty-fifth of January, 1890, Paul's own private Great Festival again, amid a huge crowd of natives because he was the first African priest of the Mission. Two days more, and Paul served at Cecil's first Celebration of the Holy Eucharist at the whipping-post altar.

A week after, Cecil married Paul to Sikujua in S. John's Church, Mbweni, with the Bishop's leave, and six months later he called her "Mary," for she had been baptised.

ADVENTURE VII

**HOW PAUL MET OLD ENEMIES AND AN OLD
FRIEND**



KIUNGANI BAY

VII

HOW PAUL MET OLD ENEMIES AND AN OLD FRIEND

IN a little room at the top of a small white house in Pangani, a harbour of the mainland almost opposite Zanzibar, a little group of Arabs were sitting. One of them was speaking, leaning forward, and almost hissing his words as he did so.

"War!" he said. "Let us have war, a holy war, a war in which Allah himself will fight. Have not these Europeans treated us as dogs for years, and now they take our land and divide it! War, I say; war which will sweep them into the sea, they and all that is theirs." He leant back in his chair and pulled at his thin reddish beard.

"Thy words are those of an angry man, and therefore foolish, Suliman bin Juma," said a well-made, brave-looking Arab who leaned his arms on a table and seemed the only cool person there. "Know that if we sweep these Europeans into the sea, they will come back from the sea, yea, ten times more of them, and with more guns. It is folly, thy talk, bin Juma."

"Bismillah! thou art a coward, Bushiri," cried Suliman, starting up. "But no, not a coward, perhaps," he added, looking at the other's unmoved face, "only thou hast not sat in prison these ten years and grown old hoping for thy release, as I have done. Thou hast not seen thy slaves taken from thee, out of thy very boat, as I have done. If thou

hadst, thou wouldst hate as I hate." He stopped for very anger.

Bushiri answered him quietly and earnestly :

"By Allah, Suliman, aye, and thou Osmani bin Saleh too, I hate as thou hatest, and it is not that I will not have war at all. Let it be war, I say. But the fat German that is below, him will we set to ransom for ten thousand rupees, no less, and with that must we make ready to fly if need be. The Europeans can burn Pangani, and all the other coast towns by guns from the sea, but we must retreat to the hills, and raise the tribes, and hold out there. The Europeans will find it hard to catch us in the hills. Is it not so, *Liwali* ? "

The old Arab addressed, the Governor of Pangani, nodded, and then said, slowly :

"Let the Maviti Chief be called."

Bushiri rose and walked across the little room. The window opened on to a flat roof from which you could see, on the one side, the court-yard, the house, and on the other, the little town clustering on either bank of the Pangani river, the blue sea which broke in white foam on the coral rocks at its mouth, and, far away, a dark outline on the horizon which was Zanzibar. Bushiri looked down into the court-yard.

"Mpezeni!" he called.

"*Bwana*," said a voice below.

"Come up here," said Bushiri, "quickly."

In a minute or two Mpezeni stepped into the room. He looked much older than he had done in Kota Kota, thirteen years before, but he was tall and straight still, and he carried a big spear in his hand. He looked once at the rest rather scornfully, and then away to Bushiri as if he would take orders only from him. Indeed, when Osmani began hastily : "How many spears, Mpezeni . . .," he interrupted him with, "None for thee, Arab."

Osmani scowled, and his hand went to the crooked dagger in his belt, but Bushiri waved him back, and asked the Chief :

“ Would you like fifty guns, and powder and bullets for them, Mpezeni ? ”

The old savage's eyes glistened, but he said nothing.

“ Well,” went on Bushiri, “ we shall kill all the Europeans here to-morrow, and raise the flag of war, Mpezeni. When the Europeans come with their ships, then we shall retreat to the hills. If you promise to raise your tribe for us in the day of retreat, fifty guns are yours.”

“ It is good, Master,” said the old rascal. “ But I must have twenty loads of cloth for the women too.”

There was a good deal more talk at that, but the great conspiracy was settled at last. All the Arabs down the coast were to rise, attack, and kill the Europeans, get a ransom for a German doctor Bushiri had already captured, and retreat to the hills and the shelter of the spears of the Maviti when the guns of the men-o'-war drove them out of the town. One thing only Bushiri did not settle, but Osmani and Suliman did that for him. The others had all gone out, and they two were left alone for a few minutes.

“ What about the Europeans of the Mission, Osmani ? ” asked Suliman.

“ So ! ” said Osmani. “ We will kill them too.”

A few weeks later, all Zanzibar seethed with excitement over the news from the mainland. The Arabs had risen against the Germans. They had captured Pangani, Bagamayo, and many other places, but they had been defeated when they tried to capture the fort at Dar-es-Salaam. Everybody wondered what the Sultan of Zanzibar would do, and as for the Sultan, he sat in his palace and watched a big German man-o'-war in the harbour, and knew that

if he did anything at all, its guns would knock his palace about his ears.

Paul Kangai had been into town to hear the news, and was returning to Mbweni when he met Susi, a boy of the Bishop's whom he knew, at the top of the Kiungani hill. Susi was in a hurry, and was going down the path that led to the college on the cliff.

"Come along, Kangai," he shouted.

"Why?" said Paul. "Where are you going?"

"Come along," answered Susi, "and I'll tell you. The Bishop is here and the padres, and they are watching the smoke on the mainland which comes from the burning villages."

"Lah!" exclaimed Paul. "Who are burning the villages?"

"The Arabs or the Germans," said Susi, "we don't know which. But we think the villages are near the Mission at Msalabani and Mkuzi, and we fear for the Mission people."

Paul joined Susi, and they ran together to the cliff by the college. A little party of men were standing there together, and the two Africans got close enough to hear what they were saying. They were all staring out to sea, and Paul Kangai, looking too, could see black smears of smoke all along the horizon. It was getting towards sunset, and in the clear light the mainland hills were very plain.

"There's another!" exclaimed a priest in a white cassock as the Africans came up.

He pointed with his finger, and sure enough smoke was rising in a new place, and even a flicker of flame could be seen.

"Just between Mkuzi and the coast," said one whom Paul knew to be the Lord Bishop by his purple cassock and long beard. "How far is that from Mkuzi, do you think, Travers?" he went on.

The priest who had spoken first considered a little.

Then he said, "About fifteen miles, I should think, my lord."

"So should I," said the Bishop, "and that settles it. I must go over and get the ladies away."

"Get them all away, ladies and men too, you mean, Bishop, I hope," said a man who had not yet spoken.

Paul looked at him. He was an officer, he saw, though he did not carry his sword; a burly man, but good-tempered, Paul thought.

"I said the ladies, Sir Charles," said the Bishop. "The priests must not desert their posts. They are there to serve the altar and look after the people, and they must no more run away than you soldiers should, in danger."

"That's all very well," replied the other, "but you are probably all best out of it for a time. You can return later. The German admiral will get them all off now."

The Bishop was silent a moment, then he turned half round, and Kangai could see his face very stern in the dying light of the sun. "Sir Charles," he said, "there are three things which I think Catholic missionaries ought never to forget: first, that they should rely only on the help of God and never on that of the guns of the Government; secondly, that they should never try to gain anything for themselves out of the people; and, thirdly, that once settled in a place, and once having gained the love of the people, they should never leave it for any danger at all."

"And if removed by force, then they ought to return," said the other padre.

"Yes," said the Bishop, "that too. So I am resolved. I shall slip over to Pangani and make my way up to Mkuzi."

There was silence a minute. "Look at that!" exclaimed Sir Charles a moment later, as a big flare

glowed on the sky-line. It was dark now and the fire showed plainly.

"Come," said the Bishop; "it's no use waiting. I shall go and see the Sultan at once, and ask if he will send me over in that little steamer of his, under his own flag. The Arabs will at least allow that into Pangani harbour, whatever they do afterwards." He turned towards the house, and saw Susi. "Ah! Susi," he went on; "see that my boxes are packed, will you? Just my clothes. I will leave all books and papers."

"Certainly, Master," said Susi, and he and Paul stepped back among the trees as the party went by them.

Paul saw Sir Charles take the Bishop's arm and heard him say, "It's perfect madness——" and then they were out of earshot. He turned to Susi.

"Are you going to Mkunazini now?" he asked.

"Yes," said Susi; "I must make haste."

"I will come too and help," said Paul Kangai.

Paul was helping Susi to fasten the last of his master's boxes when the Bishop returned that evening. They heard him say at the door, "To-morrow, then, at seven o'clock, Travers, and do you serve me," and then go into his sitting-room. He moved about for a minute or two and then walked across to a corner and was still.

"He is praying," said Susi; "I know the corner he is in—by his crucifix."

It seemed to Paul that they waited a long time before there was movement again, and Susi was called. He went in, and Paul sat on still outside, looking out over the roof-tops in the moonlight, and wondering what was happening far away on the mainland. He seemed to see again what he had seen so many times as a boy—the burning huts, the warriors dead in the streets, the women bunched together for slavery like so many

cattle, and the children crying by them. And as he sat he made up his mind.

Susi came out in a moment, and stood staring down at Paul. "He will go," he said; "he is never still, this lord. The great white man, Livingstone, was brave and he was never still for long either; but the Lord Bishop Smythies travels even more and is as brave as he. He has walked to the great Lake Nyasa, this Bishop, not once, but many times; and he has walked all over the Shambala hills. He is a great man, and he is very good." He was silent a moment, and then went on: "He will not sit still now. The Sultan has lent his boat, and the Master goes to-morrow at eight o'clock. He will celebrate the Holy Communion at seven o'clock; the padre is to serve him. I go too. We shall all die, I think."

"Why?" asked Paul.

"Why? Why? Because the Arabs hate the Christians for setting free the slaves, and because they will let no one pass through Pangani if they can stop him. Yes, we shall die, all who go."

Paul's heart beat hard. Then he said: "The Lord Bishop has walked even to Nyasa to preach, you say, Susi?"

"Yes," said Susi; "many times. Why?"

"Nothing," said Paul. "Good night."

Next morning a little crowd watched the Bishop at the altar, and most of them wondered if he would ever stand there again; but when Susi, on the shore, came to superintend the getting of the Bishop's boxes into the boat, he found Paul already seated in it.

"Lah!" said he, "what are you doing?"

"I am going too," said Paul.

"You must not," said Susi, "you cannot; you have no leave. But you may help row us to the steamer."

Paul tugged at his oar across the harbour, and got on board with a box. Then, when the boat went back

for the Bishop, he could not be found, and only appeared when it was back once more, the Bishop on board. Then Susi turned on Paul :

“ Get in and go back,” he said.

“ I shall not !” said Paul.

“ You must !” cried Susi angrily ; “ I shall have you put in if you refuse. We don't want you with us.”

“ Be quiet, Susi ; I am going,” said Paul.

“ Get into that boat !” shouted Susi ; “ I won't have . . .”

“ What is all the noise about ? ” said a voice behind them. They both turned, and there stood the Bishop.

“ Your pardon, Lord Bishop,” said Susi, “ but this man will not go back in the boat. He says he will come with us.”

The Bishop glanced at Paul. “ Why do you want to come with me ? ” he asked. “ It is dangerous, you know.”

Paul looked up at him. He was a tall, big, manly man, but his eyes looked very kind, and suddenly Paul's heart went out to him. He dropped on his knees.

“ That is why I want to come,” he said hurriedly. “ You have cared for the people of Nyasa, and I will die with you.”

The Bishop stood still a moment, then he put his hand on his head. “ The Lord bless you,” he said ; and, to Susi : “ Let him come.”

Paul never forgot that journey. It was an Arab boat they were in, badly built, with an Arab captain, and the sea was quite rough. The cabin was horribly dirty, and the Bishop could not sleep on the cushions there, but came on deck. It poured with rain about midnight, however, and the Bishop then went down to sleep on the table below. Paul tried to sleep in the passage outside, and lay all night listening to the creaking of the timbers and the splash of the waves,

and wondering if they would ever get to the land. About dawn he woke hurriedly, with a sudden sound in his ears, in time to see the Bishop's door open and the Bishop himself look out. They stared at each other a minute, and then, bang!—the rattle of guns firing rang out, and Paul knew that that must have awakened him. As they listened one bullet came crashing into the side of the little boat, and a cry on deck made them think some one was wounded. The Bishop beckoned Paul into the cabin, and there the three of them knelt to pray. It seemed to Paul that the shooting died down as they prayed. He could not help watching the Bishop's face as he prayed aloud quite quietly and trustingly, and he felt, as he looked, that he would rather like to die now. But instead there was a knock at the door; they all stood up; and the Arab captain outside called them all on deck.

Paul saw that they were in a narrow river. On one side the cliff was high out of the water with huts on the top of it; on the other the ground was low and covered with houses, many of them belonging to Arabs. The sun was up and it was bright and warm, and Paul looked back to where the blue sea tossed and broke in white foam beyond the river's mouth. Then he noticed the shouting from the shore, and saw that a great crowd of Africans, with some Arabs, were collected there, all very excited, and many of them carrying guns and spears. Their captain, however, anchored the boat, and Paul was told that the firing had ceased because the people had recognised this man as the son of the Liwali of Pangani, and because of the Sultan's flag. It was blood-red, that flag, and it drooped lazily against the mast in that sheltered place. Paul would much have preferred the Union Jack.

As soon as they were anchored, a boat put off from the shore and made for the ship. The Bishop stood

and watched it, and Paul was beside him as it came. As he looked, Paul's gaze grew more and more intense, and even the Bishop at last noticed the way in which he stared.

"What is it, Paul?" he asked.

"Master," said Paul, "have nothing to do with these men. I know that Arab with the red beard and hooked nose. He is very cruel; he it was who was so cruel on the march to the sea, and who wanted to kill us when the English fired their guns. I know; I was one of his slaves, Master. Whatever happens, do not trust him."

"Perhaps I must," said the Bishop; "but we shall see. He will not gain anything by hurting us."

The boat came alongside, and Paul saw that he was quite right and that the Arab he had noticed was Suliman bin Juma. There was another fine, tall Arab with him whom the captain of their boat called Bushiri, and the Arabs and the Bishop all went down together into the cabin.

Susi came up and stood by Paul. "The Lord Bishop is very brave," he said; "he will go on shore, I know. I have seen him nearly starved with hunger when we could only get one small animal in a whole week and when we thought he would die, but he never feared for his own life. *We* had fear, but he, never. And I was with him when it was told that he was dead, and the padres at Newala even wrote to England to say so. But he was not dead, only many days late on the march, and he arrived at last, travel-stained and weary, but alive, at Newala. Lah! I never thought we should have got there. He would have died then if he had despaired, but he hopes always and he is very brave, so he is here still."

Susi told Paul a great deal more about the Bishop, but at last he and the Arabs came on deck again, and the Bishop ordered Susi to get his boxes as he was going

on shore. As soon as they had landed, Bushiri called some soldiers, and they walked to a white Arab house in the town through a big crowd of people who kept silence for the most part, but also looked angry enough, Paul thought.

The house stood in a narrow street, and the Bishop's room was a little one right at the top, with a window out of which you could step on to a flat roof from which there was a view away to the sea on the one side and down into the court-yard on the other. Bushiri showed them up, and Paul noticed that Suliman had disappeared. Bushiri, Paul thought, seemed rather nice, and he heard him say to the Bishop, with a smile, "This is my room, Master, and here I have had much talking with my friends."

It was the very room in which the Arabs had planned the war.

For three days the Bishop lived in that house guarded by Arab soldiers, and all the while he was trying to get leave to set off for Mkuzi and Msalabani. Paul was able to watch him from day to day. Every day he spent more than an hour in prayer in the early morning, and then again an hour reading and studying after breakfast. Once he asked Paul a great many questions about Nyasa, and Paul told him all he could remember about his early life. Then Paul asked him about England, and once, when he had told him about the wonders of London, Paul said :

"Lah ! Great Master, why did you ever leave it ? "

The Bishop smiled at him. Then he said : " Paul, why did you come with me on this journey ? "

" Because you had done so much for Africans, Master," said Paul.

" And I left England because our Lord Jesus had done so much for me," replied the Bishop.

The very next day, as Paul was washing up some cooking pots on the roof, he heard a terrible noise

below. The Bishop had been out to see Bushiri, and the Arab had come back with him. Paul, fearing the worst, ran to the roof-edge and looked over to see what the noise was about. The court-yard was filled with people, and he could see Suliman and another Arab, whom he recognised as Osmani, among them. The Arabs had guns, with swords in their belts, and all the others were armed too. Paul rushed in to the Bishop shouting, "They have come to kill us all, Master! They are here with guns and swords."

Bushiri, who had been talking earnestly to the Bishop, held up his hand. "By Allah," he said, "be silent thou! And, Lord Bishop, no man shall hurt thee, I swear."

He went out to the stairs, and Paul went back to the roof, after seeing the Bishop kneel down quietly by the table and bend over it in prayer, his cross in his hand. He saw Bushiri open the door and confront the Arabs, and instantly a tumult broke out. At last he heard one voice cry louder than the others: "Bring out the Bishop! We will kill him. He is a friend to the Germans who burn our villages."

"Bismillah!" Paul heard Bushiri say, "is it thou, Osmani? Wilt thou thus treat a guest, and in my house? What saith the Koran: 'Let thy guest be to thee as thy brother and as thy mother's son.'"

"Allah Akbar!" exclaimed Osmani. "But he is no guest of mine! We will give thee leave to go, Bushiri, and while thou art away we will deal with thy guest. Make way, by the Prophet!"

"Dog!" shouted Bushiri in anger. "Make way I will not. If thou dost enter, thou must slay me first, and that thou durst not do!"

"Durst not, by Allah!" exclaimed Osmani, and Paul saw him raise his gun at Bushiri. Paul covered his eyes and shrank back, when suddenly he heard another voice below, and a man speaking loudly in the



" 'WELL DONE, MPEZENI!' HE DARED TO CRY OUT " (page 127)

Nyasa language. He looked quickly down again. Osmani had been pushed aside, and an old African Chief was standing by Bushiri, his spear at Osmani's heart. Several tall warriors had pressed to his side as well, and Paul's heart gave a great jump as he saw him.

"Well done, Mpezeni!" he dared to cry out. The old Chief turned and looked up.

"Lah! you here, Kangai?" he called. "Well, go back to your master, for no one shall touch Bushiri, and Bushiri will let no one touch him."

.

And so it was. Next day the Bishop passed safely out of the town, guarded by Bushiri, some friendly Arabs, Mpezeni and some natives, and came safe to Mkuzi. An hour's walk out of the town, Bushiri and Mpezeni turned back, and Paul had a parting word with his old master.

"I am well, Master," he said, "and married, and I am a Christian now. That is the good Faith, and true, Mpezeni. Open your ears to it too, my Master, for you are old now."

"I am old, Kangai," said Mpezeni, "too old. The news of which you speak has come to me too late. I go back now, and something tells me I shall die shortly on the spears, or maybe by the bullets of the Europeans. But go you on, for he you call the Lord Bishop is such a one as even I would serve, and I think that the great Spirit is in him."

They shook hands, and parted. At a turn of the path behind, where stood a big bamboo, the old Viti lifted his spear to Kangai in a kind of salute. And Paul turned after the Bishop, and knew he should see him no more.

ADVENTURE VIII

HOW PAUL HEARD "MAADUI" CRIED AGAIN
AND MARCHED BEHIND THE DRUMS



ZANZIBAR BOY SCOUTS' CAMP

VIII

HOW PAUL HEARD "MAADUI" CRIED AGAIN AND MARCHED BEHIND THE DRUMS

PAUL KANGAI slipped the load of fruit off his shoulders on to the ground, and sat down by the edge of the road to watch. He was an old man now, and he found walking harder than he had found it forty years before when he had first come to Zanzibar. To-day he had been out along the splendid government road to fetch fruit from a friend's plantation, and now, on his return, at the third milestone out of town, he had come across a novel sight. A little back from the road stood a big mango tree, with great spreading branches giving a splendid shade. On three sides of this burned three camp-fires, and clustering round each, on various jobs, were two or three boys in green shirts, dark blue knickers, scarlet handkerchiefs (which Paul thought very fine), and khaki slouch hats. Between the tree and the road was a tall flagpole with the Union Jack hanging from it, and by it stood a man with a notebook gazing out down the road. A sentry walked up and down before him. Not far from the flagpole a boy was busy over a smaller fire than the others, cooking something in a tin can. Paul watched him for a little rather eagerly, and then glanced again all round the camp. He had never seen the Boy Scouts of Zanzibar actually on a field-day before.

Suddenly the man with the notebook turned to the

boy at his fire. Paul saw that he was dressed like the boys except that he wore a sun-helmet, and he was of medium height, rather ugly, but wearing a nice red beard that Paul would have liked to grow, too, if only he could have done so.

"Hugh," said the officer to the boy by the fire, "tell Manlidi I want him at once."

The boy jumped up smartly, saluted, and ran back to the tree, and Paul watched him all the while, for he was his own son, Hugh Kangai, and he wanted to see what he would do. He disappeared into the woods behind the tree, reappeared in a minute with a boy wheeling a bicycle, and brought him up to the scout-master. Then he saluted, and went back to his cooking.

"Manlidi," said the scout-master, "I can't think what Juma is doing, and I must know if he has reached his position and set his sentries. Ride hard down the road and find out. Tell him to let me know if he sees anyone."

"Yes, Master," said the cyclist-scout, saluting; and Paul watched him run out his bicycle, jump into the saddle, and disappear down the road, the bright sun glittering on his machine till he and it swept round a corner out of sight.

He had hardly gone when, out of the bushes on Paul's side of the road, there broke another scout, running hard, who dashed up to the scout-master and began breathlessly:

"Master, Ibuni says that he has come to a river which stops his path, and also that the grass and bushes are so thick that he can see nothing anywhere, and he wants to know if he shall come back."

"Come back!" exclaimed the scout-master. "Go you, Fred, and tell Ibuni to swim over the river, and then to climb trees tall enough to show him the path I told him to guard. Tell him '*nothing stops a scout.*' *Kwa hcri.*"

"Lah!" said Paul on the ground. "But what if he cannot swim, Master?"

Fred saluted and ran off, and the scout-master, laughing, crossed the road to old Paul, who got up stiffly to meet him.

"*Jambo*, Paul," he said, "what's your news to-day? Going to watch our scouting? Come over to the camp and have some of my tea. Hugh's cooking it. I'll tell you what we're doing if you like."

"Thank you very much, Padre," answered Paul (for the scout-master was a priest too), "I will. But what does Ibuni do if he cannot swim?"

"Learn, of course," said the scout-master smiling. "Or get pulled over by some one who can."

"Lah!" exclaimed Paul again. "It is well, Master, that there are few crocodiles in Zanzibar these days!"

A few minutes later he and the scout-master were both sitting on the ground in the shade, and old Paul had half a billy-can of tea in his hand, and was eating bread which he dipped into it, piece by piece, with great relish.

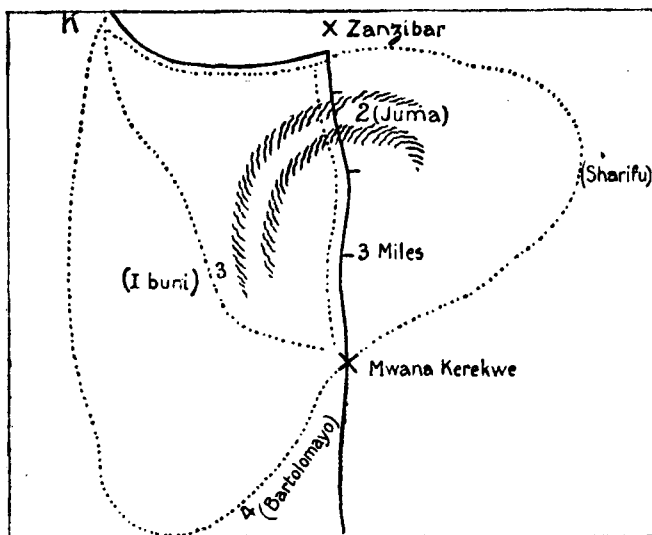
"Ho, Padre!" he said, "I remember the first time I ate bread with Europeans on H.M.S. *Flying Fish* when I was a slave!"

The padre stared at him wonderingly. "It is wonderful to think you have been a slave, Paul," he said. "You shall tell me all about it some time and I shall make a book about you, and call it 'The Adventures of Paul Kangai.' How would you like that?"

The old man smiled. "But tell me first, my father," said he, "what the boys do this day."

"Well, you see, Paul," said the scout-master, "it's like this. I will draw on the ground and you shall see." (He stood up and drew with his stick, and you can see in the map what he drew.) "This cross (X) is Zanzibar, and K, that is Kiungani. These thick

black lines are the roads, one, as you know, from Kiungani to Zanzibar, and the other the one we are on. Here we are now, at the third milestone, and a mile up the road is the village of Mwana Kerekwe. Now a caravan left Kiungani for Mwana Kerekwe this morning, and if you think, Paul, you will see that it might come by any of these lines that I make with



dots. It might have come through Zanzibar and up through the deep woods behind us, which I have marked 1. Or it might come up the road, which I have marked 2. Or it might come straight by this path, 3. Or it might come right round in front of us, a big circle, which I mark 4. Those are all the paths. It will certainly come by one of them."

"Lah!" said Paul, "You remind me of Yusuf bin Harub with your caravans, Master. What is the caravan?"

"That's just it, Paul. The caravan is three patrols—thirty boys, or rather two patrols and the band, and it can only be captured if more than three patrols fall on it. Now I have four patrols—forty boys, with me, only all my boys must be scattered so as to find out by which road the caravan is coming. Also they must find out soon enough for me to call all the others in from their stations so that we may fall upon it all together. For this reason I wait here with the camp, and with boys for messengers, while Patrol-leader Juma, with the Peacock Patrol, watches the city from the hills two miles away. Patrol-leader Ibuni, with the Rattlesnakes, is on line 3, and he is low down under the hills and you heard of his difficulties. Patrol-leader Bartolomayo is back on line 4 with the Bull Patrol, and Patrol-leader Sharifu is on line 1 with the Lions, far away, and he has sent me no messenger at all, and I am very anxious about him."

"*Ajabu!*" exclaimed Paul, in wonder. "What will the Europeans do next? But why do you not all wait in Mwana Kerekwe and capture the caravan as it comes in?"

"Because, Paul, this is 'football'—a game, I mean. If it were real, probably I should not know what place exactly the caravan was trying to reach. Therefore to make a game I have laid down a rule that we must not pass this milestone until the caravan is seen, and not go nearer than half a mile to the village at any time. This makes it fair to the caravan."

"Ah!" said Paul. "'Fair!' That is like the Europeans. They always play 'fair.' I remember how I wondered once what 'fair,' meant, but I know now. And you will teach Hugh to play 'fair,' will you not, Padre? It is very good this scouting, But——"

He got no further however. The scout-master had jumped to his feet and run out into the road,

for a boy on a bicycle was tearing up it at full speed. It was Manlidi. He jumped off, and, saluting, handed a note to the scout-master, who tore it open and read aloud :

"Salaam, Master. I report that I think I see green shirts far down on the road under the trees—two or three. Perhaps more are coming. What shall I do? Juma."

The scout-master hesitated a moment, and then called "Hugh!" (Paul's son ran up.) "Tell the bugle to sound the 'Fall in!'" he went on.

In a moment the call rang out, and the camp buzzed with excitement. The eight or ten boys left in it seized their staves and ran out into line, and Paul noticed that three had signalling flags in their hands. The orders came out, short and sharp.

"Signallers, go with Manlidi down the road. Manlidi, station one at each corner so that they can signal back to one another and to me and so save time, and then ride hard to Juma and tell him to take half his patrol and creep down the road. The boys he sees may be spies to deceive us; if so, he is to capture them and signal me 'No caravan.' Meanwhile you, Premshanker, go off to Sharifu and tell him to be ready to fall back on the road and help Juma, if he hears the bugle-call about which I told him. And you, Castellas, off to Ibuni with the same message. You, Hamisi, run to Bartolomayo and tell him to gather his boys together near the road so that he may come if he is wanted. All the messengers to return as soon as they have given their message. Dismiss!"

The line broke up like magic. Premshanker, Castellas, and Hamisi plunged into the woods and disappeared, while Manlidi jumped on his bicycle, and the signallers (running by his side and taking turns to hold on for a little) went off with him. The scout-master, Hugh, a bugler, and the sentry alone were left in camp.

"Lah!" exclaimed Paul, "but they obey well, Master."

"Yes, they obey well, Paul," said the Padre; "but I am afraid they will not be in time. If only I knew where Sharifu was, I should be content. He has big boys, and if the caravan is seen, and we cannot get the Lion Patrol up, we shall not capture it."

He began to walk up and down the hard road restlessly. It ran like a ribbon of white through the beautiful green country, and it was quite deserted except for a boy with a signal flag in his hand at the corner ahead. The sun beat down, and the woods were very silent and still. Far away a bird began to call, and Hugh jumped up to listen intently, but it was nothing and he sat down again. He was cleaning the billy-can and packing it away. A good quarter of an hour passed. Suddenly there was a sound of some one coming through the woods to the left of the road, and a boy broke out. It was Castellas. He was terribly out of breath, but laughing so much that he could hardly run. He ran up to the scout-master, saluted, and said:

"Master, Ibuni is stuck in the mud, and he has lost most of his boys in the big reeds of the river! Also he says he heard noises in front some time ago, and he thinks it may have been the caravan. Also one boy climbed a coco-nut tree, but there was a bees' nest at the top and he has been stung!"

What the scout-master would have said to this no one knows, for suddenly Paul called out from the ground:

"The boy at the corner is signalling, Master!"

All of them turned to watch. To Paul, of course, it meant nothing, but his son Hugh, by the side of the scout-master, spelt out the message:

"N-O C-A-R-A-V-A-N T-W-O S-C-O-U-T-S
C-A-P-T-U-R-E-D J-U-M-A."

“Hurrah!” exclaimed the scout-master. “That’s all right, anyway!” (He took off his helmet and wiped his forehead.) “Now if only I knew where Sharifu was, it might still all be well. Hugh, signal the signallers to return here.”

Hugh turned and did so, and the boy with the flag had just got about half-way back to camp, the second appearing behind him, when they saw down the road a green shirt rushing up at full speed.

“Hullo, there’s Hamisi!” exclaimed the scout-master, and started off to meet him. He had only got a few yards when Hamisi began to shout, and they heard faintly: “*Maadui! Maadui! Maadui wengi!*”

“The caravan, Master!” exclaimed Hugh. “What shall we do?”

Old Paul on the ground sat still quite thrilled by all that followed. First the bugles rang out the alarm, then the signallers ran back to flag up Juma with the Peacock Patrol, and at the same time messengers went either way to Ibuni and Sharifu again. Then Corporal Manlidi came tearing in on his bicycle with the signallers, and at once the scout-master fell in the six boys in camp under him and dispatched this the first reinforcement to Bartolomayo. Then they had to wait, and very impatient they were, but in about a quarter of an hour up came Juma and the Peacocks, doubling along splendidly, all big boys, eleven of them. The scout-master halted them for a moment to speak to Juma and to tell him to fall back before the caravan and not attack until he was strong enough, according to the rule, to capture it. Then away went Juma, and again the road was empty. How they wondered what was happening in the depth of the woods! Once they thought they heard distant shouting, but they could not be sure, and it was a huge relief when suddenly Ibuni’s Patrol staggered out on to the road. But the condition they were in! There were seven

instead of eleven, and Ibuni was nearly all mud from head to foot. One boy had lost his hat, and another was carrying his shirt which he had taken off and had not had time to put on again. The scout-master was awfully excited at the sight of them. He pulled at his red beard, and finally left Ibuni to wait for the rest of his boys and to take charge of the camp, while he raced on with the remaining six. Also Sharifu was to be sent on post-haste *if* he arrived at all.

Paul made himself quite comfortable and prepared to watch. There was one exciting moment when Sharifu did finally appear with his boys, and Ibuni and he wasted time talking, so Paul thought. Finally away he went, and then, half an hour later, the sound of drums and bugles was heard down the road. Paul got up to stare. In a little while round the corner swung the procession, the flag of the caravan waving over it. First came Sharifu's Patrol, prisoners all, for they had arrived when the guard of the caravan was victorious and had been captured easily. Then came the scout-master, under a guard too, and the rest, the band playing hard because it had been part of the caravan, and the caravan had won.

A little later the camp was swarming with boys, and the scout-master explained to Paul what had happened.

"You see," he said, "first Bartolomayo attacked before he got any help, and of course that meant thirty boys of the caravan to ten of his, and six were captured. When Juma came up, he took over the four left from Bartolomayo, but even with these he had only fifteen, and when I came up with the Rattlesnakes, still we were only twenty-two to thirty. If the Lions had come we might have won, but I had to attack outside the village or the caravan would have just walked in and won; and although we nearly drove them back, they would not run, and we were all taken

prisoners in the end. Bartolomayo was a bit hurt, and Mohammed Hamisi carried him home on his shoulder."

"That is very wonderful, Master," said Paul.

"Wonderful? What do you mean?" asked the scout-master.

"Wonderful as *that* is, over there now, Master," said Paul, nodding towards the boys.

The scout-master looked. He could see nothing strange. The patrol-leaders were all talking together and drinking tea in turn out of Sharifu's billy-can; that was all. He asked Paul what he meant.

"Master," said Paul earnestly, "Sharifu and Hamisi are Arabs, are they not? And Bartolomayo and Samwil are Swahilis, and two others are Indians—is it not so? Well, Padre, in my time an Arab would not have carried a Swahili, no, not if he were dying. The Arabs were the masters and the Swahilis were the slaves. No, he would have taken a spear and stabbed the Swahili through like this"—and old Paul jabbed with his stick at a tuft of grass. "Also," he went on, "Indians would not have sat down with Africans. But now all are there together. It is wonderful, Master. Also there is Bartolomayo, the son of a slave, and he orders about boys who are the sons of the Arabs who brought his father here in chains, yes, and whipped his father in the slave-market. Lah! It is wonderful, Master."

"I suppose it is, Paul," said the scout-master; "but I will show you something more wonderful still." He got up.

"Sharifu," he called. The boy came running over. "Take us to see that devil-tree, Sharifu," said the scout-master. "You said it was near here."

Sharifu looked from one to another, and hesitated a moment; then he said: "I am not afraid to go with *you*, Padre. Come with me."

The three of them walked across the road and down a little path. It was very hot under the trees, and



" SHARIFU, WHO WAS LEADING, STEPPED ASIDE AND POINTED.
' THERE, MASTER, ' HE SAID " (page 143)

the flies buzzed about them. They pushed on for a few minutes, and then Sharifu, who was leading, stepped aside and pointed.

"There, Master," he said.

They all three looked at that to which Sharifu pointed. It was an ordinary tree, apparently, but there were rags tied on to its lower branches, and some cooking-pots heaped up at its foot, one half full of rice. It was very still all round, and the dirty rags and broken pots looked rather pitiful in the shadows.

"Tell me about it, Sharifu," said the scout-master.

"Oh, it is nothing, Padre," said the boy. "But there lived an old fierce man in the village near here and people always said he had a devil. When he died, they cut off some hair from his head, and his nails, and they buried them there, and now they think his devil-spirit is in the tree, so they pray here and make sacrifice, and no one dares to pass near."

"But you come, Sharifu," said the scout-master.

"Yes, Master, but with you, because you are a priest of the Christian religion, which you say is stronger than Satan. Also I have learnt now. I do not believe his spirit is in the tree; or if, maybe, it is here, at least I think I know how to be safe."

"How?" asked the scout-master curiously.

"Like this, Master"—and the Mohammedan boy made shyly and slowly the sign of the Cross.

"Go back now," said the scout-master. He turned to Paul.

"Why, Paul," he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

The old man had tears in his eyes, and he was leaning hard on his stick. "Ah, Master," he said, "it is little to you, but very, very wonderful to me. It is wonderful that Sharifu, though still a Mohammedan, is really all changed in his heart, and very nearly a Christian. And it is very, very wonderful to me,

because I can remember so well how, before my father died at the fighting in Miembe, he told me to ask Mweenge the Chief to make an *mzimu* for him like this. Somewhere, far away, he is buried like this man, and maybe people make sacrifice to his spirit at his grave. That is sad, very sad, Master. But it is wonderful that I am here, that I am a Christian, that I know where my soul will go when I die, and that angels will carry me at the last to the place our Lord has gone to prepare. Lah! Master, the Mission has done wonderful things, and these eyes of mine have seen it."

An hour or so later the scouts all lined up on the road for the march back to Zanzibar. Ibuni had found the rest of his boys, and everybody had eaten enough and all were very excited, because it had been a good day. When they were all ready, the seven patrols, headed by the two cyclist-scouts, the band, and the Union Jack, looked very splendid. Old Paul walked with the scout-master, and picked up a few of the boys' songs as they went. Their favourite was "John Brown's Body," which they sang in English, and Paul could see his son Hugh on ahead, in his green shirt and red scarf, shouting lustily:

"As we go marching along!"

It was dark when they reached the town. The band struck up again then, and away they swung in quick time through the huts of the big African quarter. People were cooking their food just outside the huts, and it was quite weird to march along on the soft sand of the native road and see strange, black shapes crouching over the little fires, and turning faces, with the light glinting on their eyes, to see the scouts go back. Through the market the flag passed. People were buying and selling fried fish and roasted pea-nuts, and chattering away; and suddenly, down the middle of the street, came the old puffing and blowing train,

a rickety old thing, going very slowly, with a man clanging a bell hard in it, but quite wonderful to Africans. Hugh, on ahead, flicked a pea-nut at the driver, and got pulled up by Juma for it. The scout-master glanced at Paul. He was smiling to himself, and when he saw the padre looking at him, he said :

"The world is turned upside down, Master, like it was in the Acts of the Apostles."

They turned to the left of the creek and then to the right through the Mission grounds. The spire of the cathedral loomed up ahead against the stars, and the scout-master could see, by the lights in the windows, that Evensong had begun. They must go by quietly.

"March at attention!" he ordered. "Silence the band and singing."

The boys' bare feet made little noise on the path. The moon was out and shining brightly now, and there was a warm, sweet scent in the air from the flowers around. Ahead, waving dimly in the dusk, went the flag, and the silent line of boys swung on after it. Suddenly, singing began in the cathedral. The people were half-way through Evensong, and beginning the Magnificat. Passing the door they could just see the lights in the cool, lofty place, and some of the words reached them.

"For behold, from henceforth : all generations shall call me blessed," sang the voices.

Paul, walking by the side of the scout-master in the dusk, caught up the tune and sang the next verse quietly to himself as the marching line passed on : "For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and Holy is His Name. . . ."

"*Kwa heri* (good-bye), Padre," said he, and slipped into the cathedral.

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