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ARTHUR DOUGLAS

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THE REV. ARTHUR JEFFREYS DOUGLAS

ARTHUR DOUGLAS  
MISSIONARY  
ON LAKE NYASA  
THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

COMPILED BY  
B. W. RANDOLPH, D.D.  
CANON OF ELY  
SOMETIME PRINCIPAL OF  
ELY THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE

UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO  
CENTRAL AFRICA  
9 DARTMOUTH STREET, WESTMINSTER

1912

"HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH"

## PREFACE

VERY nearly a year has passed away since the subject of this memoir met his death on the shores of Lake Nyasa at the hands of a Portuguese corporal.

Arthur Douglas was out in Africa as a Christian missionary. The only "offence" which he committed was that of protecting some native girls from the unruly lust of another white man.

It is certainly not straining language, therefore, to say that he died a martyr's death.

At the kind request of his brothers and sisters and of the Universities' Mission I undertook this memoir, and its compilation has been a labour of love.

It has been my object to let the letters tell their own story, and it will be seen that they do, in no small degree, give a vivid picture of Douglas' life in Africa first at Kota Kota, then at Likoma, and lastly at S. Michael's College, while the letters themselves are supplemented here and there with recollections of their author which have been kindly sent to me by several of his fellow-workers in the Mission.

In the earlier chapters especially, and indeed throughout, I have been greatly helped by those who were nearest and dearest to him.

The two golden threads which run through his whole career are, I think, dutifulness and prayerfulness. Coming

from an almost ideal home he had early learnt the lesson of implicit obedience to duty; and as soon as he arrived at Ely the habit of prayer, which he had no doubt in the same way formed in childhood, began to grow and deepen. How beautifully these two threads wove themselves into his after life this little volume abundantly shows.

I pray God that the perusal of these letters may suggest the question to more than one reader—Am I too called to this blessed work, the work of Christ in Central Africa?

B. W. RANDOLPH.

CLERGY HOUSE OF REST,  
WEST MALVERN.

*Translation of King Edward the Confessor, 1912.*

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# ARTHUR DOUGLAS

## THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

### CHAPTER I

#### HOME AND EARLY LIFE, 1871-1885

ARTHUR JEFFREYS DOUGLAS was born at Salwarpe Rectory near Droitwich on October 9, 1871. His father was the Rev. William Douglas and his mother was a sister of Bishop Walsham How.

Arthur was the youngest but one of a very large family. His birth is entered by Mrs. Douglas in her Diary in the following terms: "Our 15th child and 6th boy was born about one o'clock"; and his baptism she records a few weeks later, on Sunday November 12. Two little stories are told of Arthur when he was quite young, both of which illustrate the gentleness and courtesy and care for other people's feelings which were characteristic features of his later life.

When he was eight years old he had a bad illness; during its course his mind wandered at times, but even in this condition his innate courtesy did not desert him, for on one occasion when he was unconscious he said to his aunt who was nursing him, "Would you be so very kind as to help me lift the coal-box?"

Another day, when he and his brothers and sisters

were skating, and one of them had to be sent back to fetch a gimlet, Arthur called after him, "Don't *run* up the drive for fear mother should think there has been an accident." It was his mother who taught him and his brothers before they went to school, carefully grounding them in Latin and other subjects. In 1881, when he was nine years old, he was sent to Mr. Lloyd's preparatory school at Hartford House, Winchfield.

The following letter, written to one of his sisters soon after his arrival, refers to the choir and schools at Salwarpe, which were to be such an interest to him in later years :

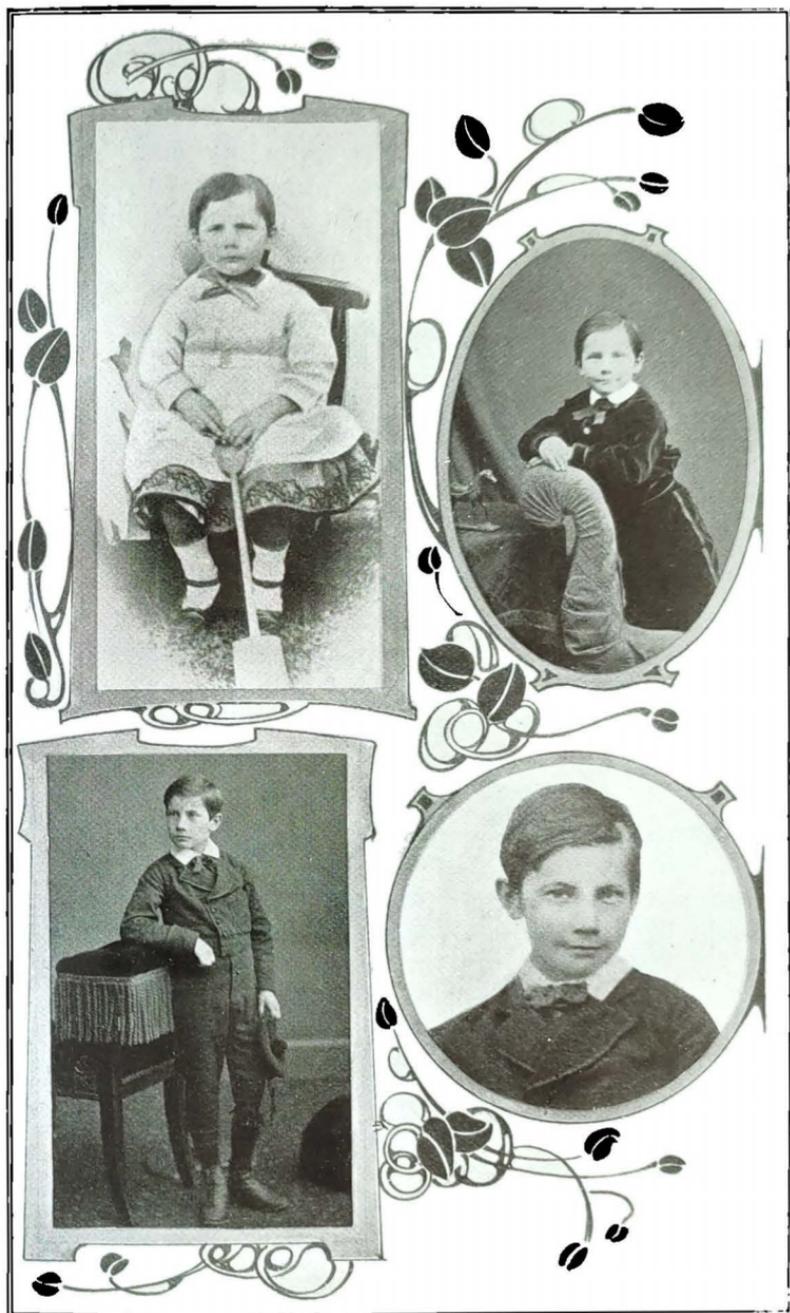
Hartford House, Oct. 23, 1881.

"Thank you very much for your jolly letter. I am top in my class for the exam., which I did not expect to be at all. . . . It is most awfully cold getting up in the morning now ; we get up at half-past six on week-days and at half-past eight on Sundays. . . . I suppose you have not got surplices for the choir yet—has anything more been said about them ? How are the new schools getting on ? I wonder when they will be finished. I wonder whether they will be finished before the holidays. . . ."

The following letter illustrates his fondness for riding and his interest in football :

Hartford House, Feb. 12, 1882.

"I am so very sorry that I forgot your birthday. I am looking forward to to-morrow, when I shall see father and mother—it will be *awfully* jolly. I had such great fun yesterday. One of the masters came up into the playground, which is altogether about the size of the 'Long Meadow,' on Mr. Lloyd's horse, and asked me if I should like to have a ride. Of course I said I should, so I got on, and he let me go four times round. It's such an awfully jolly horse, so very big, and he let me canter about by myself—he is so awfully jolly. . . . We are going to have the Wellington match next Saturday, it will be awfully exciting as our fifteen has grown much worse because of D. going ; before



ARTHUR DOUGLAS, AGED 3, 5, AND 9 YEARS

we used to beat them always, but now I am afraid it is rather a bad look out for us. . . .”

There is at least one point in one of his childish letters to which attention may be drawn. He is writing from school when nine and a half years old to his brother Gerald, aged five and a half, and he asks anxiously what he (Gerald) thinks of the Report !

“ I wonder if you have had my report yet ; I did not do quite so well as I expected. . . . Mind to tell me whether you think my report good or bad. I'm afraid it will not be so good as last time. . . .”

The following extract was found in one of his letters written about this time to his father :

“ On the way to the Lord's house be thoughtful and silent or say but little and that little good. Speak not of other men's faults but think of your own of which you are going to ask forgiveness. When you reach the church never stay outside go in at once. Time spent within is exceedingly precious. In church kneel down very humbly and pray. Spend the time that remains in holy thought. In prayer remember the awful Presence in which you have come. Never look about to see who are coming in for any cause whatever. It matters not to you what others may be doing attend to yourself. Fasten your thoughts firmly on the Holy Service miss not one word. This need a severe struggle. The Blessed Spirit will strengthen you if you persevere. When service is over remain kneeling and pray. Be silent and speak to know one till you are outside. Do not cover your head until you have left the porch. The church is Gods house even when prayer is over. On going home be careful of your talk. The world will soon slip back into your mind. Love prayer and praise best. Preaching is but the help of that heavenly work.”

The explanation of the above has been kindly given by Mr. E. W. M. Lloyd, Arthur's former headmaster. The paper is, he says, “ a copy of a notice, framed and glazed,

hanging up in the entrance porch of our church here (at Winchfield). The author's name is not given, nor do I know who it was—possibly George Herbert or Jeremy Taylor—but these are only guesses on my part. I had no idea that any of my boys had ever copied it out. It is very touching to think that Arthur did so. I think he must have got another boy to read it aloud to him while he wrote it, otherwise the mistakes in spelling would not have occurred." Mr. Lloyd adds: "Arthur was one of the very best boys I ever had in my school, and I was so grieved to hear of his sad death; and yet it was a glorious death, that of a martyr."

There is nothing of special importance in these early days to chronicle; but the following account, written by one of his sisters, gives a picture of the happy home life of the large family at Salwarpe.

"All through our nursery days there are few moments that I can recall with any clearness, a fact which points to the even, happy, uneventful life of those years spent in that ideal nursery, whence, through barred windows, we looked across the lawn to the beautiful old church tower and to the rookery in the elms to the left of it. The nursery walls were bright with pictures out of the Christmas numbers of illustrated papers, and on the floor was a gay worsted-work carpet, worn threadbare in places, so that one of our favourite indoor occupations was to work over the bare canvas with brightly coloured wools, pattern and colour being left to our own choice.

"We loved games of all kinds, and time never hung heavy. Our chief delight was in 'dressing up,' and from those early days onwards Arthur took the keenest delight in acting. He was a nervous little boy, but nervousness and shyness were forgotten at such times, and this dramatic gift was his all through life; his preaching, his letters, his teaching were always graphic. He was a peculiarly sensitive little boy, and this sensitiveness made him remarkably considerate of the feelings of others. An instance of this stands out clearly: One of us had been given a large



ARTHUR AND GERALD DOUGLAS, 1885

pot of lemon marmalade, which was to be shared by the whole schoolroom party; schoolroom fare was of the simplest, and we had looked forward eagerly to this unusual treat. But, alas! the owner of the pot dropped it on the floor, and bitter was her grief. Arthur, quite a tiny fellow, seeing the accident, came quickly upstairs to find one of his sisters, and to beg her not to take any notice of what had happened.

“ He was nervous and timid, two years younger than I was, and I remember his terror of a broken-off elm branch with which I used to chase him, making it spring along the lawn like an uncanny beast. I remember too how, when I would have trespassed into a field in spite of the warning notice-board, he hung back, fearing to break the law: and again, when for the first time in our lives we were allowed to go on a short journey by ourselves, he begged me not to get out at the station (though we both knew it was the right one) until we had seen the name on the station board.

“ But in spite of this natural timidity, he was plucky and courageous, and early learnt to discipline himself and to exercise self-control. He was fond of riding, cricket, and football: whatever he did he did with his whole heart in it, and this determination to do the right whatever the cost must have been always noticeable. He loved country life, and was a very keen little botanist.

“ From the time that he went to school he became a hero in my eyes. For his first home-coming for the holidays coloured handkerchiefs tied on sticks were hung out for him from the windows. How proud we felt, as we walked from the station with him, and how grown-up and loud I thought his voice had become, though he certainly never gave himself any school-boy airs.

“ Always for the last day or two of the holidays a deadly feeling was in the air, and though I never remember anything being said, we knew that he was fighting against an overwhelming longing not to return to school; when older he owned to having longed as a small boy that he might break a leg so that the dreadful day should be postponed. It is comforting to know that he was quite happy when once the

new term had started : he loved both his schools, and made many friends, and often invited them to spend part of the holidays with him at home.

“ Up to the time that he went to school, Arthur, like the rest of the brothers, was taught by our mother, who grounded him well in Latin.

“ He was very fond of music, but it was not until he went to Marlborough that he made up his mind to learn the violin. He had a good ear, and though he had not a very strong treble voice he sang carefully and with all his might : he loved the choir practices, and when quite a little fellow sang solos at the parish concerts.

“ Through his boyhood as in his later years his reverence was always very marked. As he grew older no joke and no story bordering on the flippant could ever be told when he was in the room, without the teller regretting it : his silence, and perhaps a passing look of pain, made one immediately realise the flippancy if one had not done so before. But all other jokes he loved, however small, for his sense of humour was very keen.”

## CHAPTER II

MARLBOROUGH, OXFORD, ELY, 1885-1894

IN September 1885 Arthur went to Marlborough, where he had gained a Foundation scholarship. In the following year he was confirmed at Salwarpe, his mother noting in her Diary, under date May 2: "In the afternoon the Bishop came for the Confirmation, 36 candidates, 20 being our own, among them dear Arthur."

One of his sisters writes :

"Arthur was the only brother, I think, confirmed at home; it was on the first Sunday after Easter, May 2, 1886. He was in the choir in his surplice, and I was sitting at the west end of the church and saw his face either as he returned to his seat or as he came with the choir in procession leaving the church. It had the most intensely earnest look on it, as if he were almost overwhelmed with what had happened, and was resolutely set on being the faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end."

On May 3, writes his mother in her Diary, "Early Communion. Arthur made his first Communion, and left us for Marlborough."

"Douglas," writes Mr. A. C. Champneys, who was at that time a master at Marlborough, "was a boy who could be trusted to do his work or anything else that was his duty. He was very cheerful and friendly, and with a decided sense of humour. He was rather small for his age

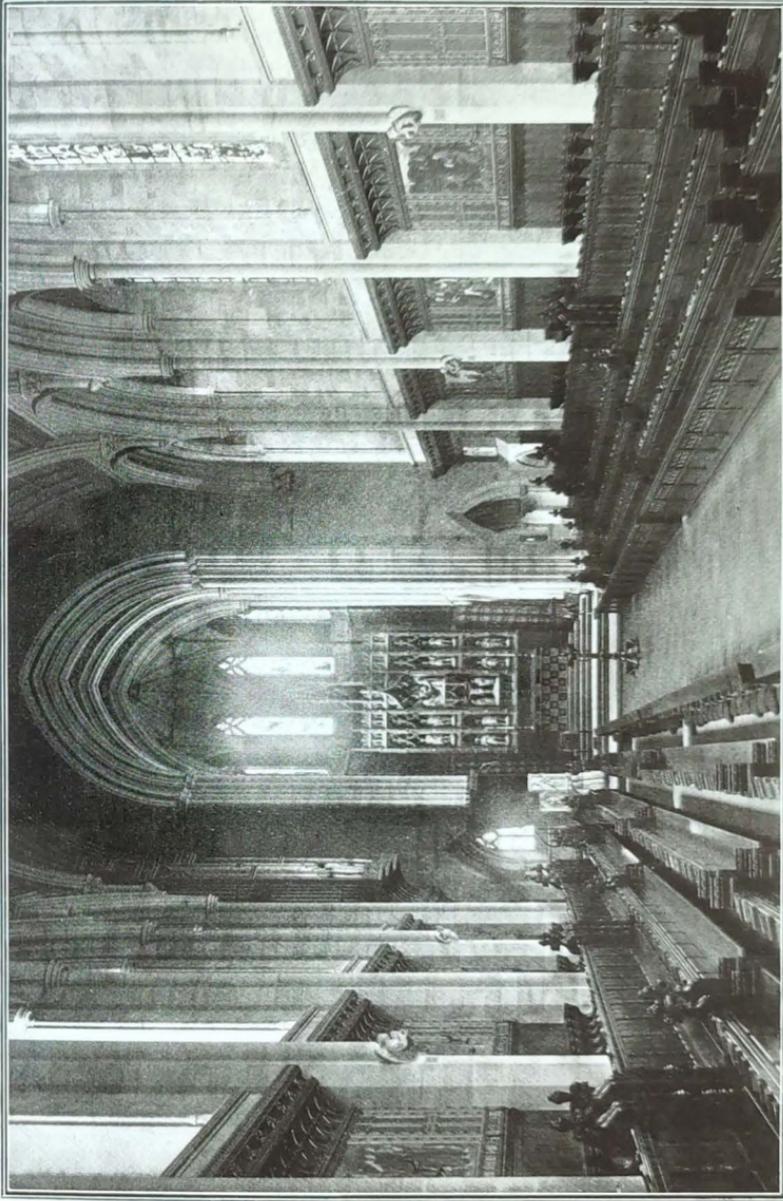
all the time that he was at school, which handicapped him in games, but I remember his special pluck and determination as 'back' in the House matches, which, considering his size, impressed his House and others as much as it did me. He was head prefect of his House before he left, and I remember his trustworthiness and good sense in a position which was, I fancy, none too easy. . . . He was in the House known as B2 having the crescent for its badge; it is curious that G. W. Atlay, also in the Universities' Mission, and who was killed in Nyasaland in 1895, was in the same House."

He appears to have been, as a boy and also in later life, naturally very sensitive, but this did not make him morose or touchy, but very careful of the feelings of others. His obedience and his deep sense of reverence were strong points in his character, and as he grew up he looked with great disfavour on anything approaching irreverence.

His love for the beautiful is shown in his letter written from Marlborough, in which he describes the opening of the new Chapel, dated October 3, 1886.

"I have just come in from Chapel," he writes, "so will have some time to write to you before dinner. First of all, I must tell you about Wednesday. The day was very fine here. The service was at eleven o'clock. The choir, prefects, masters and clergy, with the Bishops of Salisbury and Bath and Wells, formed in procession and walked round the outside of the Chapel singing hymns. After the keys had been handed to the Bishop and the petition for consecration had been read by the Earl of Devon, the procession entered and walked up the aisle chanting the psalm, 'Lift up your heads, O ye Gates.' The hymn *Veni Creator* was then sung to a beautiful tune, the first [verse] being sung as a solo. Dr. Bradley, Dean of Westminster, preached a very nice sermon.

"Of course Archdeacon Farrar was there and read the Gospel. The offertory amounted to £104 odd, besides £60 for a painted window. The service lasted about two hours and a half. I cannot describe how beautiful the Chapel itself is. The seats are oak, facing one another to the north



[Photo, Frith & Co.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE CHAPEL

and south, with an aisle up the middle. The reredos is very tall, made of carved stone with groups of figures in it. I don't much care for the windows, though I believe they are good, nor for the pictures underneath the windows, though they are exceedingly costly. There is a gallery at the west end beautifully decorated and finished off. Try and see the *Graphic* for this week as that gives you some idea of Marlborough. The floor of the Chapel is of polished wooden bricks which scarcely make any noise at all. The ceiling is magnificently decorated, and I don't think the whole inside of the Chapel could be more costly, though it is not quite finished yet."

He goes on to ask if he may attend a course of lectures on mammals, &c., by Professor Bell of the British Museum.

He spent five more years at Marlborough which passed happily and uneventfully. At the end of 1889 he tried for a scholarship at Keble, as the following letter will show :

The College, Dec. 1, 1889.

" I don't believe I have written to you since we last saw each other ; so I shall begin a letter now before dinner. I hear you have begun a debating society at Ivy Bank, and that K. and J. spoke at the first debate. I *should* have liked to have heard them. Were they very gesticulative and did they wave their arms about ?

" I daresay you know that I go up to Keble on the 9th—to-morrow week, and between ourselves I shall be very glad when it is over ; perhaps it would make it even worse, if I thought I had more chance of getting a scholarship ; but they only give one classical scholarship and one exhibition. They put me up and feed me in college, which is rather a comfort, for the moderate sum of 25s., during the time of the examination.

" Every Sunday afternoon I go to Mr. Pollock's musical 'at homes.' You know who I mean, don't you ? I enjoy them immensely, though, perhaps, hardly as much now as I used to, because he found out a month ago that I played the fiddle a little, so has since that always asked me to bring it. However I think I am getting over my nervousness of

playing before people. I find there is nothing like reading the lessons in Chapel to get rid of nervousness.

“Did you hear of me being ‘honourably mentioned’ for the Buchanan School Reading Prize? The prize is open to the whole school. I had no intention of going in for it, till Mr. Champneys asked me to. After the first day’s competition twelve of us were selected to read again, and on the first list the judges brought me out third. The first two got the prizes and I was ‘*hony. 3rd.*’; I should very much have liked to have got one of the school prizes, and being so near it was the more aggravating. However being a bad reader-out-loud, I was not a bit worth it. It was rather a terrible ordeal, as the reading was held in a big hall, open to all the school to come and hear.

“I have just received an august visitor, viz. Mr. Bell, who brought Mr. Arthur Ingram<sup>1</sup> up to see his old study, and the latter recognised me for a Douglas. I don’t think I should have known him. He preached in Chapel this morning.”

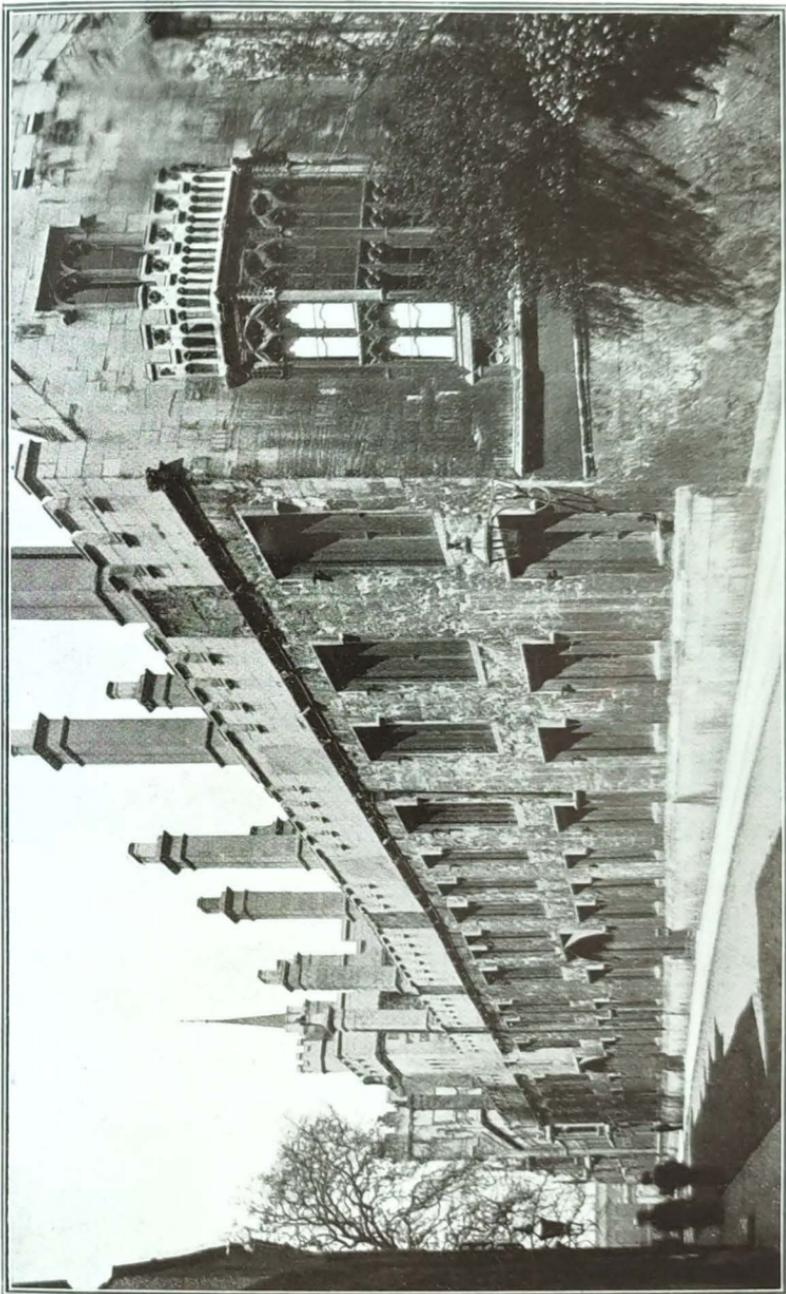
He was not successful at Keble, but later he gained a Classical Exhibition at Lincoln College, Oxford, and entered there in October 1890.

His first impressions of Oxford are described in the following letter to one of his sisters:

Lincoln College, Oct. 19, 1890.

“I told W. that I would write to you when I got settled, so as I have a very long evening before me I will tell you of my first week at Oxford, and really there is so much to tell that I don’t know where to begin. At present I feel in a most dissipated condition; and when I am not at lectures my time is mostly taken up with breakfasts, teas, and coffees in other men’s rooms and in returning calls, the latter of which so far take up all time from 4 to 6 in the afternoon. It isn’t etiquette for freshmen to leave cards, so they have to go on calling till they find the occupants of the rooms ‘in.’ I should think I have been to some rooms a dozen

<sup>1</sup> Now Bishop of London.



LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

times, but at last I am thankful to say the majority are done, although I expect a good many more will come. In one way it is rather exciting calling, as one doesn't know in the least what sort of a man has been to see you, as the seniors make a point of calling when you are out, so that they may simply leave their card. Everybody is so pleasant and friendly here, and by this time I have got to know most of the nicest men, though I see most of the 'freshers,' who seem a specially sociable lot.

"Yesterday I had the honour to play football for the College against Exeter, whom we beat—unexpectedly as they are supposed to be good. As I was commended at the end of the game, I hope I shall be asked to play again. It was my first game of football this season. I was specially glad to be asked to play as I have so got to know some of the leading men in the College. After playing I went to see Reggie Chesshire who had called on me. Of course I have seen a very large number of O.M's. Here there are two others besides myself, Chambers and a son of the town doctor at Marlborough, Morrice by name. The way I mostly spend my days is—Chapel at 8 o'clock, breakfast in my own or somebody else's room at 8.30, lectures or private reading from 10 to 1, lunch 1.30, dinner at 7 o'clock, and as a rule, coffee in somebody else's room afterwards. Thus you see at present I am having a thoroughly lazy time, but I hope in another week I shall have sobered down, and certainly so far, I have seen the pleasant side of Oxford life.

"I went down to the boats on Thursday to be trained in rowing, but this term I shall play as much football as possible, though I believe it is difficult to get a game unless I play for the College.

"I have joined the Union, the big club and debating society up here. I find almost everybody joins, especially at colleges like Lincoln where there is no common-room. I have also been asked to join the Union Musical Society, and I think possibly next term, if not this, I shall do so. It is specially useful for fiddlers, as there are special classes free of extra charge for practising quartettes, &c. There are several very musical men I know who have strongly

advised me to join. There is one other fiddler in college besides myself. I went to play in his rooms a few nights ago. He is going to take a musical degree.

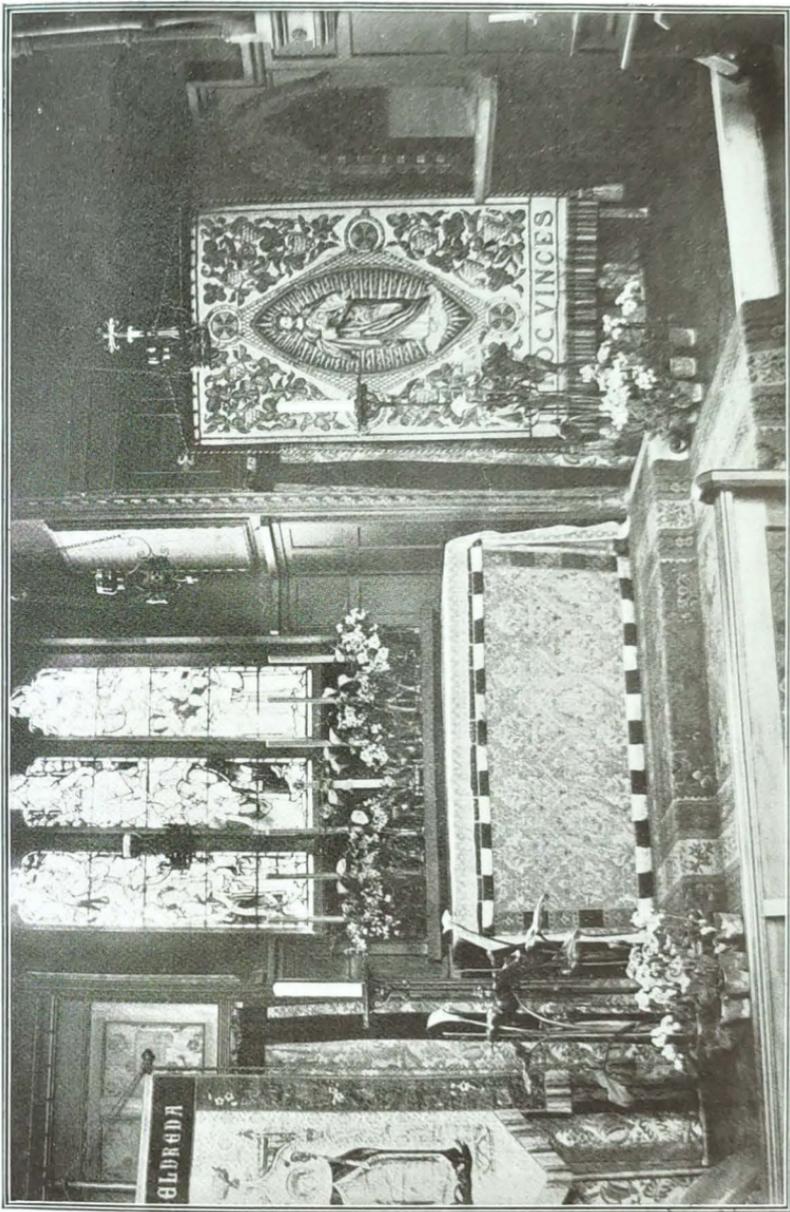
"I haven't told you how I spend my Sundays. The times of the services appear to a freshman rather inconvenient. There is the ordinary morning service, without sermon, and a Celebration at 8 o'clock, and Evensong at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. We only have two sermons a term, one to-day, being Hospital Sunday, from our Rector.

"There is a College Debating Society which holds its meetings every Sunday evening. I expect it is one of the best ways of spending Sunday evening here especially as it is a very long evening. Dinner on Sunday is at 6. I went to the debate last Sunday, but to-night did not feel inclined to, so have been writing to you instead. It was so jolly having F.<sup>1</sup> for an afternoon. I have got very small rooms, but the porter told me I should be able to change them at the end of the term or at any rate two terms, and now I have made them quite comfortable."

A college friend writes to one of Arthur's sisters :

"Your brother Arthur was the closest of my friends during all the four years we were together as undergraduates at Lincoln College, 1890-4. The first of my many reading parties was when we went off together with two others of our year in our first long vacation to Lynmouth. Many Sunday mornings, too, in term time we came together, he bringing his violin to my rooms, and against all College rules we played together for an hour or so, despite long-suffering Dons. When he went down, and I stayed on at Oxford, out of all my friends I missed no one quite so much. And our correspondence together spread over twenty years. If it grew less frequent towards the end, that was due to my laziness and his manifold activities. Of him and of one other, also a Marlburian who has since passed away, I preserve the most lively and regretful memory. At college he was universally liked and esteemed. We drifted in

<sup>1</sup> His eldest sister.



ELY THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE CHAPEL

different directions, he to the football field and I to the river, for four years. But tidings of his pluck as ' Full-back ' used to greet me many a winter afternoon. And this same pluck he carried with him to Africa. In one of the last letters I had from him there, he spoke with joy of his boys' football almost with as much delight, it seemed, as of the building of his Cathedral at Likoma. His triumphant death in defiance of oppression was worthy of him, and we may well be proud of him at Oxford, and especially we ' Lincoln men.' "

His life at Oxford passed happily : his chief recreations were football and cricket, and he steadily went on with his violin playing which he had begun as a small boy. His love of music never deserted him, and his knowledge in this direction stood him in good stead in Africa, where he had to train the native boys and girls in singing.

He read steadily, and in 1894 he obtained a third class in the school of *Litteræ Humaniores*, taking his Bachelor's degree in October of that year.

From the first it appears that he never thought of any other career than that of a priest. Accordingly, as soon as he had become a graduate, he went to Ely Theological College for a year's special training, entering on his life there on October 26, 1894.

In a letter to his sister just after his arrival he says :

Theological College, Ely, Nov. 11, 1894.

" There is half an hour before supper, which I may as well employ in giving you my first impressions of my new abode. I have only been here just over a fortnight, but already I feel at home with the men, the place, the regulations, and general manner of life. Of course it was all very strange the first few days, and arriving just in time for afternoon tea the first day I was awfully shy, but summoned up courage to introduce myself to the Vice-Principal.<sup>1</sup> During the first two days there was, as I think I told you, a retreat ; Dr.

<sup>1</sup> Rev. H. V. S. Eck, now Rector of Bethnal Green.

Gore<sup>1</sup> gave the addresses, which I thought were awfully good, extremely *practical* and useful for the would-be parson, and not at all high-flown. The regulation of silence during meals and other times was advantageous to me in more ways than one, as I had not a chance of feeling 'out of it' with the others, and I and they got to know each other by sight before we had a chance of talking. Now, however, I know all the men well and I could not possibly want a nicer set; and here the collegiate life is so close that niceness is *a most* necessary quality. There is so much in common and one is always having to do with every other individual. There is one of the inevitable family of Mertens<sup>2</sup> here, a second term man, whom I like particularly.

"There are three authorities in the college, Principal, Vice-Principal, and Chaplain. I know the Principal best so far, and I have had several conversations with the Vice. Of course it is too early to say anything about the teaching here, but what does strike me at first sight is the *wideness* of view held by the heads of the college, and their absolute unwillingness to thrust any new ideas down one's throat, and I do fully realise the importance of taking no new step of any kind without much consideration. Thus I write to my two Godparents, knowing what an interest both you and W. take in my future career. I have already had two sights of Gerald<sup>3</sup> this term.

"Yesterday week I found a large number of our men were going into Cambridge, so I went with them to see Cambridge for the first time; it is less than twenty miles journey. Gerald was in very good form; he and I had just finished lunch, when *my* Bishop<sup>4</sup> put his head into the room and told us that Lady Alwyne with Miss Gordon and Miss Soulsby (of Oxford High School) were in King's Chapel, so we joined them and afterwards the whole party and my friend Emery came to tea with Gerald. Originally I had not meant to go to Cambridge till yesterday, but it was fortunate that I went the week before as Lady Alwyne had already

<sup>1</sup> Now Bishop of Oxford.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. A. L. M. Mertens, now Rector of Klipdam, Cape Colony.

<sup>3</sup> His youngest brother, then a scholar of King's College, Cambridge.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Alwyne Compton, then Bishop of Ely.



ARTHUR DOUGLAS, 1894

settled to ask Gerald and myself to lunch at the Palace for yesterday, so that brought Gerald here and he stayed the night with me, going back this evening. I took him to breakfast with the Principal, and to lunch with Archdeacon Emery and family.

“ The Palace people have been very kind to me, as, besides lunch yesterday, I dined there near the beginning of the term. The Bishop and Lady Alwyne are both so very nice and, I find, easy to get on with.

“ This letter is already much too long, but it will show you how happy I am here. In the afternoon I play much football, Rugby with the Grammar school-boys, Association with the other college men ; there is also tennis, boating and church-bell ringing, at which I am not an adept.

“ I want very much to hear all about you ; I have heard nothing as to the spread of the epidemic.”

When he was a student at Ely, I can recall his seriousness of purpose and his devotion to duty. These were, I think, the two most marked features of his character. He was very regular in his prayers and meditations, and we could always depend on his steadfastness and loyalty. He thought out things for himself carefully and prayerfully, and was thoroughly interested in theology. He was very methodical in all he undertook and made his way step by step towards the definitely Catholic standpoint which became habitual to him in later life.

He always seemed a little old (in manner) for his years, but this did not at all prevent him taking his full share in the games and recreations of the place. He played as he worked, with keenness and perseverance.

He became devoted to the college and anxious that his youngest brother Gerald should come there too as a student, which happened in due course.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Gerald W. Douglas, afterwards Vice-Principal for nearly nine years ; now Rector of Christ Church, S. Leonards.

## CHAPTER III

SALISBURY AND SALWARPE, 1895-1901

AFTER a year's training at Ely, Arthur was ordained Deacon on September 22, 1895,<sup>1</sup> by Bishop John Wordsworth, at S. Edmund's, Salisbury, the church which he was to serve as Assistant Curate.

Canon Morrice, who is still Vicar of S. Edmund's, speaks of the "reality and intensity of his religious convictions. To him," he says, "'to live was Christ.' The Holy Eucharist was indeed the sacrament of his life and made itself felt in all that he said and did. I should put next his absolute devotion to duty. 'To do the next thing' was always his rule—preaching, visiting, teaching in weekday or Sunday schools, boys' clubs, and games. He lived, I believe, a very strongly disciplined life, but he was very sympathetic with the sorrow and sins of others. . . . Even those of his parishioners who were out of sympathy with his churchmanship felt and generously recognised the reality and simplicity of his faith, and his high standard of living, and there are not a few who thank God for the work he did at S. Edmund's."

A little more than a fortnight after his ordination he writes to his sister :

Salisbury, Oct. 7, 1895.

"I daresay you want to know first hand about my beginnings in parochial work. I have been splendidly busy,

<sup>1</sup> At 8 A.M.

so that the time has flown and every day seems to bring fresh duties. To-night I am due at our Lads' Temperance Society of which I hear I am 'Warden'; in fact I nearly always have something on in the evening. On Thursdays I am responsible for our youths' club, and last Thursday I spent most of the time from 7 to 10 playing 'Tap-it,' which is in great vogue here, and an equally intellectual game called 'Donkey.' Most of my work, except the afternoon visiting, is among boys and youths; twice a week I try to teach 70 to 100 boys in school; then I am also moral-tutor to the choir, warden to the lads' temperance, and besides seeing something of the evening club I also have a Sunday class, aged from about 17 to 20. So I am brought into individual contact with all ages up to my own, and so far as I can tell at present they are a nice lot. In the afternoon I am hard at work visiting, and I think it is only then, when I am brought into contact with all sorts and conditions, including the sick and dying and even the dead, that I realise what the Ely training was meant to do for me in preparing me for the ministerial life."

The following letter to his brother Gerald shows how quickly he had come to feel at home in the parish, and both the letters testify to his great love for Ely and how greatly he valued his training there.

Salisbury, Nov. 26, 1895.

"It *was* jolly to get your letter, and I have so often wondered lately whether you had found your way over to Ely yet. How I envy you! But the next best thing to being there is to hear of some one else being there and how well I picture your day. . . . I wonder if you told the Princeps which R.'s wedding day is. I ought to have written to Ely, but now even if I did write to-day the Princeps wouldn't get the letter till after the day's Eucharist. M., J.<sup>1</sup> and I are probably going to S. Martin's at 7.45 tomorrow morning and we shall spend an hour together at S. Margaret's in the evening from 9 to 10, when our

<sup>1</sup> Two of his sisters.

respective works are over. The parish goes on much as usual, though I feel quite an old stager by this time. I am at last beginning to see my way to the end of my first round of visiting, and in another fortnight I ought to have been to almost every house in my district, though in some cases I have found people 'out.' I do look forward to the time when I shall know the people and their ways better. I expect I have been hopelessly taken in time after time . . . but I suppose in time I shall learn better discrimination. Some of the courts are very bad. The Rector has asked me if I can see my way to starting some elementary service in one of the biggest courts. I am very keen to do so, as these sort of people scarcely ever dream of coming to church; but at present the difficulties seem very great. If it was only summer, I could of course have it out of doors. The younger boys of the parish I am getting very fond of, especially the choir—I only hope I shall be able to keep them in good order. To-night we have got our monthly Communicants' Guild Meeting, and Lord Nelson is going to address us on Home Re-union. Next Friday is the day of Intercession for Foreign Missions. Besides services, I hope we shall be able to keep up continual intercession in church most of the afternoon, each person being responsible for a quarter of an hour's private prayer in church, and on Sunday the sermons and offertories are to be for missions. We have a strange preacher in the morning and I have got to preach the evening sermon. It is a dreadful thing to say, but I really feel less capable of preaching on missions than on any other subject. Will you remember me at the Sunday Eucharist, and pray that my sermon may be found acceptable? . . . We have a concert on December 16; I *do* wish you could have come down here for it; you might sleep on the floor, even if there is not a bed in the house."

"I once," writes a sister, "went with him to visit an old woman during his time at Salisbury. She had been bed-ridden for years and was a pattern of cheerfulness. She belonged to the Salvation Army, and Arthur's sympathy



*Photo, H. C. Messer*

**S. EDMUND'S CHURCH, SALISBURY**

with her over her many birthdays was very characteristic of him. He wanted her to tell me her story, so he kept drawing her out by saying, 'We kept your birthday when you gave up the drink, didn't we? And your other birthday when you gave up the snuff.'

"I think he had a great sympathy with all kinds of people. The men of the parish made real friends with him, and felt, as one of them said thirteen years afterwards when he heard of his death, *He was a man.*

"The boys loved him and he had perhaps a special sympathy with them.

"I remember J. finding him in his rooms at Salisbury full of excitement when the first uniform for the Church Lads' Brigade arrived. He was a great believer in the C.L.B., and very soon his company became particularly smart. Then the mothers in the parish were very fond of him and never forgot him; and he was very happy also with little children.

"Our own little niece, Molly Douglas, died quite suddenly at the Godolphin School. She was only ill a few hours, and he was wonderful with her during the night when every human effort was made to save her life. When it became clear that she was dying he helped to keep her perfectly happy, and at the same time, though she was only eight years old, he made it plain to her that she was going to God. She asked for the hymn 'Around the Throne of God,' and passed away quite peacefully."

His stay at Salisbury, however, was not destined to be a long one.

On February 19, 1898, Arthur's father, the Rev. Canon William Douglas, died, and the living of Salwarpe consequently became vacant. It is a family living in the gift of Canon Douglas's eldest son, who offered it to Arthur. He had scarcely been ordained more than two years, and he must have had great searchings of heart as to accepting the appointment. Doubtless the fact that his going there would enable his mother to continue living at the Rectory weighed much with him in coming to a decision, and those

who knew him will be quite sure that he did not decide without prolonged and earnest prayer for guidance. He must have felt his youth and inexperience, but it looked liked a plain call to carry on his father's work and to make a home for his mother. So on March 5 he writes to his eldest brother, Archibald, this characteristic little letter :

"After much thought, and feeling the tremendous responsibility, I have decided to do my best at Salwarpe, and can only pray that to make up for my lack of experience, God will give me an ever-increasing supply of grace."

The die was cast ; he left Salisbury after a ministry there of two and a half years, and became Rector of Salwarpe, his mother noting in her Diary, under date June 24 :

"Arthur's induction. The Archdeacon came and we had a very impressive service at 6.30 P.M. A large congregation."

And again on June 26 we find the entry :

"Arthur took all the services for the first time ; read out the 39 Articles instead of morning sermon ; Children's Service. Preached at Evensong from S. Luke vii. 28." <sup>1</sup>

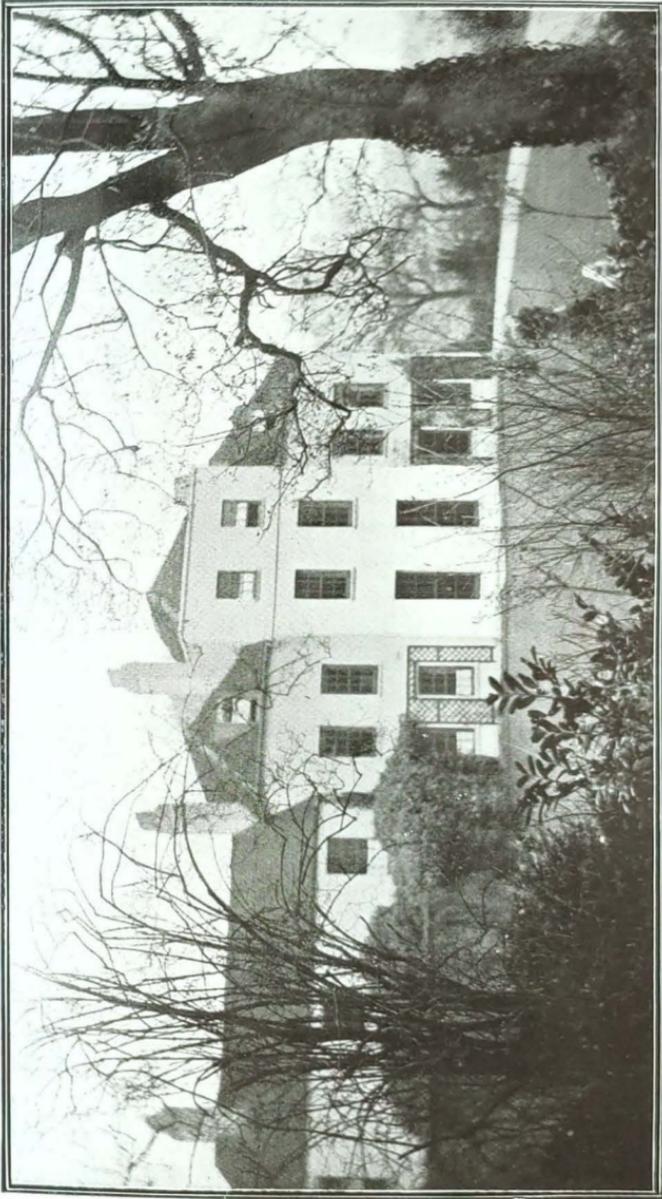
It has been remarked before that he had as a young man a manner older than his years, and I remember his mother telling me that this fact was a real help to him in the parish where he had to take such a responsible position at such a comparatively early age.

It is certain that he did remarkably well as Rector : he drew the people round him ; he attracted old as well as young ; and he built carefully and zealously on the foundations which his father had so well and so wisely laid.

One of his sisters has kindly allowed me to print the following account of his life at Salwarpe.

"F., K. and I were naturally the ones who saw most of Arthur during the time he was Rector of Salwarpe. There was so much in his life during that time which should be an

<sup>1</sup> "I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there is none greater than John : but he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he."



SALWARPE RECTORY

inspiration to us. First, his very strong sense of duty. I remember when he first took up his duty there, his asking for help to write down the houses in the parish, and then he began at once on that very regular visiting which formed a most distinct part of his daily life. I think few people can have taken more care of the *moments* of time than he did. He forced himself to be very methodical, and one could tell almost to a moment when he would leave the house to go across to church for his half-hour there alone before 8 o'clock Mattins; also just when he would be starting out for his visiting. Owing to his high standard of thoroughness and the great value he set upon time, his days were very fully occupied with work, including of course the times set apart for prayer. I think he was inwardly habitually conscious that he was on duty; for instance, it was a very rare thing indeed for him to accept an invitation to an afternoon party; he used to send the simple and truthful excuse that he had not time. Likewise he would quietly leave the room very speedily and return to his study when others were still chatting over afternoon tea. He was tremendously industrious, and when on board ship would spend a long time in his cabin away from interruption, reading and studying.

“His was bound to be a strenuous life, however apparently small his sphere of work might seem, but you know how it was combined with a delightful serenity and brightness of spirit. His deeply affectionate and sensitive nature made him have the tenderest regard for the feelings of others; he could not bear that they should be unnecessarily hurt.

“A holiday was an immense delight to him, when it came; he was a splendid companion, entering with light-hearted joy into the fun and adventures of the moment.

“He loved teaching, and was much interested in his work as Assistant Diocesan Inspector. In his own school, the teachers and elder children were, I think, specially drawn to him by the deep and sympathetic interest he took in their work, and the half-hour he devoted to instructing the pupil teachers in his own study on the mornings he was not teaching in school was, I am sure, a time much enjoyed and

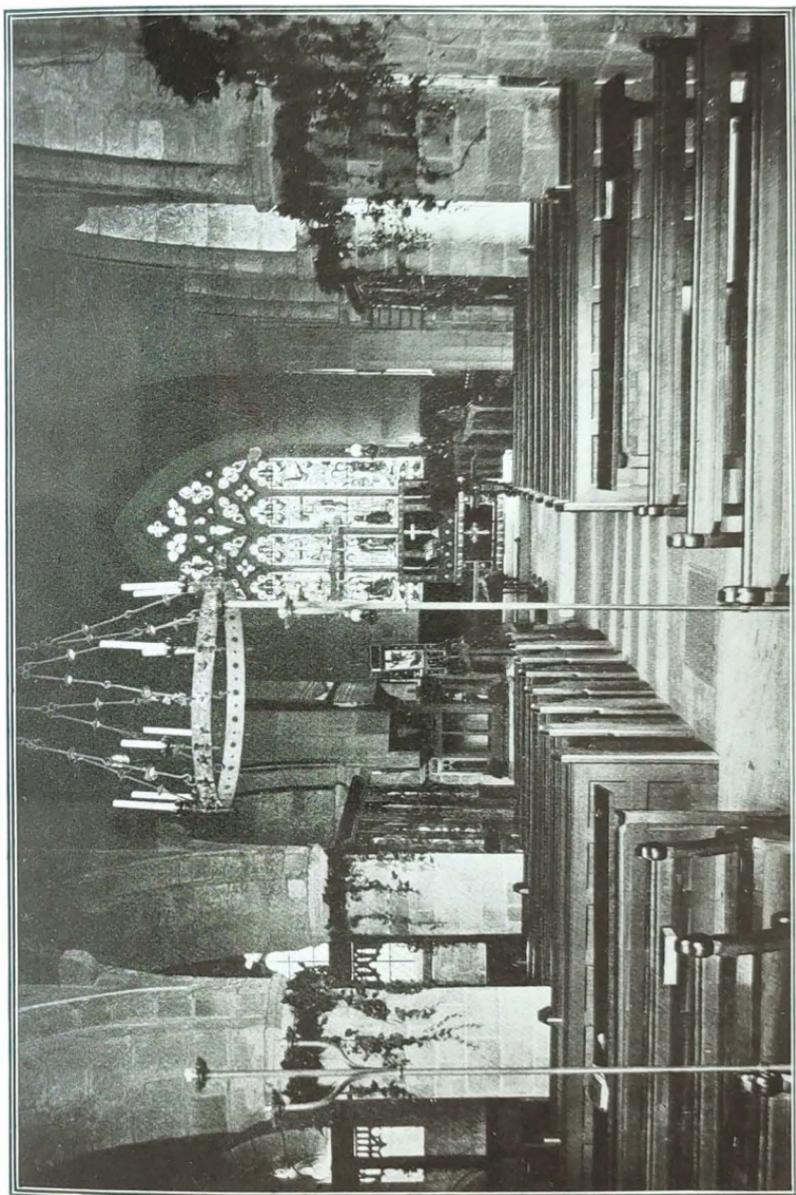
valued, and the Sunday Catechism service was one of the things he took very special trouble about. Also he started a Bible class for men, which was held at the Rectory during the autumn and winter months, when the household might be made well aware what was going on by the vigorous singing of the hymns.

“ I suppose the strong discipline which ruled his own life was partly the secret of his being able successfully to discipline others. Disobedience, from his earliest childhood, was entirely contrary to his character, and though his rule was essentially a rule of gentleness and love, the great value he set upon reverence, respect, and obedience soon made its impression upon others. Down to the smallest or liveliest choir-boy, those coming into contact with him in church or vestry could not fail to know something of what he felt, and what he would quietly insist upon in such matters. His own example was a convincing proof. His intensely deep sense of reverence was quite constantly striking those who lived with him. This, combined with great strength of purpose and self-control, made us feel how absolutely he was to be depended on, to be true and consistent to his principles in this respect. For example, it was practically an unheard of thing for him to criticise or disparage a clergyman ; this was clearly an absolute rule for himself, indeed unnecessary criticism of *anyone* was scrupulously avoided. He shrank with extreme sensitiveness from the very slightest approach to anything which seemed to him even to border on a lack of reverence.

“ He had a real gift for understanding and dealing with boys, and had an intense love and sympathy for the boy nature.

“ It was just like him to quietly suggest to choir-boys at the beginning of a long day's trip, that as he thought it was possible they had omitted to say their prayers that morning at home before making such an early start, he would say them aloud for them in the railway carriage—a suggestion which was quite simply and quietly accepted by the boys.

“ I always think it was partly at least his reverent mind,



SALWARPE CHURCH

combined with a well-trained self-discipline, which made us aware that he consistently avoided the least expression of annoyance on account of the weather ; neither do I ever once remember his writing depressingly about the heat or any other discomfort which naturally confronted him in Africa. Though blessed with so much freshness and buoyancy of spirit, delighting in giving pleasure to others and intensely capable of being interested in many subjects, which made him a most pleasant and sociable companion, one knew that under it all was his own strict rule of life for himself, which made his principles so strong and consistent. His care in letting nothing if possible interfere with the devotional duties of the day, came to me forcibly when he was invalided back from Africa last time. As we neared Southampton we arranged that I should come to his cabin for Mattins at an earlier hour than usual, but we were not early *enough* and were constantly interrupted by bangs at the door asking if the luggage was ready to be taken on shore. Arthur repeatedly replied that we were not ready, and when at last the service was finished, he calmly remarked that we must see if there were any porters left to attend to us !

“ Sunday at Salwarpe was a very full day, as he was of course single-handed. This meant four and sometimes five services in the parish church, superintendence of the morning Sunday school and an evening service at the far end of the parish, cycling down again just in time for Evensong in the church.

“ He was naturally anxious to give his people every help possible in their spiritual life, and he was pleased and struck at the way they responded.

“ Being troubled however that Ascension Day was not better kept, though clearly seeing the difficulties in the way in a country parish, he arranged for the first Celebration that day to be at 5 A.M., thus giving the farmers and workmen a chance of attending.”

His gift of sympathy attracted people to him ; an old woman at Salwarpe wrote not long ago to his sister saying,

“ My heart was drawn towards him when he came to see me about my boy Jim.”

The following account of the Rector was written by one who is now an assistant teacher in Salwarpe School.

“ My recollections of Mr. Douglas begin with the time when he came to Salwarpe as the young successor of his father, Canon Douglas. We were just beginning our studies as pupil teachers, and so saw much of him, as he was constantly at the school and took great interest in our work.

“ From the first he always made it a point to open school, and before long we elder children used to stand on tiptoe to watch for the first glimpse of him coming over the bridge from the Rectory. If anything prevented him from coming blank disappointment always prevailed.

“ Every day in the week except Monday found him teaching Scripture in school for the first half-hour, and I never knew better attention paid than when he was giving the lesson. Not only was he an excellent teacher, but a disciplinarian whose rule was both firm and kind. No child ever dreamed of giving him trouble, and it was worth a great deal of hard work to see his whole face light up at a really good and thoughtful answer. He was responsible for two of the subjects set for the annual Scripture examination, and if we could answer *his* questions we felt able to face any inspector, so thorough and earnest was he in going through the work.

“ The three pupil teachers were taught part of their Scripture in the study at the Rectory on Wednesday mornings. Those were happy times. I never have occasion to go there now without vividly recalling the book-lined room on some pleasant morning, with its windows wide open to let in the fresh sweet air, the green lawn bordered by flower-beds, and in the background the beautiful old grey church, just as it all used to be. Inside were four busy people gathered round the table, the Rector especially alert and energetic in the early morning. We worked hard and



SALWARPE RECTORY  
ROBERT, ARTHUR AND GERALD DOUGLAS WITH CANON RANDOLPH



SALWARPE CHURCH

happily, the notes we took afterwards being learned by heart, and a searching examination set on them.

“ Succeeding pupil teachers have used the same notes, but they could never be made to understand the happy memories that clung around those decidedly shabby exercise-books.

“ I often had occasion to go to the Rectory on some errand or other, and was never allowed to knock. ‘ The study is always open to you girls ’ was our passport, and we felt we were welcome visitors.

“ A few of the elder girls were members of a Young Communicants’ Class held in the dining-room at the Rectory, when we were carefully taken through a preparation for our next Communion. We have often in later years missed those classes and felt how helpful they were.

“ Then on Sunday afternoons there were the Catechisms when we had a short bright service, with the blackboard up in church, and we all took notes of the lesson given by the Rector. We afterwards wrote analyses, for which prizes were given monthly. The address was often a story, and so interesting and instructive were these services that many grown-up people attended them regularly, and followed the courses with keen attention.

“ I have known the Rector find time in the week to go through the whole of the previous Sunday’s lesson again for the sake of a child who had been unavoidably absent.

“ But he never was too tired to do anything for us ; if any part of his work was especially dear to his heart, I think it must have been ‘ feeding the lambs.’

“ He would walk home with the children who happened to be going his way, and next day we others would hear of fairy-tales he had told and games he had played with the delighted little ones, apparently as much to his own satisfaction as theirs. There was no child in the school whom he did not know and love. Each one was prayed for by name, and each one’s home was visited frequently. No matter in what condition were pinafores, hands and faces, the children must be produced when he came or there was disappointment on both sides.

“ As an older girl I well remember how pleasant it was when we entered church, no matter how early, to find the Rector already kneeling in his place ; it seemed a silent welcome to the House he loved. Some of us, I think, came earlier on purpose to share the quiet vigil ; it was so fitting a preparation for the following service.

“ When at last he made known to us that he felt called to Africa, we were deeply grieved, feeling at first that we really could not do without him.

“ But he was very brave and cheerful, and I remember how in his last sermon he cheered us by reminding us of the great, ever-near and changeless Friend ‘ Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.’

“ Yet the parting was a grief to him also ; at our last Rectory lesson he said as we went out, ‘ Remember us in your prayers, dear girls. It is a great wrench to leave Salwarpe.’

“ We know now how much his life inspired and helped us. All that he undertook was carried through with such unflagging energy and zeal—he never shirked, never spared himself.

“ There was unflinching sympathy with us in our troubles. He always went as near to the brink of the dark river as any human friend can go with a dying parishioner, staying hour after hour at the bedside.

“ And it was the same in work and play, he shared it all, comforted, encouraged, praised and gave us bracing criticism, all with the keenest interest.

“ His enthusiasm and sense of humour naturally endeared him to young people. He knew the ‘ joy of living,’ I think, better than the majority of people, and I love to remember that when I saw him last his face was brightness itself.

“ We cannot doubt that he has been called away to higher spheres of service. That thought gradually soothed the first deep grief when we heard, to use S. Paul’s words, that ‘ we should see his face no more.’

“ Such affection as he felt for us has not waned or died out ; where he is now he knows and loves us still, and

perhaps is permitted to help us in ways we cannot understand.

“ I have expressed badly what I feel deeply, but perhaps a verse from one of the hymns for S. Barnabas’ Day will sum up better than I can what our Rector was to us—truly one of—

“ ‘ Those true helpers, patient kind and skilful,  
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,  
Counsel the doubting and restrain the wilful,  
Soothe the sick bed and share the children’s mirth.’ ”

## CHAPTER IV

### THE CALL TO MISSIONARY WORK, 1901

How does the call come to the Mission field? Who can say? "The wind bloweth where it listeth . . . so is everyone that is born of the Spirit."

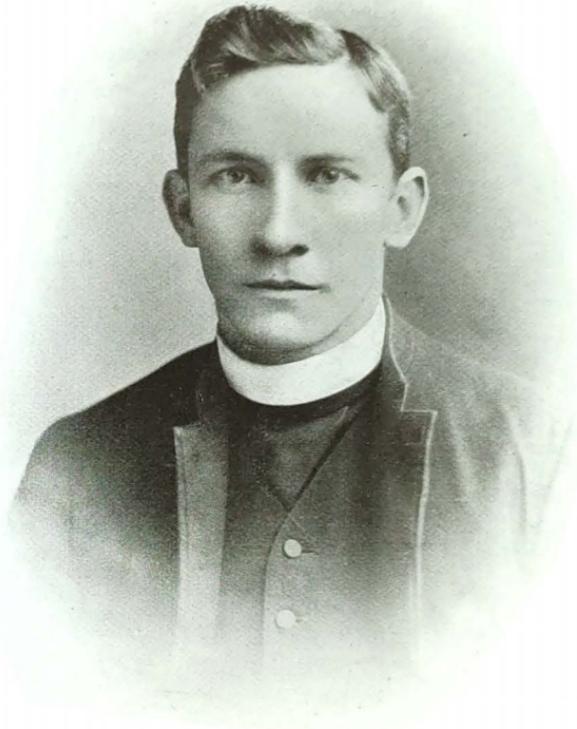
It would have been possible for Arthur Douglas to settle down at Salwarpe and stay there for many years as his father had done, and no one would have thought of blaming him; but he was destined for other work. God willed to send him "far hence unto the Gentiles."

While at Salwarpe Arthur had become Secretary of the Worcester Branch of the Junior Clergy Missionary Association. This is, of course, an indication that he was interested in foreign missions, as any good parish priest must needs be, but he had not, so far, thought of offering himself for the Mission field.

He had, however, a great friend, Frank Zachary, who had been with him at Lincoln College, Oxford, and who had preceded him by one year at Ely.

This friend had joined the Universities' Mission to Central Africa in 1899, and had died at Masasi on April 16, 1901. It is possible and even probable that Frank Zachary was the magnet which drew Arthur to the Mission field. Arthur had written to him<sup>1</sup> some time before telling him that he thought he would have to become a missionary himself in

<sup>1</sup> It is not certain that this letter was addressed to Mr. Zachary, but most probable.



ARTHUR DOUGLAS, 1901

order to be properly interested in missions. It is most likely that he felt at times that the life at Salwarpe was too easy a life for a young priest in vigorous health and that he was on the lookout for a more self-denying or self-sacrificing life.

His mother died on December 11, 1899, and this occurrence would set him free from the duty of providing a home for her.

We cannot tell, but it is clear from the letter to his eldest brother, printed below, that he had thought of giving himself to missionary work at least a year before he actually offered himself to the Universities' Mission. The idea once presented to his mind was not lightly to be abandoned altogether, though at the time he says that he put it from him, feeling that another change would be bad for the parish; yet a year later he felt certain that he had had a call to which he must needs respond.

So he writes to his brother Gerald, who had now become Vice-Principal of Ely:

Salwarpe, May 22, 1901.

"Here is a very big surprise. I am most seriously thinking of going to Nyasa, if medically fit. I wrote a long letter to Uncle C.,<sup>1</sup> and this morning I got his reply, which clearly indicates 'Go.' Before anything can be settled I must be punched and sounded by the U.M.C.A. doctor, and, as Uncle C. suggests coming here on the 30th (to-morrow week), I have written to the U.M.C.A. office to know if I can be medically examined before then. It would be *very* jolly if (supposing the doctor can see me Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday next week) you could run down and meet me in town. . . . Another friend of mine, Fred Follitt,<sup>2</sup> has offered himself for U.M.C.A. and hopes to sail in July. I will not add more, as I should like you to think about the matter without further comments of my own. But please tell the Princeps<sup>3</sup> and Chaplain<sup>4</sup> of the possibility."

<sup>1</sup> Canon Palmer of Hereford.

<sup>2</sup> Died at Kota Kota, November 10, 1901.

<sup>3</sup> Canon Randolph.

<sup>4</sup> Rev. A. H. McCheane.

To his eldest brother he writes :

Salwarpe, Whit-Monday night, 1901.

“ This little note will come to you as a great surprise. I am intending to go up to town to-morrow to be medically examined by Dr. Oswald Browne, to see whether I am *physically* fit for work in Central Africa (the Universities' Mission). There is no need to worry about the future, until we know whether I have passed the *very* searching medical investigation. When I know this I will write to you more of a letter. But for the moment you will please pray that the doctor may have a 'right judgment,' as the Whitsuntide collect says.

“ To you I think I should add that I have not taken even this initial step without being aware of many apparent inconveniences and difficulties ahead. Dr. Oswald Browne is the authority on Central African health. I told Uncle C. about ten days ago, but it was useless to worry most people so long before the doctor's examination.”

And again, a few days later, to the same :

“ I have got back from my medical examination by Dr. Oswald Browne. After a very thorough investigation, the doctor said, 'Sound as a bell.' This verdict means a great deal, as I believe 70 per cent. of applicants for service in the U.M.C.A. fail to pass the doctor's test. Of course I told him all I could about all former ailments I have had, and also about mother's weakness of heart and Elspeth's<sup>1</sup> and Harry's<sup>2</sup> deaths. He questioned me closely about family health. I have still to go before the whole medical board on June 11, but they will not alter Dr. Browne's verdict. Also I may have to be examined, and get a paper filled up by one of our local doctors.

“ As to the whole matter of my going, it is rather a serious upset to *family arrangements*, and of course we specially think of the three sisters at home and of you to whom it is

<sup>1</sup> His sister who was a Sister of the Community of S. Peter's, Kilburn ; she died July 14, 1891.

<sup>2</sup> His brother who was in the Navy and died September 3, 1890.

rather of considerable convenience to have some of the family living on the estate.

“As to the parish—when the advisability of seeking work abroad has hitherto entered my head, especially about a year ago, I put the idea from me as I felt strongly that further change would be bad for the parish. During the last year, however, everything has been going quietly, and I think I could slip away without causing much trouble, and my successor would, I hope, find things fairly ship-shape. I am, however, bound to the parish till the successor is found. As to having let matters run on quietly up to the present, F. and E. have both told me they feel sure it was best to wait for any change until now.

“I want you to understand that it is only a very strong sense of a *call* to this new work that has turned me into so inconvenient a brother.”

His uncle, Canon Palmer of Hereford, writes :

“I had some talk with him when the critical point came of his leaving Salwarpe, and I had, as I thought, to place before him many considerations, more with regard to his brothers and sisters, and the parish where he was working so efficiently, than to himself. One never can venture to throw difficulties in the path, when a call to higher work comes across it, and we shall all think and believe that he was right in following the call—even to the unlooked for but we may add glorious end. He had a fund of singular fitness for mission work which one had hardly realised, but which was drawn forth by the circumstances in which he found himself—so much patience and self-control, with great cheerfulness in his intercourse with those around him. His quiet perseverance and deep sense of duty made him an excellent teacher as well as an example to those whom he taught. There always seemed to me, from what I heard and saw of him, a strong reserve of spiritual force making him ready to act at any moment of crisis and giving him undaunted courage in speaking and acting as conscience led him. Such an influence in the Mission at Nyasa must have been great, and it will not be easily forgotten.”

The medical question being settled, everything else was soon arranged. Not one member of the family tried to turn Arthur from his purpose. On the contrary, they all encouraged him. Three of his sisters had made their home with him at Salwarpe, but they did not think of themselves. They acted with entire unselfishness, and bade their brother God speed in his response to what all believed to be a Divine call; and so it came about that Arthur, who loved his old home passionately, turned his back on it, and for Christ's sake left his comfortable Rectory and his brethren and sisters and passed out into the Mission field.

It is well, I think, to insert here a letter from one who joined the Mission as an engineer, and eventually set out for the Lake in Arthur Douglas' company. The letter illustrates some beautiful traits in Arthur's character. The writer says, "I should like to tell you how, through him, I joined the Mission."

"My home was only about two miles from Salwarpe and often on Sunday evenings we walked to Salwarpe to church. One Sunday I walked there alone and after church met Douglas in the churchyard. We strolled into the Rectory garden together, and then to my great surprise he told me that he had offered himself to the U.M.C.A. and hoped to leave for Nyasa in the autumn.

"We talked for a long time of the Mission, of Frank Zachary, a connection of mine who had lately died in Africa, and of other mutual friends in the Mission, and he told me how he was going out with a large party and mentioned at the same time that with the exception of an engineer, who was still urgently needed for the new steamer, the immediate needs of the Mission in the way of men had been fulfilled in a wonderful way. All my walk home I was turning over what he had said, and I wondered why, considering his keenness, he had not thought of me in connection with the vacant engineer's post. Then the idea came to me that perhaps it was intended that I should go. I had not before ever had the slightest intention of ever joining that or any



SALWARPE RIVER AND CHURCH

other Mission ; indeed I had never considered the matter. Frankly, I did not want to go or to consider the possibility of going, and I tried to put it out of my head as a fantastic notion.

“ I went back to work on Monday but couldn't get rid of the idea, and worried more and more about it through the week, so that the following Sunday I went again to Salwarpe and told Douglas what was in my mind and how troubled I was. He told me then, what he said he had not felt justified in saying before, that for some time he had had me in his mind, that he had prayed much about it, and, as it seemed to him, I had come over that Sunday evening in answer to his prayer ; that still he had felt he must not tell me so for fear of unduly influencing me, and for that reason he had been careful to avoid giving me any idea that he had any special reason for being glad to see me there. Then and not till then I began to feel certain that I couldn't refuse without deliberate shirking. Together we went into that quiet little church and knelt up in the chancel before the altar, and before we left he prayed out loud for ‘ a right judgment in all things ’ ; and so I went.

“ I did not really know him intimately up till that time, but I got to know him and to love him very sincerely afterwards. On the Lake he was at Kota and I on the steamer, so that I saw him very seldom, and then only for a few hours, but he has always been a means of strength and help to me as I know he was to so many others, black and white.”

Arthur left Salwarpe in the first week in October, 1901. On his departure the parishioners very generously presented him with a beautiful gold watch.

On October 6 he wrote the following characteristic and touching letter to his three little nieces, and two days later he started for Central Africa.

“ MY DEAR GLADYS, RITA, AND KATHLEEN,—You see I am going to write another little letter to the two brothers, so that is why they are not included in this letter and that is also why you need not send on this letter to them. What a *very, very* delightful surprise ! I thought my presents were

at an end, but not a bit of it ; there was a lovely compass waiting to be unpacked when I got in from church this morning. Thank you ever so much ; you have added an extra special piece of happiness to my last Sunday before I leave England. It was jolly to find that my nephews and nieces have been thinking of me. And now I *hope* that they will go on thinking of me. Please make up a little *prayer* about me and say it next Tuesday. I expect you would feel funny if you were just going to start on my long journey. I wonder whether *black* boys and girls are anything like *white* boys and girls. I hope they are. Good-bye means God be with you and make you very good girls."

The party went across the Continent and joined the ship *König* at Genoa.

From the Mediterranean he writes to a sister under date Eve of S. Luke (October 16), 1901 :

"Some time to-night we expect to reach Port Said. Letters have to be posted by 9 P.M. Though Port Said is in quarantine, I hope letters will be allowed to pass through. The sea during the last day has been about as smooth as the canal. I suppose the ordinary voyager at this particular spot has anticipatory visions of the Suez Canal, but *the* canal can have only one meaning to the Salwarpian.<sup>1</sup> . . . The days pass very quickly, thanks to Chinyanja, which generally takes up about four hours. There are a number of different sorts of missionaries on board, U.M.C.A., C.M.S., Berlin missionaries bound for North Nyasa, and last but not least an American Methodist Bishop. We (U.M.C.A.'s) are a delightfully happy party : Mattins, 9 ; Evensong, 5 ; Compline, 9 P.M."

And the next day from the Suez Canal :

"I can only afford the twenty-five minutes before dinner for letter-writing, as I have a *sermon* hanging over me for Sunday (the day after to-morrow). We U.M.C.A. party

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to a canal which runs through Salwarpe close to the Rectory.

are to be responsible this next Sunday for public Mattins and I am to preach, whilst Mr. Marsh reads the office and I hope Mr. Suter the deacon will play the piano. Don't you think that the little helm which turns about the whole ship ought to be an appropriate text? Possibly it is a very common text for board ship; you may remember that last Lent course of Sunday morning sermons at Salwarpe was on the *tongue*. Well, here we are on the Canal—about fifty yards wide or perhaps more, but it looks very shallow near the edges and there are only fixed places where large vessels can pass. . . . We did not get to Port Said till 5.30 this morning. . . . We in our cabin had to be up betimes as we were to have the Holy Eucharist in the cabin, so that I was on deck as we were being tugged into the port. . . . Our Eucharist this morning should have been a very solemn service—held at the moment when we first touched Africa. Marsh celebrated and said as the Introit, 'Thou Whose Almighty Word.' It is such a good thing that we have got so roomy a cabin, as there is some difficulty about services. On Sunday early mornings, except when the American Methodist Bishop takes the services, we shall I hope be able to join with the C.M.S. in the first-class ladies' saloon. . . . Yesterday I got introduced to the captain and first officer and asked whether we could have any place for weekday celebrations or Sunday celebration if the bishop (!) is in possession of the saloon. The first officer was very kind and showed us a railed-off portion of the deck, which he said we could use. So I expect we shall try this on the first Sunday when necessity turns us out of the saloon; but for weekday Eucharists (perhaps two per week) we shall probably use the cabin, as we find it is most decently feasible. For next Saturday evening Philip Young and Nurse Minter are getting up a sing-song, chiefly for the benefit of third-class passengers, Saturday night being the special night for going on the *drink*."

The following letter contains an interesting account of his first actual contact with the Mission at work. His description of Zanzibar—the town, the island, and the

various Mission centres—is very vivid, and he gives his first impressions of the Cathedral.

*König*, Indian Ocean, between Zanzibar and Mozambique,  
Nov. 6, 1901.

“ Your birthday is, I believe, in the early part of next month, so this conveys to you special love and good wishes. . . . Now I must tell you all I can about Zanzibar. We got our first sight of the island at 5 o'clock on Saturday, and reached Zanzibar town about 7.30 ; as it was dark we could see from the ship nothing of the town except the lights, those of the Sultan's palace being especially conspicuous. In my letter to G. I said we did not know whether the Mission houses would be able to put us up, but we had got our handbags ready on the chance ; so that when a goodly party of the missionaries from the town greeted us on board and told us we were to come off with them, they found *me* at least quite prepared. You can imagine the excitement of Nurse Minter (who was for some months herself at Zanzibar) trying to spot the Mission boat and its occupants among the host of other small craft which gathered round the steamer in the dark, as soon as we anchored. We saw them before they saw us, and though we yelled the names of ' Brother Moffat ' and ' Baines ' (two of those whom Nurse recognised in the boat) there was too much noise for them to hear us. Brother Moffat (belonging to Father Kelly's community) is treasurer and man-of-all-work. We left him on board that he might follow with Miss Molesworth's luggage, whilst all the rest of us got into the boat, and off we went to the shore. There we had to separate according to our different destinations. Mr. Baines took Philip Young to his house outside the town. . . . Miss Molesworth went to her own quarters, the ladies' house ; Nurse Minter and Miss Nixon-Smith were put up in the hospital, and the rest of us, Dr. Howard, Marsh, Suter, Ladbury, and myself, were taken to the men's quarters, where we received a most genial welcome from Mr. Bishop, the priest-in-charge of the town of Zanzibar. I have I see incidentally mentioned the three chief Mission buildings

(besides the Cathedral) within the town, namely the *men's house*, the *ladies' house* (chiefly for the lady teachers and workers among the women), and the *hospital*, the head of which is Miss Brewerton. The hospital is a most palatial building. It is not quite the same trouble to make up a bed in Central Africa as it is in England, as the bedding out here consists of a thin mat on the top of a springy wire mattress (if it was not wire it was something equally springy), a rug, a blanket, a pillow, and a mosquito net—no *sheets* are used. The town of Zanzibar is an amazing place . . . an impossible place for a new-comer to find his own way about. The population is said to be 100,000, and it lives in a squashed mesh of native huts, interspersed by innumerable little streets varying from one to three yards in width. Of course this is all most picturesque, but it is also most smelly. I suppose that the lecturer on hygiene would say that the town of Zanzibar ought not to be allowed a day's further existence. Yet, in spite of appearances, events have proved that the town makes a very fairly healthy Mission station, and I was surprised to find that the drinking water of the place was very good. Ours at Nyasa is boiled, except the lake-water which is remarkably pure. A story (doubtless a story in more senses than one) is told how at the high-table of a certain Oxford College the two drinks offered to the guests are 'Water, sir, or Toast and water?' At the high-table of the Zanzibar Mission the two drinks are water and cocoanut-water. The latter is our old friend, the milk of a cocoanut, only in its unripe condition. The top of the cocoanut is cut off and the liquid poured straight into a tumbler—enough liquid to fill a *large* tumbler. When this has been done the cocoanut itself, being unripe, is thrown away; but the loss is not a great one, as cocoanut, liquid and all, costs one farthing! The cocoanut palm with the fruit grows in great profusion in the island. I also came across a very curious custom connected with another fruit; I walked through a native cemetery, and found it is the regular custom to plant pine-apples on the graves. The pine-apple tree is like the cactus, about two feet high and the fruit growing on the top; some graves had four

such trees, one at each corner ; it was so strange to see this profusion of growing pine-apples, any one of which might fetch 2s. 6d. in the English market. My pine-apple walk was on Sunday afternoon, when Dr. Howard and I, escorted part way by Brother Moffat, visited some of the Mission stations which lie outside the town ; Brother Moffat was carrying the mail-bag with the letters which came by our steamer for the outlying stations. There are five stations outside the town, each one of which has its own special purpose. They are Ziwani, the new industrial boys' home ; Kiungani, the college for training native teachers ; Mazizini, the college for training candidates for ordination, *i.e.* the native theological college ; Kilimani, the small boys' home ; Mbweni, the girls' home. Mbweni, the furthest away, is four miles from the town ; *we* were content to visit the first three. . . . From the doctor's point of view the chief interest in our walk lay at the industrial boys' home, the windows of which have been fitted with mosquito-proof copper nets. Dr. Howard has a very strong belief in the mosquito-malaria theory. The copper netting is certainly wonderfully transparent, and being as fine as ordinary mosquito netting, it should, if never removed from the window, do a great deal to keep the house free from these venomous little beasts ; but though the air can freely pass through the netting, it is not so pleasant to contemplate the impossibility of ever putting one's head out of the window ; however, I told the doctor that if ever he saw his way to introducing the system into the Nyasa houses, I would be willing to be victimised. It was on this same walk that I had my first sight of real Nyasa boys, two of whom had come to Zanzibar for further training and holiday (Leonard and Arthur). Now I have told you something about the Mission houses in the town and out of the town, but I have said nothing about the most important House of all. The Cathedral stands on the site of the old slave-market, the High Altar being, I believe, just where the whipping post formerly stood. I am a very bad hand at describing buildings, but even the heathen must be awe-struck at the beauty of this one, its exceeding loftiness and its richness. It has no side aisles or transepts ;

the pillars which help to support the roof are close against the walls, so that every worshipper has full view of the stately altar, with its glittering mosaic front. The east end is a large apse with seats all the way round it, where the clergy sit when in chapter. The altar stands sufficiently far forward for there to be a large space behind it, and it is here that we were able to say a prayer beside Bishop Steere's grave. The great Swahili Sunday Eucharist was at 6.45; what would not I have given to have been able to share the joy of it with some more of you! It was much more than worth all my other Zanzibar experiences put together. Suter and I sang in the choir; I sat next a native deacon, who precented with a very fine voice. The choir boys are a heterogeneous lot. I did not dare to look down on the congregation for some time, but when I *did*, it was a sight to convert the most antagonistic missionary critic—this big church seemingly cram full, men on one side and women (a wonderful mass of coloured shawls) and children on the other. The singing was not artistic, but very, very lusty and strong, a magnificent roar of sound; of course everything was in Swahili, but I found no difficulty in singing the Swahili words to the familiar old tunes—'Our Blest Redeemer,' 'For all the Saints,' 'Who are these like stars appearing?' 'Above the clear blue sky,' and others. Mr. Bishop was celebrant and also preacher; the service was dignified and elaborate, but without any fussiness. It lasted an hour and a half. I was permitted to celebrate the English Eucharist after the Swahili one. . . . Well, so much for my first impressions of the Cathedral, of which, as I read in a U.M.C.A. record book on Sunday afternoon, 'Douglas<sup>1</sup> of "the London" helped to take down the scaffolding.' Notices about Harry came chiefly in letters written by Mr. W. Lowndes when he was in the Mission at Zanzibar. He calls him 'Douglas, son of Canon Douglas of Salwarpe.' Another notice says how Douglas stayed to English Evensong, and a number of Mission boys escorted him back to the shore. But more interesting than these printed mentionings

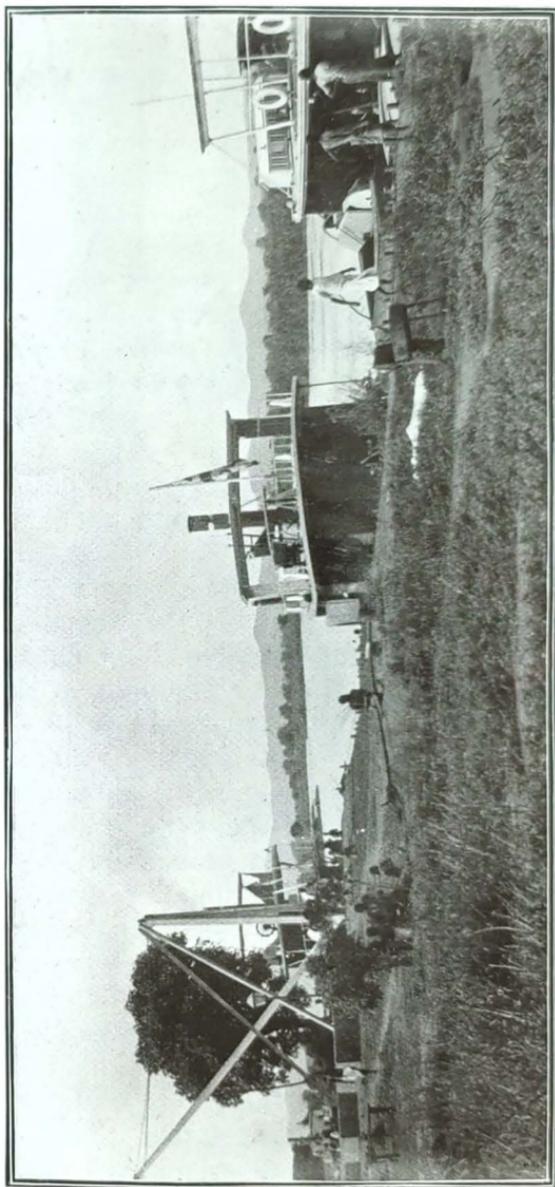
<sup>1</sup> A brother, thirteen years his senior, died 1890: He was an officer on board H.M.S. *London* and in close touch with the Mission at Zanzibar.

of his name was my conversation with Miss Thackeray, who has been in the Mission for about twenty-five years. The very fact that though during his time on the 'London' she was stationed out of the town—yet she remembers him well—proves how intimate he must have been with the Mission. I was told that the boilers of his old ship are still lying on the shore ; I looked for them with the help of Uncle M.'s field-glasses, and I saw what may have been them, but I am not certain. Hurrah ! we hope to get to Chinde about next Saturday. I shall post this at Mozambique."

(To a Brother)

The junction of the rivers Zambesi and Shiré, near to  
Mount Morambala, Nov. 12, 1901.

"The above heading will, I expect, mean little to you unless you are willing to expend the sum of fourpence in requesting the Secretary of U.M.C.A., 9 Dartmouth St., Westminster (*1d.*), to send you the little paper map of Nyasa (*2d.*) for which you enclose a stamped big envelope (*1d.*). I certainly advise anyone who wishes to know where the places are which I shall mention from time to time in letters, or which are mentioned in the Central African magazine, to get one of these maps. By-the-bye, there is a very good little magazine for *children* published by the U.M.C.A. about the work. I ought to know it better than I do, but some people think it is more entertaining than its grown-up sister 'Central Africa.' Well, it is certainly quite time that a letter should be on its way from me to *you* and I am so anxious that you should all get my Christmas greeting too soon rather than too late that I think *this* had better convey my seasonably affectionate embrace to all the brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces down to the last but (I'm sure she will agree with me) by no means the least of your own illustrious house. . . . Tell my godchild I am blowing a perfectly gigantic kiss from my cabin on the African river to the tip of her little ugly pug nose. I heard a rumour before leaving England of how the different members of the family were hoping to gather round two or three hospitable centres. The dear old home will be much in the minds of



CHIROMO, RIVER SHIRÉ

us all. I daresay we shall weep a few tears, but they will not really be tears of unhappiness. I *hope* I shall get letters at Nyasa before Christmas Day. My letter last Sunday was to J., posted at Chinde, where we said good-bye to the vessel *König* and got on board this river boat, by name *The Polypode*. If her name implies that she deliberately chose *many* legs to *long* legs, I congratulate her on her choice. Long legs, reaching far down beneath the water's surface, would be absolutely fatal to a Zambesi boat, for they would be constantly striking the bottom. As it is, our boat draws only twenty inches of water, and yet we get periodically stuck on sand-banks and have to be shoved off by means of reversing the wheel and the combined efforts of the crew, who in emergencies work at the side with long bamboo poles. The river is especially low at this season—that is, just before the rain begins—and though we have not met with any serious obstacle so far, it seems quite possible that there may be difficulties in navigation ahead. But let us not prophesy evil. We ought to get to Chiromo in two days' time; there we and our cargo leave this boat and take a smaller steamer, or more probably a house-boat, to Katunga's. There we get off the river and have four days of overland travelling, halting at Blantyre, a Scotch Mission station, on the way. This overland business is accomplished partly on our legs, partly in hammocks, and possibly in mule-carts. At a place by name Gwazas we strike the river again, and get on to another steamer which will take us up to the Mission. Our *present* steamer has something the same appearance as a house-boat, with a barge along each side of it, one to carry fuel, one to carry our cargo, and both to bear the brunt of unexpected collisions with the river banks. We are here in the lap of comfort and I like it ten thousand times more than the noisy *König*. Our party are the only passengers. . . . The last two days' journey has been full of animal sights. Now and again a gun goes off from our boat, which means that the engineer or Philip Young is 'potting' crocodiles or hippopotamus. I have seen a number of crocodiles—once I saw about half a dozen lying lazily together on the sand; the gun sent them skedaddling as fast

as they knew how into the river. The hippopotamuses stand stolid in the water, showing their heads from time to time above the surface. Then there are the birds in marvellous profusion, especially near the mouth of the Zambesi—great flocks of herons, storks, pelicans, black geese, fish-eagles, and so many others of which of course I do not know the names. It was their *profusion* which astounded me most, just as at Zanzibar it was the *profusion* of pine-apples and cocoanuts. Alas! nearly all these good things come to an end long before Nyasa is reached. If you want a really good dish, let me commend to your notice 'mango fool.' We have passed swarms of locusts. They are bigger than I expected. The doctor caught one on the boat, which is about two inches long. All manner of flying insects and creeping things display themselves at night. Higher up the river I am told they make the soup tureen their bathing-place; but again it is their profusion which has entirely hardened me to the sight and feel of them. Lastly, there are the mosquitoes which I am thankful to say up to the present have been most conspicuous by their absence. The river is said to be a very bad place for them, but I am only conscious of having had three or four bites. Of course we use mosquito nets at night. All our party are very well. One reason why the low-river season is chosen for travelling is that it is also the *healthy* season—the doctor feeds us on quinine pills morning and evening. Yesterday was an eventful day to me as I said public Mattins (except psalms and lessons) for the first time in Chinyanja. We work at the language a good many hours a day. Indeed, if it were not for this necessary occupation, life on board ship would be intolerable. The day on the river steamer begins early—about 5.30, when a black boy brings a cup of tea and biscuits to each bunk. Breakfast number two is at 7.30; luncheon at 11; afternoon tea at 4; dinner at 7. The main difficulty is not to eat too much. The steamer ties up for the night and the boys jump ashore, light their fire and cook their rice; one of them discourses sweet music on a native instrument; then sleep, and off we go again at sunrise. . . . We shall see Bishop Mackenzie's grave at Chiromo, probably on

Thursday. We hear that Bishop Hine has already left Nyasa, going the cross-country route, *via* Masasi where Zachary died, to Zanzibar ; so till our new Bishop arrives (of whose consecration we long to hear) we shall be bishopless. I have no idea which will be my future station. I am glad to say that all my boxes are so far safe. . . .

“ P.S.—One of the crew has just declared he could see a lion, but my spy-glasses did not reveal it to me. Lions are fairly plentiful along these banks. At a station we passed, I hear that over twenty-four boys were killed by lions within a twelvemonth.

“ N.B.—Yesterday’s thermometer in the afternoon was 107 degrees in the *shade*.

“ Have you realised the heterogeneous character of our party? We are eight in number, comprising two priests, one deacon, one doctor, one engineer, one storekeeper, one nurse, and one lady teacher. I hope that henceforth nobody will think that in the Mission field there is only work for parsons.”

Less than a month later the party had reached Lake Nyasa, and Arthur wrote to his brother from Mponda’s, December 6 :

“ This is quite a good place to be at and my experience here has been a useful beginning to missionary life, but it is unsettling not to know when I am to be off, and I do want to see Likoma Island and Kota Kota on the way.”

Having landed Arthur safely at the Lake, this chapter may fitly close with the following reminiscences of Miss Nixon-Smith.

“ I was in Mr. Douglas’ party when he first went out in 1901. There were nine of us, nearly all scattered now. Mr. Marsh, Mr. Suter, Mr. Young, Mr. Ladbury, and myself were all new. Dr. Howard and Miss Minter and Miss Molesworth of Zanzibar were returning after furlough.

“ I remember Mr. Douglas suddenly saying in the train, ‘ It’s my birthday to-day.’ We had Mattins and Evensong

every day ; on Sunday we had a Celebration in the first-class saloon, and twice on weekdays we had a little Celebration for ourselves. Every morning on board the *König* we had lessons in Chinyanja from Dr. Howard and Miss Minter—I remember as early as this his arranging that the prayer of consecration should be read by one of the clergy when he came to it in translation.

“ He was wonderfully diligent and keen. It was impossible to detect any sign of fault in his character. Later on I came to understand the secret of it. I suppose everyone of us in the Mission would say that his standard of life was very high, and further, that he lived up to it, and that not intermittently but habitually. He did not allow himself any lapses.

“ One knew that his temper was naturally quick, but it was in marvellous control. I once saw him sorely tried and saw him master himself in a moment almost. No one of us all could for a moment doubt his absolute sincerity. It was transparently evident as one of the daily facts of his life, and it told on everything ; in him the priest dominated the manhood and enriched it. He was the most accessible of men, and at everyone’s service. I never saw anyone whose routine of holy practices was more rigidly kept to. I should imagine that he never under any circumstances missed making his meditation. But his routine was as instinct with life as a child’s playing. And his rendering of the Divine Office in English was always vivid ; even when he knelt away from us and was not celebrating or assisting you could feel the tenseness of his own worship right across the little chapel. It was apparent in the way he knelt up straight, in the expression of his face, and in the way he went to the altar. All this spiritual strength he would give out at a moment’s notice. The natives said of him, ‘ Padre Douglas angali kulema—te te te ’ (‘ Mr. Douglas does not know what it is to be tired, he is always at it ’).

“ It was said in reference to the long hours he would spend in church helping souls—and it was a true comment—he would go through the very exacting discipline preceding the great festivals for long hours together and come away

and show no sign of weariness. And this was not because he had taken it lightly ; on the contrary everyone else's spiritual needs were vital with him, but he never put himself forward in the least.

“ During his last Lent he came over on the Friday evenings to Likoma, returning on the Saturday. I remember Bishop Fisher saying, ‘ Let him rest when he is here unless you want to use him for spiritual aid.’ He gave an address at the Saturday Eucharist in that Lent and was absolutely superb. I think Bishop Fisher at once detected his great power, but indeed none could remain ignorant of it. ‘ We all felt he was the most ready to go,’ said one of us. I think we felt that too when we heard. He would have no packing-up to do, so to speak, he would open immediately when the Master knocked.

“ I remember sympathising with him when he was suddenly ordered to bed for weeks and his work stopped literally at a moment's notice. His reply was, ‘ It's not the sort of thing that troubles me.’ Miss Armstrong said of him then, ‘ He never wants cheering up.’

“ He used to know where all his papers were and had a most methodical mind. One day he said to me, ‘ I've had such a busy morning I have not had time even to say my usual prayers.’

“ He took on the training of the theological students, and I used to go to him every day to read aloud Rackham's ‘ Acts of the Apostles.’ He did not consider that he could excuse himself careful preparation for the students.

“ Before he came to Likoma as priest-in-charge I remember Mr. Glossop saying how glad he was that he was coming as priest-in-charge. At this time Mr. George showed me a letter which he had written to him ; he said, ‘ Pray for me every day.’

“ He believed entirely in intercession. He asked me, no doubt for this purpose, for the names of all the Likoma women who were at various stages of spiritual disability, who had ‘ milandu ’ as we should say. I believe he prayed day after day for my sister. She was recovering from a long illness, and I sought his aid for her when we were both home

on furlough, in the absence of her own priest, and he came right out of his way to us in Holy Week to help us.

“ He was in charge when Mr. Partridge died. I remember his saying to me out in the quad. early one afternoon : ‘ An awful blow ! Partridge has died at the College, they are just bringing him up.’ He was in charge then ; and also when Mr. Philipps died he said the last prayers for him.

“ He was very strict about fasting, and encouraged it by word and example. The Lent he was in charge we knocked off afternoon tea. I would recall one or two sermons of his : one, a really great one on joy, preached at English Evensong one Sunday at Likoma. I remember he said that joy ought to be in our voices when we were teaching. Another sermon preached at an ordination on the text, ‘ Mine own vineyard have I not kept.’ I heard him preach to the College boys and others on the first Sunday in 1911. He spoke of our Lord as a present Deliverer. I came out feeling, ‘ That is exactly what we want.’

“ That same Sunday I asked him to find me a tune for a hymn for infants. At first he said he could not think of one that would do, then he came and called me to his room and sang through a tune which I think he had made ; he sang it two or three times. ‘ They will like that high note,’ he said. He taught the tune to his own teacher and he taught it to my infants. This incident seems to show his great kindness in little things.

“ He had a great feeling for authority ; he would yield his own judgment easily and felt that he ought to.

“ I once asked a class, ‘ Mr. Douglas speaks the truth, doesn’t he ? ’ to get the disconcerting and unanimous answer, ‘ Not about steamers.’ Of course this only means that the steamers were uncertain, not Mr. Douglas’ reliability !

“ He wrote to me in England after his illness : ‘ I hope to go back to Africa this year, but that must be as God wills.’ God did will, and we started back again a large party on S. James’ Day, 1908.

“ He was wonderfully good to me when I was working

under him. I can recall occasions when he might have been put out, but he never was. One could rely absolutely on his goodwill.

“ He was very keen on his baptismal classes. One year he put the classes at 12.15 noon, the lunch hour, and had lunch alone afterwards. This went on every day for some weeks.

“ I was once present when a priest complained to him about some particularly difficult matter that had to be dealt with in the College ; he said, ‘ It is impossible to do it with no authority at the back of one ’ (*i.e.* no civil authority). Mr. Douglas’ answer I remember to this day, ‘ That is just what we have to do,’ said very simply, out of his own quiet peace in God.

“ From where he lay when he was ill he could just get a glimpse of the Lake through one of the little panes in the window, and it was a great happiness to him.

“ The first time he told me to take the women to him before one of the festivals he said, ‘ Tell them it’s not I that want them but God.’ He said this just coming away from lunch. There was never anything incongruous in his breaking out into this kind of observation. One time he said, ‘ I believe that God can do everything.’

“ It was obvious to us all that Archdeacon Johnson was very much attached to him. We looked on at what was evidently a strong and strengthening friendship. I think the Archdeacon would let me pay this tribute to Mr. Douglas’ memory, as time does not permit of his contributing his own reminiscences.

“ I remember his admitting a half-witted woman to the catechumenate ; it was useless to attempt to ask her the ordinary questions. He improvised instead at the time of admission. I can never forget how what he said pierced right through to the woman’s soul and made her answer straight out of her heart. It was a great lesson to me.

“ He was very much attached to Dr. Liddon’s books. I remember once his pounding through a very long sermon at Evensong out of one of Dr. Liddon’s books ; he was not in the least tired of it himself.

“ He said to me once that he thought that fear comes before love in the knowledge of God, and no doubt there was an element of severity in his own religion. It came out sometimes in his dealings with boys. He could punish severely when he thought it desirable. But he certainly never punished in anger.

“ He had no idea that he was very often amusing. I recall vividly his rendering of ‘ For he’s a jolly good fellow,’—sung in the hall when Dr. Howard was going away—his singing it like a hymn, with as much enjoyment and about the same amount of gesture.

“ He gave singing lessons in the girls’ school when I was in charge. He had not the least idea that they were amusing. He stood on the top of a large table in his cassock, taking infinite pains. If a girl sang wrong he jumped down swiftly and made his culprit sing alone, bending his ear down close to her. The girl’s reluctance, to which he never gave way, and the intense interest of everyone else—perhaps I may add my own intense enjoyment of the situation—made those lessons memorable.

“ He had a sense of humour too. I remember catching his eye just after some one had said, ‘ I like All Saints’ for the name of a church, it is so sociable.’

“ He was terribly sensitive to the slightest irreverence or to any quoting of Scripture that lent itself to amusement ; he would have none of it.

“ He was extremely anxious about the little Christians, and spent a great deal of time over them ; he constantly insisted that they were a most important part of our work, a first-charge on time and attention.

“ He took infinite pains with the baptism of infants ; he would interview the parents, the grandparents, and the godparents, and always loved taking the service himself. Once I recollect his changing his stole in the middle with the remark, ‘ Now we have done with all that is black.’ He had a way with him of making artless observations in church, but in a sort of way which only did good.”

## CHAPTER V

### THE FIRST SPELL OF MISSIONARY WORK, KOTA KOTA, 1901-1904

WE have seen that Arthur Douglas and his party reached the Lake early in December 1901.

He stayed at Mponda's eleven days waiting for a steamer to take him to Likoma.

He was at present a little uncertain where he would have to work, but he expected first of all to be sent to Likoma, so as to get better acquainted with the methods of missionary work at headquarters, and then to be put in charge of Kota Kota. The steamer, however, stopped at Kota Kota on its way up the Lake, and there, for reasons given in the letters which follow, Arthur stayed for some twelve days before going on to Likoma. This was in reality a gain to him, for it gave him an insight into the working of the station of which he was soon afterwards put in charge.

He describes the beautiful new church at Kota Kota, built by Mr. George, the architect of Likoma Cathedral, and he incidentally mentions how he himself learnt the art of making bricks.

*(To a Sister)*

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS

##### I

Kota Kota, Lake Nyasa, Dec. 12, 1901.

"My few words of scribble whilst the Lake steamer was waiting for me at Mponda's must not count as a letter—

much less as a birthday letter. Very many happy returns of the day, whichever day in February it happens to be. After I had waited eleven days at Mponda's, not knowing when I might have to leave, an African Lakes' Company steamer at last called for me ; at least a small launch called to take me off to the steamer which was anchored about a mile from *Malindi*, the Mission station at the southern end of the Lake and itself about nine miles from Mponda's. *That* all happened last Saturday afternoon. Most fortunately the steamer was going to take in wood at Malindi on Sunday morning, so I was able to get ashore there early on Sunday in time to hear the native teacher finish his sermon at the Eucharist, at which Mr. Marsh was officiating, and so also in time for my own Communion. Then I had breakfast and Mattins with the Mission party and left Malindi on the steamer about midday. It was very delightful at Malindi last Sunday morning to have the whole of our own special travelling party, with the exception of Mr. Suter who was at Mponda's. Marsh, P. Young, Nurse Minter, Miss Nixon-Smith, and Dr Howard are quartered at Malindi for some weeks ; Mr. Ladbury had walked over to Malindi the previous day and spent the night there ; I turned up on the steamer, so there we all were once more together, barring Mr. Suter. My steamer was not a Mission boat ; on the contrary I was let in for a considerable argument with one of the engineers who professed a general disbelief in missions and particularly in the Universities' Mission. . . . As you already know, I left Mponda's with the intention of going up to Likoma, merely touching at Kota Kota on the way. From Malindi to Kota is only one day's journey, and it is another day's journey on from Kota to Likoma ; so the steamer reached Kota on Monday afternoon. As I got near to Kota, of course I speculated how much of the Mission I should have time to see ; the captain could not tell me whether he would leave too early for me to sleep on shore. As we dropped anchor off Kota, a sailing boat came up to the steamer ; among others it contained three of our missionaries, Mr. Stokes (priest-in-charge), Miss Lyons (nurse), Mr. George (architect). They were on their way

for a picnic with the girls' school when they sighted the steamer and came up to us. The poor girls lost their picnic and returned to the shore in a barge with the European teacher, Miss Jameson. And then!! All my speculations and plans were turned head over heels, and the long and short of it is, here am I, settled at Kota Kota, and no likelihood of being at Likoma for many a day.

“Several facts contributed to make this sudden change in my operations. First, I found that Mr. S. fully expected me to stay and help him and was very sad at the idea of my leaving him. That, of course, would not have been enough to keep me, as my previous orders (vague as they were) seemed to point to my going to Likoma, anyhow for a few weeks. Then I found that Mr. S. was a good deal run down and was anxious to get away on furlough as soon as possible. He has been at Kota about three years, so he is considerably overdue at home, and probably if Mr. Follitt had lived he would have started home directly after Christmas, if not before . . . so that (as I am to be his successor) I thought I had better not lose time by going on to Likoma, but had better start work here straight away. Even now, of course, it is very uncertain whether I shall be sufficiently well up in the language and in the details of the work here to undertake a Lent by myself, and very likely Mr. S. may have to stay till after Easter. . . . Even this would not have persuaded me to stay here, if a message had not reached Mr. S. from the priest-in-charge at Likoma (acting Deputy Bishop) to the effect that Dr. Howard and *one* priest were required at Likoma. The former orders were that *all* the new clergy were to go there before dispersing to their several stations. This finally decided me, for it had already been practically settled that *Marsh* should be the new priest to work at Likoma, whilst my station should be Kota Kota. So here I am, and already begin to feel settled. The present staff of missionaries here number five—Mr. Stokes, Nurse Lyons, who is said to be a most able nurse, and Miss Jameson, formerly head-mistress of a board school in England. Then there is Mr. George, the architect. For my sake I am sorry he is very soon going back to Likoma. Now I must tell you

about this place, but first I must go and open school, as the bell has rung. The feature of Kota Kota is the new church. It is magnificent and an immense credit to Mr. George, by whose design and under whose direction it has been built. It is built of stone and brick and looks very solid. It is 133 feet long from the west end to the east end of the spacious apse, and it is 28 feet wide. At the entrance there is an antechapel, part of which will be fitted up as a Lady Chapel. There is a good wooden screen between the apse and nave, also much native wood-carving. To English eyes the exterior looks odd with its great thatched roof. It is a great privilege to have so beautiful a church to worship in.

“ That is as far as I had written when a telegram arrived here from Likoma this morning to say that after all I am to go on there by the next steamer. There is of course no telegraph from Likoma to the mainland, but this morning’s message must have been sent by boat to the mainland, and despatched by wire from there. The next boat is not likely to leave Kota for another nine days ; that will be one of our own Mission steamers bringing up our big party from Mponda’s and Malindi, so that after all I shall probably arrive with them at Likoma. I am very glad to have had these preliminary days at Kota, as it gives me time to see what are the difficulties of the station, and knowing what they are, I can now go to experienced heads at Likoma and get advice from them, and then, perhaps, come back here in a better position for helping Mr. S. and directing the station after his departure.

“ A nice temporary wooden cross has been put up over Mr. Folliot’s grave ; he died the very day the new church here was opened. The next but one grave to Folliot’s is Sim’s. When I first read some of his ‘ Life and Letters,’ I had about as little idea of being at Kota Kota as in the moon. Bishop Maples is buried under the High Altar in the new church. My servant boy has just been into my room to begin preparations for my bath. All our water here is carried from a boiling hot spring about a mile and a half away, and there are special water boys who have to make a good many journeys a day. The water is too hot for a

bath even after its return journey. The usual and best plan is to have the daily tub in the latter part of the afternoon. I am most particular about 'changing' after getting at all hot. Mr. S. has been away for the last two days on a round of visits to outlying stations, so I have been in charge. This is an amusingly topsyturvy letter, but in spite of the various changes of plans which herein find a place, I may as well send it to show how out here we must be ready for any emergency. By-the-bye, I am learned in the art of making bricks. Mr. George has shown me all the tips in case a house should be needed where there is no more efficient artificer on the spot."

(To a Sister)

## II

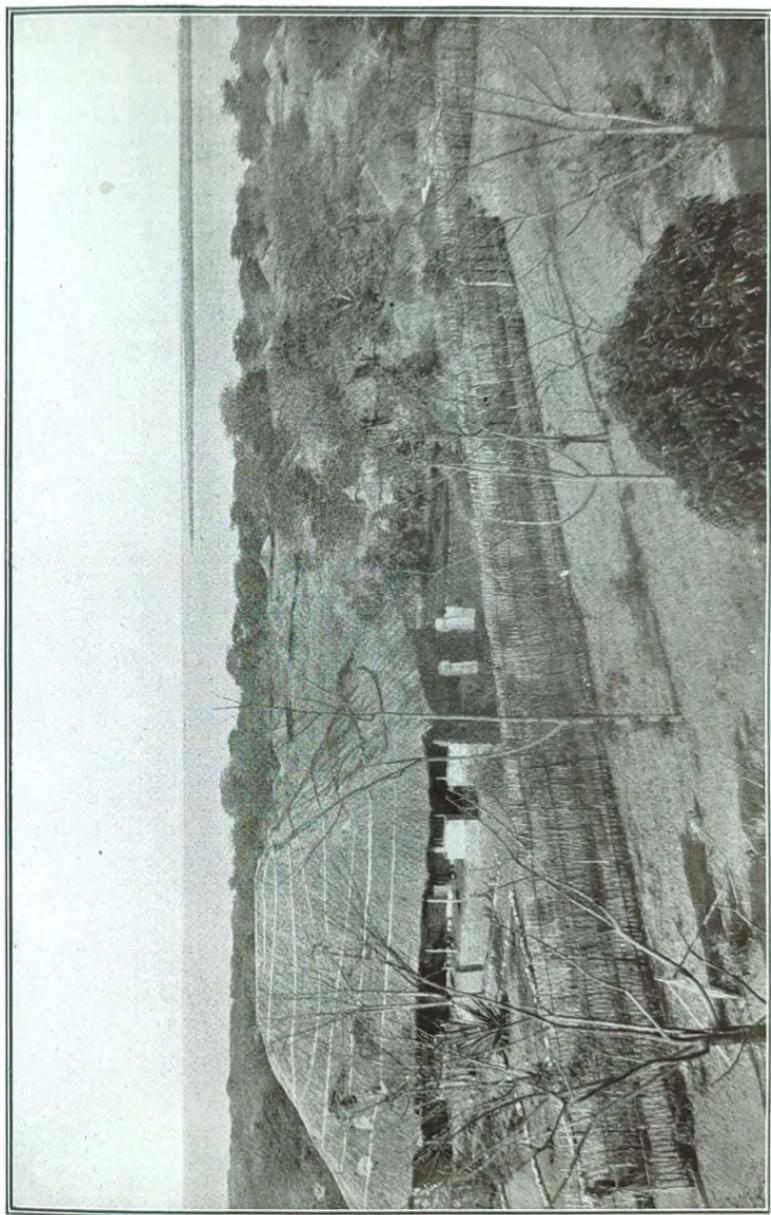
Kota Kota, Lake Nyasa, British Central Africa,  
Dec. 17, 1901.

"If you want to know why I am at Kota, you must read my letter to N. The long and short of it is that, touching here on my way to Likoma, I found a variety of inducements to stop here, chiefly the poor health of Mr. Stokes, priest-in-charge, and a message sent through him from the Deputy Bishop at Likoma to Dr. Howard to the apparent effect that only one of the new priests was wanted at Likoma. However, I have since had a telegram telling me to go on to Likoma by the next boat. The next boats will probably be our own two mission steamers, the *Charles Janson*, and Philip Young's new steamer, the *Chauncy Maples*, respectively known in the vulgar tongue of the Mission as the *C.J.* and *C.M.* We expect one or both of these boats in the early part of next week, so it seems very doubtful where I shall spend Christmas, whether here at Kota or at Likoma or at one of the smaller Lake-side stations which are worked by the steamer. That is the chief purpose of our steamers, viz. to go up and down the Lake, touching at the lesser stations of the Mission where there is no resident priest, but only a native teacher or, possibly, a native deacon. During the steamer's stay, the schools are investigated, and the priest celebrates the Eucharist for the people.

"I am enjoying my time at Kota, not knowing whether

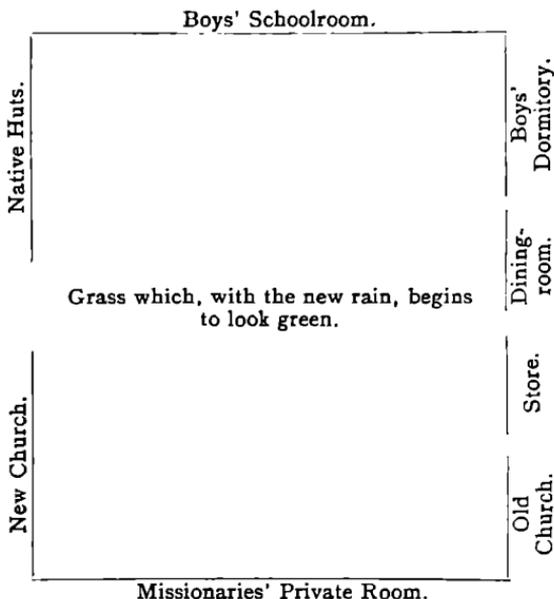
I shall return here and make it my permanent station after my visit to Likoma. But I am especially glad to be going to the headquarters of the Mission, not merely because I want to see Likoma Island, which means and (I believe) is Beautiful, but also because it will give me the chance of getting a talk with the senior clergy, Mr. Smith and Mr. Glossop. There are so many difficult native questions (especially in regard to marriage) about which I need advice, as they frequently crop up.

“ The Mission work at this particular station has been lately passing through a crisis, and a puzzling one too. The boys, who are generally, outwardly at least, well-behaved, have been very unruly. Many, including some pupil-teachers, have left the school ; they have stayed in the village at night instead of coming in to sleep in the Mission dormitory ; but at last, I believe, the real cause of all the upset has been discovered and removed, for a plot has been discovered which had for its object the establishment of a supreme chief. Some of the lesser chiefs invited a Mohammedan from (probably) somewhere on the coast to come here and organise a revolt against the British Central African Government. He came and for some months has been at work in the villages, but information was brought to the English Government official here, Mr. Swann, and after letting the plot grow to a proper size, he one day called up the chief culprit and all his accomplices, and detailed to their astonished ears the whole of their secret machinations. At first he gave the would-be king a month to quit the country, but last week two of the loyal chiefs came to Mr. Swann, and said that they feared they were going to be poisoned, as the others believed that they were the tell-tales, so Mr. Swann changed his mind and gave our Mohammedan friend twenty-four hours to bundle out of the country, and out he has gone. That is a more or less true account, I believe. His speedy departure is, I believe, already beginning to take good effect on our Christians, as two have come to Mr. Stokes to say they want to return to the Mission. Of course it was nominally not so much a revolt against Christianity as against the rule of the British Government.



KOTA KOTA

“ Our Mission buildings here form a quadrangle something like this :



“ Last Sunday as Mr. Stokes was not well I had the management of the services, but it was a very easy day.

7.0.—Catechumen’s Litany, followed by Holy Eucharist.

8.15.—Breakfast, followed by

9.0.—Mattins.

10.30.—Hearers’ service in school, chiefly preaching.

12.0.—Sext.

12.15.—Lunch.

1.45.—Walk with teachers to little school for preaching.

3.30.—Tea.

4.30.—English Evensong, at which *I* was to have preached, was omitted, as there was no congregation except Mr. George and Miss Jameson.

5.30.—Evensong.

“ I did no preaching ; the two head teachers discoursed at the schools. The Christians’ sermon comes at the early

celebration, but as Mr. Stokes was seedy they had to go without it.

“Stokes is out and about again now.”

*(To a Friend)*

### III

U.M.C.A., Second Sunday in Lent, Feb. 23, 1902.

“After leaving England, I got to Nyasa at the beginning of December, and since then I may safely say that for no one day have I been out of sight of this great Lake, in length 300 miles. But that does not mean I have been quartered during these ten weeks at one place, far from it; somebody made nasty remarks to me the other day about the habits of the rolling stone. If you would but squander twopence in providing yourself with a small map from 9 Dartmouth Street, Westminster, you would be better able to understand the vagaries of the past weeks. I spent some days first of all at the south end of the Lake, and from there took steamer for Likoma, the headquarters of the Mission. But on the way I was unexpectedly stopped at Kota Kota where a dear friend of mine, Folliott, who had preceded me from England by a few months, had just died. After twelve days there I had to go to Likoma, which I reached on the last Sunday in Advent, and so just in time to help in the Christmas services. It was a magnificent sight to see the vast congregation on Christmas morning. Christians and catechumens (who came into church for the first part of the service) must together have numbered about 700, and I was allowed to preach my first Chinyanja sermon to this big number of black folk all squatting on the ground. The choir alone sit on benches. That first Chinyanja sermon was, I need scarcely say, fully written out, but since then, I have summoned up courage to preach without writing. Doubtless it is rummy Chinyanja and hard ‘to be understood of the people,’ but I am really thankful to have got on even thus far. Since Christmas I have spent my time partly at Likoma and partly in journeying on foot from village to village of the mainland. A short while ago

I had a walk of ten days, during which time I saw no white man except for about half an hour, when our Mission steamer touched at the village where I was spending the day. Of course I went without any other missionary because I wanted to have no chance of talking English.

“ Most of the villages I visited are supplied with church, school, and house for any European passing through. The European’s house consists of two small rooms ; in the front one he sits and sleeps, and (for want of a table) has his meals spread on his bed. Here also he interviews the people of the village ; often the old chief will squat on the ground, and so pay his respects. Like the rest of the folk, his only clothing is generally a dirty bit of cloth, but you can generally pick him out as the chief, as, if he has little other clothing, he nearly always carries a stick.

“ The back room is given up to the baggage, the live fowls and the bit of dead goat, and is also the sleeping room of the two servants.”

The next letter finds Arthur at Likoma ; but its main interest is in his description of his first plunge into itinerating missionary work—his walk southwards on the mainland opposite Likoma, and his return to Utonga with the idea of taking temporary charge of the college for native teachers, S. Michael’s College, of which, later on, he became Principal.

(To a Sister)

#### VISIT TO SOME LAKE-SIDE STATIONS

Likoma, Lake Nyasa, Feb. 7, 1902.

“ . . . Now I will try to tell you a little about my doings during the past fortnight. It was arranged with very much approval that I should cross from Likoma to the mainland and do a little Lake-side village visiting *by myself*, that is, without the company of any other European. Of course I stipulated this, as I wanted to have no chance of talking English and to mix with the natives only. So Mr. Marsh and I crossed to the mainland in the *C.J.*, and slept together on the Monday night, and then he began a walk

northwards and I went southwards. Of course on all such journeying one needs a caravan, consisting of a cook and a boy who remain throughout, and carriers of baggage who are generally hired at each separate halting-place. I think I had about eight such beasts of burden; my cook was very good in most ways, although he would try to overfeed me; my boy was new to me—I had to surrender my former boy, Mattayo, in order that he might go to the college to be taught; my new boy I hope will do well. The Mission pays him four shillings a month, but if he continues well, he ought soon to receive five shillings. Of course also one has to carry money on a journey to pay for provisions, fire-wood, and carriers. In fact a part of the burden for which carriers are needed consists of the money which itself takes the form of cloth, salt, beads, and soap. All these different kinds of money are measured in terms of cloth—a fathom, a yard, a hand (half a yard). Thus for a chicken you pay one hand, but almost certainly the actual money paid is not half a yard of *cloth* but the equivalent price in soap or salt—a hand of soap being thus in reality about two inches, whilst a bar of soap (a foot in length) is two fathoms, and a yard of salt is a few cupfuls. Well, before starting on this journeying, Mr. Smith asked me whether I felt I could take charge of the college perhaps till Easter. Just think what this charge means. The college is on the mainland opposite Likoma, quite close to Utonga, marked in the map, and Likoma is in frequent communication with it, and can, if necessary be communicated with in two hours unless the Lake is exceedingly rough. But at the college the priest is the only European there. . . . Besides the supervision of the boys, the priest at present, for want of a layman or an exceedingly efficient native foreman, has to do all the serving of tables' part of college life—seeing to the daily provisioning and buying and selling. . . . Well, when Mr. Smith asked me to go to the college to take De La Pryme's place, I said I could not immediately, as I did not know the language. So it was settled that I should cross to the mainland and walk slowly through the villages southward, until (after about a fortnight) the *C.J.* should pick me up and carry

me down the Lake to Malindi on the oft-postponed steamer trip, and after that I should know better whether I could go to the college. Imagine then my surprise and amazement when a boy walked into my little resting-place at one of the villages and gave me a note from Mr. Smith, saying that the steamer had gone south already, and asking me to go straight back to the college. So I had to retrace my steps. In the next three days I walked (and it was mostly very rough walking) altogether about eleven hours, getting up before sunrise, so as to get the walk over before the greatest heat. I was very well on the journeying. So now the proposed plan is that next Monday I take up work at the college and Mr. De La Pryme will remain with me perhaps for a fortnight until I feel slightly more efficient. How is the Chinyanja progressing? People out here say pretty well—on the journeys I managed to give *very* short little addresses in church *without* having written it out beforehand. But I still find it very hard to understand the native, unless he speaks very slowly, which most of them cannot do. Perhaps I shall remain at the college till Easter and then perhaps Kota Kota — . . . I am most thankful for the missionary prayers at Worfield on S. Andrew's Day and the Saturday intercession at Salisbury. If possible tell those responsible for them. Such things are of value unknown to us because surpassing knowledge."

(To a Brother)

#### FIRST ATTACK OF FEVER

Steamship *C.J.*, Lake Nyasa, March 9, 1902.

"I think my last letters were sent to F. and A. That seems a long time ago and certainly much has happened since then. In the first place since then, and now, I have had the novel experience of feeling the common or garden fever. If I had been in England I should have called it the 'Flu'; the aches were very similar. I had been rather proud of having escaped the plague longer than most others of the new-comers, but pride comes before a fall;

however I am feeling very fit again now. In my last letter I told the astonishing news that I had been asked to take the immediate charge of the college until Easter, where about thirty of the young would-be teachers are in course of training. My first fever at Likoma delayed my crossing to the college (on the mainland five miles from Likoma) for a few days, and then when I had got over there with innumerable boxes, and was just beginning to realise the big responsibility of the post, and the difficulty (owing to the elementary condition of my Chinyanja) of controlling the many departments of the work, my plans were again changed for me, and it was arranged that instead of spending Lent at the college, I should help Mr. Smith, our senior priest out here at the present time, in working Lake-side villages from the steamer. So I and my boxes, which the boatmen were by this time getting to know by sight and weight, returned to Likoma to make preparations for getting on board the *C.J.* Perhaps it may amuse you to know the variety of duties which fall to the priest-in-charge (the only European at the college). First there are the students to be looked after, and with the help of two native teachers, to be taught the ordinary subjects of a most elementary English school. Then besides the oversight of the teaching and the daily services, the priest-in-charge has to look after the different servants of the establishment, dole out beads and salt, &c., to the men who go out by boat to buy food in the neighbouring villages (in bad seasons they may have to go twenty or thirty miles), and it is an education in itself to learn the native scale of prices. Then there is the oversight of the women who pound the corn, and beside all the multiplicity of other duties connected with the running of the college establishment the priest-in-charge is also responsible for two villages close by—thus having some parochial work to do, and being the only European in the neighbourhood he has constantly to act as arbitrator in native quarrels. So you see I was very thankful when I heard that after all I was to be relieved of these responsibilities, which are far too great for a newcomer. . . .

" *Monday*.—Since writing the above a night has passed. I spent the first part of it sleeping in my bedding on the deck table, but the wind and rain drove me below into the cabin which (already full up with the doctor and Mr. Smith) gave accommodation to myself and four of our servant boys. Instead of going right up to Likoma on the steamer, I have been put ashore this morning on the mainland, with the intention of celebrating the Holy Communion for the Christians here to-morrow. Then either to-morrow or the next day I expect to reach Likoma. I shall now probably stay about near Likoma till Holy Week, when it is arranged that I shall take the services at the college. After Easter it seems really probable that I shall get settled down at Kota Kota. I am very glad indeed to have had these months of knocking about and constant change, as it has given me an insight into all the branches of the Mission work, but I shall be quite ready for a more stable life when the time comes. I have also had the opportunity of getting to know our two native deacons. This is the village where one of them lives, and I spent some days last week at the village of the other; their names are Eustace and Augustine.

" Now good-bye. I hope the Christmas dance was a great success, but of course it was. Much love to M. and the Babe. I know what a heap of letter-writing you have so I will be generous and say I will not expect a long letter in reply to this.

" Please remember me to the masters.

" Please remember me most kindly to Thomas and Mrs. L. and tell Mrs. L. to give Charlie and Willie a lump of sugar each from me!"

The following is an extract from a letter written by one of the Mission staff :

" Douglas is in bed to-day with a touch of fever. He is the first patient in the new hospital. We have just all had tea with him—such a festive tea—the invalid in tiptop spirits. He will be up again to-morrow. He is such a

jolly old chap, everyone is fond of him, and he is just dead-set on his work. There is no chance of his going home next year unless other men volunteer."

In the letter which follows he describes his life at the college, and especially the first days of Holy Week there; then his Good Friday experiences at Mataka's when he went to take the Three Hours' service; and his Easter at Likoma. He is expecting soon to be established at Kota Kota but is most thankful for the experience he had already gained in other parts of the Mission.

(To a Brother)

Steamship *Chauncy Maples*, Lake Nyasa,  
Easter Monday, 1902.

"Here am I, sitting at one table whilst the doctor sits at the other in the 'saloon' of this very gorgeous new steamer, the *C.M.* . . . Well, I had what I ought to consider the great privilege of spending the first half of the Holy Week at the college. I got there on the preceding Thursday and remained there till Maundy Thursday. During nearly all this time the priest-in-charge (De La Pryme) was away, preparing the villages for their Easter Communion; so I was in charge of the college and was allowed to arrange the services as I thought best for the boys. It was really hard work, as I gave nine addresses to the boys in five days. This was our day's programme:

6.45.—Holy Eucharist and address.

8.30—10., 10.30—11.30—Boys in school.

11.30.—Mattins.

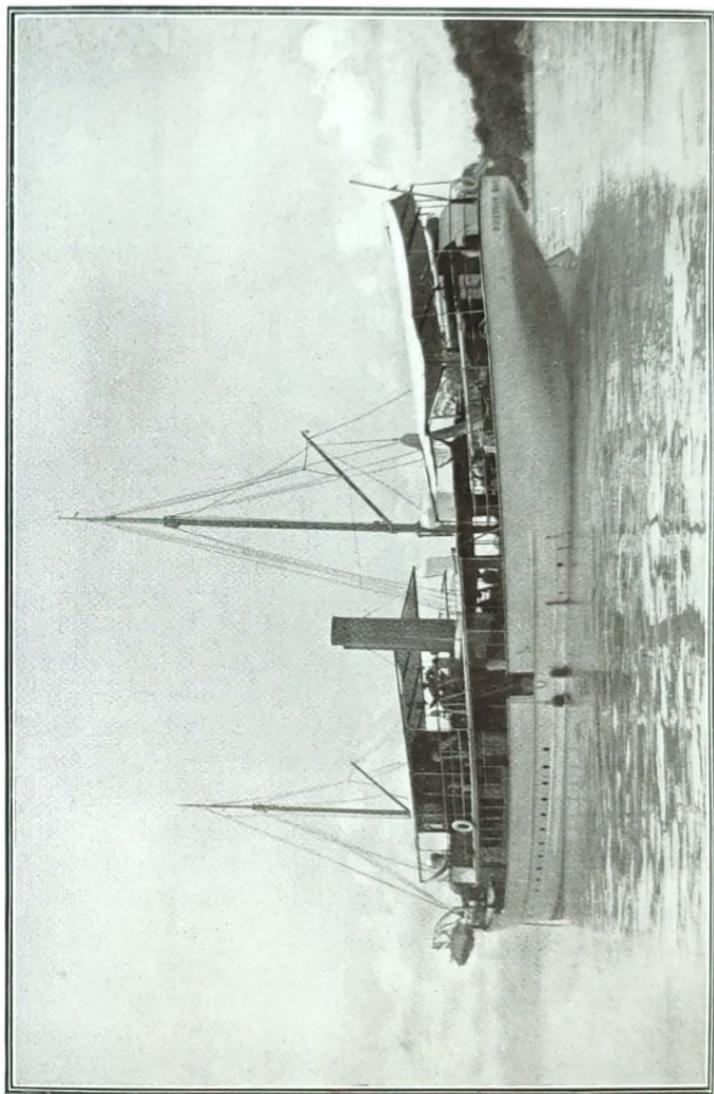
12.0.—Boys' food.

5.30.—Evensong.

6.15.—Boys' second meal.

8.0.—51st Psalm; address; Compline prayers. . . .

"The quiet of these days, when for a whole week I don't think I found time to walk further than from my house to the schoolroom, was a greater help to me in realising Holy Week than the journeying from village to village would have been, and (in case I forget to say so later) I have been



THE MISSION STEAMER "CHAUNCY MAPLES"

in splendid health. Certainly I feel considerably less tired at the end of this Lent than I used to feel at the end of Lent at Salwarpe. Then on the afternoon of Maundy Thursday a boat took me from the college to a village called Mataka's, where I was to be for Thursday night and the Three Hours' services. . . . I had already heard how wonderfully well Good Friday is always observed in this diocese, and I knew that at Likoma (a European station) silence was observed till after the Three Hours, but I was certainly not prepared for the blessed experience which was in store for me at this native village station. Besides the people of Mataka's, three other neighbouring villages (that is, the Christians and catechumens therein) came to that one centre, and thanks to the energetic folk of one of these other villages, my experience of a Nyasa Good Friday began at a very early hour. I was sleeping in the school with my door open on to the sand of the Lake shore, when I was woke up by the noise of many voices outside, and looking out I saw in the dim light many figures passing my door. I thought 'how early the people are about.' I got up, and on looking outside I found that all these figures were beginning to lie down, wrapping themselves up in their blankets, and then I saw that the light was not from the dawn but from the moon, which I think pointed to about three o'clock. So these were the folk from the village some miles off, who had made a midnight walk for it, and were now settling down to get some sleep. At about 5.30 the bell went round the village, calling people to Mattins, when the church looked very full, and I wondered where the people from the other two villages—who had not yet arrived—would find room at the later service. I suppose we were out of Mattins by 6.30, and from that time up to twelve o'clock, when the Three Hours' Service began, I heard *scarcely one word* spoken. The silence was intense and I was amazed. Of course nobody this year had told the people not to talk; it has simply become a custom. The majority of the people sat about singly, perhaps a couple of yards from each other; others sat in groups, but without a word spoken; some stayed in church,

and many of the boys who can read were reading their Bibles and Prayer-books. The native has a vast capacity both for talking and sleeping ; as they denied themselves the first, it is scarcely to be wondered at that very many had a sleep during the long time of waiting. Before noon the people from the other villages arrived, but these also appeared to walk in absolute silence one behind the other. And then at last on the first stroke of the twelve o'clock bell, all the people got up and walked into the church, which was of course crowded, every available spot being occupied, even up to and round about the altar. Of course you know that there are no *seats*, my small travelling chair being the only one. After the Three Hours' service the boat took me over to Likoma. Then came two most delightful days—Easter Eve and Easter Day—at Likoma, not less delightful because free from all preaching. Half the Christians on the island communicated on Easter Day and half to-day (Easter Monday). Glossop officiated at Saturday Evensong and was celebrant to-day ; I was celebrant at the splendid Easter Day service, and also officiated at the Evensong. . . . The *C.M.* left Likoma with me on board, and I shall spend the next few days on the mainland, where the people have not yet received their Easter Communion. Mr. Smith and Marsh are also somewhere about. On the steamer's return from Kota, probably Wednesday, it will pick me up again, and by the end of the week I expect to look in again at Likoma, and then *at last* I really believe I shall be off to Kota to stay ; so that I shall be surprised if this day three weeks doesn't see me fixed up in *my* station. The plan is for the *C.M.* to drop me at Kota (where Stokes is now in charge) on her way down to the south end of the Lake. There she hopes to find the new bishop and those who are coming out with him. On their way up to Likoma they will put in at Kota to consecrate the church, to hold a confirmation, and, I expect, to take Mr. Stokes away, so that I shall be left in charge. Stokes will come on with the party to Likoma and witness the double event of the bishop's enthronement and the dedication of the *C.M.*, and then it is high time

for him to go to England. I am most deeply thankful that instead of being planted down at Kota on my first arrival at the Lake, I have had these months of sight-seeing and (I hope) of gaining experience in other parts of the Mission. . . .

“I have just had a deputation of some of the boys on the steamer (*i.e.* at about 11.15 P.M.) to know why Adam was turned out of the garden.”

(To a Sister)

#### ARRIVAL OF BISHOP TROWER

C.M., Lake Nyasa. About an hour's run to Mponda's,  
April 15, 1902.

“The above address is I hope sufficient to tell you that I am writing on the *Chauncy Maples* which has almost reached her anchorage at the south end of the Lake. To-day she has done her longest run under the supervision of engineers Young and Swinnerton. This morning at six o'clock I went ashore and celebrated the Eucharist at one of our smaller Mission stations and was aboard again by about 7.30, since which time we have been going right away down and shall be in before sunset. When I last wrote home I certainly did not expect to be brought into this neighbourhood so soon, but since that letter to G. a very interesting event has unexpectedly changed my plans, though I hope only for the space of a week. I believe I told G. about my most happy Easter at Likoma, so I must continue from Easter Monday. On that day I and some more walked from the chief Mission station at Likoma to the other European station which Mr. Smith looks after. There was a large adult baptism and we went over to witness it. Since then I have myself officiated at a similar function, so I will tell you what *I* did and not what Mr. Smith did. Having spent the best part of two days examining the candidates (some of whom I accepted, while other poor things I rejected) and in further preparation, I baptised about sixteen during Evensong. We had Evensong and the first part of the baptismal service in church, and

then, before the moment of the actual baptisms, we walked in procession, singing hymns, down to the Lake. There I sat in a native canoe, and the candidates came into the water to me one by one. After each one had been baptised we reformed in procession to the church, and then at the door of the church I read the formula of admission into the congregation, signing each one with the sign of the Cross, and so one by one they passed into the church through the western portion where the catechumens sit, and for the first time took their places among the Christians. That will give you an idea of an adult baptism out here. Often at the moment of admission into the church, each of the newly baptised is given a lighted candle to remind him he is now a child of light; but I feared that the native teacher might not do his part properly, and that confusion would be the result, so I dispensed with the candles.

“ It was on Easter Tuesday that the little *C.J.* dropped me on the mainland for the purpose of these baptisms, and I was by myself on the mainland until Saturday, one day doing a stiff hill walk for the celebration of a Eucharist. Alas! I would have enjoyed these days much better had it not been for the very many animalculæ. In previous journeys I have sometimes wondered why I did not meet more of them, but here they were in real earnest, and I blessed my boy who had most stupidly forgotten to put my big deck chair on the steamer with a view to its being taken to Kota Kota with the rest of my baggage. As he forgot to put it there, I had it with me on the mainland, and (though not itself entirely innocuous) it made a most welcome shelter from bedclothes. Here is my dream on one such night! I had waked up in bed, and for obvious reasons lighted a candle, with the help of which I engaged in a magnificent hunt with great results. When the hunt was over, I retired to my armchair for the rest of the night. I dreamt that I was entertaining Mr. Ames, Master of the Foxhounds! So much for occasional discomforts, which however, as I remarked before, are extraordinarily rare. Do you remember my telling you about the row between the natives and the Portuguese who are in occupation of

the east side of the Lake? Well, for many weeks nothing has occurred, although there have often been rumours that the Portuguese were going to start on a punitive expedition. But during these last days of mine on the mainland an expedition really took place, and the Portuguese have burnt three of the villages where we have Mission stations, although of course no resident European missionary. Some Mission buildings have, I believe, been burnt with the rest of the huts, whilst in one village, at least, our church and European huts seem to have been purposely saved. A number of natives passed through the village where I was quartered, armed with antique guns, assegais, and bows, and making a great to do; of course they said they were going to fight, but they are not a fighting people, and they all returned in the evening without striking a blow or firing a shot. We do not know whether 'the war' is at an end, or whether the Portuguese mean to take further steps. The steamer *C.M.* was to have picked me up on Friday, but owing to the war, I was not very much surprised that she did not arrive at my village. I was however dismayed to see her on Saturday (on coming out of Mattins) gaily steaming past me down the Lake, and though I waved my surplice in one hand, and white umbrella in the other, she was too far from the shore to notice. I instantly sent off a messenger to the nearest European station (the College) to ask if Mr. De La Pryme, who is in charge there, knew what the steamer was up to, but before getting his reply, the steamer to my great joy re-appeared. The fact was they had forgotten what village I was at. When I got on board I was greeted with the news that we were going to cross the Lake to Kota Kota that same day. The plan was that I should be dropped at Kota for good, and that after spending Sunday at Kota the *C.M.* should go down the Lake with Mr. Smith (deputy Bishop), the doctor and others on board to meet our new Bishop at Mponda's and bring him up in state. But who ever heard of any plan on Lake Nyasa reaching its expected conclusion? And Sunday last was no exception to the universal law of change, for as the doctor and Young and myself were rowing ashore

in time for the Eucharist in Kota church, we spied another steamer in the harbour, which to our immense surprise turned out to be the *C.J.* The *C.J.* according to all calculations should have been at the north end of the Lake, where she had gone for purposes of repair. What could she be doing in Kota harbour? She could not have broken down, for if so she would have found anchorage on the other side of the Lake; and then our heart almost leapt into our mouth as the thought suggested itself, Can she have had the cheek to bring up the Bishop and should we find him already at Kota? All doubt would be at an end when we once could see the Mission buildings, for the Bishop's special flag would certainly be flying. At last we sighted the Mission and there sure enough was the white flag with the red central cross which only flies where the Bishop is staying.

“ We had only reached Kota on Saturday in the dusk, so the Mission people had not seen the steamer, but amidst the natural excitement of the Bishop's arrival it was very nice to find the hearty welcome which a number of the Mission boys gave me, knowing that I was to be Mr. Stokes' successor, their priest. Mr. S. was in bed seedy. He had only managed to get up to welcome the Bishop. After seeing Stokes I went to the Bishop's room, where I found him in the middle of his toilet! Owing to Stokes' seediness the Bishop had said he would be the celebrant at the Sunday Eucharist. It would have been his first time of officiating in Chinyanja, and I think he was glad that I should take his place. Thus I gave the Bishop the Blessed Sacrament on his first Sunday in his diocese. Well it was delightful to see him. All through the day he was so genial and kind to me, and I had a good deal of talk with him, certainly more than I could have expected, considering how many new European members of his flock were there, with all of whom, especially with Mr. Smith, he wished to speak. At the end of the day the chief impression left on the minds of us all was that our new Bishop means to rule with a strong hand, and for that, I, and I believe all of us, are devoutly thankful. It was intended that he should wait

at Mponda's until the *C.M.* arrived in all her glory, instead of which up the Bishop comes on his own hook in the little *C.J.* which had not a single European missionary on board, and on Monday up he went still further to Likoma, probably getting there late on Monday night or early on Tuesday. Imagine the dismay of the poor people of Likoma, of course not a sign of bunting or other festivity visible! Such is the story of the event to which we have been looking forward for months, and I am sincerely thankful for the somewhat unique start which the Bishop has made. As in all dioceses which are without a bishop, there have been too many semi-chiefs and too many fingers in the organisation pie. As the Bishop decided to go to Likoma on the *C.J.* Mr. Smith and Suter transhipped from the *C.M.* to join him, and I, instead of staying at Kota, took Mr. Smith's place as priest on the *C.M.* However, this is to be a very quick trip and I expect to be back and settling at Kota by Saturday, April 19. I cannot be too thankful for the splendid insight into all parts of the Mission work which I have been allowed during this first four months, but I shall, of course, be glad to get to my own station. Probably the Bishop will pay a visit to Kota and consecrate the church, and hold a confirmation in about a month's time, after which I think Mr. Stokes will go and I shall be priest-in-charge. I have finished writing my letter in the very room at Mponda's station where I wrote to you more than a third of a year ago. I get the *Graphic* with the rest of my mail."

By May he had reached Kota Kota and on Mr. Stokes' departure he became priest-in-charge of that station, where he was to remain for a good year and a half, till he was ordered home.

The next letters describe his life there and speak for themselves.

I have only ventured to indicate the chief topic in each of them.

## SETTLED AT KOTA KOTA

Mission, Kota Kota, 3rd Sunday after Easter, 1902.

“ Now that I am at last fixed up at Kota, I fully expect to have more frequent opportunities of sending news home for all the steamers call at Kota. The steamer, with Philip Young at the engines, made a very speedy trip, and we entered Kota harbour on last Friday night. That was a good day's work for the *C.M.* We had anchored on Thursday evening at a village where I intended to have the Eucharist on shore on Friday morning ; but finding there were no confirmed Christians there except two teachers and a wife, I told them to be on board by 5.30, and we had our service in the beautiful chapel of the steamer. This facilitated an early departure, and we were off before seven o'clock and steamed steadily for eighty-four miles to Kota. By-the-bye, steamer 'shop' reminds me that this week we hope to have an addition to our staff of two Brixham trawlers. Isn't that splendid ? Some years ago there was a Brixham trawler in the Mission who did magnificent work. Of course you understand that they and all mechanics join the Mission on exactly the same terms as the rest, *i.e.* board and lodging, and if required £20 a year.

“ Well I am most truly thankful for my first four months' experience in the Mission. I doubt whether any member of the Mission has had a more varied experience in his first few months than I have had ; and now at Kota which has the reputation of being rather cut off from the rest of the Mission (barring the steamers' visits) I am able to picture and to enter into the life of the brethren at Likoma and on the opposite mainland. But I am glad that the time has come for settling down. There is a great deal for me to learn here from Mr. Stokes before he leaves here. He expects to stay here until after the consecration of the church and a Confirmation, *i.e.* I expect we shall be together for about a month.

“ Here is a list of my Church doings to-day :

7 A.M.—Celebrated at the sung Eucharist—Stokes preached.

9.30.—Said Mattins.

10.45.—Preached to the 'hearers' in school.

2.—Walked to an out village and preached same discourse to 'hearers.'

5.30.—Sung Evensong.

"I had never preached to 'hearers' before and I liked it. After hearing for two years they may become 'catechumens' and after another two years they may be ready for baptism."

### THE MARRIAGE QUESTION

Kota Kota, June 10, 1902.

". . . By the departure of Mr. Stokes and Miss Jameson, we three new-comers, viz. Miss Minter, Miss Mann, and the new priest-in-charge plus Miss Newton were left alone in our glory. The two new ladies were very busy getting into their proper rooms after they had been most properly cleansed (according to Dr. Howard's telegraphed injunctions) from Mr. Stokes' small-pox. That reminds me to say I have been revaccinated. . . . Our quartette had only had two days in which to quarrel before the dear doctor himself arrived. He has come to build a European's hospital, native hospital, and dispensary. There is also the church at Kasamba to be rebuilt and a school at Sani. Kasamba is four miles off and Sani eight. The European hospital will be stone, the other buildings mostly bamboo. We have already about forty workmen on the place and I have ordered a hundred more. That sounds a big order; fortunately they are not paid more than three shillings each per month. Their first month's pay goes to discharge their hut-tax, which is three shillings, if they can show that they have worked for a European—otherwise six shillings. To-day the men have been fetching stones and making a tremendous noise over the job. I think the stone is about a mile away (perhaps less), and as they carry it to the Mission, each with his bit of stone on his head, they all sing and shriek in a way that makes me pity the poor teachers in our school. . . .

Now I must tell you about last Sunday. It had been originally planned for the Bishop to come to Kota with the doctor, but there was a delay in our own steamers, and the doctor came alone by a steamer of the African Lakes' Company. We did not know then whether the *C.M.* would come to Kota at all on her journey north, or whether we should have to wait three weeks for the Bishop's coming. However, I was going into church on Saturday afternoon when Miss Minter said, 'The *C.M.* is in sight and they have just hoisted the Bishop's flag.' And sure enough on coming out of Evensong I was met by the cheering sight of Philip Young. After a hurried dinner I walked to the Lake and took the boat to the steamer. There was a splendid company of Europeans on board this trip—the Bishop, the Archdeacon, Marsh, De La Pryme, Young, and the two new Brixham laos, Partridge and Brimecombe. Hence, with our own five, we were a party of eleven or twelve for all meals at the Mission on Sunday, so our house-keeper Miss Minter had a hard time, and especially hard because both the boy-cook and the lady who washes up were confirmed on that day! The Confirmation was to have been held some weeks ago, but was put off. I knew that the Bishop would hold it on his return this time, so that I had the candidates in a certain amount of readiness. But thinking it improbable that the Bishop would be here for another three weeks, I had rather a hard job to collect the candidates and prepare them for three o'clock that afternoon. Four males were confirmed and seven females. Alas! bright days are liable to have some dark cloud, and I was terribly distressed to hear that one of these girls had not slept in her dormitory that very night of her Confirmation, and we found next day that she had gone off with the man to whom she was engaged to be married. The marriage question is of course an immense difficulty out here. It may interest some of you at home to know the course I took in this particular case. The man was a catechumen, the girl of course a Christian (one of the only two unmarried Christian girls at Kota). On the next day I called them both to my room and first made sure that



GIRLS DRILLING OUTSIDE CHURCH, KOTA KOTA

they had not been properly married even according to heathen ritual. Finding out that in this particular case nothing had been properly done, I sent for the two sureties, the man's and the woman's (whose consent to the marriage is all-important). They arrived, and there they all sat in my room—the two sureties, the girl's mother, the girl and her would-be husband and my head teacher to interpret when necessary. The end of it was that I made the sureties promise that the marriage ceremonies should be properly carried out, and until then that the girl should sleep at her mother's house. Well, that is only one instance of many such difficulties and grievous disappointments, to brave which we have constantly to remember who these people are for whom we are working. The whole idea of relationship out here is very puzzling.

“Good-bye. I have been very well in body since my arrival here.”

*(To a Sister)*

ILLNESS OF ARCHDEACON JOHNSON—RETREAT AT  
LIKOMA

Kota Kota, July 22, 1902.

“Oh how odd it is to think that when you get this letter a whole year, bar perhaps a fortnight, will have passed since the good-byes were said on October 8. My letters will at least have told you one thing, that this year has been to me brimful of happiness, or if we cannot say brimful when, in addition to one's own sinfulness, those one is learning to love out here are also full of sin, at least, it has been happy far beyond what one had any right to expect. So much for moralisation.

“Poor dear things! I am so glad to hear that at last you have had another letter from me! What can the mail have been doing! to allow K. to write ‘five weeks to-morrow since your last.’ I hope you will never again have to go so long unfed. At Kota I should have the chance of sending a letter at least once a fortnight. It must, however, be more than a fortnight since I sent off a

letter to Will, for I feel sure that I did not mention to him the serious illness of the dear Archdeacon. Since his return to the Lake in Eastertide he has been very active and for *him* very well, but last Sunday fortnight we were dismayed by the sudden appearance of Philip Young on the ladies' verandah where we were at tea. He said that the *C.M.* had brought over the Archdeacon very ill indeed, and that the doctor and nurse must go instantly on board. It seems that on the Saturday night the Archdeacon had gone ashore alone at one of our east Lake-side stations in order to celebrate the Eucharist the next morning; that the steamer stopped about eight miles off at another station where Mr Marsh took the Sunday service. The Archdeacon had gone off in capital spirits and full of chaff. He had arranged to walk to the steamer on Sunday, but on the Saturday night he must have been taken suddenly and violently ill. On Sunday morning he sent a message to Young, who, of course, brought the *C.M.* They found the Archdeacon utterly prostrate and scarcely able to speak, and in that condition he arrived at Kota on the same afternoon. The doctor afterwards pronounced his illness to be dysentery. His recovery has been slower than the doctor had hoped, but I believe he will be well enough to begin his work again in another week. But he has not been nursed here during all these three weeks. He was here for a week, and then the *C.M.* returned here to take Miss Minter, the doctor and myself to Likoma for a two days' retreat, followed by an informal conference. The *C.M.*, especially when at anchor, is a very good place for nursing a patient. There is a sick cabin on the top deck, and there during our stay at Likoma the Archdeacon was nursed.

“Poor Miss Minter! She had been so looking forward to the quiet of a retreat, but as you may suppose there was no retreat for her. The *C.M.* before it called for the Kota Kota contingent had already picked up Mr. Philipps and Mr. Davies from Mponda's and Malindi, and before we reached Likoma we had on board besides these two, the Archdeacon, Marsh, De La Pryme, Fitzgerald, and myself (priests), our two native deacons, Augustine and Eustace,

also, of course, Philip Young and Partridge who run the ship, and Miss Minter. Altogether we were about twenty in retreat, including our one native priest, Yohana Abdallah. The only three who could not come to Likoma were Mr. Ladbury, who had to stay to look after a store at Mponda's, and my other two ladies, Miss Mann and Miss Newton. I was so sorry that these latter two could not go, but I dared not leave this station in its present critical condition without any Europeans. The boys are in the middle of coming back to school, and the numbers in the dormitory are about double what they were about two months ago. There are now about fifty boys sleeping in the dormitory, but this means that things are in a very unsettled state. So, also, the girls, few in number, are up to any amount of mischief if Miss Newton is not with them—our native teacher (female) seems to have no influence with them; and then in addition to this business of looking after our own Mission people, the doctor did not like to leave his large number of workmen unless there was at least a lady left, who, by sitting on her verandah, might exert a soothing influence on these 150 vagabonds. As a matter of fact most of these workmen were sent out into the country to cut timber while we were away. It takes forty men five days to go out and cut and bring back one small tree. Well, of course, it was delightful to see Likoma again, and then on Saturday we left Likoma, and I got up to Kota Mission station just on midnight. It seems my fate to arrive under somewhat difficult circumstances. You may remember that my previous arrival was late in the evening when I had to house a lot of women for the night and stuffed them all into the girls' dormitory. This time I arrived up at the Mission at midnight with a lot of men (workmen for the doctor), and some wives. Well, I stuffed all the women into an empty house, and all the men into another, and told them they could sort out their own wives next day. Altogether we have about fifteen native houses on the Mission ground. I mustn't forget to pay the tax on them—three shillings per house per annum.

“ I did one very good stroke of business at Likoma by

procuring a good native foreman to come back here with me and superintend the rebuilding of Kasamba Church. And to-day I and the doctor walked over to Kasamba to arrange the work. I hope everything will go smoothly. The church will be the same size as the old one whose roof has fallen in—about 55 feet long by 18 feet wide. As we shall be able to use a good deal of old material, the doctor says the new church ought not to cost more than £5. Of course, it is not stone or brick, but walls of wooden poles with bamboos and reeds all covered with mud outside and in, and the roof is grass. To-morrow I intend to go by machila to Sani to look at the new school which is nearly finished. To-morrow I am sorry to say is to-day, so the clock tells me—so a late good-night. Don't think that I often sit up to this hour."

The following letter was written to one who had been a boy in the school at Salwarpe, and who is now a teacher. It illustrates how keenly Arthur kept up his interest in his old parish, and it gives a good picture of the boys' life at Kota Kota.

Kota Kota, Lake Nyasa, August 12, 1902.

"MY DEAR A.,

"You are beginning to think that I am never going to answer your very jolly letter; but *don't* think so. I will always answer the letters from Salwarpe children and I was *very* much pleased to get yours.

"Now I will tell you what I am doing at the present moment. I am sitting in my house, but my house is one room; really it is the class-room of the school, and in school hours I can hear a great deal of ABC. Pinned to the wall there is a photograph, taken by Mr. Edward Douglas, of the Salwarpe cricket-field, church, rectory and big elm-tree. In one corner is my bed hung round with netting to keep out the mosquitoes. I am as fond of my mosquito net as my grandmother was of her hot water-bottle. Inside my mosquito net I can defy all bats and rats and lesser beasts which may happen to live with me. But, as a matter of fact, my room is remarkably free from such creatures.

“ If you looked into my room in the evening, you would very often find some of my new black children, whom I am getting to love very much indeed. They have wool on their top ; but really they like to shave off *all* their hair and have perfectly bald heads. By good luck I brought out an old razor with me, and this I lend out to the boys to shave their tops with. I am very glad that it is the fashion to wear either no hair or hair only a quarter of an inch long, as it keeps their heads nice and clean. They have bare toes, but please don't think that they cover the rest of their bodies with shirt, waistcoat, tie, coat, collar, knickerbockers and braces ; their only bit of clothing very often is a small cloth tied round their waist ; if they are in luck's way they also cover their bodies with a thin vest. It is quite easy to tell whether a boy has washed himself in the morning. If he has, his skin is a beautiful shiny black ; if he has not, his skin is a nasty dull colour. In most of the villages on Lake Nyasa the boys love to bathe, and from early childhood they swim like fishes ; but I am sorry to say that my Kota Kota boys are not so fond of a lake bath, and the reason is that there are a great many crocodiles in the water at this place. You will be surprised to hear that *my* bath water is brought from a spring two miles away ; it is a *boiling-hot* spring, and even when it has been carried these two miles and poured into my bath, the water is too hot for me to get in, without adding some cold.

“ Since beginning my letter to you, I have got rid of my eight kids on the floor. They have gone to bed and so have another forty. About fifty Mission boys sleep in a large room in the Mission ground. At a quarter past eight in the evening one boy rings a bell all round the village to call the others to bed ; then at nine o'clock we all say prayers together and then they lie down on their sleeping-mats, and if they don't stop talking jolly quick, I pounce in on them and address them in my most impolite Chinyanja. The offender sometimes betrays himself by starting an extra-special loud *snore* when he hears me come in ! Then in the morning the church bell rings at half-past six and all the boys are expected to come to church. At eight o'clock

another bell goes round the village to call the children to school. We have about eighty boys on the register and twenty girls, but many of them are very irregular and they have no idea of punctuality. After the first hour's school, one of the boys or pupil teachers goes again round the village to bring in stragglers. The other day when heaps of boys were late, I went through the village in search of offenders, and I made a pretty good haul. Thanks to a very good lady teacher we have at Kota Kota, the numbers in the school have increased well during the last two months.

"Remember me to everybody at school and especially to the choir boys. I was so pleased to hear that Mr. G. thought the choir boys behaved well. Also remember me kindly to your uncle and aunt.

"Do you ever see or write to Willie Brooks ?

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"A. J. DOUGLAS."

*(To a Brother)*

#### MACHILA TRAVELLING—TROUBLES AT KASAMBA

Kota Kota, Sept. 4, 1902.

". . . Alack ! I have let a mail go by without sending anything home. It was not altogether my fault, as I had to go and get the firewood. Our firewood is bought at Lozi (where we have an out-station) ten miles off. Douglas of the African Lakes Company store sends his barge to fetch it, Lozi being on the Lake ; but his barge being otherwise occupied, we have been approaching a firewood famine for the last month. At last Grindlach of the German store said his boats should fetch it, so off they went, but only to return with the news that some beastly steamer had been and gone and bagged all our poor little lot of Mission firewood. Their plea was that they wanted firewood, and it was the only *dry* wood they could find. So the next day off I trotted in my machila to Lozi, and being determined that there should not be firewood famine for some months to come, I ruined the Mission by buying about forty-five

cubic yards. So now Miss Minter, our housekeeper, and the boy cook smile on me once more.

“Machila travelling is a terrible snare and delusion. In the days of my greenhood I used to think that with twenty miles of road before me I should do a nice long read and prepare sermons, but, as I have remarked before, those were the days of my greenhood, and now, though I still go through the form of stocking my machila with many books, I know quite well that within the first half-hour I shall be slumbering peaceably, only waking for the moment when the machila gives me an extra and special jar. For a ten miles' journey each way, that is, when I go to Sani or Lozi, I take about ten men; they take it in turn by pairs to carry the machila and they run or shuffle along at a fast walk, and if they are up-to-date machila carriers, they shriek and yell, and the two carriers play a dialogue, something after this sort—Front man to back, 'Are you there?' Back man grunts. Back man to front, 'Are you there?' Front grunts. Back grunts, front grunts, back shrieks, front shrieks—then together, 'Oh Mother, Mother, Mother!' (*this*, if the occupant of machila is especially heavy). Then all sing a machila song with chorus (generally very pretty), or one man extemporizes, his theme generally being the unfortunate bwana whose European ears can catch next to nothing of the praise or blame bestowed upon him; then comes the finale—'Prize mine, prize mine; salt mine, salt mine'; and so home is reached, and they are not in the least astonished to learn that neither is salt nor any other prize forthcoming. We are comparatively quiet on the station now, as it is holidays, and a great many of the dormitory boys have gone away to visit their relations. It is rather a blessed relief, as it gives me time to do other things. Notably I am trying to get a Chinyanja lesson most days from our head teacher James. I have thus been able to refresh my memory of 'Androcles and the Lion.' The holidays are also especially acceptable, as I have had lately more than the usual number of disagreeables to settle up. This is the sort of thing:—Letter from the teacher at Kasamba to say that only four

boys out of twenty-four have come to school. I send back word that I will come to Kasamba next day and shall expect to find all the boys in school. I go to Kasamba—find only about half the school present. I send word to the other boys in the village that if they don't come in double quick time I shall take away their crosses—that is, depose them from being catechumens. In an astonishingly few minutes the boys appear, and then we sit round in solemn conclave and discuss the case. Why had they not turned up at school? Because they had been late in coming up to the Mission dormitory at bed-time, and teacher had hit them. Then it was my turn to pass judgment, which was to the effect that the teacher had probably done right to whack them, but that for the future, as I go to Kasamba every week, the teacher can bring any case before me, and I would do the whacking if necessary. Did they think that my words were good? Oh yes, it was passed *nem. con.* that my words were very good indeed. So we parted; but two days later I returned to Kasamba. A full attendance of boys at school: I told them how pleased I was. But, alack! when they had all dispersed, the teacher told me that on the previous night a dozen of them had joined in one of the bad village dances, and they had only returned about midnight. It is a very serious offence, but, alas! at Kota a very common offence, for our Christians and catechumens to take part in the dances, which are essentially evil. So what must I do but call all these young offenders together again, and there and then give them the whacking which two days before they had agreed I should give them if I thought it necessary. I believe it has done them good, and they know that I dislike corporal punishment as much as they do, and that is saying a good deal. Thefts have also been dreadfully numerous lately, and I have lately saved two of our Christian boys from prison, by promising their masters I would give them a very big thrashing. Three other of our boys are in prison for the same offence, and I was rather disgusted to find one of them playing football with his hand-cuffs on against our boys, when the head of the prison asked our boys to go up and play at his house.

And the worst of it was that the offender didn't seem in the least ashamed of being seen. Then there is another class of boy who has no idea of keeping a promise. I especially have in mind one young villain (we will call him John). Over and over and over again he shirks church or school, or he goes off for a few days' tour without leave. When it pleases him he returns, and I see him in the playground and call him into my house. 'Well, so you've offended again.' Yes, he has offended again. 'But don't you remember I told you you were to ask leave if you wanted to go away?' He replies, 'I forgot.' 'Oh now, you know you didn't really forget.' Yes, he allows he didn't *really* forget. 'So you've offended very badly.' Yes, he allows he has offended *very* badly. 'Well, do you mean to live well now?' Oh yes, he certainly means to live well now. 'And you mean to come to church and sleep in the Mission and not to go away without leave?' Certainly, he will come to church and sleep in the Mission and never go away again without leave. And so, I go to bed and think that John is after all a cherub. Alas! in the morning where is John? Not in church, not in school, and when I go to ask his mother, she tells me that the cherub has gone to fish far, far away. 'Well, will he come back to-day?' Oh yes, he will come back to-day and sleep at the Mission. But alas! again in calling over the boys' names in the dormitory to-night, I have called John in vain! . . . I have talked so much about the boys that I have almost forgotten to say there has been a sudden and remarkable increase in the number of girls who have been coming to school. I have been wondering whether this increase can have been due partly to prayers offered at home for this object, or whether my letter telling of this sad want of girls has not yet reached you. . . .

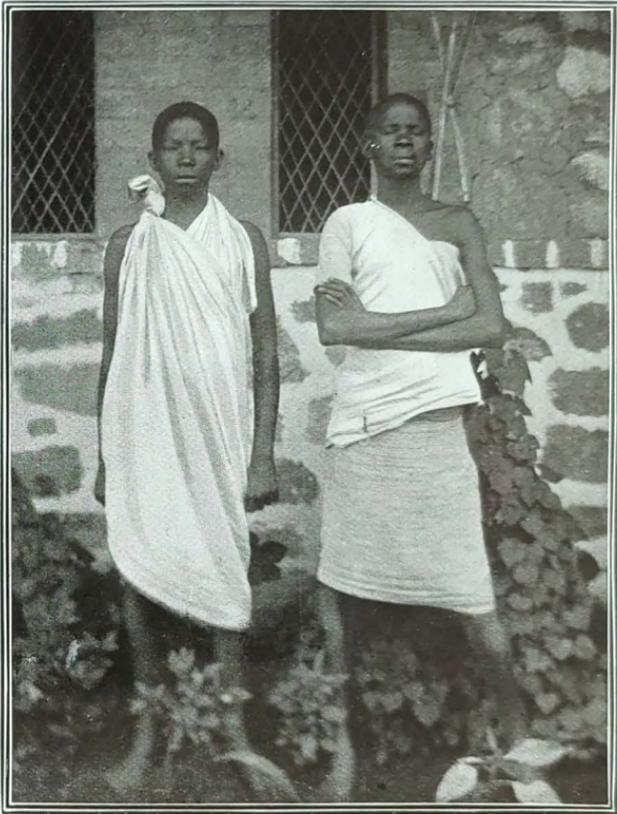
"*I want* (a) Common small fish-hooks, 300; (b) Parlour games which the boys can play in the schoolroom in the evening instead of their stopping in the village, *e.g.* picture cards, fish ponds, &c. You may spend about £2 on these games, as I can then let them out gradually. Perhaps fifty or seventy boys may want to be amused."

(To a Sister)

THE CATECHUMENATE—DEDICATION OF HOSPITAL AT  
KOTA KOTA

Kota Kota, Oct. 13, 1902.

“ I am beginning this, which must be my birthday letter to you, in the boys’ schoolroom, which (inasmuch as it is not the time to ‘ read ’ but to play) might for the nonce be more appropriately called the boys’ *club*-room. It is a new experiment which we are making in the hope of drawing the boys to spend their evenings in the Mission instead of the village at the village dances, which at Kota are of the worst possible type. Up to this week Miss Mann and I have allowed the boys to look at pictures and to play in our own rooms, and I have sometimes had more than twenty squatting on my floor. But now we are experimenting with the schoolroom, and Miss Mann and myself take it in turns to be responsible. Miss Newton meanwhile looks after the girls. Just now we never get tired of playing ‘ Up Jenkins,’ that gentleman being generally invoked as ‘ Up Jenkiss,’ or, in the most exciting crises, as ‘ Up Binks.’ We also play ‘ Tiddlywinks ’ and ‘ Snap,’ and we piece together a puzzle chart of English sovereigns from William I to our late gracious Majesty. But I already begin to wish that the letter I wrote last mail asking for more games had been written six months ago. These happy *conversazioni* certainly have a taming influence on the youths of Kota. By-the-bye, I quite forgot to say that I want large wall pictures (probably sacred), such as I can either hang up in the school or trot out on Sunday evenings for the boys’ benefit. You might send some of the cartoons which I got for Salwarpe, published by the Sunday School Society, and there are several other very good publications of sacred pictures. I wonder whether you could send out fifteen or twenty of such pictures on canvas. Perhaps there is also a good set of smaller pictures hung on a rod, calendar like, one behind another. Anyhow I want *pictures*. . . . Now I must tell you about last Saturday. It was a great



KOTA KOTA SCHOOL-BOYS

day for our Sani Mission station, for I arranged to give the Cross to (*i.e.* admit to the catechumenate) the first batch of Sani hearers. There were twenty-seven candidates, seventeen males and ten of the inferiors. All but two of the males go to school, but of these fifteen several are married and many of them are hobbledehoys. Some of the Kota Kota boys asked leave to go with me and of course I let them, telling them to get their Saturday morning work finished as quickly as they could. The Saturday morning work consists in sweeping and dusting the station.

“Only catechumens and Christians may enter the church, so whilst the others sweep the rest of the station, the catechumens do the church, and the Christians polish the altar ornaments. One small Christian was so exceedingly zealous, that I found him seizing on the altar cross before we had begun our English Eucharist. Being Saturday, a non-school day, Miss Mann was able to accompany me to Sani. We got into our machilas at 8.30, and off we went on our two hours' ride. Between us I suppose we had twenty carriers. We had not gone many yards before my back-carrier let me down with a big bang on my head. It might have seriously incapacitated me, but I managed to blow the man up and my headache away all in the same breath. I was further comforted in the evening by learning from Miss Mann that *she* had been dropped on the way home, and no wonder, for on the return journey our men were in uproarious spirits, each machila team trying to rush in front of the other and take the lead on the narrow footpath, and then racing abreast down precipitous hills when the road widened out. Altogether our day at Sani was a very happy one. At first I was afraid that I should not be able to give the Cross to some of the old women candidates, as they did not say their prayers to me well; in fact I told them they must wait; and then I told the teacher to take them in hand whilst I went out of the room. On my return there was so much improvement that my heart relented and they received admittance with the rest. But I told the teacher he must never let a lesson

go by without making them repeat their prayer. How strange it must be to these *old* people to kneel down and pray. It is not as if they had even been idol-worshippers previously. You would have been impressed by the service of admittance to the catechumenate—not perhaps by the building which is our newly erected mud and reed school-room, but by the perfect quiet and reverence of the candidates, especially the boys. It made one's heart very thankful to see how earnestly each knelt and received his cross as I passed from one to another and placed the string with the cross attached round his neck. Their teacher assures me that the Sani Mission boys do not go in for the evil village dancing. Alas! that could not be said of all our Kota Kota and Kasamba Mission people. The regular punishment for a Christian who commits this sin is to sit among the catechumens for a month. At this moment at Kasamba, out of about twenty Christian boys, eleven are undergoing this penance. Isn't that terribly sad? To keep oneself from over-distress, one has constantly to recollect the others who, in spite of the many past years when they lived the ordinary village life *ad. lib.*, and the constant temptation to relapse in the present, are yet trying to be really good Christians. I should like to keep my letter open till to-morrow, as we are hoping to have an important function—the dedication of our hospital buildings. From the date at the head of this letter you might not be able to surmise that to-morrow is the Feast of S. Luke the physician. You have I know realised that Dr. Howard has been living here for some months and has superintended the whole work. There are three buildings to be dedicated, a new stone European hospital and a new stone dispensary (both with splendid verandahs), and a native reed hospital which was formerly the girls' school. The new buildings are the doctor's own design, and suffice it to say that a prominent member of the Administration, who paid a visit to the Mission yesterday, said that the hospital was the nicest house he had seen in these parts. It has two rooms, 20 feet by 20 feet and 17 feet by 12 feet respectively. The larger is the patient's room. It has a delightful bay window

where he will lie and watch the Lake, and speculate what steamer it is that is coming to anchor, whether an Administration or an African Lakes' Company or the German boat ; but—provided that the patient is a missionite—he will hope beyond all things that, the steamer being big, it will be the *C.M.*, or, the steamer being small, it will be the *C.J.* The smaller room will make convenient quarters for the nurse, when the patient needs night attendance. Of course she will keep her own rooms as heretofore in the ladies' house. Every effort has been made to set white ants and mosquitoes at defiance. Soldered zinc was laid above the foundations, and again between the walls and the roof—so much for the white ants. The doors and windows will be double, those on the outside being of wire netting, which will not shut out the air but may shut out the mosquitoes. Moreover, supposing a wily mosquito finds its way in, there are two yet more wily ventilators up aloft which will allow the mosquito exit. I don't understand the ins and outs of these ventilators, but the doctor says they are the latest up-to-date dodge ; so of course it's all right. Well, the civil function took place last Wednesday ; an ox was killed ; the carpenter had two legs, the masons the other two, forty other workmen divided the body, and who got the head *I* don't know, for the cowman came to me with bitter lamentations that *he* had not got it. And the religious function is fixed for to-morrow. We shall have a Chinyanja Eucharist, and after the sermon the whole congregation will go in procession, singing a hymn. We shall stand outside the native hospital and say part of the Litany for the sick from the Priest's Prayer-book, and other prayers ; then whilst the congregation waits outside but within ear-shot, I with the servers shall enter each of the three buildings and say a prayer of blessing ; and so we shall all return to church for the rest of the service. . . .

“Yesterday immense delight—two boxes arrived for me, my vestments and the footballs.” . . .

(To a Brother)

## LEOPARDS AND THEIR WAYS

Kota Kota, 1st Sunday in Advent, 1902.

“ If I *scrawl* more than usual, you must forgive me ; I am writing in my easy-chair with my legs stretched out on another, the reason for such extreme laziness being that this afternoon I have walked to Kasamba and back for the purpose of ‘ opening ’ the new church there. Kasamba Church will, I hope, stand for several years, perhaps five, perhaps less, perhaps more. The last church stood for less. It is built of a framework of poles filled in with bamboos and plastered inside and out with mud. The roof of course is thatched, the floor of course is mud, but we have got a brick altar and brick steps up to it. The Foliotts have sent ornaments for the church in memory of their brother, and altogether you can have no idea how nice it looked to-night for the dedication service. I must send home a photo of it. I have done so little at present with my camera, not for want of the will, but—I fear it is not a new excuse—for want of time. The days are so chock full of business that when I have a spare half-hour in the daytime I am glad to devote it to sleep ! Perhaps it is thanks to these spare half-hours that I am in my present blooming health.

“ It is almost inconceivable that more than a year has passed since I wrote you a letter for Christmas from the Zambesi. I think I then told you of the various beasts we were seeing on the river. This last week I was uncomfortably near to meeting a leopard in our Mission quarters. We woke up one morning to find clear footprints mostly round about our ladies’ house ; the natives said they were undoubtedly the marks of a leopard. That night I happened (don’t think that this is my favourite custom) to be walking about at 1.30 A.M. I had my lantern with me and it would have been quite in accordance with a leopard’s manners to have run away from the light ; but, on the other hand, it *might* have changed its manners just for my sake, and I am very pleased that it accomplished its visit either before

or after 1.30 and not at that particular hour. But the tragic part of the tale has yet to come, for the next night being in my room, I heard a loud scratching seemingly on my verandah and then I thought it was on the door itself. I had a bright light burning in my room and I thought it would be an extra special bold leopard that would venture in under the circumstances. But the loud scraping continued and I waited and waited and didn't dare to move. Then I heard some people coming along the road by my house and I rather wondered (shall I say hoped?) whether the leopard would give them a turn; but the loud scratching still went on. And then I began to think that the sound came from inside my room in a corner by the door, so I took off my shoes (still for fear of the leopard) and I crept nearer the door till I got to a large basket on the floor; and then I felt sure that the noise came from under the basket, and I began to think that whatever other manners a leopard has it is not his manner to come up through the floor. So I crept back again and seized my shoe, and with no other defence I returned to the basket. I lifted it and out rushed the beast; I brought my shoe down like a sledge hammer, the beast escaped but left gory marks behind. It was something about an inch long, perhaps a baby mouse or spider which, whilst I was pondering on the leopard, had been scraping away the bottom of the basket with a rapidity which must have ruined his digestion for the remainder of a life which I venture to think was a short one, thanks to my fell blow. This is my leopard story, but Miss Minter has a really creepy story to tell.

"When she was at Kota two years ago, she had a cat with her kittens sleeping in her room. She was awake by a tremendous hullabaloo in her room; she lit a candle and found the poor cat double its ordinary size with rage and terror and two of the kittens decapitated! In the morning distinct marks of leopard's claws were found on the window-sill (as well as round about the house) permitting of no doubt that a leopard had really paid Miss Minter a visit in her room where she was snugly packed up inside her mosquito net.

“ (Later.) Since writing the first pages of this letter *our* leopard has made two more night peregrinations round the Mission. When the doctor returns (this or next week) perhaps we shall set a trap; it sounds rather a large order, doesn't it? Leopards are the only large wild beasts about Kota, although about sixty miles off, the young tax-collector (a Lincoln College man like myself) was sitting in his enclosure when a lion jumped in over the fence, seized a goat and jumped out again. I saw my first puff-adder last week. I met our neighbour, Mr. Douglas of the African Lakes' Company, on the Mission premises with his gun. He said Miss Minter had called him to shoot a puff-adder, which had been seen among some bricks outside our girls' dormitory. Although it is a very deadly beast, a few of the boys went boldly to work to pull down the pile of bricks, and Miss Minter, who seems to fear nothing except rats, got a long stick and tried to poke it out. At last it was found and its head blown to pieces by the gun; but the catch proved a particularly fortunate one, as in the course of the next hour eleven little puff-adders were born and as speedily despatched!

“ To-day (I am finishing this letter a fortnight after it was begun; just think of it—this very Sunday last year I was at Kota Kota)—well, to-day I feel especially tranquil, as I have no ‘milandu’ on hand. ‘Milandu’ are matters of all kinds (but generally impromptu law cases) which need to be settled, and Mission milandu are nearly always brought to the priest-in-charge for settlement. A short time ago I had a serious milandu with our school-girls, which may well be set out as a warning to my dear godchild. The girls had appropriated to themselves, without asking leave, a bit of ground which belonged to the Mission. Miss Minter found them hard at work digging it and sowing their rice-seed. But the girls got it into their heads that their native teacher had told on them, which as a fact she ought to have done but had failed to do. So this was the manner in which the children greeted their teacher the next morning. ‘Oh you slave’ (most pathetically true of the poor woman's past history, although she obtained her

freedom years ago) 'oh you slave—what reward did she think she would get—oh she thought she would get a pound—but never mind, there's no reward for telling tales!' So spake the girls one to another as their teacher passed their door. And hence a big milandu, which it took days to settle as the girls lied and lied and lied again. But I think their milandu has cleared the school atmosphere. Boys' quarrels bring on many milandu. A heap of boys came to my house a few days ago with much anger within and no little gore without and in my room they remained for about an hour whilst the case was tried. In trying milandu witnesses have nearly always to be called and often they are away in the village, and this all takes time. *But*—and this is what I want to warn your boys about—be very careful never to call your schoolfellow a *fool*, much less insinuate that his mother is another; for if you do, you will certainly have to pay a chicken in compensation. That was the judgment (gratefully accepted by the offender) I passed on the little boy who said 'Mafundi is a fool and his mother's another.' By-the-bye, it is curious to find in this heathen land the word 'fool' so exactly synonymous in significance with the 'Thou Fool' of the Bible.

"Here are two words of injunction as to behaviour, one for your girls and one for your boys. I really must end with one more for C. At a late hour the night before last, a man and his wife arrived on my verandah. I said to *him*, 'What do you want?' He replied, 'I want you to ask *her* whether she has forgotten her marriage vows.' That sounded very serious; however the offence was found to be that having finished cooking food for *him*, she had refused to cook food also for his brother. Judgment was passed that it certainly behoved *her* to do this work of mercy, whilst it equally behoved *him* to take jolly good care that the brother was not again late for dinner. . . ."

(To a Sister)

CHRISTMAS AT KOTA KOTA

Kota Kota, Holy Innocents' Day, 1902.

“ Your birthday will be a very long way past by the time this letter enters at The Lowe. It does seem rummy to think of all that it has got to go through first ; I wonder whether any of our letters have been lost in the post, or whether they have all managed to weather successfully their two months' travelling. Well, to-day is the first Sunday after Christmas and I have got a great deal to say—chiefly about Christmas presents. First of all, the Christmas presents from the brethren at home. Bwanas,<sup>1</sup> Eyre and George got out of all patience with their luggage and left it to follow them the last stage of the journey as it best knew how. I hope by this time it and *my* box among it may have reached Mponda's and it will find its way here shortly. If it is packed up in Mr. Eyre's baggage, it will have to wait till he gets down again to Mponda's. I have however got the packet containing tablecloths and the splendid assortment of engravings from E. *Very* many thanks for them. Next I must tell you about the more bulky Christmas presents which we at Kota most unexpectedly received. We were a little bit sold but (considering the amount of work to be got through on the other side) not very much surprised that neither the *C.M.* nor *C.J.* had paid us a visit in the week before Christmas. For *one* thing our housekeeper, Miss Minter, was crying out that she wanted her stores. *My* days before Christmas were too full to think much about *C.M.*, *C.J.*, or anything else except my own native flock. All the same it was a magnificent surprise on *Christmas Eve* when, half an hour late for lunch, I at last reached the dining-room, to be met by Miss Mann with 'Everybody's gone mad ; the *C.J.* is in and the doctor and nurse have rushed off to greet her.' It certainly was almost too good to be true that we should have any other of the brethren with us on Christmas Day, but it still remained to be seen who the brethren were. Needless to say, *I* being a sober-minded person, did not 'rush off'

<sup>1</sup> Mr.—the title of respect.

anywhere, but neither could I settle to any other work, for I had a hope that it might really be dear old Bwana Eyre himself who had come to pay us a Christmas visit on his return to the Lake. It seemed unlikely, because I thought he was sure to spend his Christmas at some of his own more special villages on the other side, and even now I expect the Archdeacon will open his eyes rather wide when he hears that Eyre spent Christmas in the west instead of the east ; but, nevertheless, facts remain, and there he was sure enough on the road shaking hands with doctor and nurse and in another minute with mine own self, just the same as ever. Certainly he looks extremely well after his holiday. He brought with him a new member of the Mission, a carpenter, by name Crabb. I enjoyed showing Crabb all the beauties of the church and station and then took him to the ladies' verandah for tea. There I heard some talk about the *C.M.*, so I innocently remarked, 'Where do you think the *C.M.* is spending Christmas?' Upon which a chorus of voices replied, 'Don't you really know?' I answered, 'No, I don't.' 'Why,' said the chorus, 'the *C.M.* is here!' Well, the *C.J.* was a pretty big Christmas present, but the *C.M.* was a bigger. But I had scarce time to wonder, for in a few minutes there was dear old Philip Young standing on the verandah. Of course they had left the Archdeacon and Mr. Marsh on the other side, but Young had set his heart on spending his Christmas Day at Kota. So up to midday on Christmas Eve we thought we were going to be just our four selves, Nurse Minter, Miss Mann, Dr. Howard and myself, and by teatime we were additionally Eyre, Brimcombe and Crabb by the *C.J.*, and Young and Partridge by the *C.M.* To give the finishing touch to the chapter of delightful surprises, Young said, 'Please I want to stay here till next Monday if you will have me.' And I found that he had so arranged it with the Bishop and Archdeacon, that whilst Partridge took the *C.M.* across to the Archdeacon after Christmas Day, Young should have a few extra days' holiday, remaining here till the *C.J.* or *C.M.* comes to fetch him away. Philip has had hard work on the *C.M.* and a few days' rest will do him a lot of good. Of course I had additional reason to be thankful for Mr. Eyre's

presence, as he was able to help me give the people their Christmas Communion.

“Our services—the Christmas Eve solemn Evensong and the great Eucharist on Christmas morning—were magnificent. There were about 140 communicants (rather more than 100 of my own flock, the rest being from the steamers), and besides these Christians, there were of course a very large number of catechumens who come into church for the first part of the services. The processions of *all* the Christians round the church was a very striking sight and done without any fuss. The catechumens—poor things—mayn't process, as they are not supposed to enter the Christians' part of the church. Our church has got an ambulatory round behind the high altar; I suppose the altar stands out ten feet from the east wall which is apsidal. So the congregation mount the steps to the sanctuary, and process round the altar and then down the steps again and along the south wall of the nave. After the long church service the boys were quite ready for amusement . . . they were ready to play football the whole day long, until they entered church again for Evensong. In the evening we had a magic-lantern in the school. At Christmas Day dinner we sat down twelve, for Messrs. Swann the tax-collector, Armbruster the postmaster, and Deuss the German store-keeper joined us. The only other white man, Douglas of African Lakes' Company, could not come.

### TROUBLES WITH THE BOYS

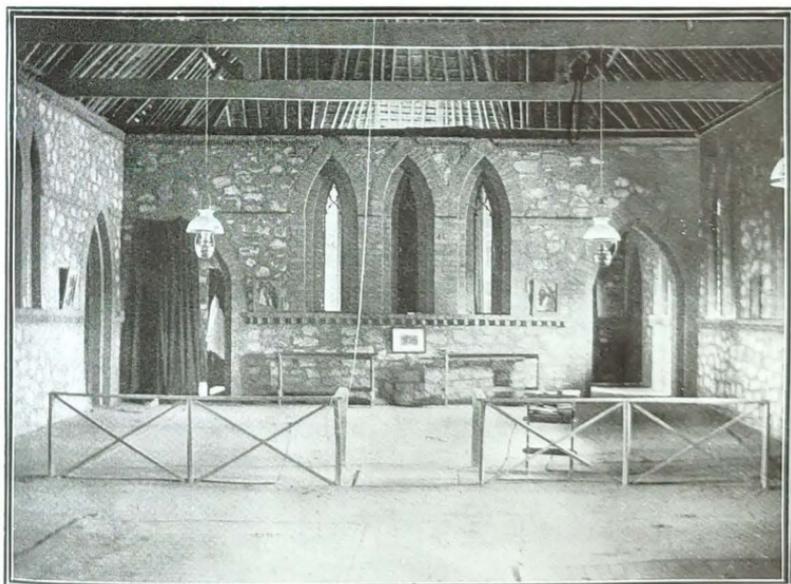
Kota Kota, Jan. 30, 1903.

“ . . . Alas! it is just as I feared; the mail bag is shut, and my letter may have to wait another fortnight, but at least it gives me the opportunity of telling you about last Sunday, or rather the story begins many months back, last July, when a large store at the *boma*<sup>1</sup> was set on fire. To this day it is not known who did it, but rightly or wrongly one of the two biggest chiefs in Kota was accused of being at the bottom of it, and he was accordingly banished to Zomba,

<sup>1</sup> Residence of a European Commissioner.



KOTA KOTA CHURCH



KOTA KOTA CHURCH, WEST END, SHOWING CATECHUMENS' BARRIER

the headquarters of B.C.A. About Christmas time Mr. S. told me that he thought the old chap would be allowed to come back, and back he came last Sunday. I heard a tremendous row in the village, but thought it was only a big dance. It was a small Mission boy, whom I waylaid, thinking he was off to the dance, who first told me that Chigwe had arrived; well, the whole place, or rather half the place (for he is not on speaking terms with the other big chief), turned out to do him honour. It was a marvellous sight and sound. I and some other of our Mission party stood by the road along which the procession passed—a black mass of people—many hundreds, possibly thousands. First came a crowd of women, many of them with their heads powdered with flour, whilst his chief wife is related to have rolled in the dust, as an extra special mark of gladness of heart. Then came the men, getting more and more excited as they came rushing along, tearing off boughs of the trees, and waving them in the air. Of course, another procession was in one's mind at the time—a triumphal entry with probably many points of similarity; only with all the singing, one did not hear Hosannah, and old Chigwe had no ass. Not knowing the old fellow by sight, I said to one of my boys, 'Mind you tell me which is Chigwe,' but there was no need for him to tell me, for as a number of old gentlemen—the village corporation—passed by me, out of the midst ran old Chigwe himself, and seized my hand, ending his salutation by fervently kissing his own hand which had grasped mine, whilst I can answer for it that I did my best to copy him. It was a sight one is not likely to see twice in a lifetime; perhaps you will not see it even once! I wished I could have got my camera ready in time for a snapshot.

"Life within our little Mission world goes on much as usual. An ever-increasing amount to be thankful for. Kasamba school, after going down and down for the last two years, has taken a fresh lease of vitality since the Christmas holidays. Instead of two dozen and often less than that, there are now between fifty and sixty children in school, about thirty coming from an outlying district

where I and the teacher began preaching a few months ago ; a most blessed result. I hope there will be no falling away. Both at Kasamba and at Kota I am preparing candidates for baptism, and trust they will be ready by Easter, and still more one ought to pray that they may not be baptised till they *are* ready. On the other hand the shadows in Mission life seem to be darker than usual, but one learns by experience—especially out here where characters, or rather moods, seem to change so rapidly and unaccountably—not to be despondent about lapses. One of my young pupil teachers told me that M., L., and C. had gone to 'vinyao.' This is a heathen funeral ceremony ; one of the performances is a sham menagerie ! Great beasts are made up out of skins and half a dozen men get inside and dance the creature about. What more fascinating entertainment ! Can you wonder that three little catechumens wished to spend the night at vinyao ? But my teachers tell me that the singing at vinyao is very evil, and moreover the offering of flour and food at the grave is, of course, gross heathen superstition. So that first night I sent two teachers to call M., L., and C. out of vinyao, and back to the Mission ; and back to the Mission they came. I said, ' You can go to bed now, and I shall call your parents (rank heathen) to-morrow.' But on the morrow I was told that M., L., and C. had again gone off to vinyao, and with them were T. and A. Well, that night I let them be, and to my joy on the evening after they all five returned to the Mission to sleep. Seeing them all standing in a row in my room, I said, ' You know you have been very bad, and because you agree with me you will, of course, also agree to be punished. I do not mean to beat you, I shall give you another punishment to-morrow.' So the next day they turned up punctually as clockwork, and I gave them a good large bit of hoeing to do, and I told them I would return at noon to see how they were getting on. So back I went to my house feeling happily contented, but, lack-a-day ! I had not been five minutes in my house when my boy hurried in to say, ' They have run away.' A. had said to them, ' Let's run away.' And there sure enough were their hoes carefully restored to the outside of

my house. Oh dear! this is a long story; I should not have begun it if I had known it would take so long to tell, but now I must go through with it, and perhaps it will help you to understand or to realise the difficulty of understanding these dear kids. Well that night, of course, none of the five turned up. So I called a boy, and said, 'Where are those five little fools?' He said, 'They are in the houses of their mothers.' So with him as guide and with one of the teachers off I trudged to go the round—about 10 P.M. Of course, everybody was asleep. First to C.'s mama, but no C. Then to M. I banged and banged at the door, and then to my joy I heard a sleepy voice say, 'M., M.,' and M. was aroused and produced. Then on to L.'s mama, but no L., but only an exceedingly loud-voiced mama, who I thought would wake the whole town up. Then on to T.'s mama, but no T. I asked my boy guide where A. was sleeping. He said, 'Perhaps he is at Katutula's house.' On arriving I told the teacher to call A. For a long time dead silence, and then loud giggling inside, and then again dead silence. The teacher went into the outer room from which it was quite apparent that A. and K. had just escaped, and taken refuge in the inner room, the door of which I felt inclined to break open, but I managed to restrain myself, otherwise I might have been locked up in the *boma* for housebreaking. Well, with only one fish caught out of the five I thought my tour had been no great success. But as I began to return to the Mission imagine my joy when I found C.'s papa hurrying after me with his precious kid in his arms, and shortly afterwards L.'s papa came up, having found his unfortunate offspring somewhere in the reeds, and in another minute T. appeared, having been captured in an outlying part of the village. (This reads like the trick of the four knaves.) I feel inclined to give huge presents of gratitude to these old heathen pa's and ma's, who got out of their slumbers and went in search of their children. Under ordinary circumstances they would not have been in the least disturbed by their children sleeping elsewhere, as boys do not usually sleep in their parents' house. So once again the Court of Justice had to pass sentence, and this time it had to be

whacking. That was Saturday night, and again I went to bed feeling contented, barring the fact that A.'s whack was still of the future and not of the past. But on Sunday morning again I thought last night's efforts had been in vain ; for I opened my door, 6 A.M., just in time to see M. and L. once again trotting off gaily to the village, so I wasn't surprised to find none of the four were in church. At night, however, and each night since then, M., L., and C. have arrived at bedtime, and are on the most friendly terms with me. You would not suppose they had any remembrance of midnight invasions. A. has not yet returned. His friend T. is keeping him company in the village, but I have no doubt they will soon be back in the Mission. These boys have a very keen sense of justice which helps us over difficulties ; on the other hand, if they think they have been treated unjustly they never forget it."

*(To a Sister)*

#### DIFFICULTIES AT KASAMBA

Kota Kota, Feb. 15, 1903.

" This is Sunday night ; the station is delightfully quiet ; the boys are all in their dormitory, bar two, who haven't turned up. I suppose they will tell me to-morrow that they feared the dark walk up to the Mission from their mothers' houses. . . .

" Well, though it is Sunday, it has not been altogether a day of rest. First, there was the big Eucharist. Instead of preaching myself, I had given notes to one of my teachers, and all through his sermon I was in the fidgets, as he persisted in missing all the points, and evidently thought that my notes would carry him safely through the Parable of the Sower, without any digestion on his part. Then we had an unusual number of muddles over the hymns ; I missed out the first one altogether ; I gave out as the last one one which they had never learnt, and when I altered it to one which they knew, Miss M., who starts the singing, didn't hear aright, and launched out into yet another. Fortunately, it takes a great deal more than this to upset the equilibrium

of the native. After the Eucharist came breakfast. . . . After breakfast I had to have a long talk with the Kasamba teacher about 'ructions' there among the elder Christian youths. When I was paying my usual Thursday visit there last week, I heard that a number of the Christian youths and Mission followers had again lapsed into village dancing. I called one of them, who seemed really sorry, and he said he would call the rest to meet me at Kasamba the following Monday, that I might pass Church sentence on them. That very evening, however, they were again leading the dance, and then they began to quarrel among themselves, and they said, 'Let us fight it out to-morrow'; and on the morrow they fought it out with such a vengeance, that one party (I suppose the defeated) appealed to Mr. Swann at the *boma*, and, when he sent police to fetch the other party, the three Christians among them could nowhere be found, and (for all the teacher knew) they had not been found by this morning. That's a nice Christian scandal for the outsiders to get hold of, isn't it, and a nice example for the younger Christians and catechumens to follow? Most thankfully do I relate that for months they have (almost without an exception) been kept from following it, either by *supernatural* grace or by *natural* fear of punishment, or, more probably, by a combination of the two.

"After hearing this tale of Kasamba woe, we had Mattins—I suppose half an hour later than usual—but *that* again is a matter of no concern to the native. After Mattins various private interviews, until the catechumens and hearers had lolled up from the village, and were ready to be preached to in the school. After the preaching I had to console a newly-married husband, whose wife (within a few days of their marriage) went back in the sulks to live in her mother's house. That brought us to Sext and lunch. Soon after lunch it is time to walk with a teacher to the preaching at Chiganga, about a mile from here. *He* preached, but I have to do most of the gathering of the people. Just now very many are in the fields, and our attendance is small. Oh dear! it requires some patience and sobriety of temper; for the people of Chiganga are

not noted for good manners. Some of the children run for their very life when they see me ; others run for twenty yards, and wait till I nearly walk up to them, and then on they go for another twenty yards—a sort of tantalus game. But the women are the most exasperating. I boldly go up to one party and say, ' I want you to come along with me and hear good words ' ; to which they all rejoin, ' Yes, come along, come along,' in a tone of voice which clearly shows they have *no* intention of coming. Others say, ' We're coming, we're coming,' but, when I return to call them after a quarter of an hour, they are sitting exactly where I left them. However, there are a ' nice few ' who ' hear ' regularly now at Chiganga.

" After Chiganga comes, first, a change of clothes, then tea, and then English Evensong and sermon. Lastly, at 8.30, Chinyanja Evensong.

" *Monday*.—One of the two offenders who were not at dormitory prayers turned up later, having been a walk of twenty miles ; the other did not turn up, but at the present moment he is squatting on the floor of my room, labouring to write out many times on a slate ' Vecha tauko,' which, being interpreted, means ' Obey the law.' . . . You will be pleased to hear that ' John ' (mentioned in a previous letter) is once again in the bosom of the Mission. He was afraid to return, because he knew that he had not yet paid the penalty for past misdoings ; but I also knew that, if once the penalty was paid, he would be glad to have been restored—though at the time against his will—to the family circle. So one evening I said to a boy, ' We will go and call " John." ' So off we went to the village. But a number of boys knew where we were going, and I was afraid ' John ' would get wind of my coming ; so I said to my guide ' Bustle along ' ; he hustled so well that I soon found myself twenty yards from ' John.' He saw me, and made a bolt for it, but I knew I could catch him ; so I did what I had never done before ; I girt up my loins, otherwise, I hitched up my cassock, and sprinted, and in a few seconds ' John ' was yelling at my feet, and I was speaking to him and those about him soothing words. Eventually, I told

his two elder brothers to come back with us to the Mission. We were a rummy quartette in my room ; there was I, a Christian priest, and in front of me a naughty little Christian boy, and I was making one of these elder brothers, who is a *Mohammedan*, and the other, who, I think ' *goes nowhere,*' stand sureties for ' John's ' performing his proper punishment on the morrow. This they readily agreed to ; so, on the morrow, ' John ' was plunked down in the middle of the boiling hot lawn to do weeding and hard labour.

" Last week was certainly a full week, as, out of the ordinary routine, I paid a visit to our station at Lozi, ten miles north of Kota. I had tried to get there the previous week by hammock, but a flooded river, and the mark of a croc.'s bed just where my path entered the water turned us back. So, last Friday I hired a barge, and as soon as the Chinyanja Eucharist and breakfast were over, off I started, taking bed and baggage, not knowing whether or no I should spend the night there. I have since Christmas had to make a change of teachers at Lozi, and I had heard that the new teacher had fallen foul of his boys ; so I wasn't altogether surprised to find that, instead of a vigorous school of forty, many of them big youths, as under the previous teacher, there were only seven or eight present when I entered the school last Friday. Also I learnt that the grown-up ' hearers ' were hearing almost not at all. . . . After luncheon I walked to a village five miles off—a most lovely woody walk with streams, over which the boys carried me. There I collected the school children who had, or had not, given up coming to school at Lozi. (If the boys do not like the ten miles' daily walk, I have given them leave to sleep at the Mission at Lozi.) We said our words together seated by the roadside, to the edification of passers-by ; and then we returned to Lozi. I sent a bell round the village to call together all adherents of the Mission, men and women hearers, and all who read at school. Some of the men and some of the women turned up, but the bell-boy brought back word that the school-boys ' refuse.' That, of course, they could not be allowed to do, so more boys had to be sent out to summon the rest by name, and, to my joy, the whole

lot of boys on the books, almost without exception, arrived, and then we all—boys, teachers, and the Bwana—said our words, a great many of them. I was very glad I had got there, as I found much sickness of heart among the boys, and the teachers didn't go the right way to heal it. But I quite hope that the boys will now come back. This new teacher came from Likoma, where the Mission is literally lord of the isle, and where education can be almost compulsory. But here, of course, it is not so, and if a boy doesn't choose to go to school, there is no one to *make* him. Our many words were spoken in the small school by the light of my lantern, and with my bed and mosquito-net already rigged up for the night. But the capitao of the barge was waiting outside to tell me that they had finished shipping my firewood, which is always brought by barge from Lozi, and that the contrary wind had dropped, and that I could go back to Kota by night if I liked. And I did like, partly because I thought Lozi and I had seen about as much of one another for the time being as was profitable, and partly because there was a gorgeous full moon, and I knew the Lake would be lovely. So off we went at a quarter to nine, and got up to my own house at 12.30. It was such a wonderful scene on the Lake—the eight black puntsmen standing out in the moonlight on the top of the sides of the barge, and your own dearly-beloved seated in his comfortable arm-chair on the top of the firewood, eating two mince-pies. So I got home 12.30 midnight, and was in church, as usual, at half-past six."

#### A DAY AT KASAMBA—NATIVE DANCES

Kota Kota, Feb. 26, 1903.

"This is Thursday, my day for Kasamba, and this has been the day's diary :

6 A.M.—Enter boys' dormitory to rouse them from slumber, more especially the boy who rings the Angelus, the kitchen boy, the carpenter boy, and my own boy.

6.30.—Chinyanja Mattins, followed by English Eucharist.

Breakfast.—Am trundled off in machila<sup>1</sup> (one hour's

<sup>1</sup> Hammock.

run) to Kasamba—forty-nine boys (very good) and two girls in school.

10.30 to 12.—Scripture lesson and choir practice ('Forty days' and 'Christian dost thou see them?') Of course Chinyanja).

Lunch.—Potted meat sandwiches.

Private interviews.—First, boy who got slack; second, boy who desires to become engaged, his and her name to be written down in the engagement book; third, boy who has to have Church censure put on him, and to be weaned back to sleep in the Mission; fourth, the head teacher whose wife ran away two days ago.

"Afterwards I put in an appearance at the catechumens' class, and told them if they didn't come to be taught, there was no baptism for *them*. Later on, a little tour into the village to find boy who left Kasamba months ago in disgrace. I heard he had just returned to the village but not to the Mission. A most unsatisfactory creature, but I hope a long talk with him will have the effect of bringing him to-night to the Mission dormitory. Then time for Evensong. After Evensong, where are the machila men? My boy Daudi goes to seek them. Eventually they stroll up. Off we go to an outlying part of Kasamba where we have preaching under a tree. I act as whipper up, and teacher Davies preaches. Abram's prayer for the sinful cities. The old chief arrived half way through and squatted down beside me. It is this preaching that has more than doubled the number of boys at Kasamba school. After the preaching, into the machila again and back to Kota just in time for dinner. After dinner, Compline on the grass outside, talk on school matters with Miss Mann. Boys come for games in school. To-night it was dominoes and the target game. I appoint a captain of the different games and return to my room. Boy enters (he is only a hearer) to plead for the hundredth time that he may be prepared for the catechuminate. Boys' call-over time; dormitory prayers. I send Daudi to village to bring back missing boy; he appears, his naughtiness quite out of proportion to his diminutive size. I tell him that if he 'reads' to-morrow at school and

afterwards performs manual labour, I will only tell his elder (much to be stood in awe of) brother that the case is satisfactorily squared up.

“ 10 P.M.—I go to lock up the church ; find the mats have not been rolled up, so go to boys' dormitory, ruthlessly awake the responsible boy and trundle him off to perform his duty—a duty most necessary because of white ants. So about 10.30 I sit down and begin a letter. It is only fair to add that in spite of this variety of odd jobs to-day, there really has been time for some quiet.

“ That was a pleasanter visit to Kasamba than the previous one. For at Kasamba there had been serious ructions. To start with, after several months (I hope) of good living, there had again been a bout of the evil dancing among the youths. It had been going on for several evenings when another Christian boy returned home after many months, and his heathen father, to celebrate his son's return, invited his friends to a dance at his house. Perhaps you don't know that the universal and only instrument to accompany the dances is a drum. Its sound carries for several miles, and any native can say at a distance what the dance is, by hearing the rhythm of the drum. Well, at this particular dance a friend of the prodigal son was drumming a harmless tune when the company arrived. The company, seemingly without company manners, said 'What are you playing that nonsense for ? let's have the proper thing.' At which the instrumentalist not un-naturally took offence, and the long and the short of it was that both sides, headed by members of the Mission, said : 'Let us go and do our field work to-morrow morning, and when we come back we will fight it out.' And they fought it out with such a vengeance that one party afterwards appealed to Mr. Swann at the *Boma*, who had the whole lot flogged—two Christians have got six months in prison and one Christian has been sentenced to transportation elsewhere for a year. Please don't think I felt about this scandal as lightly as my account might seem to imply. Anyhow I summoned all Christians and catechumens to meet me at Kasamba, and I told them what an absolutely

meaningless thing the Mission must appear to the heathen who saw Mission followers doing these shameful deeds ; and to show the outsiders (as well as for their own sakes) that all members of the Mission felt the disgrace and did not acquiesce in their brethren's wrong-doings, I advised the next day should be kept as a day of mortification and a fast strictly observed till 2 P.M. I wanted to bring the shame really home to the *hearts* of the people through their bodies.

“ Talking of fasting, last Wednesday was Ash Wednesday. In a big fast-day it is customary for the native to take his first food at 3 P.M. Indeed anything less than that is no fast for him, for they habitually breakfast at midday. . . . I must tell you of one little catechumen's fast. I saw him in the playground at two o'clock, and he said to me ‘ May I go to the village ? ’ meaning his mother's house. I said, ‘ Of course you may, why shouldn't you ? ’ And then I bethought me that he had in his mind not so much his mother as his mother's larder. So I told him he could go and fill his little tummy straight away if he wanted to, but on the other hand, if he liked to hold out till the usual hour, he could sit on my verandah and look at pictures. This he thought would be very nice, so I left him with pictures whilst I went into my room. I meant to call him in half an hour, but the sleep of the just crept over me, and it was after three when I again saw him still absorbed in pictures.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following extract from a letter of Miss Mann to Miss Douglas throws a beautiful sidelight on the part Douglas himself took in the fast-day which, whether on this or some other occasion, he instituted as a penance for the grievous wrong-doing of his boys, and of the impression which his own self-humiliation made on his converts.

West Bank, Bakewell, Sept. 1, 1912.

“ . . . If I remember aright a large number of the Christian Kota Kota boys and elder Christians had been taking part in some heathen or Mohammedan dance, and that day he *did* fast all day together with the culprits. It made a tremendous impression on them, that one who had not sinned should accept its punishment ; and I remember the almost passionate appeal he made in his sermon on Sunday that they were all his children and how it hurt him when they thus fell—and hence how it must hurt God Who was much more their Father. . . . ”

(To a Sister)

## ADULT BAPTISMS

Kota Kota, Monday in Holy Week, 1903.

“ I hope a steamer will come up to-morrow going south, and that this will be ready to go by it. As you may perceive, I am writing in Holy Week. Last Holy Week I was at the college, giving addresses and looking after the students until Maundy Thursday, when I took boat and spent Good Friday at one of our bigger Mission stations. Since then that station with all those anywhere near it has been wrecked by the Portuguese ; I am uncertain whether any work has been restarted there. I feel more and more thankful that I did not settle at Kota before I had a good insight into the Mission life of the opposite coast and its tremendous difficulties. You will like to know that our big Baptism was administered last Saturday. Our font is not worthy of the name. It is a zinc box about a yard square and six inches deep, and it is sunk into the floor so that its cover is flush with the floor. Of course we want a real good tank with steps, where the candidates can be properly immersed. As it is, I had to have a table by my side with a decent basin on it, from which I shelled water over the candidate as he knelt in the box. There were twenty-nine candidates from Kota and Kasamba—all varieties from aged women to young boys. . . . The service was very impressive. The Bishop is here, so was able to take part in the ceremony. I baptised them ; then they went to put on their white clothes, the women wearing a white cloth with a large red cross on it, and when they came back again, the Bishop—standing at the catechumens’ barrier—received them into the congregation, whilst as they passed through the barrier I gave each a lighted taper to signify they had become children of light. The service ended with a fine procession of all the Christians round the church, the newly baptised carrying their lights. Now the difficulty is to remember to call them by their Christian names. Before their baptism and even afterwards some of the candidates (of course chiefly the old ladies) *could not* remember their own new names ; they

thought they never would be able to get to pronounce them ; they used to come and ask me or Miss Minter what their names were. . . . Oh how I do hope that they will all go on from grace to grace. Within a fortnight of their contemplated baptism I had to reject five candidates. The baptisms were on Saturday ; the next day was Palm Sunday. The boys had been cutting palms previously. I had never seen a procession of palms before. Of course we sang ' All Glory, Laud and Honour,' each Christian having received his palm from me and carrying it in procession. One old woman was so afraid of losing hers that when she got back to her place she shoved it under Miss Minter's, thinking it couldn't come to any harm *there*. . . . I have just had a scene in my room which interrupted my letter ; a scene between three generations, to wit, a little catechumen boy, his mother, and his grandmother. The little boy had struck against sleeping in the Mission and it required the combined efforts of Mama and Granny to bring him weeping up to the scratch.

" *Later*.—The episode of the little catechumen has a sequel, or at least another chapter can be added ; I don't know what the finale will be. Mama and Granny (both of them heathen, though I believe one of them sometimes ' hears ' on Sunday) had departed, and I had left the kid safe in his dormitory. But when I went back there, the kid (we will call him A.) was not to be seen. So off I had to trudge to Granny's house again (the best part of a mile) and there I found Granny and Mama, and A. sitting on his mat. So back I had to trundle him, or rather a good part of the way (as his feet were so bad with jiggers) I carried him on my back, whiling away the happy moments with blood-curdling suggestions of what a shepherd should do when he has an out-of-the-way naughty sheep. I said to him, ' I suppose you thought Bwana would be tired of going after you ' ; he replied ' Yes ' ; I said with emphatic solemnity, ' Bwana is never tired by day or by night ' ! I think he was impressed by what to him in his present mood was a most unpalatable piece of news. Talking of jiggers—Miss Minter one day told me she must have

taken more than a hundred out of one boy's feet, but she thought that at last they really were all out. The same day out of the same pair of feet she took out forty more, which had grown to a manageable size in the night ! Now I must go to sleep. I think we shall have a very happy Holy Week and Easter. The first days we sing the ' Story of the Cross ' and I catechise the Christians and catechumens on the events of the day. I expect I and my head evangelist Leonard will share the addresses on Good Friday."

*(To a Pupil Teacher at Salwarpe)*

### SUNDAY AT KOTA KOTA

Universities' Mission, Kota Kota, Lake Nyasa,  
British Central Africa, June 14, 1903.

"What have you been saying about me for the last year ? Nothing very polite, I'm afraid. I am really very sorry that I have not answered your last letter ; it seems so ungrateful and it was a very nice letter. Now I am going to make amends, partly because I want to get another letter out of you telling me what you are doing, because by this time your examination is over ; also it is ages since I heard any news of — ; I believe her people are in Kent. Has she given up thinking of being a teacher, or where is she working ? So much for questions which you have got to answer.

"This is Sunday ; I have just finished preaching an English sermon to my two ladies. I live here with two trained nurses. There was a third lady, a school teacher, but she has started to go home on furlough. I will tell you what my Sunday is like. The big Chinyanja Eucharist, which is always choral and with a sermon, is at seven o'clock. After breakfast comes Mattins, and at the same time hand-bells go round the village (population 5000) to call the catechumens and hearers to come to their preaching. I think you know that hearers are the heathen who have begun to hear the Word of God ; they are taught almost exclusively the Old Testament ; it is no good to teach them much about a

Redeemer until they have got some idea of sin and of the need of the Redemption. Catechumens are those who have passed out of the hearers' stage and are allowed to come into church for the first part of the service, sitting by themselves at the west end, which is cut off from the rest of the nave by a low wooden barrier ; of course they hope eventually to be baptised. The hearers' preaching is not generally over much before noon. In the afternoon, at one, I and a teacher walk to an outlying district where there is more preaching. Very many of the people in this part are Mohammedans, but of course the majority go nowhere. I am here to teach them to go to the true God. Soon after this preaching we have English Evensong, generally just myself and two or three other missionaries. (I have no *men* missionaries.)

“ Our Chinyanja Evensong on Sundays is quite late, 8.15, by which time the village people have finished their evening meal ; the younger catechumens and Christians, *i.e.* all who are not married, are expected to sleep on the Mission premises, so that as soon as Evensong is over they are ready to go to bed. The boys (about fifty of them) sleep in three dormitories ; the girls have their room close to the ladies' quarters. It seems sad that we cannot get more girls to come to the Mission. They fight very shy of it, the reason partly being that the Mission teaching goes dead against the horrible customs of village life. If we chose to lower the standard of the Christian religion, I suppose we could get very many more adherents, but their adherency would be much worse than nothing.

“ I am finishing this letter whilst on a little holiday at another Mission station about seventy miles inland from the Lake. I came here with a hammock for my carriage. We had to camp out two nights on the way. The second night the men made a barricade of boughs as a protection against lions, as there are a number of lions in this district. Herds of zebra and elephants, all sorts of beautiful buck, and un-beautiful wild pig, and hyenas and baboons abound here. At the Lake at Kota Kota lions are scarcely ever seen, but leopards are not uncommon, and we have had a good many visits from them in our garden at the Mission at night. But

I have never seen one alive out here. I have set a trap to shoot them, but without success.

"Now I must not write more. Give my love and kind regards to your Father and Mother and believe me. . . ."

## HOLIDAY AND VILLAGE PREACHING

Kota Kota, July 13, 1903.

"You will probably get this about three weeks after your birthday; I'm not quite sure whether that is my fault or the steamer's; anyhow it is a dreadfully long time since my last letter and much has happened in the meantime. The chief event has been the Retreat and Conference at Likoma. The *C.M.* having already picked up the brethren from the south end of the Lake, reached Kota on a Saturday, and for that Sunday we were a party of fourteen European missionaries and one native deacon, so Miss Minter, our house-keeper, had her work cut out for her. . . . We slept one night on the opposite side at a village of particular interest to me, as I had taken a big baptism there more than a year ago. The Bishop after more than a year's work in the country had only just finished his first fever, but he was able to conduct the Retreat. One result of the Conference is that I am on a committee for arranging a uniform syllabus of work for the schools throughout the diocese—not a very easy job, especially when one member of the committee lives at the south end of the Lake, and another at Kota on the west, and another at Likoma and another peregrinating on the steamer. There is no likelihood of the committee meeting again *en bloc* till the next conference. We did what we could during one long afternoon's sitting and the rest will have to be done by correspondence. I spent the Sunday following at the college where you will remember I lived for some weeks in the antediluvian ages. . . . Every member of the Mission in the country was at the conference—viz. one Bishop, one Archdeacon, nine other priests, including one native, three native deacons, eight ladies. . . . I wish the women and girls at Kasamba had someone to look after them. I went over to Kasamba this morning in

machila at 6.30 to give the Holy Communion to a white-haired old woman in her hut—a tiny round hut in which my head could knock against the ceiling. Her bed took up one half of the room ; I and the teacher squashed into the other half and there was a fire in the middle, of course without any outway for the smoke except through the door. When I came out I had the unpleasant task of summoning a number of *catechumen* women and girls and also three *Christian* women, who had taken part in some of the most evil native customs. . . . At Likoma the Bishop and Nurse Minter made a little plan for me and arranged that, if I was agreeable to it, I should go for the inside of a fortnight to stay with a certain gentleman, Dr. Prentice (I think of the Scotch Mission), who lives with his wife at Kasungu. I was very doubtful whether I ought to go, but Nurse has at length persuaded me. One of the arguments she brought to bear on me will I fear be uncongenial news to you ; it was to the effect that it does not seem likely that I can get *home* this year. . . . However, if I stop out longer than the usual two years, there is the double consolation of knowing (1) that I am quite indispensable ! (2) That my symptoms sugashuate (*sic*) so favourably that there seems no sufficient medical reason for my immediate return. Well, the months fly by at such a tremendous pace that really this year or next year does not make much difference. So *that* helped me to decide on my holiday to Kasungu. It will be an eighty miles' journey by machila, which means two nights' camping out. I expect to enjoy the whole thing *tremendously* ; the actual journey will be made more pleasant by the fact of my carriers being either Mission boys or at least frequently in Mission employ. I was rather loth to leave Kota as we are doing a good deal here just now ; candidates for confirmation ; candidates just about to be chosen for baptism, and candidates for the catechumenate. I have also just started two afternoon preachings in the village at different centres. I have told the people that I shall visit the *village* on these weekdays, but they must return the call at the *Mission* at the time of the preaching on Sundays. The village preachings have begun well with

large numbers of people. I hope the numbers will increase yet further, but one has to bear in mind that these people are terribly good hands at seeking after a new thing and then getting tired. However I always feel that if anyone has 'heard' even once, he may not perhaps come again for a year, but some time he will come back. They have very little idea of *persistent* effort. That is certainly the case with the school children; a boy will turn up to school every day for a fortnight and then will refuse to come near the place for the next three months. You will be pleased to hear that the big scripture pictures you sent me are put into use at the village preaching. I should have liked you to-day to hear the graphic account rendered by my teacher Petro of Joseph sold to the merchants. The conversation between the brothers and the merchants began with the regular Swahili greeting equivalent to 'How do you do?' 'Very well, thank you.' The subject was only beaten for vigorous treatment by the account of the flood when the people in the water kept calling to Noah to rescue them—Noah! Nooah!!

" This preaching in the open spaces of the village is of course shy work, but one has to be brazen about it. I am preceded by a gong or a bell; Miss Matthew says I remind her of the muffin man. The work of choosing candidates for baptism also—though in another sense—taxes my courage. A year ago I chose a boy but afterwards had to reject him, in consequence of which (so he said) he left the Mission for a time. He came back again and he knew I was willing to give him another chance; but to-day I felt bound to tell him that again I could not choose him. I feared that he might go off to the village as before, so I was relieved when after a few minutes he came back and asked for a pencil and paper to write a letter! So apparently he owes me no ill-will and realises that he has only himself to blame. I have no room to tell you how at Likoma we laid the foundation-stone of the new cathedral. It is to be 280 feet long. . . .

P.S.—This week a calf died. A few days afterwards our cowman came running with—as I thought—another sick calf in his arms; but no—it was the dead calf's skin stuffed

with grass, and sticks in its legs. You stand it upright, and the mother licks it whilst she is being milked—it keeps her quiet.”

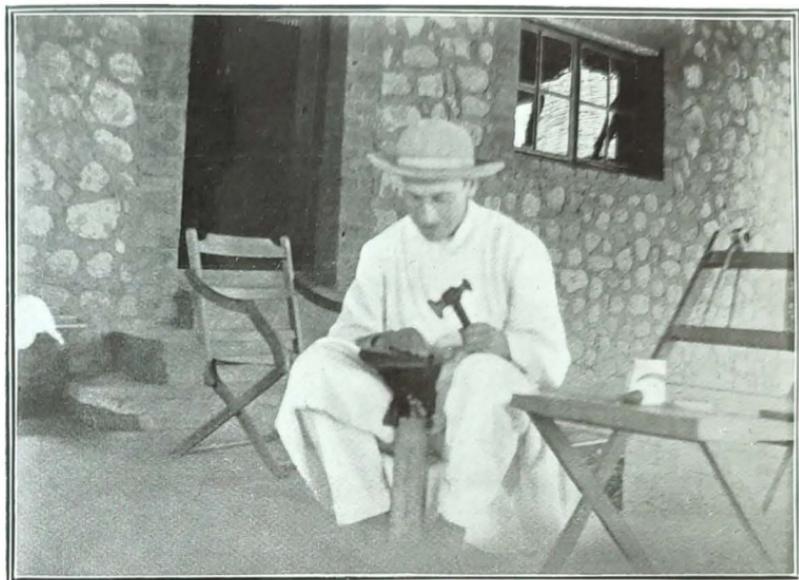
(To a Brother)

### BUILDING A TEACHER'S HOUSE

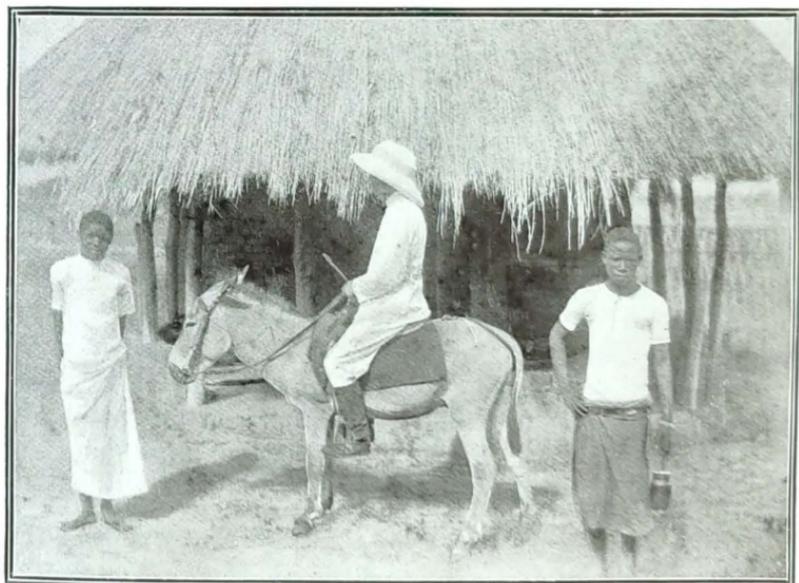
Kota Kota, Nov. 15, 1903.

“ It is ages since I wrote to you, and you are such a brick in not getting tired of writing to me time after time letters that remain unanswered. And now I've got a most ungrateful sounding bit of advice to give you and all my numerous correspondents at home—please don't trouble to write to me any more for a long time ; it is likely to be entirely misplaced kindness and waste of labour. The fact is that at afternoon tea to-day I said to Miss Minter, who acts as the mental faculty of all the rest of us, ‘ Supposing I leave Kota in the middle of February, when ought my dear brethren at home to cease writing to me here ? ’ and she replied, ‘ At Christmas.’ Then said I, ‘ And how soon ought I to write and tell them to cease writing to me here ? ’ and she replied ‘ Last month ! ’ which under the circumstances was a very sensible reply. Please act upon it. Two riders may, however, be added: (1) It will be worth while to risk several pennyworths of letters addressed to me c/o African Lakes Company, *Chinde*, and you may write as many letters and send as many papers as you like, addressed to me Universities' Mission, Zanzibar (‘ to await arrival ’). (2) I don't really know when I shall get off from Kota ; Piercy should be at the Lake at the beginning of January, and I hope that in at least five or six weeks he will be competent to take on ‘ the charge.’ On the other hand, if I found that he really felt that I oughtn't to go before Easter, I might have to stop ; but the Bishop does not contemplate that. I very much hope that Ladbury will accompany me home, but I have not yet heard of his intentions—only I know that two Lichfield evangelist brothers are on their way out (perhaps they have arrived), one of whom is to stop at Mponda's and learn Ladbury's store-work. Well, it does seem very

wonderful to be making these home plans. Of course I am thinking much of next Ely festival and have been finding out what date is the first Tuesday after Trinity Sunday. We are again a quartette, as the *C.M.* dropped Bwana Eyre to recruit here. He is very much run down; indeed for many months he has not been like his old energetic self, such as it was when he and I walked about the villages on the opposite side. And lately he has been quite unfit for work. I hope his rest here will set him up again. . . . I rejoice to say that the dear old doctor is coming up from Malindi and intends to spend Christmas here. I hope he will bring a saddle for our donkey. The donkey is really a splendid acquisition, and of course much cheaper than a machila, which needs ten two-legged donkeys for any long distance. I ordered the saddle from Fort Johnston several months ago. . . . Fort Johnston is the European settlement adjoining the native village of Mponda's where, as you will have already gathered from this letter, the Mission has its store. I am specially in need of the donkey just now in my capacity of school architect. I am building two new schools at villages where we have previously had nothing more than Sunday 'under the tree' preaching. Then at Chiganga, where there has been a school for two years kept by the Kota Kota teachers who walk there in the afternoon, I am now building a dormitory for the boys. Although they are already school-boys, they are under no discipline out of school, and I don't suppose they have given up any bad village customs. So the other day I told them that if they wanted to go the whole hog of Mission life, they must make up their minds to come under some discipline, and besides building a dormitory for them, I would give them a teacher to live among them and teach them the way they should go. So these new schools and dormitory mean also three new teachers' houses. In planning a teacher's house, all I do is to put in four stakes for the four corners, making the house, say, twenty feet long by seventeen wide. Then I leave the teacher himself to fill in the interior as he likes best. Probably he will cut it up into two or three rooms with a passage. Of course every house has a verandah,



MR. DOUGLAS MENDING HIS BOOTS



MR. DOUGLAS ON HIS DONKEY

which adds to its dignity. Then for a dormitory I say, If twenty boys want to sleep there, and each boy's mat is three feet wide and six feet long, and there is a three-foot passage down the middle, and provided that one boy does not object to sleeping in the doorway, how big must the dormitory be? and my menthol (so my head teacher writes) arithmetic answers thirty feet long by fifteen wide. You will understand that I go in for right-angled parallelogram (otherwise called oblong) houses. The native generally prefers a *circular* mansion. I wonder whether it was man or nature that taught him to stick up a central pivot and describe a circle round it, as good as any that Euclid ever drew. But, alas! out here house-building is heart-breaking. The new church at Kasamba was dedicated only last S. Andrew's Day, and already many of the timbers are nothing but a block of *mud* encased by a wooden shell no thicker than this paper—tumbling to pieces; so much for white ants in *Kasamba* church. But they don't leave even beautiful Kota Kota church alone. I am thankful to say that I don't see any signs of them in the *walls*, but for many months they have been constantly raising mounds in the floor on the top of the tiles in the open space behind the high altar. A few weeks ago I determined to have a good hunt for the queen ant—a loathsome looking object two inches long, quite incapable of any movement—just a horrible machine for turning out the babies. Well, we upped with the tiles, and the boys dug and dug, and the big soldier ants—unlike the rest of the clan inasmuch as they have eyes and are bigger, very like earwigs with the pincers in their heads—fought a bit and defended every inch of the way. So badly had they hollowed out the ground, that it gave way a foot and a half under one boy's weight. Well, at last we had to give it up, as the channels seemed to run right away under the foundations of the east wall. We left the hole, and I thought our plan now was to try and suffocate them with sulphur, the fumes of which might reach the queen. But stupidly we did not set about the job for several days, and when at last I returned to the hole armed with packets of sulphur and bits of candle, not a vestige of a channel could

I find. The wily beasts had sealed them all up and the ground seemed hard as a rock. Well, I hoped we had given the ants a sufficient fright to keep them away, but no sooner had I filled up the chasm than up came the ants again in another part of the floor. So now I shall wait till some fellow labourer arrives who has the energy to do the digging more effectively than myself. . . . I wonder what you will think of my general appearance when we meet. I expect the ant troubles have aged me, and to-day Miss Minter made me out to be eight stone thirteen pounds on the scales, so I have not much superfluous flesh."

(To a Sister)

### THE HEAT—DIFFICULTIES OF BUILDING

Kota Kota, 1st Sunday in Advent, 1903.

"My first Sunday on the Lake two years ago! I spent it, of course, at Mponda's, and I preached a S. Andrew's Day sermon to the English community at Fort Jameson. It is intensely hot; we are longing for the rain. . . . The Lake is in an absolutely abnormal condition; it doesn't look as if it ever could fill up again. Indeed for years it has been sinking. . . . I think we have all found the heat more trying this year than last; even crowned by my large hat (may it last till I get home!) and a white umbrella, I funk the sun in the middle of the day. It is quite a fallacy to suppose that the natives do not feel the sun. True, they have been providentially given a black pigment in their skin (so says the doctor) as a protection against him, but they do say he is very *fierce* about the head and feet. The burning sand scorches their feet; to get from one place to another, they dodge along from one verandah to the next, so as to keep as much as possible in the shade. This month a large number of the natives are wearing self-made clogs, and my two teachers, who walk every day to Chiganga, have launched out into boots! Well, any day we may get the first big emptying of the heavens, and then, almost in a night-time, the earth, bleached white except where it is burnt black, will become a gorgeous juicy green. . . . All

things come to those that wait. On Sunday, the date of writing the above, we were waiting for the rain, and at midnight it came—a magnificent thunderstorm. The first rain tests the condition of one's roof. I lay in bed, and wondered whether I should hear the pat pat of the drops on my mosquito-net, followed by the drip drip on my blanket ; but I'm thankful to say my fears were groundless. I'm surprised, because daylight is very visible through my ceiling. However, in case there are leakages, I have got a store of grass ready cut outside my front door (puzzle—to find the back door), and an extra layer of thatch is only the work of a few minutes. The natives thatch by merely laying the grass on, quite loose. I thatched my houses too soon this year, and the winds came and blew the grass off again ; but when once the first rains come there is nothing more to fear ; it settles down snugly by its own sodden weight. . . . I don't mind inventing houses, and measuring trees and counting bundles of grass, as long as everything goes reasonably smoothly between myself and the work-people, but this morning I really felt rather overwhelmed by news from a village 'Kumtuntumala,' where I am building a school. At the beginning, I arranged for so many—perhaps twenty—men to build the school for three shillings apiece. Having put up half the building, and having cut the rest of the material, they came to me on Saturday and said, 'We want to have *part* of our wages.' I said, 'All right : how much do you want?' They replied, 'Three shillings.' I said, 'That's impossible ; you promised to *complete* the house for three shillings.' 'But we've worked for five weeks, and three shillings is the ordinary pay for *four* weeks.' I replied, 'Yes, and if you had worked properly, you could have finished the house in four weeks. But, if you choose to be idle, and spend six weeks over the house, I agree, only, you still get but three shillings. And, if you choose to be *very* idle and spend eight weeks over the house, I agree, only you will still get but three shillings.' So eventually I paid them two shillings, and told them they would get another shilling when the house was done. I had, however, not finished congratulating myself on this brilliantly

successful contract, when, this morning at 6 A.M., a boy gave me a letter from my teacher at Kasamba (near Kumtuntumala) to say that all the men had stopped working, and that a large amount of trees and grass had been stolen in the night. This was seemingly by way of retaliation. So I told the teacher that I would go with him to the village this evening. Accordingly, I mounted the donkey, and arrived at Kumtuntumala. I expected to have a most unpleasant and wearisome interview. Imagine my joy when I found that the strike was at an end, and the men, with a very few exceptions, were at work again. I said to the foreman, 'So you stopped work yesterday!' He made the truly native reply, 'Yes, our hearts' (here he lays his hand on the said organ) 'were sore, but to-day we have considered it again.' Then I felt in a position to show royal magnanimity; I said, 'Now, if you are quick to finish the building, I will give each man a prize, but—if you are sulky, no prize.' So I left the village amidst loud and joyous acclamations, and at the present moment, I am *continuing* to congratulate myself on this brilliantly successful contract. . . . I am finishing this at 10 P.M. Some of the boys and two teachers have just asked leave to go and do a night's fishing. It is a gorgeous full moon, and to-morrow, being Saturday, there is no school, and so nothing to stop them. I am always so thankful when the teachers are on fishing terms with the boys."

(To a Sister)

#### ANTICIPATIONS OF FURLOUGH

Kota Kota, Nov. 1, 1903.

"A letter written on All Saints' Day ought with luck to reach you at Christmas. I wonder where you will spend yours. I suppose I shall spend mine (my third on Lake Nyasa) at Kota, but really by that time I shall have begun thinking very seriously of the terrible business of packing up, and there will be no sisters to do it for me. I always tell my brethren that nobody entered the Mission with less trouble than I did. Notably at the critical moment of

sending off my boxes I went into retreat, only broken by a telegram from E. to ask whether I had not forgotten my nightgowns or something equivalent! I heard a few days ago from the Bishop, saying he quite expected that I should be in England for August, so that sounds all right for the family holiday. I am still very hazy as to when Mr. Piercy leaves England, but I should think that six weeks after his arrival at Kota should see me on the move. In my last letter I told F. that we were looking forward to a visit from a very old Zanzibar missionary, who has now resigned, Mr. Madan, one of a famous family of Marlborough scholars. He has now been and gone, with a vague intention of studying inland languages. As soon as I had shaken hands with him, he asked me if I was the brother of the Douglas who was so kind to the Mission in Zanzibar when 'The London' was stationed there. The lasting impression which Harry<sup>1</sup> made on the Zanzibar missionaries of that date is very remarkable. Nearly all of Mr. Madan's stay with us was spent in bed with fever, and the last fortnight my brethren have been a very feverish lot. For a few days I was the only one about, Nurse Minter and Miss Bulley being in bed besides Mr. Madan. Nurse is pretty fit again, and she could not entirely lie up any one day, as she had a very bad native case in hospital, a man whose arm was snapped off by a hippopotamus. I wish I could bring home a hippo's skull and tusks to give you an idea of its tremendous power. Hippos are plentiful in the Lake, but they very seldom hurt a human being. I, by the way, have been keeping splendidly well. One great blessing is that I sleep every night like a top. Talking of sleep I have given the boys leave to sleep out of doors, partly because of the little beasts in the dormitory which bite and partly because of the heat. It is the hottest time of the year, just before the rains. The singing of the evening psalm and the vesper hymn by the sixty or so boys out of doors at night sound so good. I do so hope that the village people are impressed by it, and also Mr. Swann, the collector, who must be able to hear it. . . .

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 30 and 39.

Talking of worries a U.M.C.A. missionary is at least saved from some, notably getting engaged to be married. I was reminded of this by the fact that within the last half-hour two boys have revealed to me minds sadly disturbed. The one has just come back from college and finds his girl has gone to settle at Likoma. I have told him I will let him go by the steamer once a year to see her. The other, living a few yards from me, writes me a letter, which being interpreted says, 'Dear Bwana, greeting. I have a little news I wish to . . . Please, Bwana, I want one thing of you ; I say that if you can get me this thing I shall be happy. This thing is this ; I want to be engaged to one girl here ; her name is Rahel. I have heard she is unmarried, and so I want her. If you can get her for me, good, for I want her. I want you to speak to her ; I have been afraid to speak to her and I want you, Bwana, to ask for me, I am your son. . . .' So you see I am not after all free altogether from matrimonial complications. And the unfortunate part of this business is that I don't at all want this youth to marry this girl. He is not a Kota boy, and this is the only Christian girl who is not engaged, so she is a very precious article, and clearly ought to be given to a very nice *Kota* boy.

" Everything seems scarce at Kota ; Christian girls are scarce, so apparently is work, to judge from a little boy's account of himself in the village this evening. His companion told me that the boy had been to Fort Jameson, and got work there. I said, ' What work ? ' With considerable pride the little boy replied, ' Tennisy.' He had trudged to Fort Jameson, 150 miles away, and had then entered on the work of picking up the tennis balls at the back of the court ! The small boys are always pestering me for work to buy themselves a bit of cloth, and though I assure them repeatedly that at the Mission we don't care about good *cloths*, but only about good hearts, the answer does not always satisfy. . . . "

With the exception of one sharp attack of fever, when for a few days he was seriously ill, Arthur had kept remarkably

well during his first two years in Africa. It was, however, time for him to come back for a rest. Consequently in January 1904 he started home, and reached England on March 18, just two and a half years since leaving. One of his fingers had become diseased in some way,<sup>1</sup> and during his stay at home he had it amputated.

The following letter from Mr. (now Archdeacon) Eyre shows the impression which Douglas' life and work had already made on one of his fellow workers.

" Douglas will have to go home the end of this year. We have no suitable man to take his place.

" If you see Miss Douglas or her brothers tell them that their brother at Kota seems to stand the climate well, and that we shall be very sorry when he has to go home. He was, I know, a great loss to the old country, but men of his stamp are very much needed here, and it was a right decision he made, when he tore himself away from so much that was dear to him and came here where the need was so much greater. So many who are really fitted for this work seem to think the needs of home so much more important, forgetting that everyone in England has an opportunity to learn about God and worship Him, and so many here are dying as heathens, and no one to help them. People in England can get all the administration and means of grace if they like. People here cannot. So much ground still unoccupied and so few priests even to supply those who are baptised. I am sick of the cry of paucity of clergy in England, and you see often two and sometimes three in one church, and here perhaps one in a church once a month, except at European stations, and three days in a village to prepare people for Easter, &c., where one needs a fortnight."

Miss Minter (now Mrs. Howard) gives the following sketch of Douglas' life and work at Kota Kota.

" On arrival at the Lake after a short stay at Mponda's, he went on to Kota Kota where he expected to be stationed, but after a few days' stay there he was summoned to Likoma,

<sup>1</sup> The disease was tuberculosis.

and began his work in the Mission as one of the staff of the C.J. That meant being cast ashore on the Portuguese mainland, visiting the villages, inspecting the schools, holding services, administering the sacraments, being picked up from time to time by the steamer and taken either to Likoma or to some other village on the mainland. The experience so gained, though somewhat painful in the gaining, was invaluable to him later when he was put in charge of Kota Kota. This was an extremely difficult post. Small-pox had been raging there, and the greater number of the boys had either had it, or had run away from fear of it, so that the school was altogether disorganised. Kota Kota is a very large and straggling town, and Mohammedan influence was at that time just beginning to wake up. There had been a mosque there for years, but Islam had been almost quiescent; now it began to see that Christianity was getting a hold and standing in the place, and it awoke and began to make ready to withstand it.

“ Only those who worked with Mr. Douglas during the next eighteen months can fully appreciate what he did to further his Master’s cause in that time. How he nursed the school, and watched over the boys, never despairing in spite of grievous falls and bitter disappointments; never too tired to answer to any call on his time and patience; full of sympathy with the elder Christians; an inspiration to the catechumens; an infinite attraction to the hearers. The whole parish loved and trusted him and he dealt tenderly and strictly with each individual soul. Each member of the congregation felt that he was an important person in the eyes of the priest-in-charge, and most of them responded to the love and sympathy he showed them. And to us his fellow workers he was inimitable. We felt one and all that the work on which we were engaged was *one*; each part of the work interdependent on every other part and just as important. We were expected to assist the priest-in-charge at any hour with our intercessions (it was quite a common thing to receive a note asking one to spend a few moments *now* in praying that he might judge aright, or that someone’s heart might be softened, &c., &c.), and he for his part

was always ready to help us in every possible and impossible way.

“ He took it as a matter of course that we should pray daily by name for every candidate for baptism or for the Cross, and early published lists for that purpose. He worked harder than any of us, but was always ready to play, and was the most cheerful and merry of the party. I think I have never met anyone who was so full of faith. With the most worrying problems to be solved next morning, after a day of grievous disappointment and discouragement, when most people would have lain tossing sleepless all night long, he had the power of putting everything aside, saying his prayers and sleeping like a child till morning. He was a delightful patient, and loved to be nursed. Inconvenient as it always is to be ill it never seemed to upset his equanimity, and the moment he was told that he must go off duty he came into hospital content to be laid aside for a while, and careful for nothing but to get well again as soon as possible.”

On his way home Arthur made a point of visiting Rome, which he had never seen. When within a day or two of Naples he wrote the following little letter to his brother. It is of some interest, for it reveals his affectionate disposition to a remarkable degree. Though always *there*, he seldom allowed it to find expression so freely and fully.

Mediterranean, one and a half days off Naples,  
Thursday, March 10, 1904.

“ MY VERY DEAREST GERALD,

“ Let us be quite calm and collected—very hard work under the circumstances.

“ Really these two and a half years have sped. Every incident of the last few days in England is most extraordinarily clear in my memory.

“ Well, now, this is what I hope. Reach Naples Friday 11 P.M.—Rome Saturday afternoon. Stay in Rome till Wednesday evening, 16th, when leave Rome, crossing by Boulogne and Folkestone, and reach *Charing Cross*, Friday *afternoon*, 18th, at 3.45. Miss Abdy of U.M.C.A., Zanzibar,

is travelling with me. I have told F. that if I do not get any other instructions at Charing Cross I shall spend Friday night at Cromwell Crescent and (after reporting myself to the Mission doctor in London) get down to The Lowe sometime on Saturday. I wonder whether any relation will manage to meet me at Charing Cross. The rules of Ely are strict and you may not think it advisable.

“ Heaps of love to the dear Princeps and Chapper.

“ Your loving brother—loving almost to the pitch of crying at the thought of seeing you.

“ A. J. DOUGLAS.”

## CHAPTER VI

### THE SECOND SPELL OF MISSIONARY WORK LIKOMA, 1904-1907

By the autumn of 1904 Douglas had started again for Nyasa : this time he was destined to take charge of the island of Likoma, the headquarters of the diocese. On his journey out he writes to a sister.

*Prinzregent, Indian Ocean, S. Luke's Day, 1904.*

“ I never expected to be run in to do nurse duty on board a civilised ocean liner, though in barbarian Nyasaland one may reasonably expect to play at hospital nurse, as well as at Lord Mayor of Likoma, under emergencies. Yet here I am at the present moment closing my ‘ watch ’ over the sick wife of one of my fellow passengers. Practically Dr. H. is looking after the case, but theoretically the ship’s doctor is in charge, and he, being, I presume, a misogynist, has forbidden any woman to come to the sick cabin : hence, I and Mr. Ladbury relieve the husband from most of *day* duty. The ship hospital is a nasty little cabin among the third-class passengers and animals. I am sitting with the door open to get air, but it is rather smelly air, as there is a row of fourteen mules, beginning about five yards from the nose of the invalid, and as many horses facing them on the other side of the deck. The space between mules and horses is filled up by a most picturesque, dirty swarm of humans, Arabs, Blacks, Italians, ship’s crew, &c. I saw

one black lying among the horses' hay, and smoking a cigarette : it looked as if (with the canvas awning) the whole ship might any moment be one gorgeous fire-work : so I sent a steward to stir the culprit up.

" I think it was the days after Aden that we came across a dhow in distress for want of food and water. They had been becalmed. Of course we gave them water and ship biscuits, but I wished it had been more. Two large buckets of water didn't seem likely to last long, and there must have been a dozen or more on board.

" To-morrow evening or early next morning we ought to reach Mombasa ; I hear that we shall there exchange the fourteen mules and so many horses for about 400 native troops (King's African Rifles).

" I have made considerable progress in tonic sol fa : a passenger wanted to know whether it was deaf and dumb language. I chant it to the winds and waves every day after luncheon to keep myself awake."

(To a Brother)

#### A MOHAMMEDAN CONVERT

Tanga Harbour, October 21, 1904.

" We have said good-bye to our four White Fathers. They are delightful men ; three were French and one was Egyptian ; the latter, who spoke much the best English, is a convert from Islam, and was immensely interesting. He says that the upper class nominal Mohammedans in Egypt are to-day simply *rationalists* : they do not profess any belief in their religion. He himself was sent, like most other Egyptian gentlemen's sons, by his Mohammedan parents to a school kept by a Christian religious community (at least I think it was a community) ; but he used to go on saying his Mohammedan prayers and performing Mohammedan duties. He openly became a catechumen in the church when he was seventeen, and was baptised when he was about twenty-one. He says it is impossible to con-

vince Mohammedans by *argument*. I asked him how he came to be convinced himself, *e.g.* how he came to accept the doctrine of the Trinity, which to Mohammedans is the first absurdity, and he said that he was convinced by the *good lives* of the Christian 'religious,' their sobriety and charity, and specially he had been influenced by the sight of 'Sisters of Charity.' Isn't that immensely interesting and helpful?

"If you want to convince an unbelieving world, *live the Christian life* systematically in the eyes of the world. That ought to be such a consolation to us, who haven't got brains for arguing, much less for writing argumentative pamphlets. Only let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and then they will come to glorify the Father."

On his arrival at Blantyre he sends the following :

(*To a Brother*)

#### ON THE WAY TO NYASA

African Lakes' Company Boarding House, Blantyre,  
November 7, 1904.

"We left Chiromo about 8 P.M. in machilas (hammocks slung on poles), and so we journeyed through the night through what is known as the Elephant Marsh. It is a great place for big game of all kinds, but I think our *numbers* were sufficient to keep lions off our track. If a lion had come across us, he would have found me comfortably asleep. Our numbers, reckoning sixteen men to each machila, and a few extras, must have amounted to over fifty. At 4 A.M. we reached the base of a big hill, and rested for an hour, and then we had a very stiff climb of an hour and a half to the top. The first part of the climb we were lighted by the moon, and the last half by the sun. Needless to say, we had mercy on our machila men, and did not *ride* up the hill. Two hours more brought us to the house of a planter, who looked after us sumptuously. . . . After luncheon we set out again in our machilas towards Blantyre, but before we had gone many miles we found a cart with four

mules which had come out from Blantyre to meet us, and so we transhipped from machila to mule-cart. The mules went at a break-neck speed, undeterred by ditches or rocks or (the last part of the way) by the darkness of the night. The cart hadn't a vestige of a spring, but I soon found that, by keeping a sharp look-out ahead, I could see when the next ditch or rock had to be crossed, and so lessened the jar by rising from my seat at the critical moment. So, with the aid of machila and mule-cart, we found ourselves at Blantyre, between seventy and eighty miles from Chiromo, within twenty-four hours. . . . Blantyre is a large place, as places go out here. There must be 100 Europeans—nearly all Scotch, and it is the centre of a Scotch Mission."

A few days later he writes :

" Instead of going back to my old station at Kota Kota, I am to be in charge of Likoma Island. In some ways I shall find it hard not being at Kota, as the boys there have got hold of a very large bit of my heart's affection."

The following letter will show that his sense of humour had not deserted him. Perhaps this precious gift is even more observable in his later letters than in the earlier ones.

(To a Sister)

VISIT TO A CHIEF

Malindi, Lake Nyasa, November 28, 1904.

" You will be surprised to see that I am still stationary at the *south* end of the Lake : I have been pottering about here now for eighteen days, waiting for the *C.J.* to finish being repaired. . . .

" Here at Malindi we are a tremendous big party . . . so I use the deck of the *C.J.* as my bedroom, and most delightful it is ; no need of stuffy mosquito curtains, or mosquito-proof windows and doors ; there has moreover been a gorgeous full moon to give the finishing touch to the joys of night-time. . . . In spite of the heat, Miss Schofield

walks off every morning to her school about a mile away, and in the afternoon she often visits in the village. I settled to pay her school a visit one morning on the donkey; I had passed a big wattle and daub building the day before, which I understood was the school. So to that building I went, and on the way I thought to myself, 'I will give the children (not to mention their teacher) a pleasing surprise, by riding into the school upon the ass.' And so I did: I and the ass trotted gaily through the doorway, expecting to find the place full of ABC. But instead of any school paraphernalia, children and Miss Schofield, silence reigned around, and I thought to myself, 'This is very rummy, and it's not my idea of a school, and I think I had better trot out again.' So out we trotted, I and the donkey, and outside I asked, 'What is this house?' They said, 'It is the new house of the chief.' I replied, 'Then let us make tracks as fast as we can, and please show me the way to the school.' I had only been at the school a few minutes, when a polite message reached me to say that the chief had now returned to his house, and would like to welcome me. So once more I retraced mine and the donkey's steps, and, this time leaving the donkey on the right side of the verandah, I shook hands with the old chief. I didn't allude to my former visit, leaving him to suppose that it was a special mark of respect and European etiquette to ride in at the front door on your beast—be it ass or horse—when you go paying calls. As *he* couldn't talk Chinyanja and I couldn't talk his tongue—Chiyao—and the teacher who came to interpret was bad at the job, time hung rather heavy on our hands, but I couldn't go, as I knew he had sent his boys to catch fowls as a 'prize' for me. At last one fowl arrived on the verandah, and I said, 'Now, Mfumu (chief), I must take my leave.' He said, 'Wait a bit, there are some more fowls coming.' So again time hung heavy. Then arrived two more fowls, and I breathed again. I said, 'Thank you for your handsome present, and now I must take my leave.' He replied, 'Wait, there is one more chicken coming.' I tried to breathe out a 'Really your generosity is something too—too,' and once more I sat down nearly in

despair, till the fourth and last chicken arrived. On arriving home, I had without delay to send word to Brother S—, storekeeper, 'Chief has given me a handsome present of four chickens; please send back the return present,' and consequently the chief soon found himself in possession of eight pennyworth of salt. Sometimes he himself suggests (without being asked) what form he wishes the return present to take."

The next letter he writes as priest-in-charge of Likoma, but its chief interest is his description of the visit he paid to his old station of Kota Kota as he travelled up the Lake.

(To a Sister)

### VISIT TO KOTA KOTA

Likoma, December 4, 1904.

"My first letter as priest-in-charge of the islands of Likoma and Chizumulu!

"We left Malindi last Tuesday morning on the *C.J.* under the charge of Mr. Lyon (engineer) and steamed right away to Kota Kota. . . . The Kota people had been expecting us for many days, and had begun to think we had *cut* them, and gone straight up to Likoma. There they were, down on the shore, ready to welcome us, Nurse M., Miss M., and a crowd of boys and girls. Many of them had got small flags, and with these they waded into the water to meet me in the *C.J.*'s little boat; and so we all marched up to the Mission (about a mile) gathering up others on the way, and singing the Chinyanja version of 'The British Grenadiers,' just as they did ten months ago, when they sent me away. We walked through the Mission by the way of the beautiful new stone native hospitals for men and women. . . .

"As Mr. Lyon was good enough to land us at Kota so early in the morning, I was able to get a whole twenty-four hours there, and oh! how I did enjoy myself! With a certain, though blessedly small, amount of lapses, &c., there was an immense deal to make one so thankful; the school-boys and girls seem to be doing especially well, and I had many nice talks with them. . . . Then there were the old Christian

women—dear old bodies ; they seemed really glad to see me. . . . There happened to be a special Advent service in church that night, so I was able to preach them a little sermon. . . .

“ We got to Likoma midnight of Thursday, Dec. 1, and so, at 5.30, when the Mission boys were coming down to the Lake for their morning dip, they met their new father making an unostentatious entry into his domain, and the first that many knew of him was the sight and voice of him conducting Mattins in the old Cathedral, just as if he had been there day by day for years past. . . .

“ Not content with giving me the charge of this place, the Bishop has told me to be his examining chaplain ; also sub-editor of the Likoma quarterly paper. . . . I am the only priest on this island, and also have to look after Chizumulu, but I foresee that up to Christmas I shall have to stick to this station in preparation for Christmas. The work will be very heavy. Everybody here is exceedingly helpful, and of course I am very happy.”

One of the staff at Kota Kota writes :

Dec. 3, 1904.

“ Mr. Douglas reached us on S. Andrew's Day after breakfast—the children gave him a royal welcome on landing and accompanied him to the Mission with repeated ‘ Hurrahs,’ songs, and clapping—the most enthusiastic impromptu demonstration that I have seen ! He seemed very well and bright, and spent the day in paternal talks with his old children, and preached at 8 o'clock Evensong, celebrated at the English Eucharist next morning, and left us again at 10 A.M. for Likoma. His visit seemed to speak just one simple little word, and to express its power—Love. He calls out the best that is in people just because he loves them. He was pleased with our work on the whole I think, and considered it ‘ vigorous.’ ”

In the following letter he describes the condition of the new Cathedral built on “ the place of burning ” of witches, just as the Cathedral at Zanzibar is built on the site of the old slave-market.

(To a Sister)

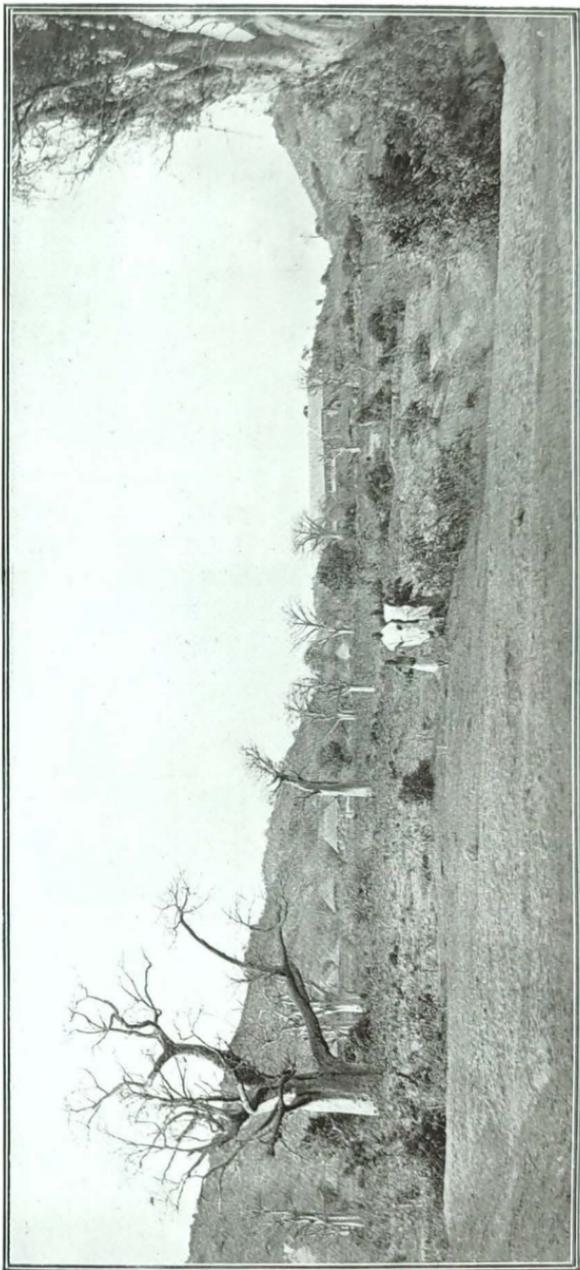
THE NEW CATHEDRAL

Chippyela, Likoma, December 18, 1904.

“ These two weeks have gone apace, and *that* (the first two weeks in a new place) is enough to show that they have been extra special busy weeks. . . . The great pressure has been the preparation of the Christians throughout the island for their Christmas Communions. . . . After Christmas I must get across to my other island, Chizumulu, and I must keep a second Christmas over there. . . .

“ We have just had about nine inches of rain in two and a half days. This beautiful (from a gardener's point of view) damp heat is suiting my new seeds admirably: they were only put in about a week ago, and the zinnias and convolvuluses are already three inches high. I mean to have a hanging garden round the verandah in front of my door. . . . Likoma station, and indeed the whole island, has practically no grass, so that the experiment of keeping mission cattle has signally failed. Two cows have died since I have been here; their death reduces the number to one bull and two calves; up to the present the priest-in-charge has made himself responsible for the cattle's welfare, but I'm thankful to find that Nurse M—— is both willing and anxious to take charge of them. She thinks she will get more milk, though how she expects to get any milk at all, now that the last cow is defunct, don't ask me. You mustn't suppose that we are consequently without milk; there are some goats and a few cows left belonging to the natives, and we have an old factotum who gets together a good many spoonfuls of salt's worth of milk per diem. . . .

“ I have omitted to mention the two most important buildings on the station, the old and the new Cathedrals, the latter having a race to get built before the other tumbles down. I scarcely know whether to marvel most at the wonderful way in which the old church is still standing, looking about as sound as it did three years ago, with the assistance of innumerable props, or at the rapidity with which the walls of the new *chancel* have reached completion.



LIKOMA ISLAND

Here is a beautiful little story of piety ; a deputation of native workmen came to Mr. Glossop to say that they thought they ought to pray that Mr. George may keep his health, so that he may be enabled to finish the building. I can't yet describe the Cathedral : externally it already stands well, even without its two western towers and pinnacle. . . . The interior of the chancel is exceedingly dignified. . . .

“ I am very much looking forward to the other side of Christmas, when I shall be able to find my way into the villages dotted about the island, and see the outschools and synagogues, *i.e.* the native rooms which answer the purpose of mission rooms, where the teachers take daily even-song, &c. On Sunday, the Christians from all parts of the island come to this central place of worship, *Chipyela* ; it means ‘ the place of burning,’ so-called because the witches were formerly burnt there. This is the *Likoma* story corresponding to the *Zanzibar* story of the Cathedral on the site of the old *slave* market. . . .

“ I preached my first Chinyanja sermon in this church Christmas Day three years ago.”

(*To a Sister*)

#### THE OFFERTORY AT LIKOMA

Likoma, December 29, 1904.

“ The choir here is something too perfectly indescribably awful—or rather, the singing as a whole is so, and the choir have been as bad as the congregation ; but we had grand practices in the evenings almost every day for the three weeks before Christmas, and really the change is already very striking ; some of the boys have already developed quite excellent head-notes, instead of yelling like street arabs. The people made their Communion according to their villages on Christmas Day at 6 and 7.30, and on Monday there were many more, altogether between five and six hundred. The High Eucharist was at 7.30, and, as I had already officiated at the earlier service, I was able to sit with the choir, and start the singing : we use no sort of

instrument. I think externally it was the most enthusiastic service I ever remember; the Cathedral was crammed—poor old Cathedral, so very much on its last timbers. The Christmas offertory was a miscellaneous jumble of *native* food, 133 eggs, *brass* coins and *bone* coins, which pass for money on the island, a large number of *cardboard tickets* representing so many days' work done for the new Cathedral without payment, 120 farthings, as well as other English coins. I was very thankful that the whole day passed off without unseemly proceedings: I haven't heard of any-one being drunk that day: at Mattins of *that* day and also on other days, a large number have taken the pledge, for periods varying from six months to 'until death.' At Evensong we sang carols.

"I find the 'elders,' one appointed for each village, a great assistance to me. If I want to know any particulars about persons and past histories, or wish my words to be made known in the villages, or desire that wives should be brought back to their husbands, I can generally work through the elders. . . . Goats play a very considerable part in village life at Likoma. The payment of goats is the customary fine. Yesterday I told a certain A. that he must pay one goat to a certain B., whose head he had helped to break open. A., according to native etiquette, retired from my house in an overwhelming passion, but returned again in half an hour's time highly pleased with himself, and leading the required goat, which was tied to a tree within a few yards of my house, whence B., with a bandage tied round his head, that he might look his part every bit, fetched it. Another goat story—a youth came to my verandah with a goat and a torn cloth. The goat had torn it, and so the goat's owner must pay the fine. I said, 'Whose goat is it?' He replied, 'It is the Mission's goat.' So I honourably stumped up two bone coins (value  $2\frac{2}{3}d.$ ); he retired in the worst of humours, and shortly afterwards came back to say that he was very much astonished at only receiving  $2\frac{2}{3}d.$ ; it was customary to receive a whole fathom ( $8d.$ ), and therefore he would refuse to take the  $2\frac{2}{3}d.$  I said, 'So much the better for me.' He didn't return them,

and, when he met me ten minutes afterwards, he said that he would like to give one of the two bones as his Church offering, and he would keep the other for himself ! ”

*(To a Brother)*

### INFANT BAPTISMS

Likoma, Jan. 15, 1905.

“ We are experiencing just now something that helps us to realise to a small extent what ‘ the plagues ’ were like. Ours is a plague of flying bugs ! I think they don’t bite, and if you want to be polite you might call them ladybirds, exaggerated to the fourth degree. As I came out of church to-night, I was met by a strong smell of bug, but they chiefly prefer the dining-room. Last night the tablecloth was black with them, and one’s clothes and the floor also were liberally supplied with them.

“ Since my last letter home, I have paid a visit to Chizumulu. She is the little sister of Likoma, both islands being under my charge. . . . Chizumulu, compared to Likoma, is very untamed ; the people continue all sorts of heathen customs, and the two villages, at each of which we have a church, are at constant war. The night I got there, I was just going to leave the station to go back to the steamer (to sleep) at 11.30 P.M., when I found a party of men seated on the mission ground. They were so gory that their explanation that they had been fighting was quite unneeded. I heard that the fight was concluded by the middle of the following day, when each side had successfully carried off each other’s goats. . . . My visit to Chizumulu practically brought Christmas festivities to an end for me, and, since my return to Likoma, I have had time to go about the island, looking into schools, dormitories and synagogues. . . . The custom here is for everyone who wishes to communicate on Sunday to give in their name to the priest-in-charge on Saturday, and to receive from him a ticket, which they put in a plate as they go up to the Altar : so undesirable people are prevented from communicating. . . .

“ As for the infant baptisms, mothers with babes on their

backs began to besiege me as soon as I set foot on Likoma ; to each of whom I used to reply, ' I can hear no words about Baptism till the other side of Christmas.' But, now we have reached the other side, we must go through with the business boldly. So I first proclaim in church: ' Perhaps there is some mother who thinks that her baby might be baptised : if so, she may go to Donna N. S., who undertakes to write down all the news about the babe, and then I will investigate the news, and judge accordingly.' The ' news ' consists in a description of the status of the mother, father, uncles and grandmother of the babe, whether they are Christian, catechumen, hearers, or rank outsiders, as also whether their conduct is satisfactory, and whether they have elder children, whom they do or do not send to school regularly—that is to say, whether there is a good likelihood of the child being brought up a Christian. I was not altogether surprised when Miss N. S. told me she had applications from about eighty mothers."

(To a Sister)

#### INFANT BAPTISMS

Likoma, January 31, 1905.

" Among many other things, it has been pay-day, and old women water-carriers, men and women school teachers, sweepers of dormitories, lighters of lamps, house boys, dining-room boys, washer-uppers and bell-ringers, &c., &c., to say nothing of our old factotum ' Charlie,' who from time immemorial has been our general buyer of chickens, eggs, and milk—all come to be paid. . . .

" You may be pleased to hear that since my last letter we have got thirty-six new baby Christians. Their baptism was really most impressive. I had about eighty mothers petitioning during the previous weeks, and it means many hours' work, finding out those who seem to have a good enough chance of being brought up in the Christian manner of life. It is horrid to refuse mothers, but *generally* they bear the refusal with praiseworthy equanimity. When I had selected those whom I considered to be eligible, I summoned the elders of the Church, and they sat on my

verandah, whilst I called up the belongings of the babes, *i.e.* their parents, uncle, grandmother, and sponsors, to drum into them their obligations. Say each child had seven belongings, and picture 252 folk swarming round about my verandah in sweltering tropical sun. Then on the day of the Baptism, everything was beautifully ordered, the parties concerned being arranged in fours, the mother and babe in front, the sponsors behind. I had told one school-boy, who had been chosen as a sponsor, that he had himself shown so stubborn a heart in the previous week, that he couldn't be allowed to make himself responsible for anybody else's heart; but the parents of the babe were never told, so the school-boy turned up, and, as it was too late to choose anyone else, I had to content myself with asking him in the presence of the multitude whether his own pride had departed; and, hearing that it had quite departed, he is now a Godfather."

(*To a Sister*)

#### GOOD FRIDAY AT LIKOMA

*The Patience*, April 29, 1905.

"To write or not to write on a very rollicking sea, that is the question. I am half-way between Chizumulu and Likoma—at least I ought to be half-way, but the wind is dead against us, so alas! Chizumulu still looks quite near, and Likoma quite far. I wanted to reach Chipiyela by noon, so as to be in time for the people to give their names to me for to-morrow's Communion; but I suppose there won't be a large number of communicants on the octave of Easter Day. There was very much indeed to be thankful for during Holy Week and Easter. The people came in large numbers to the daily Eucharist with an address on the events of each day, *i.e.* from Monday to Thursday, the Cathedral looking almost as full as it does on Sundays; but at Likoma big week-day congregations are easy to manage, as it is the rule for work on the station to be suspended during church-time, so that all can come to church, and there are now a very large number of hands being employed on the building of the new Cathedral. . . .

“ I had never formerly been at Likoma for Good Friday, at least not until the evening, and I was anxious to compare the conduct of the people at this central station with other villages. I began by being rather unfavourably impressed ; at least, there was certainly more talking on the station than I had been used to out here, although it really didn't amount to much (mostly old ladies !). On the other hand, the attentiveness of the enormous congregation during the Three Hours' Service was most beautiful. The native can stand any length of service, but then he likes to go out and take an airing in the middle, but there was not any sort of flocking to the door on Friday.

“ On Easter Monday the Chipyela girls' school had its prize-giving. Since Christmas it must have had a daily attendance of about two hundred. The Bishop gave the prizes, and I interpreted for him. . . .

“ On Easter Monday afternoon we Europeans, instead of going to bed, went for a picnic ; I only stipulated that I might go in a boat, and take a cushion ; both requests were granted, and I enjoyed it very much. . . .

“ On Tuesday afternoon Mr. L. took me over to Chizumu in the *C.J.* and there I have been for the last four nights very busy preparing for and keeping Easter over again. The Christian *men* were conspicuously absent, an extraordinarily large number of them having gone to seek work in distant lands, as far as Fort Salisbury. It must be a big eye-opener when they get into those civilised lands, and see horses and carriages, and other strange beasts.

“ This next week I must get my large Baptism class into working order, with a view to a Whitsuntide Baptism. . . .

“ The singing on Easter Day was fine—and that reminds me of another work in front, viz. the forming of a proper choir. Oh dear ! we are still only half-way between the two islands, and it is 12 o'clock. But I learn discipline by sitting in a boat ; foolish Europeans shout at the crew, but it is useless, and the *capitao* resents it. So, even though we had a temporary breakdown just now, and had literally to undergird the ship, I kept a praiseworthy mumness. The sun is also warm, but F. is holding a white umbrella over me—F. is a small Christian school-boy, who has been this

holiday with me ; you see he serves a purpose, and moreover he sends you (my sister) his salaams : so also does W., who is lying on the bench the other side of me, and woke up on purpose to tell me. . . . W., you know, is my own boy : I picked him out of village life, and he really is doing very well."

The following letter, describing his first meeting with a Portuguese official, has a pathetic interest in view of the manner and cause of his death some six years later.

(To a Sister)

MEETING WITH A PORTUGUESE OFFICIAL

Likoma, May 28, 1905.

"I formed the excellent resolution of doing a little serious reading this (Sunday) afternoon, partly to justify my position as examining chaplain to Gerard Likoma, but alas ! though I selected a kitchen chair to sit in, I very soon began to *nod*, and the only remedy for nodding is a letter home. I hope there never will be another examining chaplain who opens as few books as I do ; but I really don't think it can be helped, and therefore I suppose it doesn't matter. . . .

"We have had a huge excitement this last week, the sight of two European children : they were Portuguese. The father is the head Portuguese official on the Lake. One of his *bomas* is opposite Likoma, and the Bishop found him there, and told me to send a boat over to convey him and his wife and the two children (the children of a relation) to Likoma : so, you see, he is not their father after all. He talked English intelligibly, and we got on all right. . . . It was nice to find them really keen on seeing the church, and he asked me whether my ladies had got a little crucifix which they could let his wife have. But, if *she* was shy, Edmund, aged eight, and Georgina, aged six, were not shy ; from the moment of their landing, they took possession of the island, marching up in front of us all from the Lake. . . .

"When we went to watch the boys play football,

Georgina rushed about the football ground at the utmost peril of her life. As a matter of fact, their rushes always came to a timely end through the assistance of their stockings; their foster-parents apologised for the fact that the children had no boots, but, instead of boots, they each wore a pair of huge grey stockings, the feet of which dragged out behind them; but they are really delightful children, full of fun, and very friendly, and quite nicely behaved. . . .

“ I don't think I have written home since I began my duties in the Infant School; we muster any number up to a hundred, baby Christians, catechumens, and heathen. The opening of school is rather a long business, as each of the three conditions of infant says different prayers. The Christians come in first, they are only about twenty, and they say the Lord's Prayer and Creed; then the catechumens, and then the rabble. If I had no other work to do, I really could get the school into order: as it is, we go on very happily, and the children really learn a wonderful amount; so, at the present time, my morning after breakfast is divided between infants and preparation for my big class of Baptismal candidates, which I have daily, *i.e.* five times a week midday. I must have it at midday, as many of the candidates are working on the Cathedral, and midday is their time for rest. I have about ninety candidates in this class, and altogether, at Likoma and Chizumulu, there must be one hundred and twenty-five being prepared. . . .

“ I hope that the Baptisms will be on Trinity Sunday. . . . Of course the choosing of candidates causes much heart-burning among those who are not chosen, and a good deal of my time the last few weeks has been taken up with answering the question, ' Why have you not chosen me ? ' . . . There are disappointed school-boys who stop away from school for three days by way of protest, and the boy who sends me his blanket and mat with the message that he has departed to the village (he has already requested the restoration of himself and property). Talking of blankets, this last week we had a grand distribution of remnants (a blanket is a red rug) to thirty little boys, who had each swept a dormitory for five days: the blankets were obviously too worn out for dormitory wear, but by no means too worn

out to be snipped and cut and squared and oblonged, and presented as cloths to little boys, who had never before worn any dress half as large as this bit of paper. I am doing a good deal of teaching just now, as, after the Baptism class and luncheon, I generally teach English to the class of fifteen boys, who are anxious this year or next to go to the College ; after that, there are generally many interviews and cases, but I try and get time for a little quiet in church before Evensong, if I haven't managed to do so in the morning. To-morrow to Wednesday is Rogationtide, and on Wednesday we shall have our procession to bless the fields ; we shall assemble down by the Lake, and first ask a blessing on the Lake and fishing, which forms so very important a part of Likoma daily life, and we shall sing ' Fierce raged,' and then we shall walk through the fields of cassava, and end off in the station quadrangle."

*(To a Sister)*

#### ADULT BAPTISMS

S. Michael's College, June 22, 1905.

" Now I will tell you how I come to be writing in the guest room at the College : the reason is, that last Sunday saw the big Baptism at Likoma really an accomplished fact, most blessed and most thankworthy—123 more Christians, all having arrived at riper years. The preparation classes, which I took almost daily for the whole lot during the previous six weeks, were of great interest to me, and, though the candidates came from all parts of the island, I should think that there was not an average of one absent per diem. Nkwazi village was an exception, as, till the last week or so, the candidates there were mostly taught by the native teacher James ; then the final week for the emptying out of all the evil of their heathen lives, with the promise that the Baptism would be for the remission of sins (their actual as well as original). The Baptisms themselves were on Trinity Sunday at 3.30, and the arrangements required much thought. . . . All the Europeans, as well as some of the native teachers had their separate duties to perform, so that all might be done decently and in order. Of course all the new names,

generally common Christian names with outlandish phonetic spelling, Esta, Lusi, &c., as well as the 123 witnesses, had already been settled ; and then there were the 123 Baptismal white cloths to be distributed to the witnesses for them to keep till after the immersion. . . . For all the first part of the service, the candidates and witnesses were arranged in the catechumens' portion of the church, *i.e.* between the catechumen barrier and the west end : then, before the prayer for blessing the water, I walked up by myself from the catechumen barrier to the font, which many hands had helped to fill on the previous day. The font is about four feet deep, and the priest stands in a little dry hole on one side ; all the same, the candidates made such a splashing, that I was very soon soaked to the skin, and your poor white stole suffered dreadfully : however, you won't mind that in such a cause. Then, after the blessing of the water, during a hymn, the male candidates filed out of door 1 and into the transept of the font by door 3, and the females filed out by door 2, and in again by door 4. (Doors 1 and 3 are on the south, doors 2 and 4 are on the north side.) As soon as I had begun to baptise, the Bishop, with his little procession, left his seat by the altar, and took up his position at the catechumen barrier, and so received into the congregation each of the newly-baptised as they came back into church in their white cloths, and so, with their symbolical tapers lighted, they took their places in front of the rest of the congregation. The last person to be baptised was a woman with a wooden leg, but she was really clever about getting down the steps into the water and then out again. I had finished the Baptisms long before the Bishop had finished the receptions, and was able to watch nearly all the girls being signed. Oh ! it was a very blessed day, and in the morning I had already been made very thankful by a very large percentage of the candidates taking the pledge to abstain from the native beer. . . . The candidates only took the pledge for six months or for a year : short pledges generally seem to answer best out here ; they can always be renewed. During these days at the College, I am advising my four Likoma students, Basil, Wilfrid, Archie, and Stefano,

to begin their career as teachers by taking the pledge. Well, now you see partly why I am at the College: I went on Sunday night to the Bishop, and said: 'I am tremendously well, but, all the same, I doubt for my sake and theirs whether I had better go straight on to Chizumulu, and prepare the Baptismal candidates, who are waiting for me there, without a little easy:' the Bishop said: 'You had better go to the College for a few days, and you can take my rifle and go up into the hills.' I replied that I would rather take the books on which I have to set examination papers for Mr. C.'s priest's orders, but, even so, the College would be a most delightful change, and so it is, and I am enjoying it enormously."

(To a Sister)

### NATIVE MARRIAGES

Likoma, August 6, 1905.

"Sunday afternoon, and my private flag is posted up outside my house; it signifies that all the pains and penalties which the Lord Mayor is capable of inflicting *will* be inflicted on anyone who dares to say '*hodi*' at his door. Whosoever sees the flag supposes that I am lying down. So I have been for about half an hour, looking at some newly arrived *Spheres* which contained T.'s most delightful picture of dear old Uncle B.

"This morning I was busy. 7 A.M. the big sung Eucharist; I preached as usual, and started the singing, led the Creed and Confession, which the congregation say sentence by sentence after the Choregus; the Bishop was Celebrant; Padre Wilson also assisted, and there were about 130 Communicants. Since these last Baptisms, we must expect that number most weeks. Then breakfast, followed immediately by Mattins, when I also officiated. Immediately after Mattins a big lot of people—mothers, fathers, uncles, grannies, sponsors—in front of my house, perhaps 120 in all, to be preached to on their responsibilities, as a preliminary to about twenty infant Baptisms which I administered immediately afterwards.

Then the marking of the Communicants' register in the vestry, and that brought us to luncheon. After luncheon more people waiting on my verandah. Two boys whom I am going to marry to their respective girls to-morrow, and who had to be warned that the *Holy* Matrimony of the morning was not to end in a *beery* revel in the afternoon ; and then various people who want to know whether I can take them with me on the *C.J.* to Nkamanga.

“ The last two businesses need some explanation. Alas ! like my predecessor Mr. Glossop, and like most others of us who think anything about it, I *funk* the marriage day out here. The natives would say that a marriage without *moa* (beer) was not to be accounted a marriage, and Mr. George would have said a few months ago that he would always expect to find some of our young boys drunk in the evening. Well, all I can do is to warn the boys beforehand, and I depute one or two trustworthy men (elders of the Church or otherwise) to superintend the marriage festivities ; but I am not happy till I know that the *moa* jugs are empty.

“ I am afraid Nkamanga does not come into any map of U.M.C.A., but it is the stretch of mainland opposite Likoma on the west side of the Lake, *i.e.* north of Kota Kota. It is the province of the Scotch (Bandawe) Mission, but, during the last few years so many of our Christians have migrated there that we try to visit them and give them their Communion about once a quarter. As a matter of fact I have only once got over there (soon after Christmas). Now I have made all arrangements for going to-morrow by the *C.J.* which was due at Likoma yesterday. But she has not appeared ; so I do not know what my movements this week will be. She is probably delayed by what is a sad disappointment to us all. Mr. Ladbury, who has been very seedy at Likoma for weeks, was taken down by the *C.J.* last trip to see the Government doctor at Fort Johnston (because Dr. Howard is away in the hills) and there at the south end of the Lake he developed the bad kind of fever ; now we hope he is safely past the crisis, but he will have to go home to England immediately. Brother Sargent (Lichfield Evangelist), whose furlough was in any case nearly due, will go home with

him to look after him. Ladbury is a very great loss to us—a most excellent lay-worker, store-keeper. Since he came back with me in November, he has been at Likoma looking after the carpentry and (to me a most tremendous assistance) he has run our station accounts. The thought of these accounts—on the whole we won't depress ourselves unnecessarily by thinking of them this afternoon—I know they nearly drove Glossop mad. Afternoon tea gong has just 'cried' and after tea comes English Evensong and sermon by the Bishop.

"In another two months the Bishop will, I suppose, really have started homewards. He is only waiting for the dedication of the Cathedral—as much of it as will be finished—that is, all except the lady chapel and vestries, and the two western towers and the central turret. Certainly, Mr. George is a marvel. When I reached Likoma eight months ago, though the chancel and transepts were nearly finished, the walls of the nave were scarcely begun, and now they are putting on the roof. I must try and find time to take some photos of it, but I am generally working from 6.30 A.M. to bedtime and nearly always working at high pressure. But it seems to suit me.

"Another coming interest is the Theological College which is to be started at Nkwazi on Likoma Island. The *C.M.* has been tried and (for a Theological College) it has been found wanting. Mr. Wilson will be principal of the College. Our two native deacons, Augustine and Eustace, who for the last two years have been on and off the steamer, trying to prepare for the priesthood, will make a fresh start at Nkwazi, and Mr. Wilson will also have some others to prepare for readerships—and after that I hope some will go into Holy Orders. I shall be glad to have Augustine and Eustace on the Island, to assist at services and to preach; but my chief assistant will probably be Mr. Winspear who, as a new deacon, is due out here some time this year. I shall be especially glad to see him, as our printer, Willcocks, is soon going home on furlough, and I shall probably have to boss the printing office! I shall practise printing when I come home. Since my last letter home, we have had a visit from

Nurse Minter. It was so jolly seeing her, and we talked a great deal of Kota Kota shop.

“When Miss Minter was here, the Bishop got her to translate three hymns into Chinyanja for the Cathedral dedication, and I am busy practising them with the unmarried portion of the Christian Community, and then I shall have to collect the elderly portion for practices during their midday rest hour.”

The following letter was written to Mr. H. E. Ladbury, a worker in the Mission who was seriously ill :

Likoma, August 7, 1905.

“I know you have long ago just asked the good God to do with you whatever He pleases, because what He pleases is bound to be best, and so you will often be thinking over the old hymn, ‘Thy way not mine, O Lord,’ and now the words strike home to you, dear old chap, with a new and a big force ; and you will need all their force at this time when physical weakness and the thought of what you have got to leave behind, and of difficulties which may be in front of you tempt you to despond. But instead of desponding, you will just lie quietly and thankfully in the arms of the Father, because you know by actual experience how He has always loved you, always up to to-day, and you are quite certain that He will always go on loving you from to-day.

“I really don’t think it much matters where we are, at least it only matters that we are where God means us to be.”

*(To a Brother)*

#### BUILDING THE CATHEDRAL

Likoma, August 16, 1905.

“Not a single person on my verandah ! Up to the present, I have as usual had a continual stream of visitors, including school-boys asking for holiday work at 4*d.* a week, some of which their conscience returns as an offering towards the building of the new Cathedral : other boys asking for sleeping-mats as theirs have been eaten by the white ants ; two other boys getting, if not asking, a whacking ; various

matrimonial arrangements to be seen to ; a widow wanting to know where she is to sleep, as her home has fallen down, and she fears the *afiti* (witches, body-snatchers, &c., who are supposed to abound on the island), and so on. . . .

“ I wish you could look in at Likoma station at the present moment, and see all the workers at work on the Cathedral. The Bishop intends to dedicate as much as will be ready on Michaelmas Day, and I have been busy preparing the form of service, and also teaching the congregation the special dedication hymns. The Cathedral, when completed, will be nearly as long as Worcester Cathedral. . . . This island is made of stone (so much the worse for my boots), so there is no lack of material ; on the other hand, all the timber has to be brought over from the mainland ; the iron, &c., has come out from England. This last week the natives, who are continually having eye-openers, have had their first sight of stained glass windows. We have got about seventy skilled masons, as well as a host of unskilled labourers, and now, in the holidays, the building is flooded with children. Out here, nobody can carry anything except on their heads ; so picture thirty or forty infants solemnly walking one behind the other, each with a pebble secured firmly by both hands on the top of their noddles. Last week I had a nice little trip to the west mainland, to look up some of our Christians, who have settled there. The *C.J.* took me. . . . Do you realise that we get really big seas on Nyasa, and this time of year it is nearly always rough ; but the *C.J.* can stand any weather—much better than *I* can.”

(*To an Old Friend*)

#### PICTURE OF MISSIONARY WORK

Likoma, August 20, 1905.

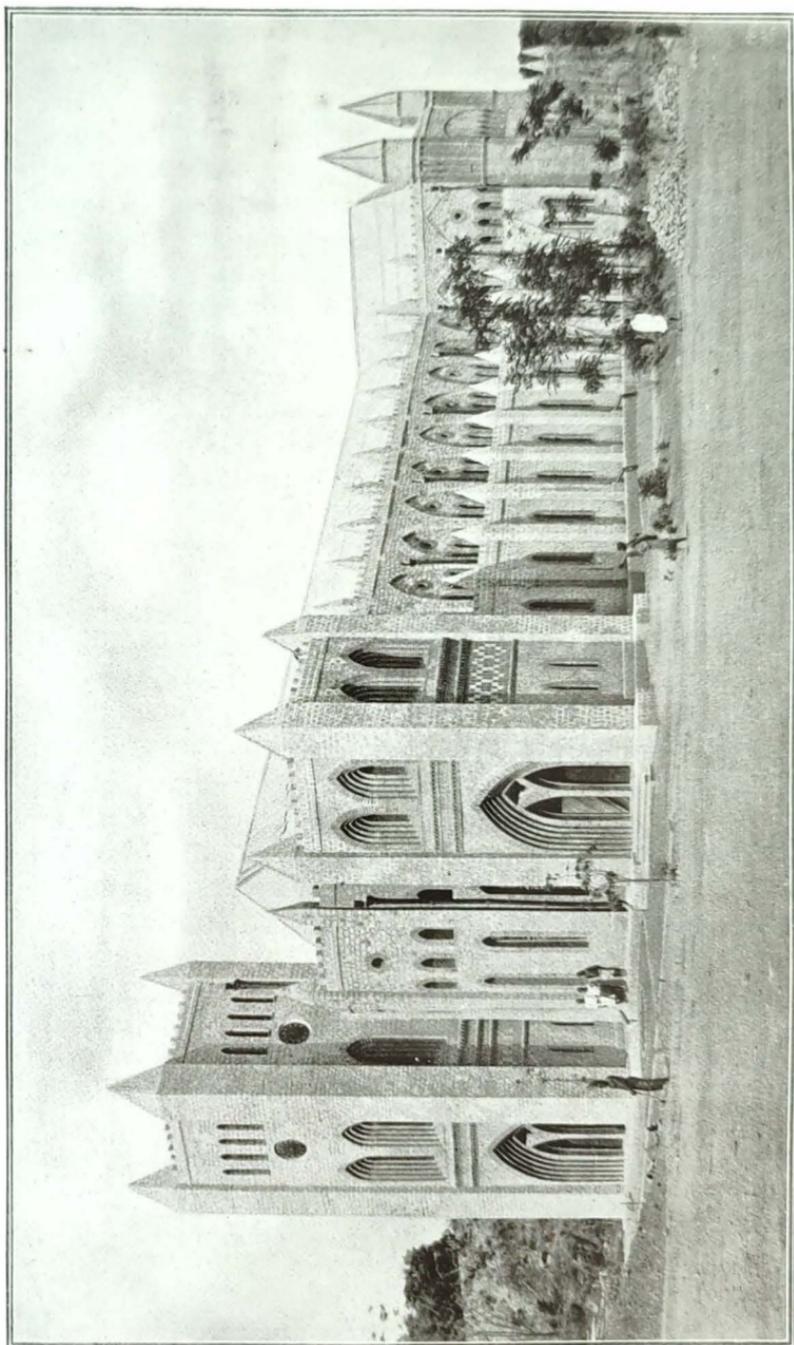
“ Sunday afternoon—you won't find many parish priests in England who have time to write letters on the Sabbath. My letter to you is in lieu of a sermon by the Bishop, he has got neuralgia and is unable to preach to our select English congregation of four males and four females. The Bishop thinks it well for us to have one English service on

Sunday, so in addition to the regular services in Chinyanja (language of Nyasa or the Lake) we have Evensong in our own vulgar tongue. Our big native service is at 7 o'clock A.M. when the old, dilapidated Cathedral looks packed—some six hundred altogether on the ground. I nearly always do the preaching. We have now a new Cathedral, to be dedicated—as much of it as is ready—on Michaelmas Day. Likoma, which by the way is an island, whereof I am not only priest-in-charge but also Lord Mayor, there being no civil authority, is made of stones (so much the worse for my boots), so there is no difficulty about material for building.

“ When completed, the Cathedral will be 280 feet long—what is the length of Eton Chapel?—(150 × 40).

“ But you are—I see it in your letter, for which I thank you, my very many thanks—in an obvious and not unnatural funk that our mission work consists entirely in making the native attend chapel and wear more clothes. As to the latter, I really don't think you could accuse our U.M.C.A. natives of prodigality. Last Monday I was at a distant part of my parish (another island, by name Chizumulu), and though it was a gala day, with the Bishop coming to confirm, there was uncommon little cloth to relieve the monotony of black bodies and black legs. As a matter of fact we are almost entirely successful in keeping the native *simple* in his costume. One of my sumptuary laws runs thus, ‘ No trousers are allowed in church.’ And if one of the boys has borrowed a pair of boots from some elder brother who has been down to Fort Salisbury, he knows better than to show himself in them on my verandah. Of course it is true that we aren't sent here to Europeanise the African but to Christianise him.

“ Then you ask me about industrial work : well, the new Cathedral has been built entirely by the hands of our natives, under the superintendence of our missionary architect and missionary carpenters. We have now got about seventy skilled masons—anyhow more or less skilled—also on this station there are the carpenter's and printer's shops where there is always great competition for admission to apprenticeship. Then as Likoma is an island, we have to



L IKOMA CATHEDRAL

employ a good many boys in the boats which go daily to the mainland, five miles off, and there are the regular crews for our two mission steamers, which are always on the go, up and down the Lake. A good deal of the mission work—I mean the visiting of villages—is done from the steamer, the *Chauncy Maples*. So if a boy is really keen about learning a regular trade, he stands a very good chance of being taken on. At the same time we don't want to teach the boys to despise the ordinary village life in so far as it is healthy. I am always glad when any rather superior teacher comes to me to buy a hoe with which he may dig his field. The chief employment (outside the hoeing season) is fishing. They do the whole business, from the planting the shrub from which they make the string with which they make their big nets, to the eating of the fish which, with a greasy yellow porridge, is their almost invariable daily portion. Fishing-nets are a fruitful subject for quarrels and lawsuits. If you have a grudge against your neighbour, you either steal his goats, or his fishing-nets, or his canoe, and hold them as surety till he has made you proper satisfaction. Oh these quarrelsome natives! I wish my Lord Mayoralty was at Jericho. A good many cases I send to be settled at the Court of one of the petty village chiefs, but sometimes they only make confusion worse confounded. A few weeks ago there was a fight between two villages. It began by some silly asses of one village calling a respectable old gentleman and his wife—of the other village—*slaves*; which there is no denying they had been in years gone by. I didn't suppose it was a very serious matter and so I sent the parties to a head-man in a neighbouring village that he should square the matter up. Imagine my dismay when shortly afterwards there came pouring into the Mission station a howling and infuriated and bludgeoned-armed mob, some of them largely decorated with gore. I found that the head-man had funk'd and refused to hear the case and that the parties had accordingly set to, supported by their adherents; it had been taken up as a general *village* affair; everybody was much too excited to allow the matter to be settled that day, so I told them they must go back to

their respective villages; and they departed with many mutual imprecations. I then told two of the most trustworthy of them (native Christians) to go that evening one to each of the villages and find out the tempers of the villagers, whether they still wished to fight or to settle the matter as respectable citizens. One set of villagers was reported to me the next morning as being in a most proper frame of mind; that even if their adversaries tried to annoy them ever so much they would themselves be patient. My other messenger told me that the youths of the village whither I had sent him still wished to fight. So I had to send him back again with the further message that I should be pleased to see the sober-minded head-men of the village at my seat of justice, but that I refused to see anyone who didn't know how to behave himself; and, moreover, that fighting on Likoma island was out of the question; that the people of Likoma might choose between a mission authority or a British Government authority, and that I had only to raise the tip of my little finger to call in English magistrate and police and *six shillings hut tax*. To this message I received the satisfactory reply that the bloodthirsty youths had been disarmed of their bludgeons which were safely stored in an elder's house, and that only the head-men would come to the hearing of the case. It was, by-the-bye, a Rogation Day, and we follow the old custom of processioning through the fields and asking a blessing on the crops.

“Well, as priest-in-charge I led the procession through the fields from the Lake to the Mission, and then in the open I gave the Blessing; and then as Lord Mayor I said, ‘I am ready for the-Court.’ The law court is generally on the verandah of my house. It was obvious that youths of village A. had no business to call a respectable old gentleman of village B. a slave, even if he had been one, and so I was about to pass judgment that village A. must pay a goat to village B. for using offensive language. But fortunately there sat beside me a wise old councillor—his name, Yakobo, and Yakobo said, ‘Excuse me, Bwana, but I would say my thoughts, and my thoughts are that whilst the youths of village A. most surely sinned in using abusive speech, the

youths of village B. inflicted with their bludgeons the deepest wounds. Therefore let village A. pay a goat to village B. for offensive speech, and then let village B. pay back to village A. a goat for the bloody wounds.'

" From the gentle clapping of hands with which the assembly greeted the judgment of Yakobo it was obvious that he carried the mind of both parties with him, and I as Lord Mayor passed formal sentence to that effect and blessed Yakobo in my heart. And so we have lived happily ever after. I used the opportunity, however, for rubbing in a prospect of a hut tax, if by their evil doings the natives of Likoma should be so unwise as to invite the British Government to occupy the island ; I called the principal old chief and said, ' How many huts have you, Mzungu ? ' (a hut is equivalent to a wife) ; Mzungu said, ' Five.' I replied, ' That will mean for you to pay shillings *six, six, six, six, six*. I expect you're keen for the Government to step in here, aren't you ? '

" As a matter of fact the natives of the island scarcely ever give trouble, and on that occasion what began in almost nothing ended in nothing at all. A goat for a goat.

" It wouldn't be worth gassing to you like this, only I shall be glad if you and Alington understand a little the sort of life I live out here. It is a rummy kind of mixture. When I want to be refreshed I look in at the Infants' school. Picture a hundred infants, the majority of whom have never learnt what it is to obey anyone. They are perfectly delicious, and when one is naughtier than usual I lay him across my knee and smack him in a motherly spirit. Just now it is holidays, and about four hundred children are assisting or hindering the building of the Cathedral at *4d.* per week. So two weeks' work enables them to buy a cloth, and the third week's work can be given as their offering to the Cathedral.

. . . . .  
" The boys play football with bare toes and zeal, whenever they can get one."

(To a Sister)

## DEDICATION OF THE CATHEDRAL

On board *C.J.* at Nkata Bay, October 17, 1905.

“ My dear friend Captain Lyon has been hunting the ship from end to end (about sixty-six feet, he has just measured her with a three-foot rule for your benefit); but no pen is to be found.

“ First of all this is to wish you many happy returns of the day, and, secondly, it is to tell you about the annual meeting of missionaries at Likoma for Retreat and Conference, and the dedication of the Cathedral; Monday and Tuesday, September 25 and 26, were the days for the assembly, and by Tuesday evening when we went into retreat we mustered about forty. Barring those on furlough in England, the only two absentees were Mr. Glossop who got to the south end of the Lake just too late to catch the *C.M.*, and the native deacon Leonard, who arrived on the Saturday, having walked about 160 miles. Poor housekeeper! she had collected two sheep and one cow from different parts of the Lake, but even so it is colossal work to feed forty bodies for more than a week. However, she managed splendidly, and everything went so smoothly that, when she retired to bed with fever on the Saturday, her absence was scarcely felt. The Bishop instructed me that I was to consider myself a guest during the retreat, that is, to have no responsibility, *but*, though we sent the school-boys to their villages to be out of the way, the station was full of stranger boys, Nyasas and Yaos by nationality, who had been brought by the Europeans as their servants,—of course all these had to be housed and fed and kept in good temper, and, most difficult task of all, prevented from making an outrageous hullabaloo during our retreat, so on the whole I think I shall not consider that I have been in retreat. I shall go off for a little private retreat to the College or elsewhere one of these next months. Glossop's absence was a great disappointment, and it meant my having to preach at the dedication of the Cathedral, as well as at the ordination of the deacons on the following Sunday. The last service of the retreat was the dedication

service itself on Michaelmas Day. Michaelmas now is certainly very full of big memories to me—Harvest Festivals and ‘sticked’ apples from my very childhood; then our last Sunday at Salwarpe; then my last day at Worfield, when I celebrated at the end of this last furlough; and now the dedication of the Cathedral for which we have all been working hard. I need not tell you about the service itself, for you can read about it in the Likoma quarterly. I sent Canon Randolph a copy of the service. The rubrics at least are in English. I hope everybody found the service edifying—I think it was very dignified. The Cathedral is very good for sound, so that the singing showed up to advantage. After breakfast that same day we—that is the missionaries and native clergy (one priest and three deacons) went into conference and said many words. The conference continued next day, but I absented myself, partly as I was laying up for myself a little gentle temperature, and partly because I had to prepare for the next day’s ordination sermon. I was not sure how I should feel next day, so I took precaution in writing my sermon, which had to be in English for the edification of the new English deacon, whilst teacher Arthur interpreted it into Chinyanja for the benefit of the general congregation. Our brethren dispersed on the Tuesday, and I had the luxury of a few days in bed—most enjoyable and restful. Mr. Glossop turned up at Likoma last week and is staying there in charge of his old flock (he worked ten years on this island), till I return in two days’ time; then he goes to his new charge at Kota Kota. Mr. Piercy goes home on furlough.

“The Bishop has really gone, said good-bye to Likoma on Monday, the same day that I came here. I am on the *C.J.* and he is going down the Lake on the *C.M.*

“The other departure which affects me closely is that of Mr. Willcocks as I shall have to look after the printing office during his furlough. I passed through my apprenticeship in about two hours. If the next number of the quarterly is not quite so beautiful as usual, don’t put it down to the sub-editor (Bishop is editor) or printer-in-charge.

*October 19.*—Back again in Likoma and *Ink.* I had a

very restful time at Nkata and have brought back several of our young Christians who were baptised at Likoma in infancy, but who have from their babyhood been living on the mainland, west side of the Lake. One is a boy, James Robert, fifteen years old, in whom Bishop Maples took special interest. Now I hope we shall keep him at Likoma, and that he will be confirmed on the Bishop's return. Yesterday the *C. J.* took me to another village a few miles from Nkata, where I transacted business of all sorts in a tent which must have had a temperature of about 130, and then I had a two hours' sandy and rocky walk back to Nkata under a grilling sun. Then this morning very early the steamers went back to the same village, and brought the Christians from there to Nkata. I celebrated the Eucharist for them on board. The Government steamer with its Mohammedan crew was anchored a few yards from us. I wonder what they thought of us. Now I must make up the mail, as owing to Mr. Willcocks' departure I am for the time being Postmaster.

"You will see from the U.M.C.A. magazine that the Zanzibar diocese is having a bad time—plague at Zanzibar and raid at Masasi."

*(To a Brother)*

#### GARDENING

Likoma, November 20, 1905.

"I have just proclaimed that I will not talk to anyone else and I have shut my door, all because I want to write to you. This afternoon seems to have been frittered away, and yet, as a matter of fact, it has been one continuous talky talk with almost no moments of half-time from ten o'clock till five.

"My last letter, written nine days ago, was sent to Robin before I knew of this most interesting news of his change of station. Now I shall have to go home by the south route. He and I might meet half-way and have a picnic at the Victoria Falls. Why did you not join the British Association just for the year? This, being Monday, is the weekly sale—hence the hullabaloo. (Our head female native teacher once said the difference between a native and European was that

the former speak loud and the latter speak soft.) The former really only speaks loud when he is excited, but then it takes almost nothing to excite him, and two yards of beautiful blue cloth is enough to upset the equilibrium of the most sober-minded. Mr. Crabb looks after the sale and he is assisted by the great Charlie, head captain of Likoma station.

“Of course I very much want to know how much of his company my Bishop gives to Ely. Of course he will be at the festival. I wish he could find someone at home who would come out and be his examining chaplain. I am just attacking ‘Driver’s Deuteronomy.’ What in the world does ‘parenetic’ mean? The two deacons Augustine and Eustace are very happy with Wilson at Nkwazi, and on Sundays one of them always comes in to Chipyela to assist me at the Eucharist and sometimes to preach. . . .

“The oracle out here is generally a bit of leather, which the seer smells and otherwise works. I am told that at Fort Johnston the Government has called in all oracles, and whips anyone who has one in his possession. The rains have arrived, and the station which last week was a barren wilderness has quickly become green with seedlings, and soon we shall have the place a gorgeous blaze of zinnias—zinnias—zinnias—almost nothing but zinnias. If we want anything else to grow on this beautiful island, the soil to make the bed has to be brought by boat from the mainland. Last year my own garden was rather a failure. I thought of having a hanging one round my baraza, but the pots never got hung and then the blight got to the convolvulus; but this year I mean to do better, only I know that somebody must do it for me, otherwise it will never be done. Mr. George, my nearest neighbour (houses about ten yards apart), has a lovely oasis all the year round. I wish I had the Princesps here to plan out my garden for me.<sup>1</sup> The *C.J.* has just whistled, which means that I must stick this letter in the mail bag and send it on its long journey.

“I am *very* well—the rain has freshened us all up.”

The reference is to Rev. Canon Randolph, and his garden at Ely Theological College.

(To a Sister)

## WANT OF RAIN

Likoma, 1st Sunday after Christmas, 1906.

“ As you see, my big Christmas is over, but I am expecting to keep two more during these next two weeks, to-morrow going by boat to Chizumulu, where I expect to stay over next Sunday, and then going by the *C.J.*, if she appears at Likoma between now and then, to the west mainland, which, as you know, I visit about once a quarter for the purpose of seeing our Church Christians who have settled over there. We have as usual had a Christmas with very much to be thankful for—just about 600 natives of the island have made their Christmas Communion in the Cathedral. I myself celebrated in English at 5 A.M. so as to get a little quiet before the bustle of the day. I was also able to take the Blessed Sacrament from the altar to Arthur, our head native teacher, who has for months been ill ; I have very little doubt that he is consumptive. Before going into church I had already sent boys with bells to the nearest villages to call those who were to come to the first Chinyanja service when Mr. Wilson was celebrant. In spite of their being about 250 communicants at that service, it was over by 7.30, and then the people streamed into the Cathedral for the *sung* service when the Bishop officiated. Edith says in her last letter, ‘ I daresay you will be very busy teaching the choir the Christmas music.’ Alas, I had no time ! For a fortnight before the festival we hadn’t a single practice, and the boys just now are very weak, not a single good voice among them, whereas a year ago there were three good voices ; so our singing this Christmas has not been beautiful. Moreover, Christmas comes to us at the very most piping sweltering time of the year, and the African chorister, though he is not exactly obstinate like the beloved A. H., simply thinks it *silly* to sing when he doesn’t feel inclined. Talking of heat, the natives are wanting rain badly ; we reckon our rainy season from December to May, but at present we have scarcely had a drop. As I came up from my Christian men’s bible-class which I have in a village on Friday nights, one of

the men asked whether we might not start praying for rain in church. I said we certainly will if you and some of the other men come to me and tell me to-morrow that it is the general wish. However, they haven't yet been. I expect, however, we ought to start praying, especially as the heathen (I hope no Christian) villages have begun using their charms and consulting the oracle with a view to rain. I haven't yet sown my own garden, but I hope Miss Bulley will do it for me next week when I am away at Chizumulu. If you see Mr. Frank George during his stay in England ask him to tell you about my garden. He left Likoma a few days before Christmas and I miss him almost more than it is possible to miss anyone out here—I mean that people come and go, and one hasn't time to think who is here and who isn't. But George's house is only ten yards from mine, and I do miss him very much. He is a wonderful *power* on the island. He is not very big in body, but he is huge in his influence among the men and boys. His verandah is the general gossip ground of the school-boys, and he is (to put it mildly) perhaps the only person whose judgment of boys' character I trust above my own!! And in his own work as architect of the Cathedral, as the Bishop says, George has only to throw a bit of dirt at the building to make the men see exactly what he wants them to do, and they do it. Mr. Winspear (my curate) has moved into George's house, He too is a treasure, and his work (chiefly in looking after the outschools on the island and superintendence of village dormitories) is *very* thorough, but of course the natives don't know him well yet. But talking of curates and Mission staff, the Bishop told me a very delightful bit of news some days ago, namely that Dennis Victor has definitely volunteered for this diocese. Moreover, if he can come very soon, I believe he will work at Likoma."

(To a Sister)

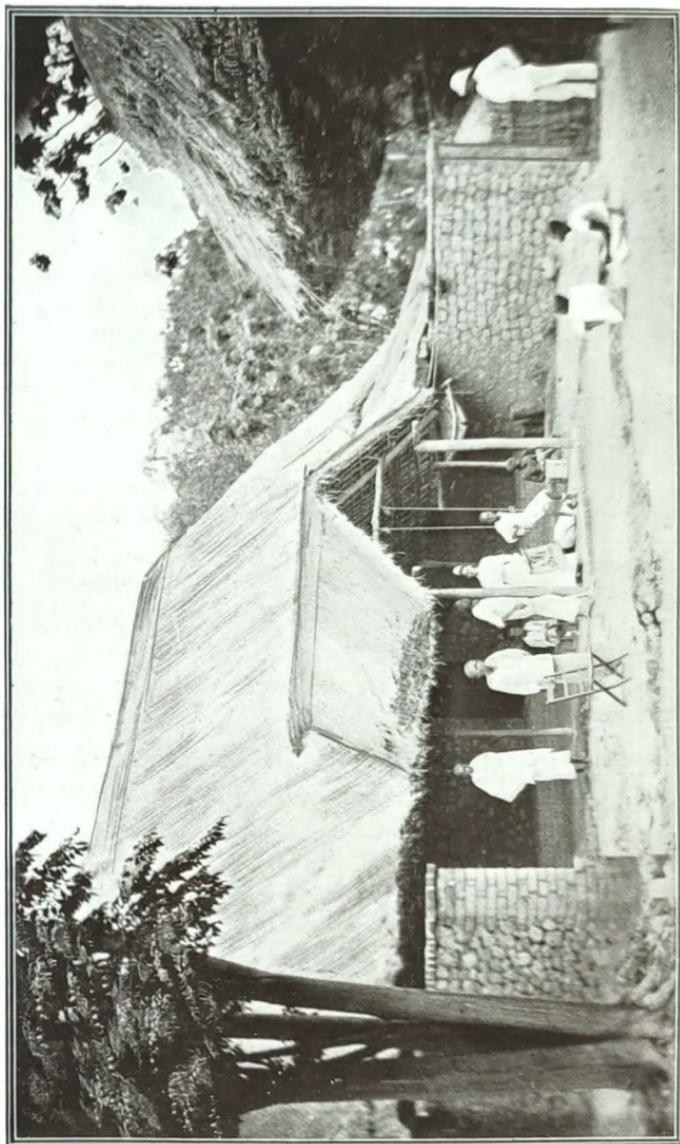
#### NATIVE DISPUTES

December 27, 1905.

"Everybody is at the wedding this afternoon and that may account for my being able to write to you. Of course, I

mean at the festivities in the villages which have succeeded this morning's weddings. There were seven couples : three of the couples were partially catechumens, and so were married with a shorter service at the catechumens' 'barrier,' but the other four were altogether Christian. I married them, and the marriage service was followed immediately by the sung Eucharist for S. John's Day. Out of all the seven girls there were only two who could sign their names afterwards. Outside the church there were the usual rejoicings : damsels with their black wool powdered with flour ; youths with antique guns (we had three of them this morning) ; pages who hold umbrellas over the brides, and ancient dames who make a shrill 'tremolo' whistle by wagging their tongues at lightning speed from side to side of their mouths. It is one of the accomplishments of our Bishop ; if you ever see him, get him to do it. With a little practice you or K. or L. would manage it all right, at least the waggle, but I never knew any European who could do the whistle. Then, after I had sent off the wedding parties and had breakfast, I had a great overhauling of all the boys' blankets, which will be kept in store during the Christmas holidays when the boys go to sleep in their villages. Last holidays I let the boys take their blankets with them to their homes, but I found that they were used largely as day-clothing for their sisters and their mothers and their aunts ; so I told the boys at these holidays, however much they loved Mama, they must find some other way of showing their love than by lending Mama the blankets, which are precious Mission property.

"My last letter home was a nasty scrubby one to N. I could not finish it off properly ; I was in the thick of a serious law case, having just had to lock up one of our Christians, a man who in a fit of passion had thrown a stone at his own elder half-brother, the chief of his village ; the man died in our hospital from the effects of the wound, a fracture of the skull. So I had to send A.B. to Kota Kota to be tried by Mr. Swann there for manslaughter. He sentenced him to two years' hard labour, but six months of that time will be remitted, on my informing Mr. Swann that



NATIVE HOSPITAL, LIKOMA

the head of the family has made to the representatives of the dead man a *payment*, which is judged by me, acting in consultation with some native chief, to be sufficient to comfort them. That is how Mr. Swann combined the English and the native system of justice ; the English say 'send to gaol,' and a native says 'pay.' As a rule, if a man is killed, payment goes to his mother's relations ; but the difficulty in this case was that both parties had the same mother ; so that, according to native ideas, there could be no big payment. It is simply the question if the head of the family would be willing to give a consolation present to the sister and father of the dead man, he and A.B. having different fathers. So I gathered together five of the wise men of the island (and these old heathen chiefs really have a vast deal of this world's wisdom) and I asked them their opinion. They were unanimous in saying that A.B.'s chief, by name Mzungu, ought to give presents to the sister and father of the deceased ; the father's name is Kabutu. He is also the head-man of his village. Then we asked Mzungu whether he would give the presents. Yes, he would console the sister, but not one jot or tittle would he send to Kabutu. Hadn't Kabutu refused to send him anything when somebody else died ? Sly old villain, he knew that anything he gave to the sister would really remain in his own family, she being on his mother's side, but anything he would give to Kabutu would go clean away into another village. At last he said he would go back to his village and think it over ; the result was that next day he arrived back on my verandah with a really fine she-goat with which he was willing to comfort Kabutu. I told him he could go back to his village and leave the goat with me, and I would again call my advisers, and ask whether the one she-goat was in their opinion sufficient. Again their unanimous mind was that, whereas Kabutu might have been satisfied, as a matter of fact he would stick out for something more than the one goat ; and therefore I should tell Mzungu to add on two fathoms of cloth, the price of a he-goat, whereas the *she* was worth five fathoms. 'But, Bwana,' said the worldly wise, 'don't you go and show the two extra fathoms ; first go off to Kabutu,

only show him the she-goat, and afterwards, if he is stubborn, trot out the fathoms.' Then a happy thought struck me : Mzungu's brother had been to me the day before about a beastly goat of his which somebody else had borrowed years ago, and which he could not recover. I now sent him post-haste to the village, and in an hour's time there was *that* goat on my verandah, and its former owner. (As a matter of fact it was a different animal, but that does not matter.) So I carefully explained to its owner that if it had not been for me he would never have got back his goat, and now of course he would be willing to add on this goat to Mzungu's she-goat so that he might help his brother out of his troubles. The second goat was likewise *she*, and her owner said he couldn't leave her, but he would send a *he*, and as my learned advisers were agreed that a *he* would suffice I agreed also, and so that night there were lodged in my goat pen *she* and *he*, wherewith to dazzle the eyes of Kabutu on the morrow.

" So on the morrow my counsellors again assembled, and I sent for Kabutu. He arrived with his sons, and I explained how that by the pressure we had laid upon him, the chief, Mzungu, had brought a fine she-goat to my verandah with the desire of consoling the bereaved father, and I and my counsellors for our part hoped that Kabutu would accept and be comforted. But Kabutu had many words to say, and he said all his, about wanting a *cow*, and my learned brethren said all theirs, and meanwhile I was keeping a sharp look out along the road for my boy whom I had sent to fetch the *pair* of goats. When I saw him it was time to close the case ; so I told Kabutu that whereas we were agreed that a fine she-goat was no mean present, my counsellors knew how hurt he was by his son's death, and they therefore had voted that Mzungu's family should add on the *he-goat* to the *she*, but that was our *last word* on the subject, and if Kabutu did not accept this, he would not get *anything*. By that time both goats were on my verandah and old Kabutu was quite unable to conceal his satisfaction. He chuckled away (not like Mzungu's chuckle), and he called for 'fire' which means matches, and I gave not one match but half a dozen, box and all, and he lit his pipe and puffed away in

highest good-humour and we all enjoyed the joke together. So it was with me externally at least, and *inside* I had been very anxious about the issue of this case : if we had not been able to get the payment made and accepted, it might have meant a village feud for years. So I was *very* thankful.

“ These—which appear to outsiders temporal business matters—have the effect of compelling me to feel the need of Divine guidance. The priest-in-charge at Likoma certainly needs a sort of Solomon’s wisdom, and meanwhile, whilst I was hobnobbing with these old heathen folks about goats and cloth, I knew that there were many of my Christians waiting for me in church that I might help *them* also as well as I could.

“ We had a very happy Christmas Day, nearly 600 communicants in the Cathedral. Three priests : Mr. Smith celebrated in English soon after midnight ; Mr. Wilson celebrated at the first Chinyanja service at 6 o’clock for the nearer villages ; and I myself at the sung Eucharist at 7.30, when there were about 400 communicants. The *C.M.* arrived about midday of the festival, and we all had tea on board, and the resident Europeans on board returned the call at dinner-time, and afterwards we had a great phonographic performance in the school.

“ In two days’ time I hope to go to Chizumulu that I may keep Christmas again there.”

(To a Sister)

#### UMBRELLAS

Likoma, 2nd Sunday in Lent, 1906.

“ 1.30 P.M. and before starting to write I have had to light a candle. Ominous rumbles overhead, and I wonder how far I shall have got in this letter before we have a deluge. My own boy will enjoy the deluge because I gave him leave to take one of my umbrellas to his village, and the deluge will give him an opportunity of showing it off—I mean showing himself off under it. I have four umbrellas ; I often wish there were *five*, because there are four out-schools to which monitors or teachers go daily from this centre, so

in the rains one of the four umbrellas has to go to each out-school. I find, however, that a bath towel over my helmet does very well for my own trotting about from breakfast room to printing office, and printing office to schools, and schools to church, and church back again home. I suppose, as to breakfast and all meals you do realise that the meal-room is a house all by itself whither we all congregate from our own private huts. I am in a happy condition of mind (here's the rain !) this afternoon for several reasons. In the first place, everybody's temperature is normal or sub-normal. Mr. George having departed to the college yesterday to keep Padre Marsh company, I am at the present moment, and I suppose shall be to-morrow, monarch of all the male departments. I shall start to-morrow by calling the head mason and liberally giving all the builders a holiday. I find that is a capital dodge if we become short-handed—I mean if we *missionary overseers* are not up to full strength. For the same reason I rather encourage, than otherwise, the printer apprentices asking a fortnight's leave to hoe in their fields, or to seek their long lost mothers on the mainland. You know that every native has a pile of mothers : he has his big mother and probably several little mothers, as well as the mother that brought him into the world. So it is not improbable that a boy may ask leave to go to the funeral of his mother to-day, and make the same request a few months hence. Another reason for a happy condition of mind is that whereas three boys after being whacked 'did pride' and departed to their villages, two of them appeared on my verandah this morning after Mattins, and 'did humility,' and I have little doubt that I shall see the third before long. The Likoma island boys, having been under Mission discipline so long, give very little trouble this way, so when a boy, after gentle punishment for talking after lights are out (metaphorically so) leaves my room singing in a lusty voice, 'Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,' it causes the Padre painful, and his comrades a possibly gleeful, surprise. At least, I think I should have felt some glee, if I had been a comrade instead of a Padre. Then there is another source of much happiness to-day. Did you see a

letter I wrote to Ted with a description of my attempt to restore a lady to her husband? The lady wished to be restored, but papa (a heathen chief) refused to let her go. Well, after months of pigheadedness on all sides the matter was finally settled yesterday, and hubby and wife are once more under the same roof, albeit their baby, who was with its mother on the mainland, is likely to die from want of Nurse Armstrong's medicine. We have had a good beginning to Lent, except on Ash Wednesday itself, when the people came shockingly badly to church. They had two excuses: first, it was a very rainy morning, although the rain cleared off in time for service; second, they had not taken in the notice. It is quite useless to give out a church notice here as you would in England. A notice to these people, if it is to produce any impression on them, should begin in this sort of way: 'Listen to this, all of you listen to this word about a big day. Next Wednesday, when we have slept three days, on Wednesday at 11 o'clock when the sun is so high' (here point up to the roof of the Cathedral to the place where you might expect the sun to be at the appointed hour), and so forth. However, neither excuse could be considered sufficient, so that afternoon I sent a message to a large number of defaulters that I wished to see them, and the next day saw them in troops coming to my verandah, to whom I drove in shame for their bad beginning. The next Wednesday (the special service will be weekly) there must have been about 600 Christians and catechumens in the Cathedral. Instead of preaching I tried catechising, making the congregation repeat the answers and texts in their four divisions of school-boys and girls, and adult men and women. I do not know whether the Christians have been catechised like that before; it took the adults by surprise and they were shy, but they may be less shy another week. We are looking forward with considerable joy to Miss Bulley's return and Mr. Winspear's first appearance. Both ought to be here before Easter. He is the deacon for Likoma, and I shall be glad to have his help. Poor Chizumulu has had to go a dreadfully long time without a pastoral visit; I have simply not been able to get over there. Our one great grief

has been the death of Mr. Partridge, one of our two young Brixham trawlers ; he had just been landed at the college from the *C.M.* in order to keep Mr. Marsh company and look after the outdoor labour and students' food. Mr. Marsh brought his body straight over to Likoma in a boat, and we buried him that afternoon in the cemetery. The one who will feel his death very deeply is Brimecombe, his mate out here."

(To a Sister)

### BOYS AND BOOKS

2nd Sunday after Easter, 1906.

"I have just finished a long talk about the daily round with Mr. Winspear, my new curate. I am soon to go and talk to Miss Bulley about her daily round, but in between the two I shall start a letter for home. I am responsible for Chinyanja Evensong later on, when the boys have come back from their villages. Before I say anything else, please I want you to thank everybody for the hosts of good things which I got just at Easter.

"Then there were the *kisibaus*, with K.'s letter in which she supposes they will reach me about Christmas. She must thank everybody for making them who was concerned in the making of them. They are more than ever acceptable as we have been very destitute of them. It is really appalling the length of time goods take in coming out from home. The chief reason is that the poor old Shiré is nearly dried up.

"We had a very happy Holy Week and Easter ; one of the native deacons, Eustace, who is reading at the Theological College at Nkwazi at the south end of the Island, gave the address at the long service. I received rather a shock after the Three Hours' Service was over by finding that a quantity of the boys had, during the morning of silence, ransacked the library and taken out books to read, and in some cases not even returned them. The library is our European library, and is as much out of bounds for the native as any of our private houses, and I had never known the natives to go into it without leave ; so I was annoyed to find that

about fifty boys must have gone in, and equally amazed to find that they really did not think that they had done wrong. I issued an order that all who had gone into the library must meet me in the school-room that evening, and I asked them why they had chosen to go into the European library instead of into the Bishop's house : they had as much right to go into one as into the other, and the books were as much theirs in the one as in the other. After I had finished my jobation I said : ' Now stand up, those who really did not think they were doing wrong to go into the library and carry off the books,' and every jack-boy in the school-room stood up, and I honestly believe it had not been against their conscience, and even when books were not returned, I believe it was a piece of native carelessness, and not deliberate theft ; very likely a boy took a book on to a hill and when he got tired of it might simply leave it there and *not bother* about bringing it back. Black boys are even more casual than white boys about properties which are not their own or their master's. Anyhow I do not think the boys will take French leave in the library again.

" Easter Day was very delightful. There were about 630 communicants in the Cathedral that morning, and a few more during the octave, and the singing was *tremendous*. There were six clergy present : three priests, Mr. Smith, Wilson and myself : and three deacons, Mr. Winspear and the natives Augustine and Eustace.

" Easter Monday Mr. Smith and I went over to Chizumu to keep Easter there. On the previous Christmas day they had had a village fight, so before Easter I sent my greeting to say that I hoped they would rejoice at Easter without too much beer, which is nearly always at the bottom of a row ; and really in this Easter visit everybody seemed to try their very best to make me happy, and I had almost no quarrels to settle and not one broken head brought up before me. Chizumu keeps two churches, and I stopped at the one village '*Same*' and Mr. Smith at the other '*Chiteko*,' so that the two Eucharists were celebrated on the Wednesday morning ; and I had to bustle back as fast as the boat would let me go to Likoma, as I had a class of

baptismal candidates awaiting me in the afternoon. The Easter adult baptisms were on the following Saturday. They were the first adult baptisms in the new Cathedral. There were forty baptised that morning. It shows some perseverance that they are willing to come from all parts of the Island (two or three miles) almost every day for eight weeks for their special instruction. You probably know by this time that the previous instruction has lasted four or five years, *i.e.* two years (if regular) as *hearers*, and two more as catechumens.

“ No sooner were the baptisms over, than on the following Monday I went over to Nkamanga (on the west mainland) by the *C.J.* to keep Easter yet again with our Christians who have settled there. During that week the steamer took me eight hours north to spend a day and night at Kondowe, which is the headquarters of the Scotch Mission. I stopped with Dr. Laws, who has been out here over thirty years.

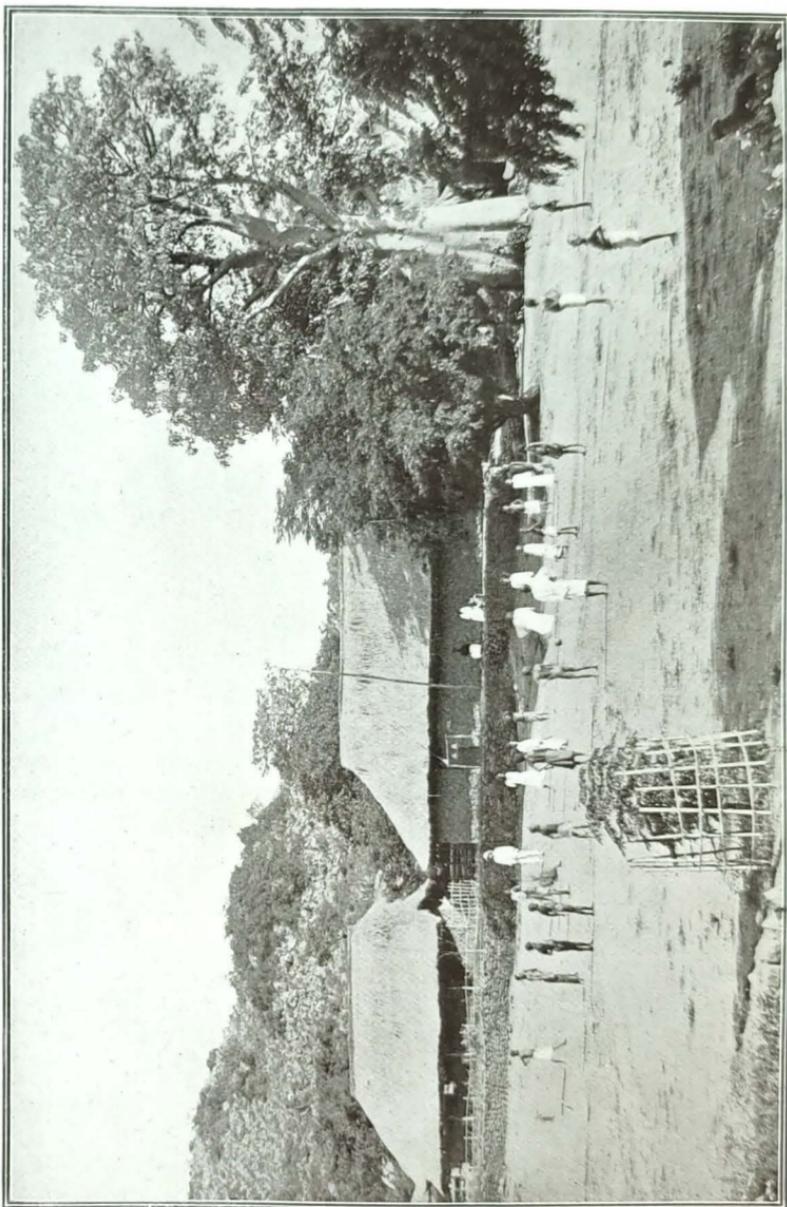
“ Kondowe throws poor old Likoma (bar the Cathedral and hospitals) quite into the shade. Kondowe is at the top of a hill; the road from the Lake to the top is twelve miles long, but there is a *telephone* if you please, by which I was able to insinuate that the good folks at the top might send a machila to meet me. Then near the top we passed the great turbine which works the electric light and machinery in the workshops, and the workshops are quite tiptop. Obviously a very great work is being done there spiritually, intellectually, manually, and I feel how much this Presbyterian Mission may teach us.”

(To a Brother)

#### CLASSES FOR CHRISTIANS

Chipyela, June 10, 1906.

“ To-day ‘Chipyela’ (*i.e.* the place where undesirable people are burnt) is the Cathedral and its surroundings, and to-day there are no worser faggots than those which are boiling the kettle for afternoon tea, and on this blessed Sunday afternoon there is not even the ubiquitous undesir-



FOOTBALL AT LIKOMA

able imp ; he has gone to his village. I am having a more than usually quiet Sunday and a lazy one, as Padre Eustace Malisawa, one of the native deacons, preached the Chinyanja sermon this morning, and my curate, Winspear, a new arrival, is going to preach to us in English this afternoon.

“ The days at Likoma are so chock full of doings that I really cannot remember much what I have been doing. I know I have given some special addresses to our band of female native teachers—they are really a very intelligent set ; and I have been examining the native students at the Theological College in their ‘ Bishop’s exam.,’ and I remember that I blew the whistle at a great football match between Likoma and the training college for native teachers. So you see we have two colleges, the *Theological* College on the Island of Likoma, and the Training College for *teachers* on the mainland opposite. Lately we have achieved a great triumph, inasmuch as Likoma and the training college have lately played two football matches, both of which have ended without a free fight. The second match was played at the college ; we went over there in one of our boats ; I think we were about fifty in the boat as well as my arm-chair. I very much wish you could have seen the game. They gird up their loins and play with enormous zeal, and urge on their companions in the fray by shouting out : ‘ You’re tired, you’ve got no strength left ’ ; and then, when a goal is got, the winners sing a chant and clap their hands in rhythm, and have a graceful little dance and pick up pinches of dust and throw it into the air, and their supporters among the spectators do likewise.

“ This last month we have started Bible classes for *Christian* men in the villages. Generally speaking, there are such a big herd of heathen to be looked after and taught, that the Christians are forgotten ; and strange as it sounds, these Bible classes for Christian men are quite a new experiment. But I very much wish that you also could look in on us in the village synagogue at my class on Friday evening. I am astounded at the intelligence and thoughtfulness of a large proportion of the men. They are evidently very keen to understand, and they ask all manner of questions. These

are some of the questions which they have asked me during the last month, 'The comparative merits of the English, Scotch, and Roman churches': 'What was the name of the tree of which Eve ate the fruit, and whether the tree was in existence to-day?' 'How do painters and sculptors know what our Lord looked like?' One man, said 'Bwana, I think it was in this way. People used to cut letters in stone long ago, and I think that they also cut faces of men in stone.' I think he must have heard of a very ancient medallion of our Lord which I believe exists, but I forget the story. Of course the features are traditional. The classes are certainly a great help in getting into the minds of these people."

(To a Brother)

#### ARRIVAL OF THE FIDDLE

Steamship *Charles Janson*, Lake Nyasa, Sept. 12, 1906.

"I do not know whether the waves and general racket of the steamer will allow me to write, but I will have a try. I have been spending two nights on the east side of the Lake where we have a small colony of native Christians. That is really their ancient home, but many years ago, I suppose before white men had been seen on the Lake, there was tribal war and these people fled from their home and settled at Likoma. In recent years, however, now that peace reigns everywhere, there has been a tendency to return homewards, and so the Mission has to follow them. This has been rather a smart little tour, as I only left Likoma on Monday morning at sunrise, got across the Lake to Bandawe where we dropped some passengers—it is about forty miles from Likoma to the Bandawe coast; then we steamed up the east side about twenty miles to Chizi, where I put out everything that belonged to me except myself; then on to the next village, Nkata Bay, where I interviewed as many Christians as I could till sundown; and then the pony carriage—I mean the steamer—trolled me back again to Chizi, and returned itself with Wilson, the other priest who had come to help me, to Nkata. So Wilson and I were able to divide the work; to-day he celebrated at Nkata and I at

Chizi; and now the steamer has picked me up again with a wonderful medley of passengers, including a young *stowaway*, and we are on our way back to Likoma. The stowaway is placid and contented, and he is the younger brother of a Likoma boy, so I suppose he will not be left on my hands to be fed. It is a most harassing job to decide which natives to give 'passages' to, and which natives to refuse. A number of youths wanted to be taken across to Likoma, but I refused on the ground of no room, and they immediately set off to walk down the coast to Kota Kota, about 100 miles, in hope of getting on the steamer there. On the other hand, there are folks who *don't* want to be taken on board, but whom I would bring over if I could. There is one youth *married*; the last vision I had of him this morning was as of a hundred yards sprinter making for the hills, lest I should compel him to come back to his wife at Likoma. School-boys are of course a special cause of vexation of spirit. I am always weak enough to carry some over from Likoma to see their sisters or their mothers, and one or another always runs away. To-day I have safely brought back one of last trip's runaways and left one of this trip's, so I feel quits, but I think the stowaway may be counted as something extra to the good. I wish you could have been at this morning's service. We had it in the hut of a native Christian. The altar was made up of my camp chair with a tin box on the top of it, and on the top of the box my 'Cowley Altar,' which you helped to give me. When I opened it I found that some of the linen was soaking in water and badly stained; I suppose it was water from a boat three days ago. However, we learn to take those sort of disasters philosophically—much more so than runaway legs round the corner—and nothing else in the box was hurt. There were about thirty people present, and we were all squashed quite tight together; babies as usual *ad lib.* on their mamas' backs. You would have liked it all very much except the heat; the hut was nearly pitch dark except for the two candles on the altar.

"Before I forget, I must expatiate upon the fiddle. It arrived last week, G string and D string still intact, and I played 'S. George,' and had to imagine the 'ground bass.'

It really was rather pathetic, and I did not dare to play without the mute. But it was quite a joy even to tune it, and find that I could still play harmonics. I have almost forgotten how to put on the strings. I do believe, however, that I shall use it for helping the choir up their scales. The other thing I have to expatiate upon is the bacon ; that arrived with the fiddle, but I cannot expatiate upon it at the same length, as—unlike the fiddle case—it has not yet been opened.

“ I am in this cheerful mood because the waves instead of increasing in volume are subsiding. I do not suppose you have any idea what tremendous big seas there constantly are on the Lake during this time of year. Till one knows how wonderful are her sea-going powers, it seems to one almost impossible that the little *C.J.* should right herself when a big wave sends her slap over on her side. I do not enjoy it, but I am scarcely ever seasick. At the present moment I am watching a phenomenon which I believe is unique, not known elsewhere, but almost daily to be seen on the Lake. It looks like clouds of smoke on the Lake, sometimes rising like a pillar to a tremendous height. It is really clouds of tiny flies called *Nkungu* which rise out of the Lake. The natives catch them and make flat cakes of them, like black pikelets. Mr. Shannon, captain of the *C.J.*, who is sitting on my right, is a born naturalist. Whilst I think of it, the violin strings which came with the beast itself, will not in all probability last very long. I suggest that somebody should send me out a quarterly supply in a little round sealed tin by parcel post, and say on the outside what they are.

“ Don't give up writing ; the longer I am away from England, the more I shall need letters for my health's sake.”

*(To a Brother)*

#### A CHOIR OUTING

Steamship *C.J.*, Oct. 1, 1906.

“ Here I am on board the *C.J.* in the middle of a choir outing. When I got fixed up as a missionary in 'darkest

Africa' (the sun is glaringly dazzling), I certainly thought that I had left choir trips behind, but we are getting horribly parochial. However this seems likely to be the very jolliest outing of the kind I have ever indulged in, and we have begun it by having a grand funeral at sea; they have just prepared the corpse, rather a long one about ten feet, and perhaps five feet round, partly to be accounted for by the fact that it is really a double corpse—there is an outside corpse and an inside corpse; the inside corpse was a poor little goat, and the outside is a most villainous looking old crocodile; all the more villainous looking because the bullet went bang through one eye. That was yesterday. The goat was drinking by the Lake, and accidentally on purpose, the 'croc.' drank the goat; then Mr. Shannon came along and so the 'croc.' did not have time even to get a stomach ache. To-day the croc. was hauled on board and we have taken him out to sea and tied great stones to him, and now he has been dropped overboard. It does not do to let dead crocs. lie about anyhow, because they contain a most deadly poison which natives are fond of extracting for medical purposes. Oh I wish a hundred times that you and a lot of others were coming this choir trip. Of course we are going to the mainland, to a village Ngofi, about an hour and a half's run by steamer. *We*, as you are not here, are Mr. Winspear, Mr. Shannon (captain) and myself, choir and servers, about three dozen of us. The boys have got food for two meals—rice porridge, with a bit of goat for relish (not the croc.'s goat!). I shall dole out pinches of salt all the way round, also a fish-hook to each boy. We shall be across by midday; before sunset I intend that we shall have Evensong in the little church, and then start back by moonlight. I hope it will all turn out as good as it looks on paper. I have not been to Ngofi since my first six months on the Lake, when I walked there along the coast with Mr. Eyre; that was just after the natives had burnt the Portuguese quarters there. I have left a large party of missionaries at Likoma, as besides the ordinary set there are the two new priests, Russell and Clarke, ordained on Michaelmas Day, and De la Pryme, who came over to assist at the ordination. I had to

examine them both for the second part of their priest's exam., 'Driver's Deuteronomy' and 'Illingworth's Personality.' After January, as far as I can see, there will be a lull in deacons' and priests' exams. The two native deacons, Augustine and Eustace, will, I hope, be ordained in December, and Winspear, I believe, in January. These native padres will have had more than a year's training under Wilson at S. Andrew's Theological College, and before, they had been working with the Archdeacon on the steamer. Our one native priest, Yohana Abdallah, has just returned from a visit to Jerusalem. I expect that he will turn up at Likoma for Retreat and Conference in November, so that we shall have an opportunity of hearing what his impressions of the Holy Land are."

. . . . .  
(To a Sister)

#### NATIVE CHRISTIANS KILLED

Likoma, Dec. 4, 1906.

"I have cut my Catechism class in school for the express purpose of getting a letter off to you by the *C.J.*, which is to leave this morning for the south with the Bishop on board. He wants to go to Zomba, the Government headquarters. Then, on his way back, he will hold Confirmations at the *C.M.*'s villages. But this will possibly mean his having to put off the day of the ordination which was fixed for S. Thomas'. Last week was principally taken up by me with the candidates' examination. There are three of them, Augustine and Eustace, who, after many years in the diaconate, are to be ordained priests, and Leonard Kangati, who was my head teacher at Kota Kota, is to be made a deacon. This will bring up our staff of black clergy to three priests and two deacons (both deacons being *Leonards*). We heard yesterday that our other priest, Yohana Abdallah, had just had an exciting and unpleasant experience. Last Saturday

week he was going back with other natives from Likoma to his home at Unangu, when, on Sunday morning as they were preparing for the Eucharist at their camping ground *en route*, they were attacked by raiders belonging to a powerful chief, Malinganile. The chief unfortunately was in the rear, and did not know that Yohana was there, so two of Yohana's men—Christians—were killed. Then up came Malinganile, and when he saw Yohana they shook hands. At present we have only got the news from three other of Yohana's men who ran back to the Lake shore, and have gone to report the matter to the Portuguese headquarters at Mtengula; we have had no news direct from Yohana, but we hope he has been able to get back all right to Unangu. But with two men killed and others probably wounded (a third boy was killed, a printer apprentice going to Unangu for his holiday), it was a very sad ending to his 'Retreat and Conference' week at Likoma. I wonder what the Portuguese will do. Generally their efforts are quite futile. Only about three weeks ago they made an attack on Malinganile's village, but Malinganile and his men simply ran away and remain to fight another day. The other big chief who lives near Yohana is called Mataka (not the old one of the same name), and Yohana nearly fell foul of him as he was journeying across country from the East African coast after his visit to the Holy Land. Mataka had heard that Yohana was leading an army of Germans against him, and it was only after Mataka's scouts had ascertained for certain that there were no white men with Yohana that Mataka allowed him to go through his district, and not only so, but (as Yohana told me) he stayed three days at Mataka's village, and Mataka gave him a present and was altogether very civil. Fortunately, Yohana is not only a Mission padre, but he comes of a very good stock, so that the old heathen chiefs do not disdain him.

"The week of Retreat and Conference was very delightful. I mean especially it was very delightful seeing everybody from the other stations, Kota Kota, Mponda's, Malindi, Mtonya, as well as those who work on the steamers. Miss Mann was in good force and very keen about her work at

Malindi, an especially difficult station, where, in spite of many *years* of work, they have not yet got a single woman or girl to become a catechumen. At least I believe that is so, but now things really seem to be looking up. Some of the padres brought up large contingents of native boys that they might see the Cathedral. I was rather dismayed at first at this unexpected addition, as my chief aim during the Retreat is to keep the station quiet as far as possible, and even as it was, the first night of Retreat I had to drive away a quarrelsome youth, and send him to sleep down by the Lake. But really everybody behaved beautifully and the visitors had brought their own cooks, so were no trouble."

### A VILLAGE FIGHT

S. Michael's College, January 8, 1907.

"I have accomplished my visit to Chizumulu, but have not been to the west coast as the *C.J.* hasn't turned up, so I have come over here instead for a week's holiday, and very delightful it is. The students are away at their homes, so it is quiet. Mr. Marsh (Principal) is here, and so is Mr. Taylor, who looks after the catering. I got here yesterday (Tuesday) and mean to be here till Monday, leaving the Bishop and Mr. Winspear (deacon) in charge of Sunday at Likoma. Nurse Armstrong made a special pilgrimage to the Bishop's room to say that she thought I had better be at the college here for Sunday. I can't remember ever having a Sunday free from responsibility since I have been in charge at Likoma. I had a great time at Chizumulu. The Chizumuluites are the strangest of people. Living on an island only about three miles long, they spend a large part of their time fighting between the villages. A year ago they fought on Christmas Day; this year they waited to fight till I had got there; then we had two days of it. On the first day I knew nothing about it till it was over; but on the second day I girt up my cassock, and ran to the field of action, where they were pelting one another with stones! And there I stood on a little mound of earth between the combatants and shouted, 'You shameless people, how dare

you defy the law? Every jack-man that is a Christian among you—you'll just sit in disgrace among the catechumens; M.L. there have I been preparing you this very morning for your first Communion—drop that stone this instant.' To which command M.L., who a few minutes previously had been sitting at my feet in church, a nice earnest young man to all appearances, answered 'No, Bwana, no,' and off went the rock he was carrying in the direction of some enemy's head. Then everybody thought it was time to stop, and we pioneered the party that were on the offence back to their village; and then I called the ringleader (a heathen) into my room privately, where he sat gentle and submissive as a lamb whilst I talked to him; and then I talked to the few offenders who were Christians, in the school, and afterwards I told poor M.L. that, as he didn't seem yet to have learnt the first elements of Christian living, he had better think it over during this next month, and I would help him again *next* month to prepare for his first Communion. What I tried to show the Christian youths was that a man can't be two people, a thorough-going Christian in church, and a thorough-going heathen outside, and that's what they try to be. I don't know how far they grasped the idea, but I know that they arrived at the conclusion that 'Padre doesn't like a noise!' Sunday at Chizumulu (Feast of the Epiphany) was a wonderful day. There are two Mission stations on the island, but, as I couldn't be at both, all the Christians and catechumens of the island came to Chiteko, the station where I was sleeping. The church was nothing like big enough to hold the whole crowd, so we first of all had Mattins for everybody out of doors, when I preached of course about the light having now reached even to the Gentiles of Nyasa. It is, by-the-bye, rather touching how the natives commonly speak of their heathendom as the time when they lived in 'darkness.' Then we sent the catechumens home, and the Christians came into church for the Eucharist, when there were 140 communicants. I still expect to go to the west coast next week. We are dreadfully short of steamers. The *C.M.* is laid up for two months and the *C.J.* is playing truant."

In January 1907 Arthur began to complain of pain in his right leg. It got rapidly worse for five days, and he became very lame, and finally had to take to his bed.

The following letter explains the situation :

*(To a Sister)*

### A BAD LEG

Likoma, Jan. 22, 1907.

“ The steamer is going to leave here in an hour’s time, and I finished my mail for it weeks ago. This, however, is a medical P.S. to it. Since writing to F. I have been to Nkamanga (west side of the Lake) as I hoped, but though I was able to get through my work I did so under difficulties, as I was bothered with what I put down as rheumatism in one leg ; most happily we had to go to the Scotch Mission station at Bandawe with an invitation from our Bishop to the Scotch doctor there, asking him to come over and pay a visit to Likoma. He and the Bishop had travelled out together from England. So the doctor came with us to Likoma and his advice to me is this : ‘ It is quite impossible to say at present whether the pain in your hip was caused by rheumatism or not, but taking into consideration your finger with its tuberculosis, you had better lie up for a time ; whether it is rheumatism or not, a lie up won’t do you any harm, and then when Dr. Howard arrives (in six weeks’ time) he can decide. . . .’ So I am going to rest in bed for the next few weeks, and whilst Mr. Wilson will do my work, I shall do his to the extent of teaching (lecturing !) three or four students in preparation for their ‘ Readership.’ It will be a very good thing to have something light like that whereby to pass the time. I have absolutely no pain in my leg now and there is no reason to be doleful. I don’t feel in the least doleful ; perhaps I shouldn’t even have troubled to write this P.S. only you may hear from other sources that I was laid by and you might wonder what was the matter. In any case I shall stop quiet like this till Dr. Howard’s arrival—he is very careful.”

Dr. Howard first saw him in March when he had been in bed about eight weeks. He was kept in bed another fortnight and then allowed to get up and to walk a little.

On April 2 he had to return to bed as he still suffered pain. It was clear that any attempt to return to his work and walk about freely over rough country was out of the question, and it was determined that he must leave on furlough.

## ORDERED HOME

Likoma, April 14, 1907.

“ I suppose this may be my last letter home from Likoma Island for many a long day. I wonder whether you will be surprised or not, when you get my cable which I mean to send off by the Government steamer if it calls here this week. . . .

“ Well, my own feeling is that Dr. Howard is a very wise man. From his first examination, about the middle of Lent, he said that my leg was very nearly in a normal condition. I felt no pain at all by any upward pressure from the foot which I was bound to have felt if there had been anything much wrong with the hip-joint, and I could move my leg about with considerable freedom ; the two faults to find were a little grating in the joint, and an occasional spasm if I moved my leg thoughtlessly, especially in my sleep. So the doctor kept me in bed till the Wednesday in Holy Week, when he let me get up to try my leg, and I found I could walk about quite comfortably. Of course the doctor would not let me do much, but about Easter Tuesday I felt my leg not quite so comfortable, so the doctor sent me back to bed again, and then he began to tell me that he didn't think that the leg would be strong enough to stand the *strain* of being priest-in-charge for a good long time to come, and we are agreed that if I can't be in full working order it is useless to attempt half measures.

“ For myself I feel very thankful for the doctor's decision, and now it is decided for me to take my furlough this year, it seems almost too good to be true that I really shall soon be

eating roast beef again; I had meant to say something more sentimental, but that will do instead.

“ I am going to travel from Fort Johnston down the rivers, and by machila to Chinde with Mr. Wilson, and so also on with him to the Cape. We shall have to leave Fort Johnston about June 10, and our boat leaves Chinde on July 3 (so I believe). We have to change boats at Durban, and have five days there in a comfortable hotel. I wish someone had been going on furlough (before Wilson) with whom I could have travelled, but it would be rather awkward going by myself, looking after luggage, &c., so I am glad to have him, even though we don't leave the Lake for nearly another two months.

“ But I am going to spend these next weeks very pleasantly. At the doctor's own suggestion I am going down by the *Chauncy Maples* (leaving here in ten days' time) to Malindi at the south end of the Lake. There I shall have a month which I expect thoroughly to enjoy. I know they will all make one comfortable, and there is a charming hospital looking out on to the Lake.

“ It is two and a half years, *i.e.* from November 1905, since I have seen any European station of our Mission off Likoma Island (except Mr. Marsh's college for teachers) ! The natives at Malindi talk Chi-yao, so I think I shall amuse myself by learning a new tongue.

“ Well, after Durban (I have of course planned it all out with Dr. Howard), we arrive at the Cape, and so I am proposing to Robin that I shall stay with him for a few weeks, exactly how many I can't say. I think there may be a chance of one of the sisters coming out from England and possibly travelling home with me from there.”

(To a Sister)

Likoma, Trinity Sunday, 1907.

“ It was truly delightful to get the cable saying ' Sister Capetown Edith.' I expect my cable made you think that I am much less self-capable than I really am, but when you



SUNDAY AT LIKOMA



MR. DOUGLAS LEAVING LIKOMA, APRIL 1907

see me hale and hearty with an enormous appetite—all serene except for a leg which has to be *remembered*—I hope that you will enjoy your time at the Cape all the more. . . . I am carrying with me a very full explanation of myself written by Dr. Howard, and this I am to show to anyone who shall further examine me. Dr. Howard wants me to see a Capetown doctor, so that any change in my condition may be notified. . . . Dr. Howard has every hope of my whole self becoming quite sound again *if I rest*. So I spend my days something after this sort—lying down nearly the whole day ; sitting up for meals ; I walk about the room when necessary, and have my bath like a reasonable creature, and walk on to the verandah, where it is quite delightful to lie and read. Occasionally I go to church, and sit down for most of the service.

“ This is what I find suits me best. Walking causes me no trouble at the time, but, if I get the least tired, my leg begins to ache.”

One of his sisters did come out to the Cape to meet him, and he arrived in England in August 1907, and was laid up for some months.

In September he was lent a bungalow in the New Forest, and there he carried on the open-air treatment which he had been recommended, and became very much better. The bungalow was called “ Little Hatchett.” One or other of his sisters and various friends stayed with him there from time to time.

“ Here I am,” he writes on October 11, “ back again in England, ‘invalided’ home for the time being. From January to June I *lay*, and then started home, reaching England in August.

“ Now I am doing open-air cure business in a bungalow in the most charming part of the New Forest ; a lake with swans, which make a noise like a flying ship, at my front gate ; three miles of heather and gorse (alas ! not in blossom) all round, mixed up with golden bracken, and then oak and beech and pine forest. Beaulieu Abbey in ruins a mile beneath me, and everywhere a hurricane of fresh air, so

healthy and, ugh! so cold, especially for the poor Central Africander. "As a letter will take (until I return to African Utopia) one day to reach me, instead of eight weeks, write quickly."

On November 24 he writes to his sister :

" I have suggested to Dr. Sandwith that I should like to pay him a visit before Christmas, and that it might now be a good thing to see a *surgeon*—and I mentioned to him December 3, as I thought then I should have a good excuse (being as near to Cambridge as London) for going on to Cambridge for the great U.M.C.A. meeting in the Senate-house, which is to commemorate Livingstone's speech there, December 4, 1857, which gave the start to the Mission. And now, at the meeting of December 4, 1907, a new diocese west of Likoma is to be inaugurated. I got Dr. Sandwith's reply yesterday saying that, after consulting with Dr. Oswald Browne (another of our medical board), he had arranged with Mr. Clutton, senior surgeon at S. Thomas's Hospital, that I should meet Dr. Sandwith at Mr. Clutton's house at noon of December 3. . . . Of course the whole question of my finger will be fully taken into account. I want particularly to ask Mr. Clutton whether he advises any other form of exercise to work off whatever stiffness remains, and to strengthen the leg. He will no doubt also tell me whether he thinks I should go on with the outdoor treatment. I shall have had three and a half months of it, so I expect he will say I can return to a more normal existence. I don't in the least know whether, after this interview with the surgeon, the doctors will give me more definite hopes of returning to C. Africa. There is plenty of time to think about that ; what I chiefly want now is to get surgeon's opinion as to the best way of getting the leg perfectly free and strong in its action. . . .

" The Emperor (of Germany—three motor-cars) passed our front gate an hour ago. I was in the garden close to the house, so could not distinguish faces, and all the cars were more or less shut up."

Early in 1908 Arthur had become quite strong again, and there was soon no doubt that he would be able to return to work in Africa.

This chapter may fitly close with the following appreciation of him by Miss Schofield :

“ I was a worker under U.M.C.A. 1899-1906, and during the latter years had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Douglas four times. What impressed me most was his eagerness about things pertaining to the schools, and his joyousness.

“ I well remember our first meeting. We, from Malindi, were on our way to Likoma, and had put in at Kota Kota to pick up workers there. As soon as we had exchanged greetings Mr. Douglas plunged into school work. He was anxious to know how far I was able to apply English methods (I am a certificated teacher) to my African work : what plans were being adopted at Malindi for getting and keeping the children in school, and what had been abandoned on account of failure. In the welfare of the girls he was especially interested ; and also, if I remember rightly, as to the advisability of teaching boys and girls together. Where one's failures were concerned one felt how really he sympathised, and his bright manner cheered one wonderfully.

“ Our next meeting was when he was starting his furlough. Arrived at the south end of the Lake, he had to wait for a river steamer, and came from Mponda's to pay a call at Malindi. He rode the donkey (Snowball ?), and on his way had to pass through Chindamba's village, where was a Mission school. He thought that it would be a nice little surprise for the children and for me, if he were to ride in unannounced. So coming to a large oblong hut which he felt sure must be the school, he left the road, and rode towards it. He was a little surprised at the absence of ' ABCha'-ing or other chanting in unison, and when inside beheld an empty room. A man suddenly appeared and inquired if he wished to see the chief, as that was his house, which had only just been furnished. Mr. Douglas explained his mistake, and the school was pointed out. He dismounted, told me the story, and was laughing heartily about it when

a messenger came to say that the chief was ready to receive him. So he returned to the new house where Chindamba was sitting in state—in a deck chair—on his verandah. The usual polite greetings took place, and then I think Mr. Douglas had to leave or send something in the shape of a present, according to the native custom. He said it served him right, and we had many a laugh over it.

“ As I said above, he seemed to have a fund of joyousness and to be happy and merry the few times I saw him ; and I used to think that ‘ the Peace of God which passeth understanding ’ was shown in his face.”

## CHAPTER VII

### THE THIRD SPELL OF MISSIONARY WORK

#### S. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, 1908-1911

ARTHUR made a good recovery and started out again in July 1908. His plan was to see something of his brother at Rondebosch in Cape Colony and go up the country by rail, joining his ship again at Beira. The following very interesting letter describes his experiences.

*(To a Sister)*

#### ACROSS AFRICA

Illovo (Aberdeen Rennie Line), one day south of Beira,  
August 26, 1908.

“ My trek up country from the Cape to Delagoa Bay is over, and now I must tell you all about it, because it was quite one of the most interesting experiences of my life. I left Capetown on Monday evening the 17th, and two nights in the train brought me to Bloemfontein. All my journeying was very comfortable and thanks to my tea-basket and some of the good eatables which you all provided me with, my food bill on the train dining-cars was not a very expensive item. As I was getting out of the train at Bloemfontein on the Wednesday morning a cheery voice greeted me, ‘ Let me take your bag, Arthur.’ I expect I had not seen E. Short since he was at Malvern Link, so that of course I should not

have recognised him. He looked after me splendidly, both on the Wednesday morning when I had only half an hour at Bloemfontein station, and on my return from Modderpoort on the following Friday. I was waiting for the train to Modderpoort when up trotted a lady from S. Michael's with a note from Miss Edwards, inviting me to their seven o'clock Eucharist at S. Michael's on the Friday, and to breakfast afterwards ; then off I went on my pilgrimage to Modderpoort, reaching the station there at half-past two in the afternoon. A young Father belonging to the Society of the Sacred Mission met me at the station and brought me up to the community house ; you can imagine what my feelings were like when I reached the beautiful garden, of which the aunts love to speak, and then the house, and close to the house Uncle Jem's grave.<sup>1</sup> It lies between the grave of Father Beckett and the later grave of Brother Arthur. Father Drake, the present head of the community, arrived at the house soon after me, and he gave me a most kind welcome, saying among other things how grateful he was for the aunts' continued interest in Modderpoort. After tea he took me through the graveyard and garden to the farm.

" I took several photographs of Modderpoort.

" I slept in the community house in a little room next door to the library in the same passage as the library refectory. The church is, as you know, new and very beautiful (except the iron roof) ; the vestry has an inscription carved in the stone outside ' In memoriam Jacobi Douglas.' On the following morning I had the privilege of celebrating the Eucharist, and then soon after breakfast Father Drake drove me over to Ladybrand in the very cart which Uncle Jem used on his long treks ; at least the body of the cart is the same. One hour's drive brought us to Ladybrand, and then, whilst Father Drake went to examine the coloured location school, I was handed over to Father Hilde, the member of their community who is in charge of Ladybrand. The new church of S. James at Ladybrand is in memory of Uncle Jem, and after I had had a little talk with the caretaker, Mrs. B., who was in Ladybrand in R.'s<sup>2</sup> time, though not an

<sup>1</sup> Father James Douglas. <sup>2</sup> Arthur's brother, the Rev. Robert Douglas.

official, I went into the church. Father Hilde told me rather a good story about the British commander in the district during the war, how he told the then superior that he must commandeer the church for use as a hospital ; but going into the church he found the windows would not open (an essential for a hospital), and saying it would be a shame to break the beautiful stained glass he agreed not to commandeer the church after all. The beautiful stained glass consists of coloured paper pictures gummed on ordinary glass ; of course the discreet Father kept quiet. I think it was Father Saunderson, but I am not certain. I also saw the little old church which Uncle Jem and Robin used, but it is now a carpenter's shop. Then Father Hilde trotted me round the town. . . .

“ You can imagine how very hearty everybody was and how they wanted to know about the aunts, &c. Then Father Drake drove me back to Modderpoort in time for midday dinner, and in the afternoon I potted about in the garden and saw Father Beckett's cave and the bushmen's paintings on the rock. At eleven o'clock that night I had to say good-bye to the beautiful place and the kind people, and Father Drake walked with me to the midnight train which landed me at Bloemfontein the next morning at 5.30. I walked to S. Michael's Home and at a few minutes to seven I boldly clanged the very loud front door bell, and my clanging brought the Mother Superior out of Prime to welcome me. She had been told by Miss E. of my coming, and indeed I afterwards found that it was she, the Mother Superior, who was most kindly going to act as hostess at breakfast in her own rooms, the breakfast party consisting of herself and Miss E., Edward, and myself ; but first there was the beautiful service in the chapel, the celebrant being the chaplain, Mr. Pinel, an old Ely man. Edward walked back with me to the train for Johannesburg, leaving Bloemfontein 8.45. One of my travelling companions was Mr. Rice, the new six-foot-four priest in charge of the Railway Mission.

“ In the latter part of the afternoon the train crossed the Vaal river, and so from the Orange River Colony I entered the Transvaal and reached Johannesburg about eight o'clock

that evening, and was met at the station by a lay brother of the Community of the Resurrection whose acquaintance I had made this spring at Mirfield ; and so within twenty-four hours I had been in the chapels of three different communities, joining in Compline at Modderpoort and Johannesburg and being privileged to make my Communion at Bloemfontein betwixt the two extremes. I had no time to see the cathedral at Bloemfontein. You know that I was not able to spend any longer time at Bloemfontein, as I was all the time trying to overtake my party at Delagoa Bay. And in fact I made up my mind that if by leaving Johannesburg on Saturday, the day after I got there, instead of Sunday, I could better hit off my party at Delagoa Bay, I must do so, and give up having my Sunday morning with my Nyasa boys at Johannesburg ; so I was of course very thankful and very pleased when I received a wire from Delagoa to say I should be in time if I left Johannesburg at noon on Sunday, so I had the whole of Saturday and the most important part of Sunday at Johannesburg. After supper on the evening I got there, I had a long chat with the Likoma man who has been acting as catechist to the Nyasas at Johannesburg, though I know him far better as one of our best boatmen at Likoma. On Saturday he and I took the train to a station on the rand, the whole way being lined with mines, and I looked up another Likoma boy who was acting as cook at a little boarding-house. I also went into a compound and saw the kind of way the mine boys live and sleep. By the time we got back to the community there were half a dozen more Nyasas who had come to sleep and to see me and to join with me in a Chinyanja celebration the next day. As a matter of fact there happened to be fewer Nyasas than usual at Johannesburg, but I was very thankful to be able to do even what I did. Of course it was the first time there had ever been a Chinyanja celebration in the community chapel, and though we were only a small company we sang everything just as it is sung up at the Lake. By a curious coincidence, four Nyasas had been baptised by a priest of the community only on the preceding Sunday ; and so on the Sunday after the Baptism they were able to be

present at a Eucharist in their own tongue. After breakfast my time was largely taken up with receiving money (gold and silver) from the boys to take home for their wives, and to buy clothes for their children. Some of them had not been back to Nyasa for six years, a terribly long time to be away from home. I did what I could to persuade them to return quickly. I was busy up to the last minute before the cab came to take me to the midday train for Delagoa Bay, so that I could not go to see Father Shaw; I was so sorry. So on Sunday at noon I left Johannesburg and, *viâ* Pretoria, I reached Delagoa Bay on the next morning at half-past seven, not a whole seven days since I said good-bye to Rondebosch. Though I had wired to my party to expect me by that train, none were at the station to meet me, for the best of reasons; four were keeping S. Bartholomew's morning at the church of the Lebombo Mission, and one was seedy in bed. That same morning we left Delagoa Bay; yesterday we stopped at Mhambane, where I visited another Lebombo Mission station, and to-morrow morning we ought to reach Beira, where we must tranship into a little steamer to take us on to Chinde."

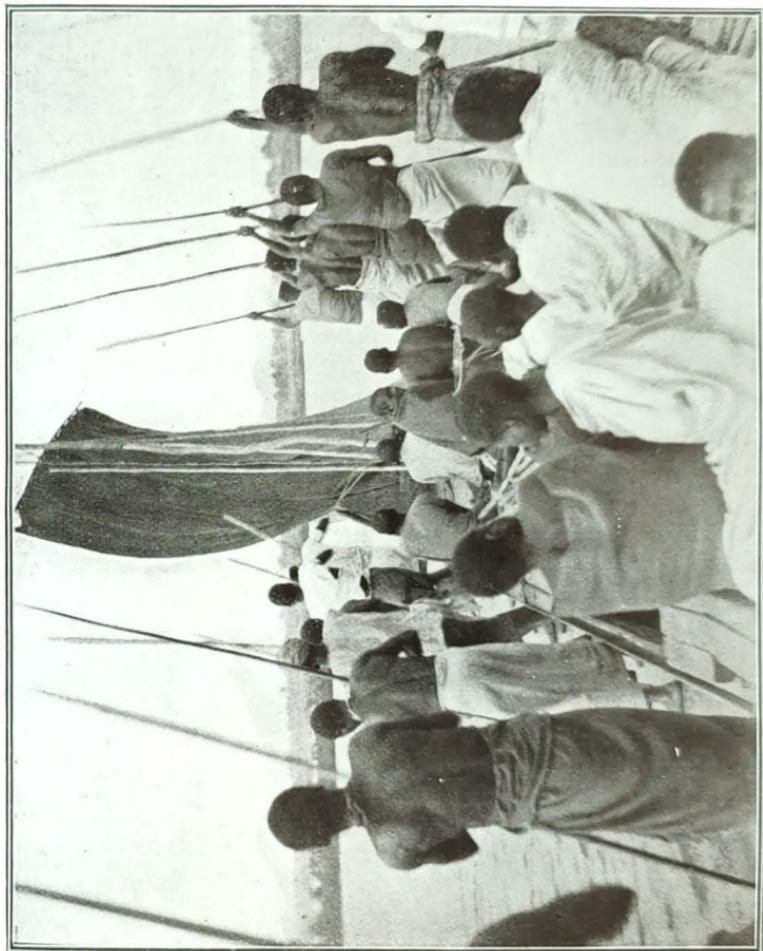
*(To a Sister)*

#### IMPROVED TRAVELLING ON THE SHIRÉ

Houseboat on River Shiré, Sept. 3, 1908.

"Snodin, Tom Hallson, and I, who are inhabiting one houseboat, have just finished a couple of games of 'patience'; the three ladies, Miss Murton, Miss Newton, and Miss Nixon Smith, are in another houseboat a few hundred yards ahead of us. So we have reached the punting stage, and I have been taking snapshots out of the rear window of this little house at the helmsman, and out of the fore window at the punters. One is really almost ashamed to travel up the Shiré nowadays in this luxurious fashion, whilst dear people at home are picturing the poor missionaries having the same rough time they had twenty years ago. As a matter of fact, the comfort of travelling up the Shiré has improved enormously since even I first

came out. Of course it is very hot, and I daresay the thermometer in this room would be well over a hundred, but whereas the little cabin, which I remember in old days, was only high enough to creep into and sit down in, this cabin I can easily stand up in; it has a good opening at each end, and room enough inside for three camp beds and a little table, altogether adapted for playing 'patience.' Moreover, it does add very largely to one's happiness in travelling when one has learnt to understand punters' habits, and can talk to them in an impressive way. Till one can understand their habits and language, one is always supposing they are pulling the ignorant European's leg, and resting when they ought not to rest, and so forth, but now all goes with beautiful smoothness. Of course these river boys are not Lake boys, but they can talk the Lake dialect sufficiently for us to understand each other; for example, when I came out of the cabin at 5 A.M. this morning and shouted to them slumbering on the bank 'Sonka moto,' they all knew that it was my order to light a fire and make tea. At Beira we found the little Beira-to-Chinde coasting steamer waiting for us, so we did not even go ashore at Beira, but transhipped straight away, and were off in the coaster within three hours of reaching the Beira harbour. The thirty-six hours from Beira to Chinde was much the least pleasant part of the whole journey. The little coaster was just like a cork on the top of the water, and went much slower than usual owing to having a big barge tied on behind her; but no matter—thirty-six hours is only thirty-six hours, and at Chinde we recovered our spirits (our *ghosts* as the German doctor once said to me) on finding that the Zambesi steamer was all in readiness to take us on board. . . . In spite of the fact that it was nearly dark by the time we reached Chinde, and that we were there only a couple of hours, I saw a wonderful number of our Nyasa boys. They had got wind of the fact that we were coming, and some were ready to welcome us when we reached the harbour, and others kept turning up afterwards. Some of them were boys whom I knew very well. Several brought parcels of clothes which they asked me to take to the Lake for their wives and friends. . . . The



ON THE RIVER SHIRÉ

Zambesi steamer, flat-bottomed, was a delightful boat, and to my mind a very nice change from the ocean steamers. . . . We left Chinde August 28, and reached the junction of the Zambesi and Shiré on the following Tuesday morning, but the Shiré is at a low ebb, and so the steamer had to disgorge us the next day into these two houseboats. I do wish you could have been with me yesterday evening, or still better, at night, as there is a half moon, and the boys were punting up till nearly midnight. I stood for a time outside the cabin and watched the river banks by moonlight and the numberless fireflies, and of course the boys themselves, and when we passed a village the people made bonfires, and the banana trees in front stood out against the glow. Altogether, in spite of the raucous singing of the punters, there was a wonderful peace in the air. The natives tell us that we shall reach the end of our houseboat journey this evening, our destination being Port Herald, where is the one terminus of the new railway. A passenger train from Port Herald to Blantyre only runs twice a week; the next train leaves Port Herald on Saturday, and reaches Blantyre that same evening, so by the use of the train we can now do within one day what used to be reckoned at least three days' trek. Letters from the Lake tell me that the *C.M.* is due at Mponda's for Kota Kota, Likoma, &c., on the 10th. If all goes as we hope, we should be there by the 10th or 11th; I must send a wire to Mponda's to tell the steamer to wait for us. . . .

"Mr. Snodin is wondering whether we are going to call a halt for afternoon tea: that must depend on our ladies who are ahead and not even in sight. Of course secondarily it depends on the punters: if they have no food of their own on board, they will probably prefer to punt on to the sweet end, which is Port Herald and their home."

(To a Sister)

#### MEETING OLD FRIENDS

Steam wheeler *Monteith*, Lake Pamalombe, Sept. 9, 1908.

"Lake Pamalombe is a marshy widening out of the Shiré river, and is chiefly remarkable for the amount of explosive

gas which is contained in the water, so much so that it is really dangerous to strike matches close to the surface ; but from the point of view of weary travellers, Pamalombe is really much more important as constituting part of actually the last day's journey before we reach Mponda's ! Actually we expect to be having a late afternoon tea to-day with Padre Ker, &c., at Mponda's Mission station. So our journey to the Lake comes to an end ; after that, there remains the voyage up to Likoma, but that ought to be almost unmitigated joy, only tempered physically by lake-sickness, (at least I fear that the rough season will not be over), and morally by the news of relapses and disappointments among natives in whom one is interested. However, there are, of course, very numerous causes for thankfulness. We reached Port Herald September 3, and had to remain there—not an attractive place—till early Saturday morning, when the bi-weekly train took us from Port Herald to Blantyre. The distance by rail between these two places is about 110 miles, and we took thirteen hours over it. Blantyre is in the Shiré highlands, very high, so the poor old engine had a hard pull, and in one place she had to make three attempts before she could get round a corner. Moreover the embankments are very steep, and look as if the first heavy rains would wash them away, so no wonder that the Government engineer has refused under present conditions to ' pass ' the railway as a safe concern. However, it is of course a great boon to Europeans and to natives ; moreover, the carriages are comfortable, the feeding on the train is excellent, and the scenery among waterfalls was, I am told, most beautiful during the morning hours—I unfortunately was asleep. Another sign of civilisation is the telegram. I received one at a station about 8 A.M. from Mr. Shinn at Blantyre, asking me whether I could have a Celebration at Blantyre next morning (Sunday). I was able to wire back ' Yes.' The telegram was specially convenient, as we did not get into Blantyre till 7.30 P.M., when it would have been very difficult to make arrangements for the next morning ; whereas, on receipt of my reply wire, Mr. Shinn was able to send notice to all the English Church communicants. Mr.

Shinn is in the telegraphic department. We had a delightful Sunday at B., stopping as usual at the very comfortable boarding-house of the African Lakes Co. We had an English Eucharist in the public hall; there were ten communicants in addition to some of our own party. . . . On Monday morning we left Blantyre in six machilas, each machila having sixteen men; there were also twelve more men for our light baggage, whilst our heavy baggage went on separately, so our party must have been responsible for about 150 men to carry ourselves and our baggage. We had two long days in machila, sleeping at night in a very good rest house; in the two days we covered sixty-four miles. That brought us yesterday, 6 P.M., to a place on the upper Shiré called Liwonde, where a little steamer came down from Fort Johnston to meet us. At Liwonde we met with a very delightful surprise. I asked a native boy whether he knew if the steamer was coming for us. He replied, 'I don't know, but perhaps Mr. Jenkin does.' I said, 'What Mr. Jenkin?' He replied, 'Mr. Jenkin wa Mission'; so that's how I learnt that, by a delightful chance, Padre Jenkin, who does the river Mission work, happened that very afternoon to be at Liwonde. He might have been anywhere else either on this part of the river, or forty miles away up in the hills. So I searched out his tiny houseboat and found him therein. He had no idea that we were anywhere near. It was great luck, as when I found him he was just starting off for another village, but he thought our advent was a sufficient excuse for altering his plans, so he had a jolly evening with us. Padre Jenkin is able to use a motor bicycle for much of his work which lies round about European Government settlements, where the roads are kept in good order. His usual plan is to sleep in his houseboat, and then, in the morning, go off on his bicycle and visit villages, and then meet his boat again in the evening at some appointed place whither it will have been punted in the course of the day. The 'jolly evening,' you will understand, was last evening; then down came the steamer from Fort Johnston, and we got on board. But oh! the mosquitoes, and oh the nets! My net was passable, and by plugging up a few small holes with paper and sticking

stamp paper over one larger hole, I kept the mosquitoes out. But Snodin and Hallson had shameful nets, full of holes, and the mosquitoes *swarmed*. I was able to comfort my youths in the morning by telling them that the mosquitoes were too large and openly vicious to be the fever mosquito, which generally does its work very quietly and unsuspectedly.

“ A. J. DOUGLAS.”

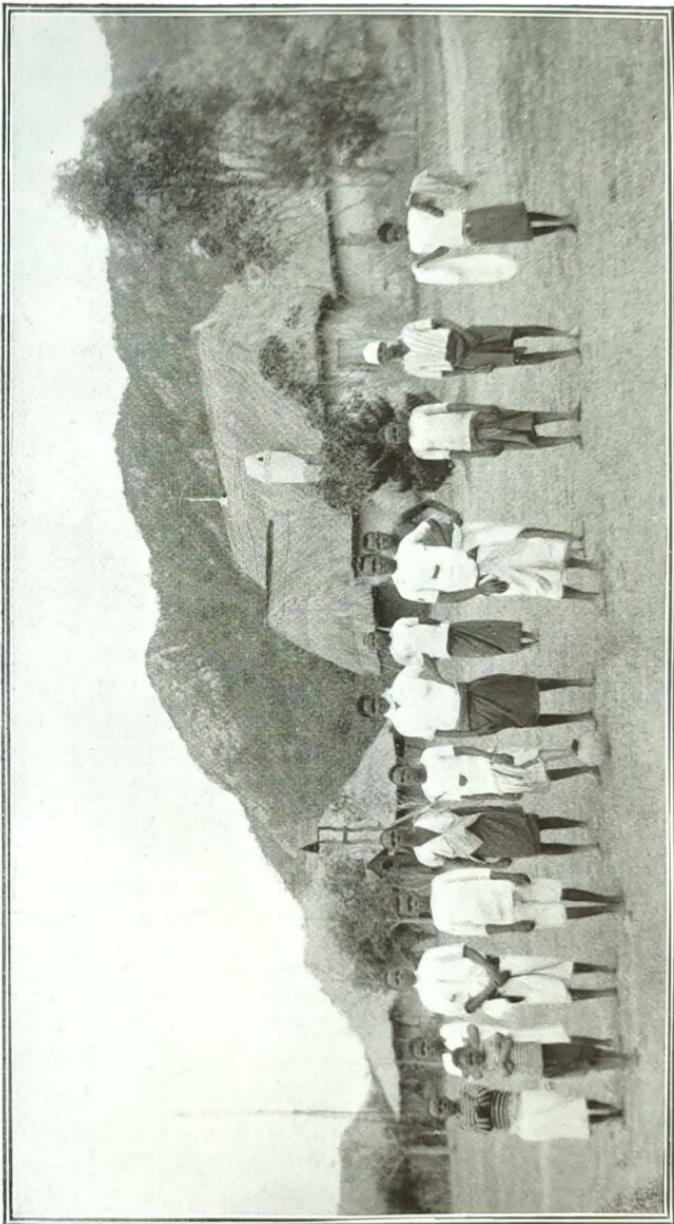
(*To a Brother*)

#### ARRIVAL AT LAKE NYASA—FUTURE PLANS

September 17, 1908.

“ It’s difficult to head my letter with any locality. I am sitting in the little mud-plastered rest house built by Archdeacon Eyre at Che Mapunda’s village. Che Mapunda himself, the ancient chief of the village, has already paid me two visits in this little hut although I haven’t been here more than two hours. On his first visit he gave me a letter which Archdeacon Eyre has sent to me care of Che Mapunda ; on his second visit he brought me a present of a fowl and some native flour, whilst I had to get one of my boys, acting as interpreter, to convey to the chief as delicately as possible that my boxes (and consequently my return present) are still on the road some miles behind me. The fact is that, as usual in Africa, the unexpected has happened. I told N., in the letter I wrote just as we were reaching the Lake, that though I had not received any official communication from Archdeacon Johnson (the acting Bishop), I quite expected to be going direct to Likoma. At Mponda’s, however, I got his letter in which he asked me to choose between several alternatives, but the one which he obviously favoured was a month’s visit to Archdeacon Eyre at Mtonya.

“ This Mtonya trip seemed to me an excellent idea . . . both because it was reported that Archdeacon Eyre was very seedy, and also because it seemed rather a doubtful good to send Tom Hallson, the new gardener, to start life for himself at Mtonya with a seedy Archdeacon. So from every point of view it seems best for me to go up to Mtonya with Hallson, and do what I can to give him a good shove



MTONYA

off, and also see how the Archdeacon is. So these are the reasons why Hallson and I are sitting at Che Mapunda's village within twenty miles of Mtonya. We are making it a five-days' machila journey from Malindi to Mtonya. We two, in company with Brother Sargent, left Malindi on Monday and soon began a long climb into the hills behind Malindi, and during the whole journey we have been in the highlands, working up northwards and keeping a distance of twenty miles from the east Lake shore, and sometimes we have caught a glimpse of the Lake far below us. From Malindi to Mtonya is all the country of the Yaos ; that is why I have to speak to the old chief through an interpreter who knows Chinyanja as well as Chi-yao. I am finishing this letter at Mtonya, having covered the last nineteen miles of the journey from Che Mapunda's by 11 o'clock this morning. We have had a splendid time right away through from Malindi—more than ninety miles. Hallson was vaccinated at Malindi the day before we started, so it hasn't been a very comfortable time for him. Just now there is a good deal of smallpox in the country. This is about the driest time of the year, so the country was not looking its best. It can look perfectly gorgeous in the rainy season ; but even as it was, nothing could take off from the magnificence of the great granite mountains through which we passed, whilst, though there were almost no flowers, many of the trees had already put on their brilliant red spring foliage. All the new spring shoots out here seem to start with being either pink or red. We had a grand reception at Mtonya, the school-boys coming to meet us headed by a flag, and one boy had his set speech all ready in English : ' O Dear Padre Douglas, we are very glad to see you here ' ; and then, of course, there was dear old Archdeacon Eyre with his white cassock tucked up round his waist. I like the look of the Station very much ; there is no brick or stone about the houses, but they are built prettily, with plenty of room. I am living in a three-roomed house which was built for one of the ladies ; Miss Minter had it, and there is another close to it which was Miss Medd's. It is rather sad that these two houses should be generally empty ; I wonder when

the ladies will be able to return ; you know that they left because an unruly chief made a raid near the Mission, and it was thought to be unsafe for them. The air up here is splendid ; it seems an ideal sanatorium. I hope that Hallson will be able to get the vegetable garden in order. Mtonya is about twenty-seven miles from the Lake, and my plan for the future is to stop here two and a half weeks, and then go down to the Lake at the nearest point, in time to be picked up by the *C.M.* ; so up to Likoma for the latter part of October for the purpose of examining the would-be deacons at S. Andrew's Theological College, and giving them a Retreat. Then for November I expect to be at Kota Kota.

“ . . . then during December I must be at Likoma to help Glossop in preparing the Christians for Christmas, and in January I suppose I shall go to take charge of S. Michael's College. One of the bits of news which met me at Mponda's when I reached the Lake was that a large part of the college had been burnt down. That is not really so bad as it sounds, for most of the buildings which have been burnt down are those which, in the natural order of African buildings, would have sat down of themselves, or for safety's sake have been taken down in another year's time ; and the new chapel and dormitory have not been burnt. But Padre Marsh's own house has been burnt except the walls, which were brick, and many of his own goods must have been destroyed. I am very sorry for him, but for me it means that I shall have nice new buildings.”

S. Michael's College is the college for teachers which was then on the mainland at Kango opposite Likoma Island. It was in Portuguese territory, and that fact added to the difficulties of the work. Arthur was to spend a month or two at Kota Kota, and then to take charge of S. Michael's College in January 1909. In looking forward to his work there he writes : “ Mine will be a very difficult work and I shall need your very many prayers.”

(To a Sister)

ANTICIPATIONS OF COLLEGE WORK

Likoma Island, Oct. 26, 1908.

“ During most of the day the thermometer in the shade of my verandah sticks at 90°, and even now at 11 P.M. it is at 79°, and not a breath of wind. My verandah for the time being is the verandah of Likoma hospital, where I spent a considerable time before my furlough. It is not acting as a hospital for me now, but only as a very comfortable guest chamber. We have been a very big party here during the last few days, so that all the houses have been full. One night at dinner we sat down a party of ten men and four ladies—and one other, Mr. Marsh, sick in bed. I posted my last letter home at Kota Kota, which we reached on a Saturday evening. I had a most delightful two days there: the *C.M.* on which I was travelling spent an unusually long time there, as Archdeacon Johnson, who was also travelling on her, had to give a series of addresses ashore to native teachers. I gave them an address on the Sunday evening, and also preached in English to the brethren on Sunday afternoon. Most of the boys around the station there are the same whom I knew—only they are five years older. The people there were very affectionate, and at Likoma since my arrival there last Thursday, they have been perfectly delightful. I have got the same boy to look after me who took care of me when I was ill—‘ James Yonah.’ My other old boy, Jeffreys Mwaraba (M.’s friend), has also maintained a good character since I went away. I went to watch the drill this morning. . . . The school drill is in charge of a native soldier lately come from Zanzibar; I think he must have kept them at it for a specially long time this morning for my benefit. Anyhow when it was over they went to Mr. Glossop to ask if they might go down to bathe. . . . The Cathedral has got on a good deal since I saw it; one west tower is finished and its twin is half up. The eight bells which can only be chimed and not ‘ rung ’ (as they are shaped like saucers stuck up on edge) are in their places in the tower, and there

is to be a clock which strikes the quarters ! Mr. Marsh is now well again, and intends to return to his duties at the College to-morrow. I intend to accompany him in order to take stock of school material and native food and see what needs to be ordered. Most of the College was burnt down two months ago, including the native food store. That was the most serious loss ; otherwise the fire did good by clearing away a good many old rickety reed houses, which stood between the priest's house and the Lake, and blocked the view. Now the view is opened out and it is exquisitely beautiful. The College stands on the top of a hill overlooking the lake with Likoma in the distance. . . . Mine will be a very difficult work there and I shall need your very many prayers—for myself and the native teachers and the students and the villages, which will also be under my charge.”

He was, however, kept a few weeks at Likoma by his work as Examining Chaplain to the Bishop, and in the following letter he mentions the friendly terms he was on with the Portuguese official on the mainland, who was ill and whom Dr. Howard attended.

(To a Sister)

S.s. Charles Janson, Nov. 17, 1908.

“ The Lake is beautifully smooth, so I shall have no excuse for not getting a letter ready for the *C.J.* to carry down to Fort Johnston *en route* for England, after she has dropped me at Kota Kota. I have had a very pleasant though a very hot and thirsty month at Likoma ; my chief business there was the examining of native candidates for Holy Orders. . . . I hope I was also able to make myself useful to Mr. Glossop who has been priest-in-charge of Likoma since I left Likoma invalided.

“ He has lately been without his proper curate, so has found it very difficult to get away from the Cathedral main station to visit his outlying districts. But my stay at Likoma gave him the opportunity. Since I was invalided

home there has been an addition to our fleet of Mission sailing boats, Glossop having got one of his own, in which he took me one afternoon for a sail. He is able to do a good deal of his parishing by means of his boat. The object of our journey that afternoon was to see whether the Christians in a village had 'finished to put' up a hut for a sick and needy old lady; money for providing the materials for the hut had been provided by the Church collections, but the erection was to be by the goodwill of the Christians in the old lady's village. However when we got there, we found that the goodwill had only carried them forward such a very small way, that Mr. Glossop there and then issued a proclamation that if the hut was not finished in four days, all people from that village who were getting employment from the Mission would be sacked from their work.

"The proclamation had a stimulating effect upon their goodwill, and within the stipulated four days old J.'s house was perfected. We are finding it necessary to teach strenuously the law of charity and almsgiving. As to the majority of mankind, so even to the Central African, the law of tithes is not naturally acceptable. It is good in theory but inconvenient in practice, especially when food on the island of Likoma is dear. To-day I and the *C.J.* are travelling over precisely the same ground or rather the same patch of the Lake that we travelled yesterday. I said all my good-byes at Likoma yesterday morning, but this morning, 1 o'clock A.M., saw us puffing back into Likoma harbour again, and another set of good-byes had to be gone through to-day. The reason for all this pother was that yesterday afternoon when we were getting near the end of our day's run, we called at the head Portuguese official's residence to pick up Archdeacon Eyre who had been helping to keep the Portuguese King's birthday, and we found the official in such a state of nerves and temperature that we had to run all the way back to Likoma to fetch Dr. Howard. As I write this we have just got back to the Portuguese and have sent Howard ashore to comfort him. This Portuguese really seems to be a good sort—anyhow superior in education to most that come out here. He talks English quite

well, having been partly educated at an Anglo-Indian Roman Catholic College with a view I believe of taking Holy Orders. I was introduced to him yesterday and told him, that after Christmas I hoped to be one of his subjects—S. Michael's College being in Portuguese territory. . . . They had a very large 'do' here in honour of the Portuguese King, the natives assembling from thirty or forty miles round.

" Archdeacon Eyre was the sole representative of the Mission. I think eleven white men sat down to the state dinner. The festivities in honour of the King of England had been the previous week at the British headquarters on the Lake, Fort Johnston, and the head British and Portuguese Government officials paid each other the compliment of attending each other's dinner. I expect to be landed at Kota Kota to-morrow and to stop there till after Christmas.

" The work at Kota Kota has extended very largely since I was in charge there ; it must now embrace a district with radius twenty-five miles, Kota Kota proper being its centre. Then as soon after Christmas as may be I want to settle into my work at S. Michael's Training College. My chief fear is that the students' food will run short there. Food can only be bought at certain periods of the year, and what with the ravages of white ants in the rice store, weevils in the flour, the overflow of unexpected students and general miscalculation on the part of the overworked priest-in-charge, there seems every probability of arriving at the last food bag without knowing where you are or what to do next. That is the universal experience of other principals-in-charge, and I have no particular reason to think that my education will raise me superior to the rest as a housekeeper."

*(To a Sister)*

#### MOHAMMEDANISM

Kota Kota, Dec. 9, 1908.

" There is actually a weekly post now from Kota Kota. Mr. Clarke, the priest-in-charge of Kota Kota, is having a

little jaunt on the *C.J.* to Likoma, so here I am in my old place, the only white man on the station. Yesterday I borrowed the Government official's donkey in order to revisit Sani, an outstation where I made the first catechumens six years ago. Miss Thompson, the Mission nurse, also went for the purpose of vaccinating; she went by machila and I am sorry to say that, both going and returning, the machila beat the donkey; in fact what with my own impatience, and that of the machila as well, the donkey altogether got a good deal beaten. However, all's well that ends well, and I and the donkey accomplished the journey (eight miles there and eight miles back) with no worse mishap than a broken girth—which the one-eyed donkey-boy re-sewed by the light of his one eye—and a partially bashed-in helmet which collided with a tree branch and thereby saved my head. Sani is quite one of the prettiest places I know out here, and of course it was delightful to find even a few of my old boys. But most of the boys I knew best are away from the district, and all the buildings on the Mission station are new since my day. In six years they would have tumbled down in the natural order of African houses, but as a matter of fact many of them met with an unnatural death at the hands of the Mohammedan villagers who set them on fire—Mohammedanism is more than usually aggressive to us there. The teacher there was telling me yesterday that he wanted to leave because the Islamites disliked him so much and gave him a bad time. I told him of course that he must expect nothing else and that it would be very astonishing if the Islamites didn't dislike him. The majority of boys here when they want to get much money find their way to Fort Salisbury. It takes them about thirty-five days to walk there. I am told that Nyasa boys have got such a footing there now in the employment of Europeans that when one Nyasa wants to return home he tells his master that he knows another chap—one of his own tribe—who would like to take his place. So now, outside Salisbury there is a little colony of Nyasa boys. But although they get what our people think are very big wages they don't bring very much back with them as a rule. I was asking one of my old

Kasamba boys a few days ago whether he had brought much wealth back with him from Fort Salisbury. He replied, 'Oh dear no, I ate it all down there!' So if a boy borrows a shilling from you and you ask for it back again after you have slept many days, he will possibly reply, 'I am sorry to say that I have eaten it.' Even if he had spent it on cloth he might still say he had eaten it. . . ."

*(To an Aunt)*

### BOY SEIZED BY A CROCODILE

Kota Kota, December 15, 1908.

"I had only written four lines of this letter to you this afternoon, when one of the Mission ladies came running to me with the most tragic news that a young Christian school-boy had just been drowned in the Lake. She knew no particulars, so she hurried down to the Lake with the brandy, whilst I sent off men with a slung hammock to fetch our nurse, who had gone to a school a mile away; we didn't know whether there might be a chance of reviving him. Then came the truer account that the little chap had been seized by a crocodile, and that his body was not to be found. When I got down to the Lake, there were twelve canoes searching the water of the lagoon, for Kota Kota is on a lagoon, very shallow. I believe the canoes put out from shore with splendid rapidity. The crocodile was seen in the act of taking the boy, and the canoes were after it in an instant. This evening the boy's body was found, and it is now laid in the church. We shall have the requiem in the early morning. It is a nice custom at Kota Kota for the Christian lads to dig the graves of their comrades; there are sure to be plenty of volunteers to-morrow. The boy has only got two near relations, a mother, who cannot walk, and a school-girl sister; poor girl, she was lying on the sand quiet and exhausted after her violent weeping, when the canoes were making their search. For her sake and for the mother's sake I'm

glad the body was found. You know that Kota Kota was the first place where I was in charge, and after six years of separation from my first love, except for an occasional glimpse, it is a very great interest and pleasure to me to be back here over Christmas, and as the other priest will be away till about Christmas Eve, I shall have the work of preparing or helping the Christians here to prepare for their Christmas Communion. But sometimes it is almost agonising work, and perhaps not the less agonising if one remembers that their grossest acts may probably be, in God's judgment, not worse than one's own acts of omission. But there is very much to make one thankful, and some of those who were the worst young scaramouches six years ago, are to-day reputed paragons of diligence. It is most awfully nice to find a little catechumen chap, whom I carried from the village in my arms because he didn't mean to walk to the Mission at proper bedtime, to-day serving me at the altar, and getting the prize last year for top attendance at school.

"I wonder whether you saw the pamphlet for the day of Intercession by Bishop Weston of Zanzibar. I expect it was very helpful.

"Almost immediately after Christmas I expect to take up the work of 'Principal' of the training college for male teachers.

"Mind you find time to pray for S. Michael's College. I expect to be the only white person at the College, and beside the fifty or sixty boys, there are the surrounding villages to look after; but Likoma is only six miles off across the water."

## A WEDDING

Kota Kota, December 22, 1908.

"To add to my other business this week, I had a wedding suddenly sprung upon me at 6.30, S. Thomas's Day, last Monday. The last banns had been published on Sunday, but I never thought of the pair wanting to be married till

after Christmas Day, so the first notification of the wedding was when the bridegroom appeared in all his finery on my verandah at 6.30 A.M. Moreover the wedding feast was all prepared in the village. I discovered *that* by going over to the ladies' quarters in order to ask whether the girl, who was sleeping in the girls' dormitory, was expecting to be married that day. As I was talking to Miss Newton, who had charge of the girls, Miss Thompson, who has charge of the kitchen, put her head out of the door and said, 'Is the wedding to-day?'

"I replied, 'What makes you think so?'

"She replied, 'Because the goat's liver has just arrived.' Therein is an excellent marriage custom which I have met nowhere else than at Kota Kota; when the goat is killed for the marriage feast, the liver is sent to the Mission kitchen as the parson's fee.

"On Christmas afternoon there are to be sports for our Mission people. I must get my camera ready. I believe the grown-up women's race is a most glorious sight. They run with buckets of water on their heads.

"On the following night we have our Christmas dinner, we shall be too tired to eat largely on Christmas evening. We have asked the other resident Europeans at Kota to dine with us. The possible maximum to accept our invitation would be three, but of these three, two will probably be away, so our guests will probably number one.

"I am waiting to plant my seeds till I get to S. Michael's College; it will be a splendid time to plant them, just in the middle of the rains. I have procured from the Government official here some red and yellow canna seeds, which I sowed in boxes, and they have come up most successfully. Also I bribed the boys here with a little salt to bring me the roots of a large red lily which grows wild in great abundance here. It has a very big round spiky bloom, a mixture of a hedgehog and a red sea-anemone. Altogether these will fill quite a number of boxes, and Miss Fage has given me lots of pots of variegated-leaf plants, so I must put the captain of the *Charles Janson* in a specially good temper before I venture to bring my garden on board with me."

(To a Brother)

CHRISTMAS AT KOTA KOTA

Kota.Kota, December 27, 1908.

“ It has been a great pleasure to me to spend Christmas at my old station, and of course Christmas time has brought me into specially close contact with many of my old friends. But the Christian community here to-day is double what it was when I was in charge. Then I suppose there were about a hundred baptised, but on this Christmas Day about two hundred made their Communion, the service lasting from 7 to 9 A.M. Then to-morrow there is to be a special service for the catechumens in the district, and I am to preach to them, but these, of course, will for the most part be unknown to me, at least if any of these were catechumens in my day they must have been jolly lazy not to have gone forrader in this five years' time.

“ After the Christmas morning services were over, we had athletic sports for the natives. I very much wish you and your boys could have seen them. The very small kids were, of course, the most delightful, and keen as nails with their loins girt up ; but the bigger boys' jumping was also good, considering that they had not practised beforehand. I took some snap-shots. The natives turned up very well again for Evensong, and then after dinner we had a grand performance of my phonograph in the big school before a mixed audience, including the hospital patients and blind school. This latter is a really fine institution. There are now about two dozen blind boys and girls, and they are taught to read Braille, and to make mats, baskets, &c. So altogether Christmas was a very happy day, and even the sports passed off without a single wrangle.

“ I expect on Tuesday to go a little expedition to an outstation fourteen miles away and spend the night there.

“ Then the *Charles Janson* is coming here on Saturday, and on Monday I must say good-bye to Kota Kota, and get back to Likoma, and thence to S. Michael's College to prepare for my first term. At present I am studying the

map of Europe and practising dumb-bell exercises for the future benefit of the students.

“ Besides the work of the College, with its fifty or sixty students, there are four villages of which I shall have the charge. Two of these are quite close, that is, within a mile of the College, another is about three miles off, and the fourth is a day's journey away right up in the hills. This latter I shall only be able to visit in the holiday time.

“ The College year is divided into two terms, each of about five months, with the holidays at Christmas and July.”

The following letters describe Arthur's impressions of S. Michael's College as he found it. It will be seen that he was bent on having a good garden from the first, and for this purpose he constantly asks for seeds from England.

## LIFE AT THE COLLEGE

### I

S. Michael's College, February 4, 1909.

“ I don't know where to begin when I want to tell you all about the beginning of our term. However, I will start by saying that the *Charles Janson* brought me and my Kota Kota garden (done up in bags and tins) to the College in the first week of 1909. Then I had only two hours in which to put the garden into the ground. What a rush we had! Mr. George was with me, and there were a few stray men about the place who all helped to dump the plants into the ground. I didn't like to keep them any longer in bags, and then the steamer whistled, and that same morning I was at luncheon with the big party at Likoma. There I stayed for three days, and then, with all my household goods, boxes innumerable, I came over to the College to stop. The place was in a most astonishing mess.

“ On mounting the little hill on which the College is built, I was confronted with a long row of burnt ruins, about seven houses, the old schools, dormitories, church, stores, which had all been burnt to the ground last August by an accidental fire . . . really the fire did a great deal of good. . . . When

I arrived, there were two young Likoma carpenters still at work, fitting the windows into my own house, for that, like most of the rest, had been burnt out, leaving only the stone walls. There is a second European house which was in a considerably worse plight, so that a mason was working there, pulling down walls and building them up again, during my first fortnight. But the school took the cake for pigginess. There was scarcely a single piece of furniture whole. In one class-room there were about three tons (literally) of flour, rice and beans, with which the white ants were having a grand time, as the bags had mostly been piled on the floor without any tin underneath to keep the ants off. The school was also the sleeping place of the cocks and hens, and also of our one calf, whilst the four elderly cattle slept in another little reed store, through the walls of which the bull used to put his head and make his escape at night. So one of our first works had to be to turn all the native food out of the school and separate it from the ants and ant-mud, and sew up the broken bags again, and then build up all the bags again on a proper metal foundation in the only thief-proof place we had, one room of the aforesaid second European house, where the mason had finished his work. The school itself had really only 'finished to be cleaned' about the day before the students arrived. Needless to say, now cows and calf and cocks and hens have all their nice new little houses.

" I have been hard at work in school ; the day's business has included overseeing English translation, then a lesson on the Prayer-book, then sol fa, and this afternoon lessons on how to read in church, how to keep a register, and physical drill. That brought me to 4 P.M., since when I have been looking after the various workpeople, and paying wages in money, soap, salt, and cloth.

" Well, we have had a *very* delightful beginning to our term ; we are now getting to the end of our first fortnight, and everything has gone with a blessed smoothness. The students (fifty-three with two more to come) have played up splendidly, and accepted the extra discipline I have laid on in the way of a little hard manual work and evening school. Now we are in for a dose of learning from January to June.

The boys vary very much in age, a few are married and look twenty-five, the youngest are, I suppose, about fifteen. So far the College work has taken up my time so fully that I have done very little with my villages. Before the students came back the village school-boys used to spend a good part of their time playing football and helping me to get the place in order, and they really were very useful, but now their holidays are over and the College term has begun, so they are not quite so much in evidence.

“The villagers come up to the College for the Sunday Eucharist, otherwise they have their services in their own little churches, under the superintendence of the village teachers.

“Now I must tell you about my real garden, because after all my Kota Kota plants are only a very small part of it, and at present there seem to be almost no signs of them; I hope they may reappear next year. But my Sutton seeds give most excellent promise; I was rather behindhand in planting them, but now there are about a dozen boxes on my verandah full of seedlings. I think the sunflowers will be ready to plant out in a few days, and I think all the various kinds of seeds have come up. My flower garden will, of course, be close to my house, but down at the bottom of this little rise (and consequently close to the Lake where the soil is good), I am renovating what was once a fruit garden. It was a devastated and burnt wilderness when I arrived, but under the hand of a really good native gardener, the undergrowth is being cleared away, and many pineapple plants are coming to light, whilst the many lime-trees and guavas, which had their branches killed by the fire, are beginning to sprout again from the bottom, and I have even had two feeds of mulberries, a small kind, but very good.”

*(To A. C. Champneys, Esq.)*

## II

S. Michael's College, Nyasaland, Septuagesima, 1909.

“It really is splendid of you to have time to write to me, and I shall try to get a letter ready to be put on board the

*Chauncy Maples*, which is due to call here during the week. She calls for home-bound letters about once a month. Since my return to Nyasa, I was doing all sorts of odd jobs up to Christmas ; first spending a month at our hill station in Yaoland, helping our young gardener, who came out with me, to find his footing among the Yaos. Then I was at Likoma Cathedral station, examining some native candidates for the diaconate and one for the priesthood ; then I spent six very jolly weeks at Kota Kota where I was in charge five years ago. In spite of lapses among some of my old friends there, I was made very happy by the great advance there has been in the work in that district ; and some of those whom I remember as young ruffians are now holding places of honour as servers, &c., in the church. Then at the beginning of this year I got to my new work here as ' Principal ' of S. Michael's College for the training of native teachers. When I got here, the students were away on their Christmas holidays, I'm thankful to say ; as the place was in a pigsty-mess it took me all my time during the first fortnight to get things decent.

" There was a big fire some months ago here which burnt down all the old wood and mud buildings. Fortunately the schoolroom and dormitories and chapel—all of which had been newly built—were untouched by the fire ; but, for lack of other accommodation, the cocks and hens, one calf and about three tons of native flour, beans, &c., were all living in the school. But though the students were away, the school-boys from the neighbouring villages, of which I also have the charge, were during the holidays more than usually in evidence on the College football ground, and they were capital helpers. You would have been amused to see these kids shouldering the heavy bags of flour and helping me to transport the whole over to another house—the only place which seemed to be not only ant-proof but proof also against human thieves.

" They have now been back a fortnight—fifty-five of them, aged from about fifteen to twenty-five, and we have made a very happy start.

" The day's routine—Chapel 6.30, but, before that, I can

see the boys sleepily sloping down to the lake, hugging their coloured blankets round them, for their morning dip.

“ It is, I confess, rather an inadequate dip, a sort of toes and fingers business, but there is plenty of opportunity for a proper bathe later in the day. Then school 8.30–12; then their first meal—porridge, beans and salt; then school again 2.0 to 4.0, the last three-quarters of an hour being given to physical exercises, either dumb-bell exercises, of which I have got a very complete scheme, or else hoeing the ground. Then at 4.0 o’clock they are free for football or anything else that is going. Alas! my football bladders have lately been bursting like fireworks. I sat up one night, trying to mend five holes with seccotine and patches from another bladder worse than itself. What a pathetic appeal!—especially to a man who once sent me two footballs, for which I didn’t thank half as soon as I ought. Then a jolly good bathe in which I often join. Oh! if only *your* boys could tumble into that glorious blue lake instead of the L.C.C. paid-out baths. Then Evensong; then their second meal—porridge, beans and salt; then three-quarters of an hour’s school, followed by one hour in which to rot about; then prayers and to bed, and woe be to the boy who kicks up a row in his dormitory. Doesn’t that sound an ideal sort of life?—and certainly a well-filled day is the way to keep these lads happy and disciplined.

“ I read with interest a letter of yours in the *Church Times*. I understand that the Education Bill is defunct.”

### III

S. Michael’s College, March 8, 1909.

“ My large lambs have gone to bed. They sleep in three dormitories, two dormitories for Nyasas and one for Yaos. There are fifty-six lambs this term.

“ To make writing a letter possible there are two necessities: (1) that the students should have gone to bed; and (2) that the mosquitoes should not have got up. By a happy chance, this being the night before the steamer, both necessities are realised. We have Compline at quarter to nine, and, though I don’t want to enforce strict silence after

Compline (for after all the lambs are not strictly theological but only pedagogic lambs), yet by half-past nine all ought to be asleep, and so they generally are. I would like you to know more of my daily time-table. If it is a fine morning the boys, hugging their blankets round them, are straggling down the steep path, this time of year with high grass each side of it, to the Lake by about six o'clock. They don't have a real plunge at this early hour, but only paddle and dabble; the real bathe comes at midday after their meal, or later still before Evensong, when I often bathe with them. Then by half-past six we are ready for the Eucharist. I told the students at the beginning of the term that I hoped to have the Eucharist, but that, as they had not been used to a daily attendance at it, attendance would of course be quite voluntary. I really expected that eight or ten would be about the average number present, but since the first day of the term, six weeks ago, up to the present, I think that scarcely any student has been absent once, and this, though the Mattins which follows immediately after it is compulsory as in English schools. I am very thankful for this readiness of the boys to use the Eucharist, and we should pray that they may not slack off. A special feature of each day's Eucharist is the recital by me, after the Consecration Prayer, of the names of village schools and teachers belonging to one of the districts of the diocese. The boys have helped me to collect the names of all such villages in their own districts, so that by this means we are enabled to go steadily and methodically through the diocese from one end to the other in our Eucharistic intercessions; and these boys when they leave the College will be glad to feel that they and their work are mentioned in proper turn at their old College Altar.

"Another devotional exercise which, after the Eucharist, I think I should be most anxious to use at the College and to see in use through the diocese, is the informal prayer meeting, but I haven't ventured upon that; just because of its informal character, I believe it wants very careful management.

"Did you see what this quarter's Missionary intercession paper said about the power of prayer meetings?"

“ Well, Eucharist and Mattins last just about sixty-five minutes ; remember Chinyanja phraseology is longer than English. Then, whilst some boys, according to routine, sweep the dormitories, the rest rot about ; only these days, some will be rushing down to the lake again to see if they have had any luck with their fish-baskets, made after the manner of a lobster-pot, easy to get into, and impossible to get out of. I see the boys reserving large balls of their porridge to act as bait.

“ Then, school from 8.30 to 12, with a half-time break. There are two native teachers ; I teach English, singing, geography, ‘ method,’ dumb-bell, some arithmetic, Prayer-book, and S. John’s Gospel—the latter is much the hardest. They are much entertained at the dumb-bell exercises ; I got a book full of them from the Kota Kota lady, Miss Jenkyn, who is a professional teacher of physical exercises. The students didn’t know at first whether to like the unusually large amount of energy which the dumb-bells entail. I heard one of them mutter to himself when he was undergoing some bodily contortion, ‘ Madness.’ I’m not sure whether it wasn’t ‘ Madman,’ if so, let us hope that he wasn’t looking further afield than his own self.

“ After school, which has been going on again from two to four o’clock, they bathe, or football, or borrow axes or knives from me to cut bark-rope or reeds which they can sell at Likoma for cloth ; then Evensong before sunset ; then their second meal (porridge and beans, just like the midday meal, except that sometimes one meal is rice and monkey nuts) ; then at seven o’clock another bit of school, followed by an hour’s frolicing, and so Compline. It sounds very delightful doesn’t it ?—and so it is, only it leaves the one European precious little time for doing his own reading. I’m thankful to say that I haven’t got quite so many workmen and women on now, as I have had when we were putting buildings into order. The big garden was a mass of undergrowth, but now that we have got that cleared away, I think that the gardener with two assistants ought to be sufficient. It has got lots of lime-trees and guavas and quantities of pineapples, and we are increasing the stock of mulberries



STUDENTS OF S. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

(a species which bears almost as soon as you plant it), and Cape gooseberries, and now vegetable seeds which I brought from home are doing splendidly. To-night I had better French beans than, so far as I remember, I have ever had before in Africa, although the seeds were only put in the ground six weeks ago, and the lettuces have come up, and I shall soon have tomatoes. My flowers too are going to do, though I was late in planting them, but the large bull, belonging to my herd of four cows and two calves, went partially mad a few days ago, and rolled in my bed of balsam seedlings. I stood by and watched it doing so—imagine my feelings. The cowman from a safe distance hurled brick-bats at it.

“ I have had a jolly visit during the last two days from Glossop, priest-in-charge at Likoma. A few weeks ago two of the laymen came over for the week-end, and I think that the Likoma staff will like to come over in that sort of way, when they see that I enjoy having them. But more than that, I have actually been over to Likoma this week for a night to talk to the Bishop about College plans, system of entrance exam., the problems connected with the commixture of Nyasas and Yaos, &c. After my special Lenten service for the village Christians in the College chapel on Wednesday afternoon, the Likoma sailing boat took me over and I had a satisfactory and helpful talk with his lordship.”

## HOLIDAY TRAMP TO MANDA

Likoma, Low Sunday, 1909.

“ You see I am writing from Likoma ; I am here for two reasons—first because my own College lambs have got a week’s holiday, so the College is deserted, and secondly, because this is a very great day at Likoma, the ordination this morning of two natives to the diaconate and one to the priesthood. They had their examination in Passion Week, so that I had the correcting of their papers in addition to the other work of Holy Week at the College. It was a great pleasure to all most closely concerned when on Easter

Eve I was able to send word over to Likoma to the Bishop and Padre Wilson, the head of the Theological College, that I thought they could all three be ordained, so on Easter Day there was special joy in the land. My special duty to-day was to preach the ordination sermon. Thus there now are four native priests and three native deacons in the diocese.

“ We had a very nice Good Friday and Easter at the College. The students made their Communion at an early hour on Easter morning, and then we had at seven o'clock the sung service at which the villagers made their Communions to the number of about 210. They are by nature very patient about the length of services and were quite content to sing hymn after hymn whilst the one priest was communicating them. It was wet on Easter afternoon, so my phonograph was in evidence and, much to the delight of the students, for the first time they heard their own voices reproduced. Further joy awaited them in the evening, when they had goat instead of beans, and then the large contingent, more than half the College, who were going to walk to their homes or their friends' homes in the Msumba direction came to say good-bye to me, as they meant to start as soon as the moon got up, I think about three o'clock in the morning. So when I got up I found the College more than half deserted—the rest all went off in the course of the morning, a goodly number going over by boat to Likoma. These last went armed with bags of rice, as food is very scarce on the island, and it is not fair to land a dozen hungry youths and expect them to be fed for a week by the Likoma station caterers. The boat which came over to fetch the students—no, it was another boat, but no matter (you see our abundant means of communication)—brought to the College two of our laymen, Shannon and Snodin, armed with guns with which they intended to shoot game in the afternoon. They returned in the evening having shot nothing, but I gave them an excellent dinner and sent them back to Likoma at night.

“ On Tuesday I mounted the hills to my outstation at Manda, four and a half hours' tramp. It would be a more

beautiful walk in the season—now the flowers are over—but parts of it are very grand. The chief lent me a house to sleep in, but I had my own bed and bedding. In January, after I had only been at the College a week or so, I got a letter to say that all the Mission buildings had been burnt down at Manda, these included the Church school and teacher's house, and two private houses. I was afraid at first that they must have been burnt on purpose, but there was nothing to prove it, and indeed I expect now it was an accident. But I told the chief that I could not build up both the Church school and the teacher's house again, but if he would be responsible for having the Church school built without Mission money, I would, if satisfied that his job was properly finished, then have the teacher's house built with Mission money. He agreed to this, and when I went up there last week I was pleased to find what a very good new Church school his people had put up, so then I agreed with him about wages for building the teacher's house, and also a dormitory for the school-boys. This was the estimate we agreed on :—

“ For teacher's house six men to receive three fathoms (two shillings) each ;

“ For dormitory two men to receive three fathoms each, and thirteen boys (Christians and catechumens) to receive one fathom (eight pence), their extra work being given as a Church offering ;

“ Ten women to receive two fathoms each for cutting grass for the roofs, and one fathom each for mudding the walls and floors ;

“ Total estimated cost of teacher's house and boys' dormitory, £2. 4s. 8d.

“ My return journey next day to the College was a wonderful experience of rain. It began to rain when I had left Manda three-quarters of an hour ; the rain caught me just as I was in the middle of crossing a most perilous river, and I wondered whether I should reach the opposite bank, about four yards away, before I was wet through. It really would not have mattered in the least if I had not done so, for in a very short time I was soaked through and through.

In a few minutes every hill path was a rushing stream and the only alternative to the paths was high grass, of course sopping ground underneath oozing with water. So in a short time I made up my mind that it was pleasanter to go splash, splash through the flooded path than brush, brush and squash, squash through the grass ; the result was that after about three hours' tramp when I was near the College and walked through a river three feet deep with a rushing current, I felt no wetter than before. On reaching the College I comforted myself with a hot bath, lots of still hotter cocoa, and a beautiful rich cake, my Easter present from Nurse Minter. No ill-effects followed.

“ Mr. Winspear was at the same time holding a retreat for the three ordinands at the College, but the retreat ended next morning, and we all crossed over together to Likoma. We are an enormous party of Europeans here at the present moment : the Bishop, Archdeacon Johnson, four other priests, eight laymen and five ladies. The laymen include our four steamer-engineers, who are engaged in putting the two steamers to rights. The *Charles Janson* was the first to be laid up, then the *Chauncy Maples* floated on to the rocks and damaged her bottom, so for the last month the engineers with the assistance of four hundred men have been trying to pull her on to dry ground. But it has been a very difficult job, as the wire ropes have constantly proved unequal to the strain, and have snapped, and they have only managed to haul her up a foot or so each day. I went to see her, poor old thing, last Friday ; she looked so forlorn, half out of the water. Now, however, the engineers have settled not to attempt any more hauling, but to mend her, as best they can, as she is. So I hope she may soon be running again ; and when she can run again, she will be able to bring up the material needed for mending the *C.J.*, who was simply worn out with old age and hard work. Her ribs, poor thing, were in a most distressful state.

“ I am finishing off this letter on Monday ; to-morrow I return to the College, and I hope to see all the students back before the evening.”

## VISIT FROM A MACHECHETA

S. Michael's College, 5th Sunday after Easter, 1909.

" You will see by the accompanying little bit of exercise book paper that I am suggesting to you that the Coral League should adopt Mwenyezari as their friend. As he received the Cross at Pentecost, 1908, he ought if all goes well to be baptised in the first six months of 1910.

" I and Mwenyezari ought to meet every Sunday morning, when I teach the catechumens after the Eucharist. I shall be very keen to hear and so will he be whether he has got what he asks for, and has become friends with the Worfield children. If so, the next step in the friendship should be for one or two Worfield children to write him a letter. I do hope they will write sometimes to their boy here.

" Our two excitements at the College lately have been two species of wild beast. The first beast is called a machecheta, and the other is called msonkos. First, the story of the machecheta. I was just thinking of going to bed when there suddenly without the slightest warning began a most horrible row at the cowhouse a hundred yards from my house, the poor cattle terrified out of their wits. The night watchman came rushing across to me, shouting, ' Padre, wild beast, wild beast ! ' There was certainly no doubt about it, nothing else could cause such a commotion, and equally certainly it must be a beast of no mean size ; the only alternatives appeared to me to be leopard or lion. So I really felt utterly helpless. Though there was a rifle, there wasn't a cartridge on the station, and if there had been I did not know whether the watchman could shoot, and to my knowledge I had only let off a gun once in my life on High Park Hills, where we put up a bit of paper as a target ; moreover this was night, so I said to the watchman, ' I don't see that we can do anything, so I think under the circumstances you had better come into the house ' ; so in he came. But it was really very horrible to hear the poor cattle, there were four full-grown ones and three calves. As a matter of fact a bolder spirit than myself would probably have lit a large torch of grass and have gone out in the hopes of scaring the beast away, but unfortunately, or possibly fortunately, I am not bold.

When the general rumpus had subsided, or yet not so entirely subsided, but that I had the consolation of knowing that some cattle were still alive and hearty, I went to bed. In the morning the watchman woke me with the news that though the four big cattle were all right, all the three calves had disappeared. The cattle-house is built of trees and the calves slept in a side partition; this had been broken into. And then we began to find remnants of calf, the largest remnant was the remains of the biggest calf which had been dragged another hundred yards or more away to a dry river bed. It was then that I heard of this beast called a machecheta, a kind of large, fierce hyena; the natives said that they thought the damage must be the work of a machecheta, or probably two, as if it had been a lion it would have killed one calf and left the others. So that evening with the assistance of some native soldiers of the Portuguese, who had rifles and cartridges, we set two gun-traps, baited with calf, one in the dry river bed, and one outside the cow-house. If a beast came and touched the bait it would pull the trigger and shoot itself. The next morning when I woke up I said to the watchman, 'Did the gun go off at night?' He said 'No!' None the less, when I had just finished my toilet, one of the soldiers came along very quietly and whispered that there was a wounded beast in the grass near the cowhouse. So much for my watchman, who sleeps so soundly that even a rifle shot near by won't wake him up. So there was, of course, great excitement. Other gunners arrived and the beast was killed as soon as might be. And sure enough it turned out to be a machecheta, which had, as we anticipated, come back to finish its last night's meal, or perhaps in the hopes of finding something fresh.

"I sent the skin to Mr. Shannon, who is a very keen naturalist, and that's the end of the first beast, but alas, alas! it is also the end of my three calves.

"The other beast which is causing much wider and more serious trouble among the natives at the present time is called msonko. It attacks every house without exception, and poor women leave their houses, and at night hide in the woods for fear of it.

“ Mr. George told me that a few days ago he saw a woman with a baby on her back creeping along on all fours. Msonko was pursuing her, and the men who were with Mr. George said that if the baby didn't cry she would probably escape, but if the baby made a noise she would be caught.

“ Msonko's other name is Tax. I wonder how many women there are hiding in the woods to-night to escape their tax payment.

“ The Portuguese native employees make raids on the huts in the villages at night, and when they find anyone who has not paid their tax they carry him or her off to the Portuguese headquarters. If there is a married couple in the hut, they carry off the wife as a pledge, leaving the man free to search the country for the four shillings necessary to redeem his wife. It is really more of a poll tax than a hut tax, because, except in the case of a married or an engaged couple, where one payment does for the two, every person, except young children, has to pay tax.

“ There is a girl working in my garden who has first paid her mother's tax and then her own, although she sleeps in her mother's house.

“ Eleven of the College students were arrested last week as they were walking past the Portuguese quarters, and I had some difficulty in redeeming them. Of course the people are very stupid and utterly improvident ; the tax has now been in force about seven years and they know it is coming, and they know just what will happen if they don't pay. In a good many cases, probably, they really could not get the necessary four shillings, but even where they could, they don't. They put off the evil day, and then when the msonko beast is on the prowl, they come to me with the really lamentable tale how wife or sister is hiding in the woods.

“ As to the demand for tax payment from the College students it is a new demand, and therefore I have sent full particulars to the Bishop, who is on his tour round the diocese, so that, if he thinks it advisable, he can call at the Portuguese headquarters and come to some agreement.”

(To a Sister)

THE PRINCIPAL'S GARDEN

S. Michael's College, June 2, 1909.

“ Mr. George sent me a messenger this morning to say that he is on the mainland to-day, and that he expects to reach the College sometime this evening. So I shall get a letter written for him to take over to Likoma, to be put on board the *Chauncy Maples*. Poor old *Chauncy Maples*, not so very old either, she has not been running about the Lake quite so long as I have, her first trip was during my first month or so. Well, I know that I have already told some one that during last Lent she dragged her anchor when she was in harbour, and so sat down on some rocks, hence for the last three months she has been in hospital herself, dragged up on Likoma beach. And now I hear that the engineers have managed to make her sound again and that she is back in the water, and is meditating a journey to the south end, which means a chance of sending a mail. The running power of the *Chauncy Maples* is a matter of gravest interest to the College students, because in June (this very month) they are due to go home for their bi-yearly holiday. If all goes on now as well as I hope it may do, the second journey of the *Chauncy Maples* ought to take the students; they come, of course, from all directions, and the worst of it is, that by the time some get home it is almost time for them to come back again. We only expect to ‘rest’ for one month. I also am expecting to voyage round the stations on the *Chauncy Maples* for the purpose of examining candidates for entrance to the College. So far as is possible I shall try to have them collected at centres. I don't know whether you understand that we cater for two quite distinct tribes, Nyasas and Yaos. As their name implies, the Nyasas are mostly near the Lake, the Yaos are more in their hills and at the south end of the Lake. So I have written to the padres in charge of the two chief stations, Unangu and Mtonya, to say that I hope that their candidates will come down to the nearest point on the Lake, there to be put on

board and carried down to Malindi to be examined with the south end boys. Unfortunately it is just the nastiest time on the Lake, the south wind doth blow and we shall have many comfortless moments. At this moment, looking out of my window, I see great white horses on the Lake, so as Mr. George has only come across in a cockle-shell of a boat, I hope he will be prudent and wait till the white horses have gone. My plants on the verandah look very much agitated in the wind.

“ The garden is really being a great success. My cannas have been and still are gorgeous and capable of being spread out next year over a larger space. Do you know a canna when you see it ? It stands about three feet high and has flowers, great large blossoms, which Archdeacon Johnson liked so much, because he could unmistakably see them, of all shades of yellow, orange, red, some of them striped red and yellow together. Of the flower seeds which I brought out from home, the zinnias and balsams did splendidly, the former have been a great stand-by for church decoration. The nasturtiums were scarcely given a fair chance, planted out in the sun too soon, or not deep enough in the ground, so though they tried hard to flower, they soon gave up the attempt, but I think I shall try them in boxes on my verandah, and keep them so another year in the shade.

“ Just as I was writing about my garden, up came my gardener Davis to have a look at my verandah, and I have given him the last of my tomato seeds. The tomatoes are at their best now, and both yellow and red grow to a great size, so, I think I had better herewith ask for an order from Sutton : tomatoes, beans, lettuce (I don't think I got hold of a very good kind of lettuce ; of course, the climate is against them, but mine were either very flabby or bitter, so another kind might be tried) ; then I want to try potatoes and cabbage, radishes, onions, and any other kind of vegetables ; we might give them a trial. I feel rather conceited when I can send over any vegetables to Likoma. The doctor has given me a lot of flower seeds, so I don't think I need ask for any from home, except a packet of nasturtiums (not dwarf), and perhaps two packets of geranium ; I have

one geranium with lots of leaves. I bought some pointsettias from Kota and they, at least *two*, are in flower, although they are only a foot high. [More commissions follow.] And 120 reels of white cotton, if possible at  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  each. The students pester the life out of me for cotton to sew their cloths with, but they would gladly do a halfpenny-worth of manual labour if they had the chance of buying a reel. If  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  reels of cotton don't exist, I must have sixty penny reels ! ”

The letter which follows finds Arthur in the middle of his summer holidays which he spent largely in examining candidates for admission to the College. He ends the letter by referring to an experience of Archdeacon Johnson which will be read with interest.

### THE LONG VACATION

S.s. *Chauncy Maples*, July 5, 1909.

“ I am writing to you in the little saloon of the *Chauncy Maples* ; in a day and a half we ought to be at the south end of the lake, and so my letter will be considerably nearer home than when I have to catch the post at S. Michael's College.

“ The College has gone down for its half-yearly vacation. Nearly all the students who were within walking distance of their home chose to walk home (although for some it meant about 100 miles), rather than wait at the College for the steamer to come and take them. I took the opportunity of going up north into German territory by the steamer. It was the first time I had seen the north-east of the lake. It is only in the last few years that the Mission has spread into that district ; the people there are more primitive and talk quite a different language to the Nyasas. Then we came back again to Likoma and picked up the College remnants, and so we are journeying south.

The last two days I have been enjoying myself at Kota Kota. My principal reason for risking my health on the

*Chauncy Maples* in this exceedingly blustery period of the year is that I may complete the examination of candidates who want to come to College. When I have finished I shall have examined about 100 boys from all over the diocese. The majority of them (seventy) managed to walk to the College for a joint exam. near the end of the term. It made a deal of work, but was really great fun.

“ The Bishop came to the College for the end of the term and expressed himself pleased with things in general.

“ It ought to be really good for the native Christians to know that the Mission is really hard up. I’m sure they think that Mission shillings and cloth and soap reach to infinity.

“ Dr. Howard and Miss Minter expect to leave us in September and get married in Zanzibar, and then go home for a honeymoon before they return to Zanzibar to settle down. I wish we could hear of another doctor willing to come here and do his work even half as well as Howard has done it. Among his other good works he has trained a couple of native boys as medical students. One of them always travels on the steamer and gets a large number of patients from the villages where we touch. I was very much impressed by his skill and coolness a few days ago when a fellow we had on board bashed another three times with a hammer on the top of his head. Each time the wound was right down to the bone, and I quite thought his skull must be fractured. Fortunately it was not fractured, but it was bad enough. However, our skilled native practitioner got out his forceps and dug down and got the broken artery, and had the bleeding stopped in no time. But the incident put a sudden finish to our northern trip, as we felt bound to hurry straight back to Likoma, and hand over the sore head to Dr. Howard.

“ As we are on such a disagreeable subject, I may as well tell you that as we sat at breakfast this morning Archdeacon Johnson told us that this was where he sat one day from 5 o’clock till 9.30 with a knife, for a part of the time at least, held to his throat. His native cook was killed. It was in the early days of the Mission, and for some reason the natives of the village were in a state of unrest. Late in the evening

the natives cooled down and left the Archdeacon unmolested. However, they had stolen the ship's boat (the ship, the *Charles Janson*, was in the harbour), so the Archdeacon got into a small native canoe (thinking each moment he would be stopped again), and, with a grass reed as his only paddle, reached the steamer. Archdeacon Johnson hardly ever speaks of his own past experiences, and I had never heard this story before."

(*To a Friend*)

### HOLIDAY FOOTBALL

S.s. *Chauncy Maples*, July 6, 1909.

"I am having a trip round on the *Chauncy Maples*, as the College has gone down for the half-yearly holiday. Most of the students chose to *walk* down (although for some this meant a walk of about 100 miles) rather than wait for the steamer to take them. The remnant who did not walk I left at the College in charge of the head native teacher, whilst I took the opportunity of going north by the steamer into German territory. It was the first time I had seen the north-east of the lake; the natives talk quite a different language to the Nyasas who live around Likoma. You know that in this diocese we work under three European flags—British, Portuguese, German. One has to consider when one goes to church which of the three kings—Edward, Manuel, or William—has to be prayed for.

"Well, my primary reason for writing to you is to tell you that your football arrived at the very right moment, at the end of the term, enabling the boys who were left at the College to have a good time whilst they were waiting for the steamer to take them to their homes. . . . Also, almost at the same time as the football, your letter arrived, telling me you are sending out some mending apparatus. Thank you so very much for all—letter and football, and the prospect of having something more serviceable than seccotine.

“ I am spending part of my holiday in going round the diocese examining candidates for entrance to the College. Before I have done I shall have examined about a hundred, and, as there are only some twenty-five vacancies for this next year, many will be the disappointments. The majority of the candidates I managed to collect at the College—about seventy of them. It was great fun, as there was plenty of food. We had to have two halls, one after the other, as at some Oxford colleges, as these candidates for the time being more than doubled our numbers.

“ To-morrow we ought to reach the south end of the lake, where boys are Yaos. Nyasas and Yaos fit in very happily together at the College, although I give the Yaos a dormitory to themselves. Of the two tribes, the Yaos are the more dominating and look down on the Nyasas. Locally the Yaos live mostly in the hills and the Nyasas near the lake.

“ I look forward with pleasure to seeing your new book. I read a notice of it in some paper. Thank you for sending it.”

#### A NEW CEILING

Likoma, August 2, 1909.

“ I have not many minutes to write, as the steamer, which was due to leave here to-morrow, has just arrived, and has published her intention of going off again in an hour's time. I also arrived here at Likoma about a couple of hours ago, and I mean to spend the last week of the College holidays here. You will have seen from previous letters that I spent the first part of the holidays in travelling about the Lake from almost very north to veriest south, and examining candidates for entrance to the College. By that means I have seen almost all the Europeans of the diocese, as well as the country up north where we have been working in German Protectorate for the last six years. They talk a different dialect, indeed two different dialects, entailing two new translations of the Church services. There is a printing press on board the *Chauncy Maples*, and Archdeacon Johnson, with the help of natives, was hard at work on this translation during most of my journey.

“ Then I got back to the College and spent the next Sunday (S. James's Day) at my hill station ; then I got back to the College again, and performed the examination of my village schools—at least two of them. And now for three days (Sunday excluded), I have been hard at work making a beautiful ceiling for my own house. A ceiling is useful for two reasons—(a) it prevents the clouds of dust with which the insects, called borers (primarily because they bore—not me—but the wood of the rafters), smother books, tables, and clothes ; (b) a properly-adjusted ceiling, which fits on the top of the walls, helps to keep out mosquitoes. In fact I shall feel myself nearly mosquito-proof now, as I have got wire gauze to all windows as well as the beautiful ceiling, of which I am really very proud. The ceiling is made of the backbones of long palm leaves (eighteen feet long), set square-shaped, and over these are laid long plaited mats of split reeds, golden in colour. I am glad it is finished, as, though I let others do the climbing about the roof, it is very tiring work looking up at your ceiling for three days and wondering how soon a black foot will come plunging through the gold.

“ I shall return to the College before Sunday ; the students return the following Tuesday, but the steamer which brings them also brings all the Europeans to Likoma for the annual Retreat and Conference. So I shall have to leave the College in charge of the head native teacher, Germano, for the first few days of term. At the Conference I am hoping to propose that the College course should be extended—first two years at the College, a third year of practical work in some school under a good teacher, and then a fourth, final year back at College before the student gets his teaching certificate. I think it ought to be workable, although it means if possible a second European at the College if there are to be these advanced fourth yearers. I wish and I wish that we had got a trained lay master. They have got an excellent lay schoolmaster at the Training College at Zanzibar.

“ This morning I forced my gaze from the golden ceiling for the purpose of looking through the camera at Mwenyezari

and his two brothers. As the steamer leaves in a few minutes I haven't had time to develop, but if the photos are good I will send copies by next mail.

"Miss Minter has presented me with an English farm-yard—one cock, one hen, five chickens; they look so large by the side of the native fowls."

## BEGINNING OF TERM

*Boati Chikulupi, August 31, 1909.*

"I am sitting in this nice sailing-boat, waiting for my boy who has had to run back for the mail bag; when he arrives with it I hope to be blown over to Likoma.

"I am going up to 'town' for two reasons: (1) to get my hair cut—I shall get that done by the dispensary boy if he is to be found; (2) to have a tooth out—I shall get that done by the doctor. Dear Dr. Howard, it will probably be our last happy little bit of comradeship together at Lake Nyasa; most pathetic. If the doctor and nurse really depart to-morrow I shall see their send-off. We (the staff) have done quite the proper thing and given them an 'Address,' most exquisitely illuminated by Mr. George, that most remarkable man. He calls it 'the bit of paper'!

"Mr. George came over to see me one day to put up a church and a school. He put up the school from 8.30 to 10.30, and the church in a different village from 11.0 to 12.30, and then went back to Likoma after lunch! What he really did do was to put up the entire framework of the one, and only grumbled because the workmen at the other hadn't got quite enough material for him to finish putting up the framework of the other. After the framework, the building only needs to be filled in with bamboos and reeds and grass.

"One of the dispensary boys told Miss Minter that he is going to give her a sheep for her wedding!

"We have had a capital beginning to our new term—sixty-two students this term—and I feel that I have got a more methodical time-table for them this term than last. They are, taking them all together, an unusually old lot of

boys; their average age must be nearly twenty, the ages varying, I suppose, between fifteen and twenty-eight. ☸

“ The Conference, following the Retreat for members of the diocesan staff, was delightful. I mean, what was specially delightful was the meeting with everybody. In my position as ‘ Principal ’ I am really more lucky than most people in the probability of having an annual tour round the stations and so seeing the brethren, he’s and she’s. I had called on most of them in June, but it was still delightful to see them again.

“ The steamer which brought up most of the staff (*e.g.* from Mponda’s, Malindi, Kota Kota, Msumba, Lungwena, and the River), also brought back most of the College students; they landed at the College in the dark of Monday evening. The Retreat did not begin till Tuesday evening, so I was able to have one night with the students before I had to leave them for a week in charge of Germano, my head teacher. Archdeacon Eyre was with me at the College, having walked from Mtonya overland (perhaps in ten days). On the Sunday, the last day of our gathering, who should turn up at Likoma but Sir Alfred Sharp, the Governor of British Nyasaland. We found him waiting for us when we all came out from the Eucharist. It was, perhaps, good that he should see our staff *en bloc*, and he had breakfast with us before he went off again. He is a particularly pleasant man to talk to.”

## THE COLLEGE GARDEN

S. Michael’s College, November 9, 1909.

“ We are getting hotter and hotter, and shall I suppose continue to get hotter still for another six weeks, till the rains come. I suppose you have scarcely ever felt the sensation of sitting down after the smallest fragment of walking and feeling the perspiration trickling down back and face. That is about what we have come to to-day, and there are those dear students playing football through it all. I can hear the thump, thump of the ball on the iron-hard

ground. But it is not the energy of the footballers nor the heat *quâ* heat which makes me so irritable at the present moment. The crows are the real cause of vexation, and with the crows, the chickens. My chickens, looking about for morsels of green stuff, espied my little oasis of green juicy potted plants, and have had a real good tuck in at the leaves. But that is nothing to the crows. For the last few days the students have been sowing millet seed all about the College acres. I got my first inkling that something was wrong from the little cow-boy who told me that he had seen the crows eating the seed, but I tried to make light of it, and replied that if the crows did take a few seeds I supposed there would be plenty left. Next day the cook told me the same tale, but I still tried to be light-hearted; but when yesterday the students came and said that the crows had dug up and eaten every jack seed which they had planted, I couldn't be light-hearted any more. However, my spirits are rising again, as I have despatched a message to Likoma with a request for a shot-gun. I believe, if you blow off a gun, even without hitting anything, and continue to do so for a fortnight it has most beneficial results, and if there should happen, after so much blowing off of gun, to be a dead crow, then if you tie it to a string and let it waggle in the wind, I'm told the effect is tremendous. As for my own little juicy oasis, Davies, the gardener, has hedged it round and stretched a fishing-net over the top, and now I am only hoping the chickens will come, I think they will look rather sick. But alas! there again the chickens are only half as many as they ought to be. There is a creature almost two feet long, like an enormous lizard, which is partial to chicken. A fortnight ago the cook found, I really forget how many, but almost a dozen small chicks, the children of the European hen given me by Miss Minter, *missing*, and a nasty little tell-tale hole at the bottom of one of the walls, where the *mwanzi* had got in.

“ Mwenyezari has arrived, and so my letter is interrupted. For the sake of the uninitiated Mwenyezari is the small boy who has struck up a friendship with the Worfield school-children's ‘Coral League,’ and this last mail has brought

him a letter from two of the Worfield boys, so he has come up to the College from his village, a mile away, to receive his letter and to have it interpreted. By next mail I hope he will have found both time and courage to write a suitable reply. It was jolly to see his pleasure at getting a letter. He has been doing well since I sent my last report of him. I think he will be baptised next year, and if so, I won't forget that his name, or one of his names, is to be Thomas, or as he will spell it, Tomásó. The natives have strong likes and dislikes about names. I expect he will cotton on to this one all right. Tomásó is a common name here, but in any case, he can choose a second name to join on to it if he likes.

"I have planted seedlings of flowering red and yellow dwarf acacias. The oleanders planted last year have flowered strongly; then there is another yellow flowering shrub whose name I have never heard, but I have planted lots of it, and I have *one* frangipani (?), very sweet, which I was given in a pot two years ago, but it is growing quite big now. My flower garden and shrubs are all round about the College buildings, but the vegetables and fruits are at the bottom of the hill close to the water. Just now we have more mulberries than we can eat, mulberry and pineapple tart is not bad. Our ladies use pineapple in the Christmas mincemeat, instead of (I suppose) ordinary apples.

"By-the-bye, not a sign yet of my Christmas plum-pudding! It is probably sitting somewhere on the banks of the river Shiré waiting to be moved on. Just now, with the water very low, things move dreadfully slowly. . . .

"About four hundred girls attend the girls' school on Likoma Island."

In the following letter to an old college friend, Arthur describes his work at the College; he speaks of the departure of Bishop Trower, who left the Mission at the end of 1909 to take up the bishopric of North-West Australia. The spiritual phenomena of which Douglas speaks towards the close of his letter is very remarkable, but is in entire agreement.

with what many another missionary has experienced in Africa and elsewhere.

(To Rev. C. R. McDowall)

December 27, 1909.

" If I wrote my to-day's address, I should have to say ' Somewhere in the highlands two days' walk from the Lake.' Holidays! Blessed word! My students were carried away—some on their legs, some by our two steamers—to their homes in different parts of the Lake a week before Christmas; then I had a busy week helping my *village* Christians to get ready for Christmas; and then, after I had communicated about 220 of them on Christmas morning, I fled—albeit a toilsome fly—to another of my villages up in the hills, getting there on Christmas evening, helping the few Christians to spend their Christmas on S. Stephen's Day; and so this morning I really turned my back on all work and am writing to you outside my tent which my boys settled and pitched in a little bit of a village—quite gloriously out in the wilds. . . . I am intending to walk to Unangu where one of our three native priests has his station. I expect to get there after another three or four nights—taking it *very* leisurely—only about four or five hours' walk each day; from Unangu I hope to go on a couple of days farther to a European station (Mtonya), there to sit down for several weeks and prepare mind and body for next term.

" I am instigated to write to you through having received last mail a very pleasant letter from you. I do so very much like hearing from you. At S. Michael's College, where I am the only European, I am, I'm thankful to say, never white-man-sick, but possibly letters are more than ever valuable. There are about sixty boys at the College—aged from fifteen to twenty-five—all of them hoping to become teachers; naturally they are fellows with rather more intelligence than the ordinary run of natives; you will understand better than I can tell you the intense interest of—(letter interrupted by an old Johnny of the place wanting to know whether he can do a deal with me in honey in exchange for a shilling).

“ *January 14.*—Two and a half weeks since the honey interruption. If I recollect aright I refused to buy the honey ; but you don't get rid of a native as easy as all that. Being unable to *sell* me the honey, he returned to me with it as a *present*. Now none can refuse presents ; natives give innumerable presents to us foolish Europeans, but alas, nearly always on the unexpressed understanding that a return present will be forthcoming of double the original's worth. But I was so harassed by my honey present, (beastly stuff, not like English honey, and with no pot to put it in), that I determined on equity rather than liberality, so I sent the old chap two pennyworth of salt. Well, really that was not worth writing, but having begun the honey story two and a half weeks ago I had to finish it.

“ I got to Unangu, as I prophesied, in four more days ; I spent three days there, and then on to this delightful spot Mtonya—another two long days. My good resolution of only doing four or five hours' walking a day entirely broke down ; thenceforth I nearly always did over six, and once between eight and nine hours.

“ I reckon that from S. Michael's College to this place I have walked about 130 miles, and I have got another eighty to bring me down again to the south end of the Lake, but I mean to use a slung-hammock for part of the way. There I shall wait for the steamer *Chauncy Maples* to take me back to College, picking up the students at different places *en route*. I wish very much indeed that you could have been walking with me, especially at one point when the path took me 4000 feet above lake-level, with glorious mountains in all directions except in the direction of the Lake which was plainly visible ; but there again, across forty miles of water, I could see the hills on the opposite side, so extraordinarily clear is the atmosphere at this time of year when the rains have just begun. The lake-level is stifling at Christmas time, a perpetual bath of perspiration ; up here, though the thermometer doesn't go below 60° at night, I have the blessing of a log fire to keep me warm. Meanwhile I am laying in a stock of rude health and useful lecture-room information for my lambs next term. I began to tell you

about my sixty lambs, and I told you that the youngest looks about fifteen, and the eldest about twenty-five; of course I can only say 'looks.' It is only the babies of to-day, born under the star of the U.M.C.A., that begin to know really how many years they have been born. I have never up to this past year had very close dealings with *youths*. My closest acquaintance has been either grown-ups, or young (private school age) boys; and I rather doubted whether I could raise as much interest in hobbledheoys; but doubts are rather rot and perhaps the best proof of my keenness about the College students is that I never get white-man-sick, as I remarked before. Now there is one very peculiar thing about black boys—I always think of them as more Marlburians or Etonians than as ploughboys. I don't know why it is, but it's a fact. Perhaps one reason is that there are practically no social distinctions in a native tribe and therefore one is permitted to treat them all as gentlemen. Another good reason is that the natives of the Lake (not those of the hills) bathe per week fourteen times oftener than the English ploughboys and probably oftener than you and I in our most zealous summer terms. Taking all things into consideration my chief wonder is why, in spite of a daily sweeping, their dormitories should always swarm with biting creatures; my dormitory at Marlborough never did. But then twice a week we used to get asphyxiated with brimstone, and I can't run to the expense of brimstone out here. At present the College course for getting a teacher's certificate is two years. But at our last diocesan conference I made a bold suggestion for extending the course for four years, viz. two years at the College, a third year of practical training away from College in a village school, the fourth year back at College. But one big difficulty is that such an extension of the course, with a compulsory increase of students from sixty to ninety, absolutely necessitates a second European at the College. (Besides the College work I have four villages with schools and churches for which I am responsible.) So, when you pray for S. Michael's College, think of this new scheme and of the need of a European teacher—lay or clerical. We have lady teachers

—quite first-rate, and the supply seems unlimited—from university, high school, and elementary school; but we have not one professional master; well now, I want one badly. Of course he must be in sympathy with our Mission Church views; otherwise he would probably not be either happy or useful. As a matter of fact our Bishop who has just resigned always said that he didn't want a school-master, but even he would allow the need now.

“ We are bishopless—another matter of prayer and really a very, very urgent matter. We want a man strong and tactful in dealing with civil government (British, Portuguese, German). A man of clear vision for the development and extension of the native Church; and a veritable father to the natives and to the European members of his staff. Our Bishop is leaving us and going to start a new diocese in North-West Australia.

“ In your letter you ask me about obvious signs of the activity of spiritual forces of evil or good. Your questions brought to my mind what the Bishop told me *twice* about his experiences on a long tour he made through a heathen district. He said that he felt the evil spirits all about him. They pestered him with horrible thoughts which he in no way liked; and this went on till he got down to the Lake again into the midst of Mission life, when his life resumed its normal condition. He told me that he always noticed the same thing—the extraordinary power of the spirits of evil—whenever he was walking through heathen parts.

“ On the other hand I think that many of us are at times permitted a wonderful *consciousness* of the other side—of good in the spiritual life—more particularly a *consciousness* that others at home are praying for us; and then again and again how marvellously the greatest perplexities become unravelled in our own bits of work; when I haven't had, and even by prayer don't seem to get, the slightest idea of what is the right course of action in a difficulty, I seemed forced into doing what afterwards seems the obviously right thing. I only say this to you because you more or less ask me; nor do I mean to say that such experiences

are necessarily more common here than among workers at home.

“ You mention Goathland ; so can I. Four of my last weeks at home—summer 1908—I lodged at Goathland with some of my family.

“ We lodged at a farm beyond the church. I routed out Mrs. W. and family ; she keeps swaggar new lodgings near the station. We had a glorious tea with her. I regret to say that you, Alington, and Evans have brought our *reading* party into everlasting notoriety. The details of the *bed* crisis are still clear in the mind of Mrs. W., and she has educated her family in the knowledge of the same.

“ Yet more again : this past year some of my sisters again were at Goathland, and a friend of theirs happened to be lodging at the W.'s, and Mrs. W. (now that I am safely out of the way) regaled the ladies with the most monstrous fabrications of evil tales—notably that the four young gentlemen at night used to light their candles down below and then have a race upstairs, and whoever got to the top first used to hurl his candle down below on the heads of his brethren. Now I am powerless to refute such stories. What can I do ? Write to the *Church Times* and ask ? To say nothing of a meek little missionary, could a revered head of a great public school and an equally honoured pedagogue at the Eton seminary for young gentlemen possibly be guilty of such conduct ? Besides if it had been true it would have been far too good a game for me to have forgotten that I ever played it.”

## A WALK ON THE MAINLAND

Mtonya, January 15, 1910.

“ Here I am at Mtonya, having had a fine walk of about 130 miles from S. Michael's College. The students went home a week before Christmas, then I had a hard week, helping my village Christians (about 200 of them) to prepare for their Christmas Communion, so after the Christmas morning Eucharist my one desire was to fly from the College,

and I accordingly flew up the very steep hill behind the College to Manda, my furthest village three and a half hours walk from the Lake. There I spent a second Christmas with the Mission people, and then on Monday with my cook and boy and nine porters I started on my long tramp to Unangu, getting there very stiff, but very well, on the following Friday afternoon. I reckon that my path from the College to Unangu was about eighty-five miles, and it is forty-five miles on from Unangu to Mtonya, so, as I have already remarked, the total walk so far has been 130 miles. I started with the excellent intention of not walking more than about five hours a day, but after the first two days, good intentions failed and I generally did over six hours a day, and from Unangu to Mtonya (forty-five miles) I only slept one night on the road. It was at noon on the last day, when only a couple of hours from Mtonya, that I told my boy, as we had reached a stream, to light a fire and make some tea. I still had some very uninviting bread and marmalade left in my portable larder, but no sooner had I sat down than up came an unknown gentleman, who planted a large basket in front of me and said, 'From Bwana (Mister) Archdeacon,' and in the basket were all sorts of delicacies from dear old Archdeacon Eyre: new bread, butter, cheese, cake, a little packet of tobacco and a bottle of milk. He didn't much expect me to turn up till the next day and intended his hamper to meet me half-way between Unangu and Mtonya; but what was almost the best part of the hamper (you must pardon the 'almost' under these particular circumstances) was a splendid home-mail just arrived at Mtonya; the treasurer at Mponda's had thoughtfully sent up my letters, knowing that I was bound for Mtonya, so I walked the last two hours in the company of my brothers and sisters, really very enjoyable indeed. Unangu and Mtonya lie very high, the thermometer here has only been about seventy degrees, so that some days I have indulged in a log fire, whereas at the Lake we have been living in a perpetual Turkish bath. To get to Unangu I had to climb over a ridge 4000 feet above the level of the Lake, a glorious panorama of mountains all round, except in the direc-

tion of the Lake which was clearly visible with the hills on the opposite side. The atmosphere at this season is extraordinarily clear ; this was my first visit to Unangu, Padre Yohana Abdallah's station. I was there from Friday to Monday, and preached on Sunday through an interpreter. The people along all these hills are Yaos. . . .

" We made out that Yohana and I were born the same year, but he does not know the month of his birth. The natives have a great respect for him, and he has a great respect for his own office. . . .

" I rather hope that we European missionaries with the vastly improved health of the Mission are getting to use the machila less and trusting to our legs, but I must not brag, as when I set out again on Monday on the last part of my land tour, I mean to be lazy and go in a machila for the first two days, and then, sending it back here, I ought to have a fairly easy last two days' walk down to Malindi. That will have brought my trip to about 210 miles. At the south end of the Lake I shall divide my time between Malindi and Mponda's till the *Chauncy Maples* arrives to take me back to the College, and we shall pick up the students at various places *en route*. I expect to get one night at Kota Kota ; I don't expect to get many days at the south end before the steamer arrives.

" Doesn't all this sound a very delightful holiday and such a thorough change ? All the same I am being pretty busy in preparing work for next term. We have two holidays per annum at the College, with possibly a week's break at Easter.

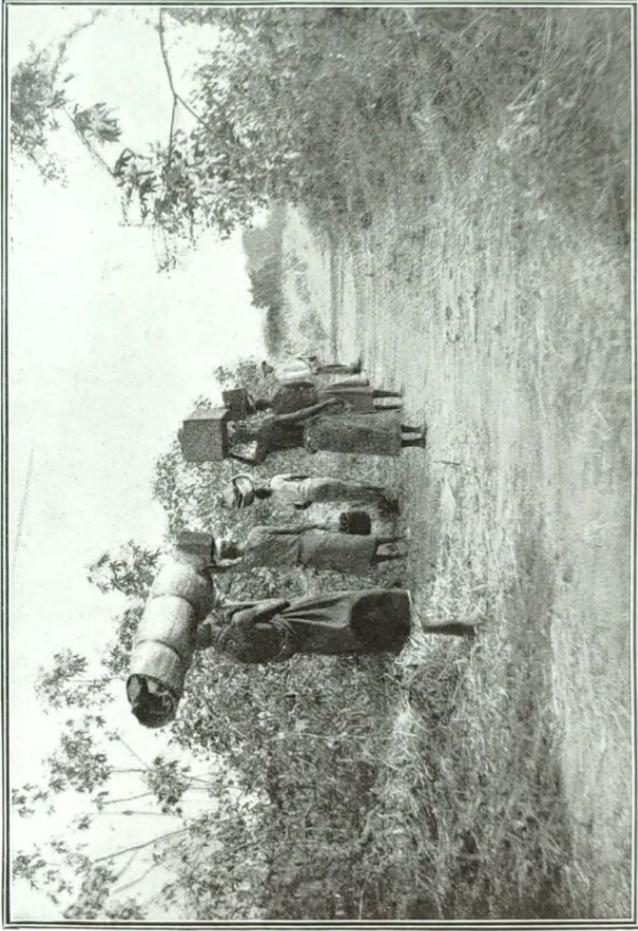
" I hope we shall not be left very long without a Bishop. I expect you are praying frequently for a right appointment. We expect to have a visit from Bishop Hine about March. I think I must try to get my adult Baptisms over by Easter so that he can confirm."

#### A VILLAGE RAIDED

Steamship *Chauncy Maples*, February 3, 1910.

" My last letter home told about my capital walking tour, beginning at noon on Christmas Day. It is 210 miles from

Mtonya in the hills to the south end of the Lake, but as I lazily went in a hammock for the first two days, I had only two days' walking at the end, winding up with the most awful scramble down a dry precipitous river-bed over which I audibly groaned ; but what must it have been for my men who were carrying loads up to forty or fifty pounds ? To travel comfortably I want nine carriers : two for tent, one for bedding, one for camp-bed, table and chair, one for provisions, one for pots and pans, and so on. The *capitao* generally carries nothing but his own dignity and my gun ; so far I have always borrowed some one else's rifle, but I have a good one on its way out from home now. It is always as well to have a rifle in the party when travelling, and on one's Mission station when one is at home. But so far I have never seen a wild beast of any size ; one came at night to the College before I had got any cartridges and ate my three calves, but that is an old tale. On one of my journeys I could not see any game, so I stuck up a cartoon of *Punch* and had pots at that. I am just awake to the fact of a general election at home, but have heard no particulars. I think there will be a considerable increase to the Mission staff at my College within the next few months. First, I hear good rumours that a real schoolmaster is coming out. Nobody seems to know anything about him, except that his name is said to be Peek. Well, if he comes, I shall have first claim on him. Then another wonderful addition will be effected by the arrival of two ladies. Poor things ! it is only by a sort of accident that they have got to be planked down on our bachelor establishment. They were to have gone to Mtonya (the place where I have spent most of this holiday) to be with Archdeacon Eyre and a young layman, but there has lately been a raid on a village quite close to Mtonya, so that we are all agreed that ladies must not go up there at present. We had an out-school at the village which was raided ; our teacher there was wounded in the leg, and a Christian school-boy was killed, so also was the old chief himself. Our Mission buildings were burnt ; in fact it seems to be the custom of raiders, who of course come when the villagers are asleep, first to set fire to the huts, and



A MISSIONARY TRAVELLING

then shoot the poor people who come out, and carry off as many of the women as they can. This is how our teacher got shot, but he is now well again. His wife was carried off by the raiding party, but the Mtonya people came up splendidly and chased the raiders, with the result that, whereas only a very few of the villagers were killed, they killed about thirty-five of the raiders, and the teacher's wife got safely home. Hallson, the young layman, was the only European missionary at our Mtonya station. The watchman woke him up about 4 A.M. saying 'War.' He had heard the first gun.

"The village which was raided was about an hour's walk from our main station. Hallson wisely sent all the school-boys, and any others who liked to go, straight down to the Lake twenty-five miles off. A few hours afterwards, when the raiders had been chased off he went to look after the wounded. As soon as a man is down the enemy cuts off his head, and Hallson met people carrying heads slung together on a pole. Altogether I think Hallson did very well. Whilst the fighting was going on his right place certainly was on the Mission station, looking after it. He is only a young gardener's boy, so no wonder that when it was all over he got his nerves a bit out of order and was sent for a trip on the steamer to put him right. So that is why the ladies are going to be at S. Michael's College, temporarily at least, instead of going to Mtonya.

"Now we are just reaching Kota Kota. I shall try and get up to my dear old first charge in time for dinner."

The letter which follows is interesting as it gives Douglas' first impressions of Mr. Peek, who had joined the Mission as a schoolmaster. As will be seen by successive letters he and Arthur got on extremely well together, and his premature death a few months later was a very real loss both to the Mission and to the College.

Likoma, March 30, 1910.

"After a busy Lent and very happy Easter, I am having a few days' rest at Likoma. The College has undergone a

wonderful transformation this last month by the arrival of a schoolmaster and two ladies. I am going to turn Miss Medd on to teaching the students German for German territory, and Portuguese for Portuguese territory. I should like to find time to attend the Portuguese class. Mrs. Williams, when she is not dispensing medicines, spends her time as housekeeper between admiration of my cook and despair of the kitchen range, which indeed is only a flat bit of iron spread on the top of the fire. I implore her not to make the cook discontented by suggesting an oven.

“ The schoolmaster Peek seems likely to prove just what we want. He was educated at one of the lower grade Woodard schools, but for the last three years has been teaching in Romsey National School. He is only about twenty-one, so I shan't be shy about giving him my best advice, and he, as a professional, is rightly somewhat critical of our amateur methods, particularly of the old dented cow-bell, which takes the place of the sprightly gong of the schoolmaster's desk at home. The boys have taken well to him, as he plays football with them ; he was the captain of Boy Scouts in his parish at home, so is well up in drill. If he can stand the climate (he doesn't look strong), he will be, I think, a most valuable acquisition and a tremendous help at the College. On Easter Monday I left him overseeing the whitewashing of his shanty whilst I went up to my hill school and down again the next day. The walls of the ordinary shanty are made of posts filled in with reeds and then the whole is plastered with mud.

“ I wish you could have seen my flower garden this last month, the cosmos has been its chief glory. Will cosmos grow out of doors in England ? I suppose it is a kind of large single daisy, growing four feet high, with blossoms all shades of pink and red. The zinnias and sunflowers have been a fine show, and now the cannas are just coming on, and they are the grandest flowers of all. Some of the vegetable seeds sent out from home are, I believe, doing very well—onions, carrots, radishes, and even cabbages—so Mrs. Williams tells me, although it is almost too good to be true. One longs for what the late Bishop would have called a good

old smiling cabbage. Lately, also, we have had almost more mulberries than we could eat. They are much smaller than, and not very like English mulberries, but the trees have the great virtue of bearing fruit the year after they are put in the ground. I have also planted quite a lot of flowering shrubs—pointsettias, oleanders, hibiscus, red-blossoming acacias. My best pointsettia was hacked to pieces by the students when they were hoeing the ground. A flowering shrub is to them the same as a weed, or, at the most, as an amazing whim of the European; it is something the watering of which may bring in pennies for themselves.”

### BIBLICAL QUESTIONS

S. Michael's College, April 20, 1910.

“As I have just finished Compline with the students, which means it is nine o'clock, this may not be a very long letter. Nine o'clock at home seems early, but then you don't expect to be up at 5.30 every morning. To-morrow I must be up before that hour, as before six o'clock I have got to see to all Mrs. Williams' paraphernalia of luggage, as well as herself, and a very ill student who will have to be carried down to the steamer.

“Peek, the new young schoolmaster, is shaping very well, and he and I get on very well together. His discipline causes the students considerable surprise and, I fancy, admiration as well. I am very glad that he was an elementary schoolmaster. He has made a good start in the actual teaching in school, but at times I have to act interpreter. Next week I have got to interpret 'Interest' sums for him, which will tax my linguistic powers. I particularly want the students to learn about interest now, as we are hoping to start a native self-supporting sustentation fund, which is to bear interest in a bank. I know it will be a difficult job to persuade the natives that when £100 have been subscribed and only £2½ can be produced, that we Europeans haven't 'eaten' the other £97½.

“Miss Medd is principally busy with the girls' schools and village women, but she has German and Portuguese classes

for the students. I told the boys they could choose which they would rather learn, but that they must not learn both ; about three-quarters of them chose Portuguese, the rest chose German. That is a very fair division, as we have of course far more work in Portuguese territory than in the German Protectorate, where we only began to work about five years ago.

“I am specially glad just now to be freed from so much of the College teaching, as I have just begun preparing Candidates for Baptism. We ought to have a big adult Baptism this year in the villages belonging to me. I think there are about thirty candidates. One of them is Mweny-zari, the Worfield Coral League's boy. He is to be called Tomaso after a school-boy who died in Worfield. Mweny-zari and his elder brother, aged fourteen, both ought to be baptised, and the baptisms should be in the first half of June.

“I very much enjoy taking the school-boys in their baptismal preparation ; I told them yesterday that though there were many things in religion that we could not understand, yet we can believe them. ‘In Europe there are carriages with people in them that fly about in the air ; you can't understand it, but as I tell you it is so, you can believe it, can you not ?’ A general reply of ‘No.’ I felt floored, and could only rejoin, ‘Then I fear you think Padre is a liar.’ The students also are very interesting in the biblical questions they ask. Two lots of students came to me last night, one set wishing to know about the sons of God and daughters of men, and the other set wishing to know whether Jephtha really burnt his daughter to death. I had to get old Bishop Wordsworth to help me out with the latter difficulty ; as to the former, I told them straight that I thought it was one of the things in the Bible which we could not understand, and they might as well give up thinking about it.

“During Lent I started having five minutes' Chinyanja intercessions (voluntary attendance) at midday, and I hope to keep it as a permanent institution. We want our teachers to get into the habit of a few minutes' midday prayer, but I think that for the young ones Sext is not quite the right

thing. I want attendance to be quite voluntary, and thereby become one test of possible vocation to something beyond the teachership.

“ In the Zanzibar diocese there is a guild for the purpose of fostering vocation ; I think we may have something of the same kind in this diocese.

“ The Rhodesian new diocese seems to be going to make a good start at last. De la Pryme is going from this diocese, and the beloved Frank George is going after this year. He offered his services to Bishop Hine months ago when we had another new architect in the diocese ; then the latter left the Mission, but as Bishop Hine has written to George accepting him, George thinks he must keep to his promise, and I expect he is right to go.

“ Dennis Victor is enormously happy with his three candidates for the diaconate and his parish of Nkwazi, and his beautiful little church.”

#### “ BEASTS ”

S. Michael's College, May 8, 1910.

“ The Government steamer, which calls at Likoma once a month, is expected next Tuesday, so I shall get a letter ready to send by her. I'm afraid my letters may for the next months be fewer than ever, as Archdeacon Johnson (in lieu of Bishop) has determined to knock off the *Charles Janson's* trip in order to save expense. I think he is quite right to do so ; likewise he has shut down the carpentry business and nearly all the printing office work for a year, the reason being that we estimated a total expense of the diocese for this year at £13,000, and the Home Committee can only give us £11,000, so we have to cut off £2000 somewhere. This move will give the new Bishop a better chance of starting square and fair, and it is a good thing to show the people at home that we don't want to kick over the traces. Only a few young apprentices have been kept on in the printing office, primarily for the sake of reprinting ' Esopo,' otherwise ' Æsop's Fables,' for ' Esopo ' is out of print, and how can you expect to attain proficiency in the art of

Chinyanja reading unless you have Chinyanja 'Eṣopo' for a reading book? Having just laid in a good supply of new tables and chairs, I voted for the suppression of the carpenter's shop with a good heart.

"In the daytime we go along very smoothly, but nights have been made lively by beasts. A lion walked along the bottom of our garden, and killed three cows in their house a mile from here. The next night my watchman came to my window and woke me up. I said, 'What's the matter?' He said, 'It's bad out here.' I replied, 'What's the badness?' He said, 'There's a beast!' 'Where's the beast?' 'By the dining-room.' However, by the time I could get my boots on the beast had disappeared, but I thought it was then time to put on a second watchman. Then the next night just after dark, as the students were collecting for evening school, there was a sudden uproar, and the watchman came tearing over to my house for his gun, saying there was a beast. I rushed out with mine, followed by Ayers, one of our engineers, with a hurricane lantern. There was such a row in the students' dormitory that I really thought the beast must be in there; great was my relief when I found only a lot of frightened boys, and the beast, if it ever existed, had taken its departure. I bravely fired off a cartridge into the air just to show *we* weren't afraid of nothing! However, really and truly one poor man was killed last week in his hut by the same kind of beast—*machecheta*, a large hyena—as that which eat up my calves last year; and Shannon, who fortunately is a first-rate shot, met a leopard a fortnight ago near here and slew it, so there is something in it after all, although I expect foxes are responsible for some of the scares. Schoolmaster Peek comes of a farmer family and is rather a keen sportsman; anyhow sufficiently keen to get up after a fox at 3 o'clock in the morning.

"The only thing beside the watchman which has got me up has been the comet. Even when the moon was half-full and very bright, the comet looked a very decent comet, but it will look a great deal finer when there is no moon. I was surprised to find how very generally it had been seen by the village natives. Even my women baptismal

candidates had most of them seen it, as I learnt when I was teaching them about the wise men. My class of boy candidates are perfectly delightful. I never remember having such a nice class; of course, these are villagers, not Collegers, who have all been baptised and confirmed before they are allowed to enter College. The baptismal preparation is a pretty good test of keenness, as for about two months they come to me four times a week and go to their village teachers on the off days, and some of them live nearly an hour's walk from the College.

“ On Ascension Day we had ‘ sports ’ for the College students and school-boys. The high jump was won at four feet six inches, which, I suppose, is not bad, considering that they scarcely practise at all beforehand. Beside the ordinary events, we had some of the sports one sees on board ship, such as bolster bar, and ‘ Are you there ? ’ We had got together really a remarkably good set of prizes, nearly forty ; knives with one big blade *à la* Salwarpe school treat, and nobody said ‘ It ain’t keen ’ ; scissors for cutting their wool, quite large at 6*d.* each ; gaudy belts, mouth organs, whistles ; large red kerchiefs would have been another good prize, only we hadn’t any. And for quite the little boys I gave fish-hooks, knives, scissors. I wanted some of the Likoma staff to come over for the sports, but they were already booked to go for a picnic. The footballs arrived all right ; Peek is dismayed by the quickness with which both bladders and covers burst out here. He played a lot of footer in England, and has made an attempt to keep the students to proper rules. Most fortunately I bought at Johannesburg a printed book of rules, so I was able to show that Peek had not devised the annoying restrictions out of his own head.”

### THE NEW BISHOP

S. Michael's College, June 5, 1910.

“ The years simply fly along !

“ Well, we have been offering many thanksgivings for the appointment of Cathrew Fisher to be Bishop of Nyasaland.

These past months have been a time of great anxiety, only I felt pretty sure that it really would come right, and now I feel pretty sure that it has come right. I hope he will see his way to coming to us quickly.

“ In my last letter I remember mentioning that I was in the middle of preparing adults for Baptism, old women and girls, youths and school-boys. The oldest old lady cannot learn her words because, as she explained to me, her head is dry. Her name is Apafika ; as she frequently does not turn up in time for her class, and as the Chinyanja word for ‘ turn up ’ is Anafika, I feel entitled to enliven the occasion with a pun. This morning, the last Sunday before their baptism, I noticed the absence of the two biggest youths, and was informed that they had been seized in war. On further inquiry I found that they had been commandeered with others to carry the little Portuguese, who has been collecting taxes here, back to his headquarters at Mtengula, about forty miles from here. This Portuguese and I have been on excellent terms and I have no doubt that if he had known the facts he would have let them off. However, they may be back by Wednesday if they buck up. Except for this, the Portuguese has done extraordinarily well. He has accomplished in fifteen days, without running in a single person, the entire taxation of his district, whereas the people last year had three months bad time, with continual night raids by the police, and during that time our girls’ schools were practically closed, as the women and girls hide away, the policy of the government official being to run-in the females whilst their husbands and fathers look for their tax money. But, as I say, this year the whole business round here has been achieved in a wonderfully short time with really no discomfort. One chief reason was that a very large number of men have lately returned from their work at Johannesburg, so there has been a good supply of money in the country.

“ Only five more weeks of this term remain ; it has been a very good term, but lately I have had much anxiety over the scarcity of food. It has sometimes seemed almost to be touch and go whether I should be able to keep the students ;

however, now the worst is over, and we have never reached the straits Likoma station found itself in a week ago, when I had a sudden visit from Mr. Willcocks, who looks after the native store there. They had discovered, through what misunderstanding I can scarcely say, that there was only enough food to give one more meal to the boys who feed on the station, and to the hospital patients. So they had hurriedly to get rid of all the boys who could possibly get to their homes, and then Mr. Willcocks came over here, and we ransacked the stores for the *very* very little I could give him. However, we reckoned that would be enough to keep the hospital patients (about thirty) for the next two days, and he, with the boat, went straight over to the opposite coast, nearly fifty miles, to buy food; leaving me at 8.30 P.M. on Thursday he got back to Likoma with food at 3 A.M. on Sunday morning. So that *was* touch and go. Among other articles of food during the past fortnight I have been buying monkey-nuts, about £7 worth. The natives bring them, and then they have to be measured into a box; one box-full equals 8*d.*, so you see by this time I have got to know the look of that box.

"The steamer *Chauncy Maples* is expected here tomorrow going down south; her next trip down south should take me on my annual tour of examination for the College entrance."

#### MR. PEEK

A Lakeside Village, July 27, 1910.

"I am in the middle of my half-yearly holiday, but I am spending most of it in touring round on the *Chauncy Maples*, examining schools and candidates for S. Michael's College. For entrance to the College, I have already examined over 120 boys and there are only about thirty vacancies.

"At this moment I am sitting in a native house, roomy and airy, with twelve Yao boys writing their Old Testament examination. There are, of course, no desks in this room, so they are writing in all manner of positions, most of them kneeling with paper on the ground, or else lying on one side, or else with their legs stuck out in front. Mr. Peek is the

only other occupant of the room. He is really a very good disciplinarian though the boys now and then get beyond him in school.

“ The second man at the station generally has rather a hard time ; at any rate he has got to make his position for himself, whereas the chief man on the staff has his position assured to him by the fact that he is chief. Everybody looks to the priest-in-charge to say the final word. Where there are two Europeans at a station, missionary or civil, they are always known among the natives as the big Bwana and small Bwana. It was Archdeacon Eyre’s one objection (so he said) to travelling with the Bishop, that he found himself transformed from the big into the small Bwana. However, I give Peek practically a free hand in school, making both students and native teachers look to him for arranging details of school routine, and they all get on capitally together. Poor man, but he has many shocks. Judge of his estimation of native capabilities, by his asking a fellow missionary on the journey out from home, whether there was a laboratory at S. Michael’s College. Whilst the students are away, and I and Mr. Peek are travelling round, I believe that Archdeacon Johnson is established at the College with a number of German territory teachers, for the purpose primarily of being taught German by Miss Medd.

“ This evening we hope to be picked up by the *Chauncy Maples*. Whilst we are doing our exam. here, she has gone on to a Portuguese government station in order to put on board twenty tons of food for me, so you see I don’t mean to starve.”

#### CATERING FOR THE COLLEGE

S.s. *Chauncy Maples*, August 12, 1910.

“ You know that I and Mr. Peek have been spending our holiday so far in travelling round, examining schools and candidates for the College. We first went down south, calling at Kota Kota both going and returning. Then we got back to Likoma, and I had the job of seeing my students’

food, twenty-one tons, unshipped at the College and stored. I had about sixty women carriers, and the loads averaged seventy pounds. It is very wonderful what the women can carry on their heads. The only evil result to myself was that for about three days my eyes were very sore, I suppose with flour and dust. I was determined to get in enough fodder for the students this year, as during the last six months I had many an anxious time, wondering how I was going to feed them. We can't buy food in any quantity near the College, and have to depend on boats and steamer. Sometimes it was really a case of 'If the boat doesn't come in to-morrow, we're done.' I get the big supply of food from the Portuguese Government; it is food that has been paid for hut tax. Well, I hope it won't go bad, but I have no stone or brick room to keep it in, as what *was* the native storeroom is now Miss Thompson's bed and sitting-room. Since storing the food, the steamer has taken us up north into German territory. The natives there speak another dialect which I don't understand. The trip up north has resulted in my accepting five of these northern boys as students at the College. They are the first batch that have ever come from so far north, so it is a great event which will rejoice the heart of Archdeacon Johnson, whom we left in hospital at Likoma. The arrival of these boys (the first-fruits I hope of many others from the same district) is bound to complicate our time-table—on second thoughts perhaps it won't; I haven't sufficiently considered, but anyhow circumstances will be altered, as in these German territory schools English is a forbidden subject, so they must come to College knowing none. I must consider whether we ought to pile on the German for them, making use of Miss Medd. The chief reason for their learning English seems to be that some of them may go on to become theological students, and then they ought to be able to read English theological books.

"I am happy in leaving the College and College villages so long, as Padre Clarke is staying there with a dozen teachers who have been taken from their schools in German territory, primarily in order to learn German under Miss Medd, so there is a vacation term. Mr. Clarke

is, I hope, building more temporary storehouses, also re-thatching my own house, and last, but not least, building a new cattle stable. This last is necessary, as we are, I hope, going to increase our herd. Our herd lately has consisted of a bull, two cows, and three calves, but I have long had my eye on the Mponda's herd which probably numbers sixty or seventy; and when I was down there in January Mr. Craft, the treasurer, promised me that I should have some, so I was determined on this trip to get something more satisfactory than words out of those in charge. (Mr. Craft is in England.) I settled in my mind that I would have five or six! Imagine my annoyance when I was greeted on my arrival at Malindi by hearing that Mponda's, in the generosity of their hearts, had already dispatched on the road a cow and calf for me. However, it was no good my pretending to be very grateful, so I boldly told Padre Ker that I hoped for about six. The result is that I trust that in *slow* stages half a dozen beasts are walking the 170 miles, and the first two ought to be at the College by now. But it seems largely to depend on whether the Mponda's cowman will part with the beasts. He is said to love them and weep over them, and when Padre Ker and I wanted to pick out beasts for me, though the cowman was told to be ready for us, he had hidden himself and all the cattle and not a sign of himself or a cow was to be seen."

S. Michael's College, Sept. 26, 1910.

" . . . We have had a very good beginning to our term, a more than usually large number of new students—about twenty-six. This means an extra special pressure of work, as I like to give each new student about half an hour's private talk. Some of them look very young, but that doesn't matter, as I hope that now four years instead of two will pass before they finally become teachers. I can't think how I got on before Peek's arrival; what it really means is that less is left undone both in College and villages, and I try to get a little more time for private reading. Next Thursday is our patronal festival, but I am doubtful how far we shall be

able to use our church. Last year we had a very troublesome business with the roof, and now it seems to be going badly again, and yesterday it both looked so bad and gave out such ominous creaks that I settled we must have service in the school. Perhaps if we take the grass off the rickety part, and so lighten the weight, we shall be able to use it till it can be thoroughly repaired. Mr. Peek is splendid in school, only he takes the native eccentricities in a very serious way. He has just been in to me, to tell me that he has been looking through the students' writing books and finds them in a condition which he could not have allowed in his first standard at Romsey. One boy has been doing his cash accounts topsy-turvy in his modern language book ; another has been fantastically decorating the marginal line ; another has been writing his names (probably lots of them, as they add on to their names *ad lib.*) on many successive pages ; another has been writing ' This is the book of Jones ; let no man steal it.' Peek says he finds it so hard not to take these things to heart. However, I cheer him by the promise that if he will select six of the most fantastic, I will hold these up to the scorn and derision of the whole College. I think he is really exceedingly happy here, and the boys like him much, and now he is blossoming out into Chinyanja.

“ There was only one student who turned up late ; he arrived a few days ago and told me gaily that he had had smallpox, and that he had developed it about four and a half weeks ago. He certainly seemed to be quite well, but of course we promptly isolated him, and only waited for a boat to carry him over to Likoma, as we had no proper isolation place here. Then just as I was getting him into the boat, he quite casually made a remark which showed me that all that had happened to him was that he had been properly inoculated (not vaccination). The inoculation, of course, had had the effect of producing a very mild form of the disease. However, we still thought it best that he should be separated for a further time from the students, so over to Likoma he went. But the report had already got about the village that there was a boy who was dangerous

through smallpox at the College, so the villagers even refused to come to the dispensary."

In the next letter difficulties with the Portuguese are foreshadowed ; difficulties in regard to language, and possible difficulties as to the attitude of an anti-clerical Republican Government towards mission work. As yet there is no hint of the moral troubles which were yet to come and which were to culminate in Arthur Douglas's death.

### PORTUGUESE DIFFICULTIES

S. Michael's College, Nov. 6, 1910.

" . . . The students, this Sunday afternoon, have many of them cleared off to the village, and the rest seem blessedly quiet, so altogether it is a good opportunity for writing home. Not that there is anything very exciting to say. Perhaps the most out of ordinary event lately has been the sudden departure of Archdeacon Johnson for England. He got a cable from the new Bishop calling him to go at once as he wanted to confer with him in England before he himself left. His last furlough, after a very serious illness, was ten years ago, and then he spent it in New Zealand or Australia. It is twenty-eight or twenty-nine years since he first came to the Lake and that was after a period in Zanzibar. His furlough throws a good deal of responsibility on me, as, archidiaconally, I am responsible for his Archdeaconry as Archdeacon Eyre is for his own, whilst diocesanally Archdeacon Eyre and I have to act together.

" Another event which touches us perhaps more closely than you is the deposition of Manuel—you know that S. Michael's College is in Portuguese territory. When I got the news I did not know what to do about the Church prayers, but for the present I am simply using the prayers but without mentioning any name till we see how things are shaping themselves at Lisbon.

" Talking of College being in Portuguese territory I fear that there are very troublesome language difficulties ahead of us and not so very far ahead. So far the Portuguese

haven't bothered us about what we teach or how we teach in the schools in their territory, but the head official who is just now stopping in this district and paid a visit to the College last week, told me that he thought the time was coming when it would be not only good to teach Portuguese in the College, but it will be *necessary*, and that native teachers will have to pass an exam. in Portuguese before they will be allowed by the Government to teach. They have already arrived at that point in the Lebombo (Delagoa Bay) diocese and a great nuisance it is for Bishop Edmund Smyth and his staff. However, I can, of course, understand the Portuguese point of view that it is unreasonable to expect them to allow English to be the language taught in Portuguese territory. Then if the German government makes similar demands as to the necessity of teaching German, we shall have a pretty tough nut to crack, but at least I feel thankful that at the present time one of our two ladies here, Miss Medd, is rubbing the elements of German and Portuguese into the students, and though the ladies only came here as a temporary resting-place till it should be safe for them to go to Archdeacon Eyre in Yaoland in the hills eastward, it really seems as if we must keep her for the language's sake.

"I fear that a republican Portugal being, as I suppose it will be, anticlerical, may also be anti-mission, but if so I hope we may be stimulated to buck up all the more and meet the difficulties."

(To a Brother)

#### HALLEY'S COMET

S. Michael's College, November 21, 1910.

"I have had an extra special rush this morning, but I must get a letter started to you before going into school, as the *Chauncy Maples* is expected here this afternoon.

"It seems rather out-of-date to talk about Halley's Comet, but it struck me to-day that perhaps you really haven't heard what a marvel it appeared to us. It used to rise first of all about 4.30. When I first saw it, it must have been about big enough to be covered by my finger at

arm's length, then I saw it again when it reached from the horizon about half-way up the sky. That was the most striking sight, and one couldn't wonder that the ancient folk had compared it to a great flaming sword. Then I saw it again in a manner that still puzzles me. It reached from the horizon right up beyond the zenith, cutting the milky way in two, in fact it looked rather like another—though more irregular—milky way. But what especially puzzled me was that whereas on the previous occasions the point of the comet was clearly defined, on this night when I believe we were passing through it, though the wide part spread out as usual below the horizon and gradually narrowed till past the zenith, it then faded away and there was no point. The sky seemed clear, but of course there may have been a haze; can you suggest anything else? From the following day onwards the comet was in the west after sunset; we used to see it when we came out of Evensong. I certainly had no idea that a comet could really ever make such a magnificent show. I wish you could have seen it; it seems to have been such a disappointment in England.

“I hope you are having as good a term as we are. My schoolmaster Peek is a splendid man. . . . It is not the college students but my village Christians who are my chief trial. Just now in one village there is an awful lapse into bigamy among a number of the Christian men. They think that Baptism is a thing you can put on to-day and take off to-morrow. In that village there is an excommunicate Christian for the chief, and his example of course causes a bad tone throughout.”

The next letter records the very sudden death of Mr. Peek, the schoolmaster, who had only been out a few months, and whom Douglas had learnt to love and value much for his character and efficiency.

#### DEATH OF MR. PEEK

S. Michael's College, December 4, 1910.

“The *Chauncy Maples* arrived unexpectedly, and leaves early to-morrow, and I have been much rushed.

“ You will have seen the news that my good helper, Peek, has died. The blow is very great, both because it was so sudden and because he was so very efficient. You know how full my letters have been of such expressions as ‘ Peek is a treasure.’ He began last Tuesday week with ordinary malaria, but on Wednesday evening it developed into blackwater fever, the one type of fever which is so often fatal out here. As soon as Nurse Thompson told me, I sent students to the village to hire a canoe in which they paddled over to Likoma at night, getting there about 11 o’clock. I sent a letter to Miss Armstrong, asking her to come over immediately, and she arrived by boat 2.30 A.M. I had also sent a night runner to try to catch up the steamer which had left the College only on the previous day, but the steamer made a specially quick trip southwards, so that my messenger, though he went splendidly, could not catch her up. I had written to the Europeans on the steamer, that they must go instantly in search of a doctor. As a matter of fact this particular form of fever needs more *nursing* than *doctoring*, provided that the nurses know the treatment, and three trained nurses, who were with Peek from the Thursday to the following Monday, when he died, acted splendidly, not scrupling to use the drugs which they knew to be desirable. Miss Armstrong, as I have said, got over here at 2.30 on Thursday morning, and at 8 A.M. she told me she was sure that Peek ought to be taken over to Likoma hospital. Miss Armstrong has had several cases of blackwater to nurse, so of course I fell in with her wishes. She and Miss Thompson went over with him. The nurses were at first hopeful. I went up to my hill station at Manda on the following Monday, but at 4 A.M. Tuesday I was awakened by messengers with the news that he had died on Monday evening. I celebrated the Eucharist for the Manda Christians at 5 o’clock and then hurried down to the Lake as fast as I could, getting there at 10 o’clock, and I and Miss Medd and eight of the head students went straight over to Likoma and were just in time for the funeral in the cemetery; the students acted as bearers, and I said the prayers at the grave. This afternoon I have had to write a

long letter to his father. . . . It was a really very extraordinarily beautiful character, very youthful and full of excellent zeal, very adaptable to circumstances; he turned himself into a tinker, carpenter, and clock and watch mender as soon as he arrived, though I fancy he had done almost nothing of the kind at home. His praying was very remarkable, most noticeable in the obvious earnestness and strenuousness, with which he used to join in the opening prayer at school, and the African boys caught on. It was exceedingly helpful. He had the curious habit of following prayers said by the priest in church in a semi-audible voice. Now we can't help feeling forlorn, but there is everything to be thankful for. Yet he had worked us up so well that we seem to need a schoolmaster far more than ever. I have asked Mr. Travers to put an intercession for the College into the monthly paper.

"The *Chauncy Maples* has brought up our new priest, Austen. This is not a newsy letter, but I must go to bed.

"I am very well and the students are behaving very nicely, but my villages are a great anxiety, so many of the Christian men lapsing into polygamy. There is a great and urgent need of prayer. What can be their idea of the Day of Judgment? They would probably allow that they do believe in it."

Arthur Douglas' eldest sister died on January 26, 1911. She had never been at all strong and had latterly been very much of an invalid. In so united a family the death of the eldest sister was felt most keenly. Arthur's letter is entirely characteristic of himself—sensible, prayerful and Christian.

(To a Sister)

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF A SISTER

I

Likoma, Feb. 4, 1911.

"MY DEAREST —,—The cable reached me yesterday, and to-day, by what seems a most kind chance, I am able to have a day free from College responsibilities; so I shall write to you now, even though my letters cannot leave here at

present. (P.S. (later).—An unexpected opportunity of sending it to-day.) I am so very very glad that you *cabled* to me, and so have enabled me to be one with you all so soon in the sorrow and the peace and the prayers and the thankfulness and the blessed sense of God's overflowing graciousness—you do feel all that, do you not, even now? I mean that when we are possessed for a moment by the sense of loss and abject desolation—*you* when you go into her room or think of her sitting in the garden—yet by fixing our minds on what God has done for our dear one, it is not hard to see how exceedingly gracious He has been.

“ *My* times of desolation are likely to be when the mails come in and I receive no letter from her, or when I think of her welcome at furlough time; but there again the *natural* man won't feel anything like the same desolation and blankness as he would if he had not all *your* dear letters and love. That sounds a low and a selfish line of thought, but indeed I don't think that any of us are really inclined to be selfish at this time. We have only just to think of the life which seemed likely to be in store for her—of bodily weakness and, not infrequently, severe pain, her increasing nervousness about herself, and the mental strain; the very infirmities of her spiritual being, so largely the result of bodily infirmities; and then, as we regard what her Father has done for her during this wonderful fortnight,<sup>1</sup> we can thank Him and thank Him and feel very near to Him ourselves. I opened the cable at what was otherwise a very special moment. The *C.M.* had arrived at the College with our new Bishop and also with the College students returning from Christmas holidays. The Bishop just came ashore, and then I and the two College ladies had gone on board to go over with the big party to Likoma to witness the Bishop's arrival and the Enthronization. I had been talking to the Bishop on deck, and when I had finished my talk good Mr. Wilson put the cable privately into my hands. I was able to go down into a cabin and have a few minutes' quiet and prayer before we reached Likoma. The Bishop is to be enthroned to-morrow (Sunday), so I and the students are

<sup>1</sup> It was really only a week.

here, and hence my day away from College responsibilities. I was not *very* surprised at the news, and should have been less so if I had already read my mail which came up with the cable. My two ladies and the few others whom I have told have been so full of sympathy. Mr. Wilson remembers seeing F. at 'The Lowe.' God bless you all exceedingly and me also, though we are so undeserving of His blessing.

“ Your very loving brother,  
“ A. J. DOUGLAS.”

*(To his Eldest Brother)*

## II

S. Michael's College, Feb. 19, 1911.

“ DEAREST —,—On the same day that I got the cable I received a letter from you, in which you told me that you were feeling especially anxious about our dear F. I expect that you had all begun to feel that the operations had been only very partially successful, and then our chief fear for her would have been lest she should suffer great and prolonged pain. God has been very merciful to her and, we may rightly say, to us also ; for He has preserved us from the anguish of knowing that a very dear sister is in acute suffering. If we really love anyone, it is as hard (or harder) to see that one suffering as to suffer the same oneself. Of course we may be called to the discipline of seeing one of our own brothers or sisters in physical agony, but if God does not demand that discipline from us, we may thank Him for that mercy. I have been thinking of *you* in particular during this past fortnight. When the eldest sister dies, one feels that that means a greater loss to the eldest brother than even to oneself. . . .

“ Your very loving brother,  
“ A. J. DOUGLAS.”

*(To an old Parishioner)*

S. Michael's College, Likoma, British Nyasaland, Central Africa,  
February 19, 1911.

“ DEAR MR. BENNETT,— . . . I am exceedingly happy in my work here. I am Principal of the Training College for

native teachers and have about seventy in my charge. They are as jolly a set of lads as one could find anywhere, and in the matter of brains they are of course, the picked boys from the schools through the diocese. But I very badly want a trained schoolmaster to help, especially as in addition to the College, where I am the only European man, I have four village churches and schools for which I am responsible. So if you know of a young schoolmaster of the right sort, send him along. We want him sharp. A fellow used to elementary school work would be best. . . .”

In the next letter Douglas speaks of the Bishop's desire that S. Michael's College should be moved to Likoma Island. The reasons for this step (which has since been taken) were manifold, but the paramount reason was doubtless in order to plant the College on English territory. As long as the College was in Portuguese territory it would be impossible to avoid difficulties—it is enough to mention the “customs” difficulty—and there can be no doubt that the Bishop has acted wisely in the matter. It is impossible not to think of “what might have been” if the change could have been made earlier. Douglas's life would not have been sacrificed, and he would have spent his furlough in England during the summer of 1912, as he foreshadows in the following letter.

#### PROJECTED MOVE TO LIKOMA

S. Michael's College, April 2, 1911.

“We are all very full of the Bishop's scheme for moving the College out of Portuguese territory on to Likoma Island (British). If the scheme comes off in the course of the next two years, I think it will be a good thing for the College, but these villages attached to us will have to put up with much rarer European ministrations. I suppose they will have to fall into line with all the other lake-side villages which receive a visit from the *Chauncy Maples* steamer and one of its padres only about once a month. If the College is planted on Likoma, I am very anxious that we should not

get mixed up with the daily life of the big central station there, or that anything should be done to lessen the corporate life of the students. We should, of course, have our own chapel, only going to the Cathedral on Sundays and other high days. The Bishop quite agrees to this. I also bargain for a place on rocky, hilly Likoma, where we can get a decent football ground, and if possible, though the buildings should be on high ground up from the lake, we ought to have a bit of shore to ourselves where there are not a lot of village huts (that, however, is difficult to find), and of course we must be within early-morning-dip reach, to say nothing of after-football-dip reach of the lake. We shall also want a field where the students can plant monkey nuts, and other such foods as are suited to their extraordinary insides. Just fancy if we lived, year in, year out, on nothing but enormous masses of stiff porridge (of course not oatmeal), exactly of the consistency of putty, with a little mess of beans, nuts, or fish to help it down, all this only occasionally varied by another mass of boiled rice. We hope to be able to build the College thus permanently owing to a £2000 grant from the Pan-Anglican Fund.

“ Although to-night I supped with ladies only, we are really a European quartette now at the College, the fourth being the young gardener, Tom Hallson. He has left us for two weeks in order to go to his former station (Mtonya) in the hills ; he wants to fetch down fruit trees, &c., from there. Here at the College he has two gardens to look after ; I fear he may find it much more difficult to get vegetables to grow at the lake level, but he seems in good spirits about it, and Mtonya garden was too far from the lake to be able to keep other stations supplied with its produce.

“ The Bishop is very anxious to diminish our expenses in tinned fruits and vegetables from England by getting all we can out of the ground here, and we ought to be able to save in jam as well. The freight for everything from England is so enormous, and that reminds me to say that if my dear relations should ever send out anything to me through the office in the way of personal comforts, otherwise called side-lights on missionary asceticism, it would, I think, be a great



POUNDING CORN

kindness if they would also send to the office the cost of freight. If everybody's people would do that, the freight bill would be considerably lessened.

"Now I have one really very interesting bit of news to end up with. I have been looking ahead and talking to the Bishop about the best time for my furlough, the result being that I hope that at Eastertide next year I may be leaving the College in charge of Victor, and be really turning homewards, so that I shall have the summer in England. That is something very good to meditate on."

### CORONATION DAY AT KOTA KOTA

Mponda's, June 25, 1911.

"You see I am writing from the south end of the Lake. We finished our College term a week ago, and now I am on my annual round, examining candidates for the College, and also enjoying myself very much.

"We—that is, the *Chauncy Maples* and all of us on board—spent Coronation Day at Kota Kota; it was my second Coronation Day at that place. There was a splendid assembly of Mission natives belonging to Kota Kota and the neighbouring villages. There was a feast for about 600; it consisted of rice, dried fish, and for dessert everybody had about a yard of sugar-cane to chew. Sugar-cane is very nice, but it makes a very nasty mess on the ground, as the chewing consists of merely sucking the juice and then spitting out the cane. The College boys got hold of some sugar-cane, but I had to make a law that he who chews must also sweep, and *that* not merely at the big weekly sweeping up on Saturday, but if he chews on Monday, so also on Monday must he sweep. The Kota Kota feast came between the early morning service, when I celebrated, and the Te Deum, which we sang with the prescribed Accession prayers, at 11 o'clock. Then there was a wonderful clearance of natives, whilst for the rest of the day we Europeans enjoyed ourselves. Mrs. Williams, now housekeeper at Kota Kota, fed us royally, and in the afternoon we walked to the nearest river for a picnic. We had to have two picnics, because when we got to the place we found teapot and tea had been left

behind. Hot water and condensed milk was the only substitute, but personally I preferred to suck oranges (real more or less sweet oranges which had come from a Dutch mission near). Then when we had all finished the first picnic, a table boy, my own dear Chimange (now Enoch) arrived breathless with teapot and tea, and without a pause he put them down, and trotted back again to Kota Kota, so then we had to have the second picnic. Mrs. Williams had been too tired to come herself and had eventually found that the teapot had remained with her ; doubtless she also said many words to Chimange about not idling on the way : there was the evening dinner which he had to lay. Chimange was the boy whom nine years ago I carried back to the Mission when he was playing truant in his village."

*(To a Sister)*

#### ANTICIPATIONS OF FURLOUGH

Mtonya, July 22, 1911.

" I wrote your name, meaning to send you a birthday letter, and now I remember that this will be a month too late. Mtonya is in the Yao hills, about thirty miles from the Lake and so cold that the thermometer goes down every night under 50°. When the captain of the *C.M.* saw my bundle of bedding, which I desired to be rowed ashore from the steamer in one of her boats, he seriously remonstrated. It may seem odd to you that wherever one travels here, even if one is going to visit one's dearest and most generous friend, one always takes one's own bedding with one. At least that is the rule. Archdeacon Eyre—aged 62—our dear old sea skipper, is in excellent form. I expect to be here another ten days and then join the steamer on her way up to Likoma. Before the students return to College, I want to go to Likoma to pick out the site for our new buildings. When you think of us during these next months, you must try to remember to pray that we may act aright in all that concerns this new and permanent building of the College. We have by this mail got the news that a doctor has offered for the diocese ; now we must go on hoping and

praying that a schoolmaster will be found. The building of the College ought to be begun next April, *i.e.* after the rains are over ; so, though I shall have the principal say in choosing the site and in acceptance of the plans, the actual buildings will, I hope, be put up whilst I am on furlough. You probably know that the Bishop really wants me to leave the Lake directly after Easter, so I ought to be home in the middle of June, and I shall have five months in England. What an enormous lot I shall have to see—G., J., E., K., and, I suppose, R., all in new quarters. I'm very glad that there will still be some old quarters left. I expect to have a *very* nice time."

The letters which follow were received after his death. They are full of the thought of the new site for the College at Likoma and of his time to start for England the following Easter.

(*To a Brother*)

#### NEW SITE FOR THE COLLEGE

S. Michael's College, August 29, 1911.

"I am very much obliged indeed to you for the Income Tax papers which I herewith return. I hope to leave here immediately after Easter ; it is a very pleasant thought. This last week is likely to prove of very great importance in the history of the College, as I went over to Likoma and helped in fixing the site for its rebuilding. Almost before reaching his diocese, the Bishop settled to move the College from this Portuguese side on to Likoma, which is British territory, although only five miles from here. Our new site seems admirably well fitted for its purpose. It has a distinctly parklike appearance with its huge baobab trees. On two sides, each five minutes' distance from the site, there is the Lake ; doctors might like it to be a few minutes farther away, owing to mosquitoes breeding round the shore, but the site stands much higher than the Lake, and further, the shore is singularly free of native huts, which harbour mosquitoes. I hope the College boys will have one

of the two shores entirely to themselves for bathing. Before we finally settled on the site, two nurses went out to look at it and approve. The College is planned for 100 students; it will be of stone, Likoma Island itself being a great granite rock. The roofing is probably to be of a patent composite material called 'polite' or some such name; it is put on like slates, and is lighter than corrugated iron, and more ornamental, as it has to be painted. The principal buildings will be chapel, school, recreation room (I hope), dormitories, probably little studies for the seniors, a wall-less, but roofed dining-place, and a sick-room; and for Europeans there are planned houses for the Principal, for the lay schoolmaster (not yet forthcoming), and for the Bishop, so that he can visit us, and of course a common dining-room. The whole thing will probably cost about £1500; the money comes from 'Pan-An.' We certainly couldn't afford to build a new college out of our ordinary funds. The site is forty minutes' walk from the Cathedral; I think that I shall have a donkey. This month the new Governor of Nyasaland, Sir William Manning, and his new and quite young wife paid a state visit to Likoma. They made their state entry, he in all his plumes and feathers, at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning. Practically all the inhabitants of the Island were gathered to welcome them. The village chiefs were presented to him, and then they attended a special service in the Cathedral. They were very much impressed with the largeness of the population, and I hear that the Cathedral was very full for the service. We are, I think, very fortunate in having him. I, of course, didn't see him, as, though the College students were home for their holidays, I always have *villagers* to look after. The students return to-morrow—that is one reason why I had better now go to bed. I have this evening received a home-mail, and I like the news of the Dulwich house for E. and K. *very* much. I hope soon to hear that the landlord has been squared all right.

“Very much love to all.”

(To a Sister)

THE NEW COLLEGE

S. Michael's College, Sept. 19, 1911.

" My lambs have gone to bed and the villages also are, I'm thankful to say, sufficiently quiet to-night to enable me to write. Generally speaking, these villages round the College compare very favourably with others in the matters of drumming and dancing and beer-drinking, but just lately there has been an unusual amount, and the sound of a drum has the most extraordinary effect on my mental equilibrium. In fact even any rhythmical beating on a box makes me feel very uncomfortable ; there are so many evil associations connected with it out here. I had a very interesting day last Friday, as Mr. Crabb, our carpenter and builder, sent an urgent message by a Likoma boat, asking me to go over there and fix on the actual spot for the building of the *European* houses which will be attached to the new College. The ground of the site is on the whole fairly level, but at one end there is a rocky rise of about twenty-five feet, on the top of which the Bishop suggested the European houses might be built.

" Mr. Crabb was averse to it as the ground there looks impossible, being a mass of enormous boulders. However, as he said that the ground *could* be made up, I settled we had better stick to the Bishop's suggestion ; from a health point of view it will be good to be above the level of the students' quarters. I shall have a magnificent view on my little perch, being able to command the whole station, as well as having no houses on a level in front of me to block the distant view. The foundation stone is to be laid on Tuesday, November 14, or Wednesday 15th, and the present lot of College students are to come over to Likoma for it. I shall already be at Likoma as it is the time of our annual Conference for all members of the Mission staff in the diocese—clergy and lay. The *C.M.* is timed to arrive with most of the staff on Friday (10th). Sunday night and Monday there is a ' Quiet Day '—which I am to take ; Tuesday is the consecration of the Cathedral, which hitherto has only been

dedicated ; then the foundation stone ceremony for the new S. Michael's College, forty minutes from the Cathedral, follows (I believe) on the same afternoon. You will get this letter near the very time of these events, and I shall like to think that you are all praying for a blessing on the building of the new College, and also on the words which I shall have to speak to my brethren—male and female—during the Quiet Day. I have never conducted that sort of thing before.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Crabb has already been so energetic as to begin the making of a decent path from the College site to the main (Cathedral) station, and at the same time as I was fixing my house's position, Mr. Glossop, as priest-in-charge of the Island, was busy paying the different owners for the cassava roots (native food), which have to be pulled up all along the route of the new path—much as owners at home are compensated for a new railway that cuts through their land. When the new road is finished, I must consider what will be best—a solid cushioned bike or a beautiful donkey. Sentiment inclines me to the latter. I have received the splendid illustrated papers of the Coronation functions. I believe that you and E. and K. are chiefly responsible for them ; but my first account of the actual accomplishment of the ceremony was in Gerald's *Daily Mail*. Tell E. and K. that I have also received a nice present of eatables. I am thinking so very much of the move to Dulwich.<sup>2</sup> It sounds very nice, but however nice it is, I do feel exceedingly glad that ' S. Katharine's ' still exists. My very best love to Miss C. How tremendously busy you and the Misses B. are being just now with the Missionary Exhibition. Give my love to the Misses Bellett."

(To a Brother)

ON THE EVE OF HIS FORTIETH BIRTHDAY

S. Michael's College, Oct. 8, 1911.

" This day ten years ago I was going across Europe with Dr. Howard, Miss Minter, Philip Young, and others—my first journey thiswards. I am a remarkably bad hand at dates,

<sup>1</sup> The addresses are printed at the end of this memoir.

<sup>2</sup> Two of his sisters moved from Worfield to Dulwich.

but I can't help remembering that I had my thirtieth birthday in the train, and now I am on the eve of number forty. That is a tremendously big thought, but one consolation is that to-morrow many of you will be very effectively helping to bear the thought with me. We are expecting the *C.M.* from the south in two days' time, so it is *possible* that I may get some birthday letters, and I hear rumours that a baccy pouch is on its way to me from Newcastle ; it will be most acceptable. As to letters, I have to confess that I wrote a letter to N. which was intended to go by last mail, but it got mislaid, so she will probably only get it at the same time as this reaches you. Miss Parsons, one of our nurses, daughter of the late Rector of S. Mary's, Bridgnorth, is spending the week-end with us, having come over from Likoma, so yesterday we—that is, I and the three ladies—actually had the energy to picnic in our Mission garden under the cocoanut trees. *That* garden is not, strictly speaking, the College garden, and it is about a mile from here. These are, I think, the only cocoanut trees anywhere on the shore of Nyasa, so we are very pleased with them. This steamer ought to bring back Hallson who, for the last few weeks, has been escorting the Bishop on his first up-country tour. I shall be very glad to see Hallson back, as he not only looks after the gardens, but also sees to the students' food. The students are really in a particularly argumentative frame of mind to-night. Since beginning this letter I have had one in to ask me a rather abstruse doctrinal point, and since he went I have had two deputations on points of Church order ! There is much noise in their arguments, and much rejoicing among those in whose favour I decide.

“ We have, of course, just finished our patronal festival ; I always like to be able to associate Salwarpe with it. Glossop came over for Michaelmas Day. If *I* have been ten years in the country *he* has been twenty, and he keeps wonderfully fresh—all the better I think for his temporary resignation. Archdeacon Johnson is just as he was before this last furlough. On his arrival up the Lake, the villagers here gave him a very enthusiastic reception, following him up from the Lake to my house, where he made a

characteristic little speech, 'Thank you tremendously, you people, for following me up like this—but what I say is, Do let us altogether follow the Lord Jesus Christ.' He was equally characteristic in his first conversation with me.

"Now to bed."

*(To a Brother)*

#### NEW REGULATIONS AT COLLEGE

S. Michael's College, Oct. 24, 1911.

"I got some footballs by last office box. Thank you so much for sending them with such regularity. Even when I come home on furlough, please go on sending them to 'The Principal, S. Michael's College.' My temporary successor will probably be Dennis Victor. I have been indulging in a few unusually anxious days at the College this week, as there has been a 'strike' among the students, on the ground of the proposed extension of the training course. They have known about it for a long time, but have only now begun to take the matter very seriously. When I came out of the church on Monday morning, I saw the students (all except the final-termers, who do not come under the suggested new regulations) assembled outside my house. When I asked them what their words were, their spokesman said, 'The years.' I told them (of course they already knew) what the extension was that we hoped, although the final decision had still to be given by the Bishop. They went off from my house quietly, but on coming out of breakfast, I found that they had departed, and my good native deacon Yohana had already gone after one lot to try to get them back, but he then failed. Half the college had gone, and the rest (except final-termers) had only not gone because they could not well get home without the steamer. I knew how very important it was at least to get them back for the present, so at midday I sent the deacon with a letter from me, after one lot northwards, and a teacher with a similar letter after the other lot southwards. I wanted to give them every chance of returning, so I wrote

in Chinyanja something like this—‘ To the students who have run away : I wish to tell you that the cause of your running away is unworthy. I informed you this morning that the Bishop had not finished to legislate in the matter of “ the years.” I now tell you that you should come back at once and wait for the Bishop’s words. If after hearing the Bishop’s words you cannot agree to them, do not do the work of running away, but say good-bye to me properly. If you return at once, I do not intend to punish you for this morning’s running away, but if you do not return *at once*, I shall not call you again, and I cannot listen to the message of someone who has said, “ Call us when the Bishop arrives back and we will not refuse to come.” I write this letter to give you counsel. I am your Father A. J. D.’

“ One lot arrived back at nine o’clock that night and the others, who had gone much further, arrived back two days afterwards. When they came back, I simply told them to go into school and do all the college work as usual. I am enormously thankful that they are back, but the future still needs much prayer and circumspect walking. I shall probably get separate talks with them in a few days’ time. But already they are behaving exactly as if nothing had happened—sitting about on my verandah, bringing me their letters to post, &c. Of course when any of them does come into my room, I do say a word in their private ear, but I do not think the time has come to say much. Glossop, the priest-in-charge at Likoma, with twenty years’ experience of the African, was over here yesterday, and was very strong against giving in one jot, and I think he is right, even if it should mean that very many of the present students do not accept the regulations and consequently have to go, but I hope very much that having had their strike, which seemingly has fallen rather flat, they will (at least the great majority) take the higher line—the only line which is compatible with being much use as a teacher and preacher out here. I wish you knew my native deacon Yohana. He has a wife and two unmarried daughters, all of them with their ‘ Women’s Teaching Certificates.’ The women’s certificates are managed by our professional lady teachers ; no

very high attainments are required for their certificates, but it is very good, as giving the upper school-girls something definite to work for, and a definite status.

"I hope to get off from here by the first steamer that goes down the Lake after Easter. This will be my Christmas letter home.

"Very much love to all."

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I am allowed to print the following reminiscences of Arthur Douglas written by Miss Constance M. Thompson.

"S. Michael's College was pervaded by his personality. Before sunrise his voice was to be heard calling the students to get up and go down to the lake to bathe. He did this on his way to church, where he always made his morning meditation before the 6.30 daily Eucharist, which service in Chinyanja he had started on his first arrival at the College. Although it was voluntary, by far the greater number of the students were always present, and it was rare for none to communicate. They were obliged to attend Mattins, which followed so immediately that Padre could never say his own thanksgiving till after that Office.

"At the Eucharist, immediately following the Consecration prayer, he read out the names of some of the past students, and the places where they worked as teachers, getting through the whole number in two or three weeks by rotation. He was very particular about this as a part of the College Service, and who can tell what enormous gain it was to many a lonely and desponding teacher far away?

"Directly after breakfast the strenuous day began. It was a matter of wonder to many how incessantly he kept on, never apparently giving himself any time off except on Sunday afternoon, when from early dinner to tea-time he retired to a deck-chair with an illustrated paper and dozed comfortably. If a member of the staff, priest or layman, paid him a visit, he was the courteous host, and sat on his verandah smoking with them, but otherwise it was steady, unremitting, methodical grind, quite cheerful withal, and free from fuss. Even then he said he never caught up with

all there was to be done, but anything of real importance always received attention. The first business after breakfast was the giving out of food for the day for the whole college. He felt this an important task. The lads were working their brains very far beyond their usual habit, and plenty of sustenance was necessary. Discontent with food might soon have caused actual disturbance, and even when he had a layman to help him, he never delegated this bit of work to him.

“Of course the man-cook did the actual weighing out, but Padre solemnly watched and counted every basketful of flour, rice, and bran, and every score of small dried fish strung together. By the time this was finished, the school bell was ringing, and the students forming up into line, and filing quietly into school. The Padre took a large share in the actual teaching, but there were always native assistants, and even, for all too short a time, an English schoolmaster.

“When not in school he was more than busy elsewhere, for he was parish priest to several populous villages, containing a large number of Christians and catechumens. Many were the disputes brought to him, and also many acts of sinfulness brought to light and combated, besides happier bits of work : advice given, work-people overseen and paid, and correspondence *ad lib.* But on his busiest days—and here appears the leading characteristics of the man—he always found time for half-hours in church, where he would be seen kneeling, with sheets of paper or note-books before him, which one knew meant often lists of intercessions. Probably each of his boys was remembered by name every day, and he sent his staff to their prayers too. Once he came across the quad to my house to tell me that a certain woman was just coming for an interview with him, and that he found she had fallen into grievous sin ; he finished by saying, ‘And so now you can pray for her.’ Another day, returning from the village, he told me of another case of wrong-doing, ending with the direction to ‘pray for them when you get home.’ Prayer came into everything, indeed was the very essence of his life.

“ During quite six weeks before the large yearly Baptism he would hold classes every day for as many of the candidates as could possibly come ; and one weekly class he started during the last year of his life, for communicants on Friday at 1 P.M., when they gave in their names for Communion on the following Sunday. One wondered how he managed to give a really spiritual address at that hot hour. His boys were naturally his first thought and special joy. During their first term in college he had each for a private interview, no doubt learning much of their individual character and bias on those occasions. He entered into their whole life, manual work, recreation, everything, and to hear him give singing lessons was an education in itself.

“ But he never for a moment relaxed strict discipline, knowing well how fatal that would be.

“ When lady-workers first joined the college staff, he was a little doubtful as to how it would answer, chiefly on account of the much restricted accommodation. But soon he expressed keen appreciation of what they were able to do, especially among the village women and girls, and no one could have been more delightful to work under.

“ The young English schoolmaster was a real boon and joy to him ; fresh blood was brought in, and new up-to-date ideas and methods. To Sydney Peek himself, Padre became sincerely attached, but after a few months only, blackwater fever cut short all the bright promises so far as this world was concerned.

“ The day following his funeral, in the second lesson at Evensong occurred the verse: ‘ Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone : but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.’ And at the end of the lesson Padre spoke, evidently on the spur of the moment, of how these words could be applied (besides their greatest meaning) to the death they were all mourning then, and of the fruit that would surely come from that one young upright life laid down. The boys first heard of Mr. Peek’s death after they had gone to their dormitories for the night. They were told they could get up, and go into the church if they wished, and many silently crept in there.

“ On the last S. Andrew’s Day of Padre’s life he told his students that they would be held responsible for the day’s perpetual intercession for Missions, and he gave them a few directions.

“ They responded well, and indeed worked it in much their own way. Three or four at a time came into church and one read a Litany aloud, the others making the responses. Then they had a few minutes’ silent prayer, and then rose, tinkled the bell and went out, others always being close outside ready to take their turn. They were gradually learning the habit of prayer, and after their Compline many stayed on their knees for several minutes, perhaps ten, before retiring in silence to bed.

“ Silence after Compline was a strict rule for the whole station. After Mr. Peek’s death, the Padre’s work was still more strenuous until he was able to have the help of a native deacon, Yohana Tawe, one of the best teachers in the diocese. There was yet another advantage in the deacon’s arrival, for he could assist at the Communion of the people, thus lessening the length of the Sunday Eucharist, which, as it was sung and with a sermon, and possibly 130 communicants even on an ordinary Sunday, was a great strain on the Celebrant.

“ Padre’s holidays were usually spent either in going round the Lake in the *Chauncy Maples* examining boys at the various schools, for the entrance examination to the college, or else in visiting his hill stations and Likoma. This meant change, but by no means idleness.

“ One piece of work I have heard him express real pleasure to be spared, and that was the Sunday morning sermon. He usually spent most of Saturday afternoon preparing it, sitting in church in order to be saved interruption, and no doubt, after the busy work he found it almost a tax. On Sunday afternoon he visited one or other of the little village churches, leaving the college to sing its own Evensong with the native reader or deacon. He was very anxious to get the village people to attend their own small primitive churches in the evening, besides coming as their obligation to the sung Eucharist at the college church.

It was a check on the beer-drinking that often took place on the Sunday, as it was a day of rest from field work.

“ He liked everything in the college church to be of the greatest simplicity, such as altar frontals and any ornaments. He said it should be a sort of pattern to the students of what they might make for their own village churches, wherever they might be stationed afterwards, and if things were too European they could not copy them, in fact it was far better for them to keep them as native as possible.

“ One of his students writing after his death said : ‘ Oh what great sorrow when our Padre was killed. Great mourning indeed ! He leaves us here on the earth, our companion has gone before to God. Now he is in Paradise, resting in peace, until the day of meeting above. He was a man strong in all his work ; he did not tire, no ! He was the comforter of all students, now we are all patient ; we do not know how to think about it, we know that he is at rest.’ ”

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE PASSING

(NOVEMBER 1911)

ANYONE who has read the letters in this book from Mr. Douglas will have realised that S. Michael's College, of which he had now been Principal for nearly three years, was situated on the mainland opposite Likoma Island, and was in Portuguese territory. More than once Mr. Douglas has alluded to the difficulties which such a situation involved—difficulties political, linguistic and moral, and Bishop Fisher was anxious to remove the College to Likoma Island.

“ We have had a large gathering [writes Arthur Douglas, on March 22, 1911] of the priests in the diocese to confer with the Bishop. . . . One of the chief subjects of discussion at our conference was his proposal for moving S. Michael's College to Likoma Island. Our present buildings, *i.e.* the church and school and dormitories, and native teachers' houses, are not fully built of permanent material ; they are a mixture of brick pillars, fitted in with reeds, and the Bishop is dead set against building permanently in Portuguese territory. We are, as a diocese, far too 'stony broke' to build permanently out of our normal funds, but we have a grant of £3,500 from good old Pan-Anglican, and the Bishop is now applying for leave to spend the bulk of that money in building the college permanently on the island

(British territory). On the whole I am in favour of the move ; only I beg that nothing will be done to lessen the corporate life of the college, that is, I hope we shall not be too near the Cathedral and its surroundings. We should go to the big sung Eucharist at the Cathedral on Sundays, but all other services should be in our own college chapel. Also I hope that we shall look on to, and bathe in, some other bay than that where all the traffic of the island comes.

“ However, these are details which will have to be settled after we have got leave so to use the Pan-Anglican grant. We should in any case have had to enlarge, as we have a scheme for making the time of training four years instead of two, so we shall have to accommodate over a hundred students. Anyhow I suppose the move can't take place for one or two years.”

But the move was to take place much sooner than he anticipated ; for the difficulties with the Portuguese were brought to a terrible and tragic climax by the death of Mr. Douglas himself at the hands of the Portuguese officer at his station on the mainland.

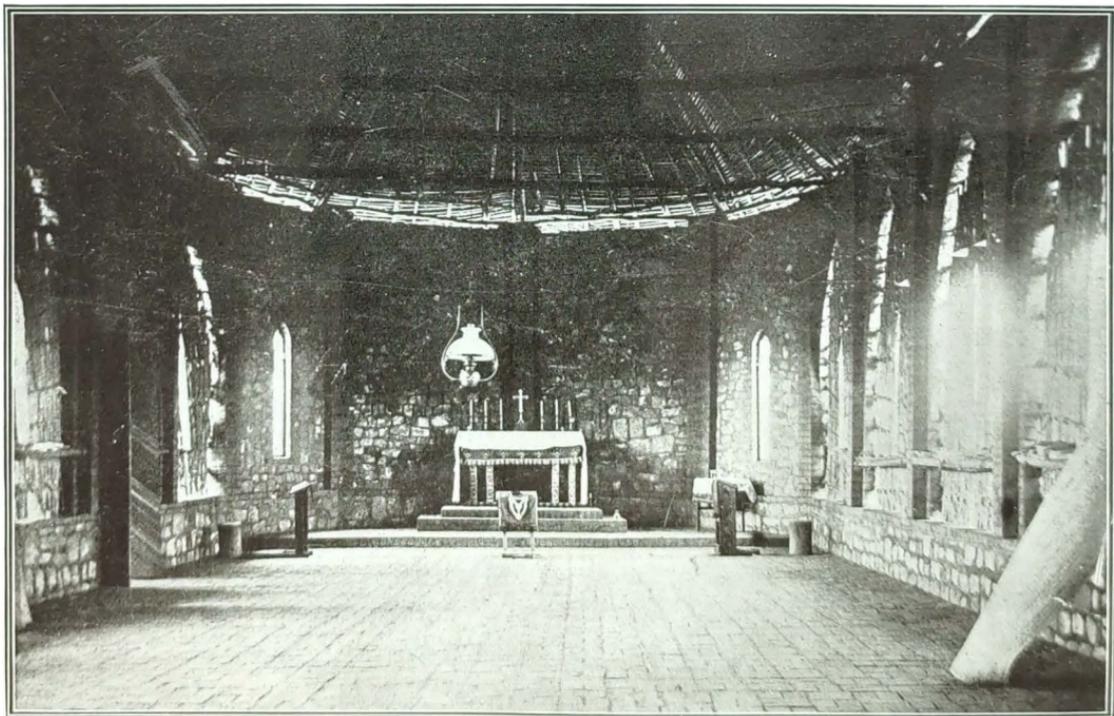
The first cable received at the office of the Mission was from the Bishop on November 11, 1911, which contained only the words, “ Douglas died College, 10th, particulars later.”

It was naturally assumed from this cable that Mr. Douglas had died a natural death, and Mr. Travers went down to Clapham to break the news to his brother Gerald,<sup>1</sup> who was working at the Church of the Ascension, Lavender Hill.

It transpired, however, next day through the *Times* newspaper that Mr. Douglas had been shot by a Portuguese official in the presence of the Bishop.

On November 16, in accordance with this information, a second telegram was received from Bishop Fisher endorsing the statement of the *Times* correspondent, and also stating that there had been difficulties with the Portuguese official, that Mr. Glossop and Mr. Ayers were also present when

<sup>1</sup> Now Vicar of Christ Church, S. Leonards.



S. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE CHAPEL

Douglas was shot, and that the matter was now in the hands of the Government at Kota Kota : and further that the ladies and Mr. Hallson had been removed to Likoma and that S. Michael's College had been closed.

Since then, of course, fuller details have come to hand.

The Portuguese officer who killed Mr. Douglas was personally acquainted with him and they had even exchanged hospitalities.

There had, however, been considerable dispute and negotiation about the detention of one of the boats of the Mission, whose crew had been locked up by the officer and the native captain flogged.

On November 10, the Bishop and Mr. Glossop went over to the mainland upon this business. They found that their negotiations were much hampered by the difficulty of language, as each side had to make use of an interpreter. The missionaries, however, understood that the officer had consented to release the crew, and while he walked back with the Bishop to the beach, Mr. Glossop released them.

Unfortunately in doing this some disorder occurred. The men got excited and laid hold of some Portuguese arms, but the Bishop at once summoned them to lay down their arms at the feet of the Portuguese officer, which they did and order was restored. It was agreed that they should all go together in the ship to bring the matter before the superior Portuguese officer at Mtengula, but, unfortunately, there arose a difference of opinion about the question whether the officer should take some arms or some armed companions ; the missionaries refused to allow this, and consequently the officer left the ship.

When he had done so, he was seen running towards S. Michael's College and firing two or three shots in its direction, whither Mr. Douglas had returned. On this, the Bishop felt obliged to put back to shore in order to secure the safety of the ladies and of Mr. Douglas himself. A boat was therefore sent off under Mr. Ayers, the captain of the *Charles Janson*, and the officer with a guard came down to the shore to meet it. At this moment Mr. Douglas came down the path from the college to meet Mr. Ayers. The

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Portuguese officer turned, saw Douglas, raised his rifle, and shot him dead at a few yards' distance. Mr. Douglas was entirely unarmed nor had the Mission party in the boat any arms.

The officer, having committed this atrocious act, at once fled ; while the party in the boat landed and took off the ladies and removed Mr. Douglas's body. All this happened under the Bishop's eyes.

It is impossible not to ask what was the cause of this apparently cold-blooded murder. It is possible that the motive may be found in the fact that Mr. Douglas had interfered more than once on behalf of some native girls whom this Portuguese wanted for immoral purposes. He was thus thwarted by Douglas, and his murder looks like an act of revenge. Arthur Douglas has indeed "laid down his life for his friends."

"His death [wrote Bishop Fisher] was a real martyrdom, for there is no doubt that he, and not some one else, was the victim, because it was he who had saved the girls, and I think he knew all along that he was running risks in the matter. Native opinion, which is shrewd in its grasp of essentials, is quite clear that he died for them."

Miss Bulley writes from Likoma, November 12, 1911 :—

November 12, 1911.

"Perhaps I may be able to tell you some things that others will not, and that you would wish to hear about Mr. Douglas's death. I will not say sad because, though we are one and all saddened and cast into gloom by it, for himself it must have been happiness unmingled. He had saved several girls from being carried away to a life of sin at the Boma and he had been gladdened by the fact that they themselves had with their parents asked him to protect them. In the old days they would have cared little, but it was a real fruit of his teaching and he himself was surprised at their steadfastness. In the morning, as always, there had been a Eucharist, and just before he walked down to the Lake he had once more gone into church for a moment's

prayer with the others. When he was half-way down to the shore, he thought the ladies might be feeling nervous owing to some shots having been fired earlier, and sent back Mr. Hallson to be with them, though no one had any thought of danger. In the evening just after sunset we had the funeral, half in Chinyanja and half in English so that all could join in prayer for him who had so often helped us.

“To-morrow is our retreat which he was to have taken, and our thoughts will be all for a blessing on him.

“It happened that yesterday morning was a solemn Requiem for members of the Mission who had passed away. It was a wonderfully beautiful service.

“He was over here last Sunday and Monday and went over to see the buildings of the new college. He was very cheerful, and we were so pleased to see him here.

“I remember the first day I saw him at Kota Kota when he took me into the church so that we might begin our work together with a prayer.

“Yesterday we went to lay the foundation stone of his new college.”

Miss Cogan writes to one of his sisters :—

Likoma, November 14, 1911.

“You are so much in our thoughts at this time that I must write a few lines to you to try and express my sympathy with you and your sisters and brothers in your sorrow. I was on the station when that dreadful shot was fired on the shore, for I had been working under your brother for some months. I don't want to pain you though with a repetition of details which you will hear from other sources. What I do want to do is to try to pay a last tribute to his memory.

“They were wonderfully helpful months lived on his station—helpful because his everyday life was so essentially a Christian one. . . . Fearfully rushed sometimes, and yet wonderfully patient through it all ; if anything unexpectedly happened to increase his responsibility and his duties it merely called forth extra cheerfulness and patience. Nothing made him irritable, and in this climate where temptations

to worry over details beset one continually, one feels it was because he lived always so near to God.

“ He was, too, so wonderfully patient in listening to other people’s difficulties, natives and the European staff, so that we felt his advice was absolutely reliable and never given hastily on the impulse of the moment.

“ . . . Your brother was able to rise above the accidents of climate and surroundings, and to live a life of joyful self-sacrifice.

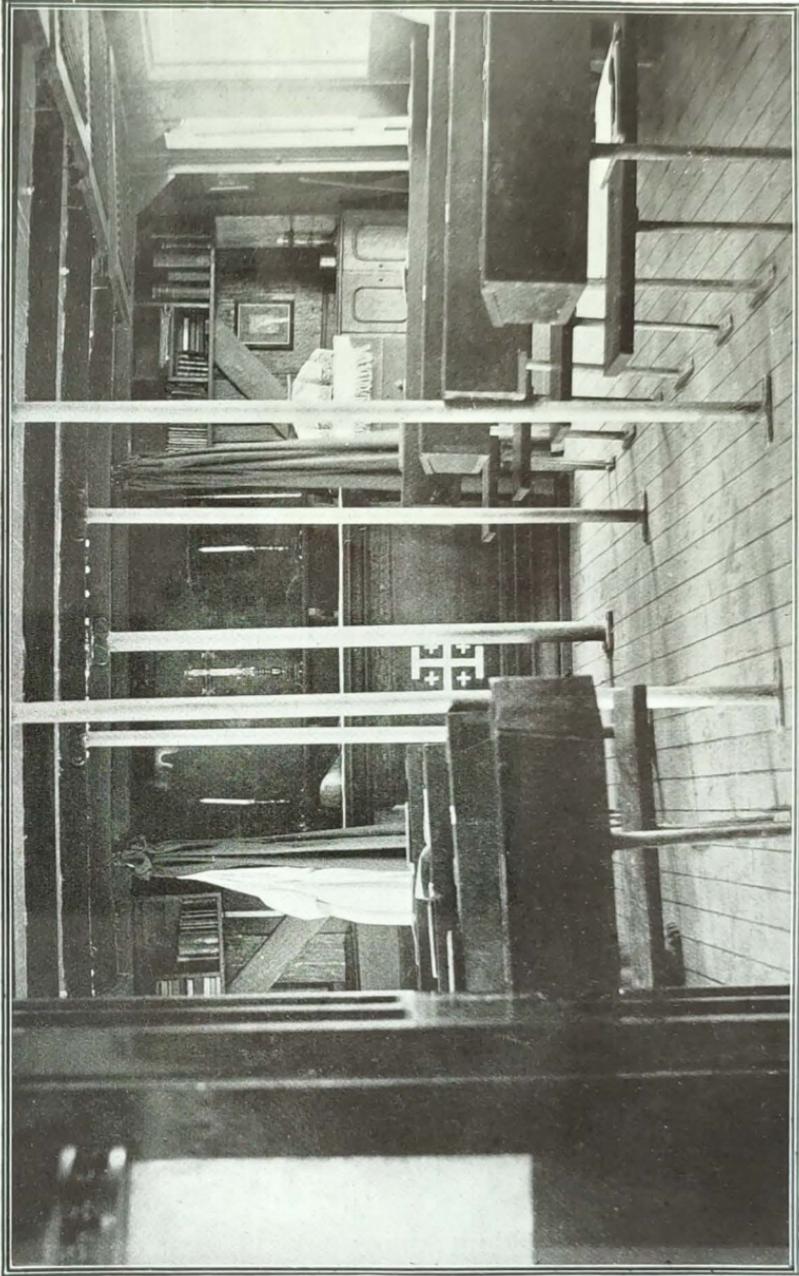
“ The Bishop, I believe, has told your brother that Padre was praying in church to within a few moments of his death. He did not seem to be fearing violence on the part of the Portuguese. I think he was merely following his daily practice of being part of the morning in church. One cannot help feeling that death in the actual fulfilment of his duty would be more acceptable to Padre than a tedious illness. I felt that, when we were struck down with grief at our sudden loss, and also that he is now free for perpetual contemplation of the Master he loved so dearly.”

Particulars of the events following on this terrible tragedy are given in a private letter from Bishop Hine dated November 11. Bishop Hine had been invited by Bishop Fisher to take part in, and to preach at, the consecration of Likoma Cathedral. Owing to delays on the journey he did not reach the island till the 10th, the day of the murder.

“ Yesterday [he writes <sup>1</sup>] the steamer the *Chauncy Maples* had got up to the college, which is on the mainland opposite Likoma, when we met the *Charles Janson* (the other mission steamer) with flag flying at half-mast. Bishop Fisher was on board and sent off a boat to fetch me to see Douglas, who had just been shot by the Portuguese official whose residence is close by the college. He was quite dead before I got there; must have died instantaneously, shot through the heart.

“ Lots of people, ignorant of all this, stood waiting on the shore to give us their usual welcome, full of rejoicing. But the flag at half-mast was noted, and suddenly a hush fell, and as soon as the meaning was carried ashore, silence

<sup>1</sup> To Canon Randolph.



CHAPEL ON THE "CHAUNCEY MAPLES"

was complete over all the station. Douglas was carried up to the hospital, and prepared for burial, vested in white Eucharistic vestments, the Crucifix in his hands. He looked wonderfully majestic and calm in death—one whom, we all felt, knew indeed, to be ready at any time to pass into the presence of God.

“ In the evening we buried him with solemn and beautiful rites. *In pace.*

“ He was one of the best and ablest men in the Mission, well qualified himself some day to be Bishop ; one who had done so much admirable work, one universally honoured and beloved. . . . For us, it is only to ‘ weep not for the dead, for he is at peace ’—the words which came so strangely fittingly in the First Lesson last evening—and to thank God for the life of one who has given his own life for his people.”

The following is an extract from another letter from a member of the staff, who had been working with Mr. Douglas at S. Michael’s College, and gives details of the incidents just prior to his death :—

“ On that morning, November 10, he (Mr. Douglas) was in church very early as usual, and celebrated at 6.30 ; a good many communicated as they knew he would be away for the Conference before Sunday ; Mattins followed, then breakfast, at which he asked us if we had any suggestions as to a book to be read aloud at the Quiet Day he was to conduct before Conference.

“ He opened school as usual at 8.30. While I was giving the first lesson the *Charles Janson* arrived with the Bishop and Mr. Glossop, and he (Mr. Douglas) accompanied them to the *boma*. Afterwards he returned, and said they understood the Portuguese to admit he had no authority from headquarters to seize Mission boats, and that he had given back the *Ousel* peacefully. Later we heard shots fired. Mr. Douglas did not believe they were fired at the College, as the natives said, but over the Lake, and he thought as an act of bravado. When he saw the steamer he said, ‘ I expect the Bishop is anxious, and coming back

for you, so you had better be ready.' We told him we were ready, as we had expected to come into Likoma for the Conference. He then asked us Europeans to come into church, and prayed that the Mission might be guided to act aright in these difficulties, and that the students might not lose their heads and do anything to provoke the authorities. He sent back all who had not run away, into school. He told me he thought he must ask the Bishop to let him remain and follow in a day or two ; as the students were so excited he did not think it would be fair to leave the native deacon in charge alone.

" I think this was why he hurried down to meet the boat. I am sure he did not think there was real danger. He did not tell me he was going down, but returned to church, and I went to the dispensary. Mr. Hallson tried to go with him, but Padre sent him back, saying we should not be left in the station alone at such a time. I do not think if he had gone he could have done anything, as Mr. Ayers was out of the boat and had nearly met Padre when the Portuguese shot him without a word of warning. It was on Mission ground. He had two native soldiers with him, but they did nothing at all, and all three rushed off to the *boma*." <sup>1</sup>

Bishop Fisher wrote as follows to Arthur Douglas' brother about the funeral when all was over :—

" We vested him in white Eucharistic vestments, and put a Crucifix in his hands. The room in the hospital was arranged with a little altar, and a watch was kept. This was from 4.30 to 6 (in the afternoon). He was then carried to the choir of the Cathedral, and rested there, while Vespers were said and the first part of the Burial Service. Then he was carried to the grave. He was carried by the two English priests (Ker <sup>2</sup> of Ely was one—the only Ely man available, as Cox <sup>3</sup> was taking the service with me, and Victor <sup>4</sup> was away ; but we felt sure he and you would like Ely to be there), two native priests, two English laymen, and

<sup>1</sup> Government Station.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Charles Ker of Mponda's.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. Harold Cox of Kota Kota.

<sup>4</sup> Rev. Dennis Victor, Principal of the Theological College.

two native laymen (our senior churchwarden and his senior college student). The service was simple and beautiful, just at sunset. The Magnificat at Vespers, the Lord's Prayer and the Committal were in Chinyanja, and after the Grace, 'Rock of Ages,' a very favourite hymn here, was sung. There were thirty college boys who had escaped here in various ways who were present and many island Christians."

So death came to him—a glorious death for *him* ; in the midst of his work he died, one may truly say, as he had lived, for his people.

" If he had known [writes one who had worked with him <sup>1</sup>] exactly what was going to happen, he would have behaved exactly as he did. The very last act he did was to go into the church again. It would have been so different if one felt that his death had come in the middle of some excited dispute. After asking for guidance, first with the ladies in the church, and then again by himself, no one can say his death was due to an accident. The words of the lady who describes how he took them into the church to ask for guidance reminds me so vividly of the day when he took me into Salwarpe church for the same purpose. We knelt up near the altar, and I dare say he used the very same collect for his prayer. No one knows how much I owe to him, and the manner of his death seems now an inspiration to me, as his life was. No one could wish for a more prepared moment to die—could they?—the more so that he so little expected death. Any other day and moment he would have been in just the same frame of mind. I think he was one of the people whom his friends loved in proportion to their knowledge of him."

" I think we miss Mr. Douglas more day by day [writes another worker <sup>2</sup>]; one finds oneself thinking of referring to him in one difficulty or another and then remembering that it is impossible ; one of the little girls that came to

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Philip Young.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Bulley (writing from Likoma) under date May 21, 1912.

him for protection is to be baptised here very shortly. She is living here now ; in fact she is sleeping in our dormitory during her baptismal preparation. I wonder sometimes how much she realises of it all.

“ We have had his addresses given to us ; it seemed to me so exactly like hearing his voice again. It is one of the things for which I am very thankful, that I had his help when first I came to Africa.”

Another writes from South Africa of the “ pathetic grief of the Nyasa boys here when they heard the very terrible news of Father Douglas.”

Another :<sup>1</sup> “ One does miss his prayerful life in our midst, but it will always remain an inspiration to us. And when the conversation takes a criticising tone, one remembers how he would either have tactfully changed the tone by a joke—or if it were necessary—forbidden the topic.”

“ He was one of the best and most spiritually minded men I ever met. His absolute unselfishness has often been an inspiration to me, and I hope it will be now more than ever.”<sup>2</sup>

“ I need hardly tell you [writes Mrs. Howard from Zanzibar] that to us his loss is irreparable. He has from the very first been to both my husband and myself a dear friend, a constant inspiration, a brilliant and helpful example of what an ideal missionary should be. He was such a saint, and yet so deliciously *human* withal, it was impossible to help loving him.”

“ He was [writes Miss Parsons from Nyasaland] one whose spiritual life stands out as a bright example of the practicability of living in the very busiest world, and yet keeping the closest communion with the Unseen. As Mr. Glossop put it on Sunday ‘ hewing out of each full day’s routine the time for private devotion and meditation.’ ”

Another<sup>3</sup> of his fellow-workers writes : “ No one, so far as one can see, could have been more prepared for a sudden death than he was. His whole life and atmosphere seemed to be one of prayer. I have always felt that he was the most spiritually minded man I ever met.”

<sup>1</sup> Miss Cogan.    <sup>2</sup> From Rev. G. H. Wilson.    <sup>3</sup> Rev. H. A. M. Cox.

“ One cannot help feeling [writes yet another <sup>1</sup>] that of us all no man was more ready for the call [of death] than he. Hallson tells me that just before going down to the Lake he had asked the other Europeans to come into the chapel for a prayer, saying, ‘ You never know what may happen,’ so that he passed out to his unknown and unexpected death with a prayer on his lips.”

Certainly such testimony as all this shows that he whose letters we have been reading was no ordinary man, but one who “ being made perfect in a short time has fulfilled a long time.”

“ I do not believe [writes the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Talbot)] that the taking away of such a life is mere loss. We may see—and whether we see it or not, it will be true—that some great good is accomplished through it.”

“ There is no question as to the readiness, and as it purely affects himself, as to the happiness of his death [writes Bishop Fisher to Mr. Archibald Douglas]. I have not known more than four or five people in my life who were ready in the same way: it was not merely the extraordinary high level of his general life—though that apart from the rest was a very wonderful thing—but the extraordinarily detailed care of each fraction of his time. I see some one has said that had he known what was coming he would have done exactly what he did: this is absolutely true, but one can add to it (which means even more) that had sudden death come to him at any other moment in his life here, he would have been equally ready.

“ I have been told that he had a shrinking from a lingering illness, and there was some reason to fear this might have come to him, so it is conceivable that death came to him with a quickness he wished and perhaps had prayed for. At all events it is something to know that it was, as Bishop Hine told me was absolutely certain, quite painless and instantaneous.

<sup>1</sup> Rev. C. W. Ker.

“ I suppose I believe that since it was allowed to happen it is best for all of us, but it is difficult to realise it. Work that he could have done and that no one else can do in the same way cries out for him, and he had a strength on which others relied.”

Miss Medd sent the following account of Douglas to the *Likoma Chronicle* ; I make no apology for inserting it here.

“ . . . One’s first impression of Mr. Douglas in social intercourse was that he was always at work and little interested in other things. This, however, was not really the case, for, though his actual work was his first object, his knowledge and interests were of the widest character. Owing to the pressure of daily duties this would only appear occasionally, and mainly when he was away from his own station, but when one was with him under such circumstances one was surprised to find how much he had read of general literature, and how many sides of life that he was intensely capable of enjoying he had deliberately sacrificed to his conscientious standard of thoroughness in daily work.

“ He left those who worked under him a very free hand, but he knew all that went on and, however busy, could always be counted on to give a patient hearing and helpful advice even as to details. At such interviews his knowledge of the character of individuals struck one much ; he never seemed to think of his people in classes but always as individuals, and it was this probably which gave him such a strong influence over them. The words ‘ The Spirit of Discipline ’ come into one’s mind with regard to him. His coming into a room to a meal was often sufficient to check grumbling or unkind criticism ; he liked discipline and would rebuke a fellow-worker for passing over a breach of it.

“ But above all else he was a man of prayer. The amount of time he managed to secure for private devotion was a subject of surprise to many of us. He was always up and in church very early and was there long after anyone else most nights, as well as using many opportunities during the day. One remembers him at Likoma kneeling in the

still unfinished Cathedral undisturbed by the crash of tools and other things dropped by workmen on the iron roof. At the college he seemed when in church so absorbed in devotion as not to mind the crying of children in our dispensary, or the classes in college, or the shouting in the football field, all of which places were quite close to the church. This struck one the more as at other times he seemed peculiarly sensitive to noise, leaving the table at meals to send people away who were talking at all loudly near the dining-room. When the women workers first came to the college he especially asked them to check the noisiness of the native women and girls, and some months later said how glad he was that they were so much quieter.

“He had a great belief in the power of intercession and especially liked the college custom of remembering each former student by name at the altar as we prayed for the work of the Mission in each district. It was his great desire for the continuance of this custom that made him anxious that the new college should have its own chapel and separate daily services. Nor were the village Christians forgotten; each month those on *ulendo* were especially prayed for by name. For his private use he had a book which contained the names of each Christian, catechumen and hearer in his district, and from time to time he would ask for the names of new school-children down to the smallest girl or boy to add to it. It was as natural to him to ask a fellow-worker to pray for some new work or some particular person, as to ask them to take another class. One was given a scrap of paper with some names to remember, or a note came requesting one to intercede for some special person for some days.

“There is probably none of us who does not feel that his death is, humanly speaking, a greater loss to the work than we feel able to express; yet may we not believe that the side of his work in which he most placed confidence—that of intercession—is still his? The addresses which he was to have given at the Quiet Day on November 13 have been found and will be printed; in them appears the following very characteristic sentence which seems so particularly

true of his own life here. At the close of an address on S. Peter's venture of faith when he walked out on to the lake, he says, 'Go straight ahead with the venture, there is nothing to fear; the will of Jesus was at its beginning and Jesus is at its end.' "

A touching tribute to the Rev. A. J. Douglas has been written by one of the students at S. Michael's College to a friend in England.

"We have been very sad because of our Father and Principal A. J. Douglas who was killed by the Portuguese. That day we were sad, and we wept a great deal, for he was very clever in all his work; he was not weak, nor was he ever late for his work. He was a great comfort and help to us students, he loved all his boys, and he was loved by his students. Also he was very clever in teaching and everything. He was strong in his prayers, he knew us well, he was very wise. He was known to all; and now we must be patient that our hearts may be comforted; we cannot know much, but we know he is in Paradise, he sleeps in peace."

It has been the privilege of the compiler of this little Memoir to know, some intimately, several of the members of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa who have passed away.

As he recalls their names and their faces and thinks over their characters, it is difficult to escape from feeling a kind of religious envy that they have been allowed to give their lives to so glorious a cause, while he has only been called to plod on in a humdrum way at home; for what better destiny could any Christian desire than to have his name enrolled among that galaxy of saints and martyrs who have built up the Church in Eastern Central Africa by their self-sacrificing and heroic lives?

## APPENDIX

THE following addresses were found amongst the papers of the late Rev. A. J. Douglas immediately after his death on November 10.

They had been prepared for the Quiet Day, which Mr. Douglas was to have conducted, on November 13, in preparation for the Consecration of the Cathedral and the Diocesan Conference on the following days.

They have been printed practically as they stood, save for obvious minor corrections and the translation of a few Chinyanja expressions into English.

They are put out with the hope that something of his spiritual force, which was such a strength to the Diocese, may be perpetuated among us here, as we believe it is being exercised for us in his life beyond the grave.

We are sure it will not be necessary to remind those who are helped by his teaching of what, we know, would have been his own wish, that he should be remembered at times of prayer, and especially at the Holy Eucharist. Requiescat in Pace.

H. A. M. COX.

LIKOMA,  
*Passiontide*, 1912.

### THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TRANSFIGURATION

There are two mountains with stories which stand out prominently in the Gospel. There is the Mountain of the Temptation, and there is the Mountain of the Transfiguration.

Up the first the devil takes our Lord ; up the second our Lord takes His three disciples.

My brethren, very much of our life in Africa has almost of necessity to be spent on a mountain-top. You who are natives of this land, of the true African ministry by education and calling, cannot pass the day merely on the plain alongside of others of your race. And we Europeans, most of us at least, hold a position more isolated and therefore more conspicuous than that which we should hold in England. There at home, we should find our level alongside of many others of our own profession. There we should scarcely even reach up to our environment ; there we should be meeting with others far beyond us in natural capability and spiritual graces. But here in Africa, at least at our smaller stations, I am so often *the* priest, *the* layman, *the* nurse, *the* school teacher ; it is I and so often no other, I on my mountain-top. Yes, others have their mountain-top ; but again, theirs are not the same as mine.

And therefore it is that this mountain must often be to me the Mountain of Temptation. The position of isolation above one's people means, of necessity, temptation. Satan is persuading us to use our position for ourselves. Influence, power, popularity, aye, the hearts of our people, " all these may be ours," so Satan persuades. But, my brethren, because we must, whether we will or no, be so often on that Mountain of Temptation, therefore it also is that we so specially need the Mountain of Transfiguration. Ah ! what a blessing this Quiet Day may be to us whose business daily forces us to be looking down, down into that over which we are placed. To-day gives us just what we need, the opportunity to look up. If as we look down, Satan is giving us his thoughts, there in the Transfiguration, when the Face shone as the sun and the raiment was white as the light, we are reminded afresh that all honour and power and thanksgiving and praise are not for us but for Jesus Christ our Lord.

I propose that during our Quiet Day we should keep very close to S. Peter ; it seems natural to do so on the eve of the Consecration of the Cathedral. We begin then by being with S. Peter on the Mountain of the Transfiguration ; that of course means also being with our Lord. That is the one essential to the right spending of the Quiet Day. " It is good for us to be here," just in so far as we are here with Jesus. There may be many possible ways of using our time to-morrow. One may think it best to make a self-examination ; another may think it best to reconsider his daily time-table, or to re-order his inter-

cessions and bring them up to date ; or, the time is so short, we may think it best on the whole to do nothing that demands concentrated and strenuous effort. In the sense of blessed freedom from the burden of our station, it may be enough for us merely to be saying with thankful hearts " Oh, it is good for me to rest here," but again, only good if we are resting with Jesus.

But however we spend the day, there are at least certain dispositions of mind which we may hope for if we are quietly spending the day with Jesus. And first, we may hope to be *spiritually awake*, we may claim from Him to be roused out of our natural spiritual sloth. Even on the mountain of Transfiguration, Peter and they that were with him at first were heavy with sleep. But then they awoke and saw His glory. Let us ask Jesus to force us out of our natural dulness of spirit. And at this time of great heat, we must ask Him to brace our bodies as well. Don't grumble about the heat when you come out of retreat ; you will probably lose grace if you do. Spending the day quietly does not mean spending it sluggishly. Even if we are only sitting on the hill or in our room, we must be awake to the influence and presence of Jesus.

And the second disposition of mind which we must hope for when spending the day consciously with Jesus is " Holy Fear."

The disciples " were sore afraid." Possibly theirs was *natural* fear. For *holy* fear is only possible when the mind is quiet. The deeper the stillness, the fuller the sense of awe. Try whether that is not so as you kneel down to-night in the exceeding stillness. Allowing not the slightest movement of body, and almost holding the breath, cut off from all others, we become conscious of Jesus, and of Jesus so awfully near. We feel, we see Him near. Dear brethren, those most holy and awesome moments perhaps come very seldom when up to the moment of going to bed we are chatting with this one or with that, and busy about this thing and that ; the mind, even as we kneel, is not quiet enough to permit the consciousness of this close personal loving Presence, but in the quiet of to-night or to-morrow we may expect it—this holy sense of fear—so strange that we almost shrink from it, almost refuse it when it comes ; so strange that we can only just find words to say, " Oh, my Jesus, it is good for me to be here."

Spiritual wakefulness, Holy Fear : and these seem to lead naturally to a third disposition of mind that we may look for at such a time as this ; I think that we may look for an increased desire for communion with the spirit-world. " Let us make

three tabernacles." S. Peter having had the vision longs that it may remain with him ; he prays for a continuance of the contemplation of the spirit-world to which Moses and Elias belonged. My brethren, we know that that prayer of S. Peter was refused. The vision was only for the moment, as our Retreat is only for a day. There was work waiting for Jesus and His disciples on the hard dry plain below, as there is much work waiting for us. And yet there on the mountain-top our Lord is in fullest sympathy with that desire for the spirit-world. Not only has He chosen for His companions two of the saints that belong to that world, but He is speaking with them of His own death. It is His exodus, to use S. Luke's expression—His own exodus from this world into the spirit-world beyond. To our Lord and the blessed saints death is just a passing out.

How different this quiet sober contemplation of death from the hasty violent outburst of S. Peter on this very subject only a few days before. S. Peter had shrunk from the thought of death. When our Lord had spoken of it down on the plain below, S. Peter had dared to rebuke Him. But now on the mountain-top our Lord is rebuking S. Peter, rebuking him by allowing him to be witness of the manner in which those two saints who, their own past exodus veiled as it was in mystery, yet now as dwellers in the land beyond were able quietly and soberly to speak with our Lord of His passing.

A retreat, a quiet day, is surely a time when we too may tune our mind to the fact of death, facing the fact of our own death as our Lord on the mountain-top shows us how to face it, quietly, confidently. Death and the passing into the spirit-world so often comes suddenly to workers in Africa, that we may be especially glad of this quiet time, when we can speak to Jesus of our exodus, praying that it may be simply when He will, and as He will.

My brethren, that is all I would say with regard to the Quiet Day itself. In it let us hope for and work for these three things ; an increase in wakefulness, an increase in holy fear, an increased realisation of death and the spirit-world beyond.

But I want our last thought to-night to be one not merely for our use during the Quiet Day, but one that will, when the quiet is over, send us back to the plain below with a recovered hope. And the line of thought which leads from despondency to hope is surely this. Think first of S. Peter's crushing disappointment when our Lord spoke of His death—and such a death. It was the utter collapse of S. Peter's dearest hopes. Now within a few

days, when the disappointment must still have been taking all the heart out of S. Peter (ah ! my brethren, we know those disappointments, do we not ?), well, what does our Lord do ? He takes S. Peter up into the mountain, and there He lets His Godhead blaze through that poor human Body. Yes, this Body, by being crucified, seems thus to S. Peter almost to have turned traitor to the cause of the Kingdom of Christ ; now S. Peter's eyes are opened to see that, in spite of all, God is within that Body, and, because the Godhead is within, that Body itself is capable of Transfiguration. Ah, that is a long word. Let us say as S. Luke says, because of the Godhead within, Jesus " became other."

My brethren, here is the hope, first for our own selves. What is possible to the human Body of Jesus is spiritually possible to each one of us that has God within Him. If God is within me, I too can be transfigured, I can become other than I am. And God is within me. At my Baptism He put His own Life within me for this very purpose, that I might become another. In Confirmation He made His Home in me to be my strength ; in each Communion He enters into me to be my Food ; and again, I say, all this He does in me that I may be transfigured. God within me ; then, if I will, I can be " Perfect as the Father in Heaven is perfect." Ah, now I know what that means ; at least now I know how that is possible. It is by the Almighty God within me making me what He is.

But Transfiguration is not something only of the inner life. Jesus was Transfigured before His disciples. The change was obvious, patent to the disciples. Will you go back to your people with the change obvious to those among whom you work, with a new patience, a new humility, a new sympathy, a new joyousness ; will you go back with the change in your life so obvious that your people cannot doubt that within you " there is God " ?

And the change which can be wrought in me can be wrought in my people also, at least in those who, having received the Life of God in Baptism, and not having deliberately rejected it, have an honest desire, in spite of weakness and sin, to keep God within them. My brethren, as we realise afresh that each one of these has God Himself within him, shall we not even for the least interesting of them feel a new and absorbing interest ; shall we not feel toward each, even toward the least attractive, a new respect, shall we not go back with a new and abundant hope for all ? God has not put His Life for nothing into that stubborn

lad or silly girl, that ignorant woman or selfish man. The Life is there, waiting for an opportunity to assert itself. God is within, waiting in blessed patience till, it may be by your help, He can effect the Transfiguration.

This is what we are to carry back to our work ; the assurance that God is within all that is called by His Name. Remember this, and it will be not only persons but the things of God also that will take on for you a fresh glory ;—yes, the seemingly dullest of our Church services, those services which may otherwise be a weariness to the flesh, a source of irritation. Ah ! but, brethren, we may well be ashamed of our weariness ; there can be no place for irritation, for when the service seems to go most wrong, when the singing is bad and the people are inattentive, and there is more than usual of going in and out at the door, we can still throw ourselves back on God's promise, Where two or three are gathered, there am I. If God is not in the service, it is not the fault of an ignorant congregation, but of us few who ought to know better. Remember, then, that God is within the service, and that itself will bring to the service a new glory. When things in the service seem going wrong, speak to God that He may make His Power within the service to be felt. O my God, steady us, quiet us, give us recollectedness, work a transfiguration !

My brethren, S. Peter down on the plain, we in our villages, in our services, our people and ourselves, dwell in thought too much upon the frail. Jesus on the mountain-top shows us that the All-glorious God is still within the frail.

## VENTURES OF FAITH

There are two incidents in the Gospel which tell us of seeming danger on the Sea of Galilee. There is the storm when Jesus is asleep ; that is the one incident. But this morning I want you to think of the other incident, when Jesus is walking on the waves. There are many points of resemblance in the two stories. In each case there is the same boisterous sea, in each case a fear of sinking, though there it is the boat, and here S. Peter by himself. In each case there are just the same words of rebuke, " O ye of little faith ! " Yes, certainly points of similarity ; but now let us see where the stories differ—it is a big difference. For when the ship is ready to sink in the waves, and He is asleep, the disciples have done nothing to bring the danger on themselves ; wishing to cross the lake, they have ventured

nothing more than others had ventured daily—the danger came on them quite unexpectedly ; it was in no way of their own seeking, and therefore, in that case, Jesus of course kept them safe in it, and brought them safe through it.

But the case of S. Peter in the water is different. Here the ship is safe ; it is he who had deliberately flung himself into the waves ; he is solely responsible for his present trouble ; he has of his own accord made the venture.

Many a time, my brethren, both these incidents have their counterpart in our own experience. We have found ourselves as those disciples on whom, with the Lord asleep, the storm came sweeping down. An unexpected, almost overwhelming trouble has fallen on us, a sudden temptation of appalling vehemence. There has been no time for deliberate planning, no time to parry the sudden danger, except by as sudden a cry from the heart, "Save, Lord, I perish." That is the use of ejaculatory prayer, the prayer shot out in a moment to meet the moment's unforeseen need. But to-day we are not thinking of the peril that comes upon us whether we will or no : we are thinking of a venture taken upon deliberation, something which S. Peter has set himself to do after he has taken counsel of the Lord, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee upon the waters" ; something not undertaken until he has received the Lord's sanction, "Come" ; we are thinking not of a venture which was forced upon S. Peter—no one pitched him into the sea ; he pitched himself in. It was a self-chosen venture.

And this also is easy to apply to ourselves ; there is not one of us that has not made ventures in our life. Think of that tremendous venture which a lad makes out here when he determines to shake himself loose of easy-going heathenism, and throw in his lot with Christianity. Ah, that is a big venture, though we Europeans forget to estimate it aright. Many have made that venture in times past, but have sunk in the raging sea of persecution. Many have come safely through, grasping the hand stretched out to help. It was a venture, my brethren, that we made when we settled on our profession. You may remember S. Peter tells us first of all, that we must be sure that Jesus Himself, and nothing else than Jesus, is in the business. The apostles were marvellously loath to give our Lord credit for being where He was. When they saw a strange phenomenon, they would believe anything rather than the simple fact that it was Jesus. After His Resurrection, though He had given them every assurance that He would rise again, yet when He did

appear amongst them they only thought it was a spirit. So, too, now on the lake, when Jesus walked on the water, though they had that very day witnessed His Divine Power in multiplying the loaves, yet when they see this marvellous walking on the water they only suppose it is a spirit, not even the Spirit of Jesus. Jesus does not come into their thoughts. Jesus has to force His Personality upon them, "It is I," and it is only then that S. Peter says, still almost incredulously, "If it be really Thou." The suggestion that should have come to their mind in a moment, "It is Jesus," comes only amazingly slowly. Now, my brethren, *we* need to give Jesus credit for being where He is, and for actions where He is acting. Wonderful, splendid things happen about us. One boy makes an extraordinary advance; a quarrel which has stuck suddenly melts into air. I remember a case here at Chipyela, where, till midday on Saturday, both sides were raging furiously, and suddenly the whole was settled, and in an hour's time they came into Church together to ask leave to seal the compact in next day's Communion. Now we say, How wonderful, how extraordinary, how truly African! Yes, but we had better own up straight and say, "How truly Jesus." It was Jesus.

So, my brethren, those who would make successful ventures must believe in the protecting Presence of Jesus, always at hand, always watchful. They must cultivate that habit of thought which gets behind all other causes, and is ready to say, "It is Jesus."

But beside the general habit of mind which turns to Jesus, which sees and feels Him near, we must make as sure as possible that the particular venture is in answer to the call of Jesus. Before S. Peter dared to fling himself into the water he had heard our Lord saying, "Come." Yes, though his loving, eager spirit itself naturally incited him to the venture, he did not venture until he had laid his desire before the Lord, and had obtained His sanction. "If it be Thou, suffer me to come to Thee on the water," there is the man's natural earnest wish; and Jesus said unto him, "Come," there is the Divine sanction. Was it not Pusey, who, when consulted on any line of action, used to say, "First let us see what Jesus thinks of it!" that is our preparation for a venture; there is to be first the general disposition of mind that is ready to see Jesus Himself as the prime mover in the life about us, and then the laying of the particular venture before Him and listening for the answer, whether He says Yes or No. But once the venture has been made, once the

plunge has been taken, there is, my brethren, to be no faint-heartedness, no regret, no wish that we had never left the boat, no fear of the waves.

Ah, the waves and contrary winds are certain to meet us in our venture. When you joined the Mission, the venture was made doubly hard because the home wind blew contrary. When things have been extra difficult out here, there may have come the thought, "Why wasn't I content to stop with James and John in the boat?" When inside her, yes, there were difficulties at times, but nothing like these waves roaring and raging round my head. Or the venture has been of a different kind: a new scheme of work in my own department. I didn't begin it without thought, I didn't begin it without prayer, but now I feel that the fresh demand it makes upon my strength and time is almost overwhelming; some new class, some new scheme of journeys through my district, some extra Sunday preaching, or some special work of translation; or else it is venture for my own inner needs, some resolution about prayer or meditation or Bible reading, or some piece of discipline I set myself to overcome an evil habit. It was not that I made the venture carelessly; I knew what I was doing; I acted deliberately; nay, I believe now that I made the resolution in the Presence of Jesus, and in accordance with the will of Jesus. Ah, my brother, do you so believe? then the resolution stands, the venture holds good; and ah, dear brother, there is nothing to fear. Art thou of so little faith? Jesus made Himself known to you at the beginning, saying to you, "It is I, be not afraid"—Jesus sent back to you across the water the clear, strong, short command, "Come." You do not now, even for a moment, really think that the venture is too much for you, or the resolution impossible to keep. Perhaps we even have the advantage of S. Peter. He made the venture then after prayer and conscious of the Presence of Jesus, but with a heart upset. But we—when was it that you made that solemn resolve? almost certainly it was at a time when you were soberly, quietly, under the invocation of the Holy Spirit, taking stock of your life; it was as a result of a Retreat, or preparing for Absolution, or in seeing with what desire for your life you could best go to your next Communion. My brethren, with regard to ventures on which we determined at those quiet solemn times, now, though the difficulties seem immense, we are not going to be faint-hearted. Throw yourself back in memory to the moment when under the consciousness of your Lord's Presence you yourself wished for the venture;

wished, that is, to bring your life nearer to Jesus, when He sealed your prayer with His "Come." But in that very word "Come" we get a further incentive to persevere. When He bids us to a difficult task, He is not content to say, "Go"; He says, "Come." As Jesus was at the beginning of the venture, so is He also at the end. Well, then, in our venture we are not going to the unknown; for Jesus we know, and He is already standing at the far side of the venture. Take a practical case. We have formed the resolution of building S. Michael's College on this island. My brethren, if that resolution was made otherwise than in the belief that Jesus Himself is very near to us in the enterprise, and in the further belief that the rebuilding is according to the will of Jesus, and in answer to a call from Him, of course we deserve to fail. But if we do believe that the start is being made because Jesus has given the order, then we have the further immense satisfaction of knowing that Jesus is not saying to us, "Go" to Makulawe,<sup>1</sup> but He is saying, "Come" to Makulawe. Jesus is already there. He is not only in the beginning; He is waiting for us at the end. And not merely waiting; for as the hindrances multiply and difficulties nearly overwhelm, there He is, with Hand stretched out to help; there He is, ready for each one of us as the spirit within us fails; there He is, ready for these lads of Africa; they can find Him there and feel the grip of the Hand. Yes, surely it is these lads and young teachers who specially need to feel that a strong sustaining Divine hold is on them. They have made their venture. They have by their profession largely separated themselves from their former comrades and from their old home life. Standing alone, discouraged, tempted to despond, it is surely they that need the grip of the Hand; and if only in their faint-heartedness they will still keep their faces turned to Him and cry to Him, He will bring them through safely to Himself.

For this is the last point I would have us consider. It was the man who made the venture; it was he who, in spite of faint-heartedness, reached Jesus sooner than those who made no venture at all. Let me repeat it. Venturesome Peter grasped the Hand of Jesus sooner than those others who just sat in the boat and made no venture at all. Ah, our blessed Lord loves the venturesome soul, and draws it right through to Himself. Then, my brethren, what are we venturing these days? I ask first, what are we venturing for the Church in the land? When

<sup>1</sup> The site chosen for the new College.

the Mission has been long established, is there still no venture to be made toward a native self-support? Of course the *aura popularis*, of course native opinion, may blow contrary, but we are not going to give up hope merely because of contrary winds. No, if we haven't yet taken the plunge, it can only be that we cannot yet see which way the Master calls. But some day assuredly we shall make the venture, and the scheme which we shall fling upon the waters will make its way, if it has the will of Jesus at its beginning and the glory of Jesus as its goal.

Again, what ventures are we making—those of us whose work lies in districts mostly heathen? The man who gets out to his villages may feel disheartened by the indifference that meets him, but Jesus will work with him sooner than with the priest who sits complacent in his room at home. Again, my brethren, Mohammedanism is dead against us; so was the wind on the Galilean Lake, but Peter made the venture. What ventures are we making here? Let us at least take the first step, and tell our Lord that whatever He would have us venture, that we will try, and try with confidence, knowing that He Who could check the violence of the wind can check the onrush of Islam. Yes, but He did not check the violent waves until after S. Peter had thrown himself into them and made his venture in their midst. Perhaps I do not know altogether what we can venture against Islam, but at least we must make the possibility of a venture a subject of prayer to our Lord.

And as with ventures in our work with others, so we may expect to be called to fresh ventures in our own hidden life. Why should it be otherwise? we must go forward if we are not going back. We look back on ventures in the past, ventures that have brought us nearer to our Lord; but can we come no nearer? This is the question for to-day. Is there nothing new that I can venture to bring me nearer to Jesus, that is, to make me more like Jesus? Nothing further in the life of self-surrender and sacrifice, of my time, my private income, my furlough; no further progress possible in the suppression of my own self or in the acceptance of authority; no further movement possible in kind and courteous conduct toward those whom we have allowed ourselves to think of as rather impossible? My brethren, there is for us the very great danger of our resting content on the fact that we made one big venture when we offered ourselves to this Mission. But what have we ventured further since we joined the Mission? In what are we nearer to Jesus now than when we first set foot in Africa? We all love the venturesome boy; I

think that Jesus loves the venturesome Christian. Is there anything which He would have you venture for His dear sake? If there is, now's the time to make the plunge, and when you get back to your work, go straight ahead with the venture, there is nothing to fear. The will of Jesus was at its beginning, and Jesus is at its end.

## S. PETER'S DENIAL

That act of venture of which we thought this morning was typical of the man. In his love of the Master he flings himself into the water, and then he flounders, flounders terror-stricken, only to be rescued by the Master's hand.

This afternoon we are to see the climax which such a character can reach. Others have fled, but Peter plunges into the thick of the dangers of Caiaphas' courtyard. But there, no sooner has he plunged, than again he flounders; ah! flounders helplessly, only to be rescued by the Master Himself. When the poor bound arms could no longer be stretched out to help, the eye of Jesus was enough. Jesus looked on Peter, and Peter wept bitterly. Ah, there was the rescue! Is it not the same story over again, yet intensified in each point? The plunge deliberately taken, followed by the faithlessness, and then, by the grace of our Lord, the Recovery.

My brethren, I suppose that we all have reckoned with ourselves why it was that Peter fell, Peter so strong in his profession of faith, so enthusiastic in love. It was, was it not, that in S. Peter one thing was lacking—a knowledge of himself. He did not know his limitations, he thought he was strong where he was very weak.

Oh, how important is this old maxim, "Know thyself"; and this not merely that we may become penitents as we look back on past sins, but that we may know where we need to safeguard the future. Retrospection is only one half of the work of self-examination; the other, and perhaps the more important part, is when we use that which is behind to make us wary for that which may be in front.

And knowledge of self means that I know by experience what is dangerous to *myself* and what *I* have to avoid. Whatever others can do in a particular matter, I know that I with my character cannot attempt it safely.

Now S. Peter knew that his companion S. John was inside the door, and if S. John could be inside the door, why could not

he ? It is a fatal counsel to give oneself. It is a counsel which has probably presented itself to all of us in one form or another. Others can go to theatres, so I can go too. Others can read these books, so I can read them too. Or others can exhibit an affection towards the boys or girls under their charge, surely I can do the same. If S. John can do this, S. Peter can surely do it too ? Ah, no ! that does not necessarily follow. My brethren, it is just a matter of knowing oneself, knowing one's own moral limitations, and at all costs abiding by them. S. Peter should never have passed through that door.

Now let us look at a second apparent cause of S. Peter's collapse. Having passed into the courtyard, he allowed himself to sink to the level of his surroundings : he sat among the servants, perhaps rough soldiers. At least, when inside the yard he must have realised that there was evil, and consequently danger to himself ; oh, if only, even after that first lie spoken to the girl at the gate, he had kept himself aloof, he might even then have pulled himself together and recollected what he was, the chosen of the Lord, one who had been picked out to live very, very near to Jesus, and had been taught to look at things as Jesus looked at them. But, instead of so doing, he sits with the servants, and the next moment he is cursing and swearing like any one of them, choosing to be on a level with his surroundings ; and his fall is complete.

My brethren, I hope I am not pressing the point too far when I find in this a warning for myself. But there is a real and a frequent danger to our high vocation by almost unconsciously living, not in word, but in our attitude of mind, on a level with the thought of the natives around us. Take as a chief example our attitude of thought towards sin. Are you not conscious again and again of regarding sin, the gross sins which you hear in native trials, with very little more real horror than that with which the natives themselves regard it ; and we priests, are we not miserably content if the matter is satisfactorily settled at the court ? If a theft is proved, are we not tempted to feel such satisfaction that the criminal is caught, that there is very little room for real and exceeding distress at the sin itself ? We who have been chosen to live very near to Jesus, in daily communion with Him, let us try to think the thoughts of Jesus, try to look at things as Jesus looks at them ; let us never sink to the level of thought which we find around. S. Peter ran a terrible risk to himself, and he rued it too, when he sat himself down alongside of the servants. Here then are two causes of S. Peter's

fall. First, he did not know his own limitations, and, secondly, he did not try to keep himself above the level of his surroundings.

And to these two causes I would add a third, something indeed which seems so small a thing to be reckoned a cause of such a fall ; such a harmless little thing, how could it result in so great a moral disaster ? And yet three Evangelists give it a prominent place in the story of his fall. What is this third cause ? It is just that which brought S. Peter among the servants. It is the bit of fire at which he warmed himself. Three Evangelists call attention to the fire, and all call attention to the fact that S. Peter is warming himself at it ; making himself comfortable, indulging in just a little bit of luxury, when the utter moral collapse occurred. Again I say, oh, if only S. Peter had eschewed that bit of fire, if only he had denied himself that seemingly innocent little pleasure, if only he had been content to put up with some *hardness* on the day when his Master was being crucified, he would have escaped the laughing jest which drove him to final denial. Experience tells us how easily S. Peter would have argued with himself. " What harm can a little fire do me ? I can watch ' the end ' all the better if I am warm and comfortable." But we know how it turned out. Denying himself nothing, he came to deny his Lord. My brethren, I have no intention of dogmatising on the subject of self-denial and bodily discipline. I would only say two things : on the one hand, if I am right in supposing that, though the air was cold, the fire was not a necessity but a pleasant little luxury (as lads will light a fire here at nights), then you will see I am in no way suggesting that S. Peter should have done anything rash which might have hurt his health ; on the other hand, his story does emphatically warn us against pooh-poohing all little acts of hardness and self-denial as silly, useless nonsense.

And yet once again, there is one other cause which I venture to think may have sadly contributed to S. Peter's fall. He had no one to support him in his trial. And yet, so far as we can say, he might have had, for S. John was somewhere near. If S. John had only stood by him, S. Peter, as it seems to me, couldn't have lied, couldn't have cursed and sworn, would never have sought the company of those rough fellows in the court. Oh, why did S. John go and leave him ? Yes, I know that S. John was probably standing very near to Jesus when S. Peter was floundering ; but does it not seem to us that that was one of those occasions when it might have been right, as we say, to leave Jesus for Jesus, to leave prayer when a brother or sister in

trouble needs us. Our Lord will understand ; we need not bounce out of His presence all in a fluster, and in annoyance at being disturbed ; we have only to tell our Lord that Peter is in great trouble and needs us, and Jesus will understand, and the atmosphere, the calm and strength of Jesus, will go with us. I know, my brethren, that we have not a hint of this in the Gospel ; it may seem mere conjecture, but somehow it does seem wrong for Peter to have been left by himself when his great friend, who must have known S. Peter's weakness, might have stood by him.

However this may have been, at least what a responsibility is ours to stand by these brethren of ours in Africa, those who are so quick to fall. What a responsibility is ours not to lose touch with anyone whom we know to be passing through a time of trial ; what a responsibility is ours to do all we can to strengthen those who are away from home. How careful we must be to answer the letters of those who write to us from South Africa ; how careful that our teachers feel our touch of sympathy. There must be no native attached to our Mission who can feel that he stands *alone* in trial ; each man and boy, each woman and girl must feel that there is someone ready to help, strong to sympathise. Yes, if only Peter could have had John ! S. Peter fell, partly at least, because he was friendless, alone.

And yet, the very fact that S. Peter was alone in his great temptation does remind us that each one is ultimately responsible for his own collapse or his own victory. It does give a dignity to the conflict, it does give a tremendous sense of responsibility, this knowledge that no one can decide for me the issue of the conflict. If I fall, I am responsible for the fall ; if I do not fall, it is I who, by using God's grace, have won for myself the victory. If S. Peter had remained firm, it would have been on S. Peter alone that our Lord would have turned with a look of " well done " ; just as it was on S. Peter, and S. Peter alone, that our Lord looked in intense sorrow. But, my brethren, as S. Peter went out and wept bitterly, surely the sorrow in our Lord's heart must already have turned into joy. They were tears of penitence, and therefore of recovery. If it was the outstretched hand of Jesus that saved Peter from the waves, it was the eye of Jesus that saved him now. Yes, we are no longer thinking of the causes of the fall ; we are reckoning now with the wonderful blessed recovery. And here again, my brethren, I venture to say that, as in the story of the Galilean lake Jesus was seen at the beginning of the venture as well as at the end, so now we trace the recovery from the fall, not only to the Eye of Jesus

drawing him back from the depth, but to that most full and blessed Communion which S. Peter had with our Lord only a few hours before he took the plunge. Yes, Peter had made his First Communion, and though his fall was terrible beyond words, the power of that First Communion prevails. Let us dwell on this, my brethren. Never has priest had such an awful crushing disappointment among those to whom he has administered their First Communion, as Jesus must have felt when His Body, the apostles, a few hours after their communion, all forsook Him and fled, those apostles who had made all the protestations that we may expect from candidates for First Communion,—“ Though I should die with Him, yet will I not deny Him.” Yes, whatever disappointments come to us from the failure of our communicants, we shall never meet the failure like that of those first communicants, all failing, and all within a very few hours of their leaving that Holy Table in the upper room. All failed, yes, not only Judas—if we follow the Prayer Book in supposing that Judas did communicate—but Peter and all the rest ; together with Judas in failure, but separated from Judas in the matter of recovery. And why ? This is the next point. Why did S. Peter recover, and why did not Judas ? Surely because S. Peter, however badly he failed after communion, had made that communion with a good intention, and Judas had not. When Judas failed, there was nothing in him to counteract the failure, nothing to turn the remorse into penitence ; but in S. Peter there was the *virtue* of the Sacrament within him and only waiting its opportunity to reassert itself ; and it found its opportunity in the external circumstance of the Look of Jesus. If there had been no virtue of the Sacrament within, the Look of Jesus, the external look, might have driven Peter only into remorse ; the inner virtue, Jesus Himself, prevented remorse, and wrought a blessed penitence. My brethren, let me repeat it, “ The virtue of the Sacrament within awaiting its opportunity to reassert itself.” That is a great consolation for us who are conscious of so much failure after communion. My brethren, if the communion has been made with a good and honest intention, we know that the virtue of that communion, the virtue of Jesus Himself, has entered into us ; and in spite of our failures, in spite of being upset, and, in spite of the fit of temper in which I could have, not indeed cut off, but at least have boxed young Malchus’s ear, in spite of being surprised into saying a lie, in spite of giving way to that old bad habit which I thought I had conquered—as I expect the cursing and swearing were a lapse

into the habit of his fishermen's life—ah, in spite of that act of cowardice, when I ought to have shown myself on the side of right but was kept back through fear of public opinion, in spite of all that may happen, and alas does happen to us when we have, it may be, made our communion only a few hours ago, my brethren, I say we may keep a good heart if only our communion was made with the humility of Peter, "Dost Thou wash my feet?" with the devotion of Peter, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and head." Ah, the virtue of such a communion could not be lost. It was always within, it was refound, it manifested itself when Peter went out and wept bitterly.

## THE GREAT COMMISSION

When S. Peter went out and wept bitterly, we knew that those tears meant a rescue, a blessed recovery. This evening we will see how the recovery was publicly acknowledged by our Lord. We have read to-night the reinstating of S. Peter before the eyes of his companions; a reinstating which takes the form of a public commission to be shepherd of Christ's lambs and sheep.

It is a commission to do pastoral work; and therefore it must have a special message for us in these days, when, by force of financial circumstances, if for no other reason, our efforts are to be concentrated less on those ventures which belong to pioneer work than on the feeding and the tending of those who are already within Christ's fold.

I said "if for no other reason," but surely there is another reason; for even though we had money and men for extension, yet the very fact of the growing age of the Church in this diocese makes the call to pastoral work each year more persistent; pastoral work both among the lambs and the sheep. Yes; let us follow the order given by our Lord. He first commits to us His *Lambs*. What have not the last ten years wrought in the lambs' fold in the Church in this land! What an enormous, almost alarming, almost overwhelming increase in the number of the infantly baptised! This year, for the first time as far as I know, there was a Confirmation exclusively for those baptised in infancy. But if that only goes to prove that even to-day those infantly baptised and now confirmed are not very numerous, you who know the stations where work has been established for many years, will agree that the number of Christian boys and girls of six or eight years is enormous. That is most blessed.

Ah, we may thank God for that ; and yet, even as we thank Him, often we need to realise how very, very little idea there is among the responsible Christian relations, parents, god-parents, and native teachers, of the necessity even of teaching these little ones their prayers. I can never forget how one native teacher in a peculiarly high position, had not taught his son the Lord's Prayer, though the lad was of an age to have known half the Catechism.

One of my own teachers was obviously surprised when I told him that if he ever had to choose between a class of infantly baptised children and the usual Hearers' class, I thought that the former was the more important of the two. It is not that parents, or god-parents, or teachers intend to be slack in the matter ; but the idea is new to them, because the phenomenon of Christian children growing out of childhood is new to them. Then, my brethren, upon us, to whom neither the idea nor phenomenon is new, there does rest a tremendous responsibility to keep close to our Lord's first commission, " Feed my lambs." If we do not, what sort of a Christianity will it be here when these children, who are allowed to do as they please to-day, become the " go-as-I-please " lads and lasses of our villages ? For these, surely, now is the day of salvation. Let us remember one practical truth—that children, to be kept up to this mark, need to be looked up in their homes when they have been absent. The weekly looking-up of absentees is a regular part of any good Sunday-school system in England. If I may venture to say what we try to do at S. Michael's College for the infantly baptised village children on Sundays ; the teacher brings me the register during the week ; we pass over one week's absence without comment ; but if a child has been absent for two Sundays, I write a notice to the parents, " Your child has been absent for two Sundays," and it is a regular part of the teacher's weekly work to see those parents in their homes and deliver them the notice. That is only possible where a priest is resident ; but in any case, might not the inspection of an infant Christian's register be as much a matter of course for the perambulating priest as the inspection of the other registers ; even more—may not these little ones be called to him on his monthly visit as regularly as the classes for adults ?

And that brings us to the sheep. These, too, have to be fed ; and, my brethren, do not let us teachers presume to think we can feed our flock, whether of school-children or of adults, without taking trouble about the preparation of the food. Our

teaching is to be simple in its elements as the flour and water of the native daily meal ; but simple as that food is, the woman of the house prepares it with much care ; she dare not serve it up anyhow. Of course she may be called upon to cook all in a moment, and then she will do her best and trust to luck. We may have to preach at a moment's notice ; we will do it, and trust to the Holy Spirit. But ordinarily we must not trust only to God ; still less must we trust to our natural glibness of tongue. If our teaching is to be simple, it is a truism to say that simplicity is attained in proportion to the trouble we have taken in the preparation. And, my brother Clergy, natives of Africa—you who have that wonderful African gift of fluency of speech at which we Europeans marvel—you know how that gift may become a great snare to you, as certainly it is to many of the native teachers. It becomes a snare to you if you trust to natural ease of speech instead of to careful previous preparation.

My brethren, we have so far reminded ourselves of a few matters concerning the *nature* of pastoral work ; now let us consider what is to be the *basis* of our work—what is it which will produce the best pastoral work in us ? First, it is the remembrance that these lambs and sheep are not really ours but our Lord's. The commission to S. Peter is, " Feed *My* lambs," not feed *your* lambs ; " Tend *My* sheep," not tend *your* sheep. We are to keep ourselves in the background and Jesus in the front. We may say to the lad, " my son," we may speak of " my people," but they are in truth the people of Jesus. Nothing upsets our inner peace like jealousy, nothing spoils our work like jealousy, and the only way to keep free from jealousy is to remember that the child is neither mine nor hers ; the congregation neither mine nor his ; the child belongs to Jesus, the people are the people of Jesus ; and if only the child and the people can be brought to Jesus, it matters nothing whether they are brought by me or by someone else. If we bear this in mind, we have found a principal safeguard against petty jealousy amongst ourselves ; and if we are to keep self in the background of our own thoughts, and Jesus and His flock in the front of our own thoughts how careful we must be that it is Jesus and not my poor self that is in the forefront also of the people's thoughts ; how fearful we must be lest their thoughts should stop short at us and at our wishes, and fail to reach the point of saying, " Jesus, Whose I am and Whom I serve."

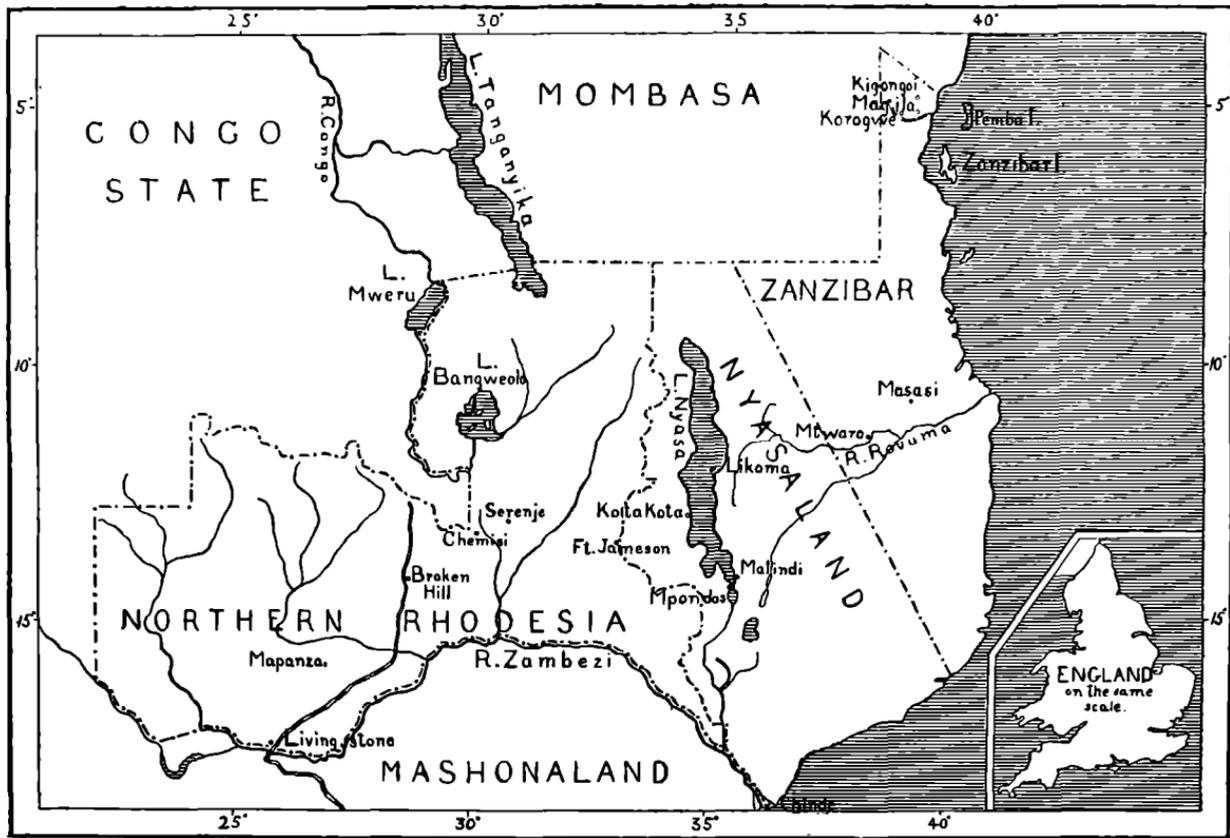
Some of you may have lately read an article in *East and West* by the Bishop of Lebombo, on " Discipline on a Mission

Station." Perhaps we do not agree with all that is there written ; but at least the Bishop does point out a real danger of too many Mission rules, and he does plead very effectually for the need to throw our people's conscience back again and again on Jesus. Don't let us think that all is well merely because the external discipline is good. Of course we make our rules because we want our people to be people of Christ ; but we need to test our rules by asking how far does the thought of Christ, and a desire to please their Saviour, enter into the people's observance of the rule. But we have not yet reached the basis of good pastoral work. Yes, to be effective, we must work in the knowledge that the flock is the flock of Jesus ; we must love the flock as being the flock of Jesus. But the true basis lies deeper ; it is found, not in the words of the commission, " Feed My sheep, tend My flock," but in the question which precedes it ; it rests not on my love of the flock, but on my love for Jesus Himself. " Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ? " Before our Lord will give S. Peter the pastoral commission, He must know whether the love of S. Peter towards Himself is sufficient for the fulfilment of the work.

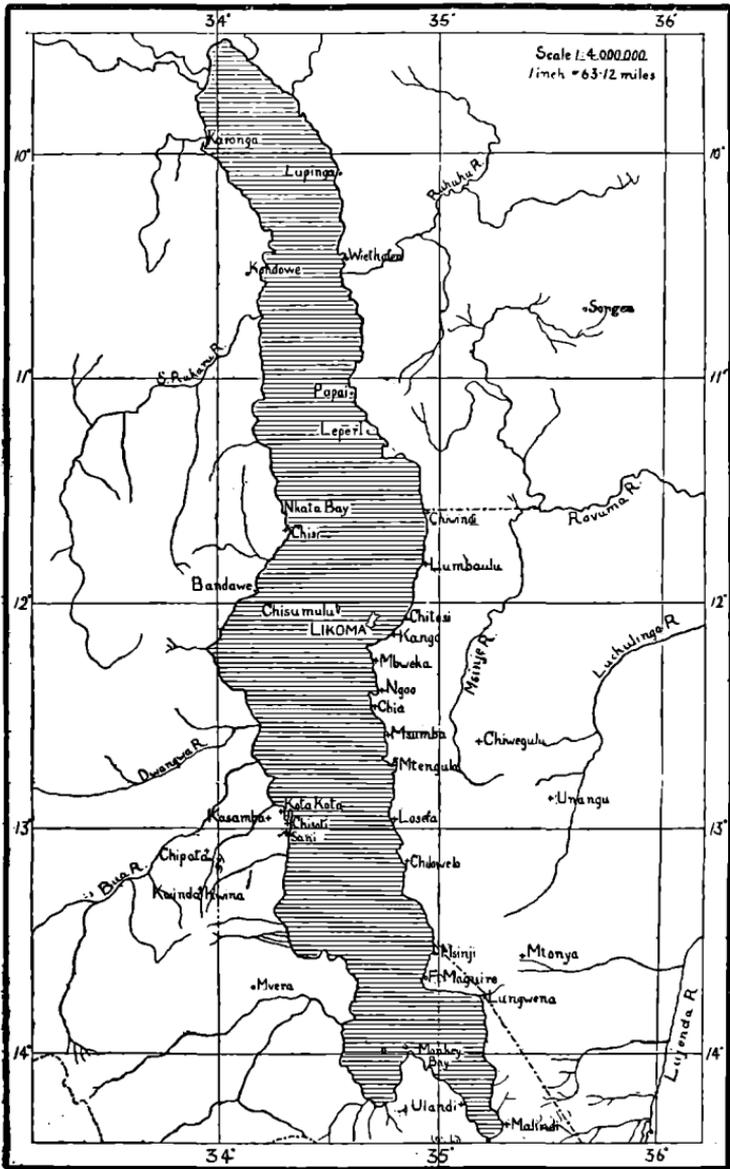
My brethren, it is an awe-inspiring thought that I can only be an effective worker among the lambs and sheep in so far as I love the Lord Himself. We are so tremendously conscious of this poorness of love, that we instantly begin to fear poorness in our work. Yes, we do well to fear ; but at least the colloquy between S. Peter and our Lord on the subject of his personal love is very comforting and very encouraging. Look at it close. Our Lord first makes an exceedingly large demand on S. Peter— " Simon, lovest thou Me more than these ? Dost thou love Me beyond these others ; dost thou love Me more than thou lovest John, and James, and the rest of thy companions ? " And S. Peter dare not give the full reply ; he dare not say, Yea, Lord, beyond all these. His answer stops short : " Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." His answer is short of Jesus' demand ; and yet our Lord accepts the answer, and is content to frame His next question on that reply. " Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me ? " But even so, the Love of which Jesus speaks is of a higher, nobler, more spiritual kind than any to which S. Peter can lay claim. S. Peter answers again, but using again the simpler, more everyday word that means the natural affection which one man may have for another. He dare not profess the higher spiritual love which Jesus demands. Again, then, the answer of the man comes short of the Christ's demand, but again

there is infinite condescension of the blessed Lord ; the Christ again condescends to accept this lower love of His disciple, and in His third question He takes up S. Peter's own word for love, and S. Peter is able to answer, " Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." Poor and unworthy as the love is, utterly falling short of Thy first demand, yet such as it is with it I love Thee.

And, my brethren, for ourselves, conscious as we may be that even this profession of love is more than we can truthfully use, at any rate always, though at times, perhaps very often, there may seem to be no affectionate regard of my soul for Jesus ; though we dare not even say, " Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee," yet He who condescended in mercy to lower His own first demand till it reached the level of S. Peter's capacity, will be ready, may we not hope it, to condescend still further for our sakes. My brethren, if we cannot yet say, " Thou knowest that I love Thee," we can, each of us, truthfully say, " Lord, Thou knowest that I want to love Thee." And if this be our honest profession, we believe that Jesus will accept us—not for what we are, but for that which we want to be.



EAST CENTRAL AFRICA



LAKE NYASA

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