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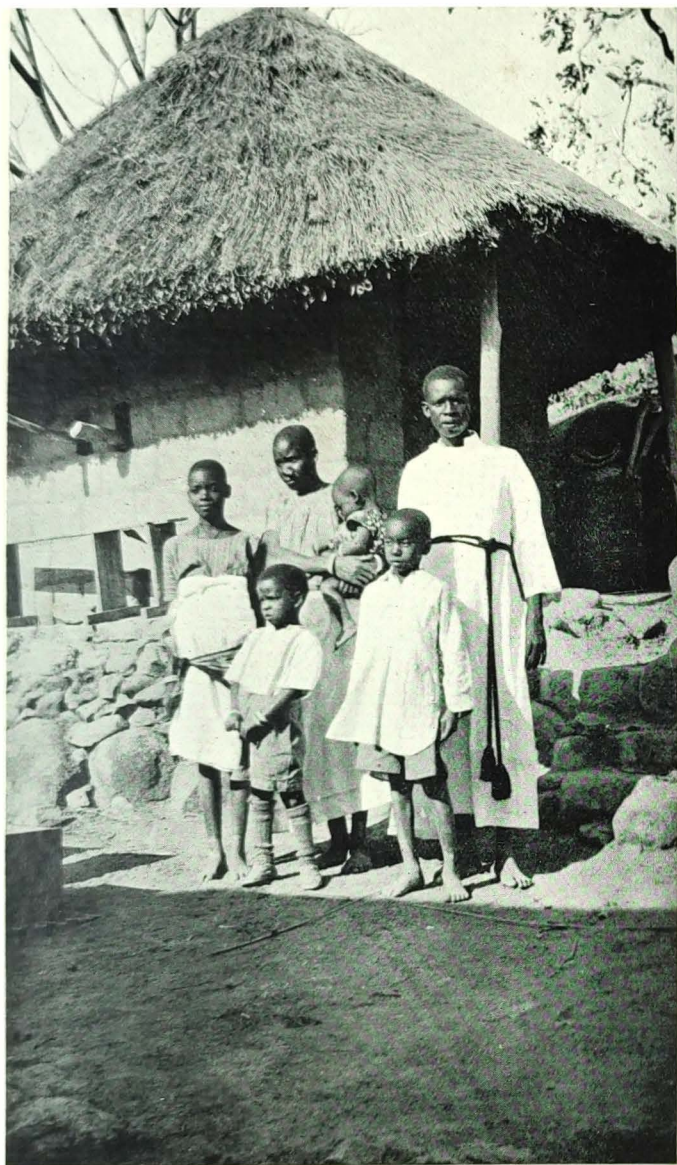
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THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITIES'
MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA



[Photo by Archdeacon Glossop

AN AFRICAN PRIEST AND FAMILY
(THE REV. GOODWIN CHILOMBE, NYASALAND)

THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA

BY

GEORGE HERBERT WILSON, M.A.

Canon of Likoma



UNIVERSITIES' MISSION to CENTRAL AFRICA
CENTRAL AFRICA HOUSE, WOOD STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

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PREFACE

IT was with great reluctance that I undertook to write the history of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, for I hoped that some one more competent could have been found. Especially I hoped that Canon Spanton would do it. But he found that it was impossible for him, with so many other cares. This is a loss on all counts. No one knows more about the Mission than he, and few could have written better what he knows. When I undertook the task, I believed that it was only to bring the old history up to date. When I found that the new book must not be a much larger volume than the old, I was dismayed indeed, for that meant rewriting and compressing Miss Anderson-Morshead's work. I should never have ventured on altering her work if I had not been thus compelled to do so. I offer the result with great humility, very conscious of its faults. It is only my love for the Mission that constrained me to undertake so difficult a task, and it is for the same reason that I regret that it has not been done better.

The shortcomings must be laid on my own shoulders, but I should be ungrateful indeed if I did not acknowledge the help which I have received. It is obvious how much I owe to Miss Anderson-Morshead's book. Canon Spanton has helped me greatly, not least by his encouragement, which I sorely needed. Father Blood has given me much valuable information and corrected not a few errors, mainly in those parts dealing with the Masasi diocese. Dr. Howard and others unknown to me have made useful suggestions. Above all, Mr. Ball has been my unfailing stand-by. I offer my grateful thanks to all.

Pattishall,
Sept. 24, 1935.

G. H. W.

UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA

THE SUCCESSION OF BISHOPS

Missionary Bishops to the tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyasa and River Shiré

CHARLES FREDERICK MACKENZIE (1861-2)

WILLIAM GEORGE TOZER (1863-73)

EDWARD STEERE (1874-82)

CHARLES ALAN SMYTHIES (1883-92)

Bishops of Zanzibar

CHARLES ALAN SMYTHIES (1892-4)

WILLIAM MOORE RICHARDSON (1895-1900)

JOHN EDWARD HINE (1901-8)

FRANK WESTON (1908-24)

THOMAS HOWARD BIRLEY (1925)

Bishop of Masasi

WILLIAM VINCENT LUCAS (1926)

Bishops of Nyasaland (formerly Likoma)

WILFRID BIRD HORNBY (1892-4)

CHAUNCY MAPLES (1895)

JOHN EDWARD HINE (1896-1901)

GERARD TROWER (1902-10)

CATHREW FISHER (1910-29)

GERALD WYBERGH DOUGLAS (1930-4)

FRANK OSWALD THORNE (1936)

Bishops of N. Rhodesia

JOHN EDWARD HINE (1910-4)

ALSTON J. W. MAY (1914)

IMPORTANT DATES

- 1857 Dec. 4. Dr. Livingstone's appeal in the Senate House at Cambridge.
- 1858 Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa formed.
- 1859 Nov. 1. Great Zambezi meeting at Cambridge.
Nov. 2. The Rev. C. F. Mackenzie chosen to lead the Mission.
- 1860 Universities of Dublin and Durham join in the Association.
Oct. 2. Farewell service in Canterbury Cathedral.
Oct. 6. The Mission party sailed for Africa.
- 1861 Jan. 1. Bishop Mackenzie consecrated in St. George's, Cape Town.
July 8. The party reached Chibisa's.
July 15. Expedition to seek favourable site in the hills—Magomero chosen.
- 1862 Jan. 31. Bishop Mackenzie died.
- 1863 Feb. 2. Bishop Tozer consecrated.
June 26. Headquarters moved to Morambala.
- 1864 Aug. 31. Having decided to withdraw from Zambezi Valley, Bishop Tozer and Dr. Steere arrived at Zanzibar.
- 1865 June 28. First women arrive to work on the staff (Miss Tozer and Miss A. Jones).
Aug. 24. First baptisms.
- 1866 Kiungani bought.
- 1867 Aug. 13. Alington goes to explore Usambara country.
- 1868 Jan. 20. Alington occupies Magila.
- 1870 Feb. 2. John Swedi and George Farajallah made sub-deacons.
- 1871 Mbweni bought.
- 1872 April 24. A great hurricane swept over Zanzibar.
Dec. 20. The first day of intercession for Foreign Missions was observed in England.
- 1873 April 20. Bishop Tozer resigned.

- 1873 May 1. Dr. Livingstone died.
June 6. The first anti-slavery edict published in Zanzibar.
Sept. 5. Part of the slave market bought.
Dec. 25. Foundation stone of Christ Church laid by Capt. Prideaux.
- 1874 Colony of freed slaves begun at Mbweni.
Aug. 24. Bishop Steere consecrated.
- 1875 July. Permanent occupation of Magila.
Dec. Town headquarters move to Mkunazini and hospital work begun by Miss Allen.
Aug. Bishop Steere started for expedition to Mataka's and returned to Zanzibar in the following January.
- 1876 Nov. 9. A freed-slave village established at Masasi.
- 1877 Dec. 25. First service in Christ Church, though the building was not finished.
- 1879 June 8. John Swedi ordained deacon, the first African in the U.M.C.A. admitted to Holy Orders.
Nov. 12. Farler appointed Archdeacon of Magila.
- 1880 Johnson settled at Mataka's.
- 1881 Having been turned out of Mwembe, Johnson started for Lake Nyasa in the last week of the year with Janson.
- 1882 Aug. 27. Bishop Steere died.
Sept. 14. Angoni raid on Masasi.
Dec. 25. First celebration in St. John's Church, Mbweni.
- 1883 Jan. 1. *Central Africa* first issued.
Nov. 30. Bishop Smythies consecrated.
- 1884 May 5. First Synod of Zanzibar.
- 1885 Feb. 2. Bishop Hannington met Bishop Smythies returning to Magila from Misozwe.
Aug. 24. Bishop Smythies and Swinny obtained permission from Chiteji to settle on Likoma island.
Sept. 5. The S.S. *Charles Janson* was dedicated at Matope.
Oct. 24. *Children's Tidings* (afterwards *African Tidings*) first issued.
- 1886 Mar. 25. Church of the Holy Cross consecrated at Magila. German Protectorate proclaimed.

- 1887 Sept. First women workers at Magila.
- 1888 Rising against new German Government.
 Nov. 12. Coast blockaded by British and German ships.
 Bishop Smythies withdrew the ladies from the mainland.
 Dec. 6. Archdeacon Hodgson completes translation of the Bible into Swahili.
- 1889 Sept. 13. Second anti-slavery edict published.
- 1890 Jan. 25. Cecil Majaliwa ordained priest, the first African in the U.M.C.A. to be ordained priest.
 July 1. Anglo-German treaty signed.
- 1892 Dec. 21. Bishop Hornby consecrated first Bishop of Nyasaland.
- 1893 Mar. 12. Mission hospital at Mkunazini blessed.
- 1894 May 7. Bishop Smythies died at sea.
 Aug. Bishop Hornby resigned.
- 1895 June 25. Bishops Maples and Richardson consecrated.
 Aug. 26. Atlay murdered.
 Sept. 2. Bishop Maples and Joseph Williams drowned.
 Dec. 3. Mlozi's stronghold stormed. He was the last slave-dealer on Lake Nyasa.
- 1896 June 29. Bishop Hine consecrated.
 Aug. 25. The Sultan's palace, Zanzibar, seized by the usurper Khalid, was bombarded.
 W. P. Johnson made Archdeacon of Nyasa.
- 1897 April 6. Third and last anti-slavery edict published.
 May 29. Headquarters in London moved to 9 Dartmouth Street.
 Nov. 12. New offices in Dartmouth Street blessed by the Bishop of London (Creighton).
- 1898 Mar. 6. Yohana Abdallah ordained priest, the first African to be ordained priest in the Nyasaland Diocese.
- 1899 June 17. Bishop Tozer died in retirement at Exeter.
 Sept. 29. Training College for teachers opened at Kango, St. Michael's College.
 Woodward became Archdeacon of Magila and Carnon of Ruvuma.
- 1900 Bishop Richardson resigned.

- 1900 Portuguese-British boundaries settled in Nyasa district.
- 1901 Dec. 15. Bishop Hine, translated from Nyasaland, enthroned in Zanzibar Cathedral.
- 1902 Jan. 25. Bishop Trower consecrated.
April 23. S.S. *Chauncy Maples* blessed.
- 1903 Jan. 27. Foundation stone of Likoma Cathedral laid.
June 29. Consecration of Zanzibar Cathedral and formation of Cathedral Chapter.
- 1905 Aug. Maji-maji rising.
Sept. Plague at Zanzibar.
Oct. 4. St. Andrew's Theological College opened at Nkwazi on Likoma island.
- 1906 The Rev. C. B. Eyre made Archdeacon of Yaoland.
- 1907 Feb. 11. Mackenzie Memorial Church, St. Paul's, dedicated at Chiromo.
Dec. 4. Great Jubilee Meeting at Cambridge. Formation of Northern Rhodesia Diocese proposed by the Archbishop (Davidson) as a thankoffering.
- 1908 Aug. 27. Bishop Hine resigned.
Oct. 18. Bishop Weston consecrated.
- 1909 Nov. Raid at Mtonya.
Archdeacon Carnon (Aug. 15) and Canon Porter (Nov. 15) died.
- 1910 Bishop Trower resigned.
April 25. Bishop Hine entered his new diocese as the first Bishop of Northern Rhodesia.
May. Five novices of the Community of Sacred Passion began work at Mbweni, under the temporary charge of a Sister from Aberdeen.
June 24. Bishop Fisher consecrated.
- 1911 Mar. 2. Archdeacon Johnson received degree of Doctor of Divinity at Oxford.
June 24. Sisters of the C.S.P. professed and first Mother elected.
Nov. 10. Arthur Douglas killed.
Nov. 14. Likoma Cathedral consecrated.
- 1912 Companionship of Simon the Cyrenian formed.
Rev. A. G. B. Glossop became Archdeacon of Likoma.

- 1912 Oct. 12. New College of St. Michael opened at Makulawe, Likoma.
- 1914 Jan. Bishop Hine resigned.
 April 25. Bishop May consecrated.
 Aug. 4. Outbreak of the Great War.
 Missionaries interned.
- 1915 Mar. 6. Bishop Richardson died.
- 1916 Aug. Magila reoccupied by the Mission.
 Sept. 19. Our interned Missionaries released.
 Dec. 19. C. J. Viner died.
- 1917 April. German territory on Lake Nyasa reopened to our work.
 Sept. Archdeacon Hallett at Masasi.
 Bishop Talbot retired and Bishop Gore became President of the Mission.
- 1918 Mar. 17. Canon Scott Holland died.
 Sept. Work begun again at Masasi.
- 1919 Nov. 11. St. Michael's Training College at Likoma reopened.
- 1920 Mkushi abandoned.
 Dec. 24. New church at Chipili fell.
- 1921 Miss Mills visited the Zanzibar diocese.
 Headquarters of the C.S.P. moved from Mbweni to Msalabani.
 Rev. G. H. Wilson made Archdeacon of Shiré.
- 1922 Feb. Lumesule reopened as a central station.
 May. Mackenzie Memorial Church, having been moved from Chiromo, dedicated at Blantyre.
 St. Mary and St. Bartholomew, Masasi, becomes a Collegiate Church.
 Cathedral Chapter formed at Likoma.
- 1923 Canon Dale's translation of the Koran in Swahili published.
 School at Chidya.
 Aug. 28. Enthusiastic send-off to Bishop Weston at the Church House.
- 1924 The Archdeaconry of Ruvuma divided. The Rev. A. Swainson became Archdeacon of Mbangala.

- 1924 April 1. Northern Rhodesia became a Protectorate.
April. Mkushi reopened. Station moved a short distance from Mkushi and now called Fiwila. Training College opened at Fiwila.
- 1925 Canon Travers resigned the office of Secretary and was succeeded by Canon Spanton.
Jan. Lutheran Station at Milo taken over by Bishop of Nyasaland.
Feb. 25. New School at Kiwanda opened.
June 11. Bishop Birley consecrated.
Dec. 5. St. Andrew's College moved from Kiungani to Minaki.
- 1926 Sept. 29. Canon Lucas consecrated first Bishop of Masasi.
Oct. Archdeacon Johnson's Jubilee.
- 1927 Rev. G. W. Douglas became Archdeacon of Korogwe.
June 30. Uganda Jubilee.
1st Synod of Northern Rhodesia Diocese.
- 1928 Canon Woodward received honorary degree of M.A. at Oxford.
Archdeacons Eyre (June 28) and Johnson (Oct. 11) and Bishop Trower (Aug. 25) died.
- 1929 Jan. 23. New headquarters at Central Africa House, Wood Street, blessed by the Bishop of Zanzibar.
John Swedi's Jubilee.
Sept. Bishop Lucas visited Nyasaland.
Nov. 29. Bishop Fisher killed.
- 1930 June 24. Bishop Douglas consecrated.
Theological College opened at Fiwila. Training College moved to Mapanza.
Theological College opened at Tunduru.
- 1931 April 28. Canon Augustine Ambali died.
- 1932 Jan. 17. Bishop Gore died.
June 17. Canon Woodward died.
Trinity Sunday. First four African deacons ordained in Northern Rhodesia.
July 16. Canon Travers died.
- 1933 "Mchape" in Nyasaland.

- 1933 July 16. First three African priests ordained in Northern Rhodesia.
 July. Grahamstown Sisters began work at Mapanza.
- 1934 April 9. Bishop Hine died.
 Dec. 20. Bishop Douglas died.
- 1935 Jan. 6. The Church of the Holy Nativity at Ndola became the Cathedral Church of Northern Rhodesia.
 The Rev. Frank Oswald Thorne chosen to be Bishop of Nyasaland.

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I

BEGINNINGS

THE Universities' Mission to Central Africa traces its beginnings to Dr. Livingstone's famous appeal, made at a great meeting in the Senate House at Cambridge on December 4, 1857. That this appeal fell on fruitful soil was due to various reasons. There had been a quickening of Church life throughout England, the direct effect of the Oxford Movement. Three years earlier the University of Cambridge had been deeply stirred by a course of sermons preached in Great St. Mary's by Bishop Selwyn, and his words had not been forgotten. Livingstone himself had come home to England in 1856. His wonderful adventures made men's blood tingle and turned their thoughts to Central Africa. He, modest man though he was, became a national hero. Early in the next year his book was published. In that book, as in all his speeches, he made it clear that he regarded himself not so much as an explorer, but as a pioneer missionary. He let there be no mistake about that. When he announced his intention of inviting the Church of England, as represented by her two oldest universities, to plant a mission in Central Africa, Oxford and Cambridge responded to his call. That the working of our national Church should have so impressed this great man, not one of her own sons, but a Scotch Independent, was justly felt to be a testimony to the life and vigour of the Church of England. Livingstone gave his message to both universities. The meeting at Cambridge on December 4 was the most memorable. The Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Philpotts, Master of St. Catherine's, was in the chair. At the close Livingstone spoke parting words never to be forgotten: "I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry on the work which I have begun. I leave it with you."

Next year Robert Gray, first Bishop of Cape Town and Metropolitan of South Africa, visited England. He came with a carefully thought-out plan for sending missionaries into the

heathen lands bordering on his own Province, but with characteristic generosity he threw himself heart and soul into the new scheme. A Cambridge committee was formed and Oxford was asked to co-operate. Another enthusiastic meeting was held in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford and an association was formed, which took the name "The Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa." The avowed object was to provide funds for sending out at least six missionaries under a head, who should be, if possible, a bishop. The particular field of work was to be chosen by Dr. Livingstone, subject to the approval of the Bishop of Cape Town, the Metropolitan, under whose care it was at first advisable to place the Mission. It was understood that this particular field would be found somewhere in the region of the upper waters of the Zambezi. For a year the committee was content to work and wait, leaving in God's hands the decision as to whom they should send and to what particular district the Mission should be sent. A curate in Cambridge, the Rev. W. Monk, did much to keep alive the fire of enthusiasm during that year of waiting.

On All Saints' Day, 1859, the great Zambezi meeting was held in the Senate House at Cambridge, when the first year's report was read. The speakers were the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir George Grey, the Governor of Cape Colony. It was on the morrow of this great meeting that Mackenzie was chosen to be the leader of the Mission.

Charles Frederick Mackenzie was thirty-four years old at the time. He was educated at Grange School, Bishop Wearmouth, and at Caius College, Cambridge. He graduated in 1848 as second Wrangler. Soon after he was elected a fellow of his College. He lectured in College and acted as examiner in some of the University examinations. He was ordained deacon in 1851 and priest in the following year. He found time to do a certain amount of pastoral work in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. While so employed, Bishop Colenso invited him to be his archdeacon in Natal. This he regarded as a call, and he went out to South Africa in 1855. He came home to England in 1859. There was a probability that he

might be called upon to lead a mission to the Zulus under Bishop Gray's plan. His return at such a moment seemed providential, for there appeared to be no particular reason why he should have come then, except that he might be called to undertake the new venture in Zululand and it was perhaps as well to get a holiday first. When he was asked by a friend : " What has brought you to England ? " he replied with a laugh, " Upon my word, I am unable to tell you." It was felt that he was just the man to lead the new Mission into Central Africa, as Bishop Gray had laid aside his own scheme for the moment. He was therefore chosen for the task and gallantly accepted it.

When the leader had been chosen, the Universities' Mission may be regarded as launched upon its career. But there was still much to be done, and it was nearly a year before Mackenzie was able to start for Africa. It was during this time that the Universities of Dublin and Durham accepted the invitation to co-operate. The name of the Association was therefore altered and it was now known as " The Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin and Durham Mission to Central Africa," a sadly cumbersome title, one would have supposed. Mackenzie busied himself in collecting his staff and making the necessary arrangements. From the first the Association had made it plain that, though the Mission bore the name of the Universities, help would be welcomed wherever it could be found. For this reason every effort was made to interest all sorts of people in the enterprise. Bishop Wilberforce, who himself was one of those mainly responsible for the project, now worked hard to stir up interest in the Mission. Others also took their part, and the leader travelled about England, preaching and speaking for the cause. Here he met with an unexpected ally in the person of Lord Brougham. Probably the ex-Chancellor was attracted by his hatred of slavery, for he had been a consistent supporter of abolition. He accompanied Mackenzie and spoke eloquently and convincingly at three great meetings in the North of England. One of these was in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, another in the Philharmonic Hall at Liverpool, and the third was in the Town Hall at Leeds. All three meetings

were crowded with listeners, who were stirred to wonderful enthusiasm by the words of the leader and Lord Brougham.

Before Mackenzie could start for Africa there was still the difficulty of obtaining his consecration. It was doubtful whether the English bishops could consecrate without licence from the Crown, and it was doubtful if the Crown could grant a licence for the consecration of a bishop to bear office in a land outside the British dominions. It was decided therefore to seek consecration from the South African bishops. Bishop Wilberforce, of Oxford, proposed and carried a resolution in Convocation expressing "a hope that the Bishop of Cape Town and his comprovincials may be able to see fit to admit the head of this Mission into the Episcopal order, before he be sent forth to the heathen." This the South African bishops consented to do. It was therefore with a mandate from the Church of England, expressed in this resolution of Convocation, that our Mission began its work. It was not, therefore, as private adventurers that Bishop Mackenzie and his band went forth to preach the Gospel. Nor did they merely represent a Society. They were truly missionaries, sent out on their mission by the Church. This fact explains the great farewell service in Canterbury Cathedral on October 2, 1860. A new Augustine was sent forth, fortified by the prayers and blessings of the Church, which had given him his commission, to win new kingdoms for Christ. Four days later he sailed for Africa.

II

THE ZAMBEZI VALLEY

THE little band of missionaries set sail from Plymouth on October 6, 1860, on board the S.S. *Cambrian*. They were seven in number. The leader took with him two priests, L. T. Procter and H. C. Scudamore. Mr. Horace Waller, a layman at the time and who was ordained afterwards, was in charge of the secular affairs of the Mission. It was expected that the missionaries must needs build their own houses and, to some extent, grow their own food, so two other laymen were included in the party, S. A. Gamble, a carpenter, and Alfred Adams, an agricultural labourer. Miss Mackenzie went with her brother and hoped to be of great use in dealing with the work amongst women.

Cape Town was reached on November 12. There was again a time of waiting, for it was necessary to await the arrival of bishops to make up the canonical number for consecrating the leader. During this time, in spite of the dangers and difficulties which lay before them, the missionaries seem to have shown the same cheerful spirit which one expects to find in a party of missionaries to-day. There was one moment of sadness, when news came through that Mr. Helmore, his wife and two children, who had started for work in the interior under the London Mission only a few weeks before, had all died in that short time.

At last the waiting time was over. Bishop Mackenzie was consecrated on January 1, 1861. His formal commission was, "To the tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyasa and River Shiré." The old Cathedral Church of St. George at Cape Town is not a beautiful church. It still stands at the end of the beautiful new church, but it is to be pulled down, when funds allow the completion of the new cathedral on the site. The spot must always be sacred to our Church, for there was consecrated the first missionary bishop sent out by the Church of England for a thousand years. The consecrators were the Metropolitan (Bishop Gray of Cape Town), the Bishop

of Natal (Colenso), and the Bishop of St. Helena (Claughton). Bishop Cotterill of Grahamstown was to have taken part, but he missed the steamer and so could not be in time.

There was a native congregation at Cape Town, under the care of that venerable missionary so well known later as Archdeacon Lightfoot. Their present church, St. Paul's, was not yet built. Among them were many liberated slaves, who, Mr. Lightfoot thought, might help our missionaries to get into touch with the natives up country. One Sunday evening Bishop Mackenzie went to preach to them and he asked for volunteers. Twelve stood up and offered themselves. Of these, three were chosen and sailed with the Bishop. One of the three, Charles Thomas, served with conspicuous courage and success and was to be of great service in Central Africa.

The Bishop, with Procter and the three natives, sailed from Cape Town on H.M.S. *Lyra* on January 12, 1861. The rest of the party, except Miss Mackenzie, had gone on shortly before on board H.M.S. *Sidon*. It is noteworthy that our Mission was deeply indebted to the Royal Navy in those days. It was not merely that our missionaries were transported in this way, when it was difficult to find any other means, but invariably they speak in the warmest terms of the personal kindness shown to them by both officers and men. When her companions set out from Cape Town, Miss Mackenzie was left behind for the time being. The Bishop did not think it right to take his sister until the Mission had found some settled sphere of work and some sort of a habitation. The party spent a short time at Durban, where the Bishop was among old friends. There the Rev. H. Rowley joined them. Dr. Livingstone had arranged to meet the Bishop in the S.S. *Pioneer* off the Kongoni branch of the Zambezi. Going on from Durban, the Mission party found Livingstone ready for them. He had with him his younger brother, Charles Livingstone, and Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Kirk.

The first meeting with Livingstone was disappointing. The Bishop had expected to proceed at once up the Kongoni branch and so up the Zambezi to the scene of his future work. He found that Livingstone had other plans. The Doctor

pointed out that there was a dangerous bar at the mouth of the Kongoni and that the branch was very difficult to navigate. He believed that the river Ruvuma, some 200 miles farther north, would prove a far better route to the interior. He was most anxious, therefore, to explore the possibilities of this river before doing anything else. The Bishop was sadly disappointed, but he felt unable to oppose the plans of such a man as Dr. Livingstone. It was therefore decided to leave the rest of the party at Johanna, one of the Comoro group of islands, while the Bishop and Rowley accompanied Livingstone on the *Pioneer*. It must not be supposed that this difference of opinion meant anything like a quarrel. The Bishop and the great explorer seemed to be mutually attracted and each held the other in great admiration and even affection.

As a matter of fact, the Ruvuma failed to come up to Livingstone's expectation. Though it should have been at its best at the end of March, it proved shallow and the *Pioneer* was soon in difficulties. Clearly the Ruvuma was not the gate to Central Africa, and Livingstone was compelled to abandon it.

As soon as they were clear of the Ruvuma they made for Johanna to pick up the rest of the party. Then the *Pioneer* steamed away for the Kongoni mouth and crossed the bar on May 1. The journey up the Zambezi was a slow business. The engine fuel was wood, which had to be cut, as well as carried on board and stacked. There were no trim rows of neatly cut firewood, all ready to be carried on board, such as were familiar sights to travellers on the Zambezi in later years. Also the vast river is ever changing its main course and to run on to sandbanks from time to time is almost inevitable. The travellers made the best of it. "He [Dr. Livingstone] and the Bishop get on famously together. The Bishop says that they chaff each other all day like two schoolboys." Sir John Kirk gave lessons in botany. There were prayers and quiet reading. The Bishop read Dr. Moffat's book on missionary work.

The river itself is a never-failing source of interest, especially when seen for the first time. There are birds

and beasts of great variety and number, and the river banks provide an ever-changing panorama of tropical vegetation. During the voyage most of the party suffered from mild attacks of malaria, which were soon shaken off. It was perhaps unfortunate that none of them had more than a touch of fever, for they were led to think rather lightly of the danger. They might have acted more wisely later, if they had understood the seriousness of the disease. Some eighty miles from the bar the *Pioneer* turned up the river Shiré. This river is much smaller than the Zambezi and flows in from the left bank. It flows, when it does flow at all, from Lake Nyasa, down through the Shiré highlands, until it joins the great river. The Shiré is not to be relied on. Some years there is no river visible at all, and some years it flows quite a fine stream. It appears to have been a fine, navigable stream in 1861 and at least for some years after. The great landmark to be seen from a steamer, as it makes its way up the winding Shiré, is Mount Morambala, some 4,000 feet high, of which we shall hear again later.

The people living in this district are known as Manganja, which is another form of Wanyanja, i.e. the people of the Lake. They live in small, scattered villages and are a peace-loving folk, content to till their fields and tend their cattle. The missionaries visited a chief, Mankokwe by name, who received them courteously, but was unwilling that they should settle in his village. The *Pioneer*, therefore, carried them on to Chibisa's, about 140 miles away from the place where the Shiré joins the Zambezi. It was here that Livingstone had left the *Pioneer* during his last expedition into the interior. Chibisa was at that time far the most important chief in the district. He himself lived at Tete on the Zambezi, but he readily granted permission to the missionaries to settle in his village on the Shiré. This point was reached on July 8, 1861, and here it was that the missionaries first began their real work.

III

MAGOMERO

AFTER a short stay at Chibisa's, the Bishop decided to push on with Dr. Livingstone to seek for some place in the highlands where a permanent settlement could be made. Rowley was left behind with Chibisa's village for his parish. Adams, Gamble and Job, one of the Cape Town volunteers, also remained at Chibisa's to build huts and to land stores. Just before starting, the probable difficulties which lay before the adventurers should have been brought vividly before their eyes. Four men came from Chibisa to beg help against the Yaos, who were making war upon the Manganja. Probably the missionaries did not realize how ominous was this embassy, but it brought up another question, which caused the Bishop great anxiety.

The question of self-defence had already been discussed. In a letter to the Bishop of Oxford the Bishop wrote: "We were nearly unanimous in thinking that we had better let matters go to any extremities, even to the loss of our lives, rather than take the life of one of those for whose conversion we had come. We agreed that anything short of taking life was allowable in self-defence." But this deputation of Chibisa's opened another question. What were the missionaries to do, if their friends and converts were maltreated? If they were only to offer passive resistance to attacks on their own lives and property, could they stand inactive while others suffered? For the present the Bishop was unable to come to any definite conclusion. He says in the same letter quoted above: "I thought I should be guided to a right course, if the emergency should occur, which did not seem very likely; and, praying for such guidance, I went on without coming to a decision on the point." Evidently Chibisa's deputation had not opened the Bishop's eyes to the dangers ahead, for, so far from the emergency being unlikely, it was almost certain to occur and that very soon.

Here it is necessary to give some account of the state of the

country into which the missionaries were entering. A tribe of Zulu origin had come up from the south until they reached Lake Nyasa. In our early Mission literature they are generally called Magwangwara. As a matter of fact they are really Angoni, and Magwangwara is a Yao nickname for them, referring to their dress, or rather lack of dress, describing them as naked savages. The Angoni naturally dislike this nickname very much, and it is mere good manners to call them by their real name. These Angoni appeared from the south-west and steadily worked their way all up the west side of Lake Nyasa, pushing out of their way or subjugating such tribes as they encountered. When they reached the head waters of the Lake they turned east and began to work southward again on that side. Here they came in contact with the Yaos. The Yaos, generally called Ajawa in the early annals of the Mission, or sometimes Anyao, were a large tribe dwelling in the mountainous country between Lake Nyasa and the coast lands of the Indian Ocean. They are a virile tribe and sufficiently warlike, but they could not stand up to the Angoni, who began gradually to push them back. Consequently the Yaos had to find new country in the south. When they attacked the peaceful Manganja folk, they appeared as aggressors, but really they had no choice, owing to the pressure of the Angoni behind.

These wars would have been bad enough in any case, but they were aggravated by the discovery that large profits could be made by selling captives into slavery at the coast. Angoni captured and sold Yaos. Yaos captured and sold Manganja. The slave trade became the special business of the Yaos. These wars, made originally to find room for settlement, gradually altered their character until they became ruthless expeditions for capturing slaves. East African natives are not as a rule cruel by nature, but the slave trade created an indifference to human suffering which has shocked mankind. It was into this turmoil of raiding and cruelty that the Bishop and his companions were entering, without realizing the true state of things in the least.

On July 15 the expedition started from Chibisa's. Dr. Livingstone led the way, with his faithful Makololo followers.

These had waited for him at Tete, while he was in England, and had joyfully come back to him at Chibisa's on his return. The missionaries came last, the Bishop with his pastoral staff in one hand and his rifle in the other. On the second day they reached Mbame's village. While they were resting there, six Yaos swaggered into the village, flourishing muskets, with a train of eighty-four captive slaves. The Bishop was not there, for he had gone down to the stream to bathe. Livingstone promptly disarmed the six men, who fled into the forest, while his men cut the bonds of the slaves and set them free.

When the Bishop came back, he found the slaves free and cooking food that Livingstone had served out to them. The slaves were Manganja and had been captured in the neighbourhood of Zomba. Their homes had been burnt and their kinsfolk killed. These poor homeless creatures could not be left to fend for themselves, for most of them were women and children, so the Bishop suddenly found himself father of a large family, for which he had to provide. This altered his plans, for now, instead of settling in some friendly village, he determined to start a village of his own. The spot chosen was Magomero, on what is now Captain Livingstone-Bruce's estate, between Zomba and Blantyre. There was a good stream of water, the Namadzi, and at a sharp bend of the stream it was possible to build a stockade across, so that there might be some protection against a sudden attack. Dr. Trefusis visited the spot in 1924. There is the white marble cross on Burrup's grave, which must have been close by the stockade. There is nothing else to show that there was ever a Mission station there. Dr. Trefusis writes: "With our modern ideas we should have said that that low-lying strip of land was quite the most impossible site in the whole landscape."

Here, then, at Magomero, were the Mission's first headquarters. One wonders if those first missionaries had any idea of the difficult position in which they stood. Quite involuntarily they had taken sides in native politics by the liberation of the slaves, which was Livingstone's work. Henceforth, they would be regarded as enemies by the raiding tribe, the Yaos, and as allies by the raided, the Manganja. At the same time

their numbers were so small that it was unlikely that the Yaos would feel afraid of them or the Manganja much confidence in their power to protect them. Livingstone hoped that one sharp lesson would be enough for the raiders. We can see now that this was a lamentable miscalculation, though Livingstone cannot be blamed for not knowing what it was impossible for him to know at the time. The vast system of the slave trade, bringing wealth and consequence to the traders, was not to be stamped out all in a moment by a small party of missionaries, little trusted by their friends and less feared by their enemies.

Almost at once trouble began. Magomero was already a salient, lying at the edge of the district from which the Manganja were being pushed by the Yaos. The Bishop had his own flock to protect, and soon the Nyasa chiefs were seeking his help. This he promised to give, after much consideration, on condition that the chiefs pledged themselves never again to buy or sell slaves. The pledge was readily given. It might or might not have been kept, but, as a matter of fact, the Manganja were the victims, not the aggressors, in the slave raids. That he relied on this promise seems to show how far the Bishop was, even yet, from understanding the position. When the Yaos came to the attack, the Bishop, Waller and Charles Thomas went boldly forward on an embassy of peace and narrowly escaped being shot down. Then a brief fight followed. The Manganja fought bravely under the direction of the Europeans, for, though a peace-loving folk, the Nyasas are not cowards. A few shots were fired and then the Yaos fled, leaving the captives whom they had previously seized in the hands of the victors. One of these, whom the Bishop himself carried back to Magomero, was a tiny girl, found by the side of her dead mother. Her name was Daoma. She was afterwards baptized Ann, and lived to do a great work at St. George's Orphanage, Cape Town. The victory was a bloodless one on the side of the victors, and almost so on the side of the enemy.

It seems unprofitable to discuss whether the missionaries were right to bear arms in this quarrel. They were in a position

of the greatest difficulty, and it was through no fault of their own. They hated the idea of fighting and had definitely decided not to fight in their own defence. It was for others' sake that they reluctantly took arms. It seems abundantly clear that they took the line which their consciences pointed out and there does not seem anything more to be said.

IV

BISHOP MACKENZIE'S DEATH

AFTER the troubles related in the last chapter, peace reigned for a while at Magomero. The missionaries built their own houses and encouraged the freed Africans to do the same. The Bishop was particularly proud of his hut, which he built himself. They were also busy learning the language. They were afraid to do any direct teaching at first, lest, through lack of knowledge of the language, they should give wrong impressions. A regular routine was followed, and the daily offices were said. Scudamore drilled the boys. The villagers were taught to live a more orderly and decent life, though it was not easy to check their propensity to steal and other such failings. A church was begun and the first pole was solemnly set up on October 1, almost on the anniversary of the farewell service in Canterbury Cathedral. But the church was never to be finished, for the shadows soon began to thicken about the little party.

The first new recruits arrived in November, three in number. These were the Rev. H. de W. Burrup, Dr. Dickinson and Richard Clark, a tanner and shoemaker. Burrup had brought his wife with him as far as Cape Town, but had left her there, to come on with Miss Mackenzie.

Meanwhile, though the Mission itself escaped, there was a continual state of war all round. The Yaos were always raiding Nyasas and driving them farther and farther back. As always in Africa, war brought famine, for, with the enemy in the land, it was impossible to cultivate the fields. If the war brought famine, famine brought disease. It was an anxious time for the missionaries and full of danger. Their own supplies were very low. Dr. Livingstone was expected to return before long, bringing the ladies and the much-needed stores with him on the *Pioneer*. It had been agreed that the missionaries should meet the steamer at the junction of the Ruo with the Shiré, just where the European township of Chiromo stood later. Procter and Scudamore went exploring to find a more direct route from

Magomero, without going out of their way to join the Shiré at Chibisa's. They very nearly lost their lives on this expedition. They were attacked by slave-raiders and had a very narrow escape. Meanwhile, both the European staff and their native followers at Magomero were suffering seriously from lack of food. All the Europeans suffered from fever from time to time. The outlook seemed very black. The one bright spot was the hope that Dr. Livingstone was already on his way up the river, bringing the much-needed supplies. It was to meet the steamer that the Bishop started for his last journey, January 3, 1862, accompanied by Burrup.

The story of this journey is a sad one. It was the rainy season, and travelling was difficult. The Bishop, writing on January 8, tells how they started in the rain and says: "From that time until this morning we have had almost incessant rain. . . . We have seen the sun to-day." They went to Chibisa's first, and then got a canoe to travel down the Shiré. Burrup had fever. They were very much distressed at night by mosquitoes. They were so troublesome that the men could not rest, and begged that they might be allowed to paddle on by moonlight. As they made their way in the shadowy moonlight, they ran on to a sandbank and the canoe upset. Everything was pitched into the river. The water was not deep, and they righted the canoe and salvaged most of their things, but their food was all soaked. Worst of all, though not noticed at the time, their medicine-box was lost and all their quinine. Next day they went on and at length reached the Ruo. An elderly chief, Chikunzi, received them kindly at his village on the little island of Malo. There they learnt that Livingstone had passed down on the *Pioneer* only a few days before. At any rate they had not missed the party coming up, but it meant that they must needs wait, perhaps for some weeks, before the steamer could return. The Bishop decided to wait, but it must have been a difficult time, knowing the sore need in which their friends at Magomero stood. Even in these distressing circumstances the Bishop could still glory in his vocation. His last letter, written from Malo, ends with these words: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace

and bring glad tidings of good things. Good-bye for the present."

There is not much more to tell. The Bishop and Burrup were waiting on a mosquito-infested island, and they had no quinine. They could doubtless have made their way back to Chibisa's and procured a fresh supply. They could even have sent a messenger, one would think, as we should certainly do nowadays in such circumstances. Unfortunately, attacks of fever had been soon shaken off hitherto, and no one had learnt yet to take malaria seriously. As might have been expected, the Bishop fell ill of fever. Burrup, weak and ill as he was himself, did what he could for the Bishop, who rapidly grew worse. At 5 p.m., January 31, 1862, he died. That same night the body was conveyed over to the mainland and laid to rest in the darkness, Burrup saying as much of the Burial Service as he could remember. The grave is on the left bank of the Ruo, in what is now Portuguese East Africa. The Ruo is now the boundary, Chiromo, on the opposite bank, being British. Burrup struggled back at once to Magomero with the sad news. He never recovered, and in three weeks he, too, was laid to his rest.

Captain Wilson, of H.M.S. *Gorgon*, who brought the ladies up on the *Pioneer*, did what he could to mark Bishop Mackenzie's grave. He set up a simple wooden cross and heaped the staves of a barrel round its base. The grave is well cared for now, as indeed it should be, for it is not only the grave of a heroic missionary, but that of the first missionary bishop to be sent out by our Church in modern times. In Bishop Trower's time, St. Paul's Church was built at Chiromo, just on the other side of the Ruo, as a memorial to Bishop Mackenzie. At that time Chiromo was quite an important European township. Since then the Customs office has been moved to Port Herald, and the European township at Chiromo has dwindled away. In Bishop Fisher's time, therefore, the church was rebuilt at Blantyre, where it will, no doubt, be a permanent memorial to our first Bishop.

Captain Wilson brought up the ladies soon after the Bishop's death, but they did not hear of it until the *Pioneer* reached

Chibisa's. Here they also heard of Burrup's death. Miss Mackenzie was herself so ill with fever that she was unable to realize all that had happened. Captain Wilson, therefore, took both ladies back to the sea at once, and so on to Cape Town. It was not Miss Mackenzie's lot to work as a missionary in Central Africa, but for fifteen years more she worked unceasingly for the missionary cause in England. It is a much duller part to play than that of the missionary, who has all the personal interest to help him, but the one cannot be done without the other. It may well be that Miss Mackenzie's part will be found to rank high amongst those who have worked for the evangelization of East Africa.

Meanwhile, the position at Magomero had become desperate. The Yaos were moving steadily on, driving back the Nyasas. War and slave-raiding desolated the country; famine and pestilence followed. The Bishop had left a memorandum at Magomero, providing that the senior priest should take command of the Mission in case of his death. The leadership, therefore, devolved on Procter. It was he who had to make the melancholy decision to withdraw from Magomero, and he led his dispirited fellow workers and African dependants back to Chibisa's. But they found no peace there. Dr. Livingstone had been compelled to dismiss some of his Makololo followers for misconduct. These had established themselves at Chibisa's and were growing rich by marauding. The missionaries, therefore, separated themselves and built a new village on the opposite bank of the Shiré. Here misfortune still pursued them. On New Year's Day, 1863, Scudamore died, and three months' later the heroic Dr. Dickinson, the beloved physician, was laid by his side. When Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Kirk returned with the *Pioneer* they found the remaining members of the staff just existing, and waiting for the arrival of a new bishop. They were able to replenish their stores and also saved the life of the faithful Clark. He was lying desperately ill. Livingstone took him down to the coast, whence he was compelled to return to England.

Surely this was the darkest hour of our Mission. The staff was without a bishop and their numbers were reduced to the

lowest ebb. The Cape Town natives had been sent home earlier. Procter and his companions were weakened and run down by repeated attacks of fever. Their supplies were low, even after the help received from Livingstone. There was war, famine and pestilence all around them. It almost looked as if the gates of Central Africa were closed to the Gospel. The writer remembers that, when a boy at a later period, he heard a devout Christian say that it was simply flying in the face of Providence to send out more men to suffer and die in vain in Africa, since God Himself had closed the door. Surely he forgot the Cross. Self-sacrifice is never wasted. From that apparently dying seedling was yet to grow a great tree, growing still and with even greater promise for the future.

MORAMBALA AND MOVE TO ZANZIBAR

ON hearing the sad news of Bishop Mackenzie's death, Bishop Gray hurried home to England to take counsel with the Home Committee. The choice of a new leader was entrusted to him and the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce). They chose the Rev. William George Tozer, Vicar of Burghcum-Winthorpe in Lincolnshire. He was an Oxford man of St. John's College, and he had been at Wells Theological College. His friend, Dr. Steere, described him as "a man who shrinks from nothing and succeeds in everything." This friend, the Rev. Edward Steere, LL.D., and the Rev. C. A. Alington, volunteered to go with Tozer, as soon as he was chosen.

Bishop Tozer was consecrated in Westminster Abbey, on February 2, 1863, by Archbishop Longley, the Metropolitan of South Africa assisting. There was some difficulty about the oath of canonical obedience. In the end, through Bishop Gray's influence, he took the oath as a suffragan of the See of Cape Town. Coming changes were foreshadowed in the consecration sermon, preached by Bishop Jackson, then Bishop of Lincoln. He spoke of the possibility that the new Bishop might be called upon to show "a courage, greater perhaps than would be demanded by martyrdom, to withdraw from a part no longer tenable for God and to turn elsewhere the peaceful invasion of the Gospel."

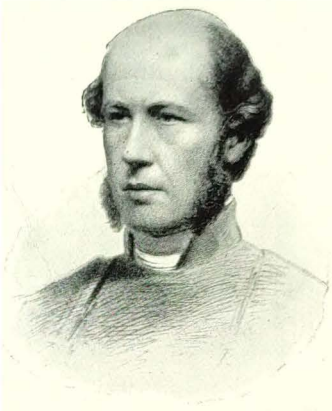
The Bishop set out soon after with his two friends and a small party. He arrived at Chibisa's on June 26, and found a deplorable state of things. Procter was very ill, so ill that he was only waiting for the Bishop's arrival to return to England. All showed signs of suffering. The Bishop wrote :

"None could be surprised to find that, amidst such troubles as sickness, war, and this terrible famine, the Mission had not been able to do much missionary work. Indeed at times the services in the temporary chapel had to be dropped, from prevailing weakness, caused by repeated

attacks of fever, while latterly, to use their own expression, 'It has been a fight for life with us.' "

In these melancholy circumstances the Bishop decided almost at once to move to some healthier spot, if such could be found. Dr. Livingstone still clung to his belief in the Shiré highlands, but Bishop Tozer decided for Mount Morambala, chiefly, it would seem, because there he would be in close touch with Quilimane, which he thought might be used as a base of supplies. Morambala is a great isolated mountain, standing on the left bank of, and close to, the river Shiré. It must be about thirty miles from the junction of the Shiré and Zambezi, and about 150 miles overland from Quilimane. This move involved difficult questions. The Bishop thought it neither possible nor desirable to move the Mission village. But besides the married people and their children of the Mission village there were also dependants, who looked directly to the Mission for support. There were some old women and a number of children, both boys and girls. The Bishop decided to take the boys to Morambala, but was most unwilling to take the women and girls, as there was no one of their own sex to look after them. The question was debated rather hotly. To Waller and Alington it looked like desertion, but the Bishop was convinced that he was right. It was Waller who found the way out of the difficulty. For the villagers he did a brave thing. He interviewed the Yao chief, Kapene, now in full possession of the highlands. He explained the position, and asked him to take under his protection the people who were being left behind and who wished to become his subjects. Kapene was moved to agree, and, to his lasting credit, he kept his word. The old women and girls Waller brought to the foot of Morambala and thence, on his own responsibility, conducted them to Cape Town, with Livingstone's help. It was in this way that the little girl whom Bishop Mackenzie had rescued, Ann Daoma, came to Cape Town.

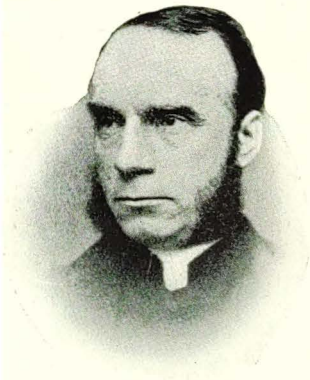
The Bishop selected a favourable spot on the mountain and proceeded to build a mission station. But Morambala did not prove healthy. Soaking mists drifted over the mountain,



CHARLES FREDERICK MACKENZIE
BISHOP 1861-2



WILLIAM GEORGE TOZER
BISHOP 1863-73



EDWARD STEERE 1863-82*
BISHOP 1874-82



CHARLES ALAN SMYTHIES
BISHOP 1883-94

*Years of service in the Mission

sometimes lasting all day. At other times high winds roared over them. There were rapid and disconcerting changes of temperature. Nor did it turn out to be a good centre for missionary work. There were very few people living in the neighbourhood, and these were widely scattered. Also they spoke a different dialect from that which the missionaries were painfully acquiring. Gradually the Bishop came to the conclusion that the only course open to him was to withdraw from the Zambezi valley altogether. It was a hard decision and it rested with the Bishop. Before he left England the Home Committee had expressly entrusted him with the task of deciding whether it was desirable to alter the sphere of the Mission's work, and, if necessary, to withdraw altogether from the Zambezi valley. The Bishop wrote: "I do so grieve over the disappointment which our removal must cause to so many warm hearts in England."

When once the decision to withdraw from the Zambezi valley had been made, the next question was where to start afresh. In a letter to the Rev. J. W. Festing (afterwards Bishop of St. Albans and President of the Mission) the Bishop mentions four possible courses. The first suggestion was to start work in Madagascar. The second was to make our headquarters on the island of Johanna, from whence work could be extended to the mainland. The third was to plant the Mission somewhere to the north of Zululand. The fourth was to move to Zanzibar. The Home Committee favoured the third suggestion, on the grounds that from Zululand an advance might one day be made to the original objective of the Mission, viz. "The tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyasa." Evidently the vast distances of Africa were not realized. The Bishop, who had written to Festing from Cape Town, went to visit Zanzibar. From that moment he was convinced that he had found the right starting-point. It is interesting to note the principal reasons which prompted this decision. Bishop Tozer, in a letter to his sister, says that he was influenced by two reasons. Firstly, he hoped that at Zanzibar he might be able to train native Africans for the Ministry. Secondly, he wished to attack the slave trade at its centre. He felt that this would be carrying out

one of the main objects which Livingstone had in view when he made his appeal to the English Universities. So Zanzibar became the Mission's new base.

Zanzibar in those days was even more the focus of East African life than it is now. Politically the suzerainty of the Sultan was recognized, not merely along the coast, but far into the interior. For instance, the chief of Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, and the chief of Kota Kota, on Lake Nyasa, both recognized the Sultan of Zanzibar as their suzerain. It was also the great commercial centre. Merchandise from the interior was sold at Zanzibar and carried thence by dhows all over the Indian Ocean. Similarly, goods were brought from distant ports to Zanzibar and thence found their way up country. This traffic must have been a very important factor in East Africa. The writer once met an old chief, far away on the west side of Lake Nyasa, who boasted that he had five times been to Zanzibar in his youth to sell ivory. Zanzibar was also the centre of the slave trade, and thousands of poor creatures were sold into bondage in the slave market there every year. Again the language spoken in Zanzibar, Swahili, is the *lingua franca* of East Africa. Even in places far inland, round the great lakes, there is generally some one who can talk Swahili. Other dialects also could be learnt from the slaves. The Bishop's choice of Zanzibar seems to have been a very statesmanlike one, for it was undoubtedly a very favourable base from which to launch a new attack on heathenism and Islam in East Africa.

But the move to Zanzibar met with strong opposition. Dr. Livingstone was very much against it, and so were many friends of the Mission in England. It is worth noticing, however, that Sir John Kirk strongly approved the Bishop's decision. His knowledge of East Africa was only second to that of Dr. Livingstone himself, so his approval was very important. At home there was much dissension and hard things were said. Even cowardice was hinted. However, the Home Committee gave its consent, as did the Metropolitan, so the move was made. Few people now doubt that it was a wise and statesmanlike decision. At the same time, in fairness to Dr. Livingstone and others, it is right to remember that an advance to the Lake

might not have been quite so impossible as is supposed. Only nine years later a band of missionaries, sent out by the Free Church of Scotland, under the gallant leadership of Dr. Laws, did in fact succeed in establishing themselves on Lake Nyasa. It was long before there was any European government and conditions were very much the same. The writer has listened to Dr. Laws telling of Angoni raids on the peaceful Atonga, and the story sounded almost a repetition of the experiences of our own first missionaries at Magomero. It should also be remembered that it was owing to these heroic missionaries and their supporters at home, especially Lord Overtoun, that the British flag now flies over the Nyasaland Protectorate.

VI

FIRST BAPTISMS AT ZANZIBAR

THE time was now come for the Mission to make a fresh start from its new base. The Bishop procured a good house, which he rented from the Sultan. The British Consul, Colonel Playfair, and his wife, were exceedingly kind and helpful. The Sultan also was friendly, but, as the Bishop recognized, it could not be owing to his sympathy with the object of the Mission, but rather to a wish to stand well with England. He presented the Bishop with five small boys, who had been taken from an illicit slave dhow, that is, a dhow that had not paid its dues to the Sultan. Curiously enough four of these boys came from the neighbourhood of Lake Nyasa. As we have seen, even in those early days the Bishop's thoughts already turned towards a native ministry, and he hoped that some of these boys might one day be called to evangelize their own people. For the moment he dared not take any very definite steps to establish the Mission at Zanzibar, until he was sure of the approval of the Home Committee. Mails were irregular, and no news came. The party arrived in Zanzibar on August 31, 1864, and it was not till March 1865 that the Committee's sanction reached him.

As soon as this good news came, the Bishop began to lay permanent foundations for future work. Already a room at Shangani, the house rented from the Sultan, had been fitted up as a chapel. A school was opened, the first scholars being the five boys presented by the Sultan. A regular routine of daily life was arranged. It must all have been very much like the opening of a new station in modern times, except for the very serious difficulty that none of the staff knew the language. The Bishop himself was not a specially good linguist, but fortunately he had Dr. Steere at hand. Among Steere's gifts, and they were many, was pre-eminently the gift of tongues. From the first he set himself resolutely to master Swahili, and in a surprisingly short time he was able to talk to natives in their own language. One of the staff wrote at the time: "No one at

home can judge of our difficulties. French, German, Portuguese and Swahili, all are wanted here ; so without Dr. Steere we should be lost—he speaks all.”

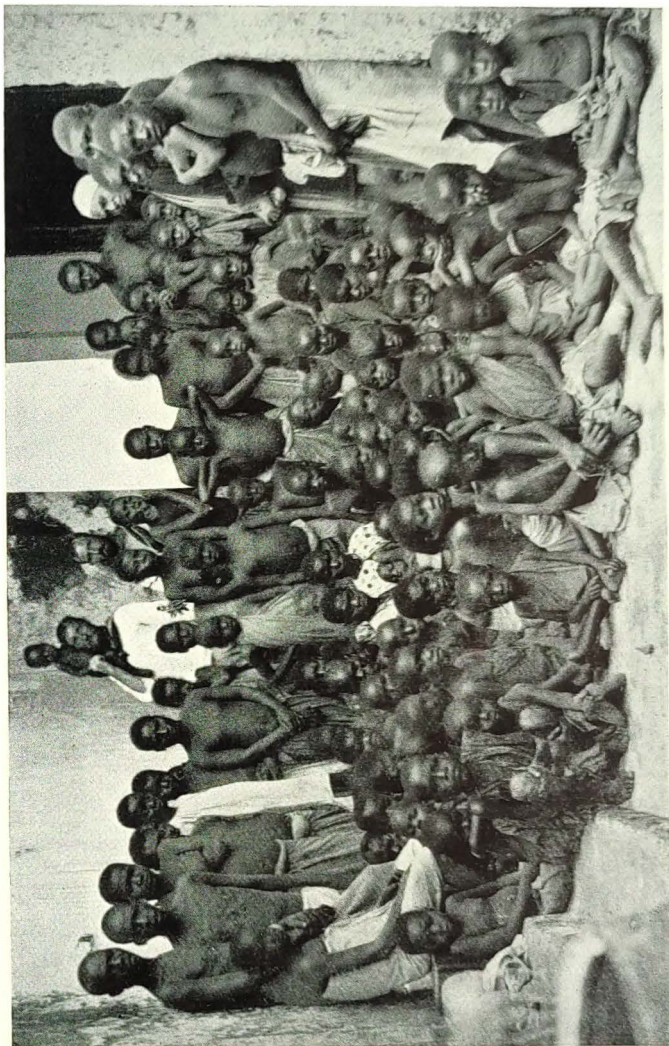
In June 1865 the first two lady workers came out to the Mission, that is to say, the first two who actually took part in the work. We must not forget that Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup had come out to Africa with the full intention of joining the staff at Magomero, but circumstances prevented them from fulfilling their purpose. The newcomers were Miss Tozer, the Bishop's sister, and Miss Jones. They arrived at an exciting moment. A slave dhow, crowded with some 300 slaves, was trying to slip out of Zanzibar, when it was met by H.M.S. *Wasp*. Two boats' crews were sent to board the dhow. There was a desperate struggle for a few minutes. Then the Arabs leapt overboard and swam for the shore. The slaves, in a pitiable plight, were taken on board the *Wasp*. Capt. Bowden, of the *Wasp*, begged the Bishop to go with him as far as the Seychelles, where the liberated slaves were to be cared for and restored to health. He represented that the state of some of the men, lately wounded in the brush with the dhow, made it very desirable to have a clergyman on board. The Bishop could not refuse. When the *Wasp* reached the Seychelles, to his surprise and delight the Bishop found that his sister and Miss Jones had just arrived from England. It was Ascension Day, and as an Ascension Day present the Bishop and his sister were given five boys and nine girls, who had been rescued from the slave dhow, but seemed to have no kinsfolk or anybody to care for them. It was with the lady workers and his new family of youngsters that the Bishop returned to Zanzibar. They arrived on June 20, 1865, a day to be remembered for the arrival of the first of that devoted band of women who have served the Mission so well.

On August 24 that same year was held the first baptism of adults in our Mission. There had been other Africans baptized *in extremis*, but these were the first adults to be baptized after due preparation. It is true that the preparation must have been very brief, compared with our modern standards, but at least they knew enough to make their acceptance of Christianity a

real choice. St. Bartholomew's Day is still observed in all parts of the Mission in thanksgiving for the first-fruits of East Africa. It is also commemorated on the stone at our new office in Wood Street. Nine boys were baptized, of whom five were the small boys first given by the Sultan to the Bishop. It is interesting to follow the subsequent career of these five boys. One, John Swedi, a Ginda, was ordained deacon. He is still alive in 1935. He served his Master well and now, a very old man, lives in retirement. Robert Feruzi, a Nyasa, became a great leader of caravans and was one of Stanley's most trusted men on his journey from Zanzibar to the Congo. The other three were Yaos. George Farajallah became a subdeacon, but was called to his rest after a very short ministry. He seemed full of promise. Robert Songolo was a singer in the choir and he also died young. Francis Mabruki became a subdeacon and worked well for some years and then, alas, fell away.

In the spring of 1866 Bishop Tozer bought the estate of Kiungani, about a mile and a half outside the town, which has played such a large part in the history of the Mission. The Bishop had been a student at Wells Theological College, and gifts from past and present Wells men enabled him to buy the estate, as a memorial to Dr. Pinder, the first Principal of the College. A house was built there and dedicated to St. Andrew, in memory of its association with Wells. It was here that the ladies were established with the girls under their charge. The boys remained at the Mission house, Shangani, in the town. Here, too, the Bishop enlarged his borders by buying the adjoining plots of land. To complete the story of Bishop Tozer's foresight in laying the foundation for future work, we must add that five years later, in 1871, he bought some land beyond Kiungani, known at the time as Point Shamba, but known so well later as Mbweni.

During these years work went on steadily. The staff was woefully small and, small as it was, it was often still further reduced by sickness. But the missionaries refused to be discouraged. The Bishop wrote: "It is mere foundation laying, but what a mercy to be permitted to place a stone, and that the



SLAVES TAKEN FROM A DHOW, 1884

least and most out of sight, in the building of the spiritual house here in Africa." Besides missionary work, the Bishop was able to minister in some degree to the men of the Royal Navy when ships put in from time to time at Zanzibar. He seemed to have the gift of dealing with sailors, for he was very popular with both officers and men. He, for his part, was delighted to do anything that was possible for them. Officers and blue-jackets were sometimes sent to be nursed at the Mission. The Consuls at Zanzibar were also very friendly. We have seen how helpful Colonel and Mrs. Playfair were, and Sir John and Lady Kirk were, if possible, even greater friends. Early in 1866 Dr. Livingstone visited Zanzibar, before starting for his last trip into the interior. The missionaries did not see much of him. There may still have been a little feeling about the withdrawal from the Zambezi, but also the great explorer was not well during his visit. The first part of Tozer's episcopate closed at the end of the year 1866, when he was compelled to go home to recuperate, owing to ill-health. Dr. Steere took charge of the Mission during his absence.

Though now established on the island of Zanzibar, the Mission had never lost sight of its original objective, the tribes in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyasa. Zanzibar was in their eyes a base from which a future advance to the mainland and to the interior of Africa might be made. While the Bishop was in England, Alington was sent to make a first beginning on the mainland (August 1867). He went to the Usambara country, which lies a little north of Zanzibar and almost opposite the island of Pemba. He was much impressed with the beauty of the country. It is very hilly, with volcanic mountains, some towering up as high as 6,000 feet. He met the paramount chief, Kimweri, who seemed very ready to be friendly. Alington obtained from him permission to plant a Mission station in his country, but for the moment he felt obliged to return to Zanzibar to consult with Dr. Steere. It was decided to make the venture, and Alington returned to the mainland in January 1868. He chose Magila, or, as we generally call it nowadays, Msalabani, as the site of the Mission station. The future looked very promising for this first venture

on the mainland. The chief was favourable. The people welcomed the Mission. The Bishop came to visit the work, as soon as he returned from England, and he was delighted with all he saw. But gradually these high hopes began to fade. Kimweri died, and the Usambara country was distracted by war between rival kinsfolk, who aspired to secure the position of paramount chief. Then in January 1869, Alington had to go home. Though the staff was much reduced at Zanzibar, the Bishop sent the saintly Lewis Fraser to take his place. A little later he was able to send the Rev. S. Davis and a young layman, Sam Speare, to his help. Alington had begun by building a church, and now a house was added. Then, owing to desperate shortage of workers at Zanzibar, the Bishop was compelled to recall the missionaries from the mainland. Fraser returned to Zanzibar only to die. Though for the time the work was abandoned, Alington and Fraser were not forgotten. When it was possible to reoccupy the station in 1875 the work progressed, and Msalabani became one of the most important centres of the Mission.

The Bishop returned from England in July 1868. He found considerable progress. The number of children under the care of the Mission had now grown to fifty-five. In December 1869, Zanzibar was visited by a terrible outbreak of cholera. Among those taken was the Rev. Lewis Fraser. Also several of the schoolboys died. The Bishop was very much attached to these small boys and was deeply grieved at their loss. But in spite of these troubles, the Bishop and his staff were greatly cheered by the setting apart of John Swedi and George Farajallah as subdeacons on February 2, 1870. The importance of this was that it was the first step on the road towards a native African ministry. The Bishop was convinced that a "foreign" ministry could never do more than prepare the way. The evangelization of Africa must be the work of her own sons. Of these two young subdeacons, John was indeed ordained to the diaconate and did faithful work among his fellow Africans, but George's work was very brief, for he died only a few weeks later.

Dr. Steere returned in March 1872. He had gone to England

as soon as the Bishop's return relieved him of his charge. He brought Miss Tozer back with him. They found the Bishop ill and very depressed. No doubt he was cheered by his sister's arrival and the knowledge that he had his old friend once more at his side, but his troubles were soon to prove too much for him. Soon after Steere's return, Zanzibar was visited with a terrible hurricane. It had been a gusty day on Sunday, April 24, and that night the storm rushed down upon the island. Next day, when the cyclone had passed, every ship in the harbour had been swept away, except the *Abydos*, the ship in which Miss Tozer and Steere had travelled. She only survived the storm owing to the seamanship of Capt. Cuming, which called forth the highest admiration. Shangani house was a wreck. The bell turret came crashing down, and the bell, which had been given by Lady Franklin, came down with it. The chapel was left a ruin. Miss Tozer wrote: "I think we feel the ruin of our chapel most. So many beautiful things had just come in time for Easter, the gifts of various kind friends." The garden was destroyed and the large water-tanks, on which they depended for fresh water. All the books were gone. "It is like beginning the world again," wrote Miss Tozer. The loss of life in the town was appalling, but in the Mission, in spite of many narrow escapes, no one was killed. The shock was more than the Bishop's failing health could stand. He struggled on for a while, superintending such reconstruction as was possible. Then came a final blow. The Rev. R. L. Pennell died, after a few weeks' illness. He had been a college friend of the Bishop and was one of the most devoted members of the staff. He was very short-sighted and in some ways rather an oddity. His companions used to chaff him, and he entered into the fun with unflinching good humour. The loss of this cheerful, kindly, devoted soul was a terrible blow to his friend. In his distress the Bishop consented to go to the Seychelles for a change and a little holiday. His sister wrote, just before he started: "The Bishop is in a state that breaks my heart, but I can *do* little, so we keep him from worry." The Bishop returned from the Seychelles at the end of the year, but his health showed no improvement.

He therefore started for England with his sister in January 1873. When he reached home, it was obvious that it was impossible for him to carry on his work. He was compelled to give up the struggle and resigned his bishopric April 20, 1873.

VII

SLAVE MARKET BOUGHT

THE extreme quietness with which Bishop Tozer was laying sure and lasting foundations in Africa told on the work in England. Almost everything which he began has flourished. But, as in the parable, while the seed was growing secretly, men slept. There was nothing very spectacular about the work to appeal to the imagination, so that the Mission was in danger of literally dying out for want of workers. Though there could have been nothing of that sense of failure, which must have oppressed those brave men, left leaderless at Chibisa's after the death of Mackenzie, yet the staff at Zanzibar must have felt that they also had come to a dark hour. But a change was soon to come.

Just at the moment two important events had taken place which were to have great influence on the future of East Africa. In Advent 1872, the Church of England observed for the first time a solemn day of intercession for Missions, and from that date may be traced a great quickening of missionary zeal among our people. One of the first fruits of this revival of interest in Missions was the Rev. A. N. West, who volunteered for service in our Mission. He was a Buckinghamshire man of great possessions. He was not granted a long period of work in Africa, for he died in less than two years, but, if for nothing else, he must always be remembered as the man who conceived the sublime idea of planting the church in Zanzibar on the site of the old slave market.

The other great event, which happened just after the Bishop's resignation, was the death of the great explorer, the originator of the Mission. Dr. Livingstone died at Chitambo's, near Lake Bangweolo, on May 1, 1873. There, 600 miles away from the sea, in the interior of Africa, he died alone and he died on his knees. No one could read the story of the great man's death unmoved. His faithful followers, Chuma and Susi, buried his heart there in the wilds of Africa, which he had served so well. They embalmed his body and bore it through

incredible difficulties and danger to the coast. Thence it was taken home and accorded a public funeral in Westminster Abbey. His last message may be read on his tomb: "All I can add in my solitude is, may heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone, American, English, Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world." The story of Livingstone's death moved the British public profoundly. It brought home the subject of missions to the most thoughtless and specially it directed attention to missions in East Africa.

At Zanzibar itself great changes were in progress. Sir Bartle Frere arrived in January 1873, sent on a mission by the British Government to Seyid Barghash, the Sultan, in order to try and put a stop to the slave trade. The Sultan said, and said truly, that without his chief men he had very little power and he consented to consult with them. The Sultan's leading men were undoubtedly impressed that so great a Queen should be interested in the question, but their reply was quite uncompromising. They said that Abraham and Ishmael had owned slaves and that, for them, settled the question. With this answer Sir Bartle Frere was fain to depart, but in his stead there appeared nine men-of-war under a British admiral. Six of these ships were British, two French and one American. Before such a demonstration of force the Sultan and his advisers felt themselves powerless, and consented to make a treaty. This treaty, which was signed on June 6, 1873, forbade slaves to be brought from overseas. Those slaves now in Zanzibar were to remain slaves for the present and also their children, but the great slave market at Zanzibar, together with those in other coast towns, was to be closed. This did not do very much to put an end to existing slavery and also it has often been evaded, but it did put an end to the slave markets and that horror was gone for ever.

These events at Zanzibar affected the Mission in two ways. Sir Bartle Frere greatly admired Dr. Steere and was deeply interested in the work of the Mission and in the children under its care. He spoke at home of the useful secular work done by the Mission through its schools and translations. He strongly wished that more industrial work could be taught in the

schools and that each child might learn some handicraft. He thought that there would not be so many failures if this were done, for all the boys could not become clergy or teachers. There must, he felt, be some educated laity in the Christian community. He was much struck with Mbweni, Bishop Tozer's last purchase. He felt sure that the time was coming when there would be numbers of freed adult slaves to provide for, and he was anxious that a colony of them should be planted there. This was the origin of our slave village of Mbweni, when the Government decided to hand over freed slaves to our care.

The founding of our Mission village then was one indirect result of the Sultan's edict, but there was also another, more spectacular, if not actually more important. This was the occupation of the now disused slave market by our Mission.

Since the Bishop's departure Steere had been alone. About this time West arrived. The great slave market lay derelict. It was West who suggested to Steere that as much of the area as could be bought should be acquired and a church built there. He himself bought a part, with a large house on it, and gave it to the Mission, September 5, 1873. But the site of the whipping post, where abominable cruelties had been perpetrated for ages, was the free gift of a rich Hindoo merchant, Jairam Senji. Here Steere built a thatched mud hut and began a series of public preachings. It was just twelve years since Dr. Livingstone had told our first missionaries that it would take at least that time before they could expect to preach to Africans in their own language. Dr. Steere's methods sound very familiar to a modern missionary. He took some of the boys with him to sing a hymn, which attracted a crowd around. He set up a picture of the crucifixion, that Muhammadans might be under no delusions about his purpose. The numbers of his hearers grew larger and larger. A long mud bench was made, where listeners could sit and discuss his words afterwards. When Steere thought of giving up these preachings, the Moslems themselves begged him to continue.

But this was only breaking ground, so to speak. From the

first West's idea of planting a church on the scene of so much misery had appealed to Steere's imagination. A beginning was made on Christmas Day, 1873. The Acting Consul-General, Capt. Prideaux, laid the foundation stone, in the presence of the European population and a great crowd of natives. St. Bernard's hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," was sung. The church was to be dedicated to Christ Himself. People already began to speak of it as "The Cathedral," as indeed it afterwards became. But Steere would say: "Please God, we shall sometime build our Cathedral on the shore of Lake Nyasa." We shall hear more of this noble church later, but for the moment we must turn to Bishop Tozer's resignation and the man who was to take his place.

VIII

BISHOP STEERE AND MBWENI SETTLEMENT

BISHOP TOZER resigned in April 1873, and it was more than a year before his successor was consecrated. It was on Edward Steere, his faithful friend and fellow worker, that the choice fell. This remarkable man was one of the greatest of all those whose names have appeared on our Mission roll. He was born in London, the only son of a Chancery barrister. He was educated at University College School and later at University College, London. He took his degree in 1847 and became Doctor of Laws in 1850, when he was Gold Medallist. He was called to the Bar, but his interests lay elsewhere. He threw himself heart and soul into work for the sinful and suffering in the great city. Under his leadership was formed the Brotherhood of St. Mary, a band of young men who met together for prayer and study, with almsgiving. This was later merged in the Guild of St. Alban. Later he tried to start a community life for men at Tamworth, but in this he did not succeed. He then sought Holy Orders and was ordained deacon to a parish in Devonshire. In 1858 he joined his friend Tozer at Burgh, where he was ordained priest. He found time to do a good deal of literary work. Amongst other things he brought out an edition of Butler's *Analogy*, with an introduction by himself.

While at Burgh he married, and soon after this became Rector of Little Steeping, Lincolnshire. It was there that the call to Africa found him. One day Tozer walked into the Rectory with a letter from Bishop Gray, asking him to undertake the oversight of the Mission. He came only to seek advice, but Mrs. Steere suggested that Dr. Steere should accompany him and help him to settle. Thus it came about that Steere first decided to go to Africa. Owing to his home ties he thought it right to volunteer for a period only. It is a great tribute both to his wife and himself that he was thus led to follow his vocation.

During the episcopate of his friend, Steere was his great support. He was of a dignified bearing and a man of unflinching

patience and courtesy. Few Europeans have appealed with the same force to the Muhammadans of Zanzibar. Not only was he a strong man, but he was singularly endowed with gifts. He was a scholar and a theologian of real distinction. Yet he could turn his hand to all sorts of practical details. For instance, he proved himself an architect and master builder, as the Cathedral Church of Zanzibar bears witness. Above all he was a real linguist. Dr. Krapf, of the Church Missionary Society, was the pioneer in Swahili, but Steere carried the work much farther. His Swahili Grammar is a classic, not just an ephemeral handbook. In translation work those competent to judge agree that he was particularly apt in expressing the idea in idiomatic Swahili. He began the enormous task of translating the Bible, which was finally brought to its completion by his collaborator, Archdeacon Hodgson, after his death.

During his work in the East End of London he had learnt the art of printing. Now this came in very usefully, for he was able to teach Africans to print. It was therefore from the Mission's own press that early translations of parts of the Bible and Prayer Book were issued. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the advantage of this.

When Steere was asked to take up the task which his friend must needs lay down, he was for a while in great doubt. In the first place, he had himself advised Tozer to resign. A far greater difficulty was that of his home ties. This difficulty was got over by the splendid self-sacrifice of Mrs. Steere. Finally he accepted the bishopric and returned to England for consecration. On St. Bartholomew's Day, 1874, he was consecrated in Westminster Abbey as the third Bishop of our Mission. His episcopate began sadly, for towards the end of the year West, whom he had left in charge, died. The new Bishop placed great trust in him, and it must have been a serious blow to know that he must now face his task without him. Bishop Steere returned to Africa in the spring of 1875, taking with him, as new recruits, the Rev. E. Randolph and Miss Josephine Bartlett. The Rev. J. P. Farler and Herbert Woodward, then a layman, followed soon after.

Before the Bishop arrived at Zanzibar there is one important event to be noticed. A colony of freed slaves was planted at Mbweni, as Sir Bartle Frere had hoped. This was early in 1875. The exact date does not seem to have been recorded. Freed slaves were now being continually handed over to the care of the Mission, after being rescued by our Navy. Boys and girls could be received into our schools. Some of the elders could be helped to return to their own homes. Others there were whose homes and kinsfolk had been destroyed, and yet others who were unable to tell whence they had been dragged and brought vast distances down to the coast. These could now be found a home and given a new start in life. But it was a bold venture, and our staff could not have been ignorant of the difficulties involved. If you suddenly take a man out of his own setting and cast him forth into the world without ties, it is difficult indeed to start him once more on the right track, even if he be a man of great force of character. People found this out who had to deal with refugees in the Great War. Also it is one of the curses of slavery that it saps a man's character and takes away his self-respect. To undertake to care for this flotsam and jetsam of humanity was really a great act of courage.

It would be well here to tell the story of one of the laymen of the staff, for he is typical of a number of enthusiastic young laymen who have done such splendid work for our Mission. Sam Speare was born in a poor home in Suffolk. He became the breadwinner of a large family when he was only thirteen, his father being laid aside through illness. When Bishop Tozer brought home Francis Mabruki in 1866, he gave him for a year into the care of the Vicar of Rickinghall, Sam's parish. There Francis and Sam became great friends. This fired Sam with a longing to be a missionary. Arrangements were made at home, and Tozer sent Sam for a year to the Choir School of St. Andrew's, Wells Street. He was confirmed when he was fifteen, and sailed for Zanzibar in 1868. Through all those next years of trouble Sam worked, keeping his high spirits and cheerful manner, undaunted by cholera or the cyclone, or the lack of workers. After five years of splendid

work, he went home to prepare for Holy Orders. He settled down at Burgh in Lincolnshire, teaching in the school and studying for Orders. There his health, which had been good in the trying climate of Zanzibar, broke down. He struggled against ill-health, but it was useless. He got worse and worse and died at length, a devout and humble Christian to the last. It is worth while remembering such a boy as Sam Speare. He had little education and few advantages. He learnt the Faith in his village school. He realized his vocation and walked nobly in it. Such a life is an inspiration.

IX

SETTLEMENT AT MASASI

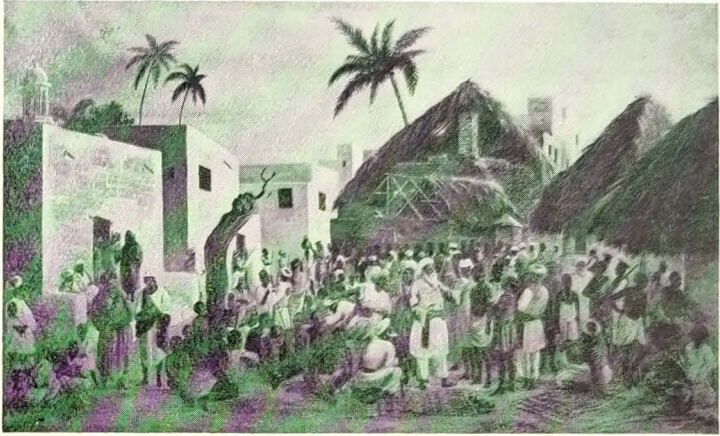
BISHOP STEERE'S episcopate (1874-82) marks a great expansion in the work of the Mission. In Zanzibar, the work begun on Bishop Tozer's foundations developed in a wonderful manner, while on the mainland the sphere of influence was widened, until at least a beginning was made among the tribes dwelling near Lake Nyasa, the original objective of the Mission. This was due not only to the great Bishop's energy and resolution, but also to the fact that he had a larger staff to rely on, which made it possible to carry out his plans.

The Bishop's first venture was in the matter of finance. Hitherto the work had been largely supported by the personal friends first of Bishop Mackenzie and then of Bishop Tozer. Bishop Steere described himself as a man who had no friends. He therefore called for volunteers, who should either support themselves or else, having food and raiment, should be content therewith. Twenty pounds a year to such as really needed it was all the Mission could offer, above their actual food and maintenance. But this demand upon self-sacrifice seemed to act as a spur. At the moment there was but one priest with some laymen at work on the staff. From that time onwards, though a larger staff is always needed, there has been a stream of volunteers, and these have carried the Cross from the base at Zanzibar far and wide in East Africa, and the one diocese has grown into four.

On his arrival in Zanzibar the Bishop got to work on the material church in the slave market. We have read of the beginnings and how the Bishop paved the way by his public preachings in Swahili on the site. After laying the foundation stone Dr. Steere had to go home for consecration. Now the work was begun in earnest, and the church was four years in building. He was architect, mason and overseer. "He himself planned the scaffolding and cording, besides seeing nearly every stone into its place; he had even to teach his masons to

distinguish a straight line from a crooked one." The mixing of the mortar, the turning of the arches, the tracery of the windows, all claimed his care, and this in the midst of his translation work and the oversight of the living Church. The church was first used on Christmas Day, 1877. It was not nearly finished, but about 200 people were packed into the shady side of the nave for Mattins. The hymns were sung in Swahili, and the Bishop preached to his flock on the story of Bethlehem in their own tongue.

The church is of the basilican type, a mixture of Gothic and Arabic styles, and is built of coral, the stone of the island. The East end is a fine apse with lancet windows. On the chord of the apse the altar now stands, exactly where the whipping-post stood in the old slave market. The Bishop's throne stands behind the altar in Eastern fashion. In 1907 teak stalls, with beautiful copper panels, were set up round the apse in memory of Bishop Smythies. Outside there is a slender bell-tower with a graceful spire. A carillon of twenty-five small bells was given at the Mission Anniversary in 1877, during Bishop Steere's last visit to England. Unfortunately the slender tower was not strong enough for the bells. They were rung for a short time, but, when it became clear that it was not safe to ring them, they were dispersed and put to good use elsewhere. There is a clock in the tower, presented by the Sultan, which keeps Eastern time. The day begins at 6 a.m. and at noon the fingers point to 6 o'clock. The roof was the Bishop's peculiar triumph. At first there was a temporary roof of wood, but wood is exposed to white ants and borers, so other material had to be sought. Iron would be very expensive and, unless thatched above, would be too hot in the sun and too noisy in rain. Tiles would need a massive framework. The Bishop therefore decided to construct a vault of pounded coral mixed with cement. Wooden centrings were set up as supports and these were covered with the concrete. A space 10 feet in length was done at a time and then the mass was left to set. The span is $28\frac{1}{2}$ feet across and many feared that the vault would crash when the supports were removed. Others thought that the weight would be too much



THE OLD SLAVE MARKET, ZANZIBAR



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, ZANZIBAR
BUILT ON THE SITE OF THE OLD SLAVE MARKET

for the walls, and that they would bulge outwards and that the whole building would collapse in ruins. The Bishop was almost alone in his faith in the stability of his design. As a matter of fact he was right. His roof not only stood firm, but still stands firm to-day. It is true that it has needed some repairs in course of time, and indeed at one time there was a good deal of anxiety about it, but it seems that it was possible to make good the damage caused by years and that it is safe and sound still. This noble church, used, as we have seen, at Christmas, 1877, while still under construction, was finally complete in time for Christmas, 1880, when the Holy Mysteries were celebrated in it for the first time. From thence onward it has been in regular use.

Until the episcopate of Bishop Steere the Mission always seemed to be struggling along with so small a staff that its complete extinction might have been expected at almost any time. From henceforth volunteers came in larger numbers, and it is in this period that we find some of the greatest names on our roll. There were Farler, Woodward, Maples, Johnson, Hodgson, Jones-Bateman, Porter, among the priests, with Madan, Miss Bartlett, Miss Thackeray and Miss Mills—besides others too numerous to mention, who all played a great part in the expansion of the Mission work. But for the moment the important point in this increase of staff is that it enabled the Bishop seriously to attack the problem of evangelizing the mainland. The first step in this direction was to establish Farler at Magila in July 1875. As we have seen, Alington and Fraser had begun work there. Later, four young laymen occupied this advance post for a time, but sickness and death had so weakened the staff that the work had to be suspended. From this time (1875) onward the station was to be firmly held. Farler made a good beginning. The beautiful land had been devastated for years by a desperate war between two brothers. They were sons of the old Kimweri of Alington's time, and each tried to secure the position of paramount chief. The brothers seem to have been not unwilling to end the war, if only an arrangement could be made, and at last begged the missionaries to mediate. Farler must have shown great tact,

for he not only succeeded in reconciling the two brothers, but also their respective peoples. So peace once more reigned in the land.

Then at the end of August 1875, the Bishop started on a long pioneer trip to the Yao hills. He was accompanied by Padre James and two laymen, Belleville and Beardall. But James was taken so ill at Lindi that he had to be sent back with Beardall. After this delay the Bishop decided to go on alone, without any European companion, but he had James Chuma to act as overseer of the expedition. It will be remembered that Chuma was one of Dr. Livingstone's most faithful followers, and that it was he and Susi who bore their master's dead body down to the coast. He was now a Christian and had been baptized with James as his Christian name. Of him Bishop Steere wrote: "Chuma was throughout the soul of the expedition." Indeed success without him would have been nearly impossible. The party passed on through the coast district and then entered the Mwera country. These are a peaceable folk, and they were nine days passing through their country. The Bishop noticed a furnace by the roadside, hollowed out of an ant-hill, for forging iron. The Makua were noted as the best smelters of ore, but the Mwera were the best smiths. This is now almost a lost art, for the natives prefer to buy imported iron-ware. After passing through the Mwera country the Bishop found the land deserted until he drew near to the river Ruvuma. There he found some Makua villages. The river was low at that time of the year and easily crossed. The reason for the deserted state of the country, through which he had passed, was because it was exposed to Yao raids. Now the Bishop came into Yao territory proper. He passed on his way, meeting with courtesy from the Yaos. He stopped for a while at Mnyenji's village, nephew and heir to Mataka, who was by far the most important chief in the district. At last he reached Mataka's own headquarters at Mwembe, which is only four days' journey from Lake Nyasa. Mataka received the Bishop graciously enough, but he was in a dilemma. He did not want a Mission station at Mwembe, lest it should interfere with the slave trade. Yet he did not

want to reject the Bishop altogether, lest he should settle with his great enemy Makanjila. He suggested that the Bishop should start work at Losefa, or Losewa, as the Yaos themselves call it, one of his villages on the Lake itself, but that was out of the question at the time.

The Bishop stayed a fortnight at Mwembe, almost in sight of the Lake. After this he felt that he must not stay any longer, so, parting with Mataka on friendly terms, he began his journey back to the coast. The rains had now broken, which made travelling uncomfortable, but he found a shorter route to Lindi, and the party arrived there on January 21, 1876, all in good condition. This was really a very fine piece of pioneer work. Though no settlement had been made, the Bishop now knew how the land lay and was on friendly terms with the Yao chiefs, and it was a real step on the road towards Lake Nyasa.

On his return to Zanzibar the Bishop started his next venture, the result of which was to be the founding of the first station at Masasi. His journey to Mataka's had suggested the possibility of leading some of the freed slaves back to their former homes and of planting a Christian village in the hills. Families were carefully selected at Mbweni, thirty-one men and twenty-four women. Not many were baptized, but all were under instruction. W. P. Johnson, just ordained deacon, was to be the spiritual head, and Beardall was to be superintendent. The Bishop himself led forth his people, leaving Zanzibar on October 16, 1876. Capt. Cochrane, R.N., very kindly towed the dhow containing the natives as far as Lindi. Here, as so often in the early days of the Mission, we owed much to the generous help of the Royal Navy. From Lindi the expedition moved with difficulty through a famine-stricken country. They had started with the intention of settling somewhere near Lake Nyasa, whence came the majority of the freed slaves. But presently, after their hardships, they reached Masasi. It stands in the hill country on the left bank of the Ruvuma, well over 1,000 feet above sea-level and roughly about 100 miles from the coast. It is a land of plenty and of great beauty. The natives looked around them. They were wearied with

their march through a hungry country. They came to the Bishop and said : " Great master, let us cease our wanderings here. True this is not our home, but it is like our home. We might seek for years in the forests and not find the exact spot from which we were stolen by the Arabs. Here is plenty of water, everything grows well and war is almost unknown. We are among our own people. Here we will live and here we will die." The Bishop knew the difficulty of leading such a caravan farther, so he gave his consent. " The not unnatural plea of the natives no doubt touched him and he accepted it as the voice of God." The paramount chief of the district, Namkumba, granted permission, and so the Mission village was planted at Masasi.

X

MKUNAZINI AND KIUNGANI

WE have spoken of the development on the mainland, but it must not be supposed that the spiritual work on the island was stagnating. There were great changes and developments there, especially in the first years of Bishop Steere's episcopate, that is, before he went home in 1877. In December 1875, the old quarters near the Consulate were given up, and the Mission moved into the house at Mkunazini, close by the spot where the new church was rising in the old slave market. This now became the Mission headquarters. Here our first hospital was opened by Miss Allen. No doubt the beginnings were small enough, but our medical work was to play so large a part in the future of the Mission that we must needs take note of this first venture. We are very proud of the work of our doctors and nurses, from the time of Dr. Dickinson onwards, so the opening of our first hospital is a real landmark in our history. Besides her work in the surgery and hospital, Miss Allen also found time to begin Zenana work in the town, but this was a little later.

At Mbweni great changes were taking place. It was here that the freed slaves were to be provided with a home and the slave village began in 1875. At that date there were seven men and sixteen women, living in their own homes. These numbers increased rapidly, as fresh-released slaves were handed over to the Mission's care. The Rev. W. F. Capel was priest-in-charge of the village, assisted by subdeacon John Swedi and two laymen. By 1876 the numbers had grown to 140. Besides this very difficult village, the girls' school was at Mbweni, under the care of Miss Fountaine. The idea was to give the girls an industrial training, but at first it was difficult to do very much and this side of the work developed only by degrees. In 1876 there were sixty-two girls at the school. There was an infant school also at Mbweni. This was in the hands of Vincent Mkono, himself one of the earliest pupils of the Mission school. He had married another Mission

pupil, Elizabeth Kidogo. Altogether the work at Mbweni was a costly business. The schools themselves were not very expensive to maintain, but the freed slaves needed food, clothes, houses and almost everything. They were given plots of land on which to grow their own food, as far as possible. The rest of the plantation was worked by the Mission to raise funds for the support of the station. Sugar planting was tried, but not on a large scale. The really important industry at Mbweni was the cultivation of the coconut palm. Coconuts provide the raw material for the manufacture of many commodities and their sale brought in a substantial revenue. It was this which enabled the Mission to bear the heavy expenses of the establishment at Mbweni.

Kiungani, about a mile and a half from the town, was fulfilling a double purpose. The ordinary boys' school had been moved from the town and was now at Kiungani. In addition to this a special department was organized for the training of teachers. Teachers play such a large part in our missionary system that it is impossible to overestimate the importance of the training college. Padre Randolph was organizing the work of the college and was its Principal. Miss Bartlett was his housekeeper and was of invaluable assistance. She also taught laundry work. Herbert Woodward, then a layman, presided over the printing press and Wallis superintended the carpenters' shop.

The Bishop, though away for long periods on his travels and much occupied with his church-building when at Zanzibar, yet found time for translation work. At this time he translated part of the New Testament and attended himself to the printing on the Mission press. He seems generally to have lived at Kiungani, when on the island, but on Sunday he walked in to Mkunazini to celebrate. He also conducted an evening service in the town for the European residents. On Thursdays too he came in to Mkunazini to give the staff a mid-week celebration.

The life of the missionaries on the island was a busy one and full of promise. It must have been a different atmosphere from that of Bishop Tozer's time, when the Mission could only

struggle along with so small a staff that extinction seemed imminent. Now the future seemed far more encouraging. At the same time it must not be supposed that things were easy. In the first place the work was almost entirely among freed slaves and dependants. In spite of the fact that the Bishop was very highly respected by the leading Muhammadans of Zanzibar, and though they listened to his words with interest, they showed little or no sign of desiring to accept Christianity. This has always been the discouraging feature of our work in Zanzibar. We have been particularly fortunate in having a very fine succession of men engaged in this work, Steere, Jones-Bateman, Hodgson, Dale and Broomfield, but visible success in winning large numbers has been granted to none of them. It is a great satisfaction to be able to add that the latest reports (1935) seem to show a great change in the attitude of Muhammadans towards Christianity. The leaven has been working in secret, and it looks as if we might well expect more visible success in the coming years. But in Bishop Steere's time, though the missionaries worked on in faith, preaching to Muhammadans in Zanzibar was discouraging enough. Then, in the second place, there were failures among the Christians. Perhaps the worst blow was the defection of Francis Mabruki. He was one of the five boys given by the Sultan to Bishop Tozer on his first arrival. He had shown great promise and was made a subdeacon. It was hoped that he would soon be ordained deacon. Then he came to grief. He had to be inhibited from preaching and he was never restored. Yet, when one considers the material with which the missionaries had to work, not merely uncivilized Africans, but men demoralized by slavery, one cannot wonder that there were failures. It was a miracle of grace that any stood firm. The temptations which lie in the background of an African's life, especially in a place like Zanzibar, are hardly imaginable in England.

Before we pass on we must notice some of the recruits who joined the Mission staff at this period. Herbert Woodward came out as a layman in 1875. He was afterwards ordained and became Archdeacon of Magila. Towards the end of his

life he was called by his Society, the S.S.M., to work in South Africa. but he could not stand the high altitude very long. Permitted to return to Zanzibar, he ended his days where he would most have wished to end them, after more than fifty years' devoted service to Africa.

About the same time there came out two remarkable men from University College, Oxford. Maples was the senior, being a year older than Johnson. The late Mr. W. B. Langhorne, who was a contemporary at University, once told me that every one recognized Johnson as a great man, but that no one expected much from Maples, though he was amiable and popular. He said that Africa must have brought out all that latent strength of character which had escaped detection at Oxford. Johnson came up to Oxford from Bedford, with the prestige of having passed into the Indian Civil Service. He had also earned distinction by stroking his college boat head of the river. Attracted to the Mission, as it seemed by the merest chance, both men were to play an important part in its work. Maples became Bishop of Likoma and was drowned in a storm in 1895. Johnson lived to do more than fifty years' work in Africa. Death found him still hard at work as a parish priest and archdeacon, and he has left a name not soon to be forgotten.

A little later the Rev. F. R. Hodgson joined the staff. He was afterwards Archdeacon of Zanzibar. He completed Bishop Steere's project of translating the Bible into Swahili. After twelve years' work in Zanzibar he was compelled to retire owing to ill-health. Mrs. Hodgson had also done a great work in Zanzibar. Henceforward they devoted themselves to working for the Mission at home. He became an energetic District Organizing Secretary, greatly helped by his wife. Few friends of the Mission, with pre-war memories, can fail to recollect "Mrs. Hodgson's dolls," the beautiful black dolls—from Nuremberg, one fears, but those were pre-war days—which she dressed in Zanzibar style to sell for the Mission. They brought out another new worker with them, Miss Thackeray, when they came back from England in 1877. Her active work among the slave girls, her sympathy and help in

retirement—for she bought a house and lived in Zanzibar until her death—were among God's great gifts to our Mission.

In 1879 another devoted lady joined the staff, Miss D. Y. Mills, who is happily still with us in 1935. She always appeared to be delicate, but she worked until 1905 in Africa. From that time onward she used her gifted pen in the service of the Mission, and was for many years editor of our two magazines. A year later A. C. Madan joined the staff. He was a Senior Student of Christ Church, Oxford, a scholar of retiring habits, with a special gift for acquiring languages. He did an important work at the College at Kiungani, where his scholarship was of great value. The simple spirit of devotion in which he worked made a real impression on his pupils. The writer has heard the late Canon Augustine Ambali speak with real emotion of all he owed to his old teacher. He helped Archdeacon Hodgson to revise the Swahili Bible, which is a lasting memorial of his diligence. He also compiled a dictionary of Swahili, into which he put an enormous amount of work. He resigned in 1896. Then, for many years, he was in Government service, compiling vocabularies and doing linguistic spadework of that sort in Northern Rhodesia. Finally he returned once more to his rooms in college, which must have seemed strangely remote from his pioneer work in East Africa.

XI

JOHNSON'S MISSION TO MATAKA'S

AFTER establishing the village of freed slaves at Masasi and providing for its future, Bishop Steere returned to Zanzibar a little before Christmas. On the way back he was taken ill with a very severe attack of fever. He was tossing in a dhow off Kilwa and would almost certainly have died, if Capt. Boys of H.M.S. *Philomel* had not rescued him and brought him to Zanzibar. There he slowly recovered, but he was compelled to return to England for a time to recruit. Maples writes: "I do not think he ever quite recovered from the effects of that fever—in spite of his manful efforts not to let it interfere with his daily labours." He returned from England in November 1877, but, as Maples said, he was never quite the same man again.

In August 1877 Maples and Joseph Williams were sent to strengthen the staff at Masasi. Soon after Johnson fell very ill, and had to be sent to Zanzibar to be nursed. It is interesting to note that the man, whom we knew in later years as a man of iron, was generally regarded in those days as very delicate. At Zanzibar he recovered his health and went to work at Mbweni and Clarke took his place at Masasi. It was at this time that Masasi began to throw out offshoots. A new station was begun in May 1878 at Newala, under the care of Clarke. This place stands in the highlands, between Masasi and the Ruvuma river. Just as Farler had made peace in the Usambara country, so now Clarke acted as peacemaker in the Ruvuma district. He got together representatives of the Makua, with whom, of course, he was in close touch, and those of the warlike Maviti and the agents of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and he induced them to come to terms. Meanwhile, at Masasi itself, the work had been going steadily on. At first it was with the freed slaves in the Mission village, but soon some of the surrounding district began to listen to our teaching. On Whit-Sunday, 1878 the first sixteen freed slaves were admitted to baptism. It was perhaps even more important, as a promise

for the future, that one adult from the neighbourhood was also baptized together with the freed slaves. A year later these new Christians were taken to Zanzibar for confirmation. They made their first communions on May 1, 1879, when the complete Swahili liturgy was used for the first time in celebrating the Holy Mysteries.

Soon after this happy day at Zanzibar, Maples left for his furlough in England and Johnson took over the care of Masasi again, helped by Clarke. Only a month or two later John Swedi, who had worked so well as subdeacon at Masasi, was ordained to the diaconate. It was on June 8, 1879, that the ordination took place, and he was the first native African in our Mission to receive Holy Orders.

At Magila there was also expansion. A new centre had been established at Pambili, about three miles away, in 1876. Another was started soon after at Umba. In November 1879 the Bishop appointed Farler Archdeacon of Magila. This shows how important the Bishop esteemed this sphere of work. It was important to have a man at the head of it with sufficient authority to be able to act in an emergency, until application could be made to the Bishop. It is true that the Usambara country is not very far from Zanzibar, as the crow flies, but communication was not easy. There was not only the journey up from the coast, but travellers had to depend on chance dhows to reach the mainland.

Now the time had come for a real missionary expedition to "the tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyasa." The Bishop's own expedition was one of exploration. This was to be definitely for the purpose of planting a mission station. The Bishop therefore commissioned Johnson, now recovered, to lead an expedition into the Yao hills. He set out in October 1880 taking with him only five or six men, two teachers, and Barnaba Nakaam as overseer. Barnaba was a headman in the Masasi district. He was faithful, and stood by his leader in all difficulties and proved himself invaluable. As Barnaba was well acquainted with the best route, a rapid journey was made as far as Mwembe. The old Mataka, who had been friendly with Bishop Steere, was now dead, and his nephew,

whom Steere knew as Mnyenji, now ruled in his stead. The party arrived at Mwembe on All Saints' Day, 1880. The new Mataka was very friendly. He had no objection to Johnson preaching to his people, and he allowed him to open a school, to which he sent his own nephew. Thus the work began with great promise. When the station seemed fairly established, Johnson left the school in the hands of his teachers for a time, while he went a further voyage of discovery with Barnaba. He went southward and nearer to the Lake, but he did not actually catch sight of it.

Soon after his return these bright prospects became clouded. The rains had been poor and a terrible famine spread over the land. It became a fight for life. Barnaba made foraging expeditions, once as far as the Lake to the Scotch Mission of Livingstonia. It was then on the Marembo arm of the Lake, that is, on the west side, about fifty miles from the modern Fort Johnston. Dr. Laws gave what help he could. Meanwhile things became almost desperate at Mwembe. In the track of the famine came a terrible visitation of ulcers. Before Barnaba got back from Livingstonia, Johnson had "used up all his available surplices and shirts for bandages." Worse, his own hands became infected. At last he was compelled to go himself to Livingstonia for medical help. On the way down he had his first view of the Lake. He says himself: "I was too intent upon the attitude of the natives and my own hands to feel very enthusiastic." Dr. Laws was kindness itself and did all he could for Johnson. Gradually his hands recovered from the ulcers. He writes gratefully: "Could Dr. Samuel Johnson have visited there, he would certainly have lost all his prejudice against the Scotch."

When Johnson got back to Mwembe, he found a distinct change for the worse in his relations with Mataka. Before there had been difficulties enough about health and food, but now he found that the chief's cordiality had cooled. It seems that the important people in the slave trade had advised Mataka to get rid of the European. Then news came through that Capt. Foote, of H.M.S. *Ruby*, had tried to stop a slave caravan near the coast. The boat's crew, which had landed,

were too few in number to effect anything, but suspicions arose that it must have been Johnson who had sent word to Capt. Foote, to warn him of the approach of the caravan. This was too much for Mataka. Johnson chanced to go for a preaching tour for ten days and, when he got back, he found the Mission building burnt and his goods all in Mataka's possession. There was a tremendous beer-drink going on at the time, and Johnson ran great risk of being murdered. He was indeed imprisoned for the night. As soon as Mataka was sober again, he saw Johnson and insisted that he must go. Johnson used to speak of Mataka in a curiously detached way. He sympathized with the chief in his difficult position. He quite understood that, though personally friendly, Mataka, the slave-dealer, was bound to look with suspicion on the European, living in his village, who was one of that nation which was doing its utmost to put an end to the slave trade. He used to speak with real gratitude of Mataka's anxiety for his comfort, even though he had to turn him out of his village. A slave caravan was starting for the coast, and Mataka arranged that Johnson should go with it, charging the leaders to take care of him by the way. Characteristically, Johnson insisted upon taking a lame slave boy with him, whom he had befriended at Mwembe. He was afterwards baptized Austini and became a Reader in Nyasaland. So weak and ill was this boy that Johnson had sometimes to carry him. When nearing Masasi, he left the caravan and soon after met Charles Janson, and then hurried on, arriving at Masasi after an absence of thirteen months. The first attack on Yaoland had been a failure, but it had been a glorious failure.

Meanwhile further developments had been going on nearer the coast. In the northern district Magila threw out another offshoot at Mkuzi, about ten miles from Magila on the Pangani road. It lay in the midst of those very people who had most bitterly opposed the building of a church at Magila. Now they begged for a church of their own. The new station was under the care of Rev. F. A. Wallis, though, during his absence on preaching tours, it was often left in the charge of Deacon John Swedi, who worked with him. Mkuzi was, and always

has been, a difficult station, for Islam is both strong and bitter in the district. Farther south there were ups and downs. At Newala the important chief, Matola, hesitated, but finally he came down on the Christian side and at length actually declared himself prepared to become a catechumen. In the next year, 1882, the sorrowful year of the raid, Matola behaved splendidly. He did eventually become a catechumen and died a Christian. In this southern district progress was also made in a new direction. The Muhammadan chief, Abdallah Pesa, invited the Mission to his village, Mtua, about 25 miles from Lindi. Clarke visited the place and preached there, and a new station was opened in 1881, and Williams was put in charge.

There is little more to tell of the last days of the great Bishop. In December 1881 he had sent Johnson once more on a second missionary expedition to Lake Nyasa, but we must tell this story in another chapter. The Bishop's health had been failing and he went home early in 1882, leaving the Mission in charge of the newly made Archdeacon, F. R. Hodgson. But he only stayed two months in England, and obviously the trip had not done much for his health. Two days before the Mission Feast, the Feast of St. Bartholomew, he had completed the translation of the book of Isaiah into Swahili. He had visited Kiungani on the Feast day and walked back again to Mkunazini later with Miss Bartlett. He visited the workpeople and went to evensong. On Saturday, August 26, the mail arrived and he spent the evening over his letters. He had wished the staff good-night quite brightly, as he went to his room. Either that night, or some time earlier, he had written a letter to the Home Committee, saying that he felt himself unequal to carrying the burden of the bishopric any longer. He earnestly wished to remain in Zanzibar, chiefly on account of translation work. He offered to resign the headship and declared himself very willing to work under a successor, or, if the Committee preferred it, he would retain the headship, with a younger and more active man as his coadjutor. In the night he was taken with a seizure and never stirred again. The letter was found lying open on his table. Next day, while

the congregation in church was waiting for the early celebration, the Bishop's heavy breathing was heard through the door. He never spoke again after he was found, and died August 27, 1881, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Archdeacon Hodgson commending his soul into God's hands. The lesson for the day at evensong was the story of Elijah's passing and the staff listened sorrowfully to the words: "Know ye not that the Lord will take thy master from thy head to-day."

He was buried next day in his own grand church, and his body lies behind the high altar, at the foot of the bishop's throne. All orders and ranks in Zanzibar came to the funeral, and the Sultan sent a representative. British bluejackets from H.M.S. *London* carried the body to its last resting-place.

XII

THE MASASI RAID

BEFORE we follow the story of Johnson's expedition to Lake Nyasa, we must complete the story of the sorrowful year nearer the base. Only a few days after the Bishop's death, he was followed by the Rev. H. A. Wilson. He seems to have been a singularly lovable man and full of devotion to our Lord. He was in deacon's orders and was working under Archdeacon Farler at the out-station of Umba. It was there that he won over the old chief, already half blind. This old man, Semkali, was converted and was baptized by the name of Henry. Farler wrote of Wilson: "I have lost the best, the truest and most lovable fellow worker that man could have. . . . I have never felt a death more."

In September 1882 came the terrible Angoni raid on Masasi. It is difficult in England to realize the enormous distances covered by these raids. The Angoni villages must have been between three and four hundred miles from Masasi, as far as the whole length of England. Early in September came the first rumours of the coming raid, which caused such nervousness in the district that many of the Makua and Yao neighbours of the Mission sought safety in the hills. Perhaps the missionaries should have arranged for their people to do the same. Maples and Porter discussed the position with the local chiefs. But native rumours are not always to be relied on. Often they are spread with the direct object of scaring people to do the very thing which their enemies wish them to do. Anyway Maples and Porter were convinced that no force should be used in defence of the station, whatever might happen. Orders were given to that effect, and strictly obeyed. Then news became more definite, and it was clear that the Angoni were really advancing on Masasi. Maples, with five brave native followers, went out to meet the raiders, in the hopes of persuading them to retire. But the raiders advanced through the bush, while Maples and his party went by the path, and it was not until they had got a considerable distance

that they came to the spot where their tracks showed that the raiders had taken to the bush. Clearly they had missed them. Hoping even yet to be in time at least to give warning, Maples hurried back by forced marches. When they came in view of Masasi, they saw a dark column of smoke rising from it and knew that they were too late. Maples writes: "Standing as we then all fully believed ourselves to be, on the edge of eternity, we kneeled down and prayed for some time." Obviously to pass on into the midst of the turmoil would be to meet certain death and be of no advantage to any one. They therefore turned towards Newala. Their food was spent, they were utterly exhausted, and their only hope was that Matola would have stuck to his village. If he too had fled and there remained only a deserted village, Maples and his party must needs die of hunger. Almost miraculously they made their way through the Angoni outposts. They were indeed captured by a stray party, but were allowed to escape. When they reached Newala, they found Matola had stuck to his post, in the hope of being able to give just such help as this starving, wearied party needed. They had been three days without food, as it was, and but for Matola they must certainly have perished.

The raid itself was a ghastly business. The Angoni burst into the village at 5 a.m. They set fire to the houses and looted and desecrated the church. They seized all upon whom they could lay their hands. But only seven were killed in the attack, which shows how wise was the decision not to show fight. Porter gallantly stuck to his post and almost immediately opened negotiations for ransoming at least some of the captives. The raiders then retired to a little distance and remained there for thirteen days. Day by day they sent out expeditions in all directions, until the whole district was devastated. Porter occupied these days by trying to ransom more of the prisoners, and he succeeded in getting a number released. But in spite of all Porter's effort the Angoni at last departed with twenty-three adults and six children still in their possession. However, they promised to wait at a place called Majeje, about seventy miles away, to give time to procure more calico to ransom

the remainder. Though Porter strained every nerve to get the calico in time and though his messengers were at Majeje with the ransom in just seventeen days, the Angoni had gone.

Maples was very ill after his terrible journey, and he had also sprained his leg so badly that he could not walk. He and Porter decided that the only thing to do was to send most of the freed slaves back to Mbweni. Porter carried on at Masasi, and Maples returned on October 2. The trouble now was that the Angoni had declared it to be their purpose to return again and to slay all the Europeans they might meet, and to take the heart of their leader as a charm to bring them victory over other Europeans. Masasi and the whole district could not settle down, for they lived in constant fear of another raid. Again and again many fled to the hills on rumours of a raid, only to find that it was a false alarm. It seemed impossible to carry on work in these conditions, so in June next year, 1883, Maples withdrew to Newala. Masasi was not wholly deserted, for Charles Sulimani carried on work among the few who remained there.

As soon as he was able Porter went off to the Angoni country to try to redeem those who had been carried off into slavery. In January 1883 he returned to Masasi, but he had only succeeded in recovering half of those whom he had hoped to rescue. It was on this occasion that the Angoni chief presented Porter with a blunted spear, as a token of peace. This spear is now preserved at Central Africa House.

Certain things stand out in this sad story. Our missionaries had to face a terrible ordeal. As it happened, the chief burden fell upon Porter. Maples having missed the raiders, Porter was the only European on the station when the storm broke. It is impossible to overestimate the courage and tact which he showed. He stuck to his post, and it is difficult to understand how he maintained his position and was able to negotiate with the Angoni. The native Christians also behaved splendidly, especially Charles Sulimani. He too showed great bravery and tact, and it was largely through his help, as Maples wrote, that Porter was able to come to some understanding with the raiders. Matola too, though not yet a Christian, was faithful

and stood by his friends. It is true that he was forty miles away from Masasi, but he might well have thought that the Mission was gone for ever.

In the midst of this series of troubles, the news came through of the Bishop's death, but Maples says that they were almost too stunned at the moment to realize it. News also came a little later from distant Nyasaland that Charles Janson was dead and that his body now rested by the side of the Lake. It must have added to Maples' anxieties to think of his friend Johnson, now without a European companion, lost to sight, but somewhere beyond the Yao hills in the Lake region.

During the year 1882 the Church of St. John at Mbweni was steadily rising. It was completed in time for dedication on Christmas Day. At home the Mission magazine, *Central Africa*, appeared for the first time on New Year's Day, 1883. Since its first appearance we have had different editors, and often they have not been very well supported by the missionaries at the front, but *Central Africa* has always kept a high standard and it is always interesting. It must have played a large part in securing interest in and support for the Mission at home. In the meantime while obvious disasters were falling on the Mission, disasters which could be seen and known of men, secretly the seed was germinating in far-off Nyasaland, giving promise of new regions won for Christ. The disaster at Masasi could be repaired. Even the great bishop could be replaced. Dark as was the hour, the Mission was ready for a great advance in the next few years.

XIII

SETTLEMENT ON LAKE NYASA

WE must now go back a little to follow the story of Johnson's famous journey to Lake Nyasa. It was intended to be and was in fact the beginning of work on the Lake itself. It was planned by the great Bishop, for amongst all his interests and cares, he never forgot that the Lake region was the original objective of the Mission. He did not live to hear the story of Johnson's heroic adventures.

Johnson and his companion, Janson, set out from Masasi in the last week of 1881, after keeping Christmas with their friends. Johnson was delighted to find that his older companion was every whit as keen as he was to start mission work on the great Lake. It was a difficult journey and a dangerous one, for the Angoni were known to be on the warpath. For this reason they went rather a different course from that which they had originally intended, and travelled by way of Unangu. Here they made the acquaintance of Kalanje, one of the most important of the Yao chiefs, though at the moment he was living on the hill tops in fear of Angoni raids. The only chief on the Lake whose name was known on the coast was Chiteji. It was assumed that he must be a very important man, and it was decided to make for his village as soon as the Lake was reached. They descended from the hills at Unangu and reached the Lake at Mtengula, where later the headquarters of the Portuguese Government on the Lake were established. Janson was much knocked up by the journey. Instead of making straight for Chiteji's, which lay to the north, they turned south for a few miles to Msumba, which was to play so large a part in the future of missionary work on the Lake. Johnson writes many years later and says of Msumba: "I have so many happy memories, though my first acquaintance with it, when Janson was getting more and more ill, was melancholy enough." At Msumba there was nothing to be done for a sick man. Even ordinary food was hard to obtain. They therefore decided to work northwards again, towards Chiteji's. It rained continually,

and Janson got worse and worse. They were compelled to stop at Chia and there Janson died. He was buried in Mayenda-yenda's village at Chia and his grave has been reverently cared for ever since. He was the first of our Mission to be buried by the Lake, which he only reached to die. Johnson writes :

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

Johnson reached Chiteji's village at last. It lies on the east side of the Lake, just northward of Likoma island. The chief made him welcome and gave him a house. But he found that he had come at an anxious time, for the Angoni were raiding in the district. Chiteji had built a stockade, about two miles away, and thither the villagers retired every night. Johnson at first spent a night or two alone in the deserted village, but, after that, he decided that it was too dangerous. Presently the enemy came. They slew and plundered in such villages as had not provided themselves with a safe retreat. When they came Chiteji's way, Johnson boldly went out alone to meet them. He was received in a very unpromising fashion, but evidently he must have greatly impressed them, for, after a time, they settled down to talk. The Angoni declared that they were being forced on by another tribe, whom they called the Nyakanyaka. Johnson was much hampered by his ignorance of their language, but he says : “ I think I promised these Angoni to come and see them and, if possible, to go on to the Nyakanyaka, with a view to reconciling them ; anyway, we parted in a friendly spirit.”

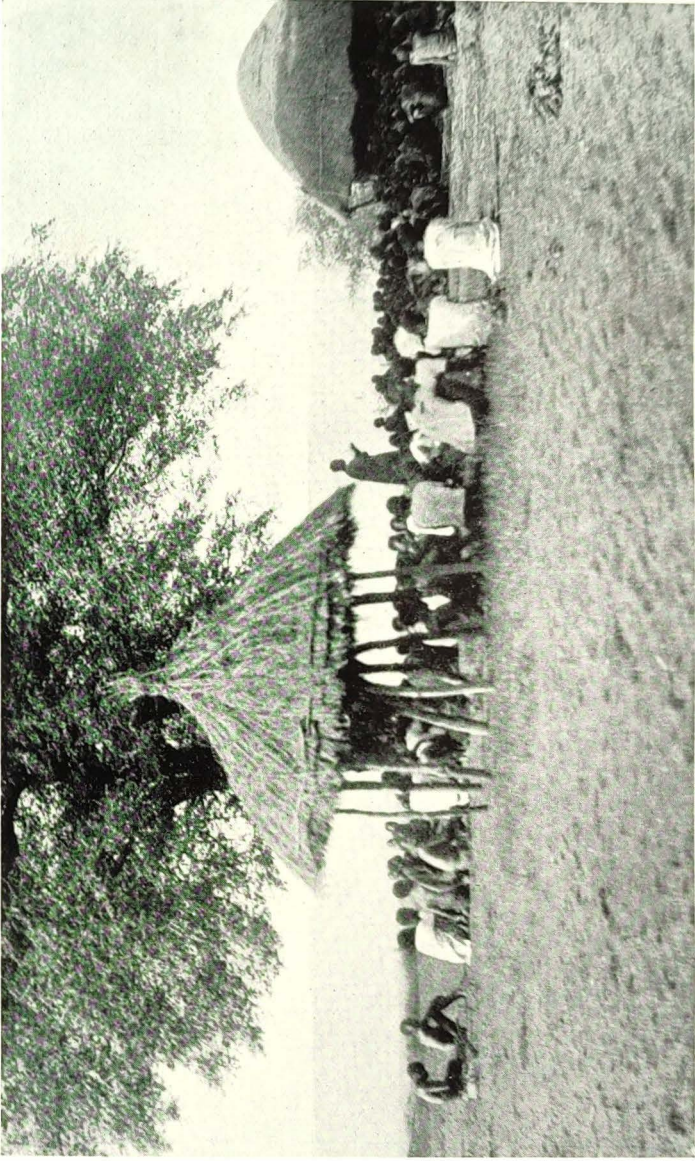
After this Johnson began regular missionary work at Chiteji's. From time to time he made excursions in the neighbourhood, with an eye to the future. He crossed over to Likoma, where he found a large population, attracted by its freedom from raids. The Angoni had a great dread of the water, and the island was, therefore, a safe asylum, for there were four miles of water between it and the mainland. Chiteji himself owned half the

island, but he would not hear of Johnson settling there at the time.

There were visitors occasionally at Chiteji's. The *Ilala*, the steamer of the African Lakes Corporation, called occasionally. Once or twice the manager, Mr. John Moir, was on board. He was nicknamed Mandala by the natives, because he wore glasses, and throughout East Africa the Company is still known by the same name. Less pleasant visitors were Arab slave-traders from Kilwa. The islands of Likoma and Chizumulu formed stepping-stones for crossing the Lake, and it was used as a regular route by the slave-traders. No doubt this was why Chiteji's name was known so well on the coast, for it could not have been because of his consequence.

The missionary work at Chiteji's was carried on with difficulty in spite of the friendship of the chief, for whom Johnson had a great regard. The continual fear of Angoni raids unsettled everything. Early in 1883 Johnson therefore determined to fulfil his promise to visit the Angoni in their own strongholds, and to see if anything more could be done to stop the raids. It was a very gallant thing to do, and it is a great tribute to his personality that he was able to induce some of Chiteji's men to go with him, as well as some Masasi carriers, who had just arrived with supplies. It is very doubtful if Johnson effected much by this expedition. It was only in the previous September (1882) that the Angoni had made their great raid on Masasi. Johnson knew nothing of this at the time. It was a curious position, for he was received courteously by the very tribe who had done so much mischief at Masasi. Friendly relations between the Angoni and the Mission must have seemed to Johnson to have been established, for he was sent off with honour and presented with an ox. Even the Masasi boys, whom he left to return home, were treated with kindness, though they were detained for a while on various pretexts.

Later in the same year Johnson fulfilled his other promise to visit the Nyakanyaka. He availed himself of the S.S. *Ilala*, which happened to make a call. He and his bearers went on board and were carried to Karonga, on the west side, about forty miles from the head of the Lake. There he could hear no



[Photo by Rev. E. P. Walker

PREACHING IN NYASALAND

news at all of the Nyakanyaka, who were probably known by some other name there. At length he decided that the Wa Bena were the people whom the Angoni called Nyakanyaka, but he was never very sure of this. He advanced into their country and tried to interview some of their chiefs. But the Wa Bena were suspicious, and he was never allowed to see any of their chief men. After various perils, some of them serious enough, he was compelled to turn back. He did not seem to be doing any good and also he was very ill himself. He writes : " I had started an ulcer with two openings in my thigh, and could not walk, but at last we got off, my men carrying me." He made a weary journey down the east coast and in the end reached Chiteji's once more.

" Chigoma [i.e. Chiteji's village] was home," he writes, " but there were no home comforts." There he was very ill indeed, and was compelled to seek help once more from his old friend Dr. Laws. Dr. Laws was now living at Bandawe, on the western mainland almost opposite Likoma and Chiteji's, about sixty miles away. Here he was slowly nursed back to health and ever afterwards he spoke with the utmost gratitude of the unfailing kindness of Dr. and Mrs. Laws. The Scotch Mission was now established at Bandawe, which was believed to be more healthy than the old Livingstonia by Cape Maclear. Still later, the wonderful Livingstonia, much farther up the Lake, became the headquarters of the Scotch Mission. It was while he was at Bandawe that Johnson heard the news of Bishop Steere's death. From Bandawe, when recovered, he made a voyage on the *Ilala* to the south end of the Lake. Thence he went up to the Shiré Highlands to visit the Church of Scotland Mission at Blantyre, where he was welcomed by Dr. David Clement Scott. While at Blantyre he received a cable, calling him home for consultation with the committee. He went back to Chigoma to get things in order, and then returned to Zanzibar. From thence he sailed to England, where he arrived in the summer, 1884.

His journey to England proved one of great importance for the future of the U.M.C.A. in Nyasaland. Johnson had gone about, presenting his credentials, as he called it ; that is,

preaching the message with which he had been entrusted, and there rose before his eyes the vision of using the great Lake as a waterway for spreading the Gospel amongst the teeming villages on its shores. At first he thought of the missionaries travelling by canoes, but he soon rose to the idea of a good sailing boat. Finally, he decided that a steamer, which could be a sort of moving base, was the ideal thing. That was the germ of the Nyasaland Diocese as we now know it, and where the Mission is indeed carrying the message to the tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyasa.

XIV

BISHOP SMYTHIES AND THE MAINLAND

THERE was a long vacancy after the death of Bishop Steere, but at length a successor was found in Charles Alan Smythies, Vicar of Roath. He was a Cambridge and a Trinity man. After taking his degree he went to Cuddesdon, where he became devoted to Dr. King, then Principal of the college. After a curacy at Great Marlow, he joined his friend, Father Puller, Vicar of Roath, up to that time a terribly neglected suburb of Cardiff. When Puller left to join the Society of St. John the Evangelist at Cowley, Smythies succeeded him at Roath. He was greatly beloved in the parish, and he shrank at first from the task when he was offered the East African bishopric. He hoped that his friend, Father Puller, might be induced to undertake the work, for with characteristic modesty he believed him much more fitted for such a post. When he found that there was no chance of this and the offer came to him the second time, he accepted it. He was consecrated on St. Andrew's Day, 1883, and reached Zanzibar February 25, 1884.

The Bishop took with him his nephew, the Rev. Duncan Travers, a name to be held in veneration by all friends of the U.M.C.A. It is true that his health did not permit him to work very long in Africa, for he was invalided in 1889, but at home he became Secretary of the Mission and only resigned the post at the end of 1924.

On the New Year's Day, before the Bishop's arrival, an interesting man was admitted a catechumen. This was Abdallah Susi. He had been Livingstone's faithful follower. With James Chuma he had brought the great explorer's body and papers safely down to the coast, as we have seen. Many years had he pondered over the Gospel message and at last he made up his mind to accept it. He was baptized on St. Bartholomew's Eve in 1886, and he died May 5, 1891. He went many journeys with Bishop Smythies and was most useful to him. Then he was seized with paralysis and his journeys were finished.

Bishop Smythies took up his task in very different circumstances from those in which his predecessors began their episcopates. Mackenzie was a pioneer. Tozer came out to a brave adventure, which had proved a failure. It was his task to start again and lay firm foundations. Steere, with a larger staff, built on Tozer's wise foundations, and from his base at Zanzibar spread out the work in the Usambara country, in the Ruvuma country and into far-away Nyasaland. It was to this widespread work, everywhere showing promise of development, that Smythies came. When he landed, his first act was to go to Christ Church to seek a blessing on his episcopate. A *Te Deum* was joyfully sung by the congregation in thanksgiving for their new Father in God, after being so long orphaned. The Bishop only spent a few weeks in Zanzibar and then went to Magila, where he remained over Easter. The Bishop was a fine strong man. He was a splendid walker and generally enjoyed his journeys. This little journey was the first of those many tramps which took him to all parts of his vast diocese. He was delighted with the beautiful country, and was still more impressed with the earnestness and solidity of the work.

After spending Easter at Magila, Bishop Smythies returned to Zanzibar, whither he had summoned the first Synod of the Diocese. The Synod met in May 1884. The Bishop wrote: "We all feel, I think, that it was a very great blessing to have met together and discussed with such harmony matters of great importance to our work here." Before the Synod there had been a three days' retreat. Also Jones-Bateman was ordained deacon, the first ordination in the Swahili ordinal.

After the Synod the Bishop had proposed to visit the Ruvuma district, but he decided to alter his plans in order to make a second visit to Magila. The reason of this was that the quarrel over the succession had broken out again, and the country was again being desolated by rival kinsfolk fighting against one another. Accordingly the Bishop went first to Magila and proceeded to meet the ruling Kimweri. It proved a longer journey than he was led to expect, but he did eventually interview the chief. Evidently he made a great impression upon him, but he was unable to extract any very definite promise from him. As

a matter of fact, however, though he did not succeed in coming to definite terms, yet he did secure peace, at least for the neighbourhood of Magila, for Kimweri did not raid there again.

After this digression, the Bishop started for the Ruvuma district on July 19, 1884. He found the country still very unsettled and always in fear of another Angoni raid. He visited Masasi, and was sadly impressed by the ruins of the Mission. After this visit he went back again to Zanzibar at the end of October in excellent health and spirits. On reaching Zanzibar he took an important step. He arranged to start a Theological department at Kiungani, where men might be trained for Holy Orders. It will be remembered that there were already two departments at Kiungani, the school and the training college for teachers. The new department was put under the care of Jones-Bateman.

The Bishop had contrived in his first year to visit all parts of his diocese, except the distant part on Lake Nyasa, but that was a part which he wished very much to see. It will be remembered that Johnson had gone home in response to a cable for consultation with the new bishop. He arrived towards the end of the summer in 1884. He met with a tremendous reception, of which he writes later: "It is wonderful to me now to think of the interest in the Mission which I found in England; an interest which I have never seen paralleled in later years." When he met Bishop Smythies he explained to him his hopes for the future. He says: "Our new Bishop took up warmly the idea of a steamer for the Lake." With the Bishop's approval an appeal was made. "We had many meetings and the money was subscribed readily." There was every prospect of great development of Mission work on Lake Nyasa. Looking back, it is obvious that a steamer was the almost ideal way of reaching the Lakeside villages. They lie thick along the shore. There is generally a marshy tract behind them, for the houses themselves are on sand banks thrown up by the waves. The natives built in this unhealthy position on purpose, so that the marshes might be a protection against raids. For Europeans, before the days of prophylactic quinine, those villages were

simply deadly. When one considers also the difficult paths, which were the only communications between the villages, it is easy to see the advantage of steaming easily along on the Lake itself. Though the idea was Johnson's, yet the Bishop deserves the credit of recognizing its worth and of blessing Johnson's efforts to realize it.

XV

LAKE NYASA AND THE *CHARLES JANSON*

SO ready was the response to Johnson's appeal for a steamer, that he was able to start for Africa again in October 1885, taking his steamer with him. The steamer had been packed into loads not exceeding 60 lb., so that none of the packages would be too heavy to transport by carriers. Johnson was to proceed up the Zambezi and he took with him Leonard Frere, a deacon, Bellingham, a layman from Zanzibar, and Captain Callaghan, with some mechanics. The steamer was but a small one of 25 tons. Johnson described it to a friend as "about the length of a college eight." Between the Lake and Chibisa's the river Shiré descends some five or six hundred feet in a series of rapids, known as the Murchison Falls. It was, therefore, above these rapids that the steamer had to be assembled, at some spot from which it could steam up the river, when complete, and right on into the Lake. Matope was the place chosen, just above the Murchison Falls and close to where our present station of Matope stands. Since those days the Shiré has become sadly blocked with reeds and often shrinks to nothing in the dry season. The writer saw some years ago a crop of maize growing under the bridge at Liwonde. Scarcely had the party started on their journey up the river to Matope, when their leader was struck down by violent ophthalmia. This caused him agonies of pain and also rendered him quite blind. He had to be taken back to Quilimane, then to Zanzibar and finally to England that he might consult a specialist.

The rest of the party continued their journey to Matope. When they got there they set to work. A rough dry dock was made and the work went on until the steamer was nearly completed. Then one day one of the thatched shelters, under which the men were working, caught fire and the camp and almost everything in it was burnt. Fortunately there was no loss of life, but a man and a boy, who were actually at work inside the boiler, had considerable difficulty in escaping. Fortunately, also, the steamer itself lay far enough away from

the blazing shelters and escaped all harm. This was in August 1886.

Meanwhile the Bishop, with Mr. and Mrs. Swinny, had started for the Lake on June 20. They travelled up the Zambezi and reached Blantyre. They were most hospitably received by the Brothers Moir at the African Lakes Corporation and no less hospitably at the Scotch Mission. Then the Bishop, Callaghan and Swinny made a trip up the Lake on the S.S. *Ilala*. They visited Likoma island and carefully examined it. Then they crossed over and interviewed Chiteji at Chigoma. Before, he had been against Johnson starting Mission work on the island, but now he willingly gave consent to building a station on his part of the island. The Bishop told Chiteji that Swinny would return when the steamer was finished, and would choose a site. On their way back they visited Charles Janson's grave at Chia. Then they went on down to Matope, where they arrived just ten days after the fire.

The Bishop had hoped to dedicate the steamer completed, but this was not possible now. It was decided, therefore, that she should be floated out of the rough dry dock on to the river, and that the boiler should be fixed in later. When the steamer lay afloat on the river Shiré the Bishop solemnly dedicated her on September 6, 1885. She received the name of *Charles Janson*, in memory of the friend who had accompanied Johnson to the Lake and whose body now lies on the Lake shore. The steamer is still in service and is known all round the Lake as the "C. J." She was completed with her boiler by the end of the year, and arrived at Likoma for the first time on January 22, 1886.

It is not often one gets a smile from income-tax returns. Years after, the Treasurer was surprised to receive an income-tax return form, with a request that Mr. C. Jay would be good enough to fill it in. Apparently a zealous official had heard of a "C. J." in connection with the Mission, but was not very clear as to who he was.

The spot chosen for the Mission on the rather barren island of Likoma is on rising ground, overlooking a delightful land-locked bay on the eastern side of the island. The station is

about a third of a mile from this bay, where there is a good anchorage, and steamers can lie safely, sheltered from every wind. There is also a good sandy beach on which the boats can land. The actual site of the Mission had an evil reputation. It is called Chipyela (= the burning place), for here poor creatures, accused of witchcraft, were burnt. Bishop Hine once showed the writer the actual burning spot, some thirty yards from the West End wall of the Cathedral. If Zanzibar Cathedral, standing in the old slave market, shows the victory of Christ over cruelty, the Cathedral at Likoma, on the burning place, shows the victory of Christ over superstition.

Johnson was unable to take part in the development of the work on the Lake, of which he was so largely the author. He had to be sent home totally blind for the time being. After an operation by the skilful eye surgeon, Dr. Nettleship, the sight of one eye was partially restored. The other had been destroyed by the disease. Even the one eye was focused with difficulty, and in bright light he generally looked between two fingers. It is amazing to think of all Johnson was yet to do, handicapped in the race of life by such an affliction.

As soon as he had recovered health Johnson returned again to Zanzibar in the spring of 1886, taking with him George Sherriff, the first of that band of Brixham fishermen who have done such good service on the Lake. When he reached Zanzibar, he found that the Bishop was just starting on an overland trip to Lake Nyasa. It was decided that Johnson should go with him, while Sherriff was sent by the easier route up the Zambezi and Shiré. The Bishop and Johnson arrived at Masasi and once more misfortune overtook Johnson. He was very ill indeed, and was sent back under the care of Weigall. So ill was he that Maples wrote: "It seems doubtful if we shall hear of his safe arrival at the coast." Johnson used to speak very gratefully of Weigall's care of him, and he also used to tell with great relish how he was taken out in a boat to the steamer at Lindi and listened while the captain and the chief officer discussed with Weigall whether it was worth while to take a dying man on board. They decided at length to take him on board and he did not die. He was, however, so much run down by his illness,

that he was compelled to go to South Africa for some months to recover.

Johnson's illness upset the Bishop's plans, for he had intended to put him in charge of the work on the Lake. He had now to find someone else to take his place, and he decided to take Maples away from Newala and to send him to the Lake instead of his friend. So it came about, as it seemed by chance, that Maples was brought up to the Lake, where he was to do so great a work and in the waters of which he was at last to make so heroic an end. So the Bishop proceeded on his way with Maples instead of Johnson. Maples was established on the island of Likoma, while the steamer took Swinny to minister to Chiteji's people and a few other mainland villages. To anyone who knows Nyasaland, it is a wonderful thing that Maples should have been able to establish and carry on work at Likoma, at a time when there was no European government and he had only his own tact and force of character to rely on. It was not a spectacular thing, but it is one of those unnoticed pieces of work which go to the building up of Christ's kingdom on earth, which must surely rank high in heaven.

Johnson had recovered and was back on the Lake by the end of 1886. He was now equipped with the steamer for which he had longed. He was able to enlarge his circle of work. Sherriff was captain of the steamer, and did all that it was possible for a layman to do to help Johnson. The two men were devoted to each other.

To finish the story of the opening up of the Lake work, we must record the death of George Swinny, in February 1887. He seems to have been the blithest and most cheerful of missionaries, and yet his heart and soul was in his work. He came out with a young wife, and she was prepared to endure with her husband whatever they might be called upon to bear. They were settled at Chinkomanji's, a large village to the south of Mtengula. First the devoted couple lost their baby daughter. She died at Likoma and her grave was the first Christian grave on the island. Then, early in the year, Swinny himself was so ill that he was taken across to the Scotch Mission at Bandawe. The Scotch missionaries showed all their wonted kindness, but

they could not save his life. He died on February 13, 1887. Mrs. Swinny bravely remained at Likoma, working amongst the girls, until she was invalided in 1888. She, too, died on her way home, so that the whole family had given its life for Africa.

We have carried on the story of the work on the Lake so as to leave a definite picture of it in the reader's mind. There was Maples and his staff established on Likoma island, working steadily for its evangelization. Johnson and his staff on the steamer worked on an outer circle. A regular tour was made to Chigoma and the other Lakeside villages every month, and new villages were always being added to the list. These, one feels, were Johnson's happiest years. He was a sort of free lance, working on his own particular task. He was always breaking new ground, a task which he loved and in which he excelled. Though deep in his own work, he yet had his closest friend always in the background at Likoma, with whom to consult and share his joys and sorrows.

XVI

WORK GROWING AT MAGILA

WE must now return to Zanzibar and the work in the two nearer mainland districts. First we will consider the Usambara country. This district, as we have seen, lies a little northwards of Pemba island, and its port is Tanga. Magila is the Mission capital, lying in the Bondei country. Begun in 1867 by Alington, and left from time to time owing to shortness of staff, the station had been strongly held since Farler's arrival in 1875. Offshoots were thrown out, and when Farler was made archdeacon in 1879, it was a wide district over which he was set to preside.

At Magila itself the building of the permanent church takes the prominent part between the years 1880 and 1886. This was not only a very big undertaking in itself, but there were other difficulties to be encountered. First there was great opposition from the natives. They were full of suspicion, and believed that the missionaries were really building a great fortress. The Mkuzi people were specially hostile and went so far as to make an armed demonstration against the Mission. Farler interviewed the Mkuzi chiefs and agreed to suspend work for a while, and a small temporary church was built. Then there was the difficulty of obtaining lime. There was limestone half a day's journey off, but transport was difficult to arrange. Also the local natives made trouble about quarrying and burning the stone. By 1883 all these difficulties had been got over by patience and tact, and the natives became more and more confident in the good intentions of the missionaries. At last the great church was finished, and it was consecrated by the Bishop on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1886. It was dedicated to the Holy Cross. The dedication was a link with good Dr. Krapf of the Church Missionary Society. He had preached on the spot forty years before, and had cut a cross on one of the trees as a sign of his mission. It is also because of this dedication that the station is usually called Msalabani nowadays. Msalaba in Swahili means cross. It

was for some time the only church in the mission which was consecrated.

While the church was a-building, the spiritual work had been going steadily on. Here the work was among free men and was, therefore, very different from work among freed slaves, as was that at Mbweni and at first at Masasi. These freed slaves were looked upon merely as the slaves of the Mission and would be expected, as a matter of course, to follow the religion of their masters. Here at Magila, the work was among free men, who had deliberately accepted Christ. Besides the European staff, there were at work at the end of 1882 two native deacons, three native catechists and eight teachers. One of the deacons was John Swedi. The other was James Chala Salfey, He had been rescued from a slave dhow as a boy and adopted by Capt. Hastings, R.N. He had been educated in England and ordained deacon by the Bishop of Oxford. Then he had volunteered for work among his own countrymen in Africa.

In 1882 Dr. Petrie arrived at Magila, the first medical missionary sent out by the Guild of St. Luke. No side of missionary work appeals more immediately to Africans than medical work, especially when there is strong Moslem influence, as in the Magila district. Dr. Petrie's work there must have done much to bring Muhammadans under the influence of Christ.

On Christmas Eve a peal of bells rang out for the first time. These had been given by Lady Elizabeth Clements. It was just a month after the bells of Christ Church, Zanzibar, had been rung for the first time.

In 1885 Archdeacon Farler was at home on leave and Riddell was in charge. By this time a great change had come over the land. There were still rivalries for the chieftainship, but there was little fighting. Geldart wrote : "The whole Bonde country is in touch with the Mission ; we are welcomed everywhere, even the Muhammadans are civil." The archdeacon was back again at his post next year and the Bishop, as we have seen, paid a visit and consecrated the church.

On St. Barnabas' Day, 1886, the station and diocese suffered a grievous loss in the death of the Rev. C. S. Buchanan-Riddell. He was very much beloved. He had arranged to go for a visit

to the French Mission. Almost his last words were, "Tell the Father that I cannot come. I am called to court." Conscious to the last, he received the Blessed Sacrament and passed to his rest.

Hitherto there had been no lady members working on the staff at Msalabani. It was, therefore, a great day when the first ladies arrived there in September 1887. They were Sisters Agnes, Anne Margaret and Mary Elizabeth, of the Community of St. Raphael, Bristol, and with them came also Miss Allen and Mrs. Wallis.

The end of the year 1887 and the beginning of 1888 was a disastrous time for the station. Twice over, first on November 5, and again on January 6, the station was devastated by fire. Nearly half the station was destroyed in the first fire, but the church and clergy house escaped. In the second fire the big school room and the carpenters' shop were lost, and almost £1,000 worth of damage was done. In addition to these disasters, only six weeks later than the second fire, the station was visited with a tornado. Half the church was unroofed. Then, as if these troubles were not enough, war broke out again among the rival claimants for the chieftainship. At first there seemed so much danger that the Mission might be attacked that the archdeacon sent the ladies to Mkuzi. Afterwards he interviewed the chiefs and patched up peace again. After all these anxieties the Archdeacon's health broke down and he was forced to go home to recuperate. He came back later for a couple of months and then resigned, and his great missionary work for East Africa was over.

As we have seen, the first offshoot thrown out from Magila was at Umba. It was begun by Phillips and Yorke in 1877. Here, too, Wilson's short ministry had been fulfilled. He had had the joy of converting the blind old chief, Semkali. After Wilson's death, the work was carried on by Whitty and Geldart. Then the population began to drift away, and the station became deserted and had to be closed.

The station of Mkuzi was the next offshoot. The village lay in the midst of those very people who had been the bitterest opponents of the Mission, when it was first started at Magila,

ten miles away. But the Mkuzi folk had changed their minds, and now begged eagerly for a Mission station in their own village. Wallis interviewed the chief and secured a good site for the Mission. He was set in charge, with Deacon John Swedi to help him and to look after things while he was itinerating. In two years' time they were able to admit five catechumens, but work at Mkuzi has always been uphill work. As we have seen, the bulk of the population were fanatically Muhammadan and very suspicious of the Mission. Their attitude to the church building was typical.

Another important beginning was made at Misozwe, about nine miles to the north of Magila. As early as 1881 Woodward had met the chiefs and secured a good site, but owing to lack of means and workers, it was not occupied until 1883. Even then there was no resident European. Woodward visited Misozwe fairly regularly, but it was not until September 1884 that there was a resident European. Then Whitty, a lay reader, came to live on the station. When Bishop Smythies was at Magila in 1885, he walked over with Woodward. He thought that it was the most beautiful site he had seen in Africa. This was the first episcopal visit, so a large crowd had collected to greet the Bishop. He was kept very busy interviewing chiefs and others. Altogether he was very much impressed with the prospects of Misozwe.

Close to Misozwe is the spirit-mountain, Mlinga. Its bare peak stands out from the wooded slopes of the mountain. On three of its sides it is precipitous. The Bondei believed that the spirits of their departed ancestors lived in the mountain and that their drums could be heard at nights. They also believed that any one who should be rash enough to invade its solitudes would never be seen again. The Bishop determined to climb Mlinga. It was a market day, and Misozwe was crowded with people when he and Woodward set out to conquer the spirit-mountain. When the Europeans reached the top, they were visible from the crowded market. This caused a tremendous excitement, and all work was suspended. Their safe return to the station created an almost greater sensation.

As the Bishop returned to Magila, he had the unexpected

pleasure of meeting Bishop Hannington, the newly consecrated Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa. Though the Church Missionary Society had been working for many years at Mombasa and in the district, the work had not been under episcopal supervision until Hannington's consecration in 1884. Hannington was almost new to Africa. He had, it is true, made just a fleeting visit to his diocese, but had gone home for consecration after a very short stay. He was therefore anxious to take counsel with Bishop Smythies. He went first to Zanzibar and, when he found that the Bishop had gone to Magila, he followed him there. Arriving at Magila, Bishop Hannington followed on horseback to Misozwe. On the way he met Bishop Smythies returning. As the younger bishop, he jumped from his horse and knelt for Smythies' blessing. The bishops were mutually attracted and each wrote home in high appreciation of the other. It is pleasant to think of this happy meeting in February 1885, for, before the year was out, the heroic Hannington was murdered, in Uganda, after enduring his sufferings with dauntless courage and at last dying strong in faith and clothed with humility, as a Christian man should.

XVII

RECOVERY AND PROGRESS AT MASASI

WE have carried the story of the Ruvuma district down to the great raid in 1882. We must now return thither. As we have seen, the river Ruvuma runs into the Indian Ocean some three hundred miles from Zanzibar. Access to the country is by the port of Lindi, which is fifty miles nearer to Zanzibar than the mouth of the river Ruvuma. It is well to keep in mind these distances. Tanga and the Usambara district are near neighbours of Zanzibar compared with Lindi and the Ruvuma. Of this distant part of the Mission Masasi was the Mission capital until the raid. There were two lesser stations, one at Newala, the village of Matola, and the other at Mtua. Mtua was not very far from Lindi, and was occupied on the invitation of a Muhammadan chief, Abdallah Pesa. Its beginnings are chiefly associated with Clarke and Charlie Ndegele. After the raid Maples held on for a while to the ruins of old Masasi (at Mkomaindo), but then he decided to move to Newala.

Bishop Smythies made his first visit to the district in 1884. This was the first episcopal visit since Bishop Steere founded Masasi eight years before. The difficulty which seemed to lie over all the work was the continual fear of another Angoni raid. It was under this shadow that the work had to be done. It was discussed whether it would not be better to leave Newala—the old Newala down below—and withdraw to the Makonde plateau. The Bishop decided to hold on to Newala for another year. He visited the ruins of Masasi, where a teacher, Charles Sulimani, was keeping the few Christians together. The Bishop gave the staff a short retreat, and afterwards ordained M. L. Irving to the diaconate. The visit did a good deal to encourage the staff, but there was nothing very spectacular about it. On the way to the coast he visited a powerful chief, Machemba. He was something of a scoundrel, but was very friendly and sent two of his boys in the care of the Bishop to be educated in Zanzibar. On the other hand he murdered a man,

almost in the presence of the Bishop and in spite of his intercessions. He was evidently a reckless, cruel man, but his fearlessness was to stand the district in good stead later.

The Bishop came to the district again in October 1885, as he was returning from his visit to Lake Nyasa. It was on this occasion that Matola, after long hesitation, definitely gave his adherence to the Faith and became a catechumen. He received the cross from the hands of the Bishop, in the presence of a great crowd, of whom eight or nine were fellow chiefs. The Bishop on this visit made an alteration in the work. Mtua had not proved a very good site for a Mission station. The demoralizing influence of the coast was strong there, and for some time the Bishop had thought of moving it. He decided at last on a village on the Makonde plateau, Chitangali, six days from the coast and one long day from Newala. The Chitangali people were Makuas, but spoke Yao. The chief of the village was already a Christian, Barnaba Nakaam, who had been educated at Kiungani. Here the Bishop placed Pollard and Cecil Majaliwa. Cecil was a freed slave. He had been educated at Kiungani and had been sent to St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, to prepare for Holy Orders. He was ordained deacon in the next year, 1886, and priest in 1890, the first native African in our Mission to be ordained priest.

At the end of 1886 the much-tried country was again distracted by rumours of Angoni raids. The Bishop passed through the district again, and was entrusted with seventeen boys to be taken to Kiungani and educated. It was, he said, very trusting of their parents to send them, for, barring slave-yokes, his party looked just like a slave caravan. Not only was it satisfactory to get these boys educated for the sake of themselves and the district, but it was a good thing for Kiungani to admit these free boys from the mainland. Hitherto most of the pupils had been freed slaves.

In 1887 the Makua head-chief, Nakaam, died. His nephew, Barnaba of Chitangali, was chosen to succeed him, over the heads of several senior men in the family. It was that Barnaba Nakaam, who had served Johnson so well, when he first visited Mataka's. There are many difficulties which beset a Christian

if he becomes a chief. There are his predecessor's wives, which he should inherit, and many customs, heathen in origin, connected with his accession. Barnaba came through all this splendidly. He made legal and honourable provision for his predecessor's wives, and was duly invested with the chief's authority, without failing in his Christian obligations. In fact he had only just time to complete the inauguration ceremonies and then he hurried off to Newala to be confirmed with his sons and stepson. His stepson, Yohana Abdallah, was then a teacher at Newala. He was afterwards to be the first African priest in the Nyasaland Diocese.

In 1888 the long-threatened Angoni raid actually came. The raiders spread terror and devastation as before. Most of the inhabitants of the country fled to the hills for safety. While others fled, Machelamba, of whom we have heard, boldly faced the Angoni. Much to everyone's surprise, he inflicted a serious defeat upon them and they quickly retired from the country. But the raid showed the danger to which the Mission was exposed, so the station at Newala was moved on to the Makonde plateau. No very permanent buildings had been built at the old Newala station, because its existence seemed precarious, so the move was not so difficult as might have been expected. For the future the missionaries could work in comparative safety, as the Angoni did not dare to force their way through the dense undergrowth which protected the plateau. To avoid confusion it must be remembered that, though the station had now been moved to this safer place, it was still called Newala.

In 1888 Porter had the satisfaction of redeeming one of the last victims of the great raid of 1882. She, Lilla Mawezai, had been in slavery for six years, but she still clung fast to her Faith. When she was carried off, she had been baptized, but not confirmed. The Bishop had the privilege of confirming this faithful soul, as he passed through Newala on his next visit to the Lake.

XVIII

ZANZIBAR AND SWAHILI BIBLE

WE have considered the three outlying parts of the great diocese—Nyasaland, Magila and Masasi. We must now go to the headquarters at Zanzibar. Bishop Smythies arrived on the island on February 25, 1884. We have seen that he held his first Synod soon after his arrival. He found his island staff working from three different centres, each with its own particular task.

First comes Mkunazini, on the creek and close to Bishop Steere's new church. The house, which was at this time the headquarters, was pulled down in 1895. Here Miss Mills had a school for small boys. They were fifty-three in number, and it was from them that the choir boys were recruited. There was also a nursery for infants, usually about twenty, under the care of Miss Bashford. Living in houses close at hand were about 150 Christians, mostly old adherents of the Mission, former pupils and freed slaves. Later the Mission hospital was built at Mkunazini and the Industrial Home.

Next comes Kiungani, about a mile and a half out of the town. Here was the home for the bigger boys, eighty-six in number, who were in charge of five Europeans, two priests and three laymen. The printing press of the Mission was also here. Miss Bartlett mothered the whole establishment, presiding generally over the laundry and cooking.

Thirdly there was Mbweni, the village where the adult freed slaves were received. There were about 250 of them, mostly married and living in their own huts. They burnt lime and did other jobs, but especially they had their own gardens to cultivate. At Mbweni also Miss Thackeray established her home for girls, most of whom were destined to be teachers or the wives of teachers. This was a wonderful work, and pupils of Miss Thackeray's were to be found in later years scattered about East Africa. Neither time nor space impaired their devotion to their teacher. Besides the boarders, there were

some children of the married folk at Mbweni, who came to Miss Thackeray's school as day scholars.

In all three spheres the new Bishop's hand was soon felt. He encouraged the staff at Mbweni to give much more industrial training. There would always be some girls whose vocation was clearly not that of a teacher. These must be provided for. Some twelve were definitely put under Miss Allen's care. Later this work was carried on by the Misses Berkeley and Lady Key. While not neglecting book work, the girls were taught household duties, needlework and mat-making. The Zanzibar people make very artistic mats which are used for all sorts of purposes. The making of mats then was quite a good commercial proposition. The girls were also taught field work. Throughout East Africa the women take a large share in hoeing the fields, so it was useful that the Mission-trained girls should know how to do their part.

At Kiungani, as we have seen, the Bishop began a small theological college, as a department. Though the Synod supported the Bishop's wishes, it was not possible to do this at once. The first step was the decision to admit no more pupils to Kiungani who did not feel a vocation either to be teachers or to the Ministry. For the industrial side provision was made by apprenticing boys to trades in the town. Then in 1887 a set of studies was built out of the Bishop Steere Memorial Fund, for theological students. This was a really important step. Everyone was agreed that the Mission should be working towards a native African ministry. This new arrangement was intended to provide a means for training Africans for ordination. They were to live much as other Africans live, not in European fashion. To live as Europeans would alienate them from their fellows, and in future an African Church could not be expected to support its clergy living in a wholly different manner from their flock. So they were to live as Africans, except that there is a decency and refinement in a Christian priest's home which was rarely found in the ordinary village hut. Certainly this scheme of education has justified itself. There have been failures, but the main body of native clergy throughout the Mission have not been unworthy of their calling.

In 1887 a new Industrial wing was added to the girls' school at Mbwani. This was the gift of Miss Thackeray herself. It was opened and blessed by the Bishop on November 21. At the head of the procession a beautiful processional cross was carried, which was used for the first time. It had been given to Christ Church by a lady in memory of General Gordon.

Next year in March (1888) died Seyid Barghash, Sultan of Zanzibar. He had been an enlightened ruler and had done much for Zanzibar. He appreciated English influence and had treated the Mission with unfailing kindness. Though he could not have been pleased with the restriction now put upon the slave trade, he kept loyally to the treaty, which meant a great loss of income to himself. He was succeeded by his brother, Khalifa, a mild man, who was also friendly to the English. This friendliness of Seyid Barghash and his brother does not mean that they in any way tolerated the adherence of Muhammadans to the Gospel. They showed kindness to the staff, and had no objection to them preaching to slaves and infidels, but it was a very different thing to preach to Moslems. For instance, one Arab gentleman, who listened to Bishop Steere's preaching, was led one day to uncover his head and to kneel down with the Christians. He was immediately arrested by Sultan Seyid Barghash's orders and was kept in confinement until his death three and a half years later. He was baptized on his death-bed and died a Christian. This incident shows what was the attitude of the rulers of Zanzibar towards the real objects of the Mission.

The Mission suffered a grievous loss in 1888 when Archdeacon Hodgson had to be sent home because of ill-health. Nor did his leave improve his health much, and he was compelled to resign. He had completed Bishop Steere's great work of translating the whole Bible into Swahili. He actually finished the task on the voyage home. It is largely to him, therefore, that the Swahili-speaking people of East Africa owe it that they can read the Scriptures in their own tongue. Those who have had to work with only small portions of the Bible available, and those parts often only tentative translations, will realize what the Archdeacon's work has meant to the Swahili-speaking parts of the Mission.

Like the Bishop, whose translation he completed, he was also a church builder. It was he who built the Church of St. John at Mbweni. It is a fine building with a very striking tower. The material building stood in the midst of his flock, where he had been gradually building up the spiritual Church. As has been said, work among freed slaves is often sadly discouraging, but Archdeacon Hodgson and his wife never wearied in it. He had also improved the position financially. The village had long ceased to be a drag on the Mission finances, for the villagers had gradually learnt to support themselves.

The Bishop went home in February 1888 in order to attend the Lambeth Conference. This seems fitly to close the first part of his episcopate. His holiday was well earned and much needed. Few bishops can have done as much travelling over vast distances in so short a period as four years. He should really have had a longer leave, but he felt bound to hurry back to his post because of political difficulties, which arose out of the German occupation of East Africa. We must leave the consideration of these troubles to another chapter.

XIX

GERMANS ESTABLISHED IN EAST AFRICA AND THE CONSEQUENCES

SOMETHING must now be said of the political troubles which brought the Bishop hurrying back to Africa. Germany, united at home and victorious in Europe, began to awake to the need of colonies. All her emigrating people were settling down under other flags. But there was not much of the world's surface which was not by this time under the influence of some European power. The only part left where it seemed possible to plant colonies was Africa. One must sadly note that it seems to have been regarded as quite axiomatic, in England just as much as elsewhere, that it was quite legitimate to seize the land of uncivilized peoples and to exploit it and them in the interests of the people who had thus enforced their rule over the territory. No one seemed ever to have thought out the subject. When Sir Harry Johnston proclaimed Queen Victoria's sovereignty over Likoma in the high-sounding words usual on such occasions, an old chief asked him to explain why to-day his garden belonged to Queen Victoria, which had yesterday been his own. Sir Harry contrived not to hear the question.

When this desire for colonies awoke in Germany, a society, known as the German Colonial Society, sent out a Dr. Karl Peters into East Africa. He was to cajole chiefs in the hinterland into making treaties with him, which could be used later as a foundation on which to claim suzerainty. Peters arrived unostentatiously at Zanzibar, where he posed as a trader. Then, still without attracting observation, he slipped off to the mainland with a small party. He made his way into the interior with indomitable courage, and there began to make treaties with chiefs, who had neither the remotest idea what these treaties involved nor the necessary authority to act for their tribes in such matters. These treaties were couched in grandiloquent language. Every petty headman was described as absolute lord of his tribal lands. Peters secured a large number of these treaties and went home with them to Germany. His

society welcomed and fêted him. By these means sufficient interest was stirred to raise the capital required to float the German East African Company. This company was smiled on by the Imperial Government, which granted it a formal charter. This amazing document officially recognized the rights of the company to over 60,000 square miles of the Sultan's territory. The Sultan, in surprise and indignation, protested and refused to acknowledge the charter. Upon this the German Government sent a squadron of battleships to Zanzibar in August 1886, and the Sultan was forced to submit. In November of the next year a treaty was signed between England, France and Germany, which settled the Sultan's boundaries, leaving him only the islands of Zanzibar, Pemba, Mafia and Lamu, with the "ten-mile strip" of land on the coast. By this treaty almost all the mainland work of the Mission came under the German flag. This was a great grief to the Bishop and to all friends of the Mission. The treaty has been bitterly criticized and, as a high-handed robbery of the Sultan's territory and absolutely callous transference of large populations of natives from one flag to another, it deserves criticism, and all three countries must share the blame. We must sadly admit that few people in Europe would have thought much about this. But if we neglect this consideration, it is hard to see how Lord Salisbury can be blamed, for he made a much better bargain for his country than could have been expected. It was a treaty covering the whole field of diplomacy, not merely East Africa, and it was a statesmanlike effort to solve a number of difficult problems which were a constant menace to the peace of the world. At that time England gloried in a "splendid isolation," and we had not a friend in the world, but many envious rivals. In spite of the weakness of our position, Lord Salisbury secured a fairly favourable treaty for ourselves and a settlement of many difficulties, which certainly went far to prolong European peace.

In 1887 the Germans set to work to occupy this vast territory. The Chartered Company had put Peters himself in command. He was not a man of good character and he was hard and ruthless, caring nothing at all for native customs or susceptibilities. He himself said: "These African hordes can only be

mastered by determination. One must meet all opposition by uncompromising determination to get one's own way." Not unnaturally this sort of treatment caused intense indignation. Then an indiscretion of the German company's agent with regard to the Sultan's flag at Pangani caused the smouldering fire of discontent to flame up suddenly into open war. It was this sad news which brought Bishop Smythies hurrying back from England. He arrived at Zanzibar on October 2, 1888.

The German East African Company found themselves in a very difficult position, and they appealed to the Imperial Government for help. Bismarck, with great astuteness, represented to the European powers that the trouble was caused, not by the cruelty of the company's officials, but by the hostility of the Arab leaders, due to restrictions placed upon the slave trade. This was certainly believed in England, and the whole war was looked upon as a struggle against the slave trade. Lord Salisbury, therefore, at the suggestion of the German Government, agreed to join in blockading the coast. The blockade was to begin on December 2. This obviously placed our staff in a very difficult position. Many people at home and the Consular staff at Zanzibar were urgent that they should be immediately withdrawn. There was real reason for alarm. A sister and two men, belonging to the Bavarian Roman Catholic Mission at Pugu, had already been murdered, and two more sisters and three men from the same mission were being held in captivity at the time, though afterwards ransomed. The Bishop, supported by the bishops at home, absolutely refused to withdraw anyone except the ladies. His answer was quite uncompromising to those who wished him to order the staff to withdraw. He said: "I should never lift up my head again, if I did." He very gallantly went himself to Magila. He had great difficulty in getting passed through the blockade, and he found himself in extreme peril when he got on shore. Indeed he would almost certainly have been killed in the indiscriminate anger of the natives against Europeans, if Bushiri, the leader of the insurrection, had not protected him at imminent risk to his own life. It was through Bushiri's influence again that he was

able to get the ladies through safely to Zanzibar. He himself remained to share the dangers of the staff at Magila.

In 1889 the German Government appears to have realized the importance of taking the matter out of the company's hands and of sending someone of character and real administrative ability in place of the brutal Karl Peters. They therefore sent out an able man of high principle, Major Hermann von Wissmann, to take command, and all the company's servants were instructed to take orders from him. He was a man of very different sort from Peters. The Bishop had travelled with him from Aden, on his way out. He writes: "I got to know him very well, and believe he is really humane and cares for the people, and has the good of the country at heart." He at once took firm measures, which were much the kindest in the end. He bombarded Pangani and routed the insurgents, though Bushiri himself escaped. After a second defeat, Bushiri was captured and executed. His people had been goaded into rebellion by brutal treatment, and Bushiri had been a gallant leader. It is true that the insurgents had been guilty of atrocities during the insurrection, but such things seem all but inevitable in such warfare, and it may well be that Bushiri was unable to stop them. It is impossible to withhold one's sympathy from this brave and fearless man. He had shown unflinching courtesy to the French Mission at Bagamoyo and had risked his own life in defence of Bishop Smythies. After Bushiri's death the insurrection gradually subsided. The Germans had learnt by experience, and von Wissmann and those under him acted with wisdom and conciliation. Thenceforward the country, however unwillingly, submitted to German rule.

The year 1889 was a sad time for the Usambara stations. In addition to the worries and anxieties caused by the war, there were sad losses. First Dr. Ley was compelled to resign temporarily, for family reasons. He rejoined the staff later and died at Magila in 1895. Part of the endowment of Magila native hospital was given by his family as a memorial to Dr. Ley. His loss was a very serious one. Not only was he greatly beloved and trusted, but after his departure there was neither nurse nor

doctor in the whole district. Then a little later Geldart died. He was a good linguist and had a special aptitude for dealing with boys. He was at home when the troubles began, and he hurried out with the Bishop to be with his flock in the hour of danger. He died of hæmaturia on May 11, 1889. Only a week or two later Archdeacon Goodyear succumbed to the same dreaded disease. He had been educated as a schoolmaster and had read for orders at St. Boniface College, Warminster. He joined the Mission staff in 1883. One who saw the young priest soon after his ordination said: "I never saw so young a man so ripe a saint." He died on St John's Day. In September a layman, Knowles, died, and yet another was to follow before the close of the year, the Rev. C. J. Sparks. He had only been ordained priest for a few months. Besides these deaths, Wallis was compelled to take his wife home, owing to illness, and she died a year later.

At the end of 1889, however, things began to brighten. The Sisters were able to return to their work at Magila. Salfey, after two years' work in England, returned, now ordained priest. During the difficult times the man who had been the support of all was Woodward. Now brighter days seemed at hand he decided to go home to test his vocation for the religious life with the Society of the Sacred Mission. Just before he left he had the joy of seeing his friend Petro Limo ordained deacon. He was a kinsman of the chief Kimweri and the first Bondei to receive Holy Orders. This was the Bishop's last visit to beautiful Magila, a station of which he was particularly fond. He wrote of a threatened attack of locusts, which he hoped had passed away. He left Magila, beautiful as he loved to see it, only just in time, before the whole district was desolated by the hordes of locusts, which he hoped had passed it by.

XX

NYASALAND BISHOPRIC AND SMYTHIES'
LAST YEARS

WE must now tell the story of the last part of Bishop Smythies' episcopate in the more distant parts of his diocese. He was a tall, strong man and a splendid walker. He resolutely set himself to visit and supervise all the work under his charge. When we think of the distances to be covered, it is amazing what he did. We have heard something of his work in the Magila district. Lindi, the port of the Ruvuma country, was more than 250 miles from Zanzibar, and the journey from Lindi to Lake Nyasa must have been about 400 miles. At sea a dhow might be uncomfortable, but on the land he had to walk, and that, not on good roads, but on native tracks. Even the iron constitution of Bishop Smythies began to fail under the strain. His friends noticed a great change when he came to the Lambeth Conference in 1888. The change was even more apparent when he arrived in England in 1892. There was a moment of intense emotion at the Anniversary in that year. The Bishop appeared on the platform, supported by Bishop John Selwyn, of Melanesia, himself so crippled that he had to walk with a crutch. Bishop Festing, the chairman, said, "I may venture to apply to Bishop Smythies and Bishop Selwyn some of the words which St. Paul uses of himself—'bearing in his body the marks (or brands) of the Lord Jesus.' May we not say that they bear these marks—in our eyes, very honourable marks?" It was obvious to others that the work was killing the Bishop, and he himself was very conscious that he could not do justice to all the scattered parts of his diocese. It was decided therefore that the diocese must be divided and that the Nyasaland part should have its own bishop. As soon as this had been decided there were enthusiastic meetings, and in six months £11,000 was raised, the money needed to start a separate diocese. The arrangements for the division were made with the hearty approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

When all was ready the new Bishop was chosen, Wilfrid

Bird Hornby, Vicar of St. Columba's, Sunderland. He was an Oxford and Brasenose man and had rowed in his college eight. He was one of the founders of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, on the staff of which he had worked for six years. He left a great name in Sunderland. He had in seven years transformed a few poor people, worshipping in a room over a pawnbroker's shop, into a large and devout congregation, worshipping in a beautiful church. He was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral on St. Thomas' Day, 1892. The new Bishop travelled out with Bishop Smythies from Port Said. Bishop Smythies had started earlier and spent a few weeks in Palestine. After a short stay at Zanzibar and a visit to Magila, Bishop Hornby went on to travel up the Zambezi to take up his work in his new diocese. From this time Nyasaland has a history of its own.

So we come back to Zanzibar. The last years of Bishop Smythies' episcopate were not marked by any very dramatic changes. The work went quietly on, undisturbed by such troubles as vexed the mainland stations. There is one notable event which is not strictly speaking Mission history, but is closely connected with our work. The Consul, Mr. Portal (afterwards Sir Gerald), induced the new Sultan, Khalifa, to pass two new edicts against slavery. The first enjoined that all persons entering the Sultan's dominions after November 1, 1889, should be absolutely free. The second ordered that all children, born after the last day of that same year, should be free, even though they were born of slave parents. These edicts, together with those obtained from Seyid Barghash by Sir Bartle Frere and Sir John Kirk, practically put an end to slavery in the Sultan's dominions. The Sultan only lived a few months longer and was succeeded by his brother, Ali.

On St. Paul's Day, 1890, the Bishop had the privilege of ordaining the first African in our Mission to the priesthood. This was Cecil Majaliwa. It was a great day for the Mission. Four naval chaplains assisted in the laying on of hands. Archdeacon Jones-Bateman preached on the text, "This is the day which the Lord hath made." Two days' holiday were given to the schools. It was twenty-six years since Bishop Tozer landed at Zanzibar fully determined, as we have seen,

to work for the raising up of an African ministry, and now at last the first native priest was duly ordained. Nor was it only in our own Mission that this event was greeted with wide satisfaction. Padre Cecil received soon afterwards a letter from the Rev. T. K. Masiza, the first native priest in South Africa, to express his joy and sympathy.

In April 1890, an industrial exhibition was held at Kiungani. This showed Zanzibar that our pupils were not only being taught head work, but were being taught to use their hands with skill and taste in manifold useful arts.

About this time a very important addition was made to the Mission buildings. This was the long-looked-for hospital at Mkunazini. The foundation stone was laid in May 1891, but it was nearly two years before all was completed. At last it was ready for dedication, in time for Bishop Smythies' return in 1893, accompanied by Bishop Hornby. On March 12, Mid-Lent Sunday, a special service was held in Christ Church, at which many British bluejackets were present. Then a procession was formed and the Bishop led the congregation to the new building, which he solemnly dedicated and blessed.

Meanwhile there had been gains and losses in the staff. It was not the Magila district alone that suffered from sickness and death. In June 1891 Miss Townshend died. It was said of her, "Housekeeper, nurse, doctor, surgeon, spiritual guide, sacristan and secretary." The natives loved her and her death was a heavy blow to Kiungani. In May 1892 Zanzibar lost another useful worker. Albert Beetham was a Leeds business man, who literally sold all that he had and joined the Mission. He had worked as storekeeper and treasurer at Zanzibar, and it was he who had planned and built the hospital at Mkunazini. In June the same year died Janet Emily Campbell. She only joined the Mission in 1890, but she was surely one of those of whom it might be said that in a short time she fulfilled a long time. Her friend, Nurse Fanny Shaw, died next year. She had done seven years' work in Africa, when she was invalided. She died October 1893.

Against these losses must be set gains, as the old order changeth giving place to new. At the beginning of 1889 there

came out that very versatile man, John Edward Hine. He had happened, as it seemed by chance (so he told the writer), to be in Westminster Abbey on the day when the great explorer and founder of our Mission was buried there. Perhaps it was that which turned his thoughts to East Africa. He had taken the degree of Doctor of Medicine in the University of London and later he had graduated at Oxford. After being ordained, he volunteered to serve on our Mission. He became bishop in turn of three dioceses in Africa and a suffragan bishop in England. His life was a singularly full one. Few men had their minds so stored with curious information and with the knowledge of out-of-the-way facts, which he had picked up in his journey through life. As a letter writer he was pre-eminent. When he arrived at Zanzibar, a quiet self-contained man, few would have guessed what lay before him. The same year came out Canon Dale, happily still with us in 1935. He had a long career at Zanzibar, as priest and teacher. Education on the island owes much to him. During his service he became an authority on Muhammadanism. He translated the Koran into Swahili, a vast labour and one which should have great fruit in the future. When Canon Dale's health compelled him to resign he was Archdeacon of Zanzibar. Since his retirement he has edited our magazine, maintaining, if not even raising, its high standard. A little later, in 1892, Miss Brewerton joined the staff, who was to play so large a part as matron of the hospital at Mkunazini.

During these last years, there is nothing very striking to relate about the Ruvuma district. During the German troubles, there had been great uneasiness in the district, but by the end of 1890 the country had settled down under the new government. The Christian chief, Barnaba Nakaam, played a large part in bringing about a good understanding between the natives and the Germans. The leading spirit of the Mission staff was Porter. A new Masasi was being built by the Rev. E. Bucknall Smith, who came out in 1893 and took the place of Padre Taylor, when he died. Alfred Carnon, whose name was so long associated with Porter, came out in 1890 as a layman. After being ordained, he remained working at the old Masasi.

When the Bishop visited the district in 1893, he admitted two friends of Padre Cecil's to the order of Reader, Cypriani Chitenji and Hugh Mtoka, who both afterwards obtained Holy Orders.

Far away on Lake Nyasa the work was rapidly growing. As we have seen it was soon to have its own bishop. Johnson, in later years, would often tell us, when we were inclined to grumble over some government order, that we little knew what it was like to be without a government at all. In 1888 he had an exceedingly unpleasant experience. Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul, and acting also as representative of the Sultan, went round the Lake to deal with Arab slavers. Johnson took him on board the *Charles Janson* to assist him on his journey. At Makanjila's, which is just where the boundary between British Nyasaland and Portuguese East Africa runs, a sudden tumult broke out. Probably Buchanan was misunderstood. The two Europeans were set upon and stripped and treated with every indignity. They had the very narrowest escape with their lives. Luckily Buchanan failed to get out his revolver, and Johnson afterwards persuaded him not to resist. If once fighting had been begun, they would have been lost. As it was they were imprisoned for the night. By morning passions had cooled down, and the natives accepted kegs of paint in ransom for the Europeans. This rather ludicrous conclusion must not blind us to the fact that they were for a time in extreme danger.

Later in the year the Lake work was much hindered by the temporary loss of the *Charles Janson*. She ventured down to Matope at the end of the rains. The river subsided with unexpected rapidity and it was found impossible for the steamer to get back to the Lake. A steamer caught at Matope is imprisoned securely, for, just above, the river passes through rocks, which would effectually knock the bottom out of a steamer and sink it if an attempt were made to rush it.

In 1889 work was begun on Chizumulu, the other island, which lies nine miles away from Likoma to the west. Bishop Smythies paid his fifth and last visit to the Lake in 1891. It was on this occasion that he determined to try and get his

diocese divided. He was so seriously knocked up with the long tramp that he was convinced that other arrangements should be made.

The Mission in Nyasaland suffered a severe loss in August 1891 by the death of Sherriff, the captain of the *Charles Janson*. He had been a tremendous asset in the practical work of running the steamer and also in training a crew, who were of course all novices at the work. Though a layman, no priest was more concerned in the spiritual work of the steamer, and he set a tone among his men which has been maintained ever since.

At the end of 1892 there were two disastrous fires at Likoma. In the first the church was destroyed and the library, containing 1,400 books, besides most of the dwelling-houses. In the second fire the girls' school was destroyed. The missionaries refused to be discouraged and set about rebuilding the ruins, especially aiming at setting up a better church. Glossop came out to join the staff in 1893, who is still hard at work at Likoma in 1935. Atlay and Sim, who joined during these years, were not destined to work long for their Master in Africa.

In June 1893 Dr. Hine started a station up in the Yao hills at Kalanje's village of Unangu. It was a strategic point, for the chief was one of the leading Yao magnates. Bishop Smythies was very enthusiastic about this venture. He sent Yohana Abdallah, a Yao himself, or at least Yao by language, a stepson of Barnaba Nakaam, to help Dr. Hine. Yohana was sent for two years only, but as a matter of fact he worked at Unangu for the rest of his life, first as teacher, then as deacon and finally as priest in charge. In the Masasi district, on the one hand, and the Lake shore on the other, large numbers of converts have been won for Christ. Somehow there has never been the same success in the Yao hills, which lie between. Johnson's first station at Mataka's came to an end. Unangu and later Mtonya have never been very strong. Now in these later years, the advance from Msumba into the Yao hills seems the most promising line of attack from the west, and the Masasi diocese in the east is now pressing hard on this Muhamadan stronghold.

We are now near the end of Bishop Smythies' episcopate.

We have seen that his last visit to Magila was at Easter 1894. When he got back to Zanzibar, he was very exhausted. On April 10 he delivered his last address to the Nurses' Guild. Taken into hospital afterwards, he grew worse rather than better. It was evident that he must go home, so his passage was booked on the French steamer and Miss Brewerton and his nephew, Duncan Travers, were to go with him. However the sea air did not seem to refresh him and he got worse. After making his communion at the hands of his nephew, he grew rapidly worse and died about three hours later, May 7, 1894. He was buried at sea, somewhere between Zanzibar and Aden.

XXI

DISASTERS IN NYASALAND

THE years 1894 and 1895 were years of great anxiety for the Mission. Blow after blow fell upon the work. The loss of Bishop Smythies removed one of the greatest of the missionaries who have worked for East Africa. In August of that same year, 1894, Bishop Hornby was compelled to resign, owing to ill-health. From the first he had found the climate very trying, and it was a disaster that his episcopate in Nyasaland should so soon be brought to an end. Thus both bishoprics were vacant, and the whole work of the Mission was without episcopal supervision. The work of course went on, but under great difficulties. Bishop Tucker, of Eastern Equatorial Africa, very kindly came to Zanzibar to ordain Yohana Abdallah to the diaconate. He was the first native in the Nyasaland diocese to receive Holy Orders. He was ordained on August 12, 1894. Again, while waiting for a new bishop, a new station was opened at Kota Kota, by far the biggest village on the western side of the Lake. This was put in the charge of A. F. Sim and we shall hear of it later.

It seemed very difficult to find the right man to succeed Bishop Smythies. At last the choice fell on Dr. Richardson, an elderly man, who is said to have offered to fill the gap until the right man could be found. His name is well known to the clergy through a widely used book of devotions, with which he was connected. It breathes the spirit of devotion and reveals the sort of man the new bishop was. For Nyasaland the choice was easier. There two names stood out pre-eminently. Of these Johnson was a pioneer and a devoted missionary, but, as he himself would have been the first to admit, he was not an organizer. In some ways he really was an organizer and a painstaking one, but it was a part of his work which he did not like and which he regarded as a necessary evil. Maples, on the other hand, was a born organizer. Johnson especially admired his friend's organizing genius and tact. He could never speak of the early days at Likoma, when there was no European

government, without expressing his admiration of the way in which Maples managed to carry on his work in peace, and with such success. It was, therefore, Maples who was chosen to fill the vacant see, and it looked as if a bright future lay before the diocese under his rule.

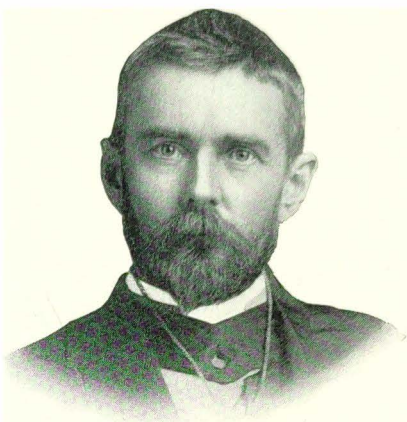
The two new bishops were consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral on St. Peter's Day, 1895. Bishop Maples went out by Zanzibar, where he picked up Joseph Williams. He had worked in the Mission since 1876, and had travelled out with Maples when they were both recruits. They went to Chinde, and waited over Sunday to give the Europeans a service. They then went on up the river to Blantyre. There the Bishop celebrated at the African Lakes Boarding House, and took morning service in the church at the Scotch Mission, at the special request of Dr. Hetherwick. Afterwards at the manse the talk turned on some of their friends, who had lately died. The Bishop turned to his companion and said: "Well, Williams, we have been in Africa nearly twenty years: we cannot expect to live very much longer here." Their host was to do many long years of work in Central Africa and endear himself to a long list of U.M.C.A. workers by his unfailing hospitality and kindness, and he is still living in 1935, though in retirement. The two guests were on their way to their death.

From Blantyre they went to Zomba to see the Commissioner. Nyasaland had not yet a Governor, but Zomba was already the capital, or at least the headquarters of the Commissioner and his staff. They reached Fort Johnston on the Shiré, about six miles from the place where that river leaves the Lake, on September 1. The Mission sailing boat, the *Sheriff*, arrived a few hours later, bringing letters, saying how everyone was waiting for the new bishop's arrival. He therefore started for Kota Kota next morning. After supper that night the Bishop read prayers and then the wind got up. After passing Monkey Bay it was blowing so hard that Ibrahim, the native captain, suggested running across to the east side for shelter. The Bishop thought it better to hold on their course. The mainsail was reefed. Williams was asleep and the Bishop, in his cassock, was directing the men to look out for rocks. That was about

midnight. Suddenly the boat broached to and was engulfed. Ibrahim and Isaiah, faithful to the last, pushed two boxes together and put them under the Bishop. He was a good swimmer, but his cassock hindered him. The two men were pushing the Bishop before them, but the shore was far distant. The boxes began to fill. Then the Bishop said quietly : " You must not die for me. If you are spared, tell Mr. Johnson that I am dead." " Then the water choked him," Ibrahim says. Williams was never seen again from the moment the boat capsized. The natives struggled to an island, some four miles off, as they judged, where there was an outpost of Sikhs. There they made their report.

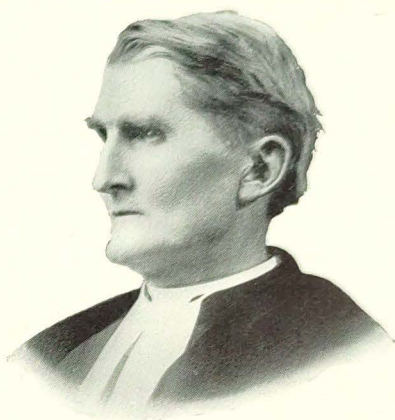
Rumours of the disaster reached Kota Kota, but it was supposed that it could not be the Bishop, as it was thought that he was travelling overland from Masasi. On September 13, Ibrahim and the crew reached Kota Kota, confirming the rumours. Sim immediately sent out search parties, and the Bishop's body was found on the rocks, recognizable by his violet cassock. The body was buried in the chancel of Kota Kota church. Nothing was ever found of Williams, so his grave is the great Lake itself. One piece of precious flotsam was recovered and that was the box containing the Bishop's communion plate. It was brought on shore by one of the crew and was quite uninjured.

Even before the news of this appalling disaster had reached Likoma, another blow had fallen. After the Feast of St. Bartholomew the schools of the island had a week's holiday. Atlay decided to make the most of this opportunity for a change, and went off with some of his boys to the mainland on a shooting expedition. George William Atlay was a son of the Bishop of Hereford. During his last year at Cambridge he made up his mind to offer himself to the U.M.C.A. He had volunteered for Nyasaland, as he had been particularly attracted by Maples. When the party crossed to the mainland, it happened that the Angoni were on the warpath. The Angoni were at the time under three head chiefs. Sonjela's people had nothing to do with this raid. Nor had the second, Mlamilo, who was friendly with the Mission, but the third, Zinchaya, was a discontented man,



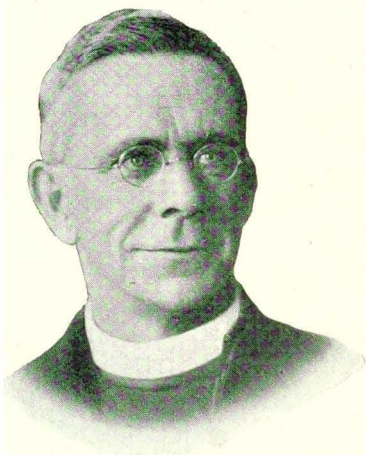
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CHAUNCY MAPLES 1876-95*
BISHOP OF LIKOMA 1895



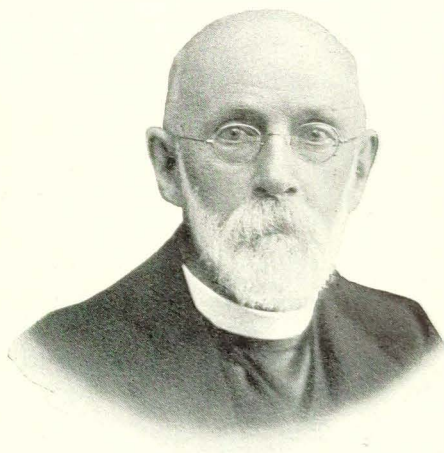
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WILLIAM PERCIVAL JOHNSON 1876-1928*
ARCHDEACON OF NYASA 1896-1928



[Vandyk

FRANK WESTON 1898-1924*
BISHOP OF ZANZIBAR 1908-24



[Downey

DUNCAN TRAVERS 1884-1924*
SECRETARY 1889-1924

*Years of service in the Mission

who owed all Europeans a grudge because of the restrictions which had been put on the slave trade. The raiders were Zinchaya's men. On August 26, Atlay and his boys were taking a siesta after lunch. Suddenly a war party came by. One of the boys, James Kempekete, awoke the sleepers, and only fled when attacked with a club. Wilfrid and Edward were seized at once and watched the end. They were afterwards released through Mlamilo's influence and told their story. Atlay, when roused, rose and faced the Angoni, with his Winchester repeating-rifle, fully loaded, in his hands. Though he could easily have shot down the small party of raiders and so saved his life, he evidently made up his mind not to take life, for his rifle was recovered just as he had left it, still fully loaded. He could not speak their language, so he stood silent, waiting the issue. He was pushed about and struck on the side with a club. The boys saw him cover his face with his hands, as if in prayer, and heard distinctly the Amen. He then staggered towards the stream, and there his enemies speared him and held him under the water with a pointed bamboo. There they left him and his rifle by his side. So Johnson found him a few days later, the undischarged rifle lying there, a silent witness to his self-sacrifice. Johnson buried his body close by, that night, by the light of a brilliant moon.

Arthur Fraser Sim, from Cheltenham and Corpus Christi, Cambridge, had served a curacy in Sunderland and came out to the Mission in May 1894. As we have seen, Maples sent him in September to start work at Kota Kota. It was the seat of an important chief, Jumble, but he had been deposed and sent to Zomba that year by the British Resident (as District Commissioners were then called) at Kota Kota, as being dangerous. The village lies at the end of a long, shallow lagoon, which afforded good anchorage and shelter for dhows. From Kota Kota to Mleluka on the east coast was one of the regular routes by which the slave caravans crossed the Lake. Jumble regarded himself as a subject of the Sultan of Zanzibar, whom he claimed as his suzerain. This large town was an important strategic point to be occupied by the Mission.

Sim began work here with great energy. First he built

himself a house and opened a school upon the verandah. It was here that he received Bishop Maples, when on his way home for consecration. By the spring of next year he had built another house, with a much bigger verandah, on which he could accommodate a hundred pupils. The first baptism was a pathetic story. The notorious Saidi Mwazungu, the murderer of Dr. Boyce and Mr. McEwen, had been captured and condemned to death. In the immediate expectation of death he listened eagerly to Sim's teaching. His execution was postponed, to give him time for further instruction. He was baptized before his death and died, to all appearance, a truly penitent Christian.

But Sim, strong man though he was and a distinguished athlete, suffered from the climate. He seems to have felt his isolation acutely, though fortunately he was on good terms with the Resident, so that he was not entirely without European companionship. He kept, however, getting continual attacks of malaria. At last, weakened by a series of fevers, he died on October 29, 1895. In a sense his death was not so shocking as the tragedies earlier in the year, yet his loss was a very serious one. He was a man of great possibilities. He had made a great impression at his old school, where he was still remembered in the writer's time. His memory was also greatly cherished in his old parish.

Against the misfortunes of these two sorrowful years must be set the final stamping out of the slave trade on Lake Nyasa. The energetic Commissioner, Sir Harry Johnston, had been destroying dhows on the Lake and doing all he could to hinder the slave trade. At last, in December 1895, he led a small party of British and Sikhs to storm Mlozi's stronghold in North Nyasa. They caught and hanged Mlozi himself, and set free 1,184 slaves. He was the last slave-trader on the Lake, and Sir Harry could say that there was now no slave-trader left in the Protectorate.

XXII

BISHOP RICHARDSON AND THE END OF SLAVERY

WE must now return to the coastal district. It was now the diocese of Zanzibar, with Bishop Steere's church for its cathedral. Before Bishop Richardson arrived in his diocese, one change had been carried out. Bishop Smythies had decided that Mkunazini was not a good place for the small boys' home, over which Miss Mills presided. He therefore obtained a site near Mbwani and a house was begun. This was finished and ready for occupation by the middle of 1894. Miss Mills and Miss Clutterbuck, with their flock of little ones, moved into the new quarters on St. John Baptist's Day. The house was known as Kilimani, and proved much healthier than the old one in the town, and the little inmates showed a marked improvement in health. It must be remembered that they were children rescued from slave dhows, who had often undergone terrible sufferings. Miss Mills writes of one, "My new child, who looked quite fifty when he came and was a mass of sores, does not look *more* than twenty now, so I hope in a year something childish will come out."

Bishop Richardson arrived at Zanzibar on August 30, 1895. After settling things there, he paid a visit to the Ruvuma district in October. He was there when Matola died, the faithful old chief at Newala. It will be remembered that he had become a catechumen in 1885, but he had not yet made proper provision for the wives, from whom he had separated, so baptism had to be delayed. When his health began to fail, he did at last put his affairs in order, and Padre Simpson was able to baptize him. He died a Christian man only a short time afterwards. He left a splendid record behind him. His behaviour during the raid in 1882 was splendid, and his subsequent life was no less praiseworthy. It was sad that his baptism had to be delayed, but it is hard for a European to realize all the difficulties which beset an African chief who wishes to become a Christian. Like many a European statesman he cannot always strive for the ideally

best, but has to be content with the best possible in the circumstances. There seems no doubt that he was a Christian at heart long before his baptism and that he came to it as soon as it was possible to get clear of all the difficulties which caused the long delay.

In the northern district there was great suffering this year, owing to locusts. It will be remembered that Bishop Smythies left Magila just before a terrible visitation of locusts in 1894. The country was again swept clear of all growing plants in the next year, and all the Bonde country suffered. The missionaries did all that they could to help the poor famine-stricken people, but they could not feed a whole starving country. In this sad time missionary work, and specially the school work, languished greatly.

In August 1896, Zanzibar itself was the scene of a brief conflict. Sultan Hamed had died after a short reign of only three years. Then his brother, Khalid, tried to usurp the throne, as he had tried to do once before, on the death of Sultan Khalifa. He seized the palace and sought to establish himself in defiance of the British Consul. Just at that moment, H.M.S. *St. George* arrived. The palace was bombarded and Khalid fled for his life. Then his cousin Hamoud became Sultan. At the time of the bombardment there was some anxiety for the safety of the missionaries. Bishop Tucker of Uganda happened to be in our hospital. All the staff and many of the Christians were carried on board ships in the harbour during the operations, but in three days peace reigned again and they were able to go on with their own work.

An important event in Bishop Richardson's short episcopate was the meeting of the third Synod, or rather the first Synod of the diocese of Zanzibar. Nothing very important was discussed, but a Synod plays such an important part in Church organization that this first Synod of Zanzibar, held in 1899, should not be forgotten. The subject of a cathedral chapter was discussed, and that debate bore fruit later.

The diocese and Mission suffered a severe loss in 1897 by the death of Archdeacon Jones-Bateman. He had worked for seventeen years on the staff and had been principal of Kiungani for

eleven years. During all that time he had been a tower of strength. The older teachers in Nyasaland, who had been trained at Kiungani, spoke long after of their affection and respect for their principal. The Archdeacon had been very much run down, and he was sent for a short sea trip, under the care of Nurse Whitbread, in the hope that he would regain strength. But on the voyage, instead of recovering his strength, he gradually failed more and more. He died on October 25, 1897, at St. Denys in the island of Réunion. Only a few months before the Archdeacon's death, the Masasi district lost Hugh Mtoka. He was already ordained deacon, and great things were hoped from him.

Besides these losses in Africa, two men who had played a large part in the earlier history of the Mission fulfilled their course. On February 22, 1896, Horace Waller died in England. It will be remembered that he went out with Bishop Mackenzie as a layman, in charge of the business affairs of the Mission. Then, when Bishop Tozer moved the Mission's headquarters from Chibisa's to Morambala, he felt unable to take the women and girls with him. Waller looked upon this as desertion and, with Livingstone's help, he arranged to take many of them to be cared for at Cape Town. He only stayed a short time in South Africa and then came to England and was ordained. He was for many years Rector of Twywell in Northamptonshire, where he died. Three years later Bishop Tozer died at Exeter, June 17, 1899. He had never recovered his health after his return from Africa. He lived quietly in retirement, unable to do any active work. In his later years he was often worried in mind as to whether he had really done the right thing when he retired from the Zambezi to Zanzibar. The subsequent history of the Mission should surely have removed all doubt. It was on the foundations, truly and wisely laid by him, that the subsequent work of the Mission had been built.

There were two great administrative changes in Bishop Richardson's episcopate. Now that the diocese was reduced to rather a more reasonable size, it could better be organized. It fell into three distinct divisions. Zanzibar already had its archdeacon. Farler had been archdeacon of Magila, but for

some time now the archdeaconry had been in abeyance. Bishop Richardson decided to revive the archdeaconry of Magila and create a third archdeaconry for the Ruvuma district. In 1899 the Rev. H. W. Woodward was appointed Archdeacon of Magila and at the same time the Rev. A. H. Carnon was made Archdeacon of Masasi. The other important diocesan change was the separation of the Theological College from St. Andrew's, Kiungani. A stone house was built for the European staff, a temporary chapel and lecture room, besides quarters for the students, at Mazizini. The college was dedicated to St. Mark and it was put under the charge of the Rev. Frank Weston. It was one of Bishop Richardson's last episcopal acts in the diocese to open and bless this college on October 24, 1899.

Besides these administrative changes an important new venture was made at this time. A new station was established near Weti on the island of Pemba in August 1897. This was entrusted to Sir John Key, and he and Lady Key did a great work. Probably Pemba is the most difficult of all our missionary stations. Nowhere is there more witchcraft and such works of darkness. A great part of the population is made up of enfranchised slaves and other immigrants from the mainland. It is mostly among these that our converts are found. The original islanders seem fast bound in their evil old traditions and superstitions. Sir John Key and his staff fought bravely against these difficulties and gradually a change came. The evangelistic and school work seems specially to have been helped in this superstitious island by the medical work. Miss Voules has played a large part here, and few contributions to *Central Africa* are more worth reading than hers.

In 1899 the ladies' house at Mkunazini was pulled down and larger quarters were provided for them close by in a house rented by the Mission. The reason for this was to enable the ladies to do more in the way of industrial training for the girls. Zanzibar is a most difficult place in which to carry on such work. Agriculture is a useful part of the woman's work elsewhere, but there was none in the city. Even housework and washing is done by men. Miss Phillips made a gallant attempt to carry out this task, and all that could be done for these girls

was done, but at best it was a very disheartening piece of work bravely performed.

We must not fail to record a great event which happened about this time. On April 6, 1897, the Sultan assembled his chief men and announced to them his decree, which abolished for ever the status of slavery throughout his dominions. Sir A. Hardinge, Consul-General, was of course the chief mover in the matter. This decree did not mean immediate release of slaves without any provision for their future, but the slave could now save his little gains and himself buy his freedom. There was no other way of compensating the slave-owners, and it was certainly much better for the slaves than indiscriminate emancipation. No doubt there have been evasions, specially in the case of women, for it was impossible to intrude into the harem. Though the process of emancipation might be slow and by no means free from abuses, yet this decree did mark the end of slavery in theory in the Sultan's dominions, and it could only be a matter of a few years before it was ended in fact.

Towards the end of 1899 the Bishop's health showed signs of failing. He had always regarded himself as a stop-gap. He feared that the work would suffer if he continued in office. Early, therefore, in 1900, he resigned. He wrote that "he felt compelled, after five years' service in Africa to resign his office into younger and stronger hands." He had bravely taken up the burden, in spite of his advanced years, at a time when it seemed very difficult to find a successor to Bishop Smythies. He had earned the affection of all with whom he came in contact. For this we owe him a debt of gratitude. We should be grateful too that when the time came for him to surrender a task which he was no longer able to carry out, he did it simply and humbly, for the sake of God and His Church.

It was during Bishop Richardson's time that the Central Office of the Mission was moved from its old quarters in Delahay Street to No. 9 Dartmouth Street. The new offices were dedicated by Dr. Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London, on All Souls' Day, 1897. The Mission outgrew these quarters in time, just as it outgrew those in Delahay Street. Much as we admire the convenient and handsome quarters of our present

office in Wood Street, the affections of us older ones must still go back sometimes to the beautiful little chapel at Dartmouth Street. It was where we sought God's blessing on setting out, and where we offered our thanks when we returned again. We think of Canon Travers' welcome, of his room and his parrot—of Mr. Viner. But the world cannot stand still. It is good to cherish old memories, but we must not let them hinder us from pressing forward.

XXIII

LAKE NYASA AND THE *CHAUNCY MAPLES*

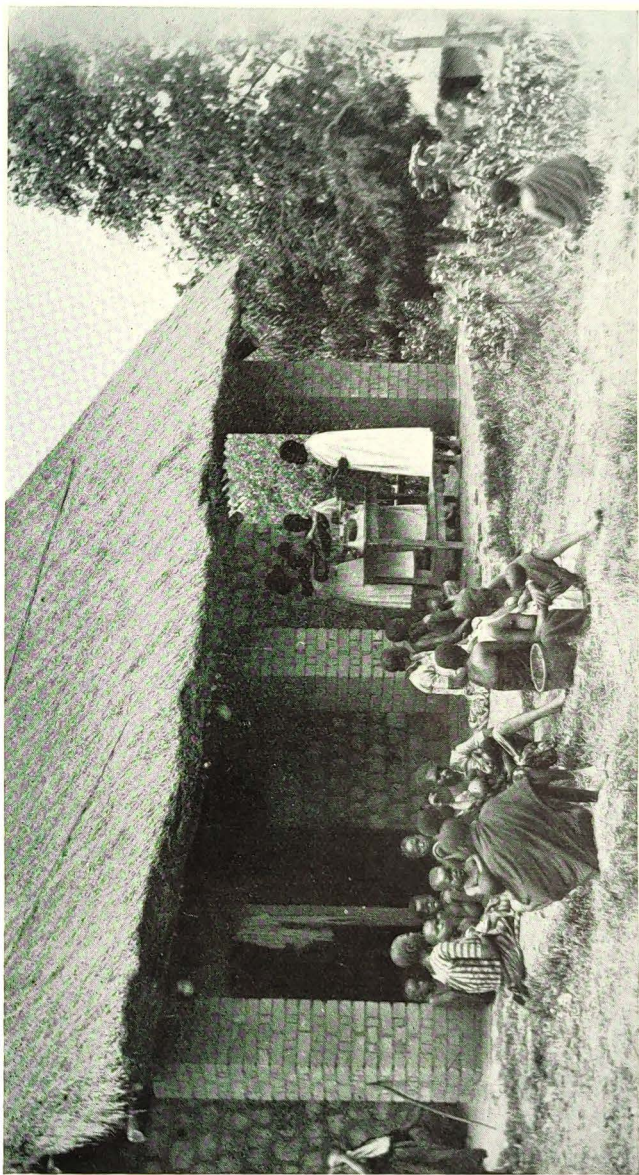
THE history of Nyasaland as a separate diocese began with the series of disasters which we have recorded. On Bishop Maples' death a new bishop had to be found, for the third time in two years. The choice fell upon Dr. Hine. He had joined the Mission in 1889 and, after working in Zanzibar, had been sent by Bishop Smythies to the Lake. He had lately opened the new station in the Yao hill-country at Unangu. Now he accepted the call to the episcopate and went home to England for consecration. He was consecrated by Archbishop Benson in St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, on St. Peter's Day, 1896. The new bishop reached Likoma towards the end of March 1897. He had summoned his staff there. He began by conducting a retreat for them, and after that all met in conference. Also he ordained to the diaconate J. G. Philipps, who had joined the Mission staff as a layman in 1894.

The work on the Lake, when Bishop Hine took charge, was still small, but it was growing rapidly. There were first of all the headquarters on the island. Here Glossop was priest-in-charge, but Padre Smith had a small parish for himself at the south end of the island and he was also in charge of the work on Chizumulu island, nine miles away. He had built himself a house at Nkwazi, at the south end of Likoma. These two priests had the deacon, Caradoc Davies, to help them. Dr. Howard and Miss Kenyon were doing the medical work, and Miss Schofield was looking after the girls' school and the women. Then, as a sort of second head station, the S.S. *Charles Janson* carried about Johnson and Philipps to minister to Lakeside villages. In 1898 there were twenty of these villages where we had schools. Then on the west side, rather more than sixty miles from Likoma, was the station at Kota Kota. Sim had begun the work in this big village. Padre Wimbush took charge of it after Sim's death. Then, on the east side, about fifty miles from the Lake, was Unangu, in charge of the deacon Yohana

Abdallah. There had been no priest there since the Bishop left Africa on his way home for consecration.

It is right that we should notice the advent of Dr. Howard to join the Nyasaland staff in 1899. He came out not long after it had been discovered that mosquitoes were the carriers of malaria. From this discovery was derived the prophylactic use of quinine. Dr. Howard came out armed with this new knowledge, and was determined, if possible, to secure conditions on the Mission stations in which the staff might have a reasonable chance of being able to carry on their work without breaking down. After all, breakdowns and deaths are not only sad, but they are a fearful hindrance to the work, and vastly expensive. On all counts it was worth a great deal to keep the staff in good health. Dr. Howard then worked for better housing, for better food, for avoiding infected mosquitoes by using mosquito curtains and by destroying the breeding places of the mosquitoes and for anything that would tend to preserve the staff in health. The change which he brought about was almost miraculous. There was still sickness and malaria from time to time among the European staff, but there was nothing like the continuous state of sickness which had been the rule before. Dr. Howard also organized the medical work amongst the natives. He built two temporary native hospitals at Likoma, one for the men and one for the women, and a small one for the Europeans. Later it was he who built the present native hospitals, using as much as was possible of the old Cathedral, and also the fine European hospital. The doctor was not only a qualified medical practitioner, but he was also an expert builder. Since Dr. Howard left Nyasaland for Zanzibar in 1909, Dr. Wigan has carried on his traditions. To these two, backed up, as they have always been, by a zealous nursing staff, the diocese owes the fact that it has a splendid and efficient medical service, with a hospital and surgery on almost every station, which might well be envied by other Missions.

Soon after Bishop Hine got back to Nyasaland after his consecration, Johnson went home to England on leave. On his arrival he launched an appeal for another and larger



[Photo by Dr. Wigan

THE BABY CLINIC, LIULI, NYASALAND

steamer. The Bishop warmly supported the appeal. The discomfort of the *C. J.* as a home was serious. It could not carry many passengers. Johnson wanted such a steamer as would provide a home for some four Europeans and carry, while engaged on its rounds, a certain number of native students, both those training for the ministry and for teaching. Once more there was a great response. Mr. J. E. Crouch drew out the first plans, afterwards developed by Mr. Alexander Johnson. Mr. Henry Brunel and Sir John Wolfe Barry gave their assistance. The ship was finally built at Glasgow by Messrs. Alley & McLellan. It was 127 feet long. On the main deck was a school-room, with seats and desks for thirty students. Curtained off at the end was a beautiful altar of teak, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Over the altar was a picture of our Lord walking on the water. After construction, the ship was taken to pieces again and despatched to Africa in 3,500 packages. The boiler, which could not be taken to pieces, was sent out whole. It was brought up the Zambezi on a barge from Chinde to Katunga's (not far from Chibisa's), at the foot of the Murchison Falls. Thence it was successfully wheeled on a specially constructed carriage for sixty-four miles by 450 Angoni. There was no road at all for the first twenty-seven miles, and then just an unmetalled track. River beds had to be crossed and hills climbed. It really was a very wonderful feat. Mr. Crouch and four other Europeans were waiting for the boiler and the other packages at Mponda's village, half-way between Fort Johnston and the Lake. Here they set to work to assemble the steamer. By the time she was completed Bishop Hine had been translated to Zanzibar. She was therefore dedicated by Bishop Trower on April 3, 1902. She was named the *Chauncy Maples*, after that heroic missionary.

During Bishop Hine's time, though the work was rapidly extending, only one new centre was opened. A good deal of work had been done at Malindi, which prepared the way for actually opening a station there, soon after Bishop Trower arrived. Bishop Hine's new station was at Mponda's, which, as we have seen, lies on the river Shiré, about half-way between Fort Johnston and the Lake. Philipps was the first priest-in-

charge. Mponda is a Yao chief of considerable consequence. His authority as overlord stretches over a large district. The first Mponda to settle there very much resented the British occupation, and Sir Harry Johnston had a good deal of difficulty with him. But in Africa real power depends very largely on personality. The Mponda, when first the Mission started there, was still really a great personage. He did not like the French Fathers, for instance, and he drove them out when they wanted to settle in his village. His successors have been much less important, partly because they were weaker characters and partly because of family quarrels over the succession. But the fact that the village was the centre of authority, at least in name, made it an important point to occupy. Also, it was a good starting place for work down the river. That work has since grown into the two stations of Likwenu and Matope. In Philipps' time, it was a day of small things, but those engaged in building the steamer, Europeans and natives, gave him something to work on. Also there were already a few European residents at Fort Johnston, the District Commissioner and others, to whom he ministered and who were very much attached to him.

Perhaps the thing which will count most in the future of the Church in East Africa is the native ministry. Bishop Hine was privileged to ordain the first African priest to minister in the diocese. He ordained Yohana Abdallah to the priesthood on March 6, 1898. The Bishop knew him specially well, for they had worked together at Unangu. When Bishop Hine went to England for his consecration, he left Yohana at Unangu. He was then still in deacon's orders. He must therefore have been in a very difficult position, for he could not minister the Blessed Sacrament to his small flock of Christians and he himself could seldom have found an opportunity of making his own communion. Now these difficulties were over and Unangu had a priest once more, and, not only a priest, but a Yao, a man of the same race and language as his flock. Later in the same year, at Whitsuntide, the Bishop ordained Augustine Ambali and Eustace Malisawa to the diaconate. Both were freed slaves, rescued by the Royal Navy and entrusted to the Mission.

Trained at Kiungani, they had become teachers, and were among those who volunteered for work on the Lake with Johnson. Both were ordained priests later, and Augustine died a canon of the Cathedral, beloved by Europeans and Africans alike.

One of Bishop Hine's last acts in Nyasaland was to begin St. Michael's Training College at Kango. It lies in Portuguese East Africa, just opposite Likoma, and its official spelling is now Çango. The steamer is useful enough for a refresher course, to help teachers a little in the holidays, but even the *Chauncy Maples*, though so much larger than the *C. J.*, is not a good place to train teachers or theological students. It is difficult to think how they existed at all on the tiny *C. J.* The steamer, either the larger or the smaller, is a noisy place. Johnson would often go on shore for quite long periods and generally without informing anyone. Above all, the Lake is a restless sheet of water, and not all students are good sailors. Padres Eustace and Augustine have spoken to the present writer in moving terms of the horrors of sea-sickness which they had to endure. It was decided, therefore, to start in a small way a training college, to be to Nyasaland what Kiungani had been to Zanzibar. Johnson, by this time Archdeacon Johnson, was to be Principal, and Caradoc Davies Vice-Principal. As a matter of fact it was Padre Davies who managed the college, for he was resident there, whereas the Archdeacon had his busy round of work to be done from the steamer, so that he could rarely be present. The Bishop blessed the simple buildings, which had been erected, on St. Michael's Day, 1899. This was really a landmark in the history of the diocese. It was difficult to send students as far as Kiungani for training, though Zanzibar did its best to help Nyasaland in this way. Haphazard instruction on the steamers was not enough. Ever since St. Michael's opened its doors, Nyasaland has trained its own teachers. As time has gone on the standard has improved and, though there have been failures frequently enough, yet from the first the diocese has every right to be proud of its teachers.

There was a good deal of political unrest on the mainland

about this time. In 1899 and 1900 came the final settlement of the positions of the European powers on the Lake. Before that settlement Portugal had always made large claims to the hinterland on the strength of her thin line of settlements on the coast. Things came to a climax in 1888. An active Portuguese officer, Major Serpa Pinto, advanced into the interior and vigorously pushed his country's claims. Indeed, he paid little respect to the British flag. His attitude was caricatured in a well-known cartoon in *Punch*. Mr. Buchanan, the Chief Commissioner at Blantyre, was driven to proclaim a British Protectorate. Sir Harry Johnston was sent out to arrange the boundaries with the Portuguese. This he succeeded in doing amicably. The highlands were to remain British and all the west side of the Lake. If the east side be divided into five parts, the most southern section was to be British, the next two sections Portuguese and the two northern sections were to be German, though the last arrangement was only made later. Likoma and Chizumulu, though close to the Portuguese side, were to remain British, because they were occupied by the Mission. The Lake itself was declared to be international water. It was a great blow to the Mission in general and specially to Archdeacon Johnson, that almost all the villages in which his work lay were put under the Portuguese flag. Chigoma, where he first began, Msumba and Chia, where he had met with such success—all were henceforward to be under the Portuguese.

On Bishop Richardson's resignation, the Archbishop called on Bishop Hine to take his place. He himself told the present writer how unwilling he was to go. But the call, it was almost an order, was cast in such a form that he felt unable to disobey it.

XXIV

CATHEDRAL CHAPTER AT CHRIST CHURCH AND MAJI-MAJI RISING

BISHOP HINE travelled down from Nyasaland to his new diocese. He arrived in Zanzibar on December 15, 1901. He was enthroned in Christ Church Cathedral the same day. In Bishop Hine the diocese had found another energetic walker to oversee the work. Though of such a different physique, he was in this respect the equal of Bishop Smythies. He records in *Days Gone By*, "Altogether in Africa I have travelled about 12,500 miles on foot." Bishop Richardson at his age was naturally unable to travel about the diocese as frequently as a younger man could. Active as he was, Bishop Hine was fully alive to the greatness of the task which he had undertaken, and was a little daunted by it. He said: "I have received the Archbishop's summons and I felt bound to obey. So I became Bishop of Zanzibar."

When the Bishop arrived in Zanzibar, he had been at work in Central Africa ever since the beginning of 1897 without a break. It was therefore imperative that he should take a leave as soon as possible. After taking two confirmations and conducting a retreat, he went on a visit to Pemba island. After that he started for England, in February 1902.

While he was at home, St. Katharine's was opened at Zanzibar for unmarried women. The house had been built close to the ladies' quarters at Mkunazini. It was opened on August 25. This home fulfilled a very useful purpose. It was not so much a school as a home of training, in which girls were given work fitting them to manage their own homes after marriage and at the same time affording protection against the dangers of city life. It does not need much imagination to realize the dangers to which girls are exposed in a town like Zanzibar.

The Bishop returned from England early in 1903 and landed at Zanzibar on February 5. After a short stay in the island, he spent Lent and Easter in the Masasi district. The Bishop took Weston with him as his companion. He noted that there

were 270 communicants on Easter Day at Masasi. Coming back they very narrowly escaped death by drowning. The German steamer on which they had proposed to travel from Lindi broke down, so they went on a dhow. On the way they were caught by a terrible squall and torrents of rain. The sail was rent in two and they were carried they knew not whither. Mercifully, they were still afloat when the squall had passed, not very far from Kilwa. They managed to make the harbour and escape from their perilous position.

When the Bishop returned to Zanzibar he had the satisfaction of ordaining Samwil Chiponde to the priesthood and Silvano Ngaweje to the diaconate. Together with Padre Samwil, Joseph White was also ordained priest. He was afterwards elected Director of the Society of the Sacred Mission, Kelham, and later acted as Provincial in South Africa until his death in 1934.

In June 1903 the Bishop held his first Synod. He also took advantage of the presence of so many of his staff to consecrate the Cathedral Church. The foundation stone of Christ Church had been laid thirty years before and already it had a long history, which made it a very sacred place to the Mission, but it could not be consecrated because the tenure of the land was not secure. The possession of the site had now been made secure, so it was possible to proceed to consecration (June 29, 1903) and the church in the slave market was set apart for all time to the service of God. The Bishop knocked at the door with his staff and the doors were flung open. The nave was filled with a large congregation, and many Europeans were present. Sir John Key read the deed of consecration, which was signed by the Bishop on the altar. When all these ceremonies were completed, High Mass followed in Swahili, the Bishop being celebrant. The altar is at the chord of the apse, with the throne behind it, after the ancient custom still common in the Eastern Church. The Bishop, following the Eastern custom, stood at the east side of the altar, facing west. Altogether it was a beautiful and impressive service.

The subject of a chapter had been discussed in Synod during Bishop Richardson's time. Bishop Hine now felt able to



[Photo by Mr. C. McLean]

SOME OF THE ZANZIBAR CATHEDRAL CHAPTER, 1904

ARCHDEACON EVANS
ARCHDEACON WOODWARD

CANON DALE
BISHOP HINE

CANON WESTON
CANON PORTER

proceed to create a chapter. There were to be twelve canons, one for each of the six stalls which stand on each side of the Bishop's throne. Only ten of the twelve stalls were dedicated on this occasion, and of these, only eight were filled.

These were :

1. St. Athanasius—the Chancellor of the Diocese (Weston).
2. Mater Misericordiae—the Archdeacon of Masasi (Canon).
3. Holy Cross—the Archdeacon of Magila (Woodward).
4. St. Augustine—the Archdeacon of Zanzibar (Evans).
5. St. George—Canon Porter.
6. St. Cyprian—Canon Dale.
7. St. Michael—Bishop Richardson.
8. St. Mark—Canon Sir John Key.
9. Simon of Cyrene—Not filled.
10. St. Paul—Not filled.

In 1905 the Bishop, having lately consecrated his own Cathedral Church, was invited to the consecration of the two C.M.S. Cathedrals at Mengo and Mombasa. Alas, the great church at Mengo (Kampala) was to be but short-lived, for it was struck by lightning and entirely destroyed soon after. The Bishop thoroughly enjoyed his visit, and wrote most warmly of the kindness showed him by the missionaries of the C.M.S. staff, especially Bishops Tucker and Peel.

At Zanzibar a change had been made with the boys' home. It had originally been in the town, but had been moved in 1901 to the Bishop Smythies Memorial Home at Ziwani, and was in charge of Padres Baines and Sanderson. In 1903 it was moved again, away from Zanzibar altogether, and planted on the island of Pemba. It was there put in charge of Brother Makins, S.S.M., and later of Padre Frewer.

Magila archdeaconry was continually expanding. In 1905 two new stations were opened in the far north. These were Kizara and Kigongoi. The beginnings of these stations are connected specially with Padres Samwil Sehoza and Webster. At Korogwe, too, work had been increasing among the Ziguas. Great progress had been made under Padre Chambers. He

was not permitted a long service in Africa before his death, but he left his mark. He was succeeded by Padre Kisbey, under whom the work developed greatly. A new church was built, designed by Frank George, and dedicated to St. Michael, April 22, 1904. It is a really large church, longer than the Cathedral, but not quite so broad. Here the need of more priests was particularly evident. Kisbey had extended his work so widely that one out-station was a hundred miles away. It was only three times a year that he could visit such distant places. At other times the Christians had to journey to Korogwe for the sacraments.

In the Ruvuma district there had also been great developments, though not quite as striking as those in the northern archdeaconry. People in the district are for ever moving, and stations have to move with them. It is unnecessary for people at home to try and memorize these changes, for the stations did not die out. Masasi is Masasi still, though some way from the original site on which Bishop Steere planted his village of freed slaves. But there had been great progress made, and just as the work seemed full of promise, an appalling disaster befell the Ruvuma district. Memories of the great raid had made the bishops cautious about sending ladies into the district, and it was only in 1903 that this had been done. The first three ladies were Misses Clutterbuck, Holloway and Sharpe. On St. James Day, 1905 the foundation of the new church had been laid. The walls were rising under Tomes and all seemed peaceful. Suddenly there was a desperate rising of natives against their German rulers. This is generally known as the Maji-maji rising, after the charms which the witch doctors provided to protect the insurgents from European fire-arms. On Sunday, August 27, 1905, the German magistrate sent word to the missionaries that trouble might be expected. Nothing seemed very likely to happen for the moment, and it was hoped that any danger there might be would pass the Mission by. Next day came the terrible news of the massacre at the Roman Catholic Mission. Bishop Spiers, two Sisters and two Brothers had been murdered at Nyangao. Late that night, two German Benedictines came in, with the news that the

revolting natives were pouring down on Masasi. What were the missionaries to do? Canon Porter, who had played such a gallant part in the raid of 1882, naturally wanted to remain at his post, though he happened to be down with a bad fever at the time. Archdeacon Carnon insisted that all the members of the European staff must retire to Lindi, and it seems clear that this was the right thing to do. This was no raid of natives upon natives, but it was against foreigners as such. In the frenzy of rage no distinction would be drawn between Germans and British. Moreover, the presence of the Europeans at Masasi increased the danger of all the natives connected with them. Instead of being a help, as they had been in 1882, they would probably bring disaster on their flock, who, but for their presence, might have a reasonable hope of escaping the danger. It was decided therefore to flee to Lindi. There were the three ladies and Canon Porter, who had to be carried, Tomes, Spurling, Harrison and the Archdeacon. At Chiwata, Barnaba Nakaam helped them and got them two more carriers. Then they went on over the Makonde plateau to Mikindani in safety. From thence they went by sea to Lindi, which they reached September 2. Here they met the Benedictine nuns, the survivors of Nyangao. Their escape had been almost miraculous. Seized by the revolting natives, they prepared for death. As they knelt, Father Leo gave them absolution. It is supposed that the natives believed the sign of the cross to be some potent spell, for they suddenly fled, leaving their captives to escape. One poor Sister got separated from the rest in the flight, but the others got safely away.

The native Christians at Masasi were in no mind to surrender tamely their church and Mission station. They first hid the church plate and valuables and then fought desperately to defend the station. They did indeed succeed in driving off the enemy at last, but by that time the church and most of the other buildings were burnt.

The war, while it lasted, was a terrible business. The natives were by no means without provocation, and they rose in passionate resentment against all foreigners. It was not only against Europeans that they fought, many Arabs and Indians

were also swept away in the storm. To add to the horrors, the Angoni took the warpath again and joined in revolt. Terrible outrages were committed. At first the Germans had not the force at hand to restore order. Gradually, however, they gained the upper hand and the revolt finally collapsed. The bright spot in this dark story is the way in which the native clergy distinguished themselves. Padre Daudi Machina, then at Luatala, without counsel or help from the Europeans, took charge of the district. He was the only priest, but the native deacons gallantly supported him. For six months he itinerated from station to station, that the faithful might not be deprived of the bread of life. He carefully looked after the church property, causing an inventory to be made, that nothing might be lost. The horrors of the revolt had driven practically all the Christians to take the side of law and order and many had joined the German forces.

It was six months before the missionaries were able to get back to Masasi. They had hoped to be back for Christmas, and were all ready to start, but the German authorities would not suffer them to go. However, Daudi got to Masasi for the great festival. At last the missionaries were allowed to return in February, but even then they were placed under a guard. They met with an overwhelming reception. The native Christians were mad with joy. They were back again, but Masasi was a sad sight. All the buildings were in ruins, and all the registers, translations and books, the work of years, were gone. But the horrors of the revolt seemed to have stirred a new burst of life in the Church. When Bishop Hine visited the district in October 1906, he found a new Masasi. The new great church of St. Mary and St. Bartholomew was rising. A new school and new houses were already built. Many new schools were being opened in the district.

While the Ruvuma district was being so sorely tried by war, Zanzibar itself was in grievous trouble. In September 1905 the plague broke out. The Government made great efforts to stamp it out. The Medical Officer of Health was most energetic.

Rubbish was burnt and the town cleaned up, nurses were summoned by telegraph. Meanwhile a plague hospital was opened and was entrusted to the care of Miss Brewerton, the Matron of the Mission hospital. She responded nobly and, with the help of two native nurses, organized the hospital and ministered to the patients. One of these nurses was Kate Kadewili, the ill-used wife of Francis Mabruki. Sister Brewerton was greatly trusted by the natives, and no doubt it was confidence in her which induced vast numbers to be inoculated against the plague, a precaution which was at first regarded with the gravest suspicion. When the nurses summoned by the Government arrived, they took over the hospital, but Kate remained to act as interpreter. Gradually the disease was conquered, with fewer deaths than in most east coast towns and many fewer than might have been expected in insanitary Zanzibar. Kate did not long survive. Her faithless husband died first and she did not long outlive him. Bishop Hine wrote of her : "What a saint she was ! One of the best, gentlest, sweetest women I have ever known. Everyone loved her."

The last years of Bishop Hine's episcopate were quiet ones, but that does not mean that the work was stagnating. In spite of the serious lack of priests the work was growing everywhere. This shortage of clergy was partly due to losses, but also to the rapid way in which the work was growing. The stream of volunteers from Europe was not running strongly, but this was partly compensated for by the ordination of African clergy. But the net result was that the existing staff was far too small. The work could not be done properly, the clergy were everywhere overworked and, it may be, gravely discouraged.

A few months before Bishop Hine's resignation, the great Jubilee meeting was held in the Senate House at Cambridge on December 4, 1907. It was just fifty years since Dr. Livingstone's appeal. The Vice-Chancellor was in the chair, and the hall was crowded. There were said to be 500 Cambridge undergraduates present and a good contingent had come over from Oxford. There were speeches from the Bishop of Rochester (Talbot), Ripon (Boyd-Carpenter), Dr. Butler, Master of

Trinity, and the Registry (Mr. J. W. Clark). Mr. Clark had actually been present at the great meeting fifty years before, and he thrilled his hearers as he told them details of that great day. Frank Weston spoke at his best and stirred the meeting profoundly. He graphically described the shortage of priests in his own diocese and asked in searching tones: "What is Cambridge going to do?" Then the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Davidson) rose to propose the creation of a third diocese, as the outcome of all this commemorative enthusiasm.

Concurrently this day was kept as a day of thanksgiving in Africa. At the High Mass in the Cathedral at Zanzibar, Padre Sehoza preached. He spoke of two races met there to worship God; of the Light brought to Africa at such a cost; of the hope of even greater things in the next fifty years. At the rejoicings in the afternoon at Kiungani, the Bishop brought forward two old men. One was Tom Peter Sudi, who was with Livingstone when he died. The other was Robert Feruzi, one of the five slave boys given by the Sultan to Bishop Tozer, when he first arrived at Zanzibar in 1864.

Soon after this the Bishop felt that the time had come to lay down his burden. He had been having very bad health, and it looked as if his work were done. He resigned in August 1908. It is interesting to note how wrong was the idea that his work was finished. After a rest, the Bishop seemed to renew his youth. The present writer saw him in Zanzibar, just before his resignation, and he looked a broken old man. The same writer met him again in Nyasaland, when he came out to his third diocese, and he could hardly recognize him, so active and vigorous did he seem, full of plans and in the highest spirits. There still lay before Bishop Hine many years of energetic work, first as the first bishop of Northern Rhodesia and again later as Bishop of Grantham in England.

Just before Bishop Hine's resignation a very serious loss befell our Mission at home. Dr. Oswald Browne, who had been our consulting physician, died April 9, 1908. He had

put his great medical gifts freely at the service of the Mission. He had been an active member of the Home Committee. No one who ever passed under his examination can forget his kindliness or have failed to be attracted by the beauty of holiness which showed in his face.

LIKOMA CATHEDRAL AND PROGRESS IN
GERMAN TERRITORY

WHEN Bishop Hine resigned the bishopric of Nyasaland, his successor was chosen without great delay. He was Gerard Trower, from Merchant Taylors and Keble. He had been Curate of St. Mary Redcliffe and St. Alban's, Birmingham. At the time of his appointment he was Vicar of Christ Church, Sydney. He was a man of splendid physique and had rowed in the Trial Eights at Oxford. He was consecrated in Westminster Abbey on St. Paul's Day, 1902.

He started for Africa almost immediately after his consecration. When he arrived, his first episcopal act was to dedicate the new steamer, the *Chauncy Maples*, April 23, 1902. It was very unfortunate that Archdeacon Johnson could not be present. It was he who had appealed for both steamers, and sickness prevented him being present at the dedication of either of them. It will be remembered that he had been compelled to go home with ophthalmia before the dedication of the *C. J.* Again he had fallen seriously ill and had been compelled to go on leave. The Bishop found the diocese in charge of Padre Smith, as senior priest, when he arrived.

When Johnson returned from New Zealand, he began his work on the S.S. *Chauncy Maples*. Archdeacon Johnson never really liked a seafaring life, for he was never quite immune from sea-sickness. The present writer has seen him very far from happy in a heavy swell. But he was most enthusiastic over the new steamer, because he saw in it a means of preaching the Gospel to a wider circle. He wrote: "But the *C. M.*—well you have not lived in her. She is the substitute (1) for railways, where there are none; (2) an island, in a by no means too peaceful country; (3) a bit of England, where we can live as Englishmen and work as and with natives, and where, with due submission, I hope the English flag will always fly; (4) a newspaper, a correspondent and a printing press in one; (5) last, but not least, a training ground for priests and teachers."

Before proceeding up the Lake the Bishop arranged to start a new European station at Malindi. The station stands on a narrow strip of land lying between the granite hills and the Lake. It is a lovely spot, and lies about six miles from "The Bar"—the sand banks over which the water runs into the river Shiré. It lies just in the south-east corner of the Lake. The station was important in two ways. Firstly, it was to be the headquarters of the steamers. There were the "shops" and all the necessary equipment for repairs and overhauling. The water is deep, quite close in shore, and it is sheltered from the two rough winds, the south and east. But secondly, it was an admirable base for working northwards up the Lakeside, and also for attacking the Yao hills behind, that is, towards the east. The chief, Chindamba, was a Yao chief of considerable consequence, and he was friendly and quite pleased to allow the establishment of the Mission station. Unfortunately his successors have not been men of much strength of character, and the Chindamba of to-day does not exercise much influence in the district. Padre Davies was set in charge of the new station.

The Bishop then went on up the Lake. When he arrived at Kota Kota he dedicated the great stone church on St. Mark's Day, 1902. It was in this church that Bishop Maples' body lay. At this time Arthur Douglas was in charge. Nurse Minter (now Mrs. Howard) played a great part in the early days of the station. Besides being proficient in her own profession, she was a gifted linguist and a manager, and could turn her hand to almost anything. It is said that at one time she had the District Commissioner and the priest-in-charge in hospital at the same time, and that while they were incapacitated she not only nursed them well again, but in the meantime herself conducted all the affairs of Church and State. If the story be true, there is no doubt that she would do the double task very well.

In his first year Bishop Trower had the privilege of ordaining the first native Nyasa to the diaconate, Leonard Mattiya Kamungu. He was a shy-looking man, but of great courage. After Archdeacon Johnson had been nearly murdered at

Mkalawili's, he wished to start work amongst his people, a sufficiently daring move. Johnson wrote: "Dear Leonard agreed to go . . . stepped lightly into the boat with me, but there were no volunteers to row us." After his ordination to the priesthood, he volunteered for service in Northern Rhodesia, feeling convinced that as Nyasas had received, so also should they give. He did a great work at Msoro, knowing well the risk he ran, and it seems almost certain that he was poisoned when he died in 1913.

In 1907 British Central Africa became British Nyasaland Protectorate. The Commissioner, Sir Alfred Sharpe, became Governor and Commander-in-Chief. This did not greatly affect the Mission, but it probably secured an abler succession of Government officials than could have been expected if the change had not been made. Both before and after this change, the Mission has need to be grateful for kindly and just treatment from the Government as a whole, and often very real courtesy and friendliness from individual members of it.

The Bishop journeyed down to Chiromo in February 1907, and there dedicated on February 11 the church of St. Paul, in memory of the first Bishop of our Mission. Bishop Mackenzie's body lies just across the River Ruo in Portuguese East Africa, and the island on which he died is close by. As we have seen, the European township has since melted away and the church was for a time left derelict. Later it was rebuilt at Blantyre, where it now stands.

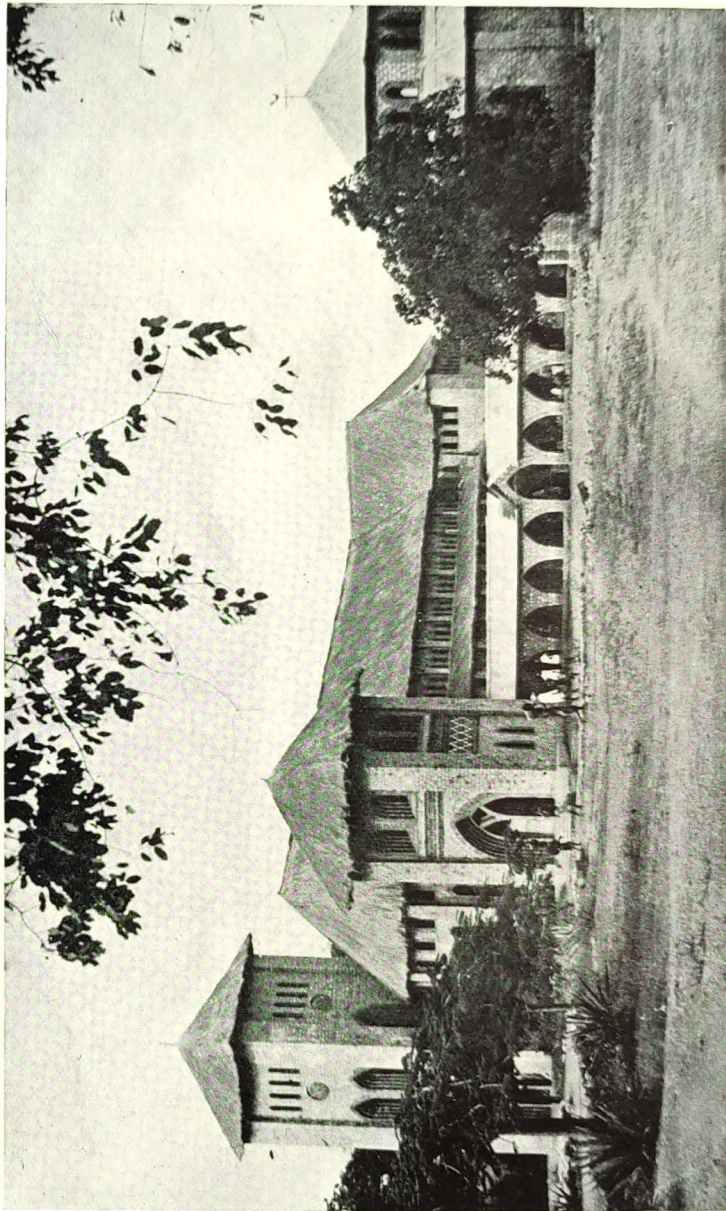
There were two things of which Bishop Trower was specially proud when he resigned his see. The first was the great Cathedral Church of St. Peter on Likoma island. There had been a scheme on foot to build a church in memory of Bishop Maples, and a small part of the old church had actually been rebuilt. But Bishop Trower was very dissatisfied with the site. After consultation with Dr. Howard, the Bishop came to the conclusion that the old church could be reconditioned and would so make an excellent hospital, of which there was great need. The Bishop then proceeded to choose a new site altogether for the church, and undoubtedly a much better one. Incidentally it was much nearer to, and almost on, the spot

where witches used to be burnt. He had decided to build an entirely new church when he was assured that the old church would not be wasted, but could be converted into a hospital. Very fortunately Bishop Trower had a real architect, Mr. Frank George, on whom he could rely to draw the plans and do the building. He therefore commissioned George, afterwards Archdeacon, but at the time a layman, to draw up plans for a church on a large scale. It is a vast building, and with the Lady Chapel, Chapter House, library and cloisters, covers an area of over 37,000 square feet. The church is cruciform in shape and measures 320 by 85 feet. The foundation stone of this church was laid by the Bishop on January 27, 1903. George got to work at once. All his masons and other workmen were either Christians or catechumens, and work began daily with prayers. The material used is the local granite, while for arches and such work bricks were burnt on the mainland opposite. Instead of mortar, the mud from the anthills was used. This makes an excellent substitute for mortar, only it must be kept dry. It was necessary therefore to point the walls outside with cement. The scaffolding was made of rough trees from the forest and, instead of boards, platforms were made of the ribs of the raffia palm, skewered together with bamboo pegs. When at Likoma the Bishop always came down to look at the work, as part of his daily routine. At last the walls were finished and then great iron girders were raised and set in their places. This was done by pulleys and man power, under George's direction. Then corrugated iron sheets were fastened on the top. A little later a thatched roof was laid above the corrugated iron, for it was so hot in the inside as to be unendurable in the hot season, and also it was very noisy in the rains, when a heavy storm fell upon it. At length, on St. Michael's Day, 1905, the church was dedicated. The Bishop, clergy and a great congregation assembled in the old church, which by this time looked like a forest, so many poles were needed to prop up its sagging roof. Thence they went in procession to the new church, singing *Laetatus sum*. The first Eucharist was then celebrated, and the church was dedicated to St. Peter. So Bishop Steere's dream came about,

that a Cathedral should one day rise on the Lake shore, the sphere of work contemplated when the first little band of missionaries set out with Mackenzie. The church was dedicated, for Bishop Trower hoped to consecrate it when the Lady Chapel should be completed.

The other piece of work of which Bishop Trower was so proud was the extension of the Mission work up the eastern side of the Lake, in what was then German territory. During these years Archdeacon Johnson and his fellow workers opened up new centres all the way up to Wiedhafen (Manda). From Manda to the north end of the Lake, some forty miles away, there are no villages, because the granite cliffs come sheer down to the water. In this district, that is to say from the Portuguese border to Manda, work went on rapidly. There was no Muhammadanism to hinder, and the inhabitants seemed exceedingly eager to accept the Gospel. In only a few years the Christians amounted to thousands and they have gone on increasing. It soon became too big a task for the steamer clergy, and now the work is divided between the two stations of Manda and Liuli, and still the staff is inadequate to deal with the ever-increasing numbers.

In 1905 the Bishop opened a new station at Mtonya in the Yao hills, about thirty miles south of Unangu and about forty miles from Lungwena on the Lake shore. Here he placed Padre Eyre and Brimecombe, one of the Brixham men. This was a very difficult district. Islam was very strong, and we have never succeeded in making a great impression. Next year Padre Eyre was made Archdeacon of Mtonya. For a time Miss Minter (Mrs. Howard) and Miss Medd were stationed at Mtonya, but the country was so unsettled that the Bishop felt bound to withdraw them again. In spite of Archdeacon Eyre's strenuous work, the station never became very flourishing. Latterly, for some years before his death, the Archdeacon had no European companion, for the Bishop had no one to send to be with him. Quite lately a large Italian Roman Catholic Mission has opened a station for work close by. It looks as if they would reap the harvest of Archdeacon Eyre's sowing, for, since his death, there has been no priest at Mtonya.



[Photo by Rev. E. V. Lent]

LKOMA CATHEDRAL, SHOWING CLOISTERS AND CHAPTER HOUSE

The appointment of a new archdeacon was an important step in the organization of the diocese. It was a rough attempt to divide the diocese into two administrative districts by linguistic boundaries.

In October 1905 the Bishop started a Theological College on Likoma island at Nkwazi. This is a beautiful spot at the south end of the island and takes its name from the osprey (Nkwazi), which builds its nest in the baobab trees close by. Padre Smith had already built a beautiful church there on a Coptic plan, and also a good house. Houses were built for the students and the Rev. G. H. Wilson was put in charge. He began with two pupils only, Augustine and Eustace, reading for the priesthood. Wilson, an old Wells man, chose the patron saint, St. Andrew, in memory of the college at Wells, just as West had chosen the dedication of Kiungani for the same reason. The Theological College on the steamer had not proved a success. Both Augustine and Eustace were very bad sailors and were incapacitated by the slightest motion. Instruction was irregular, and the steamer was never quiet until all had got to sleep at night. Archdeacon Glossop is now acting as Principal, another Wells man, and there always seem students waiting to enter.

The work at Mponda's had been steadily growing. At the end of 1906 the Bishop sent two ladies to work there, Miss Mann and Miss Parsons. It was Miss Parsons who opened the first dispensary at Mponda's. It was a day of small things, for she started work first on her verandah with a packing case for a table. Though regarded at first with grave suspicion, she soon began to win the confidence of the natives. The work round Mponda's itself was as much as one priest could manage, so the Bishop decided to divide the district and make a new station from which a priest might minister to the southern part of the Mponda's district. A site was therefore chosen for the new station at Likwenu, just as Padre Jenkin was starting for home in 1906. Padre Ker was to look after all the parish until Padre Jenkin got back, then Padre Jenkin was to open the new station, while Ker carried on at Mponda's. Likwenu is one of the most beautiful stations in the Mission.

It is about half-way between Liwonde, on the river Shiré, and Zomba, the capital of Nyasaland. It stands high up on the right of the road, as one goes to Zomba, and there is a lovely view over Lake Shirwa. The site was chosen for three reasons. It is a healthy spot with a good stream of water. It was only 17 miles from Zomba and the priest-in-charge could minister to the growing population there. It was a good base from which to work the stations on the river, and there were a number of really large Yao villages either on or near the Shiré, within reach of Likwenu.

In Bishop Trower's time Diocesan Conferences were held regularly every year. He was not a chairman so gifted as his successor, and the work done at these Conferences was not so important as was done later, but a good deal was done in talking over difficulties, which was very useful.

The Bishop was very much concerned about the European population at Fort Jameson in N. Rhodesia. There was no provision for their spiritual needs, except for an occasional visit by the priest of Kota Kota or a still rarer visit by the Bishop. It was a journey of six days at that time from Kota Kota to Fort Jameson. To the Bishop's great satisfaction the S.P.C.K. agreed to take up this work and appointed a chaplain, the Rev. W. J. Bell. He was appointed in 1905. Next year Bishop Trower visited Fort Jameson to consecrate the church of St. Paul, which had been built there. In 1907 Padre Bell went home and nothing further was done until the formation of the new diocese of Northern Rhodesia.

On St. Thomas' Day, 1906, Augustine Ambali and Eustace Malisawa were ordained priests in Likoma Cathedral. Padre Eustace was getting an old man and very stout. He did good work for a while at Lungwena, forty miles north of Malindi, and then was obliged to retire from active work. Of Augustine it is difficult to speak with moderation. Beloved by Europeans and Africans, he was an ideal native priest. He lived simply in African style and ministered faithfully and energetically to his flock. He was first stationed at Msumba, the largest village on the east side of the Lake. He worked there for many years, and boys, whom he had taught, are now teachers in all parts

of the diocese. When he began to get past the work of so big a station, the Bishop moved him a little farther north to Ngoo. Here too he did the same devoted work and died, still in harness, in 1932.

At the end of Bishop Trower's episcopate, Padre Glossop was again back at Likoma. He was and is beloved by the whole population of the island. On him the mantle of Bishop Maples seems to have descended. Blessed with the gift of tongues and of always knowing the right things to say, he probably knows far more of the inner side of native life than anyone else in the diocese. When the hard life of priest-in-charge became too much for him, he became Principal of St. Andrew's College, Nkwazi, but he still (in 1935) spends much time in looking after the peace of the island and arbitrating in village quarrels—a work which none could do so well as he.

Just before Bishop Trower resigned, the diocese suffered a heavy loss in the departure of Dr. and Mrs. Howard (Miss Minter). But what was Nyasaland's loss was Zanzibar's gain, for they did not leave the Mission. They did splendid work for another ten years in Zanzibar diocese, before resigning their work on the Mission staff. The doctor had always said that ten years was long enough for a man to work in one place. It was just at the end of the war and Bishop Weston was far away on the mainland at the time and, no doubt, he believed the doctor's resignation to be irrevocable. But neither the doctor nor Mrs. Howard were the sort of people to seek ease in retirement at such a time of stress. One wonders if he could not have been persuaded to continue his work on the Mission staff for a season. In any case the place where the doctor would be most useful was obviously the tropics, after his long experience of the climate. So far then from retiring to a well-earned rest, the doctor volunteered to serve under the Zanzibar Government for five years, stipulating only that he should be stationed on Pemba island. Pemba is much the most unpopular billet in the Zanzibar medical department, so his offer was gladly accepted. Though no longer members of the Mission staff, Dr. and Mrs. Howard probably did as much at Pemba to help the cause for which the Mission exists as at

any time of their lives. When they retired from Africa and came to live in England, they still work for Africa, and only those behind the scenes know how much we owe to Dr. and Mrs. Howard.

The last native raid to disturb the country in which the U.M.C.A. works, took place in November 1909. Looking back, it seems insignificant enough, after the experience of the Great War, but it caused considerable excitement at the time and left a good deal of unrest behind it. Early in November news was brought to Mtonya that Mataka's men were on the war-path. Nothing seemed to happen, and it was believed that these stories must be untrue. In this belief Archdeacon Eyre started on a journey to Likoma, leaving Tom Hallson in charge of the station. He was quite a young layman, a gardener from Somerset, who had not long joined the staff. Very early in the morning, the day after the Archdeacon had started, shots were heard from Masenjele's village, about three miles from the station. Soon flames of fire were seen rising from the village. When the first rumours of trouble had come in, a few weeks before, the Archdeacon had arranged for all the women and school children to flee towards the Lake at the first warning and to make for Lungwena. Accordingly, as soon as it was realized that Masenjele's village was being raided, these orders were obeyed. Hallson, the teachers and some of the older men remained on the station. But Chiwaula's men at the big village near the station were not going to stand by while their kinsfolk were being raided. They got together and went to the rescue of Masenjele's people. They took Mataka's men by surprise and completely defeated them. Between twenty and thirty of Mataka's men were killed and the rest fled, leaving the prisoners, whom they had already seized, behind them. Masenjele, himself, an old man and very friendly with the Mission, had been killed, besides some of his people. Only one was killed who was connected with the Mission, a schoolboy. Hallson followed after Chiwaula's men, as they went to attack, and did all he could to help the wounded. Young and inexperienced as he was, he behaved splendidly in the tradition of the Mission and showed a courage and

judgment of the highest order. It was a great disappointment that one who showed such promise should have been so soon taken. Not long after he developed tubercular trouble. He went home for treatment, but, when he came out again, the trouble returned and he died. After the raid it was supposed that Mataka, the biggest of all the Yao chiefs in those parts, would never sit down under such a rebuff, and for a long time there was continual fear of another raid to avenge this disastrous defeat, but there was no more trouble and the country gradually settled down.

In 1910 Bishop Trower was offered the oversight of a new missionary bishopric, which was being planted in North-West Australia. An old friend, the Bishop of Perth, pressed him very earnestly to accept it. The Bishop accepted this as a call, much as he disliked leaving Nyasaland. Though he never learnt much Chinyanja—he could hardly speak a word—the natives had a great respect for him. A day or two before he left Likoma, all the chiefs and headmen of the island came and implored him not to leave them. On the morning when he left, great crowds assembled on the shore to bid him good-bye and they stood long, sorrowfully watching the steamer, as it bore him away.

XXVI

BISHOP WESTON AND THE C.S.P.

BISHOP HINE resigned the bishopric of Zanzibar August 27, 1908. The man to succeed him was obvious to all. This was Frank Weston. It is no exaggeration to say that this remarkable man made a greater impression on his contemporaries, European and African, than any other member of the Mission staff has ever done. He went from Dulwich to Trinity College, Oxford. He took his degree in Theology. There were only three "firsts" that year and Weston was one. He had served a curacy at St. Matthew's, Westminster, and joined the Mission staff in 1898. Most of his work hitherto in the Mission had been scholastic. He was at Kiungani first. Then he planned and built the Theological College at Mazizini and was its first Principal. While Archdeacon Evans was on leave, he took charge of Mbweni. Since then he had become Canon of the Cathedral and Chancellor of the Diocese. He was a real linguist, and he was quite exceptionally gifted as a speaker and preacher. He was consecrated in the Cathedral Church of Southwark on St. Luke's Day, 1908.

The new Bishop landed in Zanzibar on November 6, whither he had summoned his clergy and European workers to meet him. He was enthroned the same day. Next day he pontificated at High Mass and preached. Then, on the day after, November 8, he delivered his primary charge. In it the Bishop showed the spirit in which he had undertaken his task. "We are in the Mission," he said, "for no other purpose than to serve the Lord Jesus Christ in whatever place He may need us." He looked forward to the expansion of the work and said: "To my mind the golden rules for our Mission in extending work are two in number. First, always design and organize your station in such a way that you can substitute an African for a European without disturbance to the Christian adults and schoolboys; and secondly, don't make a new station so permanent that you cannot move it, if need require." He dwelt on the necessary care of health. He called it "the depth

of criminal carelessness to ignore " such clear laws of physical health as God has made known to us. All through the charge, he emphasized the virtue of obedience. He spoke strongly of a special danger, incidental to small communities, the spirit of criticism and temptation to ill-natured gossip. To meet this danger he insisted on the need for intercessory prayer. He demanded that each priest in the diocese should devote two hours every morning to communion with God, counting the time spent in the offices and meditation.

The remaining days of his first week were taken up by the Synod and Diocesan Conference. The Bishop wrote of these meetings: " We faced nearly all our difficulties and, more or less, decided the lines on which we should *not* move to meet them."

One of the Bishop's first cares, and perhaps the most important achievement of his whole episcopate in the long run, was the foundation of the Community of the Sacred Passion. He is said to have wished himself to follow the religious life. He must have long meditated upon the possibility of founding a Sisterhood for work in East Africa, for, only a few days after he had accepted the bishopric, he took the first steps. The idea at the back of his mind was an act of reparation for the wrongs inflicted on Africa by the white races. Might not European women, vowed to chastity, in some way atone for all that African women had suffered from the lust of European men? The Bishop therefore sought the help of the Reverend Mother of the Community of the Holy Name at Malvern Link. He told her his plans and asked her advice. In two ways he needed help. Firstly, he wished the Reverend Mother to consent to the training of novices at her convent, and secondly, at least for a time, he begged that the Sisters, when on leave, might find a home at Malvern. The Malvern Sisterhood granted his requests, and before his consecration six novices were already in training. The Community of St. Margaret of Scotland at Aberdeen agreed to lend a Sister for three years to act as Mother at Zanzibar until the first Sisters were professed. This Sister had already served on the staff of the Mission in Africa.

The Reverend Mother and five novices arrived in Zanzibar in May 1910. A house at Mbweni had been assigned to them for their home. The Girls' Boarding School and the Mbweni parish formed their sphere of work. Soon after blessing the house of the Community the Bishop fell seriously ill and was compelled to go home to England. This impressed upon him the fact that his life was precarious and that, if he should die before the new Community were properly established, it would be in a very difficult position. It had been contemplated that two years more would be needed before the first novices could be professed, but the Bishop determined to go forward at once, believing that he was guided by God in this matter in answer to prayer. He therefore interviewed lawyers and made all necessary arrangements, while at home. He also drew up a charter and composed a rule. Though the rule is private and concerns the Sisters only, Canon Maynard Smith tells us, in *Bishop Weston's Life*, that he is permitted to quote a few extracts. Here it will be sufficient to notice the main objects of the Community as they appeared to the Father founder :

1. To honour our Lord Jesus Christ by exhibiting to Africans the joy and power of the Passion of Jesus.
2. To offer to God a life of complete poverty, chastity and obedience, in union with the reparation offered to Him by our Lord upon the Cross.
3. To win souls to our Lord Jesus by a life of prayer and missionary work.

By July 1911, the Society was definitely in being. The first professions had been made ; the first chapter had been held and the first Reverend Mother had been elected.

In the first years of Bishop Weston's episcopate the diocese had suffered terrible losses in the Ruvuma Archdeaconry. On August 15, 1909, Archdeacon Carnon died. Alfred Carnon had come out to the Mission in 1890 and had worked all his time in the Masasi district. As Archdeacon it was on him that the responsibility fell of deciding on the line of action to be taken during the native rising in 1905. Since then the work of re-organizing after this upheaval had fallen on him. In all these

tasks he had Canon Porter's help. The two were an admirable combination. Carnon was a vigorous man of affairs, while Porter was more of the scholar and recluse. Just as the district seemed to have recovered from the rising and the future seemed bright, Archdeacon Carnon was taken. But an almost worse blow was to follow three months later, when his friend, Canon Porter, was also called away. He died on November 15, 1909. In all his work, as we have seen, Carnon could always count on Porter's support. To outsiders the very word Masasi suggested the names of these two friends. Porter had been on the staff much longer than Carnon, for he came out to Africa in 1880. He had played a heroic part in the great raid of 1882, when the Angoni had destroyed Masasi station. The Bishop of Lincoln (King) wrote of him: "Thank God, I have prayed for him every day for years. I shall miss him in that way, but I can remember him still. Never, never was there a more unworldly, simpler, purer, braver soul. He walked simply with God, beautiful, lovely, steady, quiet. I do thank God that I was permitted to know him." He loved to go about the district with the most meagre equipment, taking a donkey with him, on which however he seldom rode. One pictures him plodding along, with a copy of the *Spectator* sticking out of his pocket, a boy probably riding the donkey in his wake, ready to talk and sympathize with anyone he might meet by the way. Such a one can work miracles in winning Africans. Africans are quick to respond to sympathy. Europeans are apt to assume an attitude of arrogance, as it seems to the African, and it is impossible to over-value such a life as Porter's, which showed so unmistakably the spirit of our Lord himself.

Next year the diocese suffered further losses. Firstly, Archdeacon Evans resigned. He had played a large part in work on the island and his loss was a serious one. A little later Nurse Brewerton accepted the post of Matron of the Government hospital at Zanzibar. She had joined the Mission staff in 1892 and had done splendid work, especially in the terrible plague year of 1905.

The staff of the diocese was already much below the strength needed to carry on the work, and these losses made it more

difficult still. The Bishop had spoken in high hopes of developing the work in his primary charge, but the meagreness of staff made this very difficult. Still, there was development. On Zanzibar island the Bishop started a new venture. It had long been felt that not enough direct missionary work was being done for the Muhammadans. Bishop Steere had done much, for he had the peculiar gifts needed for the task. Canon Dale also did much and for the same reasons. The Bishop's new plan was to start a centre in the city itself, to which Moslems could come for instruction in ordinary secular subjects and which also might be something in the nature of a club. If managed by the right man, he thought it might do something to bridge the gulf between Islam and the Mission. In 1910 he secured a large house in the town for this work. It was known as the Bishop's Hostel. At first it attracted large numbers of Muhammadans and seemed a very promising institution. In the end, the hopes with which this work was begun were not fulfilled and the scheme was abandoned. It was not altogether a failure, and, in some degree, the work was still carried on, at first in the High School at Kiungani, and later in the city again, but it did not do all that the Bishop hoped.

In the island of Pemba, where Sir John Key first started work in 1897, a new out-station was opened, and just before the war there were five centres on the island and also another on the little island of Fundo, which was served by the Pemba staff. This does not sound very exciting, but when the difficulties are considered it is really something wonderful. The work on Pemba never seems to have attracted the attention which it deserves, for it is, as a matter of fact, one of the most interesting stations in the Mission. In the first place a large part of the population is made up of freed slaves. Anyone, who has ever had the experience, knows what exceedingly difficult material this is to deal with. The degrading effect of slavery is such that so much that is good and to which one can appeal in other people, self-respect, a sense of duty to clan or family, simply is not there. But above all Pemba seems to be the place where all those works of darkness, which

we include under the name of witchcraft, are dominant. Bishop Weston wrote: "What, for lack of a more accurate term, we must call devil-worship . . . is the native Pemba 'religion,' and so powerful is its organization and so attractive is its presentation, that there are few people in the island, to the best of my knowledge, who do not in one way or another share in it. Islam has long succumbed to it. Not a few nominal Christians are implicated, some indeed are actual Fundis (experts). No one can become an expert without offering a relative or friend to be killed, and their guilds are guilds of murderers." Again, "the chief game of the initiated is a dance of naked men and women, ending in intercourse entirely free and promiscuous, even incest being allowed." Some of the best-authenticated cases of possession by evil spirits, known to the writer, come from Pemba. The facts, however they may be explained, are vouched for on the evidence of competent and entirely trustworthy witnesses. It is worth while to remember these things when one thinks of missionary work on the island of Pemba. This is why any progress made there seems worthy of remark.

In the Ruvuma district things were rather difficult. When a long régime comes to an end, as happened when Archdeacon Carnon and Canon Porter died, there is bound to be a good deal of unsettlement, especially among Africans. Bishop Weston visited the archdeaconry in 1910 and he was very much worried about it. He wrote: "Masasi is suffering from the result of a premature grant of home rule to African clergy." Gradually things settled down. In 1912 there were 1,700 communicants at Easter, and throughout the district there were large numbers of hearers and catechumens coming on.

At Luatala also there were signs of great progress. The original station was at Mkoo. It was while working there that Padre Zachary died in 1901. His place had been taken by Padre Daudi Machina. Then in 1903 the whole village moved to Luatala and the Mission station moved with it. The position was a little curious. The big village of Luatala is a Yao village, but the surrounding population are Makuas. Luatala is described as an ugly spot, compared with beautiful Masasi. In

1912 the Bishop decided to send ladies to work there. Medical work was begun and Miss Andrews opened a girls' school, which soon attracted large numbers. There were 460 communicants at Easter that year.

But against this progress in the Archdeaconry we must place the abandonment of Lumesule as a head station. A native teacher still worked there. This was an outpost to the extreme west of the Archdeaconry. Canon Porter had opened a station here in 1909, not long before his death. Hampered by lack of men and money, the Bishop was obliged to withdraw from Lumesule for the time being. As it was, every priest in the Archdeaconry was doing far more than one man's work, and it was impossible to provide for Lumesule. Happily, this withdrawal was not permanent. Lumesule was reoccupied in 1921, and is now a flourishing station.

In the northern Archdeaconry there was the same story of progress. There were over 450 communicants at Msalabani at Easter, 1912. At the end of 1913 the grand total of new catechumens for the year reached 300. The girls' school at Hegongo was also flourishing. Near by, at Mkuzi, which was the next oldest station in the district, started by Padre Petro Limo, in 1881, similar progress was being made. A little higher up the railway is another old station, Korogwe, started by Mr. Lister in 1891. Here, too, a vigorous work was going on and marked progress was being made. Korogwe is a difficult station, for the population is such a mixed one. There are Ziguas and Wa Shambala from the hills, while the bulk of the population are Wa Luva. Archdeacon Birley was in charge here until the war. At the extremity of the diocese, at Kigongoi and Kizara far away to the north among the Shambala hills, work was progressing. Webster noted in 1911 that there seemed to be a definite urge impelling Africans to acquire knowledge, and the Mission schools were attracting large numbers. He wrote: "The sea will be swept back with greater ease than the African kept from pursuing learning." At Kwa Magome, where Padre Petro Limo was in charge, he also notes the same desire for knowledge. The boys themselves want it, and their parents want their boys to have it. As early as 1910 he wrote: "We

have in our schools about 608 day scholars, both boys and girls, besides twenty-four boarders."

Something must be said about the medical work of the diocese, now under the vigorous direction of Dr. Howard. He laments rather sadly that he is the only doctor, with all three archdeaconries under his charge. In Zanzibar there was the central hospital at Mkunazini. Here the great difficulty was to provide for the women. Their wards had been moved to another building, because of Muhammadan susceptibilities, but there was still the difficulty of submitting to the treatment of a male doctor. Dr. Howard remarks on the great need of a lady doctor. Besides the hospital in the town, there were also dispensaries at Mbweni and Kiungani.

On the mainland in the northern district there was the hospital at Magila, with a dispensary at Mkuzi. The new men's hospital at Magila was only opened just before the war. There were also hospitals at Korogwe and Kigongoi.

The Ruvuma district, 300 miles away, was much too far off for the doctor to be able to visit it frequently. There were two hospitals, one at Masasi and the other at Luatala, where the nurses had to do the best they could. It is to be noted that these nurses had succeeded in inspiring the natives with great confidence in their work. The number of patients was rapidly growing, when the outbreak of war brought all our work in the mainland part of the diocese to a standstill.

Bishop Weston played a prominent part in these years in what was called the Kikuyu Question. A movement had been in progress in Uganda and Kenya for closer union between our own Church and various Protestant communities. No one longed more earnestly for the reunion of Christendom than Bishop Weston, but in the terms accepted at Kikuyu as a basis for closer union, he believed that some fundamental Catholic principles were sacrificed. He took a very decided line in the matter. He met the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa to discuss the subject with them. Though they differed rather widely from him, it is a pleasure to note the great friendliness which grew up between them.

At home a new departure was made in our organizations.

In 1912 the Companionship of Simon the Cyrenian was formed. It was intended to be a bond of union between workers for the Mission and a recognition of a common responsibility. About this time the church of Little Steeping, where Bishop Steere had been vicar, was restored as a memorial to our great Bishop. The restoration was completed and the work dedicated on St. John Baptist's Day, 1913.

The Mission lost many good friends during this period. In 1910 the saintly Dr. King, Bishop of Lincoln, died. Only a few months later, he was followed by Archbishop Maclagan. A devoted supporter passed in 1911, Canon Brooke, of St. John's, Kennington, and Vice-chairman of our Mission. Henry Wright Duta, a devoted priest in the Church Missionary Society's work in Uganda, died. During the troubles in Uganda, he had come to Zanzibar and was baptized there. Lady Kirk was another old friend to pass away. She and her husband, Sir John, had been exceedingly good friends to the Mission in Bishop Tozer's time at Zanzibar, and they never lost interest in our work up till their deaths. Another friend, who died just after the outbreak of the war, was Bishop Wilkinson. He was at Mponda's when war broke out, on his way to visit Likoma. But then the steamers were commandeered and he had to return disappointed. He died on his way home. He was a most liberal benefactor to the Mission. He gave £1,000 towards forming the diocese of Northern Rhodesia. He also gave £5,000 for a fourth diocese, which was used in 1926 for the formation of the Masasi bishopric.

XXVII

THE NORTHERN RHODESIA BISHOPRIC

THE creation of the new diocese of Northern Rhodesia was the practical result of the great Jubilee meeting in the Senate House at Cambridge, on December 4, 1907. The Archbishop himself (Dr. Davidson), it will be remembered, proposed that the creation of a third diocese would be a fitting thank-offering for the Jubilee. The Archbishop's words were applauded at the meeting, and steps were taken at once towards the formation of the new diocese. It should be understood that this was a new venture. When the original diocese was divided into two, it was done to provide proper episcopal supervision for work already in existence, work which was by that time spreading out far too widely to be supervised by one bishop. In all the vast area of Northern Rhodesia our Church had hitherto done no missionary work at all. The chaplains of the South African Church Railway Mission had done something for the railway men, and, as we have seen, there was a chaplain for the Europeans at Fort Jameson for two years, who was financed by the S.P.C.K. There were other missionaries at work among the natives in Northern Rhodesia, but our Church had done nothing. It was now determined to send a Mission to the natives of Northern Rhodesia, headed by a Bishop. This is what is meant when we describe the formation of the Northern Rhodesia diocese as a new venture. The arrangements were quickly made and indeed were practically completed by the end of the year (1909). The Archbishop called upon Bishop Hine, now quite restored to health, to lead the venture. Since his resignation of the diocese of Zanzibar, Bishop Hine had had a good rest and later was chaplain for about a year at Constantinople. He was very well aware of the greatness of the task which was set before him, but he accepted it in the same undaunted spirit in which he had undertaken the tasks laid upon him in Nyasaland and Zanzibar. The Bishop wrote, however, rather ruefully of the magnitude of his task. "Besides myself, the Mission has two priests, the Revs. W. G.

Webster and A. G. De la Pryme, and a lay member of the S.S.M., Brother Moffatt. This was the staff with which I was to set out to evangelize a country as large as France and Spain put together." At the Bishop's request, the Archbishop consented to give this little band its formal mission in Canterbury Cathedral, just as Mackenzie had been commissioned with his band of workers sixty years before. The Archbishop bestowed his blessing separately on each member of the party. Soon after they set out, going by the East coast and Zanzibar. At Zanzibar, where they arrived on May 10, 1910, they heard the sad news of King Edward's death. They went on thence to Beira. The Bishop noted the amazing splendour of Halley's comet. From Beira they went by rail to Bulawayo, and from there the Bishop entered his new diocese by the Zambezi bridge, just below the Victoria Falls.

When the Bishop reached Livingstone he laid the foundation stone of the new church on June 6. He then turned to make a general survey of his diocese, so as to make plans for the future. He went first from Livingstone to Broken Hill. Then he struck right across Northern Rhodesia to Fort Jameson. From Fort Jameson he went down to Lake Nyasa at Kota Kota, to take advantage of the steamer. It must have been a curious experience coming back to his old diocese again. Then he went right up to the north end of the Lake, but he found time to spend several days on Likoma island as he went. From the north of the Lake he struck inland to visit Fife and Abercorn. From thence he walked the whole length of his diocese, going south through unknown country and guiding his steps by defective maps. He visited the scene of Livingstone's death, and the place where his heart was buried. He notes that the grave was well cared for, but that old Chitambo's village has entirely disappeared. There was fresh lion-spoor round the grave. So he went on south, reaching Livingstone at last.

As the result of this preliminary survey the Bishop made some provisional arrangements. Work was definitely started at Livingstone. This was chiefly the ministering to the Europeans, but also there were native Christians from other parts

of the Mission, who had found employment in Livingstone, and they, too, had to be shepherded. De la Pryme was stationed at Fort Jameson and soon after Padre Leonard Kamungu was placed at Msoro, about forty miles away from Fort Jameson. Then the Bishop chose a site at Mapanza, about forty miles from Choma, a station on the railway as one travels northwards from Livingstone. There was an old Government house on the site, which the Bishop bought, and here he planted Padre Barber and MacLennan, then a layman, who had followed the Bishop from Zanzibar. Not far away from Mapanza was the farm of Mr. Walker, who was very friendly and helpful. Later on, Frank George came over from Likoma, to build the church of St. Bartholomew at Mapanza, which the Bishop hoped would be the cathedral church of the diocese.

But the Bishop's activities were checked for a while by ill-health. He was compelled to throw up his work in 1911 and to go home to England. Just before starting he had a very moving experience at Livingstone. A native was lying in prison under sentence of death for murder. The Bishop visited this man, and in his desperate need he listened eagerly to the Bishop's words. He seemed to assimilate the Gospel message with great rapidity. The Bishop baptized him on St. Mark's Day, and he made his communion, apparently with great devotion, just before his execution.

The Bishop reached England in time for the Coronation. As one of the senior colonial bishops he obtained a place inside the Abbey itself. But he did not stay long in England, only four months, and then he started back to his diocese by the Lake route, so as to be at the consecration of Likoma Cathedral. The S.S. *Chauncy Maples* was at the Bar to meet him. It was just as the Bishop was nearing Likoma, with a cheery party from the south end coming for the conference and consecration, that the *C. J.* hove in sight with her flag at half mast. She drew alongside and the body of Arthur Douglas, who had just been killed by a Portuguese official, was transferred to the *C. M.* Bishop Hine was an inestimable blessing to the diocese at that sorrowful moment. Bishop Fisher was

naturally overwhelmed, so Bishop Hine conducted the retreat, almost at a moment's notice. He also preached at the consecration of the church. He spoke words of hope and comfort, long cherished by the staff.

Passing on to his own diocese, the Bishop was soon at work again. A second station was opened, about ten miles from Mapanza, at Shakashina. Moffatt, who had followed the Bishop from Zanzibar as a layman, was ordained deacon in 1912, and a priest a year later. Deerr, a third layman, who had come on from Zanzibar, was hard at work at Livingstone and, among other things, conducted a large night-school for natives. George and his masons set to work upon the church at Mapanza in April 1912. The Bishop set himself to translate the Psalms into the Chila language, one of the languages of Mapanza. He laments, "One drawback to Northern Rhodesia from the missionary point of view is the large number of separate tribes . . . all with different languages, but with no one language like Swahili, which is understood more or less by all."

In 1912 Deerr was sent to open a new station at Chilikwa, not very far from Fort Rosebery. This made the fifth centre. The others were Livingstone in the extreme south. Just a little farther north comes Mapanza. Away on the east side, near the Nyasaland border, are Fort Jameson and Msoro.

In July 1912 the Bishop had a very serious illness indeed. While staying at Fort Rosebery he fell ill of "blackwater" fever. Fortunately, there was an excellent doctor there, Dr. Storrs. A good nurse, Miss Tew Smith, was obtained from the Mission of the Plymouth Brethren, near Lake Bangweolo. Between them they saved the Bishop's life and he gradually recovered. He made his way back to Mapanza and spent Easter there, 1913.

After Easter the Bishop went north again to visit the new station at Chipili, whither Deerr had lately moved his headquarters. It seemed in every way more suitable than the first site at Chilikwa. It lies about 150 miles north of Ndola, the nearest station on the railway. The Bishop went by train as



[Photo by Rev. G. T. W. Fitches

A VILLAGE IN NORTHERN RHODESIA

far as this station and from thence he walked on to Chipili. He says: "The tribe amongst which he [Deerr] was working was the Wa Uchi, who had of course a language of their own, and had customs more akin to those of the West African tribes than to those of our Central Africans."

By August 1913 the Bishop was back at Mapanza and he spent his last Christmas in Africa there. Directly afterwards he went on to Shakashina, where he ordained MacLennan to the priesthood on the Sunday after Epiphany, 1914. MacLennan had been already ordained deacon the year before. The Bishop writes of him: "MacLennan was the most devoted and self-sacrificing missionary I ever knew. . . . Here he lived the rest of his short life."

Soon after ordaining MacLennan, the Bishop wrote to the Archbishop and the Home Committee, saying that the time had come for him to give place to a younger man. He therefore resigned his see. But there was one more important duty still to be done, and that was to consecrate the church of St. Bartholomew at Mapanza, which George and Moffatt had now completed. The consecration took place on January 18, 1914. Sir John Key, who had resigned his work at Pemba and followed his old Bishop to Northern Rhodesia, was now acting as chaplain at Livingstone. He came up for the consecration and describes the church: "It is a simple, dignified building, with the episcopal throne in the centre of the apse."

After this consecration the Bishop went round much of his old diocese once more. He held several confirmations and left his diocese for good on May 24. By that time his successor was already consecrated. Here Bishop Hine's African work came to an end. He had joined the Mission staff in 1888, and had served as priest and doctor in the Zanzibar diocese and Nyasaland. His medical work was long remembered at Likoma. A native of Likoma, on whom he had operated for cataract, once told the writer in moving words how the Bishop had restored his sight. He does not seem to have done very much translation work, though, as we have seen, he translated some of the Psalms into the Chila language. He had been Bishop of Likoma for five years, of Zanzibar for seven and of Northern

Rhodesia for five. He wrote: "I have ordained ten African priests and eleven deacons. . . . I have confirmed altogether, in Africa, 6,114 candidates. Altogether, in Africa, I have travelled on foot about 12,500 miles." Can anything be added to such a record?

XXVIII

BISHOP FISHER AND DEATH OF ARTHUR DOUGLAS

BISHOP TROWER accepted the bishopric of North-West Australia in April 1910. His successor was soon found in the Rev. Thomas Cathrew Fisher. He had been under Thring as a schoolboy at Uppingham, and from thence he had gone up to Trinity College, Cambridge. He took his degree in Law and had chosen the profession of a barrister. He was duly called to the Bar, but then his thoughts turned to Holy Orders. He went to Cuddesdon and was ordained to St. John's, Kennington, under Canon Brooke. His devotion to his old church and vicar never abated. He was consecrated Bishop on St. John Baptist's Day, 1910, but, for various reasons, was not able to proceed at once to his diocese. He wired for Archdeacon Johnson to come home for consultation, and indeed the Archdeacon was so ill at the moment that it was of the utmost importance to get him out of Africa for a time. As Archdeacon Eyre was so far out of reach at Mtonya and Glossop was at home, the charge of the diocese devolved upon Arthur Douglas. The new Bishop arrived at Likoma on February 3, 1911, and was enthroned. He had summoned all the priests of the diocese to meet him, and he held an informal conference.

The whole Mission in general, and the diocese of Nyasaland in particular, were delighted to hear of the singular honour which the University of Oxford had bestowed on Archdeacon Johnson. On March 2, 1911, he was admitted Doctor of Divinity, "*honoris causa*," in the Sheldonian Theatre. One who was present tells of Johnson's enthusiastic reception, being cheered again and again by the undergraduates. He informed the writer that the Archdeacon stood there frail-looking, with his clear-cut features "the colour of old ivory," as he expressed it, and rather like a ghost. He was not a little overwhelmed by the heartiness of his welcome. He seemed to go straight to the hearts of those young men, who cheered and cheered to the echo. No other honour in the world could have pleased the Archdeacon so

much. He hated notoriety, and was always contented to be in the background, but he loved his old university with undying affection. However sick and tired he might be, he would always brighten up at the mention of Oxford. That his university thought him worthy of such an honour was a profound satisfaction to him. Scarcely less was he delighted when the fellows of his old college, University College, elected him an honorary fellow of that society a few years later.

Even at this distance of time it is not easy to write calmly of the tragedy of November 10, 1911, whereby Arthur Douglas was taken from us. He had been seriously ill with tubercular trouble the year before, and it was feared that his work in Africa was done. To our joy he was able to return, apparently completely restored in health. He was doing splendid work at St. Michael's, the Training College, and the training of teachers is the most important part of our work. In the same year a young official, Taviera by name, had been appointed by the Companhia do Nyassa to the Government post at Kango, not much more than a quarter of a mile from the college. This man was a man of immoral life and had a grudge against Douglas, who had successfully rescued some Christian girls from his clutches. Apparently he did not understand the arrangement by which we paid all our taxes to the head official at Mtengula at the end of each quarter. At any rate he seized our boat, and arrested the crew and other Likoma natives, on the score that the proper dues had not been paid. The Bishop therefore went over from Likoma, with Padre Glossop, to see about the matter. Apparently everything was settled amicably, though there is always a certain element of doubt in transactions made through an interpreter. The Bishop and Glossop returned to the *C. J.* to go back to Likoma. Just after the steamer had started, Taviera came out of his house and fired three rifle shots over the college. The Bishop immediately gave orders for the steamer to swing round and return. Douglas was at his devotions in the chapel. Startled by the sound of the firing, he came out to see what was the matter. He saw the steamer returning. There was a path from the college to the landing-place at the Lake, which crossed at right angles the Government road, which runs

parallel with the Lake. Douglas walked down the path to the Lake to meet the steamer, and Ayers, the captain of the *C. J.*, was coming up from the landing to enquire about the firing. Where the path crossed the main road Taviera was standing, with a rifle in his hand and a native policeman on each side. Ayers, who was about a dozen yards away, saw Taviera turn towards Douglas, who was not more than five yards away. He cried out something in a threatening manner, which evidently Douglas took to mean, "Hands up!" for he raised his hands above his head. Taviera then raised his rifle, took deliberate aim and shot Douglas through the heart. He then called something to his police and ran, as if for his life, to the fort. Douglas' body was taken on board the *C. J.*, which then steamed round to the next bay and picked up the ladies of the staff, out of sight of the fort. What exactly was the explanation of this atrocity has never been made clear.

We have told how Bishop Hine was on his way to Likoma on the *C. M.*, which was also bringing up the members of the staff from the south end, who were coming to the Retreat and Conference and for the consecration of the cathedral. Douglas' body was put on board the *C. M.* and Bishop Hine, as a medical doctor, examined it and certified that death had been instantaneous. It is impossible to express our sense of loss. Douglas was not only one of the most saintly and devoted of men, but he was a man of many gifts. He was a linguist, a musician, a man of affairs and of robust common sense. He had a keen sense of humour and was a delightful companion. The immediate cause of his death seems to have been the enmity aroused by his defence of Christian girls, and he went to meet that death, having just risen from his knees. Could any missionary wish a more glorious end than that of our brother, whose loss we so sorely mourned?

This terrible tragedy led the Bishop to decide that the Training College must be moved to British territory. He chose a site at once at Makulawe, at the north end of Likoma island. He consecrated his cathedral church on November 14, and the very same day proceeded to lay the foundation stone of the new St. Michael's at Makulawe.

His Majesty the King paid a great compliment to the Mission in 1911. He sent out very beautifully bound copies of the Bible and Prayer Book to be used in Likoma Cathedral. This kind act was greatly appreciated by Europeans and Africans alike.

This year, 1911, is a landmark in the history of the diocese, for the British and Foreign Bible Society published for the first time the whole Bible in one volume in Chinyanja. This was prepared for the press by Archdeacon Johnson, ably seconded by Miss Nixon Smith. There had been translations of the whole Bible in separate books or groups of books for some time. These were dreadfully inconvenient for devotional study or for liturgical use. Now the whole was revised and issued in one handy volume. We, in common with all other missionary societies, owe a great debt of gratitude to the B. and F.B.S. for all the help it has given us and is still giving.

At the Conference in July 1912 the Bishop created a new Archdeaconry of Likoma. This included Likoma and Chizumulu islands and the Kota Kota district. The archdeacon was also to supervise the ministry to our Christians, who live scattered about in the districts north of Kota Kota where we have no regular mission work. The new archdeacon was the Rev. A. G. B. Glossop. In his Conference address, after announcing the formation of the new archdeaconry, the Bishop said: "I need not, I imagine, add that the name of the new archdeacon will be Mr. Glossop. His qualifications are obvious. . . . I am particularly glad . . . to have the opportunity of expressing publicly and as Bishop my great appreciation of Mr. Glossop's twenty years' service to the diocese and my entire confidence in his loyalty and work."

The new St. Michael's College was opened in October 1912, with the Rev. D. Victor as principal. Makulawe is a beautiful spot at the north end of Likoma island. There is a delightful bay, where the students can bathe. For hilly Likoma, there is a comparatively level place for a football ground. From a Mission point of view it is almost an ideal site. The island is our own property and is now becoming rapidly Christian. Many of the worst heathen customs have died out. It is far from being an "island of saints" yet, but at least students are not exposed to

much of the temptation which is inseparable from ordinary heathen surroundings. Also the island is under the British flag. The training college, too, should not be too far away from the Bishop's headquarters. The Bishop now has both colleges within reach of him, the Theological College, St. Andrew's, at Nkwazi, about two and a half miles away, and St. Michael's Training College, about two miles off. The only drawback to the Makulawe site, and it *is* rather a serious one, is that it is impossible for the students to grow their own food on that sandy, barren island.

The Bishop was at home in 1913, so there were no great changes. Perhaps this, therefore, is a good place to notice the great progress which was being made in the medical work. Dr. Wigan was untiring, not merely in ministering to sick cases, but in the general organization of the whole. One wonders if any missionary diocese in the world has a medical service so efficient and economical as Nyasaland. There were in 1912 brick hospitals and surgeries at Likoma and Kota Kota, and there were less ambitious hospital buildings at Malindi, Mponda's and Likwenu. Just before the war the doctor himself built a new brick hospital for men at Mponda's. A new one for the women and also a new surgery were in contemplation, when the war put a stop to all building. Though as yet we still lacked permanent buildings, except those mentioned, an extremely useful work was being carried on. The medical work is a missionary asset of the highest value, especially among Muhammadans. But that is only as it were a side-line. The direct alleviation of human suffering in a country where ignorance or prejudice forbids much in the way of treatment is difficult for those to realize who have never seen Africans sick or torn by wild beasts.

In July 1914 a delightful visitor arrived at Mponda's, on his way to visit Likoma. This was Bishop Wilkinson, Bishop first of Zululand and later for Northern and Central Europe. War broke out almost directly after his arrival and the steamers were commandeered. It might have been arranged later, but in those early days of excitement it was impossible to get him a passage up the Lake. While waiting, the Bishop was an inspiration at

Mponda's and seemed to have the gift of going straight to the heart of the natives, though he must needs speak through an interpreter. When the prospect of getting to Likoma proved hopeless, he sadly turned back for home. It was a time of gloom and anxiety, but we were all saddened to hear that the good old man had died on his way home.

So, with sudden menace, war descended on the world. We have traced the history of all three dioceses down to this terrible crisis. It will now be our task to tell how our Mission, at home and abroad, faced all that the war was to bring upon it.

XXIX

ZANZIBAR DIOCESE IN WAR TIME

IN August 1914 the Great War broke out. For the Universities' Mission it came as an appalling disaster. At home our nearest and dearest were in the thick of it. Every mail brought news of some one, killed or wounded, whom we knew. The energies of England were concentrated as never before on the one object of saving our country from destruction. It seemed impossible in these circumstances that our friends at home could continue to support the work abroad. That they did so in such fearful difficulties ought never to be forgotten. What Canon Travers and those who were behind him went through during those years it is difficult to imagine. But bad as things were bound to be at home, few of us had realized what a war with Germany must mean in Africa. In innumerable ways our work was hindered, where it was not stopped altogether. For four years the U.M.C.A. passed through a furnace of trial. At the time all seemed black, but looking back one can see that at least something was gained by this severe testing. Canon Dale could write from Magila, soon after it had been reoccupied by the Mission: "I think the war has made a very deep impression on these people. . . . It has given them a deeper faith in God. . . . One man said to me: 'You and your dead have conquered.'"

Of our three dioceses that of Zanzibar was far the most hardly hit. All its mainland work lay in German territory. From the moment that war was declared, German East Africa was closed to us. It was only by degrees that our missionaries could return to their work, as station after station was cleared of Germans by the advance of British and Belgian troops. It was obvious that a war with Germany would make things exceedingly difficult for British missionaries working in German territory, but no one supposed that they would be treated so cruelly by a professedly civilized country. Before the war our missionaries were on friendly terms with the Germans, both Government servants and civilians. They had consistently

taught their Christians to pay proper respect to "the powers that be." In spite of this, when war broke out, they were not only interned, but they were treated with great hardship and submitted to cruel indignities.

The whole staff of the diocese, then at work on the mainland, were interned, as well as Canon Spanton and Padre Smith, who chanced to be on the mainland at the moment. For a while Padre Keates and the ladies were left at large at Magila, but then they were suddenly seized and a trumped-up charge was brought against Keates that he had been seen signalling to the British. All those interned were not treated as interned persons, that is people whose only fault was that they happened to be living in a hostile country when war broke out, but they were treated as if already convicted of plotting against the country in which they were living. The ladies from Masasi were compelled to travel for forty-two days, most of the time on foot, to Morogoro. From thence they were taken to Kilimatinde, where most of the missionaries were interned. Later some of the men were interned at Kiboriani, 6,000 feet above sea level. Here the prisoners suffered greatly from cold, as their clothing was quite insufficient at that high altitude. Finally, most of the interned were gathered at Tabora. They were subjected to most rigorous rules. They were shut into an overcrowded room at seven o'clock at night and without any light. The most unpardonable part of their treatment was that they were given degrading tasks to do, apparently with the intention of lowering them in the eyes of the natives. No communication was allowed with their friends for over a year. It was not until the Belgian column captured Tabora on September 19, 1916, that they obtained their release. During their captivity Padre Fixsen died, one of the most promising of the younger members of the staff, and Padre Keates very nearly died of blackwater fever. All were suffering more or less from ill-treatment.

It may be said that war is bound to create great bitterness between peoples and that this does afford some slight excuse for the ill-treatment of the interned Europeans. But there is no excuse whatever for the ill-treatment of the native Christians. These men were peaceful citizens, with no particular interest

in the war at first, but on the mere suspicion that they might sympathize with the country of their teachers, the native clergy, teachers and many others were seized and treated as prisoners of war. They were marched about the country in chains, like gangs of criminals. They were given overwhelming tasks to do, besides being subjected to worse indignities than the Europeans. They were beaten without provocation. The sick were left to die by the roadside. All one has read of the horrors of the slave trade was seen again. Perhaps the thing that most moves one to indignant pity is that efforts were made to compel some of the teachers to bear false witness against Padre Keates, when he was accused of signalling to the British. When offered great rewards if they would consent to sign a statement of the Padre's guilt, and threatened with dreadful penalties if they refused, these teachers were not to be induced to bear false witness against the Padre. But it is only fair to say that some of the worst cruelties were committed by the native guards and possibly were not known to the European authorities.

With the staff, African and European, interned, our Mission stations were looted and much that was not looted was burnt. Here one can only note the loss to the Mission, for such acts of vandalism were committed by both sides. An eye-witness, a young South African, once told the writer sadly of the state of one of the mission stations of the Berlin Mission, after it had been occupied by our troops, and the description was not very different from what one heard of the state of our own stations after being occupied by Germans.

The remaining part of the diocese, the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, was only affected indirectly by the war, except for the one exciting episode, when H.M.S. *Pegasus* was knocked to pieces in Zanzibar harbour by the German man-of-war the *Königsberg*, on September 20, 1914. This did not make as much impression upon the natives as might have been expected. "There was no disturbance among the Zanzibaris, who trust the British. The Sultan has proved wholly loyal, and a considerable sum of money was sent by Arabs and Indians to the Exchequer." This was really rather remarkable, for the

appalling disaster to our arms at Tanga on November 3 must have been well known.

Bishop Weston was in England when the war broke out. He hurried back at once to his diocese. His chief anxiety was for his interned staff. Try as he would, he could get nothing done for them and, as we have seen, it was more than a year from the outbreak of the war before he succeeded in getting any news from them. Until then no one knew if they were dead or alive. In the islands the ordinary mission work went on as usual, except at Kiungani. Robbed of all its mainland students, who were cut off by the war, Archdeacon Dale carried on the work with only seven students. The girls' school flourished, and in 1915 there were sixty-one pupils. On Trinity Sunday, 1915, the little church at Mahonda was dedicated by the Bishop. It is fifteen miles from the city, and is remarkable because it is the first church on the island built by the Africans themselves, without European help. It shows that the leaven was quietly working, even in these exciting times of war.

In 1916 Bishop Weston had to face one of the bitterest moments of his life. From the very beginning it had been the policy of the Mission to work towards a native ministry, in the belief that in the last resort Africa could only be converted by Africans. No one held this conviction more strongly than the Bishop, but he was no blind enthusiast, for he was well aware of the perils. He had himself warned friends at home that a native ministry involved risk of breakdowns and that, if such should occur, they would be particularly deplorable and discouraging. He had never been able, since his consecration, to spend very long periods in Zanzibar, until the war compelled him to live there. During this enforced stay he seems to have come to realize, more than ever before, the appalling moral state of the island and specially of the city. This distressed him greatly. Then he discovered that two of his native priests, whom he had deemed thoroughly trustworthy, were living in sin, and that one at least had been so living for seven years. It cut him to the quick that these two men should have been ministering in the priest's office and that none of the natives, who must have known, should have had the courage to tell

him of their sin. But the crowning grief of all was to discover that it was generally believed that the Bishop knew all about it, but had shielded these men from disgrace, because they were his friends.

For the moment the Bishop was thrown off his balance, and decided that the time had not yet come for an African ministry and that he himself would ordain no African for ten years. He even went so far as to write to his brother bishops of the Mission, begging them to make the same resolve. This, of course, was merely a passing fit of despair, from which he soon recovered. He saw that the failure of certain individuals did not mean that the whole native ministry had failed. The Bishop was a highly-strung man and for nearly two years he had been wracked by anxiety for his interned staff and un-shepherded flock on the mainland. That such a blow should have fallen upon him at such a moment makes one's heart ache with sympathy. The real answer to these two failures was the splendid self-sacrifice which their brother Africans were showing at that very time on the mainland.

When the East African campaign began under General Smuts, it was necessary to enlist vast numbers of native carriers. It is difficult to raise these carrier corps, and still more difficult to manage them, without inflicting great hardships. Even with the knowledge of their language and great sympathy with the men, it is no easy task. The Bishop was greatly disturbed by much that was unsatisfactory in the management of these carrier corps. At last he could bear it no longer. His episcopal duties were reduced to a minimum, now that far the larger part of his diocese was closed to him. He therefore volunteered to raise a carrier corps himself. Perhaps he was not sorry to get away from Zanzibar for a little while. Such was the confidence put in the Bishop that crowds flocked to volunteer, Moslems as well as Christians. He was given a major's commission, and for three months he commanded his carriers with conspicuous success. He managed to keep the men of his convoys in good health, and they were always up to time. General Smuts wrote him a personal letter of thanks. He had shown how the thing could be done with efficiency, yet with

humanity and justice. It is just a small episode in the Bishop's career, but it is one of which those who know Africa and its snares are justly proud.

Towards the end of 1916 the shadows began to lift. The Belgian force, operating from the Congo side, took Tabora, and our interned missionaries were released. They had to go 250 miles on foot back to Lake Victoria Nyanza, and thence by rail to the coast, but at last they reached Zanzibar in safety. They were most of them sorely in need of a good leave after their treatment. Only Archdeacon Woodward was in such condition as to be able to go straight to work again.

When General Smuts, operating from the north, swept the Germans out of the Magila district, it became possible to reopen the stations. Padres Baker and Simmons were the first on the spot, which they reached in August. Only a few weeks before, under German rule, it was forbidden to call it Msalabani. It was known as The Boma, by order. The little church was occupied by soldiers. A whipping-post stood in the quadrangle. Now the whipping-post was cut down, the regular Mission routine restored, and the daily Eucharist begun again. Next, a party of nine started for Magila from Zanzibar. They, like Baker and Simmons, were received with transports of joy. Dr. Palmer and Miss Gunn reopened the surgery. As we have seen, Archdeacon Woodward returned, as soon as he was released. Miss Abdy writes: "It is lovely to see the people's faces lighting up with joy when they see him." By Christmas the work was in full swing again. It was a very joyous festival. The Bishop himself was there. There were no less than 1,400 names on the catechumen roll. It seemed as if their sufferings had opened the hearts of Africans to the Gospel. In the next eleven months yet another 500 names were added to this roll. In April 1917, Miss Greene reopened the girls' school and only a few weeks later there were 120 pupils. By the end of 1917 there were thirty schools at work in the Magila district. The Central School for boys was also reopened, drawing pupils from both the northern archdeaconries. About the same time Father White resumed work at St. Peter's Priory, Mkuzi.

In the Ruvuma district, when the war broke out and the

European staff was interned, Canon Samwil Sehoza and Padres Danieli and Kolumba were left to carry on as best they might. The station at Masasi became a German Government station. The teachers were imprisoned, and the church was turned into a store. Later, when the German General arrived, he was shocked to find the church being used as a store (all honour to him!) and he had it cleaned out and used as a hospital. In 1916, Canon Samwil and Padre Kolumba were imprisoned, though Danieli was still left to go on with his work. At last the Germans evacuated Masasi and the British occupied it a few days later, in September 1917. In November, Archdeacon Hallett came to Masasi, but not as a Mission padre, for he was acting as Chaplain to the Forces. He received a most enthusiastic welcome from the natives. He found the church being still used as a hospital and the station was a camp. He had another hospital and camp committed to his ministrations. The officer commanding welcomed the Archdeacon very heartily, but said with regret that he had only a very small house to offer him. By the irony of fate it was the Archdeacon's own old house, which had survived, and he found himself once more in his old quarters! Though the great church was being used as a hospital, the Archdeacon wrote :

“ What pleased one enormously was to find the atmosphere of the Church dominating everything, . . . It is rare for even the most ignorant South African trooper to enter with his hat on.”

He adds :

“ The Christians are overwhelmed with joy to see one of us back again. . . . I have to use my own house as church. On Sunday morning about eighty came for Communion.”

The Ruvuma district had not to wait much longer for the resumption of missionary work. Padre Sturges came back first to reopen work. The tide of war had flowed farther away. and the church was no longer needed as a hospital. Work was then resumed on the head station at Masasi, but it was not so easy to get the outstations functioning again. Schools had

tumbled down. The teachers were scattered, many still in the hands of the Germans. No school material could be got. But Padre Danieli was at Majembe and Padre Kolumba at Chiwata, and only Luatala was without a priest. As a matter of fact Luatala station lay in ruins, for it had been burnt by the Germans.

Thus, after the troublous times, there was great promise of better things. In spite of the Bishop's momentary fit of despair, he had not wavered long about the native ministry. The Theological College was reopened in August 1917. A new site was chosen for it at Hegongo, near Magila, and the Bishop himself took charge of it as Principal. On Trinity Sunday, 1918, at Korogwe, he ordained Arthur Mbezi and John Saidi to the priesthood and Benjamin Mwelondo to the diaconate. On the following Tuesday at Magila he ordained four deacons, Samwil Mwinyipembe, Yakobo Timpwa, Petro Bwambwara and Timotheo Mbwana. Then, on the last day of the month, he advanced all these five deacons to the priesthood. He felt that their sufferings during the war were a real test of character and that the way in which they had stood the test showed, without need of further trial, the reality of their vocation. So, with such a splendid addition to his staff, it looked as if the Bishop might face the future with confidence. Yet another new priest was on his way out to join the staff, Father Robert Wyllie, S.S.M., but the steamer on which he was travelling was torpedoed off the coast of Ireland and he, with nearly all on board, was drowned.

XXX

NYASALAND IN WAR TIME

WHILE the staff at Mponda's were at breakfast on Friday, August 1, 1914, a song, as of a great multitude, came drifting in. It turned out to be a company of the King's African Rifles marching to the Bar—the place where the river Shiré leaves the Lake and where the steamers lie at anchor. All sorts of rumours were in the air. Next day telegrams were put under censorship. On the Monday morning, August 4, the mail came in bringing three curious items of news—curious, that is to say, in the light of what was coming. One item was the report of a debate in the French Chamber, which seemed to show that France was in a dangerously unfit state to defend herself. Another was the account of a state visit of a British squadron to Kiel and that the German Emperor had been placed in command for twenty-four hours, as a compliment to him as senior Admiral in the British Navy. Thirdly, in the *Oxford Magazine*, was an account of the Encaenia, when an honorary degree had been conferred on Prince Lichnowski, the German Ambassador. The Prince had declared that such a compliment to German culture would draw the two nations closer together. Later in the day came a bombshell. A note was received from the District Commissioner saying, "War has broken out between Great Britain, France and Russia against Germany and Austria. News just received."

Nyasaland suffered more severely from the war than did Northern Rhodesia, but there was nothing there comparable to the sufferings of Zanzibar. All the work in German territory, the north part of the diocese, came to an end. Our steamers were commandeered, the *C. M.* from the first, and the *C. J.* later. As the Lake is the main line of communication for the diocese, the loss of the steamers was a serious blow. It is only right to say that those in authority did all in their power to help us, where the needs of the service allowed. When Lieutenant-Commander Denniston, R.N., came out to take charge, he allowed the *C. M.* to be run by her own Mission

officers and crew. He even was at pains to arrange that the steamer should be at one of the Mission stations on a Sunday, as often as possible, to give the Christian crew an opportunity of joining in the services and making their Communion. In the first few days the steamers were sent to beat up the German steamer, the *Wissmann*, which was known to be pulled up out of the water for repairs at Sphinxhafen (Liuli). As soon as the *Wissmann* was put out of action, the steamers were required to carry the King's African Rifles up the Lake to Karonga, to protect our British frontier. Thenceforward they were employed in keeping up the lines of communication with the troops.

There was a small action at Karonga on September 9, when the Germans were defeated and driven back. Of the five Europeans who were killed in action, one was Mr. Manning, the District Commissioner at Kota Kota. He had been a very good friend to the Mission, and was much loved by the natives. Later, when General Northey took charge and when he had a larger force at his disposal, the Germans were swept out of their country to the north of the Lake, and there was little fighting in the diocese afterwards. There was some desultory warfare in the Yao hills, and Archdeacon Eyre was twice a prisoner in German hands. It is pleasant to note that he was treated with great kindness and consideration, in astonishing contrast with the way in which our brothers in the Zanzibar diocese were treated. Once the Germans pounced down on Mtengula, the Portuguese headquarters on the Lake. Having seized the fort at Mtengula, they plundered the neighbouring villages and then withdrew to the hills again. Towards the end of the war the whole German force was very nearly surrounded at Malagotela's, about thirty-five miles east of Fort Johnston, but they slipped out of the snare. For the rest, the diocese was on the lines of communication, many of our staff and our Christians were commandeered for war service, and in other ways we suffered inconvenience, but we were in little danger of finding ourselves in the zone of war, and our work went on, except, as we have seen, that in German territory.

More disturbing than the fear of the enemy was the native rising at the end of 1914. A native named John Chilembwe

had been educated in America. Coming back to his own country, he started a fantastic sort of Christian Mission. He was imbued with the spirit of "Africa for the Africans," and his missionary work was probably more political than religious. He soon had a large following in the Shiré Highlands, and he began to plot rebellion. As the report of the Government Commission showed, there were undeniable grievances, and no doubt they strengthened Chilembwe's appeal. It would be a great mistake to imagine that Chilembwe was just a rascal. According to his lights, he was a patriot, and he burned to put an end to all the disabilities under which his people lived. These must have been specially galling to him, an educated man. Just at the moment every fighting man in Nyasaland had been despatched to guard the frontier, 450 miles away, with the exception of two companies of the King's African Rifles, who had only been recruited recently and from the very district where the trouble was. Chilembwe seized the opportunity to arrange a simultaneous attack on the two larger townships, Zomba and Blantyre. We had believed ourselves to be safer in Nyasaland from any such danger than in any part of East Africa, so the rising came as a great shock. The rebellion was brief enough. The newly raised recruits stood by their officers. John Chilembwe was shot, while trying to escape, and the rising was over. Two Europeans were murdered on Captain Livingstone-Bruce's estate at Magomero, and Mrs. Ranald Macdonald, who was visiting there, was injured. This shows what may happen when passions are let loose, for there could have been few Europeans in the country more popular with the natives than Mr. and Mrs. Ranald Macdonald. As a matter of fact the rising never had much chance of success. John Chilembwe was a Nyasa of servile origin. No Yao chief would ever have followed him loyally. Also, when the rebels attacked the African Lakes Company's store at Blantyre, in the hopes of securing arms, they murdered the night-watchman on guard. He chanced to be the son and heir of Kampelusa, an Angoni chief of considerable importance. He was an attractive young man, immensely popular in the tribe. His murder immediately raised up bitter hostility toward Chilembwe throughout the

Angoni tribes in Western Nyasaland. It is noticeable that few natives educated in the larger missions were implicated in the rising. There were none from our Mission, but then the rising was not in our sphere of work. Only one or two of those educated in the Church of Scotland Mission were implicated, which is the more remarkable as the trouble lay in the very midst of their sphere of work.

One of the saddest effects of the war in the Nyasaland diocese was that we were cut off from all that work in German territory of which Bishop Trower had been so proud. Archdeacon Johnson was particularly distressed to think of his flock left unshepherded. Indeed, it was with some difficulty that the Bishop restrained him from visiting them at all risks, which could only have resulted in his internment. At the same time the Germans on this side were not nearly so ill-disposed towards our Christians as they were in the east. Our teachers do not appear to have been molested, and were able to keep things going. Deprived of the sacraments, without school material, without pay, they stuck to their Faith, and they clung to the belief that their European teachers would return. This was rather remarkable. We Europeans had doubts at times as to the final results of the war. The natives must have had the same doubts and felt them even more acutely. Still they held on. Another discouragement was that all the students at St. Michael's, whose homes were in German territory, could not go back to college, and their hopes of future usefulness seemed to dwindle away.

The loss of the steamers compelled the Bishop to reorganize the work. What had been the *C. M.* parish was broken up. The northern part, which lay in German East Africa, was closed to us altogether at first. The district stretching from the border at Wikihi down to Mala point, a little south of Likoma, was placed in charge of the Likoma clergy, and has remained ever since part of the Likoma parish. Archdeacon Johnson, at first with the help of Padre Winspear, was left in charge from Mala point down through the rest of Portuguese territory as far as the British border at Msinje, excepting for the intervening parish of Msumba, which came in the middle.

Padre Augustine was in charge there, and indeed worked all his time at Msumba. It was a very live part of the diocese. A great number of our teachers came from the parish and had passed through Padre Augustine's hands. The chief also was a Christian. The old chief, a very old man, died a year or two before the war. The new Masanche was Justus, one of our senior teachers. It was a great thing to have a Christian chief at the largest village on the west side of the Lake. Even without this intervening station, Archdeacon Johnson's parish was very unwieldy for one of his age. He was helped, as far as possible, by the sailing boats from Likoma, but for the rest he had to make his own way from village to village. Sometimes he was able to hire a canoe, but more often he just tramped. The chief difficulty must have been that he had no headquarters. The Archdeacon would be far less worried about this than most men, but it must have been exceedingly inconvenient to have had nowhere to store his own things or the necessary equipment for churches and schools.

The remaining part of the *C.M.* parish was a district in the south-west corner of the Lake, generally known in those days as the "Monkey Bay District." Monkey Bay is the most northerly outstation of a district about twenty-five miles long. Now Padre Hicks was put in charge of this district, nominally as part of the Mponda's parish. When Hicks was taken for war work, Padre Horner was put in his place. Then when he was invalided, the priest-in-charge of Mponda's, Padre Wilson, had to do the best he could for both parishes.

In May 1916, it was possible to open St. Andrew's College once more. The Bishop had been compelled to close it after Padre Douglas' murder, for Victor had to take his place and there was no one to go to St. Andrew's. Now Winspear was put in charge of the Theological College, and he had five deacons to prepare for the priesthood. These deacons were, Leonard Kangati, Petro Kilekwa, Gilbert Mpalila, Lawrence Chisui, and Yohana Tawe.

In 1917 the Bishop was compelled to make new arrangements at Likwenu. The care of all the river stations, and a large number of newer stations which were being opened in the

neighbourhood of Likwenu itself, coupled with the work of ministering to the Europeans at Zomba and Blantyre, made up quite an impossible task for one priest. The Bishop therefore opened a new central station at Matope on the river Shiré, just above the Murchison Falls, close to the place where the *Charles Janson* was put together. It was admittedly not a very good site, but it seemed the best which could be found in the district. The writer remembers sleeping in the rest house at Matope in earlier days, *without a mosquito curtain*, and is never likely to forget it. The place, too, is not called Matope (= mud) without reason. Padre Hand was put in charge, with the duty of looking after the villages from the Murchison Falls almost up to Liwonde, and also with the task of ministering to the Europeans at Blantyre. Padre Churchward was left with the rest of the Likwenu station and the duty of ministering to the Europeans at Zomba.

On June 25, 1917, Padre George was ordained priest. He was an architect by profession. He had designed the Cathedral Church of Likoma, besides a great number of other churches and buildings in the Mission. All the while, however much engaged in building, he worked strenuously as a missionary. He had long felt a vocation for Holy Orders, and had been ordained deacon the year before. Later he succeeded Johnson as Archdeacon of Nyasa, and it is difficult to write with restraint of his splendid and untiring work as priest-in-charge of Liuli. In the same week, on St. Peter's Day, the Patronal Festival of the Cathedral Church, the Bishop advanced four native deacons to the priesthood, Leonard Kangati, Lawrence Chisui, Gilbert Mpalila and Petro Kilekwa. That four African priests should be ordained on one day was a wonderful event for the diocese.

In April 1917, the Germans disappeared from the Lake. After a short delay, permission was granted by the military authorities to reopen our work in German territory, from which we had been so long excluded. Padre George was on the spot, and made the first round before Archdeacon Johnson could be informed. George was delighted to find how faithfully the native teachers had carried on their work. In almost every

case services had been kept up. Where there were no teachers some Christian had volunteered. The books were almost worn out. Everywhere he was received with overwhelming joy. George was the first to visit the district, but it fell to Archdeacon Johnson to reorganize the work. He made his headquarters at Manda, near the old German Government post known as Wiedhafen, where there is a beautifully sheltered bay. This has been a head station ever since. The people were wild with joy when he appeared, and eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity of returning to the sacraments, of which they had so long been deprived. There were, of course, many lapses and tangles which needed sorting out, but on the whole the native Church had stood the test in a remarkable manner. One can only thank God for this, especially when we remember that the Germans had given out that the English missionaries had gone for ever, and that the natives had every reason to believe this to be true. We must add that as soon as the country was open again, the nine students joyfully went back to St. Michael's. In June 1918 the Bishop made his first visit since the beginning of the war. Large numbers were confirmed. This seemed to open a new era. The war was finished, as far as that district was concerned, and, ever since, the Gospel has won over enormous crowds. It has been almost comparable to the "mass movements" in India.

When the work was resumed in German territory, it took Archdeacon Johnson away from his work in Portuguese territory, and some new arrangement had to be made. Padre Augustine was getting old, and the work at Msumba was growing too much for him. The Bishop therefore made a new central station for him at Ngoo, a little north of Msumba. Here he had a smaller parish, which reached from that part of the coast which was under the Likoma clergy, down to the parish of Msumba. Here, in Padre Augustine's place, the Bishop put Padre Cox. He had charge from the border of Ngoo parish, through Msumba and down to the British border at Msinje, that is, Padre Augustine's old parish of Msumba and Archdeacon Johnson's parish south of Msumba. To help him to work this enormous parish, the Bishop sent him the two

newly ordained priests, Gilbert Mpalila and Yohana Tawe, as his assistants.

In May 1917, the Germans made an incursion into Portuguese East Africa, and Archdeacon Eyre fell into their hands. He was, however, merely escorted to the British border and there released. For a time he was unable to return to Mtonya, and Padre Yohana moved his headquarters from Unangu to Chisindo, over the English border. However, the Germans soon retired, and both priests were able to return to their respective stations. Just at the end, the Germans made another raid on Mtonya. They were not quite so courteous to the Archdeacon as his first visitors, but he had no cause of complaint against them.

During the last three years of the war, a very good work was being done at Malindi amongst our own troops. Many of the houses at Fort Johnston had been converted into hospitals, and it was also the base of a part of the Mechanical Transport Corps. Malindi opened its doors to patients, who needed something of the nature of a convalescent home on coming out of hospital. There were generally five or six of these convalescents enjoying the quiet of the station. At week-ends boat-loads of Mechanical Transport men came to spend a sort of picnic time there. Padre Russell was a popular host and provided services. Miss Klamborowski, Miss Spindler and Miss Pennell, and later Miss Field, did all they could to make their visitors happy. This was much appreciated by the authorities, and Padre Russell was given the rank of an honorary Chaplain of the Forces for his services.

During the last months of the war there was a great scarcity of food. It could hardly be called a famine, but food was very short. It made it very difficult to keep open our hospitals, and St. Michael's College had to be closed for a time.

There are some specially gifted persons who seem bound to leave their mark wherever their lot is cast, even in quite a short time. Mary Cornish was one of these. She died of dysentery, January 28, 1918. She had only been on the staff for six years, yet she did a great work for the women and girls at Mponda's,

and she will never be forgotten. Only three days before, Arthur Diemer, from the same station, died of pneumonia in France, while on active service. His service was even shorter than that of Miss Cornish, but he seemed to have a special gift of influencing our wild Yao boys.

XXXI

NORTHERN RHODESIA IN WAR TIME

WHEN Bishop Hine resigned the bishopric of Northern Rhodesia his successor was the Rev. Alston James Weller May. He was a scholar of Oriel College, Oxford, and a Cuddesdon man. He had been ordained as curate to All Souls', Leeds. The Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Talbot) had just offered him the vicarage of Eastleigh. Bishop May was in every sense a strong man, and indeed physical strength was much needed for the supervision of such a vast and scattered diocese. In spite of the strain of continual travelling, Bishop May is happily still at his post in 1935. He has been bishop for over twenty-one years, a longer episcopate than has ever been granted to any of the other bishops of our Mission. He was consecrated in Westminster Abbey on St. Mark's Day, 1914.

Bishop May had only reached his diocese a few weeks before the outbreak of war. His diocese is a very difficult one, for it has no real centre. He found himself called upon to preside over a staff working at four different centres of native work, at each of which there were different tribes and different languages. He reached Livingstone first, where he found Sir John and Lady Key working. Sir John's primary work was to minister to the European residents, of whom there were quite a number. But he did a certain amount of native work, especially among Christian natives who had found work in the town. From Livingstone the Bishop went up the line to Choma, about 160 miles. From Choma he went by road to Mapanza. Padre Moffatt was in charge. There was the fine church, which Bishop Hine hoped would some day be the cathedral, and the work was growing. There were thirty boys in school. The Bishop was quick to realize that the work was rather lopsided, for little could be done for women. He resolved to place women workers here as soon as possible. Only twelve miles away is Shakashina, where MacLennan was hard at work. As yet it was only a day of small things, yet early in 1915 four candidates were baptized,

four had just been made catechumens, while there were five more catechumens nearly ready for baptism.

From Mapanza and Shakashina it is an immense step to the third native station at Chipili. Chilikwa, or Chipili as it is now called, lies north-west of Lake Bangweolo, about thirty-five miles from Fort Rosebery. Here Deerr, still a layman, was working. He had settled first at Ng'omba, about ninety miles to the south. Then he moved on to Chipili, and the village of Ng'omba moved with him. The villagers had rebuilt their village close to the village of Chilikwa. This is a very remarkable testimony to their trust in and affection for Deerr. It is true that an African village moves far more easily than an English one, but even so there could hardly be a more striking tribute to Deerr's influence. It was of course very unsatisfactory to place a European without a European companion. It is still more unsatisfactory to place a layman out of reach of the Sacraments for long periods. Bishop Hine was acutely conscious of this and was most unwilling to station Deerr alone, but the weakness of his staff was such that he did at last consent at Deerr's own earnest request.

But the really great work of the diocese, as far as numbers were concerned, was in the fourth district in the far east of the diocese. Msoro, about forty miles from Fort Jameson, is the centre. Bishop Hine, just before his resignation, had appointed De la Pryme archdeacon to oversee the district. He lived at Fort Jameson, and his primary task was to act as chaplain to the Europeans in the township. He also had a small, tentative training college for teachers. Hitherto the diocese had depended on Nyasaland for trained teachers. The vast number of Christians around Msoro were the fruits of Padre Leonard Kamungu's work. One may be permitted to say that that good man had been a little over-sanguine, and had admitted people to baptism without quite realizing the need of caution and specially careful preparation in a country where there were no Christian traditions. Certainly there were difficulties later and, for a time, an unduly large number of failures. Though Padre Leonard may have shown some lack of judgment, this does not lessen our admiration for his devoted work or our appreciation of his

wonderful success. There was no lack of courage and firmness. He stood unflinching against what he knew to be wrong and so, though beloved by most of his flock, he incurred the hostility of others. There seems little doubt that he was poisoned in the end by his enemies. Leonard knew his country well enough to be quite aware of the risks he was running in standing for the right. In that sense he was unquestionably a martyr. To one who knew him well and prepared him for ordination to the priesthood, it is a matter of profound thankfulness that a man who appeared so shy and retiring should have been so brave and faithful a missionary.

Bishop May lost no time in visiting the four centres in his diocese. Soon, with a rather increased staff, he was able to strengthen his position. It is true that the diocese suffered a severe loss early in 1915, when Sir John and Lady Key retired. Sir John had joined the Mission staff in 1881 and Lady Key in 1887. After long service in Zanzibar diocese, they retired, only to volunteer to serve again under Bishop Hine in Northern Rhodesia. They were both much beloved at Livingstone, and their loss was a serious one to the Mission. A new priest came out to take the chaplain's work at Livingstone, Padre Philipps. Early in 1915 Ranger came out to work at Msoro. Leeke and Day came a little later, and it was a great satisfaction to the Bishop to be able to send these two priests to be with Deerr at Chipili. A little later Moffatt came to Chipili, during Deerr's furlough. Deerr himself was ordained deacon while in England by the Bishop of Oxford (Gore). In August 1915, the two first ladies came out to work in the diocese, Miss Salisbury and Miss Boothby. They were stationed at Mapanza.

When the Bishop visited Msoro in 1915 he decided that the station was not built on a good site. It seemed to him that it was too near the river Lupande to be healthy. He therefore chose a much higher spot, at a place called Mngawa, and he himself helped to mark out the buildings on the new site. The station is still called Msoro, but it is about two miles from the original site. It gives some idea of the great responsibilities which had to be faced at Msoro, when we read that the Bishop confirmed 460 candidates on that one visit. Nor were these



[Photo by Rev. B. Higgins

A BAPTISM AT MSORO, NORTHERN RHODESIA

candidates recklessly presented. The clergy had had far too clear a lesson not to be fully alive to the need for caution. Clearly Msoro was in a far more advanced stage than other native work in the diocese.

It has been seen that the diocese was one of many languages. In each station something was being done to grapple with this difficulty. Deerr had been hard at work at Chipili. He found that the translations made by the London Missionary Society at Mbereshi, though not quite in the Chipili dialect, were yet intelligible. He was thankful to procure such parts of the New Testament as were available there, and concentrate on translating the most necessary parts of the Prayer Book. Ranger was also at work at Msoro. He translated the Prayer Book into Chinsenga, which was printed in 1916. Also at Mapanza a good deal had been done in the Chila language.

Early in 1916 the diocese suffered a heavy loss in the death of Padre MacLennan. He had joined the Mission staff at Zanzibar in 1904 as a layman. He followed Bishop Hine to Northern Rhodesia. Later he was ordained and had worked at Shakashina. He was a devoted missionary and a man of transparent goodness. He was much beloved by the natives. His death caused an alteration in the organization. The Bishop felt that the smallness of his staff would not allow of two European centres so near together as Mapanza and Shakashina, only twelve miles apart. From henceforth, though Shakashina went on and continued to flourish, there was no resident priest. It became part of the parish of Mapanza and the clergy there visited it frequently.

On Holy Cross Day, 1916, a boarding-school was opened for girls at Mapanza. It was a simple affair; just a collection of native buildings. Every effort was made to make the "Village of the Cross" as much like ordinary native life as possible. It was only a small beginning. There were ten pupils at the opening.

At Easter, 1917, the Bishop visited Chipili. Owing to his leave, it was two years since he had been there. On Easter Eve he blessed the new Mission house and baptized twelve adults. He sang Mass at the festival in Chibemba. In the Octave of

Easter he blessed the little cemetery. There were already four graves in it. On Low Sunday he solemnly dedicated the chancel of the new church in the name of St. Michael and All Angels. This chancel was of solid masonry. The rest of the church was a less permanent erection of reed and pole. On the same day he confirmed those candidates who had been baptized on Easter Eve. Towards the end of this year Deerr was back again at Chipili. It was about this time that the station became known officially as Chipili. The village of the chief Chilikwa had moved farther away, so that it would be confusing to call the station still by the same name. Chipili is the name of a hill close by the station, and the word merely means "Big Hill."

This year the Bishop had some difficulty with the locally trained teachers. The little training college at Fort Jameson had never pretended to be more than a very elementary affair, yet many of the men, who had no more than this minimum of training, had to be sent out, owing to the dire need of the diocese. The Bishop therefore took the first opportunity of recalling them for a further course of instruction. The very fact that they had had so little training made it impossible for these teachers to realize how much they needed further teaching, and one cannot be surprised that they were hurt and inclined to rebel. However the storm passed over, and for the future the diocese was to turn out teachers better equipped for their work.

In the beginning of 1918 the Bishop was at Msoro. The Bishop of Nyasaland persuaded him to come on to Lake Nyasa at Kota Kota. He suggested that he could combine a visit to his fellow missionaries with a visit to the Rhodesian regiments, then on the Lake. The Bishop therefore came, saw the Rhodesian soldiers, visited several of the Nyasaland stations, and returned to Fort Jameson by the road which runs thither from Zomba.

These war years saw many of our best friends pass over to the other side. The Rev. G. H. Trist suffered long from ill-health, but, crippled though he was, he carried on the work of organizing secretary undaunted. He died on November 9, 1916. Only a few weeks later, on December 19, C. J. Viner passed to his rest. He had worked for thirty years as assistant secretary. Father

Russell wrote that with him the Mission "was the absorbing passion of his life." Somehow he enlisted all our sympathies, and he was indeed a man greatly beloved. Next year, 1917, there passed away another much-loved supporter of our Mission, A. C. Madan. He was a senior student of Christ Church. To a scholar, college life, giving such splendid opportunities of work and worship, must have been very dear, but he gave it all up to serve his Master in the Mission field. For twenty years he was a member of the staff. He applied his scholarship to collecting vocabularies of various Bantu languages and such spadework. Later he left the Mission, in order to reach wider fields of research, but he never lost interest in it. No one felt his death more acutely than his native friends. Canon Augustine wrote: "When he came here in 1906, he gave me his picture to be a remembrance for me. I keep it near to my bed to see it every day. All Kiungani boys, who lived with him, are very grieved indeed. He wrote often to me. My beloved friend R.I.P." Could any missionary wish a better epitaph?

In April 1918, a blow fell, not merely on our Mission, but on the whole Church. This is not the place to assess what the Church owes to Henry Scott Holland, but we cannot forget his services to the Mission. For nearly twenty years he took the chair at the evening meeting at our Anniversaries. He made us roar with laughter, yet he was always lifting up our hearts to heavenly things. He made us feel somehow how privileged we were to be allowed to do the smallest thing to help on the world's redemption. To him the Gospel was such amazingly good news. We feel that the world is the poorer, but somehow the thought of "H. S. H." makes us realize that our friends are still one with us, only just the other side of the veil. The roll is getting a long one now, since Bishop Mackenzie laid down his life on the Shiré, but there is nothing sad about it. We are sure that "H. S. H." is still smiling and joyous on the other side, and hearts are brave again and arms are strong as we think of it.

In 1917 Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Winchester, felt bound to resign the post of President of the Mission. He felt that his age forbade him to hold the office any longer, burdened as he was with the oversight of his great diocese. The Mission owes him a

great debt of gratitude. We lost a great man, when Bishop Talbot resigned, and we were exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of another great man in his place. This was Dr. Gore, Bishop of Oxford. He had always taken a keen interest in the Mission. It was indeed a privilege to have a president of such distinction.

XXXII

REOCCUPATION OF MAGILA

AT the end of the war the diocese of Zanzibar found itself faced with the work of reconstruction. It was indeed a formidable task which lay before the Bishop and his staff. A great number of the buildings lay in ruins. Both schools and hospitals stood in need of almost everything in the way of equipment, and these necessaries were very hard to obtain. The European staff was very much below the strength needed. It was particularly exasperating that quite a number of workers, who had gone home on leave, were ready and eagerly waiting to return, but no passage could be got for them. But these would not fill the gaps. Early in 1919 the Bishop made an appeal for six new priests, three laymen and six ladies. He wanted a lady doctor, three nurses and two teachers. But it was not only the European staff that was below strength. The native staff had suffered pitifully. Many had died from hardships entailed by the war. A few had fallen away, but the great majority were faithful. This was the more remarkable and is a great tribute to their real steadfastness, for it looked as if the Mission had gone for ever, just as the Germans said. The weakness of the teaching staff in numbers was not due altogether to death or failures, but simply to the fact that the usual stream of teachers turned out year by year from Kiungani had been cut off at its source for four years. Not unnaturally Islam had taken advantage of our weakness and, especially in Zigualand, there had been a great Muhammadan push. The fact that the Germans had posed as friends of Islam may have done much to fan Muhammadan zeal, as it certainly did in Nyasaland. Then there had been a serious famine throughout almost all East Africa, and disease had followed in its train. The Magila district suffered dreadfully from smallpox. Then the Mission funds ran low at home, and just when a great outlay was demanded in Africa, our devoted workers at home had the greatest difficulty in keeping up the ordinary income of the Mission.

In spite of all these difficulties there was also much that was

encouraging. The devotion of our native staff and the way in which they had clung to their Faith was above praise. It is remarkable that they did not appear to harbour resentment against their persecutors. This shows that their Faith was something of a very high order. It teaches us Europeans a lesson, which we find very hard to learn. Also the sufferings of the clergy and teachers seemed to have caused a real awakening among the ordinary Christians. Canon Dale wrote from Magila :

“ I think the war has made a very deep impression upon these people. They have been through fire and water. They are very much struck by the fact that our people are back at their work and the Germans are gone. It has given them a deeper faith in God. It seemed so unlikely that it could ever come about and it has happened.”

In Zanzibar itself and on Pemba the work had gone on all through the war years, hindered in many ways, but not by actual fighting. In all three island parishes, Mbwani, Mkunazini and on Pemba, progress had been made. The work in these island parishes is as discouraging as any work in the Mission, yet there had been progress. Padre Swainson reported 320 communicants in the two Zanzibar parishes at Easter, 1919. At about the same time there were thirty Christian boarders at the High School, and as many as fifty-five students from outside, Moslems and Hindus. In 1921 Miss Mills revisited Zanzibar. She received a tremendous welcome from her old friends, and her visit seemed to put heart into the work. Next year, 1922, a new outstation was opened on Pemba at Kitosia. This station was intended to reach the real Pemba people. At Weti the work was largely amongst strangers from the mainland.

But the most important thing at Zanzibar, from the diocesan point of view, was that Kiungani was at work again. The students came back by degrees, and it was not till January 1919, that it was in full work. By that time there were eighty students in residence. This does not mean that the college was normal again, for it was really a period of special difficulty. The majority of the students were new, and, since the central schools could not function, they were not nearly so well taught

as new boys would be in normal times. Also these new boys were not accustomed to college discipline, and the years of licence had left their mark on the old pupils who returned. Both on the intellectual and spiritual side of the training, the Principal, Chancellor Spanton, had a tremendous task before him.

It is interesting to read the Principal's report at the end of this same year. It is a great tribute to himself and his staff, showing how successfully the difficulties had been faced and met. At the end of the year there were ninety students. Of these more had gained the highest certificate than ever before. Clearly the intellectual standard had been restored and more. Of the moral standard it is more difficult to take stock, but there also the Principal was satisfied that real progress had been made. The students seemed to have a higher sense of vocation, and were making more frequent and more regular use of the opportunities of devotion. Only a very few had failed to go through the course. He also reported that, whereas at one time most of the teaching was done by Europeans, now most of it is done by the African staff. When it is remembered that the intellectual standard was higher than it had ever been at Kiungani before, it is a remarkable thing that the greater part of the teaching had been done by Africans. Besides entrusting most of the teaching to Africans, the Chancellor had also left much of the discipline in the hands of the prefects. He had also entrusted the management of the chapel finances to the students themselves, and they had responded splendidly. At the time the Bishop was contemplating moving the training college to the mainland. Chancellor Spanton could not but regret the breaking of old associations, but he looked forward with confidence to the future. On the mainland there would be need of fewer restrictions. Life would be freer and more natural, more healthy alike for body and soul.

In 1920 Bishop Weston took a step which rather startled many of our friends at home. He sold the estate at Mbweni, Kilimani, the small boys' school, and the High School. Since Bishop Tozer bought the estate at Mbweni, it has played a large part in Mission history. The freed slaves, which were

handed over to our care by the Government, were placed here as a free community. They were a mixed lot, with no tribal ties. They were regarded, and regarded themselves, as slaves of the Mission. They have, therefore, always been a difficulty. What could be done for them, has been done. Their parish church is the beautiful church of St. John, built by Archdeacon Hodgson. But now there are no freed slaves coming to us. The community has progressed so far that it can now stand on its own feet. Really the work of the Mission in providing for freed slaves is done. The church, the girls' school and the cottages in the village, still belong to the Mission. Instead of working on our estate, the villagers find their own work. Kilimani had long been empty, as had the High School house, for the small boys and the bigger lads had been moved to the Bishop's house.

A work of great importance was completed in 1923. This was the translation of the Koran into Swahili by Canon Dale, assisted by Padre Broomfield. It must be a tremendous help to the African clergy and teachers, who cannot read Arabic, to know exactly what the Koran does say, and it is good that the Muhammadans should know what this book really is, to which they pay such extravagant respect. At first Muhammadans resented the publication of the book, but, on second thoughts, they altered their minds. It has been bought in large numbers, both by Christians and Muhammadans. It must have been a tremendous undertaking, especially for so busy a man as Canon Dale. Besides being Archdeacon of Zanzibar at the time, he was doing at least two men's work.

When we turn to the mainland part of the diocese, we find quite a different state of things. At Zanzibar the work had gone on continuously, albeit under great difficulties. On the mainland the work had ceased altogether and it was literally reconstruction that was needed. The tide of war had ebbed away from the two northern archdeaconries long before it ebbed from the Ruvuma district, so it was possible to restart work in the north much earlier. By Christmas, 1918, work may be said to have been in full swing again. At the beginning of 1919 the position was this. Archdeacon Woodward was in charge of the

Magila Archdeaconry and stationed with Father White at Mkuzi. Mackay, Palmer and Simmons were at Msalabani. Arthur Mbezi and John Saidi were at Hegongo. There were four ladies at Msalabani. The sisters had not yet returned. Padre Hellier was acting chaplain at Tanga, and, of course, being Padre Hellier, he was doing as much native work as possible in addition. The staff of the archdeaconry was certainly small, but they were able to make a beginning. The plague of smallpox was very serious. In the month of December 1918, there were thirty-four Christian funerals at Msalabani. But, in spite of all, there were 400 communicants on Christmas Day. Archdeacon Birley had returned to Korogwe to take charge of the archdeaconry of Zigualand. Padre Smith and Russell were also there. Canon Limo was at Kwa Magome, and Pearse was running Kigongoi and Kizara as one parish. There were two ladies at Korogwe, two at Kigongoi, and two at Mkuzi.

The archdeaconry of Magila suffered two serious losses before long. In July 1920, Father White was elected Director of the Society of the Sacred Mission. He had worked on the Mission staff for twenty-three years. Fortunately the S.S.M. was able to send Father Whitworth, another priest of that society, to take Father White's place. Next year it was the archdeacon himself who was taken. The Society has been very generous to us, and we can feel nothing but gratitude. Father Woodward was needed for the Society's work in South Africa. To the Zanzibar diocese this was bound to be a serious blow. Father Woodward had worked in it, as layman and priest, since 1875. He was the senior member of the staff. The Bishop arranged that he should still be reckoned as one of the staff, on extended leave. A little later his place as Archdeacon was taken by Mackay.

While at home in 1920 the Bishop's appeal for priests was answered by Padre Gerald Douglas, brother of Arthur Douglas, who was killed in 1911. The Bishop arranged with him to reopen the theological college at Hegongo. The college opened in April 1921, with sixteen students. A year later, at Easter, 1922, the Bishop held an ordination at Masasi and ordained two new

native priests, Reuben Namalowe and Silvano Ngaweje. Reuben was the first of the Makua tribe to be ordained priest. Towards the end of the same year the Bishop ordained eleven new African deacons. The Mission had moved far from the days when Bishop Tozer, meditating on the need of an African ministry, dimly foresaw that some day Africans would minister to Africans.

In 1922 the Bishop divided the great parish of Msalabani into three. He put Padre Yakobo Timpwa as priest-in-charge at Bwembwera and Padre Simmons in charge at Tongwe. Padre Samwil Mwinyipembe was in charge at Msalabani itself. An important change was made at this time when the Mother house of the Sisters of the C.S.P. was moved from Mbweni to Msalabani. Besides their work at Msalabani the Sisters also undertook the work at Mkuzi.

In the archdeaconry of Ziguiland, new stations were opened. Korogwe itself was increasing rapidly and needed division. At Christmas in 1920, there were 600 communicants. In the next year there were twenty-nine outstations. The Christians of this parish showed their sincerity by the splendid way in which they gave. An East African native will pay generously for what he really values, but for nothing else. It is a real testimony to the earnestness of the Christian community at Korogwe that they not only paid their own church expenses, but sent 500 rupees to the Bishop for the diocesan fund.

But clearly this big parish needed dividing, so in 1923 a new parish was carved out of it, with its centre at Kwa Mkono, about thirty-five miles away. Part of the new parish came from Kwa Mandera, not all from Korogwe. Sisters of the C.S.P. were stationed here to look after the medical work, and Miss Williams was in charge of the schools. Padre Maddocks was priest-in-charge. At the end of the same year another parish was carved out of Korogwe, with its centre at Ntalawanda. Padre Arthur Mbezi was put in charge. The church had been built entirely by the native Christians themselves. It was now enlarged so as to hold about 400 people at great festivals.

The Bishop ordained two more African priests at Easter, 1923, at Kwa Maizi. Both were Ziguas from the district. While

this was a gain of two native priests in the archdeaconry, the Bishop was compelled to remove Canon Petro Limo to Zanzibar for reasons of health. Ziguiland is a land of drought and hardship, and after twelve' years unwearied labour, the Bishop thought it better to move him to less exacting work.

The Bishop was in England for a few months in 1923. It was his last visit. Of his doings in England this is not the place to write, but it is impossible not to mention the extraordinary enthusiasm which he aroused. Few men can ever have been privileged to meet with such a tribute of public esteem and affection as was extended to him at the Church House on August 28, just before he returned to Africa. Not only was the great hall filled to every corner, but there were some five or six hundred people unable to gain admittance at all. The Bishop spoke first to the crowd in Dean's Yard. He then returned to the meeting. Bishop Gore was in the chair. Bishop Weston spoke as even he had never spoken before. His words went straight to the hearts of his hearers. He told of the work being done, and the needs of his staff. He pleaded eloquently for his native flock, claiming just treatment for them and sympathy with them. He told of the growing native ministry and of their difficulties in relation to the Europeans. He told them of the difficulties and problems of education and of the desperate need in which natives stand of medical help. Finally, he delivered a devotional address of great power and beauty, which moved his hearers profoundly. Bishop Gore thanked him and wished him God-speed, asking him to give the final blessing. Next day he sailed for Africa and those who had crowded to bid him farewell were to see his face no more.

XXXIII

REOCCUPATION OF MASASI

AS we have seen, the missionaries were able to get to work again in the northern archdeaconries, long before anything could be done in the southern district. In 1917 a good many of the teachers returned from captivity, but it was not until Palm Sunday, 1918, that the British troops marched out of Masasi and the war rolled away in the distance. Padre Obed Kasembe, then only a Reader, was the first to get to work, and was able to present twenty-five candidates for baptism at Christmas, the first adults to be baptized for five years. It was not until March 1919 that work could be properly restarted. Even then there were only four priests in the archdeaconry, if we do not count Canon Lucas, then acting as an army chaplain at Lindi. Archdeacon Hallett himself and Sturges were at Masasi, with two ladies, Miss Lucas and Miss Horne. Padre Danieli was at Majembe and Padre Kolumba at Chiwata. School work was begun as far as it was possible. In normal times a reed-and-pole building does not last for very long, because of the ravages of the white ants and borers. After the war, therefore, almost all the schools and teachers' houses were in ruins. What was even worse, a severe famine visited the district, and it is impossible to do much with half-starved children. Naturally, there was a great shortage of teachers. Many had died of their hardships, some were still away. Some had gone astray. There was no stream of young teachers coming from Kiungani to fill up the gaps, nor could there be until the college had had time to settle down and complete the training of a new set of students. However, a beginning had been made. It is significant that there were twenty-two boys at the Central School at Masasi in July 1919.

By the end of 1919 three new priests had arrived, one of whom, Padre Stokes, had rejoined the Mission in the hour of need. There also came five ladies. Now three stations were equipped with a European staff. Besides Masasi there was Lulindi, with Vickers in charge, and two ladies. Lulindi was

chosen in preference to Luatala, because it was so difficult to get water there. Stokes and his sister were at Newala. Evidently much had been done, for when the Bishop visited the archdeaconry in 1920, he confirmed over seven hundred candidates.

Meanwhile the work spread out in every direction. Miss Mills visited the district in 1921. She found a wonderful change since her resignation. There was the Central School, by this time quite full. She visited the original site of the first station at Mkomaindo. This was the site of the first station, opened by Bishop Steere in 1876 as a settlement for freed slaves. Maples was in charge until the great Angoni raid in 1882. After that the station was moved to Newala on the plateau, forty miles away. Later the present Masasi was started on the lower slopes of Mtandi hill, about three miles away. There were still a few of the old slaves at Mkomaindo, too old to walk as far as Masasi. A new church, therefore, had been built on the old site in 1920, and the priest came over from Masasi to minister to these old folk.

A very interesting experiment was made at Masasi in 1922. All the tribes of East Africa have initiation ceremonies for children when they reach the age of puberty. There is, no doubt, something good in these ceremonies, but there is a great deal which is quite impossible for Christians to countenance. These old tribal customs have a tremendous hold upon Africans. Hitherto the policy of the Mission has been to follow one of two courses. Either the ceremony was forbidden altogether to Christians, or else no one was baptized until after the initiation rites had been completed. In some parts of the Mission work the first course has been quite successful. In large parts of Nyasaland these old customs have simply died out. Occasionally they have been revived, but public opinion is against them. The second course is not very satisfactory. The missionaries appear to connive at what they are known to think very wrong, and the initiation rites under heathen or Moslem auspices are beastly enough to have a permanently bad effect on boys and girls who will presently be seeking baptism. At Masasi a new plan was tried, and that was to christianize the

initiation ceremonies. The staff was fully alive to the risks and took every precaution. It was a great asset having native clergy who could be trusted. Being natives, they could not be hoodwinked, as a European might well be. As far as could be seen the experiment was a great success. Padre Lucas, however, warned people not to jump to the conclusion that a really difficult problem had been finally solved. At the same time he confidently expressed his opinion that it was a step in the right direction, and hoped that it really would prove to be a solution in the end. He would now speak much more strongly as Bishop of Masasi. He believes that the experiment *has* proved to be a solution of the problem. Now, in 1935, the Christian initiation rites are the rule in all stations in the diocese of Masasi.

In this same year, 1922, the Bishop made the Church of St. Mary and St. Bartholomew at Masasi into a collegiate church. Padre Lucas was made first Provost and also a Canon of Zanzibar Cathedral. The other members of the college were the three rural deans of the archdeaconry, Archdeacon Lewin, Padre Danieli Usufu and Padre Kolumba Msigala. The idea in the Bishop's mind was that before very long the Ruvuma archdeaconry would have to be made a separate diocese. The work had grown so largely since the war that the Christians outnumbered those in all the other parts of the diocese put together. This great work, separated by some 300 miles from Zanzibar or the northern archdeaconries, should obviously form a separate diocese in the future. At the same time the Bishop did not look forward to this division in the immediate future, but he desired to see the archdeaconry organized round this centre, so that, when the time came, the way might be prepared.

In February 1922, Lumesule was reopened as a central station, with great joy. Canon Porter had first started work here, shortly before his death. It was the most westerly point in the archdeaconry, about seventy-five miles from Masasi. Owing to lack of priests and money after the war, the Bishop was unable to staff this station. A teacher carried on the work, but it was not satisfactory, for it was seldom that a priest could visit this

remote outpost to minister the sacraments or to exercise oversight. Now Padre Baker was put in charge, with a layman, de Winton, to help him. He also had two sisters of the C.S.P. and Nurse Pugh on his staff. It is interesting just to note how the staff was organized at the end of this year in the archdeaconry. Archdeacon Lewin and Padre Parsons were at Lulindi, with four ladies, two of whom were teachers and two nurses. Newala had Padre Stokes, his sister, Miss Stokes, and two sisters of the C.S.P. Padre Danieli was at Majembe. Padres Kolumba and Silvano were at Chiwata, with two sisters of the C.S.P. At Lumesule, as we have seen, was Padre Baker and his staff. Padre Reuben was at Nanyindwa. At Masasi itself were Canon Lucas and Padre Bates, Mr. Steele, two nurses and three lady teachers.

A rather important change was made in 1923. The Central School at Masasi was moved to Chidya in the Chiwata district, and for the future was to take boys from both the Masasi and Chiwata districts. Also this new school was put wholly in native hands. Padre Obed Kasembe was appointed headmaster, and his teaching staff were all Africans. There were sixty pupils studying there at the opening. It should be realized that this shows very remarkable progress. Only a few years earlier it would have been impossible to entrust such a school to an African headmaster and African staff.

In no part of the diocese had the work grown so rapidly since the war as in this archdeaconry, the archdeaconry of Ruvuma. In 1924 its supervision had become far too big a task for one man, and the Bishop felt bound to divide it. Archdeacon Lewin retained the old title of Archdeacon of Ruvuma. He had under his charge Masasi, Chiwata, Chidya, Majembe, Lulindi, Newala, Machombe and Mnyambe. The new archdeacon was Padre Swainson, who took his title from the river Mbangala. Under his care were Njawara, Mchauru, Luatala and Nanyindwa. The idea in Bishop Weston's mind was to divide the archdeaconries according to tribes. Roughly speaking, the Archdeacon of Ruvuma was mainly charged with the oversight of Yaos and the Archdeacon of Mbangala with Makuas. Namagono, Lumesule, Mbaya and Saidi Maumbo

were left under the Bishop's direct care and were extra archidiaconal, as they are still in 1935.

We now come to the close of Bishop Weston's work. Since he returned from England he had been travelling over his vast diocese. He had ordained an African priest and deacon at Msalabani on October 12. After that he went to Korogwe for baptisms and confirmation. He was back at Magila on October 28, complaining of a painful boil on his back. At first no one dreamt of danger. On Saturday, November 1, he was much worse, and from that time sank rapidly. He received the last sacraments on the Sunday morning very early, but Padre Douglas could not be sure that he was conscious. A very short time afterwards his spirit passed, at about 4.30 a.m., on Sunday, November 2, 1924. He was buried at Magila, and an African priest committed his body to the earth, while his flock stood round overwhelmed with sorrow. It is impossible to assess what he meant to his diocese, to the Mission, to the Church at large.

XXXIV

POST-WAR NYASALAND

THE diocese of Nyasaland was not faced with quite such serious difficulties as that of Zanzibar, but conditions were bad enough. The Lake, in normal times, affords easy communication between the stations, but it ceases to be a highway when the steamers are out of action. During the latter years of the war a weakness developed in the boiler of the *Chauncy Maples*. By careful nursing she was kept running to the close of the war, but then it became imperatively necessary to replace the boiler. A new one had been got out to the Lake, during the war, lest the old one should break down, and put together by Mr. England, and was all ready to be put into the steamer. But, in a country where there are no docks and no cranes, it was a tremendous task to get out the old boiler and put the new one in its place. Mr. Crouch, who had done good work on the Mission before, came out to help our own engineers, and at last the work was finished in May 1921. For all those months the diocese had to depend on the *Charles Janson*, which was really much too small for the task.

Again, just after the Armistice, the influenza epidemic, which seems to have affected most of the world, appeared on the Lake. It was a terrible time. At Mponda's there were four deaths in one family within the space of twenty-four hours. The Government of British Nyasaland did what it could to help, but it was impossible to do much. The Mission was sadly hindered for a time by the influenza regulations, which forbade gatherings in church or in school. Services were held as far as possible in the open air, as were many schools, but others had to be closed. Then, at the beginning of 1919, there began to be great scarcity of food. The rains had been poor in the previous season and the crop scanty, so that the stores were empty long before the new crop was ready to harvest. It was a dreadful time, and those who went through it will never forget it. The worst districts were Mkope on the Lake and Mtonya in the Yao hills, where Archdeacon Eyre was doing all he could for the

sufferers. The only consolation was that the 1918-19 rains were very good, and an abundant crop was growing in the gardens. Those who could hold out until the harvest would enjoy unusual plenty by April.

The Bishop was also handicapped, like his brother bishops, by the shortness of staff. A large number were overdue for leave, the Bishop himself having been out for nearly six years. He had to arrange for these leaves at all cost, unless he were prepared to face a number of breakdowns. He joined in the appeal of the other bishops for more workers. He asked for six new priests, four laymen and twelve ladies, six of whom should be nurses and six teachers.

In 1919 the training college at St. Michael's was opened again. As at Kiungani, those first months must have been a very difficult time. Students were able to come from all parts of the diocese again, but they came at different stages of training. Some, for instance, from old German territory, who had been unable to return to college in the war, now came back after a gap of four years. Also village schools had been conducted with great difficulty everywhere, and many of the students had been seriously handicapped by lack of opportunity. The work of the Mission depends so largely on its teachers that everyone was profoundly thankful to see the training college open again, but it must never be forgotten that the task of turning out the right sort of man, properly equipped, intellectually and spiritually, was an almost overwhelming task for the Principal. We owe much to Canon Spanton at Kiungani and to Canon Victor at Makulawe, that they succeeded in overcoming the difficulties.

In 1921 the Bishop reorganized the archdeaconries. The northern archdeaconries were left as they were, except that a piece was taken out of Archdeacon Johnson's jurisdiction and given to Archdeacon Glossop. That was that part of the mainland opposite to Likoma, which was worked as part of the Likoma parish. The southern Archdeaconry of Yaoland was divided. Archdeacon Eyre continued to watch over the work in the Yao hills at Unangu and Mtonya and from thence to the Lake, including the stations of Malindi and Lungwena.

Except for a village or two on the Lake side, between Malindi and Lungwena, it was a wholly Yao-speaking country. The new archdeaconry was called after the river Shiré and put in charge of Archdeacon Wilson. This began at the north in the Mkope (Monkey Bay) district, going southwards and including Mponda's, Likwenu and Matope. The Shiré Highlands and the townships of Zomba and Blantyre were also in this jurisdiction.

It should be noticed that the *Chauncy Maples* did not return to her old work. Before the war she was the headquarters of a vast parish, with over sixty substations. She visited the Mkope district to the south-west, and the clergy ministered to a series of substations there. Then she crossed over to the east side and visited all the substations from the English-Portuguese border at Msinje, right up to the most northern station in German territory, except for Padre Augustine's parish of Msumba. It was a great grief to Archdeacon Johnson that the *Chauncy Maples* did not return to this round, and it is impossible not to sympathize with him. But pioneer days were passing, and a huge field was now open for definite pastoral work. From the *C. M.* the sacraments could be ministered, though only after considerable and uncertain intervals, and a certain amount of oversight exercised, but little real pastoral work could be done. The Bishop therefore divided the steamer parish into land parishes, and the *C. M.*'s work is now one of transport. How useful this is only those who know the Lake can realize, and of those the Treasurer knows best, since he has to organize transport by other means when the steamer is not running. It is not only the European staff and stores that need transport. There is a continual movement of native teachers and their families, either going to new work, or going and returning from holidays. There is collecting the students of St. Michael's and St. Andrew's Colleges, and taking them home again. To amass the necessary food for these institutions is difficult enough, but it would be all but impossible without the steamer. The Bishop and the Doctor spend a good deal of their time travelling round the diocese, and without the steamer this would be very difficult. It is a different task which the *Chauncy Maples* is doing to-day, but it is doing just

as much as ever it was to help the work of the Mission to preach the Gospel in Nyasaland.

The reorganization of the steamer parish made it necessary to open two new head stations, besides minor alterations. In 1921 Sphinxhafen, as it was called by the Germans, or Liuli, as it is now called, was made a new central station. There is a beautiful little bay, with good anchorage for the steamer. There is a curious rock on the point, which, from a distance, looks very like the Sphinx. The place lies about half-way between the Portuguese border and Manda. Padre George was put in charge, with Misses Armstrong, Wilkes and Fage. There were now therefore two central stations in the old German territory. Archdeacon Johnson was at Manda (Wiedhafen) and George at Liuli. These stations were now under the British flag. It was a matter of great satisfaction to the Mission that German East Africa was handed over, under the Mandate, to the British Government. It was now known as the Tanganyika Territory. Now, except for our work in Portuguese East Africa on the Lake, the whole of the work of our Mission is under the British flag. Then in the south-west a new station was planted at Mkope, for what used generally to be known as the Monkey Bay district. Since the beginning of the war, when the steamers were commandeered, this had been part of Mponda's parish. First Padre Horner had helped the priest-in-charge at Mponda's and then Hicks, in this district. Padre Hicks was soon commandeered for war work and the priest-in-charge of Mponda's had to do as best he might for the whole combined district. When Padre Hicks came back from leave, the district was definitely separated, with Hicks in charge, in May 1921. This parish lies along the coast line of the Lake—a distance of about twenty-five miles, with Monkey Bay Village the farthest to the north. It is a very beautiful part of the Lake and the natives are very friendly. No one would suppose that it was haunted by fear of witchcraft and such horrors. It is probably the worst part of the diocese for these works of darkness, as Pemba is in the diocese of Zanzibar.

At the end of 1921 Archdeacon Glossop returned from leave

to take up his new work as Principal of St. Andrew's College. He had been priest-in-charge of Likoma and Chizumulu so long that this is a landmark in the history of the islands. It is impossible to estimate what the islands owe to him. Not only has he the wisdom and insight needed for such a task, but he has a manner which no native can long resist. The Bishop was fortunate to secure him as Principal of his Theological College, and there is this added advantage that he is still on the island and at hand if the priest-in-charge needs his advice.

Soon after the war Nyasaland was definitely brought two or three weeks nearer to England by the opening of the railway from Beira to the Zambezi. Instead of a journey down the Zambezi on a river steamer and then by a small steamer from Chinde to Beira, it now became possible to get from Blantyre to Beira in thirty-six hours. Also steamers from Chinde to Beira were irregular. Now at Beira Nyasaland gets in touch with the South African railway system, for a regular weekly mail runs between Beira and Cape Town. It was a fortunate thing that this railway was completed in time, for a cyclone swept Chinde in February 1922 and destroyed the little township and all the river steamers then lying in the Zambezi.

The Bishop dedicated the Mackenzie Memorial Church at Blantyre in May 1922. This, like so many of our churches, was designed by Padre George. It is dedicated to St. Paul. It will be remembered that the original church, built in memory of the first bishop of our Mission, was in the township at Chiromo. The township had completely dwindled away, since the Customs had been moved to Port Herald. The church was therefore standing useless and something had to be done. The Bishop therefore decided to move as much of it as could be moved, and re-erect it in Blantyre. The Europeans at Blantyre generously supported the scheme, which was thus happily carried into effect.

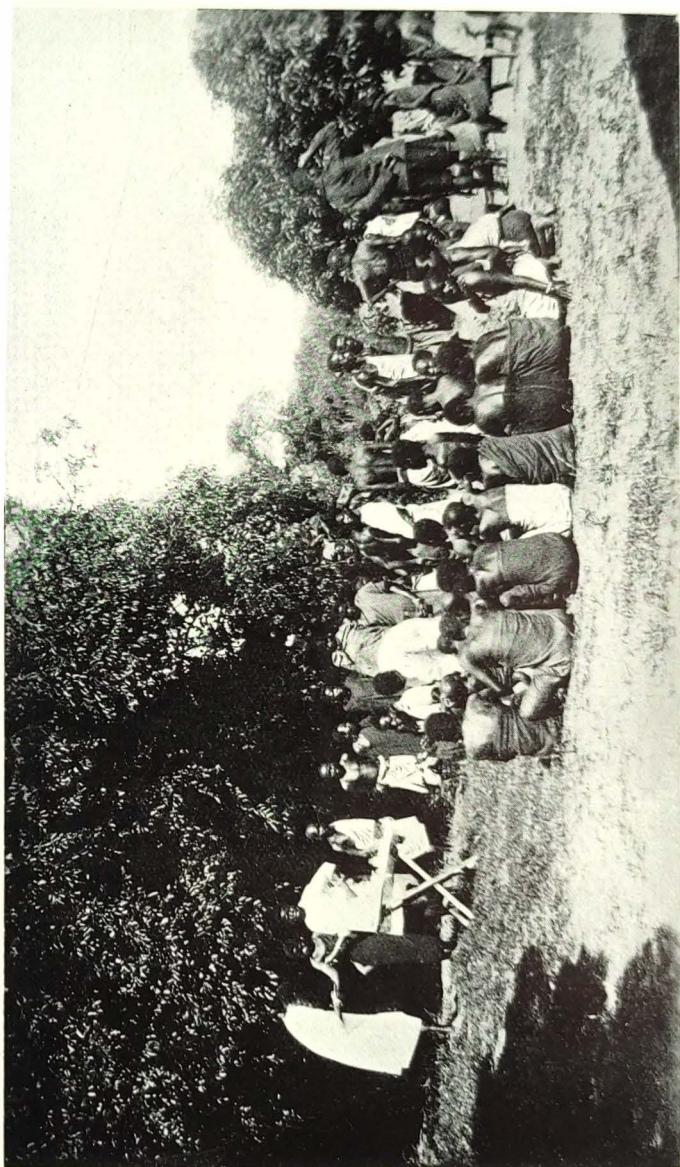
When the staff was collected at Likoma for the Synod and Conference in 1922, the Bishop formally constituted the Chapter of the Cathedral Church. There were to be eight stalls, but, for the present, only six were filled. One canonry

was attached to St. Michael's College, so the Principal, Padre Victor, became a canon. One African, Padre Augustine Ambali, was appointed to another stall, to the great satisfaction of all connected with the Mission, Europeans and Africans. The other four stalls were filled by the four archdeacons.

The Native Christian Marriage Ordinance of 1912, which had given so much trouble to the Missions and to the Government officials, was withdrawn in 1923. The Governor very wisely consulted the missionaries before promulgating a new ordinance. If the Government must needs legislate at all, the Bishop and his staff were most unwilling that heavy penalties should be attached by the State to breaches of the Christian marriage law. They much preferred to deal with such breaches as should occur among their own flock by proper Church discipline. The new ordinance, while securing registration, dropped the heavy penalties of the old ordinance, so leaving the question much as our own staff wished. This did not altogether please some of the other missionaries in the country.

In the diocese of Zanzibar provision had been made for such heathen or Muhammadans as came to believe the Gospel and yet found themselves tied fast by polygamous unions from which it was impossible to break free without inflicting real injustice and cruelty to others. They were admitted to a guild, the Guild of Abraham, and were accorded much the same status as catechumens. If the death of those to whom they were bound made baptism possible, or if themselves *in extremis*, they could be baptized. At the Synod of 1923 at Likoma, something of the same sort of thing was done for the Nyasaland diocese. The guild was called the Guild of the Godfearers.

In this same year a more definite plan was begun to help the lepers on Lundu Island. A permanent surgery was built, and it was arranged that the nurses at Liuli should visit the island regularly, as far as the weather should permit, to give the lepers proper treatment. The Germans had started the leper colony at Lundu, but it was not a satisfactory arrangement. In the first place there was no doctor to diagnose the disease, so it was not at all certain that all those who were interned on the island were really lepers. The arrangements about supplying food were



[Photo by Miss E. A. Hall

INJECTIONS AT LIULI LEPER CAMP

most unsatisfactory, and there was nothing done in the way of medical treatment. This is not to say that the German officials were without feeling for the lepers. The smallness of their staff made it impossible to do very much. Since the British took over the government of Tanganyika Territory they have done much for these poor folk and helped the Mission to do more.

This year also marks great progress in the provision of women teachers. A great deal had been done before by Miss Bulley, Miss Medd and Miss Nixon Smith. Now quite a large number of young African women were coming forward to prepare for the certificate examination, and many were passing successfully. The African women teacher's work was no new thing. Kathleen Mkwarasho, one of Miss Thackeray's pupils, Kathleen Bai, Mary Nasibu, and many others had done excellent work at Likoma. But now there was certainly a great advance being made, which has been followed up at Likoma by Miss Klamborowski. What is perhaps more important, the other large stations began to follow Likoma's example, and since then nearly all the stations, great and small, are doing the same.

In 1924 the diocese lost its first native priest, Padre Yohana Abdallah. He was a stepson of the chief, Barnaba Nakaam, who had been so useful to Archdeacon Johnson and others in the early days. Yohana was sent up from Masasi by Bishop Smythies to help Dr. Hine at Unangu. Later he was ordained deacon and priest. All his ministry was fulfilled at Unangu in the Yao hills, a little out of touch with the rest of the diocese. He had started for a few months' holiday with his kinsfolk near the coast. He was taken ill on the way and died.

Later in the year a sad disaster robbed Likoma of one of its fleet of sailing boats. Very little grows on the island, and the station depends very much on its boats. Two of these have been given by Bedford School. One, the *Sherriff*, was lost with Bishop Maples, and the other, the *Ouzel*, is still in commission. Three boats have been given by Padre Bucknall-Smith. The *Mary* and the *Patience* were wooden boats, which did useful service and gradually wore out. The third, the *Chikulupi*, was a beautiful yacht-built boat of metal, and is the best of the

fleet. Then there was the *Charlotte*, a gun-metal boat, which had at one time engines and a propeller, but for many years the engines had been discarded. It was this boat, which was returning from the mainland with grass for thatching. She was overloaded, one fears, and had more passengers than was right. A sudden squall upset her and she went to the bottom. All the crew were saved by clinging to bundles of grass, until canoes came out from shore and rescued them. But two poor women were drowned. They were wearing heavy brass bracelets and anklets, after the Likoma fashion. With these ornaments on they could not have had a chance, and must have sunk like stones.

In January 1925 a new station was opened at Milo, the sixth new station to be opened since the war began. The others were in the order of natural development. Work at Likwenu became too big for one man, so Matope was cut off to form a new station. So it was with Mkope, Ngoo, Liuli and Manda. Milo was a new departure altogether, and immensely increased the area for which the diocese is responsible. Before the war, a German Lutheran Mission, known as the Berlin Mission, started the station at Milo, where they built a fine church and other buildings, and had made a splendid garden. Then came the war, and the station was long derelict. The Berlin Mission never expected to be able to reoccupy the station, for financial reasons. The Tanganyika Government therefore asked the U.M.C.A. to take charge and the committee of the Berlin Mission joined in this request. Our Bishop was not very eager to take on this fresh responsibility, but Archdeacon Johnson was burning to seize the opportunity of doing something for these poor Christians, left as sheep without a shepherd. So, when our Home Committee felt able to guarantee the money, the Bishop accepted the charge. He sent Padre Lawrence and Mr. Ferguson to take possession in January 1925. In May Miss Runacre and Miss Read joined the staff. Milo is a wonderful spot, some 7,000 feet above sea-level. It is only some fifteen miles from the Lake, as the crow flies, but there the great granite mountains fall sheer down to the water. To reach Milo one must needs land at Manda and then journey three

days, climbing most of the time. When you get to this lovely spot, you find apples and all sorts of European fruits and flowers flourishing. But the difficulties are great. No one with a weak heart or jumpy nerves could live comfortably at such an altitude. There are new languages to be learnt and new varieties of Bantu customs. Villages are so small and so scattered, that it is very difficult to arrange for schools. The Bishop was well aware of these difficulties and did not lightly undertake the task, but in the circumstances it was not easy to refuse, and here, as elsewhere, our work has certainly been blessed.

The year 1925 was unmarked by great changes. At Likoma the doctor was able to accomplish a long-cherished project. This was the formation of a colony of lepers, collected for treatment, on Likoma island. He found a very suitable site on a promontory, away from all other people. The place could be reached easily by canoe from Chipyela, only, if it were rough, the doctor and nurses had to go rather a long way round. The lepers responded eagerly, and soon there were quite a number in the colony undergoing treatment. At the other end of the diocese the new church at Likwenu was consecrated. It was designed by Padre George and built by Mr. Griggs. It really is a wonderful piece of work for an amateur builder. The present writer confesses that he eyed it with some suspicion, but those competent to judge declared it to be a very sound piece of work, which would stand the test of time. This church, the Church of the Ascension, was solemnly consecrated by the Bishop on Ascension Day, 1925.

The other two notable events of 1925 concern visitors. First came the visit of the Phelps-Stokes Commission. This was a commission sent out from America by the trustees of the Phelps-Stokes Fund, to enquire into the needs of African education. The member of this commission who excited the greatest interest in Nyasaland was Dr. J. E. K. Aggrey, the famous Negro educationalist, afterwards Vice-Principal of the Prince of Wales' College, Achimota, under Dr. Fraser. They were also accompanied by Mr. Loram, the South African authority on education. The effect of this commission was to

stir up all our East African governments to take a much keener interest in native education. One cannot be too grateful to this commission for bringing home this primary duty to those in authority.

The other visit was from Dr. Zwemer, one of the greatest living authorities on Islam. He is an American, who has spent most of his life either on the Persian Gulf or in Cairo. He was an extraordinarily interesting man, and most stimulating. Those who met him at Mponda's will not soon forget his visit. It is much to be regretted that he could not afford the time to travel up the Lake and visit our other stations.

XXXV

NORTHERN RHODESIA AFTER THE WAR

THE first few years after the war were almost more disappointing in Northern Rhodesia than in our other dioceses. Less directly affected by the war than the other parts, it might have seemed that here a great expansion of work might reasonably be expected. The Bishop hoped, just as everyone else hoped, that our staff would be swelled by volunteers. Instead of this, the Bishop found himself worse off than ever. Like his brother bishops he was in dire need of more priests. He asked for six. Until he could strengthen his staff of priests he felt bound to let the women's work go. This was a special grief to him, for he well knew the need of it. Men can do very little for the women of Africa without women's help. If the women are not won, missionary work can only be one-sided and ill-balanced. Small as was his staff of priests, it was still further weakened by Archdeacon De la Pryme's retirement in 1919. He had joined the Mission first in 1899. After working in the Nyasaland diocese, he moved over to the new diocese under Bishop Hine. He had worked all his time in Rhodesia at Fort Jameson, and had been made archdeacon by Bishop Hine, just before his retirement.

In spite of lack of priests, the Bishop did not want to lose the opportunity of opening work at Mkushi, a sort of half-way house between Mapanza and Fort Jameson. Deerr, lately ordained priest, was commissioned to open the new station. He was again accompanied by some of his faithful followers from Ng'omba, as he had been when starting Chipili. He set to work with characteristic energy and soon had two flourishing schools. But when he wrote in February 1919, the famine was bad at Mkushi as throughout East Africa, and he had been obliged to send his boys home until the harvest, as he simply could not provide food for them. With Deerr at Mkushi, the rest of the small staff was employed as follows. Ranger, with Hewitt, who had just come out, was at Msoro. Moffatt was at Mapanza. Leeke and Pulley were at Chipili. Father Rand was

acting as chaplain at Livingstone. Taylor, who had just come with his wife from Nyasaland, was acting as chaplain at Fort Jameson.

But these arrangements did not last long. Early in 1920 Deerr broke down. He was taken to hospital at Livingstone and there he was found to be suffering from an incurable illness. To the dismay of the Bishop and the whole staff he died on March 5, 1920. Not only was he an energetic and devoted missionary who had won the confidence of Africans to an unusual degree, but also he was the one man in the diocese with long experience of Africa. He joined the Zanzibar staff as a layman in 1902. Like MacLennan and Moffatt he had followed Bishop Hine to Northern Rhodesia and had seen the beginning of things there. His death seemed an overwhelming blow. It also impressed upon the Bishop the conviction that he must never again allow a European to work alone, without another European companion. From the first the Bishop had realized to the full that such an isolated position was undesirable, as indeed had Bishop Hine. Circumstances had, however, forced Bishop Hine's hands and Bishop May had, most unwillingly, to follow his example. Now he felt that he must make a stand. Mkushi, with all its promise, had to be closed. The Bishop himself undertook the melancholy task of evacuating the station. It was all the sadder, in that he could not honestly hold out hopes of its reoccupation, at any rate in the near future. Deerr's faithful followers sadly returned to Chipili, only to find consternation there also. The Bishop had been compelled to warn the priests at Chipili that, unless help came, and very soon, he must needs close down that station also, in order to hold on to Mapanza and Msoro with an adequate staff. Happily this disaster was averted. It was sad enough to have to close a new station at Mkushi, but Chipili was now established. "The schools are flourishing," Leeke wrote at the end of 1919. At this very time there were seventy regular hearers, which meant a promise of an abundant future. It would have been a dreadful thing if Chipili had had to be closed as well as Mkushi.

But Chipili was not to escape without its troubles. It will

be remembered that when the chancel of solid masonry was built, the rest of the church was still built only of reeds and poles. All through the year 1920 a new nave was being built of masonry. By Christmas time the whole church was finished. It was a handsome building, with a wide span of roof, and large enough to meet all requirements for years to come. On Christmas Eve a large congregation assembled and Festal Evensong was joyfully sung. Scarcely had the congregation left the building when a great crash was heard, and the church lay a complete ruin. It is supposed that there must have been an unsuspected flaw in one of the principals, which caused it to give way. This would throw undue strain on the neighbouring principals, which would give way in their turn, until the whole roof collapsed, dragging the walls with it. Leeke heroically took the whole blame upon his shoulders and must have our sincerest sympathy. The hard, but short-grained, African wood, breaks much more easily than most European timber under the strain of a side-thrust. A minute flaw may easily escape detection. One can only marvel that such disasters are not more frequent. Sad as this disaster was, it might have been so much worse. If it had happened only a very short time earlier, the whole Christian community at Chipili would have been buried in the ruins. As it was, no one was in any way injured. Nor does the story end here. Only a few months later the congregation of St. Andrew's, Worthing, made the splendid offer to rebuild the church. They had lately lost their much-loved vicar, George Kynaston Boyd, and were considering the question of a permanent memorial. It was decided to undertake the rebuilding of the church at Chipili. This church now stands a memorial to a faithful priest, and surely a monument to a generous congregation, who were content to give of their substance to raise a church in a distant land, which they were never likely to see, instead of adding something to their own beautiful church or well-equipped parish at home. The new building could not be begun at once. It was not till December 23, 1924, that the foundation stone was laid by Frank George, who designed the new church, as he has designed so many others in our Mission.

The year 1921 opened with bright prospects for the diocese. Six new priests were either at work in the diocese or expected shortly. The Bishop had special plans in his mind for two stations. Firstly, he was determined to restart Deerr's work at Mkushi. The other station in his mind was Msoro. Ranger had done a great deal of translation work in the Chinsenga language, and the Bishop noted an improved moral tone on the station, which he attributed partly to the Christians being able to understand better their Bible and their services through these translations, and also to energetic pastoral work. The Bishop was anxious to develop the small training college for teachers, which Ranger, assisted by Hewitt, was trying to carry on among all his other work. Also he hoped to arrange for the Sisters of the Community of the Sacred Passion to undertake work here. But disappointment was again the Bishop's lot. Humphrey Kenyon, a young priest, who seemed as strong and healthy as he was full of zeal, died in less than a month after reaching Msoro. Cooke also was so unwell that he could not carry on his work in the highlands. But this was by no means altogether a disaster, for he was able to work at Livingstone at a lower level. There he gained the affection of his flock, especially the children, to a singular degree, and did a really important work in a sphere which is not an easy one. But the result of Kenyon's death and of Cooke's breakdown was that the reopening of Mkushi had to be postponed.

The hope that the Sisters might soon start work at Msoro was also disappointed. Msoro lies in a marshy country and is admittedly an unhealthy place. The Mission chooses the most healthy site possible for its stations in the circumstances, but its first concern is not whether a place be specially healthy, but whether it is a good place from which to preach the Gospel. Now Msoro is a very good place from which to preach the Gospel, for it lies in the middle of a very thickly populated area, but the area is not very healthy. Just at this time the Government began to consider whether it would not be better to transfer the existing population of the district wholesale to some healthier area in the large unoccupied districts of Northern

Rhodesia. A commission of enquiry was appointed. The Bishop therefore was suddenly confronted with the possibility of seeing the whole of his flock transferred to some other, perhaps quite distant, area. The Bishop thought it would be bad for the natives to be moved on other grounds, even to some rather healthier place, and therefore protested against the plan. Until a definite decision could be made by the Government, it was obvious that any extension of existing work at Msoro was out of the question, and the Bishop had to abandon the project of getting the Sisters to undertake work at Msoro. It was years before this question was finally decided, and it long hung as a menacing cloud over all that was done or planned for Msoro.

At Chipili there were troubles for the staff, not so much connected with their work as missionaries, but rather on the administrative side of it. It will be remembered that Deerr was followed to Chipili by practically the whole of a small village, Ng'omba. These people were located in a sort of Mission village near the station. Here too dwelt various employees of the Mission, with their wives and families. It was no doubt an attractive place in which to live, in native eyes, free as it was from most of the tribal obligations of an ordinary village. Hence all sorts of hangers-on attached themselves to those who had a legitimate reason for dwelling there. In process of time it became, according to Leeke, a cave of Adullam. Troubles began. There were sudden and mysterious deaths. Charges of witchcraft and poisoning were bandied about. At the beginning of 1922 the headman himself was accused of witchcraft. Evidently he was not popular and, believing himself to be in danger of his life, he fled from the village. This could not be allowed to go on. The village was, so to speak, under the ægis of the Mission, and the Mission was to some extent responsible for its behaviour. Yet, when it comes to witchcraft, it is wellnigh impossible for a European to come at the truth. In these circumstances Leeke took the wise course of dispersing the village. Those who wished to live in the district could build a village for themselves, or if they had kinsfolk, they could join them. It was not a popular

step, but it had become necessary. In place of this disreputable village, a decent, comfortable compound was built, where those who were really working for the Mission could be accommodated, and for the period of their work.

In July 1922 the Bishop presided over the third General Missionary Conference in Northern Rhodesia. It was attended by representatives of nearly all the Missions, including the Jesuits. Father Barnes and Cooke went with the Bishop to represent the U.M.C.A. Matters of great interest were discussed. The Bishop wrote that the Conference "was animated throughout by a spirit of harmony and good fellowship." In this respect Northern Rhodesia is in advance of the other East African dependencies. It seems a real loss that such conferences cannot be held elsewhere.

At the end of the year 1922 the Bishop paid a second visit to Barotseland. Missionary work there is in the hands of the Paris Evangelical Mission, but since 1921 the Barotse National School, a government institution for Africans, has been under the charge of an Anglican priest, Rev. F. C. Suckling. He had been holding regular services for the small English community at Mungo. These Europeans had built themselves a little church. The Bishop had the pleasure of consecrating this church on the Sunday after Christmas, 1922.

Early in 1923 the Bishop lost two of his scanty staff, Ranger and Pulley. Ranger, who had only come out again because of the desperate need, now resigned finally. Quite apart from his missionary activities, he had done a great work for the diocese by his translations. Endowed with the gift of languages, he had set himself to the serious study of Chinsenga. He had translated the New Testament and the Prayer Book, besides other useful literature, into that tongue. It was only this year that the British and Foreign Bible Society had published the complete New Testament. Those competent to judge speak warmly of the soundness of his work. This is a contribution to the Missionary cause which only comparatively few can make. About the same time Padre Pulley's health broke down and he was compelled to retire. He and Leeke had worked so well together at Chipili that they seemed to make an ideal

partnership. He was a great loss, for the work at Chipili was now growing rapidly and he was needed more than ever.

In spite of these losses there was much to be said on the brighter side in the year 1923. The Bishop was much perplexed how to provide for the needs of Livingstone, for it was imperatively necessary for Cooke to take his leave this year. Then the Rev. Wilfrid Ellis very gallantly offered to take charge during Cooke's leave. He was Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the authorities of the college kindly granted him leave of absence in order to undertake this task. Later, Padre Ellis was on our permanent staff, but he came out first for this temporary work. This relieved the Bishop's anxieties about Livingstone. A little later he was able to start women's work at Chipili. Misses Richards and Sutton arrived there in November 1923. It was wonderful the progress which was being made at Chipili, and the advent of the ladies was a stimulus to the work. The Bishop wrote: "I was amazed at the crowds of people, young and old, who are coming in to be taught on Sundays, many of them from considerable distances."

The year 1924 brought great political changes to Northern Rhodesia. On April 1 the chartered company, which had hitherto governed the country, handed over their authority to the new protectorate government. The chartered company had done its work well, and the directors had shown a real sense of their responsibilities in selecting their staff. There was a splendid *esprit de corps* among the officials and a just pride in their thorough and upright administration of the country. But now the time fixed for the expiry of the charter had arrived, and the country became a Protectorate, under a Governor, Sir Herbert Stanley. The Bishop wrote gratefully in his annual report that such a man had been chosen. He was admittedly a very successful Governor from an administrative point of view, and he was a very good friend to the Mission.

At last in this same month, April 1924, the Bishop had the very great satisfaction of reopening Deerr's work at Mkushi. Hewitt was put in charge, and he was accompanied by that very energetic layman, Hugh Stewart. All friends of

the Mission rejoiced to see this derelict station a going concern again. It was not merely the reoccupation of a sphere from which we had been compelled to withdraw for a time, but other Missions were prepared to undertake work in the district, and our chance would have been gone if we could not have reoccupied Mkushi then. When Hewitt and Stewart took possession, it was decided to move the station to higher ground. They chose a healthier spot, called Fiwila, about a mile from the old station on the river Mkushi. From thenceforth the station has been known officially as Fiwila, a word, be it noted, which is said to be exceedingly difficult to pronounce properly. Here, a little later, was established the Diocesan Training College for teachers. At first Northern Rhodesia had to rely to a large extent on help from Nyasaland, who seconded a certain number of teachers for work there. De la Pryme had made a small tentative beginning of a training college at Fort Jameson. This had not been a conspicuous success. Later, Ranger and Hewitt had been more successful at Msoro. The Community of the Resurrection had given valuable help in helping to train teachers for Northern Rhodesia at Penhalonga. Now the diocese was to have its own permanent training college at Fiwila. Already in its first year Hewitt had twenty-four students.

About this time East Africa was troubled by a curious semi-religious movement, known as the "Watch Tower." The slogan of the movement was "Africa for the Africans." It was probably this which gave it its great momentum, for the African has real grievances enough to make this challenge to stand up for his rights in his own country a very compelling one. The movement began in America and was largely financed from there. The writer once met an American sent to inspect the work in Africa by its supporters. Evidently the Americans were quite in the dark as to both doctrines and methods of their emissaries in Africa. This particular visitor was extremely disturbed at what he found. Indeed he was horrified.

On the religious side their teaching, while everywhere vaguely Christian, seems to have differed in different districts. In some districts they undoubtedly taught a moral code, much higher

than the ordinary heathen standard, while in other parts they were frankly antinomian, teaching that it mattered little how a man lived, so long as he supported the movement. All taught that the Second Advent was near. Though widespread in Northern Rhodesia, the movement only affected our Mission in two districts, and our own Christians were in the main staunch, except some in the Fiwila district. Round Fiwila things were very bad indeed. A Watch Tower preacher, calling himself the Son of God, won over most of the population of the district, including the chief, Shaiwira. Then it became a witch-hunting business, and many suspected of witchcraft were murdered. The Bishop put the Christians of the district under an interdict, and refused the ministration of the sacraments until they would take a firmer stand. Next, the preacher, the chief, Shaiwira, and others were arrested for murder and were condemned and hanged. After this the movement lost its influence and rapidly dwindled away. The other district where the movement made a serious impression was amongst the Akunda, just to the north of Msoro and almost on the doorstep of the Mission. Whole villages were swept into the movement. Though it hindered our work for a while, it was not long before the preachers proved to be impostors and the movement died out, as it had done round Fiwila. The whole movement shows how careful Europeans ought to be in letting loose new doctrines, however true, in Africa, without taking the slightest trouble to watch over the movement and guard against unexpected reactions to the stimulus. The Watch Tower authorities have now pledged themselves to send no more of their literature to Northern Rhodesia, but that does not necessarily mean that the tares once sown will die out, nor does it excuse the upsetting of regular work done for Africans by our and other Missions. Nor does it bring to life again those murdered round Fiwila and in other districts.

To these Akunda neighbours, Ranger and others of the staff at Msoro, had long wished to send teachers. The lack of priests had hitherto prevented an organized advance into the district. This strange infatuation of the Watch Tower movement came as a warning that, if the Christians failed, there were others

ready to take advantage of their neglect. This year (1924) therefore a teacher was sent into the Akunda country and began work. This was a more important step than just opening a new outstation. Though not far in distance from Msoro, it meant beginning work in a new tribe and in a new language.

In 1925 Father Deacon resigned. The Mission owes him a great debt of gratitude. When the N. Rhodesian staff was at its lowest ebb, he stepped in, in spite of his years, to give his help. He had worked untiringly at Mapanza and Shakashina. There were times when he felt very despondent, for there seemed little response to his teaching. But it was a case of the seed growing secretly. His work had not been thrown away. Before he resigned he had the happiness of seeing, if not an abundant harvest, at least a better promise of one. There seemed a better moral tone and a deeper earnestness among the Christians and a real awakening of interest among the outsiders.

At Easter in 1925 a new sphere of work was opened. This was the work of ministering to the growing European population in the copper-belt district at Broken Hill. The discovery of rich copper deposits in the north-west corner of the diocese made it likely that the European population would be largely increased in the course of a few years. It would also mean that enormous numbers of Africans would flock to the district, seeking work in the copper mines. Fortunately the Bishop found himself with a larger staff of priests, inadequate indeed for his needs, but certainly less inadequate than ever before in the history of the diocese. The Bishop felt very strongly his duty to provide ministrations for his European flock, whenever it was humanly possible to do so. He therefore sent Padre Maurice Clarke, who had lately joined his staff, to undertake this important work at Broken Hill.

Many and grievous were the disappointments which had befallen the diocese since the war, but by the end of 1925 the staff could thank God and take courage. There were fourteen priests on the staff, three laymen and three ladies. All the stations were staffed, but not in quite such a satisfactory manner as might appear on paper. The Bishop pointed out in his annual report that there were as yet no African priests,

and that Europeans must needs go on leave every three or four years. Still the prospect was certainly bright. Ladies were actually at work at Chipili and it was hoped to have ladies at work at Msoro before long. The Bishop had waited anxiously for the Government's decision, whether to remove the people from the Msoro district or not. At last he could wait no longer, and he had arranged for the ladies to come to Msoro. Happily the Government's decision was made next year, and it was to leave the population as it was. The progress at these two stations, Msoro and Chipili, was wonderful. At each station there was an enormous number of hearers and catechumens coming on. At Msoro the work in the Akunda country was now being pushed in earnest. It had been uphill work. The Watch Tower movement, which had taken such a hold there, seemed to be withering away, but it had left a legacy of suspicion behind it. This was being gradually overcome, chiefly owing to the steady work of Padre Higgins and Reader Harun. There were now eleven schools in the district, and the work of evangelization was going forward. At Chipili, Father Barnes had done much to improve the schools, which were flourishing. At Fiwila, Hewitt was building up the Training College for teachers on sound lines. In spite of the loss of Father Deacon, the work at Mapanza and Shakashina went on growing under Ruck and Adams. Lastly, the Government, moved by the Phelps-Stokes Commission, was seriously determined to grapple with the question of native education. It was prepared to collaborate with Missions, and had appointed an advisory board of which the Bishop was a member. At no time hitherto in his episcopate could Bishop May look forward more hopefully to the future than at the New Year of 1926.

XXXVI

BISHOP BIRLEY AND ZANZIBAR

BISHOP WESTON'S death was a stunning blow to his diocese, but the work had to go on. Just before his death the school at Kwa Mkono became a "Central School," that is, a school to which the most promising boys in the district could be sent, so as to get a higher standard of education than could be provided in the village school, and also from which such scholars as appeared to have the vocation, could be sent on to the diocesan Training College. In February 1925, a still more important central school was that now established at Kiwanda. This was a project on which the late Bishop had set his heart. He had bought a piece of ground about four miles from Tongwe and nine from Misozwe. The site chosen was just a hill in the midst of the forest. It is a beautiful spot, but the special object in view was to choose a place where the scholars might be able to grow some of their own food. The plan was to move the Central School from Msalabani and place it here at Kiwanda. It was a big undertaking. Mr. Beal had to build no less than seventeen buildings of various sorts of *pisé de terre*. It was designed to accommodate 120 boys, but almost immediately that number was exceeded. When the boys' school migrated from Msalabani to Kiwanda, the girls' big school was moved into the vacant buildings, which were much more suitable to their needs than their old buildings had been.

In May 1925, the Venerable Thomas Howard Birley, Archdeacon of Ziguiland, accepted the vacant bishopric. He was at home in time for the Anniversary and spoke as Bishop-designate. He spoke very strongly about the need for dividing the great diocese to which he was about to be consecrated. He explained that the members of the staff had realized that the division was needed, but as long as Bishop Weston was alive, no one wished to be taken from his jurisdiction. He said that now the great Bishop was dead they were all of one mind. He went on to show that it was not merely the administrative side of the work which was so heavy, but he emphasized the

importance of the pastoral side. A missionary bishop must keep in touch with his staff, especially the African clergy, and he must be able to deal with individuals, the lapsed and the penitent. The Bishop's words went home, and the more so since it could hardly be doubted that Bishop Weston's death was largely due to overwork.

The Bishop was consecrated on St. Barnabas' Day, 1925, in Westminster Abbey. He reached Zanzibar on November 8th and was duly enthroned. He found himself faced with all sorts of difficulties. Famine was very bad throughout almost all East Africa. The Ruvuma archdeaconries had had no episcopal visit for eighteen months and, apart from other needs, there were crowds waiting for confirmation. At Zanzibar itself the outlook was gloomy. The staff was too small and sadly overworked. Padre Broomfield had caused not a little stir by his article in *Central Africa*, "Wanted, a Prophet." He realized that in Zanzibar we had barely touched the fringe of the Muhammadan population. Nearly all our converts were either freed slaves or people from the mainland. He wrote in the spirit of "divine discontent" proper to a missionary and, though in some quarters misunderstood, it was no light service to the cause to be brave enough to face the facts. It can hardly be doubted that the work in Zanzibar and Pemba is the most difficult and discouraging of any in the Mission. We have every reason to be proud that there have never been wanting fit persons to undertake it and persevere in it. Since Bishop Steere's days we have had a wonderful succession of men and women, who have devoted themselves to God's service in these islands.

A long-cherished plan of Bishop Weston was carried to completion on December 5th, 1925. It had been felt for many years that Kiungani was not a good place for training teachers. To bring up-country youths to a place so close to such a city as Zanzibar was not good for them. Either they had to be kept in almost hothouse seclusion, or they must needs be exposed to a quite unnecessary strain of temptation. Bishop Weston had secured a fine site at a place called Minaki, about twenty miles from Dar-es-Salaam. It was an old German plantation,

with the planter's house and outbuildings still standing. A chapel was built and new buildings. At last the time came when Padre Gibbons, who had succeeded Canon Spanton as Principal, was able to take possession. The Governor, Sir Donald Cameron, kindly came to open the College and made an encouraging speech. The Bishop blessed the new buildings. Thus, after sixty years' existence at Kiungani, St. Andrew's College made a new beginning in more open and purer air at Minaki.

The old building at Kiungani, vacated by the Training College, was occupied by St. Paul's High School. For this it was admirably suited. The pupils were not up-country folk, as were most of the St. Andrew's students. They were island boys from Zanzibar and Pemba, with one or two from Tanga and Dar-es-Salaam on the mainland. It was not a case of bringing simple country boys into all the temptations of city life. At first all those attending St. Paul's School were moved to Kiungani. There were between twenty and twenty-five Moslems and forty-five Christians. Thirty-five of these Christians were boarders. The Christians were mostly young, of about the age of fourteen or under. The Muhammadans were nearly all full-grown. The Principal, Padre Broomfield, soon found that this was not satisfactory. It was more likely that the older Moslem youths would influence the Christian boys, rather than that the Christian boys would influence their Moslem seniors. After a very brief trial it was decided that there must be two schools. The Moslems therefore went back to the old buildings at Mkunazini, and only Christians were admitted to St. Paul's School, Kiungani. The arrangement proved highly satisfactory. The Christian boys were for the most part children of Christian parents and paid a small school fee. Their numbers soon rose to over fifty and their progress was very marked. The aim was to fit them to be clerks or craftsmen, carpenters or mechanics. Before long they were in great demand, and the Principal received letters from would-be employers from places as far away as Nairobi, Tabora and Port Herald. Some, it was hoped, might proceed to Minaki and become teachers. The new venture of a wholly Moslem

school also prospered. There were soon seventy pupils and a long waiting list. Padre Broomfield was in charge of both schools, but most of the actual work at Mkunazini School was done by two laymen, Gill and Taylor.

On February 28, 1926, the diocese suffered a great loss in the death of that faithful layman, Walter Russell. He had joined the staff in 1893. He worked first on Zanzibar island and later at Msalabani and Korogwe. He was one of those interned by the Germans during the war, and he bore all the hardships of that time with unflinching good humour. He had been brought to the hospital at Zanzibar, after an attack of dysentery, from which he appeared to be recovering. There his heart failed to stand the strain and he passed away.

Meanwhile the arrangements for the new diocese were being made. It was decided that it should bear the name of Masasi. In April 1926, the Archbishop offered the charge of the new diocese to Canon William Vincent Lucas, and he accepted the responsibility. This left the Bishop of Zanzibar with the charge of the three northern archdeaconries, Zanzibar, Magila and Ziguiland. It must not be supposed that the Bishop would now have an easy task. He must still be in journeyings often, in weariness and painfulness, but he had now a possible task, instead of an impossible one. He could now be pastor, as well as administrator ; he could get to know his people and their needs ; he could help and encourage his clergy and be in a true sense a Father in God.

Soon after the division of the diocese the Bishop felt obliged to rearrange his archdeaconries. He realized that the oversight of the Archdeaconry of Ziguiland was an impossible task for Archdeacon Douglas. He decided therefore to divide it. Douglas was given the Korogwe district and Kizara, with the title of Archdeacon of Korogwe. Padre Maddocks was given the title of Archdeacon of Ziguiland, with the remainder of the old archdeaconry. The diocese, as now constituted, consisted of four archdeaconries. Hallett was Archdeacon of Zanzibar, with the oversight of the islands and the coast strip. Mackay was Archdeacon of Magila. Douglas was Archdeacon of Korogwe and Maddocks of Ziguiland.

We have seen that the work on Pemba island was perhaps the most difficult in the Mission. The two centres of Weti and Kitosia were, however, very live stations. About this time a new opening came to the staff. The Government started a leper colony on the island of Funzi, about three-quarters of an hour away from Weti by motor-boat. These lepers were placed under the care of our nurses at Pemba, and the Government provided the motor transport. In all parts of our Mission our doctors and nurses are helping to fight this dreadful disease and that as though it came just in the day's work. Perhaps it may be thought that, with modern knowledge, there is not much danger attached to this work. Alas, that is not altogether true, as is shown by the fact that one of our nurses has contracted the disease. In spite of this, the others carry on the work as a matter of course. Little is said about this, but one feels that this much at least ought to be said here.

The church at Kigongoi fell down in Holy Week, 1927. Luckily it was at night, and nobody was in the church except Padre Petro Bwambwara. He was saying his prayers, and had just time to rush out of the building. It was an ordinary reed-and-pole building, not like the church at Chipili, but it is worth recalling its fall, for it seemed to stir up the energies of the congregation to meet the crisis. The big Easter Mass had to be at Maramba, at the foot of the mountain range, but the number of communicants exceeded all previous records. Moreover the Christians were determined to do better another time and build a permanent church of either brick or *pisé*. Another happy result was that their Bonde Christian neighbours set about collecting money to help their brethren in distress.

In May 1927, the Bishop received sad news. For thirty-three years the diocese had received invaluable help from the Society of the Sacred Mission. Now the Director of that Society informed the Bishop that it had been decided to concentrate on work in South Africa, and that he would be compelled to withdraw the men working for the U.M.C.A. The Society was very considerate and gave the Bishop two clear years' warning. We owe the Society an immense debt of gratitude and the loss

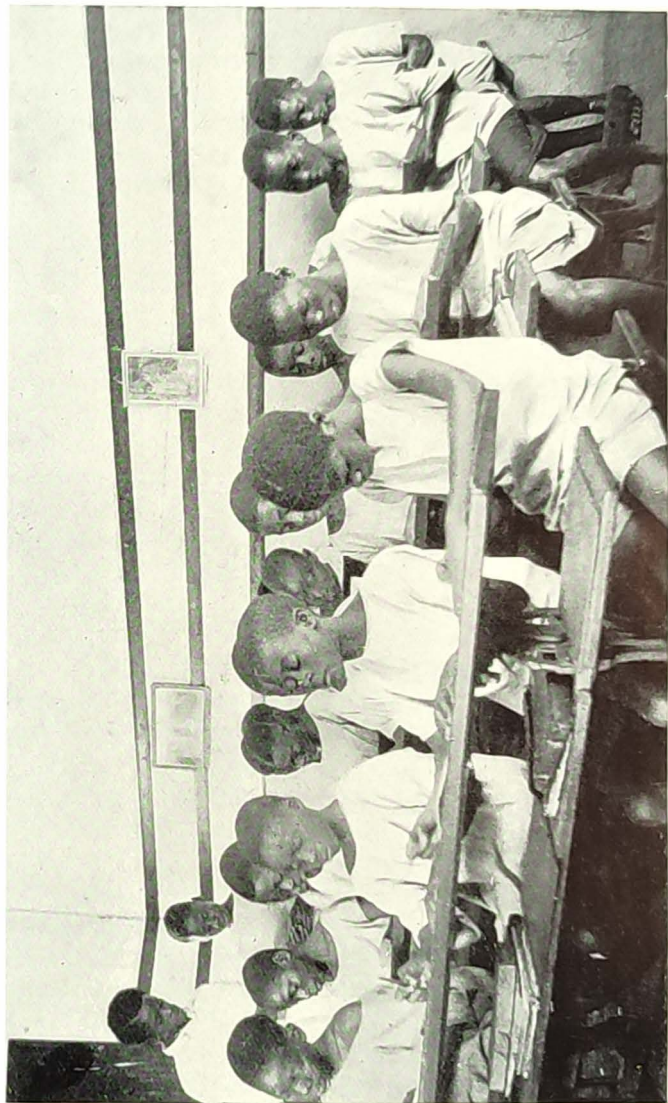


Photo by Mrs. Heiker

KIWANDA CENTRAL SCHOOL, STANDARD III

of the S.S.M. Padres, Father Whitworth and Father Smith, was a very heavy one.

The Central School at Kiwanda was developed this year, 1927. It was no longer to be merely a nursery for boys bound for St. Andrew's, Minaki, but it was also to prepare boys for other useful vocations in life. Padre Hellier was headmaster. Besides an African staff, he had the assistance of Beal, who took charge of the industrial department, and Miss Abdy. The spiritual charge of the whole was still in the hands of Canon Sehoza. The Bishop was determined that an up-to-date education should be given, but that it must be, as far as possible, on African lines and that it must be Christian. He was full of high hopes for Kiwanda. In his annual report the Bishop did not seem quite so happy about Minaki. The site had not proved quite so free from coastal influence as had been hoped. After all, it was only twenty miles from Dar-es-Salaam, "a short motor ride," the Bishop said. However, neither he nor the Principal were to be discouraged and certainly were not prepared to condemn Minaki after so short a trial.

In the year 1927 our neighbours in Uganda kept their Jubilee. The Bishops of Zanzibar, Nyasaland and Masasi, each accompanied by an archdeacon, accepted the invitation of the Church Missionary Society and were present at Kampala at the Jubilee celebrations. The Bishop of Northern Rhodesia was kept away by an important educational conference. It was a wonderful and impressive week, and it will never be forgotten by those privileged to be present. After the Jubilee at Kampala a meeting was held at Nairobi to discuss the proposed ecclesiastical province of East Africa. When the proposal was first put forward, all the East African dioceses had definitely agreed to the formation of a province, except Uganda. At this meeting a basis of agreement was reached, and the Uganda delegates declared that all their objections had been met and that they had little doubt that the scheme would be accepted at their next Synod. This turned out to be the case, and Uganda approved the scheme. Unfortunately the Mombasa Synod, which had accepted the proposal before,

now unexpectedly rejected it. At the Nairobi Conference there were high hopes that the constitution of the East African Province would be an accomplished fact within a few months. Mombasa's rejection of the proposal dashed these hopes, though the project has never been given up and is still, in 1935, under consideration.

The numbers of the Community of the Sacred Passion had been growing rapidly, and the Sisters were playing a very important part in the work of the two dioceses of Zanzibar and Masasi. Hitherto the Sisters had all been Europeans. The circumstances of African life made it very unlikely that any African women would find their vocation to be that of the religious life, at least for some years. That had been Bishop Weston's opinion. But an African, Esta Mkiwa, felt that she had this vocation. She had to overcome great opposition amongst her people and all sorts of difficulties, but she persevered and was clothed as a novice of the order, January 14, 1928. It is true that later she found that the religious life was not her calling, but it was a great step for an African woman to have got as far as this in testing her vocation.

Throughout East Africa the different British Governments had become thoroughly alive to their duty of doing more for native education. The visit of the Phelps-Stokes Commission had done much to rouse the authorities, both at the Colonial Office and in the protectorates, to their responsibility in this matter. The local Governments were all prepared to co-operate with the missionary societies. This meant that they were ready to help the Missions, but, on the other hand, it meant that the Missions must submit to Government regulations and would find themselves, to some extent, in a position of dependence. In East Africa generally, and especially in some parts, the Government policy towards natives has not always been such as to commend itself to all those who have the best interests of the native Africans at heart. Naturally there was a good deal of doubt among the missionaries as to how far it was right to co-operate with the Governments in this very important matter. In the end all our four dioceses decided to co-operate. Zanzibar had to face this question in 1928, but it

was easier here to come to a decision, for of all the British Governments in East Africa, that of the Mandated Territory of Tanganyika has shown the most concern for the real welfare of the African. They were exceptionally fortunate in the Governor, Sir Donald Cameron. So far, in all the protectorates the Governments have been considerate and helpful, but nowhere more than in Tanganyika Territory. In the December number of *Central Africa*, 1930, there appeared a very interesting letter from one of the Sisters. After nearly three years' experience, she thought quite definitely that co-operation was proving a success. The Government encouraged the local chiefs to see that their children came to school, so that numbers were largely increased. Also it is to be noted that the Christian children were coming better. The Sister, after consultation with the African teachers who formed her staff, gives her reasons for believing that co-operation had proved a success. Firstly, children came to school much more regularly, and those attending religious instruction were getting a better grounding in the Faith. Secondly, we were getting many hearers whom we should not have been able to reach at all before. Thirdly, we have many more opportunities of making friends with Moslem parents. Fourthly, a much higher level of work is reached in the general school subjects. On the other side the Sister says that it is a greater strain on the teachers and inspectors who are trying to keep up to Government standards, and that a larger staff is required.

All friends of the Mission were much gratified by the honour which the University of Oxford conferred on Canon Woodward at this time. It conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts, *honoris causa*. Dr. Lock presented him and, referring to the fact that they were mourning the death of Archdeacon Johnson, described him as one who, "no less ready for self-sacrifice, has in the same continent with singular zeal and tenacity devoted all his efforts to the propagation of the Gospel." In conclusion he said, "I present to you a soldier, who has fought bravely for Christ."

At the time of his consecration Bishop Birley had some misgivings lest the diocese should be moving too quickly in

the ordination of African clergy. He therefore determined to go cautiously. For some time the theological college at Hegongo had been closed. In 1928, at Christmas, the college was reopened. It was under the charge of Archdeacon Mackay, and he had Dr. Palmer to help him. There were three deacons reading for the priesthood and four students reading for the diaconate.

Meanwhile the port of Tanga had been growing in size and consequence. It is an important port of the Tanganyika Territory, and there was quite a large number of Europeans living in the township. The little church, St. Augustine's, became too small for the congregation. Archdeacon George drew up a plan for enlarging the church, as he was passing through. Mr. Makins, an old member of the staff, was the builder. The African congregation contributed £113 out of £1,225 required. Padre Dyson had the satisfaction of seeing the work completed, and dedicated by Archdeacon Mackay on March 9, 1929. In July of the same year, the Archdeacon had the pleasure of blessing another new church, this time far away on the hill tops at Kigongoi. Hitherto the church had been a reed-and-pole building. Now the congregation had built a really permanent church. The stone had to be carried from the river bed at the bottom of the hill, a heavy task performed voluntarily by the Christian community, under the lead of their padre, Petro Bwambwara. The walls were immensely thick, to withstand the heavy winds. The floor was cement. The Archdeacon could remember when Canon Sehoza blessed the first little church, twenty-one years before. That church was built of reeds and poles by the small handful of Christians who then formed the congregation.

There was an interesting Mission Jubilee in September 1929. John Swedi kept the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the diaconate. It will be remembered that he was one of those first five slave boys presented to Bishop Tozer by the Sultan. He had done good service and now, an old man, was living in retirement. He had known seven bishops of Zanzibar, and could look back over almost the whole history of the U.M.C.A.

The year 1930 opened rather sadly. The year before the Bishop seemed to have a more adequate staff than ever he had had since his consecration, but now came several losses. In May, John Saidi passed away. He was priest-in-charge of Kwa Maizi, and the station had lately been moved to a healthier site. The Bishop described him as "one of our best and most effective African priests." His death was a great loss to the church in Zigualand. Then the two S.S.M. padres had to leave for work in South Africa. The Society had given two years' notice and done everything to lessen the blow, but the loss of the Society's help, so long and generously given, and of two exceedingly useful priests, Fathers Whitworth and Smith, could not help being serious. Then Archdeacon Hallett and Padre Thomas were compelled to resign on account of health. It is difficult to exaggerate what the loss of the Archdeacon meant. He had played a great part for many years in the diocese, and had fought gallantly against ill-health with splendid devotion and courage. His younger colleague, Padre Thomas, had worked only two months on the staff before he was compelled to resign. Nor were these all the losses. Archdeacon Douglas was offered and accepted the vacant bishopric of Nyasaland. It is true that this could only be to the advantage of the Mission as a whole, but to the Zanzibar diocese it was another heavy loss, especially to Korogwe. There was, however, something to be set against these losses. The Bishop had the great happiness of welcoming back Canon Woodward. He had suffered from blood pressure and could not stand the high altitude at Modderpoort. As he could not live there, the Society allowed him to return to Zanzibar. He took up work again at Mbweni.

In his report for the year 1930 the Bishop laments the departure of Sir Donald Cameron. He had been Governor of Tanganyika Territory for six years and was now promoted to be Governor of Nigeria. The Bishop wrote: "He has governed the country from first to last with full consciousness of, and fidelity to, a great trust." "We of the Universities' Mission shall always remember with gratitude his kindly interest in Minaki."

Padre Elliott became Archdeacon of Zanzibar in succession to Archdeacon Hallett. On March 18, 1930, the staff was strengthened by the ordination of four African priests. There were at least seven candidates waiting to begin their training for the diaconate at Hegongo when these priests were ordained.

The Bishop was able to survey the educational field with profound thankfulness. The Training College at Minaki was fulfilling the high hopes with which it was opened. The site seemed to have proved itself, and we hear no more doubts on that score. Kiwanda in the north, with off-shoots at St. Martin's, Magila, and another small central school at Kwa Maizi, was flourishing. At Kiwanda was a growing industrial department, under Beal and Jebbett. All building operations in the diocese were in their hands. They also turned out such furniture as was needed. On the island the High School at Kiungani was doing a useful work for a very different kind of boy. It was fitting these town boys for useful occupations, and it was also producing just a few vocations to the teacher-ship. It is difficult to get the right sort of teacher from up country to work at Zanzibar and on the coast. Even a few teachers from the district, local boys, taught at Kiungani, before going on to Minaki, would relieve the situation a little.

At the end of 1931 was celebrated the Jubilee of St. John's, Mbwani, the church built by Archdeacon Hodgson. Canon Woodward was ministering there at the time. Though the shamba had been sold, there were still some of the old Christians, freed slaves, living round about, among them Padre Cecil Majaliwa, now a very old man.

We must conclude the history of Zanzibar diocese with some serious losses. On June 11, 1931, Canon Palmer died. He had done invaluable work as priest, doctor and scholar. He joined the staff originally in 1893, but was invalided in 1902. Then he gallantly answered Bishop Weston's appeal for help in 1916. His heart had been weak for years, and he died of heart failure in the end. Miss Abdy was another loss this year. She was forced to resign for her health. The last part of her time in Africa was spent at Kiwanda, where she had done a great work.

Then on June 17, 1932, Canon Woodward passed to his well-earned rest. It is impossible to write sadly of his death. He died full of days and honour, loving and beloved. He died where he would most have wished to die, in the midst of work to which he had devoted almost his whole life. He joined the Mission staff in 1875, and had worked in Africa ever since. From 1922 to 1930 he was working in Modderpoort, but all the rest of the time was spent in our own Mission. To none other of our staff has it been granted to give so long a service to God in Africa. Now he passed to his rest after all those long years of toil. Canon Sehoza wrote: "Padre Woodward will live in our memory principally because he was so gentle and humble." No missionary could wish to hear a better comment on his life made by an African.

XXXVII

MASASI BISHOPRIC

ON the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, 1926, William Vincent Lucas was consecrated Bishop of Masasi. The diocese consisted of the two southern archdeaconries of the former diocese of Zanzibar, the archdeaconries of Masasi and Luatala. Though work at Magila was the first mainland venture of the Mission after its establishment at Zanzibar, it was in the Ruvuma district that there was the largest number of Christians. The work was organized from fifteen centres, eleven of which were well established. The other four lay in the extreme west of the diocese, towards Nyasaland, and were as yet in the initial stages. To serve these stations there was a staff of nineteen priests, ten of whom were European and the rest African. The Cathedral Church was at Masasi. It was built in memory of Bishop Smythies. It stands on the lower slopes of a conical hill, Mtandi, so called from its resemblance to a cone of flour (Mtandi). The Bishop says that the name means: "The Hill of the personified sacrificial flour," or in plain English, "The Hill of the Living Bread."

The Masasi, where now the Cathedral stands, is not the Masasi where Steere first established his caravan of freed slaves, too weary to struggle on nearer to Lake Nyasa, in 1876. That was at Mkomaindo, not very far away, where the Makua chief, Namkumba, had allowed the Mission village to settle. This had been abandoned as a central station after the raid in 1882, and the Mission was established at Mbemba. There still remained a few old Christian folk at Mkomaindo, so a church was built again there in 1920, and a priest came over from Masasi to minister to them from time to time. The population gradually drifted away from the second Masasi round Mbemba and, in 1893, the present site became the centre. The stones of the altar at Mbemba were carried to the new Masasi and built into an altar again in a side chapel.

With regard to education, there were ninety schools in the new diocese, two of them boarding schools. One of these

boarding schools is for boys at Chidya. A general education is given here, but the chief hope is to supply students for the Training College, who have a vocation for teaching. The other boarding school is at Kwitonji and is for girls. For the medical work the new diocese was fortunate to obtain the services of Dr. Frances Taylor. Now that the diocese had been divided, it was most important that the medical work, now cut off from its old base, should come under the care of one who had a gift for organization. Fortunately for Masasi, Dr. Taylor had just those gifts of organization which were so much needed at the moment.

The diocese began its separate life in rather gloomy circumstances. Everywhere throughout the diocese was famine. The first concern of the Mission was not so much to evangelize these poor things, as to keep them alive. The Government handed over much of the relief work to the Mission and gave our staff loyal support in carrying it out. Relief work was started, and much was done to alleviate the distress. Though many of our staff were thus taken from their proper work, the Bishop thought that the relief work should do much to recommend the Gospel to those who saw the Christian teaching of love illustrated in so practical and unmistakable a way.

The Bishop was met at Lindi on his arrival by the motor car provided by good friends in England for use in the new diocese. He reached Masasi on April 2, 1927, and was received with great joy by his flock. He was unable at the time to visit his whole diocese, for he had accepted the Bishop of Uganda's kind invitation to be present at the Jubilee at Kampala on June 30. He was therefore only able to visit nine districts, before he started for Uganda. He deliberately chose to go to the three stations in the far west, Lumesule, Saidi Maumbo and Mbaya, because he felt that his flock there were in special need of encouragement and succour. The remaining districts could not be visited until he returned from Uganda. He was back again at Masasi in time to keep the first Dedication Festival of the church, since it had become the Cathedral Church of the Diocese.

In May 1927, there passed away one who had played a very important part in the early days of the Mission. This was the old chief, Barnaba Nakaam. He was one of the first Christians in the district, and had been a great help to Maples and Johnson in early days. Johnson always spoke of him with respect and affection. Unfortunately his faith had not stood the test, and he had lapsed into polygamy. Later he fell under the suspicions of the Germans, who removed him from his position at Chiwata and kept him under supervision at the coast. In his old age the British Government allowed him to return to his own people. He had not been long at home again when he was taken seriously ill, and begged to be taken to the hospital at Masasi. There his faith revived, and he became, to all appearance, a sincerely penitent old man. He was restored to communion, shortly before his death. The Bishop says that, in many ways, he was a very attractive old gentleman. Those who know the appalling temptations which beset a Christian chief in East Africa, will feel a thrill of pity for the old man, and profound thankfulness that he was granted a space for repentance and died penitent.

The diocese lost a faithful worker in 1928 by the death of Sister Eva. She joined the Mission in 1894. In 1903 she was one of the first three women workers sent to Masasi. She was there at the time of the "Maji-maji" rising against the Germans, and shared all the hardships of that perilous time. When Bishop Weston founded the Community of the Sacred Passion, she at once offered herself as a postulant. She was clothed as a novice in 1911 and professed in 1913. She was one of those interned in the Great War. The Father Founder of the C.S.P. did not wish the Sisters to be written about, for he felt that their lives should be hid with Christ in God, but we may be permitted to quote Miss Mills: "For thirty-four years Eva served her Lord and Africa with all her heart and soul and strength, and she died, as she earnestly hoped she might, at her post." She died on June 7, 1928.

By the end of 1928 the boys' school at Chidya shows in a striking manner the part which Africans are playing in the

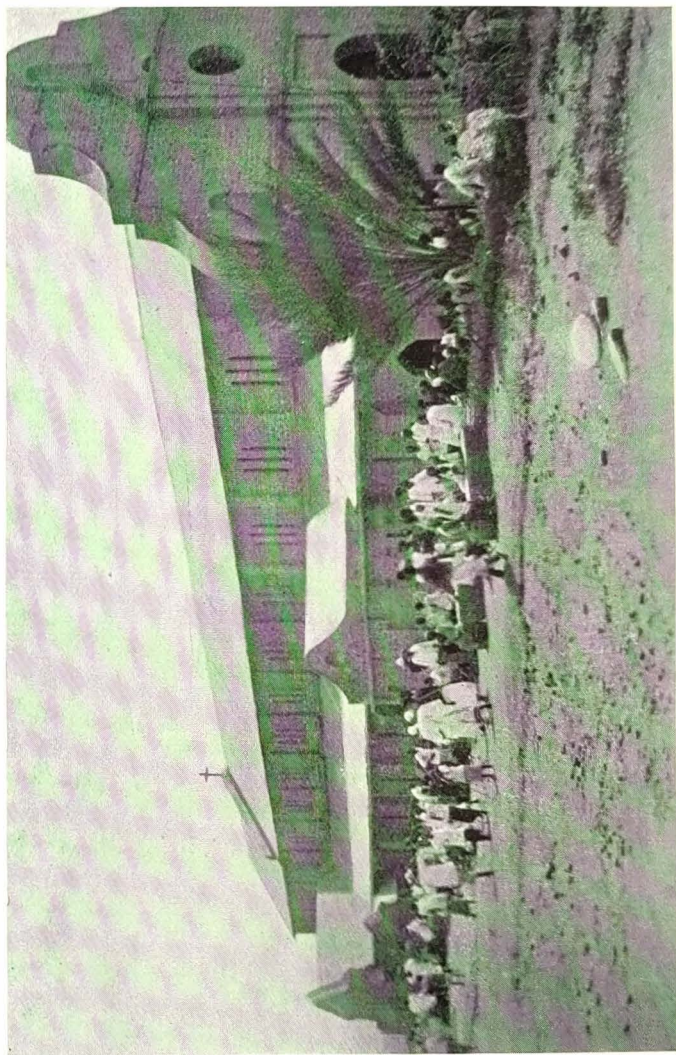
education of their own people. Miss Violet Taylor, aided by an African Principal and African staff, was organizing the school with great success in some degree like an English public school. There were three dormitories, each holding twenty-five boys, and these were treated like houses in an English school. Later, Father Tibbatts became Principal. The girls' school at Kwitonji was also very much alive under Miss Dutton. Besides twenty-five boarders, there were also sixty day-girls.

A new central station was opened this year at Liloya, half-way between Masasi and Chiwata. The district has a large population and many are Christians. It was reckoned that there were 450 communicants. Padre Wroe was set in charge of the new station. Also in the extreme west of the diocese a new venture was made. A new central school, under Canon Kolumba, was opened at Saidi Maumbo. It was only a small beginning as yet, for there were only fifteen pupils, but the Bishop looked forward to the time when Saidi Maumbo would be quite an important educational centre. The Sisters were already doing a great work there. In the same western district another important move was made by starting a village school in Mtalika's village. The beginning of a village school does not sound a very exciting matter, but it was important because Mtalika is a Yao chief of great consequence and his village was a tribal centre, a sort of metropolis. To be allowed to start work in such a place, where Muhammadan influence was very strong, was a really important event and suggested great possibilities for the future. There was a disappointment in the organization of the district. Le Fleming was working alone in the large parish of Lumesule-cum-Mbaya. The population round Lumesule had moved, leaving the village isolated, eleven hours' walk from Mbaya. But, since it was at Lumesule that Canon Porter had first started work, it was there where the majority of the Christians were to be found. It is an unhealthy spot and unfertile. The chief, Mpunda, therefore decided to move his village to a place in the midst of the Mbaya district and where it would be very convenient to minister to their spiritual needs. Naturally Le Fleming was

very pleased. But for once the rains were good, and the unfertile fields at Lumesule produced a passable crop. Mpunda changed his mind and decided not to move.

The Bishop made a long tour in this western district in July 1929. He visited the centres of the three great Yao chiefs in those parts. Each rules over a wide district, and they are commonly known as Sultans. He got on very well with Mtalika and had a pleasant visit to his village. He then went on to Mwembe, but, to his great disappointment, Mataka was away. Thence he went to Kandulu's village. The Sultan was very friendly, and seemed quite willing to allow Mission work in his country. Later he met Mataka, who was on his way to a gathering of chiefs, summoned by the District Officer. He had little chance of talking with him then, but Mataka himself suggested paying a call on the Bishop at Masasi, as he would be passing that way a little later. Mataka was true to his word, and paid a visit at Masasi on his way to the coast. It was such a success that he asked if he might come again on the return journey. He made no definite promises on these visits, but he was very friendly and the Bishop was full of hope. It will be remembered that Archdeacon Johnson began work at Mwembe in 1880, but had been driven out by the Mataka of the time, at the instigation of the leading people concerned in the slave trade. It was a matter very near the Bishop's heart to restart and carry on this work, so long in abeyance.

In May 1929, the proposed enlargement of the Cathedral was begun. It was a big undertaking, and the original nave was to be made twice as long. Such a work needed more than an amateur builder, and it was undertaken by Mr. Makins. After nearly a year's hard work, all was completed. The Bishop wrote of the gratitude which we owe to Mr. Makins for this splendid piece of work. He says: "The building itself is a great joy. . . . The Africans delight in it beyond all question." The Bishop was rather dismayed to find that the cost would be £750 more than was expected. It is a difficult business to estimate the cost of buildings in East Africa. The congregation of All Saints, Clifton, had generously given £1,000,



[Photo by Rev. N. Cornwell]

MASASI CATHEDRAL

which was the original estimate. About the same time, the Cathedral was enriched by the gift of plate, sent out from Oxford. The present consisted of a beautiful paten and chalice, of fifteenth-century work, and a ciborium, designed to match the older work. There was also a small jewelled chalice, given specially in memory of Bishop Weston.

There was a considerable expansion of the work amongst lepers in the years 1928 and 1929. The Tanganyika Government very wisely relaxed the rule which made the segregation of lepers compulsory. The forced segregation of lepers terrified the natives, and those suffering from the disease hid themselves away. When these fears were removed, they began to come out, one by one, from their hiding-places in order to receive treatment. But when they found it impossible to come from a great distance to receive a course of treatment, they themselves began to ask for settlements where they might live during the treatment. Three settlements of this sort were already at work at the end of 1928, Lulindi, Namagono and Saidi Maumbo. The Government made a grant to cover the expense of feeding the patients, and the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association gave generous help in money to buy drugs and erect buildings. Much is now being done for the lepers in all our four dioceses, and it is a work of which we are very proud.

In September 1929, the Bishop paid a brief visit to Nyasaland. He travelled down to Lake Nyasa, accompanied by Padre Thorne, in order to be present at the consecration of the new church at Liuli, built by Archdeacon George. There he was met by the Bishop of Nyasaland. Bishop Fisher consecrated the church and Bishop Lucas preached the consecration sermon. The two bishops then went to Likoma together. After seeing all there was to be seen at Likoma, Bishop Lucas made a trip on the *Charles Janson* to visit some of the nearer stations. By that time he was obliged to return to his own diocese.

The great event of 1930 for the diocese was the opening of its own theological college near Saidi Maumbo under Padre Thorne. The site had been chosen by the Cathedral Chapter

in 1929. It lay about a mile from the station at Saidi Maumbo. Canon Norrish undertook to clear the site and build the necessary buildings. The college was dedicated to St. Cyprian, and seven candidates for the diaconate were Padre Thorne's first students.

While the theological college was a new venture, there were other changes in the educational department during this year 1930. Zanzibar generously released Padre Sheppard, who had been Masasi's contribution to the work at Minaki. He was now put in charge at Chidya, which was growing in importance every year. The girls' school at Kwitonji lost Miss Dutton, their Principal. For twenty-one years she had worked hard there and seen the school grow from the smallest beginnings. In her place the Bishop set Misses Cornwall and East. There was also some parochial rearrangement this year. A new station was opened at Chilimba, a parish carved out of the old parish of Luatala, which had grown unmanageable. The first priest-in-charge of Chilimba was Padre Edward Abdallah.

At the end of 1930 the diocese suffered a severe loss in the resignation of Archdeacon Lewin. He had joined the Mission in 1919, and he had played a large part in the work of reconstruction after the war, and specially in the organizing of it as a new diocese. He had been so ill that his life was despaired of, but his health improved when he had once got away. He returned to Africa, when recovered, but soon after that he resigned.

The Bishop had another interview with Mataka in 1931. It will be remembered that his neighbours, Sultans Mtalika and Kandulu, had both given permission to start work in their country, and schools had actually been opened. It is true that progress was slow and difficult, owing to Muhammadan opposition, but still a start had been made. Mataka's attitude was disappointing. While friendly as ever, he declared that he was determined to have but one religion in his country. He was willing and even anxious that the Bishop should send schools into his district, but only on conditions that no religion should be taught in them. Such terms of course could not be

accepted for a moment, so, at any rate for the time, the Bishop was disappointed of his hopes of reviving Johnson's work at Mwembe.

It must not be forgotten that all the work of the new diocese was being carried on by a lamentably inadequate staff. Everybody was overworking, and it cannot be wondered that the Archdeacon and others broke down under the strain. In 1931 the Bishop was compelled to close down definitely some of the ladies' work, for it could not all be carried on any longer. The promising work of the sisters at Njawara had to be stopped, after seven years. He was forced to take this step in order to staff the still more important station at Luatala, where there had been much illness. Early next year there were more losses. Dr. Clatworthy amongst the ladies, and Padre Hose and Padre Sheppard were lost to the diocese. Padre Hose resigned, after five years' strenuous work, and the Bishop felt bound to allow Padre Sheppard to return to Minaki in answer to an appeal from the Bishop of Zanzibar, who begged for Padre Sheppard again, for at least so long as would enable Padre Gibbons to take his leave. Father Tibbatts, of the Oratory of the Good Shepherd, had to be taken from Namagono to take his place at Chidya. Happily, Miss Violet Taylor was able to return again in renewed health to her old work at the school.

The Bishop was much exercised by the horrible custom of child-marriages in the Tunduru country. He interviewed the Makua chief and put the subject to him very strongly. He could get no definite promise from the chief at the moment for, like a true African, he would not be rushed, and asked time to think the matter over. The result was exceedingly curious. When he had thought the matter out he sent word to Canon Kolumba at Christmas, that he and his assistant chief had come to the conclusion that the Bishop was right about child-marriages, and that they considered that the best way to put an end to them was that they both should become Christians. He went on to inform the Canon that both he and his assistant had put themselves under the instruction of the village teacher with that intention.

The crowning event of 1932 was the ordination of the first

candidates trained at the diocese's own theological college, St. Cyprian's, at Saidi Maumbo. Seven students, trained by Padre Thorne, were ordained to the diaconate on October 11, 1932. This was a hopeful day, and the more hopeful, as there were four more students, waiting to test their vocation at St. Cyprian's, in the place of those just ordained.

XXXVIII

NYASALAND'S LOSSES

THE year 1926 was a notable one in the annals of the Mission in general and of the diocese of Nyasaland in particular. This year Archdeacon Johnson completed his fifty years' work for Africa in October. It seems the irony of fate that one who shrank from publicity and who cared less than most men what others thought of him should fill so large a place in the eyes of those outside the Mission circle. His university, Oxford, gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. His college (University) made him an honorary fellow. Everyone had heard his name and that he had done a great work in our Mission. Yet Johnson had just worked away for fifty years in far-off Africa. True, he had worked with energy and indomitable courage, but it was all out of sight. But in Africa there was nothing surprising in his wonderful position. He had gone about in early days, when his life was in danger, and his zeal and fortitude were known. Now those days of peril were gone. He passed from village to village, a venerable figure in his old age, loved and respected by his chance friends and acquaintances almost as much as by his own spiritual children. Nor was he just the gentle, kindly old man. He was stern with himself, and expected a disciplined faith in others, Africans and Europeans. His fiftieth year found him working at Manda, alone, unfortunately, but in less uncomfortable surroundings than those in which most of his life had been passed. The end was not far off now, but there he was, energetic as ever, wrestling with new dialects and new problems.

October was a time of Jubilee. Our friends of the Church of Scotland Mission were keeping their Jubilee at Blantyre. At the Nyasaland Diocesan Conference a vote of congratulation had been proposed from the chair and carried unanimously. The Bishop appointed Archdeacon Wilson to convey the message to the Scotch Mission.

Two important measures were passed in Synod this year. The first dealt with marriage irregularities. There had recently

been a case in Northern Rhodesia, in which the judge pronounced that our missionary dioceses are not legally part of the Church of England, but are, in the eyes of the law, voluntary bodies, though they happen to be in full communion with the Church of England. This seems to be our position in law. The judge went on to say that, as voluntary bodies, we had a perfect right at law to make our own terms of communion. Acting on this, a canon was passed definitely forbidding communion to such divorced persons as have entered into another union during the lifetime of their former partner, and to such who have entered into marriage contrary to the rules laid down in the "table of affinity." The other important measure was the decision to accept co-operation with the Government in the matter of education.

The diocese owes a great debt of gratitude to Bishop Fisher for dealing with the troublesome subject of Mission property in the diocese. The steamers, plots of land and buildings were legally the property of a number of different people. Some of the original legal owners were dead. The intention, of course, had been that the different people mentioned in the deeds should be trustees of the Mission, but it was very doubtful if a good deal of the property, which should have belonged to the Mission, was not in law the property of somebody else. Luckily, Bishop Fisher was a lawyer, and he went into all the details with the judge, and at last got everything properly vested in the Mission Trust.

It was in this year, 1927, that Canon Spanton paid a visit to East Africa. The Bishop, in his annual report, describes this as the outstanding event of the year. This was the first time that the General Secretary of the Mission had visited Nyasaland. Canon Spanton must have worked hard to cover so much ground and to see as much as he did, but his articles in *Central Africa* show that he had understood what he had seen and not made just a "globe-trotter's" rush through the country. The visit was much appreciated by the diocese, and Canon Spanton seems to have greatly cheered and encouraged the staff.

Two new leper colonies were opened this year, 1927. One was in the far north, close to Liuli station. It was very difficult

to visit the island of Lundu regularly. Not only was it a long way away, but, being an island, it was difficult to reach in rough weather. When a strong south wind has been blowing for a few days, all up the Lake, waves begin to get really big and dangerous at the north end. The other colony was right in the south at Malindi. Though it was the best site which could be found in the neighbourhood, it was not really a very good one. The area was too small, and at most it provided accommodation for twenty-five lepers. The diocese had now five leper colonies, at Liuli, Likoma, Kota Kota, Malindi and Likwenu.

The Nyasaland Government was behind the other British East African Governments in the matter of education. They had not done much for it hitherto. Now there had come a great awakening to this responsibility, largely owing to the work of the Phelps-Stokes Commission. The first Director of Education had been appointed in 1926. Mr. Gaunt, the new Director, summoned a conference of all those interested in education to meet at Zomba in May 1927. There was an Education Bill before the Legislative Council, and the Governor was anxious to submit it to criticism before proceeding with it in council. The Bishop was, unfortunately, on leave, but Archdeacon Glossop, acting as his Vicar-General, sent Canon Victor to represent the U.M.C.A. Many useful matters were discussed. It should be remembered, in this connection, that only part of the Nyasaland diocese is in British Nyasaland. There is a large part, in the middle, in Portuguese East Africa, where the Government has given no help at all to education. In the north the diocese comes under the Government of the mandated country, Tanganyika Territory. Of that Government's zeal for native education we have read in the story of the dioceses of Zanzibar and Masasi.

At the beginning of 1928 a central school for boys and girls was opened at Likwenu. The station stands on a lovely site, from which one gets an amazing view over Lake Shirwa. A clear stream runs down from the hills just behind the station, supplying wholesome water. There are no villages very near, and the nearest are not very large. Not far from the station is

a rubber estate, Malosa, deserted since the rubber boom, on which stood the planter's house, which could easily be altered. This estate was acquired, and the house altered to suit the requirements of the school. Miss How was in charge of this school. It began, as such institutions should, in a small way, until initial difficulties can be got over and a tradition established. Now it plays an important part in the work of the southern archdeaconry.

The year 1928 was saddened by the death of the two senior archdeacons. Archdeacon Eyre was the first to go. He died at Mtonya on June 28, just after reaching the age of eighty-two. For thirty-two years he had worked in the Mission. So well known was he, that a letter addressed to "C. B. E., B.C.A." (British Nyasaland was called British Central Africa in those days), had no difficulty in finding him. He had had an eventful life. As a lad he ran away from his father's Yorkshire vicarage and went to sea "before the mast." Then he had done harvesting and gold-mining in Australia and South Africa, besides some trading in the South Sea Islands. Later he came home and made his peace with his family. He was properly apprenticed to the sea, and became at length a master mariner and captain of a sailing vessel. When he was forty-five he left the sea and went to St. Michael's College, then at Aberdare, under Canon Johnson, the Archdeacon's brother. He was ordained and licensed to a hard parish in the Rhondda Valley. It was from thence that he came to Nyasaland in 1896. He never lost something of the sea captain. He had an eye to discipline, yet could be gentle and sympathetic. He was scornful of humbug, and was apt to blaze up into fury at injustice, especially injustice to Africans who could not help themselves. He was an ideal missionary, for he was obviously filled with the joy and strength of the new life. He brought cheer and courage by his manner, if not always by his words, for he was not a great linguist. The thought of this gallant old seaman and priest brings a smile to the lips of those who knew him; the very thought of him is an encouragement and an inspiration.

Bishop Trower had resigned the diocese of Nyasaland in 1910. Until 1926 he had been bishop of the missionary diocese of

North-West Australia. Since then he had been working very happily as Rector of Chale in the Isle of Wight. It is rather curious that he should have died between his two old friends in Nyasaland. He fell ill and died, after an operation, August 25, 1928.

On October 11, Archdeacon Eyre was followed by his old friend Johnson. For over fifty years he had worked for the Mission in Africa and every year was a strenuous one. Idle he could never be for a moment. He was either journeying long distances, or deep in translation work, or teaching in school, or ministering to his flock, or perhaps deep in devotion, apparently as much rapt out of this world, for the time being, as St. Paul, when carried to the seventh heaven. The writer has never known anyone who so obviously lived in the presence of God. He seemed to be looking through things temporal to those which are eternal. He showed as much pluck and endurance in his missionary work as he showed long ago when stroking his college boat at the head of the river. But now he was purified and refined by experience and suffering. One felt that he knew God personally, as man knows his friend, and that he could not help devoting himself to His service and could know no fear while doing it. Father Barnes has written his life, and there all men may read what manner of man Johnson was.

Early in 1929 the diocese was again in mourning. Shannon had worked for the Mission for more than twenty years and was beloved of all who knew him, African or European. He had resigned his post as captain of the *Chauncy Maples* and had obtained a post as game warden under the Tanganyika Government. But he was not happy there, and returned to Nyasaland, not knowing exactly what he should do next. He was staying at Malindi and went out for a shooting expedition. He went out in the evening to try to get some meat for his boys and was bitten by a snake in the bush. Though there were plenty of volunteers to carry him back, on a native bedstead, he died on the way, and was carried in dead to Malindi, January 13, 1929. The *C. M.* had just come in. The crew and the whole countryside flocked to the funeral. Africans and Europeans—Christians, Moslems and heathen—they all came

to pay their last tribute of respect. Shannon was not one who was ever likely to make for himself wealth or position. He was not that sort. But if it be a thing to be desired to win the love and trust of the simple and ignorant African, Shannon died rich indeed.

In this same year Miss Mann retired. She had joined the staff under Bishop Hine in 1901. She had worked on many stations and, being a gifted linguist, she could always learn the language needed. For her last and longest spell she had worked at Kota Kota.

In September, as we have seen, the Bishop of Masasi made a visit to the diocese. He came to be present at the consecration of the new church at Liuli, and after the consecration he went on for a while to Likoma. This visit gave Bishop Fisher very great pleasure. There were vexing problems to be settled, and he was suffering terribly from asthma. One is glad to think that the Bishop had this very happy interlude in the light of the tragedy which was so soon to befall him.

The Bishop struggled against his attacks of asthma until the time came for him to go for his leave. On the steamer, coming down the Lake, he had been better. He decided to go straight up to Zomba first, to settle various matters with the Government. Then he was to return to Mponda's to settle some difficulties and to hold a confirmation. After that he was to go back to the Highlands and so on to England. The Bishop left Mponda's early on November 8 by car. Less than an hour later the car had overturned, no one seems to know quite why, and the Bishop was killed. Mr. Selous, the District Commissioner, chanced to pass, and he took the Bishop into his car, believing him to be only stunned, so as to get him under Dr. Vost's care at Likwenu as soon as possible. The Bishop died as they drove along, and it was a dead body which Mr. Selous brought on to the station, where a crowd had assembled to welcome the Bishop. He was buried that same night before the altar of the fine new church which he had consecrated so recently. Bishop Fisher was not a linguist, and he could never master the African tongues. He was never, therefore, able to fulfil properly the pastoral side of his office. On the side of

organization he can have had few equals in the Mission. As President of the Union at Cambridge, and as one who had taken his degree in law, he was specially equipped for this. If his staff often regretted that he could not be more of a pastor to his flock, it must never be forgotten that he did a work which will last and which is almost as important as direct pastoral work in building up an African Church. To the Europeans, whose language he could speak, he could be very helpful, and the retreats which he conducted for his staff year by year were models of their kind.

During the vacancy Archdeacon Glossop was Administrator of the diocese. All those problems which had been worrying the Bishop fell upon him. He faced them all promptly and settled them, as far as it was possible for any one to settle them who was not actually bishop. The chartered company, the Companhia do Nyassa, which had governed that part of Portuguese Africa in which we work, had come to the end of its time appointed in the charter. The Portuguese Government now assumed authority and appointed a Governor. Archdeacon Glossop took the opportunity of getting into friendly relations with the new Government from the start, and ever since it has been friendly and considerate towards the Mission.

Before the new bishop could arrive a terrible disaster befell the diocese. The diocesan store at Mponda's was destroyed by fire and scarcely anything was saved. On Sunday afternoon, August 31, 1930, the station seemed very quiet and peaceful. There had been a Christian wedding in the morning and nearly all the Christians were at the marriage festivities, which were being held at a small village on the other side of the river Shiré, about a mile away. Three little boys had found their way into the carpenter's shop and had made a fire in the place where the glue-pot was heated. Somehow they managed to set the place on fire. A raging wind was blowing. Almost in a moment the shop, with its thatched roof, was a mass of flames. Carried by the wind, the fire leapt across to the store, which had also thatch over the corrugated iron roof. Fortunately the office was at the other end of the building, so all the papers and cash were saved. From the store little could be salvaged, for the fire spread too rapidly, fanned by the strong wind. The damage

was estimated at about £3,000, which was almost covered by insurance. But the loss was a heavy one, for all the immediate needs of the diocese had to be met, as far as it was possible, by buying things locally at whatever price they might be had.

There was one bright spot in this sad story. Mr. Sargent had joined the staff of the Mission in 1903 and since then has worked most of his time at Mponda's. During that time he has earned the respect of all the villagers and the affection of nearly all. That day, he was to reap where he had sown. It was just a rough crowd of villagers, who rushed up to help, not our own Christians, for they were at the wedding. Nothing could exceed their keenness to help. Somehow they got it into their heads that Mr. Sargent might throw himself into the fire in his despair. While salvage was possible, they kept a sharp eye on him, and as soon as any further salvage was impossible, they made a ring round him and would not suffer him to go near. The real concern and sympathy of these simple people was extraordinarily touching. The writer had sometimes felt that the natives did not appreciate all that Mr. Sargent had done for them. He can never be under any delusion on that score again.

The chancel of the new church at Manda was used for the first time on Christmas Day, 1929. The building of this first portion of the church at Manda was made possible by a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Milner of Hull, on the occasion of their golden wedding. It was intended as a memorial to their son, Thomas George Milner, who was killed in action on September 25, 1918. Since then the Lady Chapel has been built, and plans have been prepared by Archdeacon George for a complete church.

Early in the year 1930 Archdeacon Douglas was chosen to be the new Bishop of Nyasaland. From the first he was certain of a welcome for his brother Arthur's sake. He came from Eton and King's, and had had a distinguished career at both. Later he had been Vice-Principal at Ely Theological College. He had come out to Africa in 1920, under Bishop Weston, to take charge of the Theological College at Hegongo. Later he became Archdeacon of Korogwe. He seemed to have the gift of going straight to the heart of the African from the first. He had also the gift of tongues, and had already learned Swahili, which is

widely understood in Nyasaland. He very soon picked up Chinyanja in his new diocese. He was consecrated on St. John Baptist's Day, 1930.

Almost at once the new bishop had to decide the difficult question of Milo. It will be remembered that Bishop Fisher had been asked by the Tanganyika Government to take charge of the Mission, left derelict since the war. The Mission had originally been planted at Milo by a Lutheran Society, known as the Berlin Mission. It was understood that this Society wished us to take charge of the station and wished us to occupy it permanently, for their representatives frankly admitted that they did not expect ever to be able to reoccupy it themselves for financial reasons. On these terms Bishop Fisher undertook the task, a little unwillingly, because, on the one hand, his staff was so small and, on the other, because he would have preferred consolidating existing work. Having the assurance of the Berlin Mission, Bishop Fisher unfortunately did not get any written agreement, and occupied Milo on a seven years' lease from the Tanganyika Government. When the seven years were over, times had changed. There was no question of unfair dealing on the part of the Germans. They did not understand our position, and clearly thought we might be glad to relinquish again a task which we had not undertaken very willingly. After the seven years were ended the Berlin Mission was in a stronger position financially than had been expected. Also the son of the former pastor at Milo, who was born there and was himself now a pastor, not unnaturally wished to carry on his father's work among the friends of his boyhood. He strongly urged the authorities of the Berlin Mission to press for the restoration of the station to their society. For this reason, before Bishop Fisher's death, Dr. Knak, one of the leaders of the Berlin Mission in Germany, was sent to make enquiries on the spot. He visited Milo, and then went on to Likoma to see the Bishop and learn his views. He was received with all friendliness and hospitality and then went his way. Bishop Fisher showed the writer a very touching letter from Dr. Knak. He thanked the Bishop for his hospitality, and for all the friendliness shown to him and said that he was very much touched by

such kindness, where he had expected at least a certain amount of stiffness, as a member of a nation so lately at war with the country of his hosts. By the time Dr. Knak had got home and reported to his society, Bishop Fisher was dead, and it fell to Bishop Douglas to deal with the question. He and Canon Spanton went to Berlin to meet the Lutheran authorities. It was an important gathering, for there were not only members of the Berlin Mission present, but leading men of many other Lutheran missionary bodies. Bishop Douglas put his case plainly. He said that we had undertaken the work at Milo, believing that we were to occupy it permanently. Unless we had believed this, Bishop Fisher could not have undertaken it at all. We had now for seven years taught the people the Catholic Faith. Many had been confirmed and were in full communion. The Bishop said that this being so, if the Government decided that he must return Milo to the Lutheran Mission, he could not forsake his flock, and would be obliged to make other provision to minister the sacraments and other ministrations of the Catholic Church to those who wished for them. This would mean stationing a priest somewhere in the district to fulfil this duty. So far from being offended by this plain speaking, the Germans were very much impressed by it. They seemed really grateful that the Bishop had explained his position without reserve.

Finally, a working arrangement was arrived at. We were to remain at Milo itself and the Berlin Mission was to settle on the other side of the district, at or near Yakobi. Those natives who wished to return to their old pastors were at liberty to do so, while we were to minister to all those who preferred our ministrations. This seemed the best arrangement possible, for as a matter of fact we had not done so much work on the Yakobi side, and only one or two were confirmed there. The Conference closed in an atmosphere of friendliness and mutual esteem.

The new Bishop arrived at Likoma just in time to be enthroned before Christmas. Almost the first matter to which he had to turn his attention was our relations with the new Portuguese Government. Both our educational policy and our medical work were involved. The new Government was not unfriendly, but it was bound to enforce the laws of the colony.

The Governor of Mozambique had issued certain regulations called "diplomas," and these seemed likely to bring the work of the Mission almost to a standstill in Portuguese territory.

These diplomas bore hardly on our educational work in the following ways. Firstly, no books might be used in schools, except those printed in the Portuguese language. This at a stroke put an end to our teaching of reading and writing in any African language. Secondly, no one might be in charge of a school, however, humble, unless he held a Portuguese qualification. This might be a second-grade qualification, but our teachers had none at all. Thirdly, no school might be held in any building which was not built of brick or stone. Nearly all our buildings were of reeds and poles, with just a few of sun-dried brick. Added to these definite regulations, it was impossible to get the officials to allow young men to leave the territory to be trained as teachers. Those who know what a large proportion of our teachers come from the Msumba district, will realize what a serious blow this was. A further difficulty was that the officials were disposed to regard our churches as schools, and wished to apply the diplomas to them. Difficult as all this was, the Portuguese Government seemed anxious to meet us, as far as the law would permit. Archdeacon Cox did much to promote an understanding by his friendliness with the officials, combined with frankness.

The Bishop turned the existing central school at Msumba into a training college for Portuguese territory. The members of our staff learnt Portuguese and sought the proper qualifications. The Government issued a "provisional" qualification, not so difficult as the second grade, and a number of our teachers sat for the examination and many satisfied the examiners. Churches, too, were distinguished from schools. There are still difficulties enough, but the fear that all our work would be brought to a standstill had passed away for the time.

The rules also about medical matters seemed likely at first to put an end to our medical work in Portuguese East Africa. A Portuguese diploma seemed necessary for our doctors and Portuguese training for our nurses. However, in the end arrangements were made by which our work was not greatly

hampered. On the other hand the Government was most generous in providing and helping us to obtain drugs.

On April 28, 1931, Canon Augustine Ambali died after only a few hours' illness. The writer helped to prepare him for the priesthood at St. Andrew's College, and until his death enjoyed his close personal friendship. He was rescued as a boy from a slave dhow and was educated at Zanzibar. He became a teacher. Later he and his friend Eustace Malisawa volunteered for work in Nyasaland under Archdeacon Johnson. He was placed as teacher at Msumba, the largest village on the east side of the Lake. There he did a wonderful work. Year by year numbers of his boys passed into the Training College. Year by year they carried off the Scripture prizes and acquitted themselves well in secular learning. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Hine and priest by Bishop Trower. When ordained priest, he went back to Msumba as priest-in-charge, a charge which he fulfilled faithfully and successfully.

As he grew older the charge became too great for him, and Bishop Fisher gave him a smaller parish at Ngoo, a little farther up the coast to the north. He was there when the end came. He had taken a catechumens' class only a few hours before. He was just the sort of priest which our Mission tries to produce. He was a thorough African, and lived as a native African, only with such added decency and orderliness as one would expect from a Christian. He was a devout and earnest priest. He was prepared to face danger in his Master's service, and did so again and again, as his life history shows. He was not very learned, but he knew his Bible well and the principles of the Catholic Faith. His friends will remember most of all his extraordinary charm of manner. He was the humblest of men, without a trace of "side." His sunny smile was quite without affectation. As he grew older his hair grew silvery. It does not seem too much to say that his face looked like that of a saint, an elderly African St. Francis, whose winning grace affected Europeans and Africans alike.

There are only two more events in this period to be chronicled in the history of Nyasaland. Another African priest was ordained on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1931, Benaiah Mbiza. He

was one of the most promising of our younger clergy. Cleverer and with much greater educational advantages than Canon Augustine, we can wish Padre Benaiah no better wish than that he should be as faithful a priest as Augustine Ambali. Then, six months later, January 21, 1932, the new great church at Msumba was consecrated. It stands as a monument, implicit if not explicit, to the work of two men, the English scholar, William Percival Johnson, and the African slave boy, Augustine Ambali. It is because these two laid the foundation of the spiritual church at Msumba so well and truly in the past that a great material church is now needed to house so large a congregation.

XXXIX

GREAT PROGRESS IN NORTHERN RHODESIA

WE must now return to the diocese of Northern Rhodesia. The Government, like those of all the British East African protectorates, began to take a real interest in native education. In this year, 1927, the first steps were taken towards an educational policy. The Governor called together an advisory committee. Most of the members of this committee were either officials or missionaries. Bishop May naturally had a seat on this committee. The future policy of the Government was, therefore, planned with the advice and consent of the missionaries, a matter of great importance to us and other missions in the protectorate.

The Bishop had long had it in his mind to settle ladies at Msoro. As we have seen, he fully realized how one-sided is the work where priests and layman have to carry on without the help of lady workers. He had already established three lady workers at Chipili. At Msoro the uncertainty about the future had compelled the Bishop to wait. For over six years the fear hung over the Mission that the whole population, among which they were working, might suddenly be swept off elsewhere. At last he felt that he ought not to wait any longer and the first three ladies arrived at Msoro on January 1, 1927. Even then the question of moving the population to another site had not been settled by the Government, but, happily for us, it was decided next year to leave the people as they were. At the close of this year, in pursuance of the same policy, lady workers began work once more at Mapanza. Thus of the four native centres, three were provided with women workers, and it was hoped to place a nurse at Fiwila before long.

This year, 1927, the Bishop held his first Synod and Conference. It must not be forgotten that the diocese is made up of very widely scattered stations. So also are the other dioceses in the U.M.C.A., but the stations are not so distant from one another. They can be grouped into archdeaconries. Communication is fairly frequent. In Northern Rhodesia we

have four stations, each separated from another by great distances. Each is in a different tribe ; each has to work in a different language. A man may have worked on the staff for years, and yet have never seen his fellow-workers on the next station. Then there are also the three chaplaincies. There was Cooke at Livingstone, Courthope at Fort Jameson and Ellis at Broken Hill. The chaplains did what they could for natives in their neighbourhood, especially on the mines. Natives flocked to these for work and many were Christians, either from the N. Rhodesian diocese or from the neighbouring diocese of Nyasaland.

Canon Spanton was visiting the diocese this year and had been all round the stations, and the Bishop determined to make a special effort to get together all his staff for Synod and Conference. He had intended to hold the gathering at Fiwila, but in the end Broken Hill seemed more convenient. Many important things were discussed at the Conference. Perhaps the most important subject was that of a training college for teachers. There had been De la Pryme's small college, and later something had been done at Msoro, but generally each station had done what it could to train its own teachers. As we have seen, the Community of the Resurrection at Penhalonga had given useful help from outside the diocese. Many teachers, specially, at first, had been loaned by Nyasaland. Now the Conference requested the Bishop to start a diocesan training college for teachers at Fiwila under Padre Hewitt. The first Synod of the diocese passed two acts. The first was to approve of the proposed East African Province on the basis agreed at the Nairobi Conference. The second act was a resolution on the subject of remarriage of divorced persons, identical in terms with that passed by the Synod of Nyasaland.

The work in the copper mines was rapidly increasing and was bringing more and more Europeans into the country every year. The Bishop joyfully welcomed their claim on our staff for spiritual ministrations. A new centre had grown up at the Bwana Mkubwa Mine, 120 miles from Broken Hill. The Bishop decided that for the present, Ellis

should go over there from Broken Hill on one Sunday every month.

This year the Bishop's transport was made much easier by the arrival of a motor car, or rather motor van. Friends had generously given so much towards the van that it only cost the Mission about £40, including transport. The Bishop could now travel with all his loads with him.

The great church at Chipili was used for the first time on Palm Sunday, 1928. It will be remembered that it was built by the congregation of St. Andrew's, Worthing, in memory of their Vicar, the Rev. G. K. Boyd, after the disastrous downfall of the first brick church. It had been building for four years and was still not finished inside. However, the complete shell was finished and soundly roofed and, though as yet unfinished inside, it came into use, as the temporary church was becoming very rickety and dangerous. It was a wonderful place, for though designed by Archdeacon George, the actual building had been done by the staff, that is by amateurs. By St. Michael's Day, the Patronal Festival, the whole was finished, and the Bishop duly consecrated the church. This seemed to mark a stage in the development of Chipili. After ten years' work, results suddenly, as it seemed, began to show. Large numbers were coming to hear ; far larger numbers were attending the schools ; many chiefs in the neighbourhood were asking the staff to start work in their villages.

It was about this time, in fact on Michaelmas Eve, that the Training College at Fiwila was opened. Padre Hewitt began with nineteen pupils. Such an institution has to pass through a difficult stage at the beginning in East Africa. There are as yet no traditions. The privileged few chosen are apt to imagine that they are very fine fellows indeed and are conferring favours by their presence. A minimum of discipline is difficult. By patience and perseverance Padre Hewitt surmounted all these difficulties. Teachers play such an important part in our Mission methods that the opening of the Fiwila Training College, small though it was at first, is a real landmark in the progress of the diocese.

On the other hand there were disappointments. The expenses

of the diocese were increasing, while the annual income remained almost stationary. After the war the diocese had money, but could not get a full staff. Now the diocese was more adequately staffed, but money to maintain all the work was lacking. This lack of funds compelled the Bishop to take a step which he very much disliked, but there seemed no other possible way of saving money. It will be remembered that the tribes round Mapanza and Shakashina had not been very responsive. Work in the district was for long uphill work. Lately, however, a change had come, specially since the ladies' work had started. There seemed to be a new keenness. There were larger numbers in the schools, and the pupils seemed to want to learn. The surgery drew large crowds. The Bishop, forced to economize somewhere, felt bound to discontinue the ladies' work at Mapanza. Indeed only the two priests were left to carry on. That he should have been driven to this step is one of those tragedies which do so much to break the heart of a Bishop and his staff, and which put back the pace of the evangelization of a people by years.

The diocese also suffered a great loss in the departure of Father Barnes. In the time of distress after the war, the authorities of the Community of the Resurrection had allowed Father Barnes to rejoin the Mission staff. That was in 1921. Now Father Barnes was not just an ordinary priest, sent to help at a crisis. He is eminent as an educationalist and as a linguist, and he had long experience of Bantu Africans. We cannot be too grateful to the Community for the loan of such a priest. His presence at Chipili, during the years of spade-work, must have been invaluable. The Community felt compelled to recall him to work in South Africa, where such a man was urgently needed.

Partly owing to shortness of money, a Mission farm was started at Mapanza this year, 1929. The Mission had a certain amount of land there, and it seemed a pity not to make use of it. Such a farm could not only be a source of a small revenue, but it could really do a useful work in teaching natives to make a better use of their own land. The Government inspector gave a very favourable report on the first year's work, and the farm showed promise of being a real success.

Padre Smith had done much for Msoro and had been head of the station for many years. It came as a terrible blow to discover that he was suffering from that very terrible disease, sleeping sickness. Only a few years earlier the disease always ended fatally. Fortunately, medical science is learning how to treat the disease. Padre Smith had to go through a long and painful treatment, but to everyone's joy this treatment proved successful. The Bishop wrote, "Though he looks thin and run down, he is back at his post at Msoro." Though Padre Smith recovered, the station suffered a serious loss, for Hugh Stewart fell ill of the same dreadful disease and, in spite of treatment, he died on July 5, 1930.

In 1930, Padre Hewitt was set to start yet another College. This was the Theological College at Fiwila. There were six students, definitely testing their vocation for Holy Orders. They had all had practical experience as teachers for many years. When the Theological College was started, the Bishop decided that Fiwila was not so good a site for St. Mark's Training College as had been hoped. It was not very fertile, and it was not possible to grow much food on the spot. The Bishop therefore made up his mind to move St. Mark's College to Mapanza. It was not a very difficult business, for the buildings at Fiwila were not permanent ones. Padre Ruck worked hard to make ready for the students at Mapanza, and the new term began there in September 1931.

The year 1932 was a notable year in the history of the diocese of Northern Rhodesia. From the very first the Universities' Mission has worked towards the development of an African ministry. This is the goal which all our members, at home or abroad, have set before them. We are persuaded that in the last resort it is only Africans who can evangelize Africa. In this book we have tried to keep this purpose in the minds of our readers. Whether engaged in pioneer work, evangelistic work or in ordinary pastoral work, this aim has always been at the back of the minds of our missionaries, as definitely as in the minds of those who were engaged on the staffs of our Training and Theological Colleges. On Trinity Sunday, 1932, after nearly two years' special training at Fiwila, Bishop May

ordained four African deacons, the first natives to be admitted to Holy Orders in the diocese. There were representatives present from nearly all the stations. Bishop Embling, who was visiting the diocese, preached the ordination sermon. It was a day of great joy and thankfulness, but there was one sad note. There had been one training for ordination, Harun Nchewere. He had a splendid record, and seemed far the most promising of the five students. Padre Ranger writes of him, "It is no slur on those whom we welcome to-day as deacons . . . to say that Harun was the outstanding personality amongst those chosen for training. . . . It is doubtful if any single person, not excluding even Padre Leonard, has had a greater influence for good at Msoro. . . . The more I had to do with him, the more I learnt to trust his judgment and to realize the depth of his love for his God and his work." But Harun's health broke down during the training and he passed away on July 16, 1931. Though now serving his Master in the Presence, he was sorely missed by those who loved and respected him on earth, on the ordination day. The Bishop was sending two of the new deacons to work under Padre Smith at Msoro, and he took the opportunity of appointing him his archdeacon in that vast district. His title was Archdeacon of Msoro.

XL

THE HOME BASE

IT is the present writer's firm belief that some of the finest work done for the Universities' Mission has been done at home in England. It is true that there springs to one's mind a splendid roll of workers, men and women, who served God and the cause in Africa and of whom we are justly proud. But they were buoyed up by the amazing interest of their work. In a surprisingly short space of time they found that the wonderful Bantu race had somehow won its way to their hearts. Never again could they endure to hear them maligned or see them wronged. No sacrifice could be too great which would help to raise them to their destined position in the world. Above all they could never rest until the Gospel was preached to them and the doors of the Kingdom of Heaven flung wide for them to enter. But this hope could never be fulfilled without unselfish, untiring work done at home. Devoted men and women laboured on for the love of God, without the challenging interest, without the personal touch, which counts for so much. Comparatively little has been said of the home work in this book. It is rather an attempt to portray the African front and to bring it rather more within the range of the imagination of home-living folk. But all the time, while the writer has been telling of work and progress in Africa, there has been present in his mind the thought of those wonderful people at home who have made it all possible.

Of these home workers one, from whom much was expected, the Rev. G. C. Rawlinson, passed away in 1923. He was a brilliant editor of *Central Africa*, and his articles were always worth careful reading. Fortunately, Canon Dale was persuaded to take up the task, and our magazine still keeps up to its old splendid traditions. The same year Miss E. C. Douglas resigned her position as Secretary for the Coral League, which she had directed so vigorously and successfully for ten years. Miss Nugee, who was at the office, took her place. Much as we missed Miss Douglas, it was a

happy day for the Mission which brought Miss Nugee to our help.

At the close of 1924 a bigger change came. Our secretary, Canon Duncan Travers, after holding on heroically to tide over difficult times, at length retired to his well-earned rest. He was granted happy years of retirement, and then the call came on July 22, 1932. To those who served in Africa during his time, the thought of Duncan Travers must always bring a glow of gratitude and affection. Was there ever a more unselfish worker in a great cause? He could always find time to welcome us home as if he had nothing else to think about. He could always find time to have a talk with us. He nearly always came to see us off. One wonders if he had any idea how much we loved him!

In his place was installed Canon Spanton. It would seem an important point that the General Secretary should have some first-hand knowledge of Africa. If one did not believe in Divine Providence, it would seem a most singular thing, that, just at the moment of Canon Travers' retirement, there should have been available one who had already played so large a part in Africa. As Principal of Kiungani and Chancellor of the Cathedral, Canon Spanton must have had a most intimate knowledge of his diocese. After settling in at the office, he made a tour of the other dioceses, that he might know something of the whole work. Not only has he proved himself as our secretary, but he fills a place in the eyes of all those interested in foreign missions which is wholly remarkable.

Meanwhile old friends were passing over. Canon Randolph died in 1925 and the Rev. C. C. Child, whom we all remember pointing to the map during speeches at the Anniversaries. Later in the year Sir John Buchanan Riddell died, whose brother had given his life in the early days of the Mission. But the loss that came closest to us was that of Father Russell. It is impossible to say much about this saintly priest. Those who knew him know what manner of man he was, and one could never describe him properly to those who did not know him. He was the sort of man who made you feel what was meant by the "beauty of holiness."

The next year, 1926, took toll of the old guard in Africa. Miss Thackeray died at her shamba in Zanzibar, and Sir John Key died in England. Then, in 1927, Sir Harry Johnston died, who had so much to do with the settlement of the European claims in Africa and was always a good friend to the Mission. His death was followed by Dr. Aggrey, then teaching at Achimota College in West Africa. That remarkable man was a West African, not a Bantu, but he showed to what an African can rise, given the opportunity.

In 1928, Mr. Robert Webb, who had served the Mission so long and faithfully as an honorary organizing secretary in the north of England, felt bound to resign his post, owing to failing eyesight. Those who have done deputation work in his district will remember with a lively sense of gratitude his care for us and the wonderful way in which he planned out our work. By death we lost Sir Dyce Duckworth, who had generously placed his great gifts at the service of the Mission as consultant physician for sixteen years. He had also been a Vice-Chairman of our Home Committee and had taken the keenest interest in the welfare of the Mission. In June our historian, Miss Anderson-Morshead, died. Only a little later Canon Bartlet died, who, as Bishop Fisher's commissary, had served the Mission most effectively. Then, just at the end of the year, Miss Josephine Choveaux passed over. Since she retired from Africa, she had been helping in "the shop" at Dartmouth Street.

In January 1929, the headquarters of the Mission were moved to the fine new buildings in Wood Street. The old buildings had become dear through association, but for practical purposes they were sadly inadequate. On January 23 the Bishop of Zanzibar blessed the new buildings, and Bishop Gore gave a brief address.

Next year, 1930, Miss Mills kept her jubilee of work done for Africa. Canon Travers wrote a delightful little notice of it in *Central Africa*. He told how frail Miss Mills looked, when in Zanzibar in 1884, and yet she is still with us in 1935. She worked for the Mission at home as eagerly as she did in Africa. For many years she edited our magazines and did much useful literary work.

These years again brought losses. In 1929 Dr. Wells, Warden of Wadham and chairman of the Oxford Committee, died. Next year Canon Nugee, Bishop Trefusis and Dr. C. H. Turner all were taken. In 1931 Ann Daoma died in Capetown, full of days and honour. She was the little girl, carried in by Bishop Mackenzie because she was too tiny to walk. He had found her, crying by the side of her dead mother, a used-up slave, left to die in the path. Waller had taken her down to Cape Town and got her taken in at the orphanage. She proved diligent and trustworthy and, when she grew up, was herself one of the staff. She had retired a few years before on a small Government pension. Now her long pilgrimage was over.

We must end our list by recording the death on January 17, 1932, of our great President, Bishop Gore. It would be foolish to try to express what the Church owes to him. We can only thank God for such a life and feel humbly thankful for what he did, through so many years, for our Mission.

Looking back over the story of the Mission, we realize what a glorious adventure it has been. We see men and women of various gifts and different temperaments called to give their all in God's Service, and we have watched His care over them and His guiding hand, even in the darkest hour. Whether at home or in Africa there have been never wanting fit persons to take up the burden as another laid it down. We thank God for His mercies and take courage for the future. Above all we thank Him that he has granted to us, the humblest of His children, the privilege of making our small contribution to the final victory of the Cross in Africa.

XLI

CONCLUSION

WE have brought the story of the Mission almost down to the end of 1932. There we had meant to stop, but already in 1935, those days begin to seem far away. Something therefore must be done, by way of an appendix, to fill up the gap. We shall therefore tell briefly the more important events down to the end of 1934.

Bishop Gore's death came as a terrible blow to the whole Anglican community throughout the world. Nowhere was the sense of loss felt more acutely than in the Universities' Mission. Fortunately Bishop Shaw, sometime Suffragan Bishop of Buckingham, gallantly took Bishop Gore's place as President of the Mission. He is still our President in 1935, and we learn to value his services more and more as the years pass.

In the diocese of Zanzibar the first of the two years of which we are thinking, 1933, was a gloomy one indeed, at least as regards the mainland. For the second year in succession the harvest had failed, and consequently there followed a famine, described by the Bishop of Zanzibar as "the worst famine within living memory." Not only had the rain failed, but such scanty crops as grew at all were devoured by locusts. Water was hardly to be had for drinking. People were living, if they lived at all, on roots dug in the forest. The Tanganyika Territory Government did all that was possible to keep people alive, and, as in the Ruvuma famine, enlisted the help of the missionaries. The work of the Mission was well-nigh brought to a standstill. It is almost impossible to teach starving people, and quite impossible to carry on schools among starving children. Our boarding schools were like oases in the desert, for there we could provide food for the scholars, but at the cost of a great strain on the diocesan finances.

Dar-es-Salaam takes a prominent part in the story of the diocese during these two years. It is the capital of Tanganyika Territory, just as it had formerly been the capital of German East Africa. It is also the chief port of the country. Before the



[Photo by Mrs. Hellier

ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH AND CLERGY HOUSE, DAR-ES-SALAAM

war it did not come much into the Mission story. Now there is a population of over a thousand Europeans, nearly all British, and a vast number of natives are employed there. After the war, the chaplain, Padre Dyson, used the Lutheran church and house. Now these were to be handed back to their rightful owners. It became necessary to build our own quarters. The clergy house was built first, and Padre Dyson occupied it in May 1933. He needed a house where he could entertain visitors. Everybody has to do that in East Africa, and specially the padre. It was therefore a fine building on a good site. Then on February 2, 1934, the foundation stone of the new church was laid by Mr. D. J. Jardine, the Acting Governor. The church, which is dedicated to St. Alban, was designed by Mr. S. D. Lavelle and Mr. W. S. Corbett. The builders were Messrs. W. H. Lewis & Sons of Dar-es-Salaam. So well did they work that the Bishop was able to bless the church on November 23, 1934, in the presence of the new Governor, Sir Harold Mac-Michael. It is a beautiful building, beautiful in the simplicity of its design. The tower is almost an exact copy of Archdeacon Hodgson's tower at Mbweni. The Lady Chapel was given by Mr. A. A. M. Isherwood.

During these years the diocese was woefully understaffed. At the end of 1934 there were twenty-three native priests working in the diocese. Some were men of experience and had long shown their ability to do their work, but it must be remembered that many were not so experienced and needed help and supervision. It was therefore a particularly serious blow when Archdeacon Maddocks died, June 29, 1934. John Leslie Maddocks joined the Mission staff in 1920. He became Archdeacon of Ziguiland seven years later. He had been driven to do far more than he ought to have done, owing to the scarcity of priests. In addition to his ordinary duties, he had been helping to fight the famine, which still held the district in its grip. Worn out by overwork, he was unable to resist illness, and his work on earth was ended.

During these years, in spite of the smallness of his staff, the Bishop tried to open work in a new district. This was the country lying between Minaki and the Rufiji river. There dwelt

the Zaramo, a large tribe amongst whom no missionary work had as yet been done. Bishop Steere had visited the district, but was unable to do more. Even now it was not much that could be done, but a beginning was made from Minaki, and the Bishop reported that the results were promising. In his report of 1934, he speaks of a number of conversions and looks forward hopefully to the future.

The Bishop of Masasi began his report for the year 1933 with these words: "It has been a very heavy year, but, on the other hand, the work has never grown before in one year as it has in 1933." Heavy the Bishop might well call it, for so much below strength was his staff of priests that he must needs himself act as priest-in-charge of Masasi. Also the staff was further reduced in the course of the year by the deaths of Kenneth Macbeth and Sister Elizabeth. The priest was a new recruit and full of the promise of good work. The sister had joined the staff in 1902 and was a missionary of ripe experience, with a long record of devoted service. But, in spite of the meagreness of the staff, the work had increased amazingly. Twenty-six new schools had been opened at the request of village chiefs. One of these was at Lindi, which could hardly be described as a village, for it is a thoroughly Moslem coast town. In the far west of the diocese, that important Yao chief, Sultan Kandulu, asked for a second Mission school and closed all the Koran schools in his district. Nine new churches were built this year in the Masasi diocese. The sisters of the C.S.P. very generously offered to build and staff a new boarding school for girls.

On the other side of the account, the diocese was disturbed by the "mchape" men, of whom we shall have more to say later. Warned by Archdeacon Glossop in time, the Bishop made ready to combat this strange invasion, and it did not do very much harm, compared with the havoc wrought in Nyasaland.

The next year opened sadly for Masasi. In February 1934, Padre Blood was very ill with a septic knee and had to go into hospital. Though his case at one time seemed desperate, mercifully he recovered, but not before his leg had been amputated. The diocese was thus deprived of his services.

But still the progress of 1933 was maintained. On St.

Bartholomew's Day, 1934, four new African deacons were ordained. The leper work was increasing. Miss Shelley had over 200 patients coming to receive treatment, and even this large number seemed likely to grow. The Bishop tells a moving story in his survey of 1934. A small company of Muhammadans, Africans, Indians and Arabs, shut their stores on Christmas Day and walked two and a half miles to the Mission. They sat on the stone seat outside the north wall of the Cathedral during Mass. Afterwards they begged to see the Crib. The Bishop feared that they had come to mock, but no, they had come reverently and in awe to see the cause of the festal joy among the Christians. What should this portend? It is a wonderful story to those who know East African Moslems. One knows not whether to weep or to cry aloud for joy.

Ex Africa semper aliquid novi. In 1933 there befell in the diocese of Nyasaland one of those unexpected surprises, which teach the most self-opinionated European from time to time how little he really knows of Africans. The old heathen Africa was a land of fear. It was overshadowed by superstition. Various forms of witchcraft, especially the dreaded *ufiti*,* held men in terror. We had hoped that the light of the Gospel had all but driven away this dark shadow, at least from Christians. No doubt it has done much, but evidently much more of the old superstitious fear lingered than we knew.

In 1933 arrived the "mchape" men. They were shameless impostors, unlike many of the old medicine-men who really believed in their charms. They were men who had become sufficiently de-Africanized at the mines to have lost all dread of the old superstitions. They were educated enough to play

* *Ufiti* (Yao, *Usawi*) is the most dreaded form of witchcraft among the Nyasas and Yaos of Nyasaland. Those who take part in it form a great society, but no one knows who belongs to it, except the members themselves. It is absolutely a secret society. One's best friend, a husband, a wife, may be, all unknown, one of these evil workers. This secrecy makes the society specially feared. Not only are the *afiti* (the members of the society) unknown to ordinary folk, but they are also believed to be able to make themselves invisible. Amongst other horrors, they dig up dead bodies and make medicines of them. These medicines are administered in various ways; sometimes in food or beer; sometimes by a thorn or dart smeared with the medicine. They may kill a man or destroy his reason or strike him dumb. Where such things are seriously believed, it is no wonder that *ufiti* is dreaded.

a subtle part and make their propaganda a very lucrative business. Their claims were these. They declared that they possessed a miraculous medicine that would not only protect a man from all sorts of sickness, but would make him immune from all magic assaults. This medicine they offered to all, at a price. Further, they declared that they knew a way to make all evil workers produce their magic apparatus or die. That the old fear lingered is abundantly evident, for crowds came forward to buy the medicine. Many of them were Christians, and of these the majority were young. Evidently these young folks suspected their elders of possessing some secret power, which they greatly feared. Certainly the "mchape" men thoroughly frightened the older folk. An incredible amount of magic "properties" were brought to light. Little had we suspected such a store of secret medicines in the island of Likoma.

That it was wrong for Christians to use witchcraft to defeat witchcraft it was impossible to make men believe, so rejoiced were they to see these works of darkness brought to light and the old shadow of fear lifted. Gradually the fact that these "mchape" men were impostors dawned upon their victims. Gravely suspected wizards did *not* die when they refused to produce their paraphernalia. As soon as the imposition was suspected, the influence of the "mchape" man rapidly declined and Christians began to realize their lack of faith. Much harm had been done and the deluded Christians had to be put under discipline before they could be restored. Now that the storm has passed, one may hope the air has been cleared, and the net result should be that the hold of witchcraft has received a very damaging blow.

On St. Thomas' Day, 1933, the Bishop ordained six Africans to the diaconate. This was a great addition to the staff, but, on the other hand, there were losses. Miss Medd resigned for family reasons, after thirty years' faithful service. She is the niece of Bishop Maples. Her work in the education of women has been of very great value. She has the manner and the patience needed for dealing with Africans to a high degree. In addition she was a good linguist and had an intimate

acquaintance with African life. At Mponda's, Miss Bruce was compelled to resign owing to ill-health. Her service was short in comparison with Miss Medd's, but the writer gratefully acknowledges the wonderful work which she did and her untiring energy. She spoke Yao well, and she is a very serious loss to Mponda's station.

The next year (1934) was a year of recovery after the "mchape" business. But almost everything else is overshadowed by a sense of loss. First, Archdeacon George fell seriously ill and his life was despaired of, for a time. He did indeed recover, but it was clear that his work in Africa was done. It is impossible to assess what his life has meant to the Mission. He joined the staff in 1899. He was a man who could not be idle. He worked untiringly, first as a devout layman, architect and builder, then as a parish priest, and lastly as archdeacon. The work of the Liuli district was and is overwhelming, yet he carried it on for years. Besides the Cathedral, he designed churches and hospitals throughout his own diocese and other buildings outside the diocese. He has left his mark in material buildings, and much more he has left his mark on the spiritual temple in Africa.

Then came a still more crushing blow. Bishop Douglas was only consecrated in 1930. He was sure of a welcome in Nyasaland for his brother's sake. Almost at once he won the confidence and the love of his African flock. He learnt their language in an astonishingly short time. Distinguished scholar as he was, he had the humility of a saint. His life was obviously lived with Christ in God. He had done a great deal of travelling that year. While visiting Milo he fell ill of pneumonia. His case seemed desperate. Then he rallied and a reassuring telegram was sent home. Soon after his strength failed, and he died December 20, 1934.

The year 1933 is important in the history of the diocese of Northern Rhodesia on account of the ordination of the first native priests. Bishop May, in his survey of the year's work, said that he had hardly hoped to see the beginnings of an African ministry in his time. However, as we have seen, he was able to ordain four native deacons at Trinity in 1932.

All four deacons showed great promise, and the Bishop felt able to proceed to ordain them to the priesthood. Unfortunately one of the four, Andrea Mulinda, fell seriously ill. He is still alive in 1935, but there is no hope of his recovery. The remaining three, Isaya Mazara, Isaac Mungwa and Patrick Muyawara were ordained on July 16, 1933, at Msoro. It was a great day and crowds flocked to the ordination. The church was quite inadequate to hold the great congregation, so the service was held in the open. A shelter was erected over the altar, which also protected the Bishop and his European clergy from the sun. This was certainly the outstanding event in the year 1933 for Northern Rhodesia.

We put the ordination of three African priests first in the important events of the year, but there was another of very great consequence to the diocese. This was the coming of three Sisters of the Community of the Resurrection of our Lord to work at Mapanza. Their mother house, the house of Mother Cecile, is at Grahamstown in South Africa. The Sisters generously consented to help Bishop May, and the first three arrived at Mapanza in July 1933. Mr. Stone had built the necessary buildings, which are known as St. Anne's House. Ladies' work at Mapanza has had its ups and downs and from time to time it has had to be in abeyance. Now we may hope that there is a bright future before it in the hands of the Sisters.

The third important event of the year also concerns Mapanza. It was the completion of the buildings of St. Mark's Training College for Teachers. Padres Jones and Adams and James Mwela, who formed the staff, had worked in uncomfortable quarters hitherto. After being blessed by the Bishop, the College was formally opened by the Governor, Sir Ronald Storrs, on October 2, 1933. He was accompanied by the Provincial and District Commissioners, and the Director of Native Education had hoped to be present, but was prevented from coming by illness. He was represented by the Headmaster of the Jeanes' School. These fine buildings were built under the supervision of Mr. Peter Man, who had come out from England for that purpose.

These three happy events are landmarks in the progress of

our work in Northern Rhodesia. But there was also loss. It was a serious blow to the diocese when Hewitt was compelled to resign, owing to ill-health. He had joined the staff in 1916 and had done a great work, specially on the educational side. Under him Fiwila began as a central school. Then the Training College developed and lastly he was Principal of the Theological College. His work there was crowned when the first three priests were ordained in July.

The next year, 1934, was much less sensational. The Bishop laments in his report that the "mchape" men had invaded his diocese and made mischief, as they had done in the dioceses of Nyasaland and Masasi, but he did not think that the mischief done in Rhodesia was very serious. He was far more concerned about the Watch Tower movement. This is still alive round Fiwila, but not doing so much harm. It was revived in the Msoro district, and there it was doing much more mischief.

The staff of the diocese, having been increased by recruits from England, was stronger at the end of the year, in spite of the loss of Stone and Miss Haddrell. Stone resigned, after eight years of useful work, while Miss Haddrell was obliged to resign on account of her health. The stronger staff enabled Bishop May to meet the growing needs of the Europeans. To his great satisfaction he had a priest at all the important centres, except Fort Jameson, at the end of 1934. It was sad that Fort Jameson should be without a chaplain, but the clergy at Msoro made regular visits and did what they could. The other centres were provided with chaplains. Dudley, who had served for a while in Nyasaland, was at Livingstone. Chandler was at Broken Hill. Faull was at Lusaka, the new capital of Northern Rhodesia. The Rev. A. N. Faull is not a member of the U.M.C.A., but is on the staff of the South African Church Railway Mission, which is always ready to help isolated Europeans, where possible. Ellis was still at Ndola.

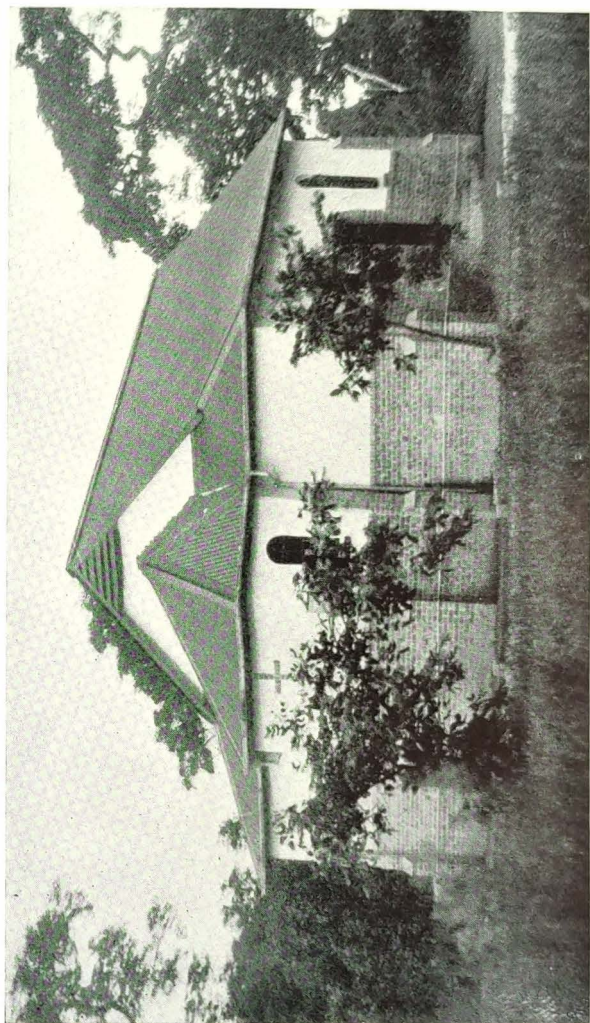
In this year, 1934, a useful church had been built by the natives for their location at Ndola, dedicated to the memory of the African Martyrs. Now that the copper mines are working once more, crowds of Africans flock to Ndola in search of work. Many of them are Christians either from Northern Rhodesia

or the Nyasaland diocese. It is a matter of urgent importance to minister to these men, separated from their wives and families and subjected to great temptations.

We must conclude the story of the diocese by describing the inauguration of its Cathedral Church. It will be remembered that Bishop Hine had hoped that the fine church at Mapanza would be the Cathedral Church of the diocese, but the objection to that was that it could only be the church of the native Africans. Later Bishop May thought of Broken Hill, but that could only have been the church of the Europeans. Ndola seemed the place where both races could join in a Cathedral Church. The committee of the European church at Ndola agreed that the church should be for all, irrespective of race or colour. This decision does them great honour, for it must be remembered that race feeling runs strong in our African dependencies and the church had in fact been built by the European community. A simple, but very beautiful throne had been made, almost entirely by local work and of local material. This was placed in the Church of the Holy Nativity at Ndola. Here Bishop May was enthroned on Epiphany, 1935, and thus it was duly constituted the Cathedral Church of the diocese of Northern Rhodesia.

At home, as the two years passed, friends and supporters of the Mission passed with them. On April 9, 1934, died John Edward Hine. Unassuming man as he was, he was called to high office. He was Bishop of three dioceses and was Suffragan Bishop of another. In Africa he was in closer touch with the natives than is granted to most Europeans. As Archdeacon Glossop pointed out, the African has an uncanny way of finding out almost at once if a European really likes them. Bishop Hine did like them and that was the secret of his life in Africa. He told Archdeacon Glossop that he would wish to die within the sound of the nkwazi's cry. The nkwazi is the big osprey of East Africa. He loved the people and the country, he lived strenuous days for them and, we cannot doubt, he still prays for them.

On November 23, 1933, passed one greatly beloved and



THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, NDOLA, NORTHERN RHODESIA

respected and a staunch friend of our Mission, Dr. Archer Houblon. As our chairman he was a familiar and welcome figure at our Anniversaries. He was an active worker on our committees. He played an important part in his own diocese of Oxford, where he was long Archdeacon, but nowhere will he be more missed than in the Universities' Mission.

In the previous August we lost one of our oldest supporters in Dr. Lock, late Warden of Keble. He was a member of the Oxford Committee from 1882 to 1926, and chairman for the last six years. He died August 12, 1933. It was no small asset to have so distinguished a scholar in our councils and especially in his own university.

Another old supporter, Dr. Talbot, died in January 1934. He died full of days and honour. He had been First Warden of Keble and Bishop successively of Rochester, Southwark and Winchester, and made his mark in each office. He was President of our Mission, until increasing infirmity and the cares of his vast diocese of Winchester compelled him to resign.

It is impossible to chronicle all our losses. In January 1934, died Lord Halifax, "whose name liveth." More closely connected with our Mission were Margaret Woodward, Hallam Murray, Janet Dutton, Mrs. Rabagliati, a great worker for the Mission in Yorkshire, and Kathleen Mkwarasho, the faithful teacher in Likoma Girls' School, one of Mrs. Thackeray's girls of long ago at Zanzibar. Father White, S.S.M., who had done such good work at Mkuzi, passed in 1934. In August of the same year, that gallant old man Dr. Laws of Livingstonia died in retirement after fifty-two years of strenuous work in Africa. He was loved and respected by the members of our staff in Nyasaland, especially Archdeacon Johnson.

We have all but finished, but we would end on a note of triumphant hope. Towards the close of 1934 the prospects of the Mission looked bleak indeed. The General Fund, the fund on which the ordinary work of the Mission depends, was some £2,500 down. It seemed likely that the diocesan grants would have to be cut, and that meant that work must be cut too. It is a sad thing to feel that no extension of work must be made, but to have to draw back from ground once occupied for

Christ——! We hope that our readers will have realized the misery of this in the course of our story, when we tried to describe such tragedies as the withdrawal from Mkushi and Lumesule. Suddenly and unexpectedly a number of our younger supporters, who described themselves as “under thirty-four,” came to our rescue. After many years spent abroad, nothing at home has impressed the writer more than the keenness and aliveness of our younger supporters. It is this that makes the atmosphere of our summer schools so delightful. These young people set to work to make an act of reparation for the indifference of the Church at home. They set to work in all humility, with earnest prayer and in the spirit of self-sacrifice. Not entirely through their efforts, but very largely, the money was raised, and the Treasurers felt justified in promising the bishops undiminished grants from the General Fund. When our younger supporters show such a spirit as this, the future of our Mission is safe. *Laus Deo!*

As we were going to press the good news came that a successor had been found for Bishop Douglas in Nyasaland. He is the Rev. Frank Oswald Thorne. He was a scholar of Christ Church, Oxford, and read for orders at St. Boniface College, Warminster. He was ordained in 1922. He joined the Mission staff in 1925 and worked at the Training College at Minaki. In 1930 he became first Warden of St. Cyprian's Theological College at Tunduru, in the Masasi diocese. His connection with the Training College and later his experience at St. Cyprian's should be of great value in dealing with his African staff. Fortunately the new bishop is young and we may hope that a long and useful episcopate lies before him. It is hoped that he will be consecrated on February 24, 1936.

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