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FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT

MEMOIRS OF MIGHTY MEN

Fred Stanley Arnot

MISSIONARY
EXPLORER
BENEFACTOR

BY

J. J. ELLIS

Author of "The Life of David Livingstone," etc.



PICKERING & INGLIS

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Memoirs of Mighty Men

A SPLENDID SERIES OF NOBLE LIVES

David Livingstone, the Factory Boy who became the renowned Missionary and Explorer in Central Africa

John Bunyan, the Bedford Tinker who dreamed the Immortal Dream, which has so captivated mankind

John Wesley, a Leader in spite of himself. The man who revolutionised Great Britain in the 17th Century

Dwight L. Moody, The American Boot Salesman who became the mighty Evangelist of the last Century

Frederick Stanley Arnot, the African Missionary Explorer on whom the mantle of David Livingstone fell

George Müller, the Godless Student who became the mighty Man of Faith in the living and providing God

J. Hudson Taylor, the Chemist's son, who became the Founder of the far-famed China Inland Mission

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FRED STANLEY ARNOT

CHAPTER I

Called and Sent Forth

"In me, Lord, Thyself reveal!
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me Thee when waking feel—
Let me in Thy image rise."

"Who is doing God's work for the redemption of sinners? Are you?"—*H. P. Hughes*

WITTY Thomas Fuller once remarked, "Lord, I see that my father's piety cannot be entailed; that is bad news for me." True this is, but then the promise is to the godly seed and their children.

Fred S. Arnot, one of the most remarkable missionaries of modern times is a proof of the blessing of a pious parentage. He was nurtured in the fear of the Lord, and from the silent pieties of his home came many of the impulses and moulding influences that made him what he was. He came of the solid practical stock that has long characterised the Scottish Worthies. One of his ancestors, a friend of John Newton, was the author of books still worth reading. From this leader of thought, the descent continued in the same strain until at length Fred. S. Arnot was born at 8 Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow. The boy was but four years of age when the family took him with them

to Hamilton, a distinct leading of God, as was proved by subsequent events. The plan of Fred's life showed the continuous operation of the same grace, and so it fell out that when the boy had attained his sixth year he attended a prize distribution where he heard Dr. Livingstone speak.

Dr. Livingstone's Influence.

One light kindles another, and the truth flames from one life to a kindred spirit. Possibly the great explorer never knew that through him and what he said that day the Divine Spirit was separating to Himself an apostle to the dark continent.

The Arnots became friendly with the Livingstones; especially did the children of both families come to like one another, and thus it was that one of David's old letters was read aloud, and its vivid sentences explaining the horrors of the slave trade, aroused the heart of Fred. The boy buttoned his coat and said, "If God spares me I will go and help to right this wrong." Once awake to the beckoning duty, he resolved to go to Africa, from that hour all his thinkings, dreams, visions, and hopes were about Africa. That he must go there was clear to him, but as to how he was to commence his labours he neither knew nor troubled to inquire. Africa is so vast that if India, Western and Southern Australia, China, and Europe were lifted up and placed upon it there would still be land uncovered. And he, a lad with no one to aid him but God; but then he *had* God and fully believed in Him. So when some one inquired as to how he proposed to reach this Africa if no one sent him, he firmly answered that in

that case he would swim there. Such is the effect of a Divine call heard and accepted.

Early Strivings.

Clearly the child was one of strong purpose; upon the native tough Scottish obstinacy there was laid a great constraint that nerved him as with bands of steel, and withal prevented his wasting his energies in futile efforts. Concentration is only purpose realised, and is essential to that training that each worker may accept or neglect. Fred did not as yet know the Lord, save in a dim sense, although he felt the charm and attraction of the Lord Jesus. A child of prayer, Fred was surrounded by gracious influences, and God spoke to him in many ways and voices. It was only when he had reached the critical age of eleven that he came to know the way of Salvation—came to know it by being saved. It was in the night before the day dawn at 2 o'clock that Eternal Life entered Fred's soul, and that definite change was effected that was never to be undone.

John 3. 16 was the verse which gave him the assurance of salvation, and this blessed text, says Sir W. R. Nicol, "became his lifelong creed and he worked in its spirit. All his achievements as a pioneer, his triumphs as a traveller alone amidst savage and contending tribes were due to the truth contained in this verse. His power to meet and subdue the wicked sprang from this, which he calls his first message." Dr. Moffat's advice to him before he went to Africa was, "Have patience, patience, patience, and then you will succeed."

His patience sprang from a continuous realisation of John 3. 16. Long before, Luther said "that this verse is the best prescription for head and heart;" it is so because that which saves also preserves, imparting even to mean abilities the full force of Jesus Himself.

An Assuring Message.

By this verse Duncan Matheson was called to his wonderful career. The stone-mason stood one morning in his garden when frost had silvered plant and leaf, and the beauty before him intensified his feeling of need. Then while he ached with longing for soul satisfaction, these words were sent into his mind. He tells us, "I saw that God loves me, for God loves all the world. I saw the proof of His love—the giving of His Son. I saw that whosoever meant me, even me; my burden was loosed from off my back. I could not contain myself for joy."

Egerton Young repeated this verse to the North American Indians. For four hours he repeated it, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." For four hours he explained the meaning of the verse, and then said an old war chief, "What you have said fills my heart and satisfies my longings. I am so glad you have come to us with this wonderful story." Yes, and Lord Cairns, more than once Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, with his dying breath uttered this verse. He found its comfort all that he needed when life was slipping away from him.

Friend, whosoever means you, and the love that gave

the Lord Jesus Christ to die for sinners is love that greatly desires your salvation.

"Only *trust* Him! Only *trust* Him!
Only *trust* Him *now!*"

Years of Preparation.

At once Fred commenced Christian work, taking part in open-air meetings and other forms of witnessing for Christ, at times among the brethren with whom he met, amazing his hearers who observed his youthful appearance by his direct and wise appeals.

With the practical bent of his nature sanctified and guided he spent six months in a shipbuilding yard, so as to learn the use and handling of tools. And when in 1876 the family moved to Glasgow, Fred took a situation in the office of a wholesale linen merchant. There he acquired an insight into business methods, and was, of course, put to the test. Being asked to incorrectly invoice some goods, he refused, and while for a time he was under a cloud, in the end he was commended for his integrity.

Mindful of the future Fred accustomed himself to find his way across the country by the aid of a compass. In the course of one such journey a miner sent two of his sons to protect him in case he was molested by roughs. One of these subsequently followed Arnot to Africa, having heard the cry, "Come and help us," a call sounding still, but by many unheeded. Fred taught himself how to make shoes, to cut out cloth and sew it into garments, to take a watch to pieces and put it into working order. At the blacksmith's forge he learned to handle iron and use the

hammer, to which useful knowledge he added some skill in surgery and medicine.

Above all, and while acquiring the arts of business, Fred gave himself up to the systematic study of Scripture, in itself the highest education possible and the one that brought him into vital touch with God. The truths he thus acquired and studied fitted him for every day duty, and were a store of strength upon which he could draw while tramping along through swamps and forests, the method by which he was to express the faith that was in him.

Set Apart for Africa.

His vocation and desire were communicated to his Christian friends, and the brethren among whom he worshipped solemnly set him apart with love and prayer for the work to which he evidently had been called.

He was now twenty-three years of age, and had refused the University training that some of his relatives desired for him—indeed had offered to pay for—and in the refusal he was obeying the voice that had called him out of darkness into the light and liberty of the people of God.

He cheerfully accepted the loneliness and poverty that were inseparable from his choice. He was far too poor to have a caravan, and this led to his sharing the life of the natives and learning to understand them. More than that, it drove him to prayer, keeping him close to the Saviour, and taught him dependence on and perfect fellowship with Him.

Fred Arnot's idea was to enter Africa by the great

Zambesi River, work his way up its banks, until along the course of one of its tributaries he could find some upland where white people could live.

In January, 1881, he left England with a companion, and in the August following he reached Africa. He was temptingly urged to plant himself in Delagoa Bay, but he preferred the path into the interior. A half-caste, complaining of this, said, "Ah, white men bring brandy to Delagoa Bay and guns and powder, but white men bring no chapel to Delagoa Bay."

Having refused the easier way, Arnot, of course, found trials and difficulties. His companion fell sick, and was compelled to return to Europe. Thus was Arnot left without the solace of companionship; left to attempt his great task alone, yet not alone, for God went with him. He tells us that "after reading Ephesians 5. 25-29, an overpowering sense of the sufficiency of Jesus' love so steeled every muscle and nerve of my body, that I felt I could go anywhere and do anything that I believed He had called me to do—supplies or no supplies."

Happy man, but no happier than you may be if you will but surrender all and wholly live by faith in Christ Jesus.

CHAPTER II

Helped while Helping

"By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near."

"He would talk to the stranger on one and all subjects, and yet the refrain of the music was the Name of Jesus."—*Love and life.*

AT the time when Mr. Arnot commenced his brave march across Africa alone, save with the Saviour ever near him, the continent was as unsettled as it was dark. The introduction of firearms and the advances of trade had shaken the great empires and given the small nations a chance in the struggle for power and pre-eminence. This everywhere follows political upheaval.

The Boer War of 1880-81 had just ended, but the angry spirit inseparable from war, and the dislocation of ordinary business, were acute, so that the vast interior of Africa, eastward, seethed with passion and flamed with the desire to obtain power and plunder.

Into this confusion Arnot plunged, leaving Natal with a train of bullock wagons, bound for the old capital of the Transvaal. They met and passed through troops of red-coats returning from the battlefields. By slow and painful struggles, pressing forward, he made his way to Maritzburg, not knowing the path, but impelled to go on by the unseen Guide who led his steps. Detained here for a while, Mr. Arnot rested and refreshed himself by visiting

mission stations so as to collect information which would aid him in his future service. The while he also visited the sick, preaching as occasion allowed, preparing for his future duty by doing the present task as well as if it were all that mattered.

Dangers and Delays.

While thus exercising his faith and patience, he had a narrow escape from death—one of the many, that showed the protecting power of God ever over His saints and witnesses. He was shaping his way to a meeting of believers when a fireball fell at his feet and burst so near to him that the electric fluid passed through his body, yet he was unhurt. No wonder, for all things are under the rule of Jesus, and to storm and foe He said, "Do My anointed no harm!" True—

"Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of grace sees fit."

Mr. Arnot at length decided to go on to Shoshong, where Khama, the Christian chief, held rule. He hoped for the help of the chief, and judged that at that capital he could acquire the Bechuana tongue, the mother speech of many peoples. He was allowed to accompany a transport rider who had charge of some wagons drawn by oxen, sixteen or twenty beasts being needful with each wagon. The discomforts of this rough travelling over ruts, stones, across swamps, bosky clumps of thicket, and deep pits of mud can be imagined. But on they pressed, until for three days they were held prisoners by fierce bursts of wind and rain. The transport rider hurried off to an inn

and there took shelter. Mr. Arnot remained with the drivers, lying with them beneath the wagon, wrapped in a sheep's skin and sharing their rough fare.

Then and afterwards much of his time was spent with Kaffirs, despised by the whites, but redeemed with the precious blood and dear to Christ as part of the race He came to seek and save. Arnot, while he caught languages with great rapidity, did not understand all the speech of his companions, so he was sweetly compelled to converse only with Him whose ear is ever open to us. "This," he says, "has turned my solitude into a very precious time, and I can say to His praise that I never felt more free from all care and anxious thought than now. I wonder how it is that Satan has so managed to blindfold me in the past, that my whole life has not been one note of praise. Oh! stir up every child of God you meet to praise our God more. We little know how much we rob Him by our sad hearts and dull and thankless lives. The Lord has been teaching me a little of the awful sin of unthankfulness. Two great reasons why God gave up those of old to uncleanness and darkness were, that they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful."

Among the Boers.

Thankful and praiseful Arnot certainly was, and perhaps his winsome gladness helped him to win the confidence of Generals Cronjé and Joubert, who prayed with him and encouraged his work among the Boers, for Arnot believed that all men need and all men should be offered the evangel.

Crossing the Vaal river, he reached at length Potchefstroom, the ancient capital of the Transvaal, where he spent some six profitable weeks. Here he lighted upon a missionary who, being short of funds, had resumed his trade of blacksmith. In return for lessons in the Sechuana language, Fred assisted at the forge, his early experience proving advantageous at this juncture. The use of the hammer was varied by the care of a garden belonging to the young man with whom he lodged. For his landlord Arnot opened and dried apricots, peaches, and figs, providing for his modest wants while acting out his message. During this busy time, when he rested by working, he made the acquaintance of Selous, the famous hunter, who offered his company to Shoshong. Alas, as they were starting, Arnot found that his washerwoman had stolen his clothes, and his riding mule had been appropriated by the man who had taken it in to graze.

His Medical Skill

had proved useful, and so successful was he as a doctor, that the Boers urged him to stay with them and set up a practice. He had won his way to their hearts by love learned from Jesus. Refusing this offer (which meant the abandonment of his mission), Mr. Arnot hired a mule and marched on with Mr. Selous. The latter collected specimens for museums, and travelled faster than could the humble missionary, diverging here and there as his fancy dictated.

While on this journey, Mr. Arnot first met with the Bushmen, the lowest type, perhaps, of the human race,

but wholly human, and as proof shows capable of redemption. For none are so bad, so low, but grace can transform them—happy fact for our comfort. At Shoshong he remained three months, profiting by his intercourse with them and much comforted by what he saw of the triumphs of the Gospel among the Bechuana people.

A trifling incident shows Mr. Arnot's kindness and desire to help even when the trouble was small. A sick woman, turning from her food, longed for a pheasant, and not one could be obtained for her. Mr. Arnot walked twelve miles up to the hills, secured a pheasant and a guinea fowl, and tramped back with his spoil, accomplishing the twenty-four miles in some six hours; but then, he comforted a sick woman and commended the Gospel to her and her husband and neighbours.

Khama, the ruler, took kindly to Arnot, who being lovable, soon made friends, and when the missionary desired to resume his march the chief loaned him a wagon and sent with it his chief hunter to guide his friend as far as the regions where the tsetse fly stopped the progress of oxen.

Mr. Arnot quitted Shoshong amid many expressions of good will, for with him familiarity had bred love. Supplies of food were graciously offered, and as he was leaving, the town-butcher, a half-caste, rolled a bundle into the wagon, saying, "These sausages are well spiced, sir. I have been up all night making them. Hang them to the roof of the wagon."

More even in value than the love he had inspired was the



A TYPICAL LITTLE AFRICAN BOY



From *The Life and Explorations of F. S. Arnot*'

By courtesy of Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd.

CARRIERS RESTING BEFORE CROSSING THE KUTATO RIVER, IN BIHE TERRITORY

remarkable feat that Mr. Arnot in four months had acquired such a knowledge of the Sechuana tongue that he was able to make a speech in it, and even preach the Gospel that is native to every tongue, and be understood too.

Footsore and Weary.

In the course of this journey the pangs of thirst caused our traveller much suffering, but by God's mercy the Bushmen supplied him from their secret stores, and so he continued moving forward until at length he reached the waters of the Chobe river. With artless truth he exclaims: "Why, a feeling of disappointment came over me when I found that I was satisfied with only a few cups full; whereas I felt that I could have drunk buckets full."

His method of ruling men indisposed to obey was soon put to the test. His carriers, skilled in mutiny and extortion, attempted to coerce him. He listened to their complaints, soothing them by saying, "Go pleasantly! Go pleasantly!" and as they grew louder and waxed warm and mad with anger, he quietly said, "I hear you; I hear you." At length the wrath thus damped, died down, and, satisfied by having spoken their minds, the bearers resumed their loads and went cheerfully on with their duty.

Trials came every day—the three donkeys, essential for the journey, spying some zebras, ran off with these gay creatures, but only to quarrel and fight, a combat which was terminated by the arrival of the carriers on the scene. Another night, his favourite dog Judy was snatched from his side, where it lay, by a leopard and eaten.

Nor was he without physical trials. He had to march sixty miles in one day and two nights over all sorts of obstacles, with an abscess formed and festering under his toes, and causing pain so acute that he was compelled to limp along with a stick as a crutch. Soon the agony was so great that he had to shuffle along on the outer edges of his feet, the last twenty miles of this progress, straining every muscle of his body, yet he kept on shuffling in agony and kept sweet and happy too.

Safe Amid Perils.

Having no plan of his own, and seeking for guidance every step of his life mission, Mr. Arnot determined to reach the Zambesi and pass to the highlands beyond, where dwelt Liwanika in the Barotse Valley, a chief who had asked for Christian teachers.

Part of this journey was made by canoe and part on foot. While tramping along in the darkness the party, lighting huge fires, went to sleep under some large trees. The fires died out, but God preserved them. The next morning they found that they had laid themselves down just beyond a game pit, into which a lion crawling towards them had fallen. Had they slept on the other side——? But were they not guided and defended by the Keeper of Israel?

At Shesheke they fell in with a South African trader, who promised to send to Liwanika and ask him to dispatch boats in order to convey them to his country. Finding thus friends where he did not expect them, Mr. Arnot busied himself collecting the goods necessary for this

advance. While thus engaged, he overheard a young man who had been to the meetings talking to himself, and recalling what he had heard Mr. Arnot say: "The Good Shepherd! He gave His life for the sheep! He is the Son of God! Son of God!" Not caring to interrupt the working of the truth in this heathen mind, Mr. Arnot went his way, encouraged to realise that God was busy in the camp.

Not all his carriers were so tractable. In order to frighten him into dealing out extra rations, they once landed, and when Mr. Arnot had stepped on shore they re-entered the boat and paddled away. Mr. Arnot opened his book (which happened to be "The Lives of the Scottish Covenanters") and read on as if he did not notice or mind. After a while the men returned, took up their loads, and the journey was quietly resumed. Somehow the patient, quiet man had conquered.

Mr. Arnot thus reflects: "God has not opened my way so far to leave me now. This I know, He does not so work." But to an eager missionary charged with tidings of great joy that he was longing to proclaim, the nerve strain of these delays and awkwardnesses must have been great. That brain and purpose did not fail is of the goodness of our God.

Nigh unto Death.

But physical failure happened, and he was very sick and became unconscious. His men went on with the unconcern of the worldly; but Mr. Arnot's faithful boy travelled thirty miles through a dangerous country and

brought help. After a while Mr. Arnot rallied somewhat, and as soon as he could crawl, resumed his journey. Once more he collapsed, and had to be carried in a hammock; but still he went forward—on, and yet on.

At length he came to a likely site at Lealui, and finding a field of service, he asked the prayers of Christian friends at home.

CHAPTER III

“ If by any Means I might Save ”

“O that Thy Name may be sounded
Afar over earth and sea,
Till the dead awaken and praise Thee,
And the dumb lips speak to Thee.”

“For every text on following Christ's example, or imitating Him, you will probably find ten on His sufferings and bloodshedding as an atonement for sin.”—*Karney*.

WHEN at length he reached Lealui, the landing place for the Barotse, to whom he was going, Mr. Arnot had to wait until sunrise for porters to carry his bundles up to the capital. He now had to exercise self-restraint, patience, and great faith, for without supplies, unable to light fires, he lay cold and hungry, but still content in God. He and his men were huddled together for warmth, and waited cold, tired, and hungry until at length the darkness melted into dawn. The natives were cross, and ready at the least provocation to fight one another from sheer wretchedness, but Mr. Arnot was resourceful. In Africa men are as proficient with the needle as are their wives. Knowing this, he started a needle-threading competition, and took part in it. To the surprise of his companions, Mr. Arnot succeeded again and again, while they failed at every attempt. At last, exhausted and not now quarrelsome, the men desisted from failure, without realising that their leader owed his success to the fact that he had held the eye of the needle up to a bright star and they had not done so.

When at length the cold night ended, Mr. Arnot went up to Liwanika's town, but found that the hut that the

king had prepared for his abode stood upon wet earth and was reeking with unwholesome damp. Firewood was not forthcoming; indeed, the only fuel available was a reed-like bush with a hollow stem. Unable to eat or sleep, Mr. Arnot had, every third or fourth day, a bout of fever that speedily completely exhausted his strength. In front of this damp hut frequent

Trials for Witchcraft

took place. The supposed offender dipped his hands in boiling water, pulling out five stones that bubbled in the scalding pot, pouring also water over the wrist. After twenty-four hours the skin peeled off, which was held to be a proof of guilt, and the victim was forthwith burnt alive as guilty.

The king, relenting, offered another hut, which was only dry for twenty-four hours. Day after day, during a heavy rainfall, Mr. Arnot lay in the dirty, damp shed, scarcely able to stretch at full length, his goods rotting in the wet, while fierce armies of rats were devouring everything they could reach, moreover crawling over his body. This imprisonment lasted for ten days; Mr. Arnot sitting on his stool in semi-darkness, and at night lying in the wet with the rats for his companions. When the rain ceased, another hut was secured, but the damp, together with the fact that for a month he had been living on native porridge, unflavoured with milk, laid Mr. Arnot low with dysentery. He sweetly says: "Yet I cannot but recognise the hand of the Lord in preserving my life in such trying circumstances."

In the King's Boat.

In February the river overflowed its banks, and spread for miles across the country, so the king went to his summer capital and Mr. Arnot accompanied him and his people. Some two thousand canoes conveyed the royal party, and Mr. Arnot was invited to enter Liwanika's own large boat.

As soon as possible Mr. Arnot opened a school, having first to explain to the king what he had come so far to teach. He spoke of sin, death, and judgment, and fully dwelt upon God's love to men as manifested in the gift of the Lord Jesus Christ to be their Saviour. "This," he said, "was my first and chief message, besides which I wanted to teach the children to read and write, also all about the world they live in, and other things that white men know which are good for all people to know." "Yes, it is good to read, write, and to know numbers; but don't, don't teach them the Word of God. It is not nice. My people are not all going to die now. No; you must not teach that in this country. We know quite enough about God and dying," was the king's response.

Silence was the wise answer to this excited outburst; but later on, when he had calmed down, Liwanika said that he knew that Mr. Arnot was one of God's men, because he showed that he loved the people and their children; and therefore, without a second asking, the king declared that he had perfect liberty and might teach both old and young what he pleased.

Unfortunately, Mr. Arnot still suffered from the effects

of the fever contracted in the damp hut. For nearly a week he had to remain buried in his hut, his head covered with skins and his eyes bandaged. But in spite of all precautions, stray rays of light found their way into his eyes, causing him intense pain.

When he had somewhat recovered, Mr. Arnot found that his supplies had quite run out, and so in order to obtain more, as well as hoping to meet a comrade, he returned to his base.

At Victoria Falls.

During this journey he paid a visit to the magnificent Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. This river is about one and a quarter miles in width, and the water drops four hundred feet into a deep trench or valley, so that at least a thousand feet of water lies below the down-rush. At no one point can the whole cataract be seen at once, but from every point of view there is a spectacle of vast grandeur.

Mr. Arnot writes: "I had expected something grand, but never anything so stupendous and terrific as they appear; yet they are beautiful in the extreme. The depth of the fall of water is about four hundred feet. In some parts it breaks in descending over projecting crags, and in other parts comes over in one sheer plump. The cloud of spray, in which beautiful rainbows appear, rises a long distance in the air, falling again over the banks as it is blown by the wind, so that the vegetation close to the Falls is of the richest and most tropical character."

While thus admiring the wonders of God's world, he

had a narrow escape from a lion, who lay in some bushes at his side.

Sir Ralph Williams' Testimony.

Sir Ralph Williams met him at the Falls. He says: "Mr. Arnot is a remarkable man. I met him some weeks later, and had many talks with him. He was the simplest and most earnest of men. He lived a life of great hardship under the care of the king of the Barotse and taught his children. I have seen many missionaries under varied circumstances, but such an absolutely forlorn man, existing on from day to day, almost homeless, without any of the appliances which make life bearable, I have never seen. He was imbued with one desire, and that was to do God service. He looked neither right nor left, caring nothing for himself if he could but get one to believe; at least so he struck me. And I have honoured the recollections of him ever since, as being as near his Master as any one I ever saw."

This was high praise, but it is praise to us. Mr. Arnot did not know the opinion which this eminent civil servant had formed of him. Not that he was without cheer—no true servant of God ever is or should be. Such incidents as the following make the heart tender and faith strong: An old woman tottered to his hut and asked him to tell her of Jesus, the King of Galilee. He read to her the inspired accounts from the Sechuana New Testament; and as he unfolded the sweet story of old, her face lighted up with the rapture Jesus always kindles where He is welcomed. She crept forward, and in her excess of joy, kissed the

reader's hand. Then she told him how as a child she had been employed by missionary ladies, but had been carried off as a slave by the Barotse. Thirty years had passed since that raid, she had quite forgotten all that the ladies had taught her, but a love for the Saviour to whom they had led her remained within her heart.

Now she stirred up her husband to plead with the king for better treatment of Jesus Christ's man, and afterwards when during a famine Mr. Arnot had been two days without food, it was her love that first secured and then supplied him with that which kept him alive. And all because, ignorant and old as she was, that old woman loved the Saviour, and therefore loved His servants.

Even the wilful king, mindful much of his own interests, admired this faithful witness. He said: "He comes to me and is not afraid to speak. He is young yet, but wait, that will be a man."

An Embarrassed Missionary.

This approval was rather inconveniently manifested, for Liwanika appointed his niece, a woman rich with cattle, slaves, and goods to wed the missionary. With characteristic skill, Mr. Arnot declined the honour without offending the king, who was not usually refused. The young Scotsman said that when he married he would get a wife of his own nation, one who would be able to teach the Barotse women. We are not told what the princess thought or said, but the king was content, merely saying, "That will do. You must bring her the next time you go home, and I shall be satisfied."

As if to show his domesticity, while the whole town went out hunting, Mr. Arnot employed himself in the art of chair making and in plain sewing. Evidently a capable and adaptable man, as much a missionary then when he taught by example the duty of labour as when he preached. Mr. Arnot soon after had a long talk with the king about the stars and the sun. The king wished to know where God dwelt; the doctrine of His omnipresence being a puzzle to him. The certainty of the punishment of sinners rather disturbed the royal mind, and after murmuring about the hardness of man's lot, Liwanika said, "Well, well, I will call you again to speak about this matter." The king was held in bondage by the evil customs and habits he well knew to be wrong, but would not relinquish.

Murder for supposed witchcraft was a convenient way for the rich to get rid of poor enemies without appearing against them. Thus a woman who had always been kind to Mr. Arnot was set alight because she was accused of having placed a crocodile's tooth among the king's corn in order to bewitch him. Some spiteful servant probably rid himself of his mistress by this cruel act. It is ironical to read that a man who was put to this ordeal twice dipped his hands into the boiling water and then allowed the scalding stream to run over his wrists as he lifted out his fingers. Next day the skin was unchanged, and he was pronounced innocent, and the justice of the boiling water test, of course, was considered to be established. The fact that the man in question was nearly a hundred years of age and that his skin was like

hard leather was not at all considered. Indeed, it was the general belief that if the hands of an infant were placed in boiling water not a particle of skin would peel off. Alas, poor baby!

Evil Communications.

The Barotse, like all heathen nations, had many cruel and foul customs, and some habits that, to say the least of them, were unpleasant. They visited the white man to peep and pry into his possessions, so that they might beg, borrow, and steal, and thought this robbery no wrong.

Said the king, when some gleams of light crept across his dark mind, "We are not all going to die just now! Why then speak of it?" Of his many slave subjects he said, "These are not my people; they are our dogs." Now and then there were some who asserted their inherent rights, as when a slave who was kicked out of a hut where he had taken shelter, folded his arms and calmly said, "Yes, master, I know you think me to be a dog; but, sir, I am not a dog, I am a man." Alas, slavery extinguishes all sense of personality, and of all slaves, the slave of sin becomes less human and more demoniac the more the shackles of sin oppress and curb him.

Alas for the slaves of sin who reject Christ who alone can set them free and make them His saints. Christian said to Apollyon, "Your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on; for the wages of sin is death; therefore when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out if perhaps I might mend myself."

Christian, by becoming Christ's servant, obtained his freedom, and at the Cross, where he loved, trusted and cast himself upon the mercy of the dying Saviour, he found peace, and so will you if you obey His call and come to Him just as you are.

"Ye slaves of sin and Hell
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And free in Jesus live."

Cruel Customs.

These people do nothing of importance without a human sacrifice—generally that of a child. The fingers and toes of the child are cut off and the blood sprinkled upon the house, or boat, or drum to be consecrated. Then the hapless infant is killed, cut open, and flung into the river. The dark places of this part of the earth were indeed full of cruelty. Said Mr. Arnot: "A few yards from my hut there lies a perfect Golgotha of skulls and human bones fearful to look upon."

The women, sad to say, especially delighted in cruelty, and favoured a wooer who recounted vile deeds perpetrated in war. The women, too, turn out to meet the warriors on their march home from a campaign or raid, applauding when little children are strung by the neck to tall trees, for sin hardens the heart, and those who do not love God learn to hate His creatures.

The natives really revelled in cruelty. Among their punishments was the habit of tying a captive or offender hand and foot and placing him near a nest of black ants.

He was slowly eaten to death, and in a few days all that remained of a human body was the bones that had been picked clean by the ants!

Yet even among these brutalised people the Gospel proved its sovereign power. Said one of these cruel men, "Monare's (the native name for Mr. Arnot) words pierce the heart." Another remarked that the tale of Calvary was very beautiful, but it was not for him, for he was a slave, and such a sacrifice was only for white men and princes. Ah! Christ's touch has still its ancient power.

Among the courtiers were some with singular titles. One was called "The King's Mat," another, a kindly sage, "The Keeper of the City of Refuge and the Softener of the King's Heart when he was angry with his People." So do titles of rank and nobility differ in varied climes.

The Village Urchins.

Mr. Arnot was very popular with the children—no mean judges of character and merit. They loved to watch him swallow needles, for so they thought he did when he used a three pronged steel fork instead of picking up his meat with his fingers. The tale of this bunch of needles that the white man swallowed at each meal was spread all along the country side and excited wonder.

One day a little fellow summoned up sufficient courage to approach the swallower of needles. He stroked Mr. Arnot's hand from the wrist to the finger tips, and in a shrill tone asked, "Where is the river you wash in. I, too, would like to wash in that river!" Says Mr. Arnot, "The dear little chap little knew how I loved him as I looked at

him, and longed as never before to lead him and his companions to the living fountain of waters."

They were cute, these dusky children—adept and crafty. One little boy could not see food without devouring it. Mr. Arnot, seated on a chair, watched the boy cleaning a few potatoes. Somehow the potatoes in the bowl grew less. Then it was seen that by the middle toe of the foot the boy dug a hole in the sand. Into this a potato was secretly dropped and quickly covered with sand. And all this while he was unconscious of being watched.

The Power of Example.

Observant and alert, the young Scotsman found cheer in the favour with which the natives regarded the memory of Livingstone and Moffat. The great explorer was revered as Monare, and Mr. Arnot was called in compliment, Young Monare. One old man could repeat sermons which he had heard from Dr. Livingstone. All unknowing it, that sower had sown seed, the harvest of which will be reaped in widely separated fields.

Another man remembered Moffat, who would attend the national council, and after the business had been completed, begin to preach. If he were stopped, instead of becoming angry, he would so beg to be allowed to go on that the assembly always listened to his message—loving truth lovingly told.

Liwanika, however, was less easy of access; he had closed his heart to the truth, which he did not like. "It is hard," says one, "to know that one's hand is shortened that it cannot save. It is harder still to know that one

cannot save, not because one's hand is shortened, but because its service is repelled."

King Liwanika.

The king repelled Minare's hand, but one day he asked, "Is there anything in the Bible suitable for a king to listen to?" "There's more in the Bible for kings, and about kings, than for other men," was the answer. A set day arrived, when king and nobles assembled, and to them Mr. Arnot read the story of Nebuchadnezzar and his golden image.

Liwanika delighted in the tale. "That's what I am going to be. I am the great Nebuchadnezzar of Central Africa," he exclaimed.

But when he heard how the proud king was reduced to the level of the beasts, Liwanika sprang from his seat angry and uncomfortable. For two months the king kept away from the preacher who had such an unwelcome message.

Then the king fell ill and sent for Mr. Arnot, and he privately confessed that he had allowed selling slaves, the burning of witches, and making war, knowing they were wrong, but pleaded that he was helpless. Recognising that he was sick in conscience, Mr. Arnot took up the story of Nebuchadnezzar and pressed upon him the acceptance of God's unconditional gift of forgiveness. But the habit of delay is hard to break, and while he asked Mr. Arnot to come and teach him every day, Liwanika would not then yield himself to the loving Jesus.



THE CENTRAL AFRICAN MOTHER OF TO-DAY WASHES HER BABY
IN AN ENAMELLED BATH MADE IN BRITAIN OR AMERICA



Photo by R. Sharp, Prestwick

A DUG-OUT ON ONE OF THE CENTRAL AFRICAN LAKES, AN UNCOMFORTABLE AND DANGEROUS MODE OF TRANSPORT. SEVERAL MISSIONARIES WHO LABOUR ON THE SHORES OF THESE GREAT LAKES NOW USE THE SAFER AND FASTER MOTOR LAUNCH INSTEAD

CHAPTER IV

The Appeal of the Open Door

"It is not that I'm stupefied,
Or senseless, dull, or blind;
'Tis God's own peace within my heart
That forms my quiet mind.
I found this treasure at the Cross,
And there to every kind
Of weary, heavy-laden soul,
Christ gives a quiet mind "

"What earnestness our theme deserves! We have to tell of an earnest Saviour, an earnest Heaven, and an earnest Hell."—
C. H. Spurgeon.

WHILE Mr. Arnot was doing his best as a witness and missionary to the Barotse, he longed to break fresh ground and visit the people of the northern regions. This, Liwanika refused to permit, alleging as his reason that these tribes were dogs and quite unfit and unworthy seeking to save. But Liwanika had to deal with a Scotsman, whose natural perseverance was guided and reinforced by the Holy Spirit's might. Mr. Arnot went west towards Bihé, and so avoided a direct conflict with his chief.

This journey, notwithstanding his weakened condition, he preferred to take on ox-back, refusing to be carried in a hammock, as this mode of travel appeared to him to be too comfortable, and he was a soldier who sought and endured hardness. He also feared the enervating effect if he were borne by men upon his companions, who were accustomed to trudge after him through bush and brake, and over rocks and swamps.

Just before commencing this journey he was repairing some guns for the Barotse, who looked upon him as the servant of all, when the hinge of the block gave way, and his face and right eye were badly scorched by the fierce flame. To add to his troubles his riding ox had been sent ahead of the caravan, so for ten miles Mr Arnot tramped through rough bushes, and at times knee deep in water, being led by the hand by his boy.

Afterwards he borrowed a small ox, but the beast had a funny habit of wandering from the path, now and then racing off for company to the other oxen, shaking Mr. Arnot and damaging his clothing.

Afric's Sunny Fountains.

In due time he secured his own ox, his eyes also grew less painful, the application of poultices of cow dung heated in a pan having given him relief.

In the course of this journey he crossed the river Kumbule, which swept over a bed of silver sand, bright and dazzling to the eyes. Orange, green, and other bright coloured reeds blended with the sparkle of the sands of the river bed and the splendour of its flow, "showing," says Mr. Arnot, "that Afric's sunny fountains is no mere poetic dream; but the sands are silver, not golden, as in Heber's hymn."

With the Bakuti the traveller made himself very much at home. He found them to be a simple folk who had little of the greed of the African. They traded without greed of gain, and for a strip of calico the size of a handkerchief gave him 20 lbs. of meat and a calabash of honey.

Having but little avarice they also listened with pleasure to the Gospel which Mr. Arnot preached to them through an interpreter. The chief expressed the general delight, saying that the Bakuti believed in God, and wanted to know more about Him, so that they might know how to pray to Him.

One man showed much interest in the message of Love, and remarked, "This day I am a child of Jesus Christ; now I will pray to God alone."

Mr. Arnot parted with this man and the chief, comforted by the assurance that they would not forget the Gospel they had heard, and by their longing for another visit from Mr. Arnot.

A Slave Raid.

This was not always his experience; sometimes he was attacked, and at one camp the long grass was set on fire all about the travellers. All hands turned out, and beating down the flames succeeded in putting out the fire. Then it was discovered that the men who had fired the bush had carried off eight of Mr. Arnot's men. Two of these were carried off a long distance, but the other six were captive in the vicinity.

The outrage aroused Mr. Arnot, and getting out a pistol that had been given to him, he cleaned and loaded it. 30 smart young men stepped forward eager to follow the robbers. Then the leader thought about prayer. "I fumbled with my pistol. Certainly to the African mind I knew I could not have it both ways. So after a struggle I hastened back to my box, replaced the pistol, and then

in the midst of the men I knelt and humbly asked God for Jesus' sake to give us back the two stolen men."

Ten miles' march brought them to the robbers' den, where they found the quarrelsome raiders ready to fight. Mr. Arnot knew that his men were just as eager for the fray, so holding up a native stool, he sat down between the opposing forces and urged the robbers to sit down and talk with him. The younger robbers fell back, but the old chief chiding them rushed forward and prepared to fire at the seated missionary. His own followers carried off the old rascal, marching him off with his hands tied behind his back. He gone, the robbers discussed the quarrel, and at last agreed to surrender the captives. Next day the lost men joined Mr. Arnot, presents were exchanged, and a conflict avoided under God's mercy by Mr. Arnot's forbearance and tact and self control.

Evil Influences.

On entering the Bihé country Mr. Arnot found better houses and better dressed men and women, but alas, like all tribes in close contact with Europeans, he found that they were given to drink and its attendant vice, immorality.

Mr. Arnot heard that the American Missionaries in Bailundu had been driven from their homes and all their property wasted and robbed. An evil-minded trader had persuaded the chief that the tinned food in the house was enchantments intended to destroy the Bailundu kingdom. Mr. Arnot at once remonstrated with the ruler upon his unjust treatment of those who had sought to help him.

The king sent for the accusing trader, and he in a confused attempt to justify himself said, "Oh, I thought they were Jews and not Christian Missionaries." The accuser was likely to be punished, but Mr. Arnot interceded for him, and in the end the king sent to gather books, clothing, sugar, tea, and such like for the missionaries on their return to their ruined station.

This successful intercession is illustrative of Mr. Arnot's God-given skill in persuading the native to do right, yet he had but a poor opinion of himself because he had such a high opinion of Christ.

Very humbly he wrote, "The work in which I have been most blessed, and which has been most joyous to me, and for which I seem to have most aptitude, is pioneer and out of the way work. As a teacher of children I want aptness, and am almost as uneasy on the teacher's chair as on the student's bench at home. With the raw savage negro I get on I think pretty well. I have any amount of patience, and though they fall out with me a dozen times a day I never fall out with them, and so there is no quarrelling. Because of this they call me many curious names, and say, "Monare! He wouldn't injure his greatest enemy.""

A proof of this was when a blackmailer appealed for goods under a threat of accusing Mr. Arnot of a foul crime. The chiefs inquired, and found the liar was also a rogue, so the rascal was soundly whipped by the young men.

From Livingstone's Country.

Says Mr. Arnot, never satisfied with himself or his doings: "I do not think there is anything so essential to

real service for God in an unholy heathen country as an entire separation and devotion to the work, so that isolation often has its advantages. I have found that one's time cannot be divided and laid out beforehand as at home." And exhibiting his longing to be wholly engaged in telling the good news he reflected: "I expected to have been back to such precious work by this time, but the Good Shepherd knows what is best for His sheep."

He was not overlooked nor wasted, and soon the Voice spoke that can always be heard if one will but listen to it with the purpose of obeying its behest. A party from the far interior arrived carrying a litter from Msidi, asking that white men might be sent to Garenganze. Although he knew that Msidi merely wanted traders and goods, Mr. Arnot regarded the ill written paper as a missive from God, and offered to go to Garenganze, near where Livingstone died, in the vicinity of Lake Bangweolo.

Here was the field for which he had long sought. Thence he could reach the Barotse, yet remain free for any other opening that might be indicated as suitable for the Gospel. Said our saintly traveller, and the words are a call to all believers and workers for Christ: "Let us look up and take courage; the Lord reigneth. Surely He has taken many ways to show me from the first His desire to guide me. He comes down to our weak faith as He did in Gideon's case, and repeats the signs until we are filled with shame at our blindness and tardiness."

The ways of God require faith, for just when the door appeared open, Mr. Arnot was laid low by a severe attack

of dysentery. All through one long night he was carried down steep passes strewn with huge blocks of stone, the tumble and jostling being accompanied by the barking roar of the leopards seeking their prey. As the darkness melted into morning a river appeared in front, and into it Mr. Arnot plunged, rolling his fevered body in the cooling waters. In the water he fell asleep, and for several hours slept on. Then he awoke feeling better, resumed his journey, and duly reached Benguella, whence he purposed starting for Garenganze.

All this appears commonplace, but think of the resolute and patient man who tumbled from one difficulty into another, never complaining, never resting, but always alert to glorify the Saviour and win souls for Him. He would not have said so, yet the words of St. Paul are true of him, "One thing I do" (Phil. 3. 13).

CHAPTER V

Difficulties and How they were Conquered

"Thou cam'st not to this place by accident!
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room for discontent;
Nor let the time thou owest God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be"—*F. Trench*

"Gin we gie the Almighty His rightfu' place, we soon settles to oor ain."—*Sandy Scott*.

"It is a truth of God that it is a most rational and beautiful thing to return to God."—*Rabbi Duncan*.

MR. ARNOT remained at Benguella for a while, finding there both spiritual and physical refreshment. The Christians of every tribe welcomed him and invited him to preach to them the Gospel in their native language. This, after the difficulties of bush work, "was nearly too much" for the worn but ardent preacher. "I don't know," he says, "it seems strange to say it, but to me it seems one of the hard things by going off to the dark heathen parts of the country, to give up preaching the Gospel in all its fullness as one can to an intelligent audience. But that, I fear, is one of the many fancied hard things that we are too apt to fill our thoughts with; for surely it is a higher privilege to be able to speak of Him in places where His Name has never been mentioned."

But while thus favoured with that sweet-fellowship in which mutual love to Christ by its clear radiance destroys all minor differences, Mr. Arnot was cheered by

the warm approval with which home friends, as well as those in Africa, viewed his journey to Garenganze. The more the will of God was revealed, the more lowly his spirit, and the more ardent his consecration. "May the Lord be pleased to look upon my work for His Name's sake," he says; "and may I be in His hands like soft clay—impressionable." Surely the one thing needful for perfect service is that we be susceptible to His sympathies and to the guidings of His Spirit. God will not guide us and lead us into His work unless we first have hearts in sympathy with Him in that work. So let us long and wait upon God that we may go forth as men "driven of the Spirit."

"In this country of Africa," he reflects, with a touch of national activity, "one learns to wait." Yet while kept intent upon the goal set before him, he recalled the long and widely separated past. With unconscious self-revelation he finely says: "I scarcely ever, as far back as my memory takes me, opened a book, or watched a tradesman at his work, without the thought ever being in my mind, 'Will this be of use for Africa? I must remember this for Africa.'" Taught deeply by the Holy Spirit, Mr. Arnot was apt to acquire that which would help his service, and with fine concentration he kept at the highest pitch until the end came.

A Perilous Balance.

While preparing for his great expedition to Garenganze, Mr. Arnot encountered perils, for no Christian is ever out of danger, but is always in need of Divine protection.

While journeying hither and thither on his way to Bihé, many swollen rivers had to be passed and never with comfort. But once while being carried across a broad river on a man's shoulders, Mr. Arnot glanced down and saw that his bearer was balancing himself on a narrow tree in the water, the trunk, clearly visible, being no thicker than a man's arm. The humour of the situation sent Mr. Arnot into a fit of laughter, at which sound the bearer first swayed, and then with his burden plunged into the dark and dirty flood, the sunken tree being between them. The bearer held on to Mr. Arnot's foot so tenaciously that but for a kick with the other, the missionary would have been drowned. As it was, he swam safely to the shore.

The chief of Bihé, like all his tribe, was troublesome, being naturally fond of plunder. He had, withal, a strong passion for rum. He professed to be very angry that Mr. Arnot had dared to enter his territory without bringing rum with him, seeing that his "Thirstiness" had ordered that every one entering that land should bring rum with him and pay tribute in that intoxicant. This coming without rum was declared to be an act of rebellion. Mr. Arnot offered him six pieces of cloth and a chair, but the drunkard shouted, "Take it away! Go!" Mr. Arnot thanked him for returning the cloth, and softly remarked that he was sorry to disappoint the chief, but he had thought of giving him something better than firewater. The soft answer soothed the grasping ruler; he accepted the cloth when another fifty yards had been added to the

pile, together with a jacket. The chief and governing idea of this ruler; his aim and purpose in life was to secure rum and cloth.

A Gift of Questionable Value.

Returning to the coast for supplies, Mr. Arnot found two guns, a Bible, some clothing, cotton cloth, and a few books, together with welcome and cheering letters from friends and dear ones in far away Britain.

These letters, while approving of his purposed mission, warned the pioneer not to forget "the true aim and object of all his travelling, to make known Christ, doing above all things the work of an evangelist." A counsel wisely offered and as wisely accepted and remembered.

One embarrassing gift was a huge printing press that eighty men could hardly carry to Garenganze; but this was sold and in its place a smaller portable press was secured. So eager was Mr. Arnot to see the Revised Bible that he waited for a month at Bihé until one from home reached him.

The spirit, heroic but humble, of Mr. Arnot refused all ostentation and human applause. He felt that all real service for God must be performed in the spirit of quietness and prayer. "Anything approaching to ostentatiousness in me or my letters I trust will be carefully watched for and rebuked by those who receive them."

At length on 2nd June, 1885, he left the coast to plunge into the tangle of Interior Africa. A trifle disappointed that no colleague had come to help him, he cast his regrets and loneliness upon the Lord, satisfied that His ordering

was wise, and denial is sometimes a mercy. It may be a trifle, but then trifles are of value in Christ's service, for they help or hinder the life-mission of saints. Mr. Arnot began to grow a beard, and found that the natives now called him "old man," saying, "Before he deceived us by shaving, but we were not deceived; his eyes are old," etc. A returned missionary who boasted a long beard, tells us that this was regarded as a mark of almost regal position, and secured for him a patient hearing. So much so, that a younger missionary wished to purchase this long beard as an asset to his outfit, and one likely to secure attention for his pleadings.

God's Care—Man's Cruelty.

God continued to afford proofs of His love, for when Mr. Arnot needed a saddle for his ox, and was unable either to purchase one or obtain materials to make one, a trader offered him one at a reasonable price. The delays inevitable in Africa were a sore trial to a man industrious and eager to work through at once. But with sublime faith and accurate knowledge, Mr. Arnot remarks, "Nothing is lost by these delays; all is conscious gain;" for with him there was no fretting at the Divine denial and no impatience at the apparent slowness of the arrival of the promised blessing.

He felt his heart often lacerated at the cruelty of all about him, as when he observed a boy of some nine years of age and noticed his right hand had lost its skin, the arms being scalded, while the left hand was horribly contorted and three of the fingers were joined together in one

suppurating mass. The child had stolen some beans, and a woman as a punishment had thrust both his hands into a pot of boiling water. No one questioned her right to perpetrate this cruelty, nor regarded her as brutal, for the child was only a slave.

The grasping spirit of the little lords through whose villages the traveller passed was also a sore trial. One petty chief, receiving thirty-two yards of calico, sent three of his courtiers to complain that the present was too small. Mr. Arnot listened with respect, and then remarked gravely that the chief was a very great man, and the present only showed the giver's smallness. Had Mr. Arnot been only bigger he would have given bales of cloth. The frowns at this disappeared, the company laughed, and one of the chiefs presented the acute Scot with a sheep.

Another chief declared that he had three mothers and two fathers, all of them needing presents; and when the assertion was not believed, asked forcibly, "Do you think I am an ordinary person?"

Most of these petty bandits were fond of rum, and begged hard for it. Worse than that, they imagined that every bottle or glass contained rum, and when Mr. Arnot took his coffee they supposed he was drinking rum and said so.

While on this journey Mr. Arnot had begun to transcribe the language of Garenganze in an outline Dictionary, endeavouring to secure the full phonetic value of each word.

Now and then he pointed out to the natives the misery that followed from their evil lives, telling them of the

peace and contentment he realised because he trusted in God. The exclamation from each lip was: "But how can we do so when we don't know God?"

The Missionary Rebuked.

After wading through mud and water his carriers laid down their loads and demanded more rations. "Meat, Monare," they yelled, "Give us meat! Why don't you hunt? You are starving us." Irritated and tired, Mr. Arnot took his gun to go hunting, scolding them the while. When in the act of pulling off the cover the gun went off, shattering the point of his left forefinger. No one knew how to dress a wound, so taking a lancet from his case, he instructed one of his men to cut off the top joint. The men were ashamed, and the servant of God with engaging candour confessed, "I have given way time after time lately to fits of temper with no one by to rebuke me. I acknowledge His great goodness and pity towards me in thus rebuking me. My men cannot understand my joy."

Another like demand for more pay, of course, with extra meat, was stilled by the invasion of the camp by army ants, and these compelled the mutineers to march quickly forward and stilled their complaints.

Of a truth this leader puzzled his men, as he did when he gave up his ox and walked so that a sick slave might ride. The action perplexed the carriers, not only because it was unlike that of most white men, but also because self ruled in the native heart, and there is no compassion for the helpless where the love of God is not present. They did not understand a man who kept himself in the love of God.

CHAPTER VI

The Light of Truth on a Candlestick of Mercy

"And thus it was that made me move,
As light as carrier birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of love."

"Faith should be cheerful, trust should be glad;
And our bodies and sins, not our years, make us sad."

"It requires more courage, more patience, and more personal holiness of life to do effective work with individuals than it does simply to preach to a crowd."—*Thomas Hogben*

ON the 29th of January, 1886, Mr. Arnot came in sight of Garenganze—gazing at its lovely valley across the River Lualaba. Crossing the water, he was welcomed by one official after another, Msidi sending him a small white ivory tooth to show how white was the king's heart to his visitor; and on 17th February he reached the capital.

The king, he found, was an old-looking man, with a pleasant, smooth face, adorned by a snow-white beard. He was a toiler, and set his family to work. One son was a skilful worker in horn, another a blacksmith. Msidi, although cruel and bloodthirsty, was kind to his subjects and generous too. He would himself deal out food to his people, paying special attention to aged and decrepit lepers and feeding even Mr. Arnot's dog. Yet his yard was ornamented with baskets of human skulls.

The Arabs naturally objected to Mr. Arnot's presence,

but said Msidi, "I don't know these English people, but one thing I know—I know you Arabs."

The King of Garenganze.

Not devoid of some light, the king assented to the statement that God being so high, all men were equal in His sight. Mr. Arnot was allowed to build a house and dug down to rock in which the poles of the structure were fixed. The natives at first did not recognise the need of feeding the missionary. They said, "His feet are not like men's feet (naked feet). They are like zebra's feet." But when a fire was lighted in front of Mr. Arnot's hut they peeped at him through the smoke and flame to see if this were true.

Mr. Arnot moved about freely, journeying through the villages adjacent to the capital. One day he spoke of the ways of sin and the straightness and evenness of God's ways. A young man listening to this description of God's ways, exclaimed, "A road to run on." The country was open, and the natives, after they had overcome their shyness, were accessible, but Mr. Arnot had still to live by faith, and he found God all-sufficient.

In Garenganze he found much that was odd and more that was evil. The houses were round, a digger dug towards himself and not away, as we do. A rower faced the stem of the boat and rowed towards it. The people had an idea that water rots the skin, and hence they concluded that to wash was injurious to health. When they received medicine, the patient, instead of swallowing it, smoked it. Yet the people were brave. An old woman, peeping into



KING KHAMA
THE FRIEND OF F. S. ARNOT



THE COOK BOY IN HIS OPEN-AIR KITCHEN

a well, saw in the water the face of a lion. She attacked him with the hot sea water she was boiling to secure salt, and when the beast fell in she clapped the bowl over the well, and so he died. .

But while he was interested in the habits of the people, the missionary found that they did not trouble to look after him or offer to supply his wants. His bedsheets, tablecloth, and all that could be sold were soon parted with, and for a while Mr. Arnot lived upon the yield of a garden of sweet potatoes, on a basket of rice he had received as a medical fee, and a bag of native corn, with neither milk nor sauce to sweeten the meal. Then the chief killed one of his cattle and sent some beef to the white man. Accepting food, Mr. Arnot firmly declined a present of ivory offered by Msidi, so as not to be under obligation to the chief.

Mr. Arnot had another trouble, for he had reached his destination with one pair of boots, which soon went to pieces. He could find no suitable material to manufacture slippers or shoes, when unexpectedly a young man arrived with a pair of boots that fitted Mr. Arnot's feet, and the price was four yards of calico, exactly the quantity in stock.

Msidi, although he manifested spasmodic interest in Mr. Arnot, was very uncertain in his moods. Thus he would take great care of a diseased reprobate and provide him with a wife, house, and food, and immediately afterwards send out raiding parties to desolate whole countries and bring in slaves and the heads of the slain, from which

the flesh had been cut. The momentary feelings of compassion that surged up in him were soon swallowed in the avarice that desires ivory, slaves, and fame as the chief riches of life. In one of his better moods, Msidi desired Mr. Arnot to come to live nearer the palace, but although he listened to the plea that the heat, noise, the drumming, gunfire, and the like would prevent the missionary sleeping, he did not like to be refused. Mr. Arnot was only fifteen minutes' walk away, but despots love their own way.

Dreams of Home.

Soon after this Mr. Arnot fell sick with a fever which for a month laid him low. During that period the invalid lived upon a thick gruel made of Indian corn meal to which root juice was added as flavouring. The juice changed the porridge into a sweet thick fluid, the gritty dregs being dropped at the bottom of the vessel. The invalid spent long sleepless nights, but if ever slumber closed his eyelids, it was to create a dream of home, and mother, and the comforts she had provided. The revelation of privation suggested by this dream did not disturb the faith of the sick man. He refreshed himself by a realisation of grace near at hand, and was enabled to cheerfully pray for perfect and enduring contentment under all circumstances.

While absent on a trip to Lufira, Mr. Arnot shot two zebras as payment and food for the men who carried him in his hammock. His success pleased them, while it created surprise that a sick man hunted so well.

He himself had no taste for other than the coarsest fare ;

he even came to like the Kaffir corn when it was mixed with palm oil, and became a kind of soap, in fact.

For him there was danger and instruction in each day's experience. Thus, while resting in the heat a spear whizzed into the hut, cutting through the rim of his hat and burying itself in the ground. Another day, while in the woods with a native, they heard the call of a honey bird. It led them until it alighted on a tall tree. They were looking about for the honey when a leopard leaped out of the grass. It bounded away, but the two men realised that the bird had lured them to the wild beast's lair.

At night the darkness often concealed a man-eating hyena ready to kill and eat the goats or their owner as might be. One night in the course of a three weeks' tour three lions serenaded the company, listening behind their fires. The next morning a lion charged at the travellers, making for the last in the line. Mr. Arnot intercepted him, so that the beast fell short of his victim. The lion raged fiercely, Mr. Arnot holding him with his eyes, lifted his gun to shoot, when the savage beast dropped his tail and made off.

Mr. Arnot's unselfish courage excited the wonder of his followers. Said one to his companions: "I would go anywhere with such a white man, who would throw his own body between a lion and a black lad of no account."

A Fresh, Cool Breeze.

A cheering and uplifting experience was the baptism of his lad Dick, which took place on 13th February, 1887; the firstfruits of a great harvest yet to be reaped. So, too,

were the words of a blacksmith who, after hearing the tale of Calvary, asked, "Is it so? Is it so? Is that what God is? Is that the nature of God's love?" The appeal to prepared hearts is never in vain, and the love that gave the Saviour to die for sinners, gives also the faith that makes that redemption a personal possession and experience. Will you pray about Jesus crucified, saying:

"His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see,
Jesus who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me."

This blacksmith, when he heard that **Mr. Arnot** was returning from his tour with sore and blistered feet, went with four others to meet him, and carried him home in a hammock. Said the footsore traveller, "This act was like a fresh, cool breeze to me." No wonder, for it was an act of love, and proved by works the reality of faith.

So passed amidst scenes of cruelty, with privations, perils, and much delight in the Lord his lonely service in Garenganze.

Reinforcements Appearing.

As the end of his first sojourn drew near he thus reflected: "About this time six years ago I was preparing to make farewell visits. It is not a long time, but it is long to be away from all those whom the affections hold as dear and beloved in this life. It is a long time to be a stranger on the earth without a companion; yet strange to say, it is only when I sit down and think of it that I feel it at all. As a rule the days go by without a shadow of loneliness."

Meanwhile much interest was manifested by the brave

company of Christians at home in Mr. Arnot's labours in Africa, and as a result, two fellow-helpers, C. A. Swan, of Sunderland, and P. Scott, of Liverpool, set out for Benguella, which they reached in June, 1886. Difficulties in penetrating inland and the breakdown of Mr. Scott's health caused a delay of several months. Mr. Scott ultimately returning home, Mr. W. Faulknor, of Canada, joined Mr. Swan, and guided by a native sent down by Mr. Arnot, they set out for Garenganze, reaching their destination on 16th December, 1887. It was a day of Gospel triumph for Africa. These three men joined hands and sang together, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun." To the wearied missionary it was a mountain-top experience.

Soon they were engaged in the hard hum-drum work of the mission station. Mr. Faulknor took charge of the little company of orphan children who had been rescued by Mr. Arnot from some form or other of African cruelty. Mr. Swan got to work repainting and building, each of them meanwhile endeavouring to get a knowledge of the language.

CHAPTER VII

Hither and Thither, but Home at Last

"He walked the dark world in the mild
Still guidance of the Light;
In tearful tenderness a child—
A strong man in the right."

"It has been beautiful to watch the gentle unfolding of our path day by day, and to see at each step how God was doing His best for us."—*J. W. Stevenson, of C. I. Mission.*

Two and a half months were sufficient to enable the new arrivals to make the acquaintance of Msidi and his people, and to pick up sufficient of the language to permit of their carrying on the work. Mr. Arnot lost no time in preparing for his return to the coast and home. The journey was not without exciting experiences, but perhaps the most touching was the case of a little boy who was stung by a poisonous snake which was coiled up in a bird's nest. The little fellow ran on in front of the party, and standing on his tiptoes, was just able to reach the nest, when he suddenly dropped. The carriers rushed forward, but when they reached him he was dead, the deadly poison having done its work.

He Finds Himself Famous.

Mr. Arnot reached England on 18th September, 1888, after being absent for almost seven and a half years, and found himself a hero. He was honoured by the Royal Geographical Society. His labours and travels in the then unknown heart of the "Dark Continent" were classed

with those of Dr. Livingstone and other famous travellers and missionaries. He was given a public reception and presented to Princess May—now our beloved Queen—and other leaders in public life; but amidst this display of admiration he remained the same humble, unassuming man, ascribing his success to the reality of the presence and power of God.

His furlough in Great Britain was spent in work for Africa. He addressed meetings in many parts, pleading for an interest in the prayers and sympathies of Christians at home. He also prepared a book on his travels entitled "Garenganze," which quickly ran through three editions. Much time was also spent in acquiring further medical knowledge, the better to equip himself for the task which still lay before him.

An Apostolic Mission.

In March, 1889, Mr. Arnot married Miss Harriet Jane Fisher, of Greenwich, who proved a true helpmeet, and shared with him many of the trials and hardships inseparable from the course he pursued. Many friends were interested in the open door for missionary work in Garenganze, and as a result twelve were willing to answer the Lord's call. After remarkable farewell meetings in London, the party sailed in two sections, the first of which included among others, the Arnots, Dan Crawford, and Fred Lane. Of these days Mr. Crawford says: "He loved to school us in the discipleship of George Muller (the man of prayer and faith), and many a day and in many a way Elijah's God availed."

The party arrived at Benguella on 9th May, 1889, and the difficulty of obtaining carriers was the first of a series of trials. With six men, a horse, and a donkey, Mr. Arnot set out for the Chivulu country, eleven days' journey, in the hope of being able to get a sufficient number of men to go into the interior. The process of collecting these carriers was costly and tedious, and four months elapsed before the hundred and eighty men necessary to convey the party of fourteen with their belongings—cloth for money, food, etc.—could be got together.

Fellow-Heirs, Fellow-Sufferers.

The journey inland was a sad one. Death claimed three of the party—Mr. Johnston, shortly after the ship containing the second contingent cast anchor at Benguella; and Mr. Morris and Mr. Gall before they had travelled two hundred miles from the coast. Intending to plant a series of mission stations between the coast and Garen-ganze, the party fixed upon Kuanjulula and Bihé. The chief, Chindunduma, threatened to drive them out, and actually sent his braves to do so; but one of the leaders was a lad Mr. Arnot had befriended previously. His tact turned this to such good account that the incident closed with Mr. Arnot being presented to the king and permission given to him to collect carriers for the journey into the interior. Complications with the Portuguese followed, and a warrant was actually issued for the arrest of Mr. Arnot, but after much journeying to and from Benguella, he was entirely acquitted. In the meantime he had been able to greatly assist the government in the settlement of

the country, and had prevented much bloodshed by his wise counsel to the native chiefs.

Ngoi, the Slave Boy.

After two years, the arrival of seven new workers seemed to warrant a further advance inland, and Mr. Arnot, accompanied by these, went on to Nana Kandundu. Here again suspicion and prejudice had to be overcome, but eventually the Queen "Nana" was satisfied, and allowed building to go on. On this journey Mr. Arnot rescued a little boy named Ngoi. An infamous Bihé trader had carried him from the Luba country along with many others. Their caravan had been attacked by Congo Free State soldiers, the leader slain, many of the slaves released, but others had been killed by the brother of the cruel trader, who was hawking this little urchin round the villages at Nana Kandundu when Arnot purchased him for the price of a goat. This boy grew up to be a very fine Christian.

A breakdown in the missionary's health necessitated his return to England in 1892, and for two years he remained in this country seeking to serve the land he loved. Meanwhile great changes were taking place in that land. Msidi, the powerful Garenganze chief had been slain by the soldiers of the Congo Free State. The natives had been scattered, and their misfortunes made the work of the missionaries more difficult, while the unsettled state of the country had cut them off from their supplies.

The Third Journey.

These circumstances impelled Mr. Arnot to take his

third journey. Accompanied by Mr. Benjamin Cobbe, he started for Durban, on August, 1894, hoping to push into the interior from the East. From Durban they proceeded to Chinde, at the mouth of the Zambesi, and from there to Tanganyika by river and lake. His old trouble, an enlarged spleen, manifested itself, but in spite of this he persevered in going forward with supplies to his isolated fellow-workers.

The journey was long and perilous. The villagers were hostile, the Arabs were raiding the country for slaves and ivory, and frequently the travellers had to run the gauntlet of these hostile forces. Then hippos abounded on the rivers, threatening their frail craft. A land journey between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika and again over a hundred miles from Tanganyika to Mweru had to be overtaken, often through a tangle of rubber vine. The Arabs had cruelly devastated the country, and dealt most treacherously with the natives. These wily men gained their confidence—often married the daughter of a chief—then suddenly seized all they could reach, and carried women and children to the coast as slaves. Through this wasted and devastated country the travellers passed, having only beasts of prey for their neighbours.

Arriving at Lake Mweru, Mr. Arnot was cheered to find among the Christians, natives who had come under the Gospel message during the first lonely years. Notable among these converts was Mishe-Mishe, who had formerly been King Msidi's executioner. Touched by the pleadings of a woman dying under his cruel hands, he learned his

wickedness, and after many struggles also learned that "a black sinner like him, a shedder of innocent blood, could be forgiven." For many years after Mishe preached the Gospel to his fellows, and having learned a little nursing and ambulance work, sought to dress their sores."

Mr. Arnot's stay at Mweru was cut short by a severe attack of his old trouble. A sick and worn man, he reached the lakes again, and to add to his suffering, heavy storms threatened the destruction of the steamer on which he travelled. On the journey he learned of the birth to him of another little girl, and when he reached Chinde he also received the sad news of his father's death. Years of separation did not lessen the sense of loss.

Nine years elapsed before he again found the way opening up for

His Fourth Journey.

These years had not been lost for Africa. In its interest he had visited the descendants of the African slaves in British Guiana, as well as taking a tour on the Continent of Europe. All the while he was the representative, advocate, and agent of those workers who now occupied the line of mission stations from East to West of Africa.

But his heart was in Africa, and in July, 1904, he was back at Bihé in company with some new workers. Needless to say a great welcome awaited him there, while the progress of twelve years' steady work was a great encouragement. The return journey was made *via* Broken Hill and Cape Town, the Cape to Cairo Railway having now reached the former point. In 1906 he set out for Ochilonda.

A Fifth Journey.

Landing at Loanda, he was able to proceed to Lucalla by train. To visit the various stations now established between Bihé and Garenganze was a big task, but travelling was easier, and it was accomplished without mishap. A Portuguese trader amused Mr. Arnot greatly by asking him to listen to a song in an unknown tongue on his gramophone. When the record was put on and the machine started it gave off the twenty-third Psalm in a fine English voice. Indicating the progress of the work, thirty-seven European and American workers are mentioned in Mr. Arnot's journal of this journey, while the "Roll of Honour" of those who had "passed over" numbered fifteen. Native Churches, Schools, Hospitals, and Sanatorium had grown up where previously nakedness, slavery, witchcraft, and murder were the rule. One result of this journey was the removal of the missionary and his family to Johannesburg, which was now an easy starting place for the heart of Africa.

Brave to the End.

Between the years 1909 and 1914 this intrepid evangelist made four journeys to Central Africa from Johannesburg, but as the country was becoming more settled, and facilities for travelling increased, adventures were less and less frequent. "Onward, ever onward," seemed to be always before the missionary, and while he visited the established centres of work, he also zigzagged across country until the supplies he carried were exhausted and he was forced to return.

In January, 1911, Mrs. Arnot accompanied him to

Kabompo, in the territory of King Liwanika. This man, who had formerly prevented the missionary going to this district, was now willing to provide canoes and carriers. Here the Arnots were for a few happy months the only white inhabitants, excepting the Government Commissioner.

Imagine the joy of meeting here, after all these years, Dick, his first boy and earliest African convert, now looking old and grey, but radiant with Gospel joy.

A three-roomed house was built, and everything promised well, when a sudden illness again forced a return to civilisation and Johannesburg.

Ready to be Offered Up.

What was his last visit to Britain was made for the purpose of consulting specialists as to his health and the possibilities of further pioneer work in the interior. Encouraged by what he learned then, he started on another trip with Mr. Suckling and Mr. T. L. Rodger, on 21st November, 1913. They reached their destination after an arduous journey on 11th January, 1914, and found the little house intact. The next day, school work was commenced with seven little boys, but by the 17th the number was increasing by leaps and bounds. Ever a pioneer, Mr. Arnot's time was fully occupied in baking, cooking, gardening, house repairing, preaching, and teaching; but on the 25th his spleen burst, and in great agony he was taken in a barge down the Zambesi to Mongu, where medical aid was obtained. When he reached home an operation was found necessary, but after a period of suffering, the tired spirit entered into rest on 11th May, 1914.

His aged mother, who under God trained him for his great service, passed into Glory from Glasgow, 4th May, 1925, in the 93rd year of her age. Says the *Christian Graphic* of her, "A fine Christian lady and mother in Israel, of what may be termed the Victorian type. She served her Lord for long years, manifested a true Christian spirit, and was beloved by all who knew her." So she passed to her reward and is comforted with the consolation Jesus alone can give.

For thirty-three years he lived and laboured for Africa, and in the service of his Lord he had travelled over thirty thousand miles, much of it through unexplored and unknown land; but he was privileged to see sixteen stations set up over five different mission fields, manned by over sixty workers, with scores of saved natives carrying the Gospel to their fellows.

His life is a proof of what God can do with and for one over whom He has supreme control. Arnot was one who was helped, as it has been said, "The God who holds all hearts in His hands went before Arnot, and raised up other men to do for him what he could never have done for himself." Arnot loved to expatiate on this phase of the romance of faith—a standing still and seeing the high intentions of God in and through other men and other means.

An Appreciation

ONE of the greatest and bravest travellers of modern times, one of the noblest and most faithful of Christ's servants, was FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT. He ventured into Central Africa in the days before railways ran inland, before strong European governments took charge of the various countries, when the great black nations were constantly at war, and when white men would only go exploring if accompanied with large armed forces with which to beat down opposition. In those days Arnot went alone and unarmed, except for the purposes of shooting game and defending himself against the attacks of wild beasts. He had no Society at his back. He had but little money, and was unable to take those things that make travelling easy. He learned the languages of the natives as he proceeded, faced great native chiefs who were noted for their cruelty and ferocity, and won his way into the hearts of great and small. For seven years he explored and worked without white companions on his journeys. This was a period crowded with adventure; danger from savages, wild beasts, serpents, fevers, storms, desert journeys, and hunger facing him all the while. He came out of it, having succeeded in discovering what he went to find.

He went back to Central Africa eight times after this, making nine journeys in all. Without reckoning the tens of thousands of miles that he had to travel on the ocean to get to Africa and back, without counting the journeys around the coast from port to port, and without

including the long distances he was able to go in the latter part of his life by train over the railways that had then been built, it is estimated that he covered 29,000 miles in all, on foot, in hammocks, on the backs of donkeys or oxen, or in canoes. This is a record that has probably never been surpassed in Africa, and it is doubtful if many have equalled it in other parts of the world.

The year before he died, he re-wrote the story of his pioneering journeys, and appended a list of sixty-one missionaries, labouring on sixteen stations scattered over five missionfields. This list did not include those who had also dedicated their lives to the same fields, but had "fallen on sleep" at their posts. What a cheering union this number must have been for the missionary to contemplate in his last days. Thirty-two years earlier the whole of the vast fields, now occupied at strategic points by these, was a blank, and heathen darkness reigned supreme from end to end. But Arnot never boasted. A few days before he died he remarked that the words of the Apostle Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," were words he could not use, but, just as a drummer boy could say he had fought *in* a great battle, so he felt he could take these words of Paul's and adapt them to himself and say: "I have fought *in* the good fight."—*Ernest Baker.*

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